the weekly
Standard

AUGUST 5, 1996 $2.95

When Nixon met Elvis in 1970, it was in secret. Now, Republicans proclaim their devotion to the culture of rock. What happened?

AGAINST CONSERVATIVE COOL

by Diana West

Bad News About Illegitimacy
CHARLES MURRAY

Joe Klein II: Secondary Colors
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER • HADLEY ARKES

the weekly Standard

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 45 • AUGUST 5, 1996

Cover photo: National Archives
Photomanipulation by Kent Bain

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly, except for the third week of July and the last week of December, by News America Publishing Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Periodicals 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.

Bill Clinton's No Wimp

Everybody's so focused on the Republican platform that it comes as a bit of a surprise to learn that there will be a Democratic party platform as well. And we've gotten our hands on a document that spells out what the administration wants the platform to say. Stamped "DRAFT, NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION," the White House document comes out of the speechwriting office. And it is pure Neo-Clinton—our spanking-new neo-con president.

The section on "Fighting crime" begins with the phrase "the first responsibility of government is law and order" and drones on in Dirty Harry-like fury for a full 15 paragraphs. The word *police* is used 19 times, while there are 22 references to *criminals*, *felons*, *fugitives*, *stalkers*, *predators*, and *offenders*. And forget Pat Buchanan: Clinton can pummel illegal immigrants with the best of them. In the three sections on "Immigration," the word *illegal* appears nine times, along with references to the administration's crackdown on "criminal immigrants" and "criminal aliens." Under "Welfare reform," we quickly learn that Clinton has granted more waivers to states than Reagan and Bush did in 12 years. "Pass national welfare reform" demands another paragraph, overflowing with the word *work*.

Defense wimp? Get real. The Pentagon has never had it so good. The "Strengthening our military" plank tells us that Clinton "has increased defense resources—a total of almost $50 billion" and plans a "40% real increase for weapons modernization by 2001."

Twenty-seven years ago, a young Clinton wrote that he had "decided to accept the draft in spite of my beliefs for one reason: to maintain my political viability within the system." Today, an older Bill Clinton has kept the tradition alive by saying whatever it takes to get reelected—even if it bears no relation to the policies he has adopted as president.

Newt Likes Moderates. Pass It On.

The conservatives are rumbling up on the Hill. The most recent complaint has to do with House speaker Newt Gingrich's decision to punish two pro-life House Republicans, Chris Smith and Bob Dornan. Their offense: lending support to a pro-life Republican, former representative Joseph DioGuardi, who is waging a primary campaign against an incumbent pro-choice House Republican, Sue Kelly. Gingrich removed Smith and Dornan from a committee negotiating House-Senate differences in the military budget, and also revoked their overseas travel privileges for congressional delegations. Newt, conservatives say, favors moderates over them.

In the Senate, there have also been continued grumbles about Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison, last month's surprise selection to head a forum for conservative senators called the Steering Committee. Last week Hutchison endorsed Sheila Frahm, the moderate Kansas Republican who was appointed to Bob Dole's seat, in her primary race against conservative representative Sam Brownback. Hutchison didn't just endorse Frahm either; she also traveled to Kansas and participated in a Frahm fund-raiser—hardly behavior expected of the supposed leader of Senate conservatives.

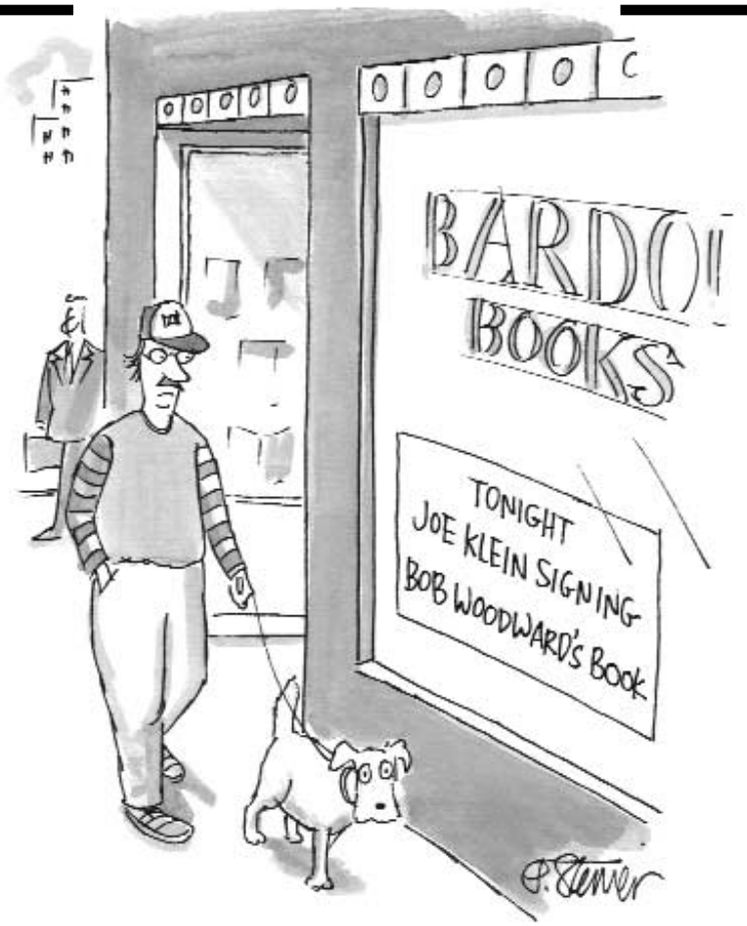
Feminist Pork Redux

It's not just corporate pork that is surviving the "merciless" budget axe of the Republican Congress. Feminist pork is making out nicely, too.

The other day the House voted 294-129 to revive the Women's Educational Equity Act, or WEEA, which it had sensibly left unfunded for a whole year. This boondoggle addresses the bogus problem of lack of educational opportunity for females (who enter and graduate from college in greater numbers than men), as well as the scourge of "sexual harassment" (different, it seems, from childish taunting and adolescent crudeness) in the nation's schools.

Losing their nerve, 101 House Republicans bowed to the apparently formidable lobbying of colleagues Connie Morella and Nancy Johnson, who backed the Democratic amendment. Democrats, of course, believe in taxpayer funding of feminist advocacy (there is what amounts to a WEEA publishing house) and gender-

Scrapbook



equity watchdogs in the education bureaucracy—but *John Kasich*?

The case for WEEA rests on research than which it is not possible to be more thoroughly debunked. If Republicans won't stand up and say so—at a time when urgent problems genuinely plague the nation's schools—why should anyone vote for them? And will the Republican Senate so foolishly cave?

The Athens Connection

In the search for answers in the wake of the TWA 800 disaster, the role of the Athens airport is coming under scrutiny—and is the subject of some peculiar politicking in the United States. A good thing too. TWA Flight 800 originated in Athens before landing in New York and then departing for Paris. The Athens airport has a troubled history; it was the site of a 1986 hijacking of a TWA flight. As recently as March, the U.S. Department of Transportation declared it unsafe and placed it on a watch list because the airport had failed to improve its security. Two months later, after only four days of FAA inspections, Secretary of Transportation Federico Peña lifted the travel advisory. Why? Andrew Manatos, of the firm Manatos & Manatos, a Washington lobbyist for the Greek government and a prominent Democrat, may be the answer.

The importance of the issue to Manatos is clear from a press release he issued at the time: "One out of every nine Greeks died fighting with [the U.S.] against the Nazis and communists." In March, according to a staffer at the House Transportation Committee, Manatos called "all hot and bothered" to lobby the committee to lift the ban. The staffer explained the committee didn't feel that "the arena of safety has a place for politics, and that there was nothing that the Athens airport could do in only two months to get off the list." Indeed, the 1985 International Security and Development Cooperation Act was designed to ensure travelers' security regardless of political implications. Some administration aides apparently were unaware of this, or didn't care, since *Time* magazine reported last week that in February they tried to put the kibosh on the Athens airport warning to smooth the way for the first lady's trip to Greece the following month.

There is little doubt that Manatos would have also put his Democratic connections to work in lobbying the Clinton administration—*Time* says that after the White House counsel's office accepted the inevitability of the warning, pressure was brought to bear instead on the Department of Transportation.

We Need Interns

The Weekly Standard is looking for full-time, unpaid, enthusiastic undergraduate interns for the fall. Our internships involve administrative support and some research. Please send resumé and cover letter to: Internship Coordinator, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th St. NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036. Or fax us at (202) 293-4901.

Casual

RC, Booty, and Me

Southern Maryland's Calvert County is where the wife and I perch. Bordered by the Patuxent River and Chesapeake Bay, it lies just 30 miles south of D.C., but to most of my snooty Northern-Virginia-dwelling colleagues it might as well be French Lick, in sensibility if not topography.

Cosmopolites are unusually suspicious of people who sell or, worse, *make* things for a living, which accounts for most of my neighbors. So by now, I am used to the gibes (dispatched with the Old Dominion glibness that regards Maryland as a thick-ankled sister), as when they call my stretch of paradise "above-ground pool country."

Aesthetically, they have a point. Most of my neighbors' exteriors are done in the style known as Home Depot Baroque. They collect acrylic barnyard animals, plastic buck crossbow targets, chawbacon sculpture ("Kissing Dutch Children," "Frogs 'Neath the Umbrella") and all sorts of windmills, weathervanes, and Tiki idols. Strung with Christmas lights (which don't come down till February), my rural street looks like a putt-putt course in Reno.

It is against this backdrop, however, that I've made two of my dearest acquaintances: RC and Booty. Both are union welders who work spottily and drink heartily. Boot, as we call him (since everyone in Maryland knows at least one "Booty") sports a conductor's cap and has a John Lee Hooker mien with just enough teeth to get the job done. I only understand every third word he says, but I'm grateful for his vigilance. He's our informal neighborhood watch, walking everywhere.

We don't see RC as much. He's around, but since he favors camouflage bib overalls, we often lose him against the foliage unless we catch a shimmer from his tipped Bud can. RC has a taste for the suds, mostly low-end domestic stuff: Bud, Busch, National Bohemian, and his favorite, "The Beast."

"Ya'll probably think I'm a drunk," he apologized, handing us a bottle of his homestyled apple wine. "But I only drink when I'm out in the yard." RC does *a lot* of yardwork.

He was an undefeated boxer in the Marines, and I find myself emulating his scrappy mannerisms, tossing off conversational curses and drawling that Maryland "o," always pronounced like the one in "tow," with the "w" dragged on like a post-coital smoke. "I used to hit the bags a lot myself," I volunteered, hoping to impress him.

"I guess they don't hit back much, do they?" he said expressionless. RC has a Natty Bo worldview, a nifty way of bottom-lining everything, which in my occasional regional pieces discourages me from succumbing to that let's-squirt-a-few-for-country-folk vein that Pat Conroy mines so well whenever tiptoeing through a purple passage on the South Carolina lowlands.

RC isn't prone to sentimentality. He's a man who despoils nature with the ease of someone who grew up in it. "You know them birds that fly overhead every evening?" he asked, referring to a V-formation of geese. "Well, Boot and I like to sit on his deck, have a few beers, and shoot at 'em. Do you mind?" Of course I didn't—I never judge a man who's sozzled and holding a firearm.

RC and Boot, in turn, suspend any judgment of me—such as when I flipped my riding mower over a stump, or when I let the yard go for a month. "I must be dragging property values down," I apologized. "Shoot, no! That's why we moved out here, because you can do anything you want," RC assured me, displaying his parked utility vehicles and more boats than an average family has cars. "In that case, I believe I'll start relieving myself off the porch," I rejoined. "Hell," he said, not an eyelash batted, "I do it all the time."

My assimilation isn't total. RC's chickens leave chocolate boluses in my dog's dish, and the horseshoe ringers make it impossible to nap with the windows open.

But it is RC and Boot who volunteered to put the door on my shed, who borrowed my mower then cut my grass, sharpening the blades and changing the oil. When they saw me struggling with my feeble electric weed eater, they both came over unprompted with their gas-powered, jet-pack-handled, double-feeding monsters. With no protective eyewear or concern for their own safety, they morphed into 380 pounds of precision weed-whacking prowess.

So it is here I will stay, amongst the bait shops and Bingo palaces, slathering newspapers over picnic tables with a tank of Old Bay seasoning and picking crustaceans with my friends. Keep your Georgian colonials and gourmet takeout, your bike paths and microbreweries. As RC explained when he and Boot oversaw a leaf burn in my yard since they knew I was pushing a hard deadline: "You just gotta relax, come out here with us, have a few belts and cut s— up."

Matt Labash

Fair Play for the United States

While investigating vote fraud for *Dirty Little Secrets* (my new book with Glenn Simpson), I encountered a political operative who half-seriously defended voting the dead. He pointed out that most corpses missed some elections in their lifetimes, and he was just helping the deceased atone for their civic sins.

It was only a matter of time before someone made an equally appalling defense of push-polling, the slimy technique of anonymous "attack telephoning." And there it is in your editorial "In Praise of Dirty Campaigning" (July 8 & 15), an unembarrassed call for more "loud, robust, partisan, dirty campaigning." Just what our country needs.

Your deceptively selective focus on one mild, minor example from our book cannot obscure the viciousness of most last-minute push-polls. No one begrudges the political parties their opportunities for rigorous debate, and no realistic observer expects politics to be a Sunday-afternoon tea party. But to suggest and encourage an out-and-out mudfest, as you do, is truly beyond the pale.

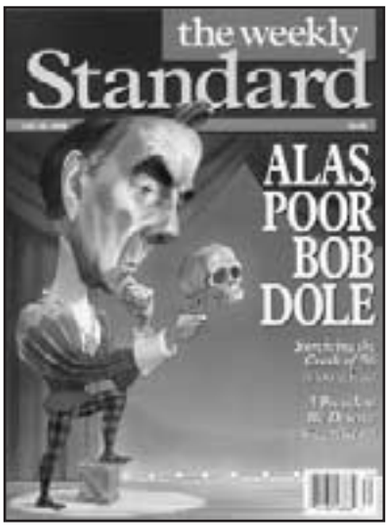
Finally, you misrepresent the reforms we proposed. Unlike others, we rely heavily on strengthened disclosure and oppose overregulation of campaigns and misguided proposals such as the recently defeated McCain-Feingold bill in the Senate. The phrases you cited must have come from the statement of the American Association of Political Consultants, because they do not appear anywhere in *Dirty Little Secrets*.

LARRY J. SABATO
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

"Like it or not, there is no objective third-way path to truths and oughts in American politics," you write. "If loud, robust, partisan argument—about abortion, or affirmative action, or anything else—is 'dirty campaigning,' we need more of it, not less."

You allege that my partner Larry J. Sabato and I feel differently—that we're on a "goo-goo" political-reform project designed to muzzle our glorious democratic cacophony. Given the learned pose of your publication, I was amused to see such clear evidence that you hadn't actually read our book, which denounces "goo-goo" reform schemes and notes in the introduction that politics is "a rough-and-tumble business, rarely admired for its elegance but inevitable in a vigorous democracy."

Our book makes the very same arguments as your editorial: "The United States has thrived on unfettered political activity; it is a core national value" (p. 327); "The right to organize and attempt to influence politics is a fundamental constitutional guarantee, derived from . . . First Amendment protections that need to be forcefully protected. To place draconian limits on political speech is simply a bad idea" (p. 329); "The notion that people are smart enough, and indeed have the duty, to



think and choose for themselves underlies our basic democratic arrangement" (p. 330).

I assume you were simply erecting a convenient straw man, since you also badly mischaracterize the modest "push-polling" reform we suggest. No one would be required to "tell the truth" about anything, other than the identity of a call's sponsor.

GLENN R. SIMPSON
WASHINGTON, DC

THE EDITORS RESPOND: ***Messrs. Sabato and Simpson protest too much—and seem to disagree a bit about the meaning and spirit of their book. Mr. Simpson wants to reassure us that he is perfectly content with the sharper edges of American political rhetoric and would do nothing to sand them down. But*** **Dirty Little Secrets** ***is a dark-bordered catalogue of campaign and fund-raising activity designed to establish, as the book's subtitle has it, "the persistence of corruption" in our public life. And as Prof. Sabato's letter makes clear, with its renewed assault on push-polls, some of that "corruption" is verbal. He means it to stop.***

Dirty Little Secrets ***calls for legal penalties against campaign-related telephone calls in which the sponsoring candidate is not accurately identified. But if push-polls are a "slimy technique" of unsurpassed "viciousness," it must be because some of them involve dishonesty or deceit, not because Candidate X fails to acknowledge sponsorship. Low blows are low blows, whoever delivers them; the problem is the content of this speech, not its form.***

The American Association of Political Consultants, responding to media interest in the push-polls Sabato and Simpson have made notorious, has decided to make war on "false or misleading" campaign phone calls. The association's announcement was accurately quoted in our editorial.

We stand by our larger point as well. By any realistic historical or international standard, American political debate is not very dirty. And most efforts to hector or regulate it into even greater cleanliness are foolish.

His Glorious Career

In his recent pasquinade against me ("Michael Lind, Portrait of the Autist," July 8 & 15), David Brooks makes enough glaring errors of fact to call into question his competence as a journalist.

1. "Then Lind accepted a job at *National Review*." I have never worked for *National Review*, and visited the offices only once. In the autumn and winter of 1989, I helped Bill Buckley research and redraft his book on national service, *Gratitude*.

2. "The most he could do to advance the cause of the New Deal and Great Society in those years was to publish op-eds trashing ideas like Citizens Corps, a national service plan put forward by Sen. Sam Nunn and Rep. Dave McCurdy." I objected, and still object, to national service plans that would

Correspondence

impose burdens on middle-class students receiving student loans while exempting rich kids. Buckley's proposal to link national service with civic privileges like driver's licenses was more egalitarian than Nunn's or Clinton's, and less objectionable.

3. "With Buckley's support, Lind was able to edit a conservative magazine called *Scrutiny* while a graduate student at Yale, which may seem an odd way to champion what Lind depicts as unswerving pursuit of Humphrey/Johnson policies." The lead article in the first issue of *Scrutiny* in 1985 was an essay by me entitled "An Open Letter to Mario Cuomo: A Democrat begs to differ": "Like you, Governor, I am a Democrat. . . . We [neoconservative Democrats] are not opposed to social security, or health clinics, or elementary schools . . . [I]t seems to me that there is a profound difference between the Democrats of 1932 and the Democrats of 1972 . . ."

4. "At one point, Lind criticizes Nathan Glazer, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and others for writing on subjects such as administration and foreign policy on which he says they have no expertise." This is an outright lie. I have never questioned the expertise of Glazer or Kirkpatrick.

If the STANDARD insists on publishing writers as careless and dishonest as Brooks, the editors ought to hire a fact-checker.

MICHAEL LIND
NEW YORK, NY

DAVID BROOKS RESPONDS: ***Michael Lind's points one by one:***

1. Lind and I were both hired at different times in the 1980s by William F. Buckley to do some research work. I casually refer to these as my* National Review *days, but technically Lind is right, since we were both paid by foundations overseen by Buckley and run out of* NR *offices.

2 and 3. Lind accuses me of no factual errors here. In his book, Lind portrays himself as an unswerving defender of New Deal/Great Society liberalism. In my pasquinade, I was merely pointing out that he undertook certain tasks—like editing a conservative campus periodical and writing op-eds for the Heritage Foundation—that jar with his beliefs, and that he conveniently omitted these from his memoir.* Scrutiny *was one of the many conservative student magazines that popped up in the 1980s. In its first issue it declared, "The liberal soul has become fat indeed for want of exertion . . . like a bloated orangutan staring sullenly from its confinement at the world, deprived of stimuli which competition provides. No doubt its accumulated pleats of blubber can withstand all but the most murderous attacks; we might, at least, stir the liberal/left from its febrile reveries, and alert it to a universe far richer than the more orderly cage of which it dreams." Doesn't sound like Franklin Roosevelt.

4. Lind's most serious charge, accusing me of lying. On page 55 of his book. Lind lists seven neoconservatives, including Glazer and Kirkpatrick. He then writes, "Most had careers in the academy or publishing; few had any acquaintance with the disciplines of greatest concern in politics, like law, economics, administration or the minutiae of diplomacy and military science (their ignorance did not prevent these literati from issuing pronouncements on such matters)."

BALKAN WISDOM AND FOLLY

In"Hunkered Down in Bosnia" (July 22), A.J. Bacevich ignores the fact that President Clinton's commitment to deploy U.S. troops to enforce a Bosnian peace agreement could never have been implemented had he not accepted the military's appraisal that any involvement beyond what we are now witnessing would be untenable. Our country owes a huge debt of gratitude to the military for refusing to be pressured into abandoning the wise position it took back in November, now that we have seen it fully confirmed during six months on the ground. The military never promised that a short-term involvement of troops with negligible casualties could accomplish more than the current temporary lull in fighting.

The Clinton administration, hoping to gain political points for an ill-conceived venture, must now be resisted by the professional military. This is neither the time nor the place for any responsible party to urge that the military accede to civilian control by the Clinton administration.

LEE WOLMAN
BELMONT, MA

"FUJI" AND VARGAS IN PERU

In his admiration for Mario Vargas Llosa's literary talent, Michael Valdez Moses has swallowed whole the author's embittered depiction of today's Peru ("Vargas Llosa Visits His Animal," July 22). Moses ends with a long quotation from Vargas, which Moses says accurately describes the author's experience in Peruvian politics as "that grim and unequal confrontation between the solitary representative of enlightened reason and the violent atavistic crowd." Moses also tells us that Vargas's "native country has fallen victim yet again to authoritarian rule."

Not quite. Moses seems as outraged as Vargas that an "obscure agronomist" named Fujimori could defeat Vargas in an election—but the election was a fair one. Since then, Fujimori has gotten himself reelected fairly, and in the most recent elections Fujimori's anointed candidate for mayor of Lima was trounced at the polls. This is not authoritarianism, and if Peru today lives under highly personalistic rule, so does Argentina and for that matter France.

The fact is that Vargas was living most of the time in Paris, returned to Lima and ran for president, and after losing left Peru immediately, abandoning the country and taking up Spanish citizenship. Perhaps the poor Peruvians who refused to vote for him saw something of his character that is not revealed in his brilliant fiction. Who can say Peruvians were wrong to prefer someone who loved his country at least enough to live there?

ELLIOTT ABRAMS
WASHINGTON, DC

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

Don't Dumb Down the Convention

A specter haunts Republicans as they finish preparations for Bob Dole's forthcoming presidential nominating ceremony in San Diego. And they freely admit it. "Every meeting on planning this convention," a senior Dole aide tells the *New York Times*, "begins with what went wrong in 1992."

Ah, yes: Houston. Strident, preachy, extremist Houston. In 1992, "the whole tone of the convention turned the American people off," says GOP consultant Paul Manafort—and as manager of this year's convention he's charged with making sure that it doesn't happen again. Dole himself has insisted on a "different kind of convention."

But it looks like Dole's not going to get one. Judging from the scheduling information that's dribbled into the press so far, San Diego will probably be an even balder and less attractive display of *Houstonismo*, properly understood, than Houston was. And this, not *despite* the GOP high command's obsessive preventive efforts, but because of them.

These days, of course, hardly any news gets made at a major-party convention. Like a poorly constructed detective novel, the candidate-selection process now reveals its secret very early, during state primaries in the spring of each presidential election year. Endless months of ritualized campaigning later, the summer convention is no longer a dramatic event, but instead a highly scripted four-day lifestyle advertisement for the nominee and his supporters. The biggest question left for media analysts and viewing audiences to ponder, *ad nauseam*, is whether the spectacle makes them feel its intended mood: unity, confidence, connection to the *Zeitgeist*.

For its organizers, then, the modern political convention is a challenge curiously typical of American postmodernism: Their thinly plotted text must guide mountains of self-indulgent interpretation. George Bush's lieutenants badly botched this mission in 1992. Their ideological base was embittered by the president's "read my lips" betrayal. The rest of the country was discombobulated in the aftermath of a prolonged recession. So the GOP arrived in Houston far behind in the polls. And it arrived in Houston empty-handed.

To the nation as a whole, the Houston convention offered very little in the way of reassurance. There were half-disguised apologies; a weakly articulated, shopworn agenda; a desperate plea for voters to be gentle with good ol' George. To conservatives in particular, Houston spoke in the loud, crude, patronizing pidgin a cartoon missionary employs with benighted savages. True, there wasn't all that much of this—a few lines of exaggerated right-wingery in a small handful of speeches. But since they were the only discordant notes in the score, and the rest of the music was so dull, they did stand out. In the end, the Houston convention was not "too conservative." It was simply too *dumb*. And if the press and public missed this distinction, the Republicans who controlled Houston had mostly themselves to blame. Because they missed it, too.

Will Bob Dole's San Diego be any better? There's every reason to doubt it. The party's animating conservatism will not be made more eloquent and intelligent. Quite the opposite: Every effort will be made to hide explicit conservatism like an embarrassing uncle. The keynote address will go to moderate, pro-choice representative Susan Molinari of New York's Staten Island. And not for anything she might actually *say*. "She assumed the Dole campaign would give her a speechwriter," *Newsday* reports, but instead she's been told to draft whatever she wants. No, Molinari's attraction to Dole's managers is exclusively demographic. Here's Paul Manafort again: "Catholics are a target, ethnics are a target, women are a target, women under 45 who are professionals, working women, are a target. So she represents a lot of the various voters we're going after." The GOP's more conservative congressional notables, by contrast, will be all but invisible in San Diego. "This is not a 'reelect the Republican Congress' convention," Manafort sniffs.

Sorry: The Republican party's philosophical controversies cannot be so easily swept under the rug. Pat Buchanan, this year as in 1992 the GOP's populist-right bad boy, is under an official convention banishment order. Dole and Buchanan representatives aren't even speaking to one another. But Pat will hold a San

Diego counter-rally. It will no doubt be a humdinger. If Colin Powell uses his speech during the convention's opening evening to defend affirmative action against efforts like the California Civil Rights Initiative, CCRI chairman (and Dole delegate) Ward Connerly will, he has told friends, walk off the floor. These and other eruptions are inevitable so long as bedrock Republican ideas—conservative ideas—are given no more productive role at the convention. And if the convention has no larger, countervailing message for America, the eruptions will become the major story.

In this respect, too, San Diego is beginning to look just like Houston, only worse. GOP event planners say their survey research indicates that more than 60 percent of American voters no longer watch national conventions live on television. And to compete for the attention of the remaining 40 percent—against what one convention spokesman calls "too many alternative modes of entertainment in the age of the remote control"—Dole's men believe San Diego must radically deemphasize political conversation. Traditional convention podium addresses? Too boring. "One politician following another: speak, speak, speak," Dole says with disgust. Susan Molinari will have ten minutes for her keynote. No one else but Dole will be allowed to talk for more than five.

And into the attendant air-time vacuum will march Internet web sites, colorful graphics, interviews with "real Americans," satellite hook-ups, talk-radio feeds—all the dumbed-down schlock that cutting-edge technology allows. And all for naught. Unless Republicans intend to have bikini babes and gunfire on their San Diego stage, after all, they can never really compete with those "alternative modes of entertainment." Politicians are *supposed* to speak, speak, speak. It's their job to make people listen. And if they don't even bother to try, if the Republican convention turns into yet another festival of vacuousness, why shouldn't voters turn off their TVs? And their minds.

Houston was bad, and because they have failed to understand the reasons why, Bob Dole's Republicans now seem inclined to repeat and compound the badness in San Diego. But it's not too late for them to correct their course. The Republican convention needn't be a substance-free zone. Serious people should be invited to address the delegates and the country about serious issues—Ward Connerly on equal opportunity, for instance, and maybe for more than five minutes.

After Ronald Reagan's ascendancy in 1980, Pat Moynihan honored Republicans as "the party of ideas." The GOP took control of Congress in 1994 as a party of ideas. And in 1996 it is as a party of ideas that Republicans must stand. Or they will surely fall.

—David Tell, for the Editors

The Rumsfeld Factor

by Fred Barnes

Donald Rumsfeld has tried this before: turning a career legislator from Capitol Hill into a national politician and chief executive. In 1974, it was Gerald Ford, the accidental president fresh from years as House Republican leader. Ford thought tactically, not strategically. He was chronically reactive, rarely proactive. He waited for a consensus before stepping front and center on policy issues. Yet with the help of Rumsfeld, his White House chief of staff, Ford gradually changed, though not enough to gain election in 1976. Now Rumsfeld's task is to transform Bob Dole from legislator to executive—and do it in roughly four months.

Not an easy job. And Rumsfeld, 64, known to his friends as Rummy, doesn't even work full-time at Dole headquarters. When he arrived in June, he planned to spend two days a week; now he's up to four or more. He's already had an impact on the Dole campaign. At his instigation, there's now an organized and disciplined policy process that runs on real, not geological, time. Rumsfeld hired Jerry Jones, a veteran of the Nixon and Ford White Houses, to drive the policy operation. "And he's brought a lot more heavy thinkers into the process," says former representative Vin Weber, who is Rumsfeld's co-policy adviser.

Together, Rumsfeld and Weber got Bill Bennett, the former education secretary and drug czar, involved. After his first conversation with Rumsfeld, "I was buoyed," says Bennett. Rumsfeld recruited Paul Wolfowitz, the defense intellectual and deputy defense secretary in the Bush administration, to oversee Dole's foreign policy. He also put together a core group—economists John Taylor, Gary Becker, and Judy Shelton, along with Steve Forbes, Weber, and himself—to develop Dole's economic package and tax cut.

True, these are process and personnel changes, not alterations in Dole's personality and campaign style. Rumsfeld can't produce a complete Dole makeover. But the changes matter; now Dole has something interesting to say. Take Bennett's role in the campaign. Bennett not only didn't endorse Dole during the pri-

maries, he publicly criticized the candidate. So Dole partisans, except campaign manager Scott Reed and aide Kevin Stach, were cool toward Bennett. Yet Rumsfeld and Weber summoned Bennett for a meeting in June and enlisted him to barnstorm with Dole on education issues in mid-July.

On that swing, Bennett urged Dole to give a new speech on Hollywood, a follow-up to his attention-grabbing attack in May 1995 on the overdose of sex and violence in films and on TV. Dole liked Bennett's idea: Praise Hollywood for beginning to clean up its act, but insist on further improvement. With Rumsfeld pushing the process, a text was drafted and date set (July 30) for the speech, which is bound to attract the media. Pre-Rumsfeld, this wouldn't have happened.

What's crucial about Rumsfeld's role is that Dole trusts him (and few others). "Once Rumsfeld's involved in the process, it gives Dole a comfort level that whatever is being put before him has been vetted," says a Dole aide. "He's the guy who Dole respects." As a result, Rumsfeld has been able to jumpstart the whole policy operation. Since he came on board, Dole has given two major education addresses and two foreign policy speeches, and the economic plan is to be unveiled just before or after the GOP convention in mid-August. Rumsfeld was particularly influential in the substance of the second foreign policy speech, delivered in Philadelphia on June 24, which advocated the expansion of NATO into Eastern Europe.

Donald Rumsfeld

Rumsfeld's emergence as Dole's chief policy adviser is the result of a chance meeting. Last spring, Rumsfeld and his wife Joyce attended a speech in Chicago by Elizabeth Dole. Afterwards, they chatted. "We need help," she told Rumsfeld, and he said he'd be willing to offer some. Several days later, Reed called and asked Rumsfeld to meet with Dole in Washington. They talked and Rumsfeld agreed to join the campaign. The two have been friends since 1962, when Rumsfeld was elected to the House from the North Shore of Chicago (at age 29) and was assigned an office next door to then-Rep. Dole's.

Because of the administrations he served (Nixon's and Ford's) and several of the jobs he held (anti-poverty director and price-control enforcer), Rumsfeld has a reputation as a moderate. Wrong. "I don't recognize Don Rumsfeld from the description of people who knew him back then," says Weber. "He's a supply-sider. He's a social conservative. He's a foreign-policy hawk. I don't know of anything where he's a liberal or a moderate." Rumsfeld favors, for example, deployment of a missile-defense system and a deep tax cut to spur economic growth. He regrets not having embraced tax reductions when economist Arthur Laffer proposed them to Dick Cheney, then Rumsfeld's deputy at the Ford White House, in 1974. Laffer famously drew a curve on Cheney's napkin to make his point. "It would have been better proposing tax reform and a tax cut than the WIN Program," Rumsfeld says of Ford's ill-fated "Whip Inflation Now" plan.

He's lived up to his reputation, though, as an aggressive, impatient, task-oriented manager. When he attends a meeting at the Dole campaign, he generally runs it. He pushes for decisions and imposes deadlines, quite the opposite of Dole's style. "He's chairman of every board he's on," notes a Dole assistant. Naturally, this has prompted talk that Rumsfeld is angling to take over the campaign. I don't believe it. But were there a shakeup at Dole headquarters, Rumsfeld is the logical guy for Dole to turn to.

Meanwhile, Rumsfeld has the assignment of making Dole into a political executive with important plans for America—in other words, making him presidential. Rumsfeld has another case study besides Ford as a guide, namely himself. "He made that transition [from legislator to executive] more successfully than anyone I know," says Weber. Rumsfeld spent 15 months as White House chief of staff, then was named defense secretary. When Ford lost, he became a corporate CEO, first turning around G. D. Searle, a faltering pharmaceutical company, then reviving General Instruments. Rumsfeld figures if he can do it, so can Dole. ♦

In Defense of Joe Klein

by Charles Krauthammer

The Klein affair—the savaging of Joe Klein for having lied about his authorship of *Primary Colors* and the charge that he thus betrayed the standards of his journalistic profession—is indeed *kleine nachtmusik*. But when the self-importance meets the self-righteousness of the American press, small takes on a very large aspect.

The issue, we hear, is not that the book's anonymous authorship and brilliantly managed public relations campaign helped make Klein rich, read, and now famous, to boot. It is that he lied publicly. He is so furiously condemned for the fact, not the fruits, of his deception.

Really? What if we were talking not about an anonymous book but an anonymous charitable donation? What if Klein had given $6 million to his alma mater, an alma mater small enough that the list of possible donors would be as narrow as the list of those who could have written *Primary Colors*? And what if all the suspects had been induced by an eager-beaver press—as in the case of *Primary Colors*—to make categorical denials? Do you think the press would be demanding Klein's head for having lied about that?

Joe Klein

Kent Lemon

Klein has a lot to answer for to his friends to whom he lied about his authorship. But to journalism? American journalism countenances a staggering amount of lying about authorship. Indeed, claims of phony authorship are routine. How many published opinion pieces, let alone autobiographical tomes, by politicians and celebrities are really written by them? How many have even read the stuff they allegedly wrote? Indeed, the whole art of speechwriting, so honored in the world of Washington journalism, is a ventriloquist's exercise in dissimulation and legalized plagiarism.

Authorial deception is commonplace even in the pristine halls of science. The head of a laboratory gets his name on every piece of research that comes out of his shop, however tangentially or even non-involved he might have been in the actual research.

It is a far more serious offense to claim you wrote a book that you didn't write than to deny you wrote a book that you did. Klein denied his authorship of *Primary Colors* no more vigorously than John Kennedy asserted his of *Profiles in Courage*, which won him a Pulitzer Prize and general acclaim, and which he did not write. And how much of *It Takes a Village* did Hillary Clinton really write? She didn't even deign to name any of her co-authors in the acknowledgments, let alone on the title page.

Have someone write your Spanish exam for you, and they kick you out of Harvard. (Ah, those Kennedy boys.) Yet in journalism there is an entire sub-industry of ghost-writing books for others. That means putting someone else's name on something you wrote. If that's not lying about authorship, what is? So why has the ethics posse, so hot for Klein, not denounced ghostwriters for false attribution and a betrayal of journalism's code of truth-telling?

Yes, Joe Klein lied about his authorship of *Primary Colors*. But once you accept the fact that it is legitimate to publish a book anonymously, and that some such books will have so limited a pool of possible authors that anonymity can only be preserved by lying, what else could he have done?

For months Washington lightheartedly accepted this fact. It was giddy with delight at the audacity of the book and the obvious petty treachery that was keeping it anonymous. Divining the author turned into a dinner-party parlor game, a Where's Waldo for intellectuals. Yet after months of such fun, Waldo appears and the town wants to lynch him.

Why the radical turn of mood? My theory is that there developed a general assumption that the book had been written by some close political associate of the Clintons. That would have been okay. Betrayal is not only accepted in Washington, it is celebrated. John Dean made his career by turning on Nixon. Jim Fal-

lows launched his journalistic career by publishing a devastating tell-all dissection of Jimmy Carter who had brought Fallows to prominence as his speechwriter.

Betraying a friend and patron: irony. Lying to your fellow journalists: infamy!

Klein lied. But he lied about one thing, and one thing only, and it was a thing that by general and tacit agreement in Washington *had* to be lied about to preserve the town's most delicious and celebrated secret.

At one point, Klein claimed that he was only protecting the identity of his source (himself). Well, says the pack, you must not lie to protect a source. That's true. You must not. You must instead deflect the question or say "no comment."

But obviously Klein could not have done that without thereby admitting authorship. Klein's dilemma was journalistically unique. He could either lie or blow his source, but nothing in between. And he had no good answer.

Klein has since written an apologia about his inability to handle that dilemma and for having handled much of it badly. I would never have started down the road he did. But I can understand why, having started, he did what he did.

True, he should not have lied. But the reaction to his offense is as disproportionate as it is hypocritical. If lying about authorship is now a hanging offense, there are not enough lampposts in Washington to handle the volume. ♦

Primary Fictions

by Hadley Arkes

THE REACTION HAS BEEN WHOLLY TYPICAL of the American press in our own time: moral handwringing, along with its implicit self-praise. That has been the reaction so far to the revelation that it was indeed Joe Klein of *Newsweek* who wrote the bestseller *Primary Colors*. The high-toned posturing was triggered by the fact that Klein had persistently lied in public as he was called on, persistently, to deny his authorship of the book. Media critic Ken Auletta and others have raised grave questions now about Klein's "credibility": How could Klein take up again his warrant as a reporter, as he tries to penetrate the half-truths of politicians? But in this reaction, the reporters have given us the most exquisite exercise in moral obtuseness: the public outcry that provides, by indirection, the most subtle cover-up of all; the high dudgeon that points with alarm—and nicely diverts the eye. The press has given us a version of Inspector Clouseau: With a dramatic bank robbery unfolding before his eyes, Clouseau fastens, with the tenacity of the seasoned detective, on a parking violation nearby. In a similar way, the critics have reacted now with intense piety, focused on a breach of professional etiquette. But in the meantime, they seem to have missed the larger story plainly before them.

For this is not the only instance in which Joe Klein has shaded, concealed, or held back the truth. The incident has merely opened the curtain on something running deeper in his craft: The vocation of journalism, as practiced by Klein and others, involves the most self-conscious art of arranging, in layers, the truths withheld from the public. Or it involves the calibrated rationing of the truth, in harmless doses, at moments politically apt, as it serves the interests of those candidates whom the reporter has taken it upon himself to enhance and protect.

Primary Colors was the most elegant extension of this body of work, in which public dissembling has been raised to the level of art. The most serious problem posed by Klein would begin to reveal itself if one merely asked the question at the threshold, which has gone strangely unasked: Why did Klein offer this searing account of the Clintons as a work of "fiction" in the first place? The answer, of course, is that it is mainly through fiction that reporters are free in our own day to speak the truth. In an earlier time, writers might have been cautioned by the laws of libel, but in our own day there may be another motive: Fiction offers the most discreet way for a reporter, privy to many embarrassing facts, to reveal the truth about the politicians he knows well—but without exactly revealing it. Or without exactly confirming its truth. In the case of Klein, the revelations began coming out in 1993, after the election, in a series of stories showing a Clinton who "hasn't seemed personally trustworthy." By the spring of 1994, Klein was referring in print to "The Politics of Promiscuity." But these revelations had been decorously withheld during the election year. They had been withheld, that is, at the moment when these unseasonable truths could have been fatally damaging to Clinton's candidacy. With a bit of well-timed remorse, Mr. Klein could gain a reputation for balance or critical distance, without impairing, at the same time, the candidate he seemed altogether willing to advance.

But fiction offered a device for carrying this subtle balancing to a further degree of refinement. There were many damaging things about Bill Clinton known to the reporters, but these truths could not make their way into print without collecting layers of documentation—and triggering a vast apparatus of resistance. With the revelations in *Primary Colors*, there would be no need to have witnesses signing affidavits. Nor would there be a campaign to discredit the writer and his credibility, as we have seen in the case of Gary Aldrich. At the same time, the art of the novelist made it possible to take the enterprise of concealment one step further: In the guise of writing an exposé, Mr. Klein could expose, while at the same time covering the tracks and casting doubt on the very truths whose presence marks the power of the book.

No one could doubt, for example, that the portraits of James Carville and Susan Thomases were devastatingly accurate, and their evident accuracy confirmed the authority of the writer. Those portraits so strikingly real served to enhance the believability, or the verisimilitude, of other persons and scenes not as well known to the public. But then the subtle move, understood at every stage by a skillful writer: The deliberate placing, in this scheme, of a scene obviously meant to be made up would have the effect of lending cover to other embarrassing scenes, which might be discounted now as merely fictive when they were, in fact, damningly true. And so, the scene obviously made up: The young black protagonist comes together in an intense sexual encounter with the Hillary Clinton figure. Then, by a gentle overflow, the reader could tell himself that it was, after all, "just a story" when he came to this part of the book: The Bill Clinton figure compromises a teenage girl, the child of a friend, and has a relative fake the blood test intended to establish the paternity of the child she is carrying. One story was fictive, but were they both? Were they all? What about the story of the teacher at a demonstration project who is seen later leaving the bedroom of the presidential candidate? Was that merely fiction—or was it a version of something that actually happened?

Primary Colors promised to be a sensation precisely because there was not the slightest doubt that the principal characters were the Clintons, described with an unflattering candor by one who knew them well. In that event, what could have been Klein's reason for attributing so evidently to the Clintons things that had to be regarded as shocking if they turned out to be true? These were not things he would have attributed even in fiction, say, to Eleanor Roosevelt. Was he saying that there was something, known to himself, that made it plausible to attribute these bizarre things to the Clintons? Well, what?

Mr. Klein's colleagues in the press serenely pass by these vexing matters, and they raise questions instead about Klein's breach of truth in denying his authorship. They earnestly ask how Klein will restore his credibility as a reporter. But if the journalists are serious in their question, the query invites a rather straightforward answer: It can be pointed out that there was, in the book, an amalgam of facts and fictions, and that the book was evidently written to present as fictions rather embarrassing facts. The first question then is: Which are the facts and which are the fictions? Had Klein known of sexual escapades on the part of Bill Clinton during the presidential campaign itself, which he did not report at the time? In short, what did Klein know and when did he come to know it?

If we are to credit Klein, the pieces of information in his hands finally described a disturbing portrait of Bill Clinton when Klein assembled them in 1993. But had their significance really eluded him until then? If they were disturbing, why did they not deserve his efforts to report them when the facts could have made a difference to the voters?

Eight years ago, Fred Friendly produced a television series on "Ethics in America," which took up, among other things, the responsibility of the press in reporting on Gary Hart's sexual adventures. Jeff Greenfield solemnly intoned to the audience that any candidate who involved himself in adventures of this kind was simply too stupid to be president—for the rules had dramatically changed: As Greenfield explained, we were no longer in the days of Jack Kennedy, when the press would protect its favorite candidate from embarrassing disclosures. But behind the story of Joe Klein is the fact that Greenfield had it massively wrong: The rules have not changed, and as the experience with Bill Clinton demonstrated, the press could indeed be counted on to cover up for its favorite candidate, with efforts even more heroic and sustained than anything asked of them in the 1960s.

What lies behind this story of Klein, then, is not the violation of a club rule in dissembling to his fellows. The real story involves a college of reporters who have become, in effect, an annex to one of the political parties. They have absorbed now, as part of their vocation, the privilege of rationing or even concealing the news as it advances the political interests they regard as wholesome. And the real news is this: What strikes the rest of us as momentous and disturbing is something they no longer even notice. What truly stands out in this affair for them, as Ken Auletta said, is that Klein "fibbed" to his brothers.

***Hadley Arkes is the Ney Professor of Jurisprudence at Amherst College and a contributing editor of* National Review.**

Clinton's Welfare Waffle

by Matthew Rees

"THE MOST BRUTAL ACT of social policy since Reconstruction" is how Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, characterizes the welfare legislation that will soon land on Bill Clinton's desk. Could the president dream of signing such a bill into law?

Not a chance, if he listens to a loosely affiliated group of cabinet officials and welfare analysts inside and outside the administration. They want Clinton to veto or at least dramatically modify the bill. But their effort is running into a brick wall at the White House. There's near unanimity among the president's top advisers that he should not veto welfare reform for the third time.

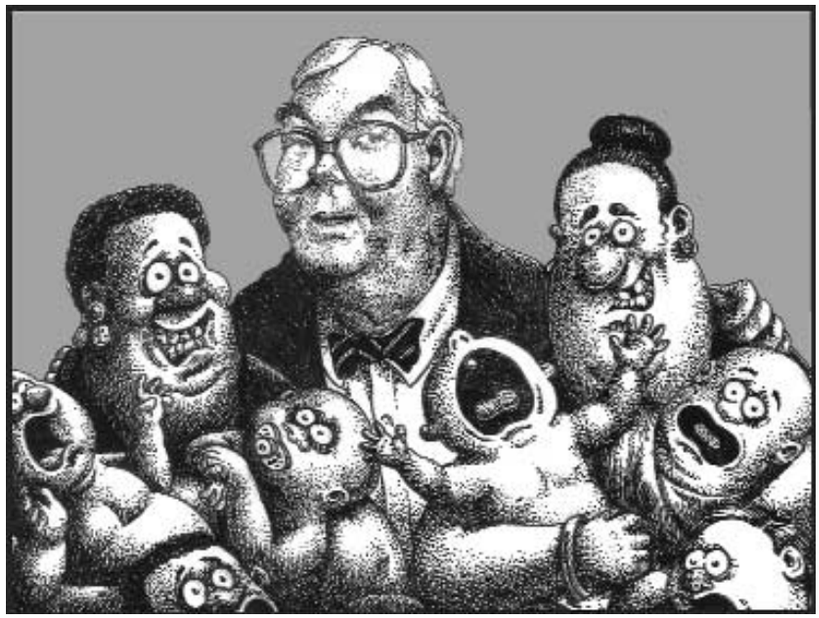
Last year, during a similar internal struggle between political and policy aides, liberals leaked a Health and Human Services study purporting to show that Republican welfare legislation would push 1.2 million children into poverty. That proved so embarrassing that Clinton went back on his earlier support and vetoed two separate welfare bills.

This time, the White House instructed HHS not to prepare projections of the bill's effects. On three occasions, Moynihan has asked the White House to assess the legislation and been rebuffed. But the liberals scored a minor coup when the Urban Institute, a respected Washington think tank, released an analysis of the House legislation on July 26 claiming it would increase the number of poor children by 1.1 million.

Clinton strategist Dick Morris and vice presidential chief of staff Ron Klain urge signing whatever Congress sends the White House. And while chief of staff Leon Panetta and senior aide George Stephanopoulos privately question some provisions of the legislation, the only top aide to recommend a veto is Harold Ickes. Labor secretary Robert Reich has worked to restore funding for work programs and legal immigrants, with little success. A more strident opponent of the legislation is Donna Shalala, HHS secretary. She and Moynihan are in regular contact, but both have been cut out of the White House debate. Moynihan still talks with White House officials and traveled with Clinton to New York on July 25, but after a July 11 session with Panetta, he told the *New York Times*, "There's nothing in prospect that [Clinton] wouldn't sign."

Outside the administration, opponents of the legislation have been quiet in public but active behind the scenes. Bob Greenstein of the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities (and Clinton's choice for the number-two job at the White House budget office in 1994) has worked with moderate Senate Republicans and House Democrats to soften the GOP legislation. The lingering question is whether the Clintons' friend Marian Wright Edelman will publicly campaign against the bill. Last year, her open letter to Clinton in the *Washington Post* had a huge impact. She still talks to Shalala—Edelman's husband is a top Shalala deputy—but hasn't gone further thus far. White House officials fear she may lead a last-minute, full-scale liberal insurrection, wielding the Urban Institute study to intimidate Clinton.

The consensus among the opponents is that Clinton will sign the Republican bill, but no one can be sure. The president's pronouncements of the past three and a half years offer little clue as to his true instincts. Having failed to introduce his own legislation until 18 months into his term, then having resisted Republican efforts to toughen his bill, he changed his posture once Congress switched hands. He embraced a GOP bill far to the right of what his administration had proposed, only to veto two succes-



Sean Delonas

sive versions of the legislation after liberals revolted.

Republicans have made it easier for Clinton to sign the new bill. Spending on child care has been increased, block grants for child nutrition and foster care have been eliminated, and cuts in Supplemental Security Income have been modified. Congressional Republicans say these changes were intended to prevent the Democrats from portraying the GOP as extremist and insensitive. Whether the strategy will work remains to be seen, but one influential analyst, Robert Rector of the Heritage Foundation, charges Republicans have moved too far left. He complains that their bill has extremely weak work requirements, fails to promote sexual abstinence, and continues to subsidize single parenthood. Rector's patron in the Senate, Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina, cited these reasons for voting against the welfare bill. He was the only Republican to do so.

Republicans are acting smug. "We win no matter what happens," said House speaker Newt Gingrich on July 24. If Clinton vetoes the legislation, they will paint him as the chief obstacle to welfare reform, someone who talks conservative but governs liberal. If he signs the bill, they will take all the credit while he faces the liberals' wrath.

There are two problems with the latter scenario. First, a mid-July Gallup poll shows Clinton with a 49-31 lead over Dole *on who would better handle welfare reform.* Thus if he signs the bill, the president is likely to get much of the credit. Second, it's not clear the Left will make things ugly for Clinton if he signs. David Liederman, executive director of the Child Welfare League in Washington and an ardent opponent of the legislation, concedes, "The political consequences of signing the bill are nil." Indeed, the president already has the support of most labor unions and black advocacy groups like the NAACP. And what remains of the Left fears Dole and Gingrich more than a second Clinton administration, during which it could presumably extract its pound of flesh for staying mum. Besides, asks Isabel Sawhill, a former Clinton administration welfare analyst, "Where is the Left going to go?"

The next step is for House and Senate Republicans to reconcile their minor differences and pass a single bill. Clinton has 10 days, minus Sundays, to act on the legislation once he receives it, and Republicans mean to manage the timing so that he won't act during their convention. Administration welfare analysts guess that if the Republicans don't toughen the bill in the conference committee, Clinton will sign it. But in a July 24 letter to the president, Gingrich and Senate majority leader Trent Lott wrote that they would not support any further weakening. Indeed, it's expected the Senate bill will move slightly rightward, and the final result will be somewhere between the House and Senate versions.

What will it mean if the bill becomes law? In breaking with the majority of congressional Democrats (only 30 House Democrats voted with the Republicans), Clinton would affirm his moderate credentials and help cement an already promising reelection bid. Dole would lose a powerful argument in his effort to portray the president as a hopeless liberal. And congressional Republicans would signal that they can be trusted to govern, boosting their quest to keep control of the House and Senate.

But the signing of the welfare bill would mean the end of the New Deal, Moynihan says. Indeed, the complaints of Rector and Faircloth notwithstanding, if the Republican welfare legislation becomes law it will rank as the greatest legislative achievement of this Congress. Ideas like limiting welfare benefits to five years and abolishing the federal guarantee of cash payments to single mothers were not even contemplated by congressional Republicans as recently as three years ago. Today, they win the support of much of the Democratic party. That exasperates liberals like Moynihan, but it's the latest reminder that, while the legislative accomplishments of the Republican Congress may have been slim, the GOP has been stunningly successful at setting the domestic agenda. ♦

Six Steps Against Terror

by Zalmay Khalilzad

If a terrorist group caused the deaths of the TWA Flight 800 passengers, politicians and pundits will inevitably redouble pious calls for heightening security at airports. Some may even call for a limited military strike against a particular group or its sponsor. Such measures, while consistent with past U.S. steps against terrorism, are too weak and will not succeed in deterring future attacks. Indeed, they may even invite more attacks.

We need a qualitatively different approach in how we perceive the terrorist threat and what we do about it. The states that sponsor terror against the United States consider it a form of war, and since they cannot

confront the United States directly because of our military strength, they rely on this asymmetric and indirect technique. Their undeclared war against the United States may become deadlier, with future attacks including biological and nuclear weapons, even strikes against America's information infrastructure.

So far, we have not been serious in confronting terrorism and its state sponsors. The United States has been too *ad hoc* and too legalistic. It is time to take a more aggressive approach.

If we discover that a state-sponsored terrorist group destroyed TWA 800, we must take immediate and forceful military action against the sponsor. These attacks should not be a tit-for-tat response to the loss of U.S. lives. Rather, we should project a *disproportionate* response—a response that strikes at the foundations of the sponsor regime by targeting its security forces, its economic infrastructure, its communications, and other sources of support. This campaign by missiles and attack aircraft should continue until the state renounces terrorism and cooperates with U.S. officials in bringing the guilty terrorist group to justice.

Such a strong short-term response will strengthen deterrence of other state-sponsored terror against the United States. But it is not enough. For the long term we need a policy consisting of six steps:

First, we must get to know the enemy. U.S. intelligence must be focused on infiltrating terrorist groups and sponsoring states. This is a difficult task, but just as obviously we should be doing it better.

Second, we must build up our defenses against the threats posed by terrorists today and against the threats they may pose tomorrow. Materials for making weapons of mass destruction are widely available, but our ability to track the purchasers and suppliers of such material is limited. We should undertake a major research effort aimed at detecting weapons of mass destruction anywhere in the world. We also need to improve our ability to trace the source for high explosives. And the government must secure our information infrastructure—computers and phones and the like. Such defense is particularly necessary to protect the United States against groups and individuals operating without a state sponsor, which in general makes them harder to deter and control.

Third, we must confront states that sponsor, promote, or facilitate terrorism against the United States, and do so proactively. Often, terrorist groups operate at the behest of a particular government, while at other times states assist such groups by providing them with passports, technology, and a haven. The governments that have sponsored or facilitated terror against the United States are few—Iran, Iraq, Libya, and Syria—and they are relatively weak. Iran's gross domestic product is roughly one fifth the size of the U.S. defense budget; the other three economies are even more pathetic. These nations are no geopolitical threat in and of themselves, and we need not tread lightly in our effort to domesticate and defang them. And if they refuse to be domesticated—a likely scenario—we must not shy away from options that can facilitate a change in regime. All these governments are unstable, and the citizens of these countries want better economic and political conditions. We should help them achieve those objectives.

Fourth, sponsors of terrorism deserve the full brunt of U.S. power, should efforts to deter them fail. Our response should be disproportionate and strike at institutions of state power—their military establishment and their security installations. In short, we punish to deter, which may require taking two eyes for a tooth to demonstrate U.S. resolve.

> THE MILITARY RESPONSE TO TERRORISM SHOULD NOT BE TIT-FOR-TAT; IT SHOULD BE A DISPROPORTIONATE RESPONSE—TWO EYES FOR A TOOTH.

Fifth, the United States should shrink the zones of chaos that foster terrorism. Afghanistan, for example, appears to have become a hub where terrorists arm, train, and plan future attacks. The United States, however, abandoned Afghanistan at the end of the Cold War. Such neglect has come back to haunt us, as anti-U.S. groups operate with impunity there. It is time to reengage in Afghanistan and work toward a settlement that will bring stability.

Sixth, we must lead our allies in the fight against terrorism while retaining an independent capability to stop it on our own. In addition to strengthening the impact of economic punishment, our allies can provide military support and intelligence on terrorism. They can also press Russia and China to stop transferring nuclear, biological, and chemical technology that could be used by terrorists. After all, they too have been victims of terrorism. But when they will not help, the United States will have to act alone. American hesitation due to fear of offending our allies may cost more American lives later. If our allies dither on whether to punish Iran, we cannot then stand still.

All this will require a major and sustained effort. We have the power to succeed, but until now we have lacked the will.

Zalmay Khalilzad was the assistant undersecretary of defense for policy planning in the Bush administration.

With a Bang, Not a Whimper

by Eric Felten

The global warming debate is in a rut. In mid-July, for example, Undersecretary of State Timothy Wirth called for a crackdown on the emission of so-called greenhouse gases that are the inescapable byproduct of burning coal and oil. Any effort to choke off carbon-dioxide emissions will hit the American economy hard; nonetheless, to the dismay of industry, Wirth has in mind new, binding treaties to do just that. "The science calls on us to take urgent action," Wirth declared at a Geneva conference on climate change. Industry—as represented by the Global Climate Coalition—responded as expected, arguing that the science is hopelessly complex and muddled: We should wait and see instead of doing anything rash and ruinously expensive.

This is the stale and predictable state of the global warming debate. Environmental Cassandras declare the world is on fire; naysayers say nay. Greens use elaborate computer models to show that the atmosphere is working its way from a simmer to a full rolling boil. Industry chooses different computer models and finds that global temperatures are the same as they ever were. The scientists can't agree and the layman is understandably bewildered.

But there might be a way out of this tiresome political shuttlecock. The one thing that the Cassandras and the naysayers seem to agree about is that there is only one solution to global warming—reduce the amount of greenhouse gases put into the atmosphere. But what if that assumption is incorrect? A surprising, and surprisingly large, body of scientific research suggests that it may be entirely possible (and even relatively inexpensive) to cool the planet down, greenhouse gases or no. The whole premise of the greenhouse theory is that human activity is capable of turning the global thermostat up. If so, then why shouldn't human activity be capable of doing the reverse?

Early this year, the east coast buried in snow, newspapers and newsmagazines declared perversely that the blizzards were the fault of global warming. Shifts in worldwide climates caused the extreme weather, we were told. These stories did point to some evidence of a greenhouse effect: 1995 was the hottest year on record, breaking the mark set in 1991. But little noticed was the fact that between 1991 and 1995 temperatures had not just held steady, they had declined dramatically. And climatologists do agree on the reason temperatures spiked downward for a few years: a volcano. When Mount Pinatubo erupted in 1991 it belched tons of dust, ash, and sulfur into the stratosphere, where the fine haze of debris floated for a couple of years, ever so slightly shading the earth from the sun. Which raises the question, If dust in the stratosphere can cool the planet, why not combat global warming by putting dust in the stratosphere?

There are any number of tidy, discreet, and cost-effective ways to get dust or sulfur into the upper atmosphere. A variety of options can be found in a massive 1992 tome from the National Academy of Sciences called "Policy Implications of Greenhouse Warming." Chapter 28 is devoted to what is called "geoengineering," the science of purposefully making large-scale changes to the environment. Not only are an abundance of atmospheric fixes considered in the chapter, but careful cost breakdowns are provided for each.

Among the suggested methods for launching dust into the stratosphere are rockets, balloons, airplanes, and naval guns. Naval guns are among the cheapest, and certainly the most dramatic. According to the National Academy, "A 16-inch naval rifle fired vertically could put a shell weighing about 1 [metric] ton up to an altitude of 20 kilometers." After running the numbers—including the cost of using the Navy ships and crew, the price of shells, and even the going rate for bulk dust—the National Academy found that it would cost somewhere between three cents and $1 to offset the effect of one metric ton of carbon-dioxide emissions. Mitigating the amount of carbon dioxide put into the atmosphere by the United States in 1989, given these estimates, would cost, tops, about $500 million a year, and probably a lot less.

Less exciting but cheaper by far is the notion of tinkering with the exhaust on commercial airliners. Jet engines in need of tune-ups put out sooty exhaust, and enough soot high in the sky could just manage to help with global air-conditioning. Adjust each jet's equivalent of a carburetor so that the engine burns off about 1 percent of its fuel, and the U.S. commercial airliner fleet would put out enough high-altitude haze to mitigate all the carbon dioxide produced by the United States every year. This elegantly simple solution to the global warming mess comes with an astonishingly puny price tag—a mere $7 million a year (the National Academy's estimate of the cost of the lost fuel, together with the mechanics' time adjusting the engines).

It may seem counterintuitive to suggest global warming be combated not by reducing pollution, but by increasing it—rather like suggesting cirrhosis be treated with liberal doses of Scotch. But the ameliora-

tive effect of belching smokestacks is even recognized by climatology shops with impeccably green credentials, like the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. The most authoritative warning of impending doom available to the greenhouse Cassandras is the panel's 1995 forecast predicting global temperatures will rise between 1.8 and 6.3 degrees by the year 2100. Very frightening indeed; but just five years earlier the panel was predicting that temperatures would rise twice as fast. It turns out that in its 1990 calculations, the panel forgot to factor in the atmospheric effect of all the sulfur smoked into the air by power plants burning soft coal. Once the sulfur floats into the stratosphere, it attracts moisture and helps with the formation of clouds. Those added clouds provide a sunscreen to help keep the planet from overheating. It would not be too much of an exaggeration, then, to say that the Clean Air Act has contributed to global warming.

Before Sen. Robert Byrd gets too excited and starts mandating that every utility in the country burn West Virginia coal, it should be remembered that those sulfur-rich clouds, however beneficial to the global climate, are responsible for acid rain. Which is why the National Academy of Sciences suggests another seagoing solution to the greenhouse effect: Imagine a fleet of tankers crisscrossing the oceans, downwind from any land, burning huge sulfur smudge-pots. Smelly, yes—but cost effective too. Sulfur incinerators at sea would offset carbon-dioxide emissions at about the same $1-per-ton rate estimated for the Navy's big guns.

ASSUME THAT THE THREAT OF GLOBAL WARMING IS REAL: WHY SPEND TRILLIONS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM WHEN SIMPLER CURES ARE AT HAND?

For those queasy at the thought of polluting on purpose, other solutions abound. Since carbon in the atmosphere is the stuff blamed for the purported rise in global temperatures, the greenhouse effect could be avoided by finding ways to extract carbon from the air. The simplest and most enviro-friendly approach, of course, is to plant trees. Young forests absorb and store massive amounts of carbon—and make for nice places to go hunting.

There is an even more aggressive approach than forestry for getting carbon out of the air and out of the way, what scientists call the Geritol solution to global warming. In much of the world's oceans there is very little in the way of plankton. The lack of the microscopic plants in some waters is due, in large part, to a deficiency of iron. But maybe if we add some dilute iron chum to the Pacific, a gazillion plankton will bloom, their photosynthetic frenzy gobbling up carbon like crazy. When the plankton decay or are eaten in the aquatic food chain, the carbon ends up deep in the ocean, harmless. "With half a shipload of iron," the late oceanographer John Martin once said, "I could give you an ice age."

Researchers testing Martin's theory near the Galapagos Islands have found that, indeed, a little iron can turn clear blue waters green and soupy with plankton. But according to *Science News*, the scientists, far from being exhilarated, have found their success to be a "profoundly disturbing experience." Martin's colleague, Kenneth Coale, told *Science News*, "We are conducting research that may be used toward geoengineering and that does make me feel a bit uncomfortable. I don't feel we have the same dilemma as the scientists who worked on the Manhattan Project, but there are some similarities."

Comparing overblown algae farming to the creation of weapons of mass destruction may seem silly, but Coale's unease is typical. The geoengineering section of the National Academy of Sciences global warming report was not happily received by the greenhouse crowd—at best, it is referred to as "controversial." Environmentalists seem to hate the concept of geoengineering not because they think it wouldn't work, but because they fear it would.

Their objection is a moralistic one. Think of the industrialized nations as dipsomaniacs, guzzling fossil fuels like a drunk sucking down Thunderbird. And think of environmentalists as the Temperance Union. If a guaranteed hangover cure were discovered, the teetotalers would be appalled—without unpleasant consequences to hype, what hope would they have of winning prohibition? The same holds true for environmentalists, who see geoengineering as a threat to the anti-industrial crusade. Without the specter of scorched earth and drowned coastal cities, what hope do the greens have of winning their utopia of bicycles and solar power?

Even if global warming is more than just the febrile imagining of professional Chicken Littles, there is no reason to accept the environmentalists' ham-handed solution to the problem. Why sign global treaties with industrial-emissions limits costing trillions when $7 million in aircraft exhaust might do the trick?

Eric Felten is a writer and jazz musician in Washington, D.C.

Against Conservative Cool

By Diana West

On one of the last mornings of 1970, Elvis Presley arrived in Washington, D.C., to meet Richard Nixon. Or so the rock idol hoped. In a five-page letter to the president scrawled on American Airlines stationery, Presley introduced himself: "I am Elvis Presley and admire you and have great respect for your office." While Presley's sincerity may have grounded the letter's more atmospheric flights of fancy ("I have done an in-depth study of drug abuse and Communist brainwashing techniques . . . "), what stands out years later is his instinctive awareness of his own tenuous relationship to both the bourgeois culture and the counterculture, specifically the culture of rock music. These two territories were still at war in 1970.

"The drug culture, the hippie elements, the SDS, Black Panthers, etc., do not consider me as their enemy, or, as they call it, The Establishment," Presley wrote. "I call it America and I love it." Hoping for some sort of "Federal credentials" to add to his collection of law-enforcement badges, Presley offered to help with the nation's drug problem "just so long as it is kept very Private."

There was no need to explain Presley's reticence. To meet with the president, Presley knew he had to jump the then-unbreached wall between the anti-bourgeois rock culture and the anti-rock bourgeoisie. "If the rock 'n' roll world had known of this letter's contents," chides Patricia Jobe Pierce in *The Ultimate Elvis*, one of numerous volumes of packaged Presleyana, "it would have felt deeply betrayed." (Imagine the pain of the nation's First Elvis Impersonator, at the time a non-inhaling youth-in-protest.) And so "Jon Burroughs" checked into the Hotel Washington to await the president's pleasure, incognito, if resplendent, in purple cape and extra-terrestrial-chic amber shades emblazoned with the initials "EP."

Across the cultural divide, Richard Nixon too was content to keep the hastily scheduled "drop-by" confidential. No flash-popping, full-press photo-op for this president, no matter how many voters were loyal Elvis fans. The president seemed to know he and Presley made a joltingly odd couple, one that would be unacceptable to both men's still-separate constituencies. In fact, during the 35-minute Oval Office chat, as recorded in a slim book on the meeting by former White House assistant Egil "Bud" Krogh, Nixon repeatedly emphasized the importance of Presley's maintaining his "credibility"—i.e., independence from Establishment links. This, Krogh speculates, underscored Nixon's awareness of the hazards of guilt-by-association for both the king of rock 'n' roll *and* the self-appointed leader of the silent majority. The meeting remained a secret for more than a year.

All of which is to say that a very important social wall still existed a quarter-century ago, a demarcation between bourgeois culture and the rock culture—variously and overlappingly known as the silent majority and the protest generation, squares and cool people, Us and Them.

That wall is gone. Even the rubble has been swept away, with hardly a souvenir to show for it. The rock 'n' roll sensibility grew up and over the line until it became a prevailing influence on Us and Them alike. It's no accident that Detroit (not to mention Japan) now markets family sedans—tangible markers of stability—with such rock 'n' roll anthems of recklessness as "No Boundaries." There *are* no boundaries.

Although such metaphors don't mix, they make an increasingly common coupling as the unmoored bourgeoisie pursues a rock 'n' roll karma. The counterculture has overrun the mainstream, becoming, in Mark Steyn's memorable phrase in the *American Spectator*, "the lunch-counter culture, all lined up side by side and instantly available." The U.S. Postal Service, for example, issues a stamp commemorating actor James Dean, the brief-lived sulky neurotic whose screen image exemplifies the vapid rebellion that now tinges the mainstream. The J.C. Penney catalogue, purveyor to the heartland, features "Bad to the Bone" vinyl biker jackets (made in China) with matching caps for dogs. Sen. Dan Coats, a Republican stalwart, makes a

Diana West, who freelances from Washington, D.C., has written for THE WEEKLY STANDARD *about the children's horror novelist R.L. Stine and the movie director Oliver Stone.*

lunge for rebel coattails (or, rather, biker-jacket tails) by lobbying the Post Office to have the Dean stamp released in his and Dean's home state of Indiana.

Scions of Us are seeking alliance with legions of Them in an elusive quest for acceptance; for validation; for an edge of hipness; for a sense of cool from what used to be the other side. It doesn't seem to matter that this benighted quest for cool undermines—indeed, nullifies—the very principles that bourgeois culture, however marginalized it may be, still rests upon. It may, however, explain why it is, as Roger Kimball has noted in the *New Criterion*, that "conservative electoral victories have made nary a dent in the march of left-wing attitudes and ideas in our culture."

Kevin Chadwick

In fact, those very attitudes and ideas, having become both unexceptional and ubiquitous, are the most significant influences on our national character. The notion of personal responsibility, for example, even championed by a ruling majority, can do little for a nation autonomically pulsing to a countercultural beat.

Look at the rock 'n' roll Hall of Fame. Once upon a time, Cleveland city fathers were repelled by rock 'n' roll. Those were the days, of course, when the entertainment trade paper *Variety* could describe the city as being "in an uproar" over two teenage girls who had withdrawn their college savings to chase the Beatles home to England after the group's Cleveland debut. In reprimanding the two runaways, the juvenile-court judge presiding over the 1965 case said that presenting rock concerts to youngsters is "like feeding narcotics to kids." (He probably didn't realize the extent to which his words could be taken literally.) Mayor Ralph Locher went so far as to ban future rock concerts from public city venues, having "averred that [rock 'n' roll] did not contribute to the culture of the city and tended to incite riots."

By the 1990s, of course, another Cleveland mayor, Michael R. White, joined by Republican governor George Voinovich, had decided that not only did rock 'n' roll contribute to the culture of the city, it *was* the culture of the city: hence Cleveland's fight to make itself the site of the rock "museum." Designed by I. M. Pei, the $92 million complex (which includes a load of chotchkas from John Lennon) was built to enshrine the memorabilia of rock culture—the same rock culture that brought free love, getting high, and anti-Americanism to the masses, all practices not usually associated with civic boosterism. But there they were on opening day in 1995, government officials and assorted Babbitts to honor—and to be honored by—Yoko Ono, Little Richard, Jann Wenner, and other oligarchs of the anti-bourgeoisie.

Everyone smiled. Everyone clapped. Everyone stood for a Woodstock recording of Jimi Hendrix's amplified assault on "The Star-Spangled Banner" as Marine Corps Harrier jets performed a fly-by salute. Middle America cheered, oblivious to the stupendous irony of the moment. That thunderbolts failed to cleave the skies is no less amazing than that this resounding clash of symbols failed to arch any eyebrows.

But as the rock culture's princes willfully blind themselves to their mainstream, indeed, corporate status (U2's Bono promised Grammy-night fans that he'd keep "f—ing up the mainstream," not realizing, as Mark Steyn has noted, he *is* the mainstream), the leaders of the bourgeoisie fail to see the implications of their embrace of rock. This is particularly distressing

on the part of ideological conservatives. They may have honed their skills at reading left-wing bias in the media, for example, but they stumble when it comes to the bias in contemporary culture.

And so it comes to pass on the floor of the U.S. Senate that Spence Abraham, a Republican senator known as a principled conservative, eulogizes narco-culture poster child Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead. Having neatly de-coupled Garcia's destructive influence on untold masses of youngsters from his philanthropic record, Abraham finds himself regaling his senatorial colleagues with tales of a troupe of Tibetan monks, the Gyoto Tantric Choir, and their adventures at San Quentin: "As the monks passed San Quentin in a van, they said they felt the presence of 'trapped souls' within. . . . When the monks later performed at San Quentin through the [Grateful Dead's] Rex Foundation they were able to see the prison's gospel choir perform. According to [Grateful Dead drummer Mickey] Hart, one prison guard began playing the drums and another played the organ. Guards and inmates were mixing and singing sacred songs."

According to Abraham's peroration, the proceeds from the resulting album went to the "victims of the inmates" (no one in this entertainment age "mixes and sings sacred songs" willy-nilly). Whether this incident, among others the senator singled out for praise, puts Jerry Garcia in league with conservative efforts to promote private funding of the arts is beside the point. The fact remains that 25 years ago, when Richard Nixon and Elvis Presley mutually declined to share the spotlight, no senator would have actively sought links to a preeminent symbol of the rock culture.

Times change? You bet. Still, the essential ideals of bourgeois culture—responsibility, fidelity, sobriety, and other badges of maturity—remain the same. So, for that matter, does the cumulative message of the rock culture—sexual and narcotic gratification, anarchism, self-pity, and other forms of infantilism. There is no getting around it: The aims of the one are wholly at odds with the aims of the other. But never say never the twain shall meet. Today, an all-but-irresistible cultural force field pulls from Right to Left, luring bourgeois types into anti-bourgeois guises.

This curious force field works only one way. Never would a Jerry Garcia find kind words to say about a Spence Abraham on a concert stage or anywhere else. The same goes for James Dean and Dan Coats. Amazingly, the innate and verifiable antagonism that emanates from the Left doesn't dampen the contemporary Right's ardor for union, for a leftish, rock 'n' roll sense of identification.

Thanks to the indelible stereotypes perpetuated by 40 years of laugh-track derision and rock-star worship, a false dichotomy has been etched upon the nation's consciousness. On one hand, there is "cool," variations of which derive from the adolescent archetypes portrayed in rock songs—sensitive artists, angry cynics, misunderstood mavericks. These inspire legions of free spirits to flout (or, worse, pretend to flout) convention in lockstep, seeking the me-against-the-system psychodrama, contemporariness, sexual spirit, and other thrills connoted by a liberal sensibility. On the other, there is "uncool," the uptight, un-hip, square cogs who have no verve, possibly no heartbeat, and certainly no sex appeal.

> WITH THE EXPLOSION OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, RHYTHM OBLITERATED MELODY, SEX OVERWHELMED ROMANCE, AND POPULAR TASTE WAS INFANTILIZED.

This may explain why a group of young conservative women called No Left Turn decided to lure the media to a fund-raiser, according to the *Washington Post*, by bragging about its members' looks: "This event will definitely lend itself to a photographer since the committee does not look anything like 'Schlaflyites' or 'Barbara Bushes,'" said one member of the group. The implication is clear: *Us young conservatives are real hip chicks*. In a pep piece about the emergence of young conservative women in the *Washington Times*, group co-founder April Lassiter, an aide to majority whip Tom Delay, wrote: "They are not the traditional conservative women you may be expecting. Their life experiences range from rock bands to fashion gurus."

Oh my. Rock bands and fashion gurus. Clichéd bona fides of hipness in hand, the women flaunt their membership in the "cool" camp where vibrancy, currency, and all things electric are said to exist. Belonging to the rock mainstream, regardless of the implications, seems to be a compulsion. But this kind of self-consciousness only highlights the awkwardness of grafting a rock sensibility onto bourgeois beliefs.

Such mismatches abound. Rush Limbaugh chatters about the happy prospect of achieving the maturity of age 50, even as he hums along to the metallic strains of the ever-wild, ever-pubescent ZZ Top. John Kasich describes himself as both a born-again Christian and "a rock 'n' roller." William Bennett, the man

who turns homespun virtues into lucrative bestsellers, leads the charge against rap music even as he cherishes his rock 'n' roll collection. Given the crucial importance of symbols in things cultural, such mirror-imagery gives pause.

Consider some of the 40-year-old critiques of rock 'n' roll, William Bennett's kind of rock 'n' roll, the music now referred to as "oldies." From *Variety* in 1955 (dug up by Grace Palladino for her book *Teenagers)* comes the following: "What are we talking about? We're talking about 'rock and roll,' about 'hug,' and 'squeeze,' and kindred euphemisms which are attempting a total breakdown of all reticences against sex. In the past such material was common enough but restricted to special places and out-and-out barrel-houses. . . . Compared to some of the language that loosely passes for song 'lyrics' today, the 'pool-table papa' and 'jellyroll' terminology of yesteryear is polite palaver. Only difference is that this sort of lyric then was off in a corner by itself. *It was the music underworld—not the main stream*." (Italics added.)

Another *Variety* story from the same year compares the box-office potency of rock 'n' roll to that of the 1930s swing era: "Swing, however, never had the moral threat of rock 'n' roll which is founded on an unabashed pitch for sex," *Variety* notes. "Every note and vocal nuance is aimed in that direction." Again, this is not the declamation of a village elder fulfilling his (erstwhile) institutional role as stick-in-the-mud, but the voice of the showbiz bible whose savvy critics had seen the evolution of popular music over half a century. As a *Variety* editorial on "leer-ics," circa 1955, reminds us, that's a lot of evolution: from "ragtime to jazz, from blues to swing, from hot to cool, from the cycles of the polka and the tango to the samba, the rhumba and the mambo . . . the country & western cycle . . . and now the rhythm & blues (r & b), with its rock 'n' roll sidelights."

Sidelights. Apparently, the crystal ball that day needed a little dusting.

With the explosion of rock 'n' roll, as rhythm obliterated melody, as sexuality overwhelmed romance, as emotions were gutted, as popular taste was infantilized, a cultural condition was created that now has its expression in gangsta rap and other pop excrescences that William Bennett, commendably, opposes. Or were these critics 40 years ago just plain wrong? Of course not. Consider the barely figleafed, prototypical rock song "60-Minute Man": "There'll be 15 minutes of kissin', and you'll holler please don't stop; there'll be 15 minutes of teasin', and 15 minutes of pleasin', and 15 minutes of blowin' my top." Having come our way four years before rock 'n' roll first got its name, "60-Minute Man" is without doubt a direct antecedent to the excesses of the moment. Similarly, *Variety*'s early skirmishes against the incipient degradation of popular culture have much in common with the good fight Bennett now wages. His own musical taste, however, casts his efforts in an ironic light that would not exist if his cultural hobbies ran to, say, operetta, the bagpipes, or Jerome Kern.

But Bennett is a creature of his time. His affinity for rock, whether genuine taste or studied pose, is maintained with astonishingly little awareness of the tension pulling between the rock and bourgeois cultures. No getting around it: Rock culture is the phenomenally popular manifestation of the political shambles conservatives have appointed themselves to rebuild. There can be no meaningful progress, philosophically or politically, until this atmosphere is understood to be smothering all attempts at social rejuvenation.

ROCK CULTURE IS THE POPULAR MANIFESTATION OF THE POLITICAL SHAMBLES CONSERVATIVES HAVE APPOINTED THEMSELVES TO REBUILD.

Maybe this dispiriting state of affairs was inevitable; it was certainly made imminent by the life and celebrated death in 1955 of James Dean, who, as the predominance of motion pictures in the popular culture was ending, projected the misfitting surliness that would come to characterize the culture in which we now live.

Director Elia Kazan, who first brought Dean to the big screen, has written incisively in his memoir about the Dean legend he regrets having done so much to create: "Its essence was that all parents were insensitive idiots, who didn't understand or appreciate their kids and weren't able to help them. Parents were the enemy. I didn't like the way [director] Nick Ray showed the parents in *Rebel Without a Cause*, but I'd contributed by the way Ray Massey was shown in my film [*East of Eden*]. In contrast to these parent figures, all youngsters were supposed to be sensitive and full of 'soul.' This didn't seem true to me. I thought them—Dean, 'Cal,' and the kid he played in Nick Ray's film—self-pitying, self-dramatizing, and good for nothing. I became very impatient with the Dean legend, especially when I received letter after letter

thanking me for what I'd done for him and asking me to be a sponsor of a nationwide network of Jimmy Dean clubs. I didn't respond to those letters."

Parent vs. child. Square vs. cool. Bourgeois vs. rock. Who won? Dean pouts on a U.S. stamp, sets the style for middle-class pooches, and is a symbol embraced by a conservative senator from the heartland. Of course, in spite of everything, bourgeois culture continues to exist. It even dominates American politics. But on a cultural level, it is an army in rout, flummoxed by or oblivious to a conflict older, and perhaps more fundamental, than the wars over political correctness.

Elvis Presley, of all people, seemed to understand the natural tension between the bourgeois culture and the rock culture. As the two camps have melded and blurred, it is bourgeois culture that has been transformed, having meekly yielded its own identity. In so doing, it seems to have lost any understanding of what it takes to survive in a meaningful form. Could that bell be tolling for thee? If ever there is to be a restoration of a culture compatible with, rather than corrosive of, civil society, the defenders and promoters of ordinary American life must listen, and seek to understand what it is that has died. ♦

Bad News About Illegitimacy

By Charles Murray

I'm no newspaperman, but the following sure looks like a front-page, above-the-fold story to me:

> **ILLEGITIMACY RECORDS BIGGEST JUMP EVER**
> WASHINGTON, June 24—Figures released today by the National Center for Health Statistics reveal that in 1994 the percentage of children born out of wedlock logged its largest one-year increase since national figures have been kept. The new figure, 32.6 percent, was up from 31.0 percent in 1993. The 1994 jump follows on the heels of the previous record increases set in 1988–89 and 1990–91.
>
> The record increase was fueled by surges in illegitimacy among major ethnic groups. The percentage of black births out of wedlock passed 70 percent, marking the largest increase since 1973. Whites set an all-time high for a one-year increase, jumping from 23.6 percent to 25.4 percent. Hispanics, most of whom are racially classified as whites, contributed to the white increase with a 3-percentage-point increase, but even among non-Hispanic whites, the size of the increase was a record 1.3 percentage points.

So you missed this story about a record jump in illegitimacy? That's because no one ran it. The National Center for Health Statistics chose not to play up the story lurking in its tables, and apparently no one in the media figured it out for himself. A Nexis search of all major newspapers and magazines has turned up nothing except a few stories mentioning that the teenage birth rate—the tiny bit of good news in the whole report—went down by 1 percent in 1994. About illegitimacy, nothing.

But the numbers are truly remarkable. The magnitudes are stupefying. Seventy percent illegitimacy for blacks. Twenty-five percent for whites. Almost 33 percent for the nation as a whole. No one would have believed such numbers to be remotely possible just a few decades ago. But those who watch these trends have gotten used to the magnitudes. It is the increases that are downright perplexing. If a reporter had chanced to call me a week earlier for predictions, I would have bet that the illegitimacy ratio (the technical term for the percentage of births that occur out of wedlock) would show a leveling off in 1994, or maybe even a downtick. The trendline *has* to level off, I would have reasoned, if only because the black ratio is so extraordinarily high that it hasn't much room to increase. But there were other reasons for optimism as well.

In the last three or four years, the elite wisdom about illegitimacy has changed profoundly, and for the better. Hardly anyone talks about illegitimacy as a benign alternative lifestyle anymore. Many, including the occasional public figure, have begun to say that having a baby without a father is wrong. The elites have stopped smiling on illegitimacy and have even started frowning a little.

I had also persuaded myself that all the noise about

Charles Murray is the Bradley Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

welfare reform had to have some good effect. I knew there was more rhetoric than substance, but at least the rhetoric was right: If you're a woman on welfare, you'll have to take a job. If you father a child, you will have to pay child support. Democrats say these things along with Republicans now; black leaders along with white ones. Shouldn't all the bad-mouthing of welfare tend to make it at least a little more disreputable? Something to be avoided? Avoided, at least in some cases, by not having a baby out of wedlock?

The reasoning still seems plausible to me. But it is wrong. *Ex post facto*, here are the explanations for the 1994 illegitimacy numbers that make the most sense to me:

First, talk is cheap. What matters in the streets is reality. The welfare rhetoric changed, but reality was only tweaked. The size of the average welfare package has stayed virtually the same: The average AFDC payment is down a few dollars from 1990, but average food-stamp benefits are up. Other benefits (Medicaid, housing subsidies) have stayed about the same. Child support? Enforcement is easiest with once-married men with jobs in small municipalities. It is next to impossible with never-married men sporadically employed in large cities—the population that fathers most of the illegitimate babies. Workfare? Few of the new state-level programs have lasted long enough to estimate their results with any confidence, but past experience says they will be modestly effective at getting mothers off the rolls, and wholly ineffective at preventing women from having a baby in the first place.

WHEN IT COMES TO LOWERING THE ILLEGITIMACY RATE, TALK IS CHEAP. RHETORIC HAS CHANGED, BUT WELFARE POLICY REMAINS BASICALLY THE SAME.

Three decades of fine-tuning welfare policy has taught us at least one clear lesson: You don't affect childbearing behavior by telling low-income and often low-IQ young women that, sometime down the track, something mildly unpleasant may happen to them. If childbearing behavior is to be changed, it will be done only by changing the largest, most tangible, most immediate realities of what it means for a woman to have a baby without a husband to help out. Much as the politicians try to get around it, the only way to change those realities dramatically is to restore the penalties on out-of-wedlock childbearing that nature and communities always imposed until the welfare system got in the way. Tougher rhetoric is irrelevant.

Second, there is seepage. What begins as a phenomenon of the lower classes trickles upward to the middle classes. In the early 1960s, college-educated black women had a very low illegitimacy ratio. We can't know precisely, but the ratio was less than 10 percent and may have been as low as 3 percent, at a time when over 20 percent of all black children were born out of wedlock. During the 1980s and 90s, black college-educated women have lived in an environment where about two-thirds of black children are born out of wedlock—and the illegitimacy ratio for these women has mushroomed to somewhere between 30 and 40 percent (data sources differ). At some point, increases in illegitimacy create new norms that diffuse across social classes.

White college-educated women in the 1990s have been in the same position as black college-educated women in the early 1960s—they show about 4–6 percent illegitimacy compared with 20–25 percent in the larger community. Insofar as the same kind of seepage that occurred through black society is already spreading through white society, there is no reason to expect that increases in illegitimacy will level off in the foreseeable future. Unlike the black ratio, the white ratio has plenty of room to grow.

What I cannot explain, however—even after the fact—is why the new illegitimacy figures have attracted so little attention. It isn't as if these figures come at a moment when scholars have decided that we can live with illegitimacy after all. On the contrary, the last few years have seen an outpouring of journal articles documenting the destructive effects of illegitimacy on everything from child development to crime to the functioning of communities. Other studies have come up with a new and disturbing finding: It doesn't help much if mothers eventually give their children a stepfather. The outcomes for children with stepfathers are only slightly better than those for children living with a mother alone.

And it isn't as if the new illegitimacy figures come at a time when scholars have decided that public policy is not to blame. No, the last few years have seen the beginnings of a painfully reluctant shift in the academic received wisdom. As the statistical models linking welfare to illegitimacy are better specified, with better data, the known link between the welfare system and illegitimacy becomes stronger, not weaker.

It is understandable that newspapers in the hinterland might not have unearthed this story. But how about reporters on major papers who cover the welfare

beat for a living? Why didn't they read even the abstract of the National Center for Health Statistics report and see fit to explore what lies behind the quiet sentence, "Measures of nonmarital childbearing rose 4–5 percent"? Beats me.

Instead, as I write, the papers are full of stories about whether President Clinton will sign the welfare-reform bill, as they faithfully hew to the accepted line: The Republicans want to save money and make welfare mothers shape up while the Democrats try to protect the nation from Republican excesses. There is bitter humor, for those who watch what is happening every day to the millions of children in communities where illegitimacy is epidemic, in the sight of Bill Clinton agonizing so publicly about approving a policy that might "punish" children. Even as his eyes fill with tears, the body count is going up faster than ever. ♦

De-Olympicizing the Games

By Christopher Caldwell

THE MOST STIRRING MOMENT on television this year was Kerri Strug's glorious final vault—achieved despite a lateral tendon sprain so severe that she had to be carried from the gym on a stretcher—to secure the U.S. Olympic team the gold medal in women's gymnastics. It was the most extraordinary triumph for an American athlete since distance runner Dave Wottle came from half a lap behind to win the 800 meters in Munich in 1972. And it was, according to everyone who saw it, "what the Olympics are all about."

So why, despite such moments, are the 1996 Summer Olympics so . . . annoying?

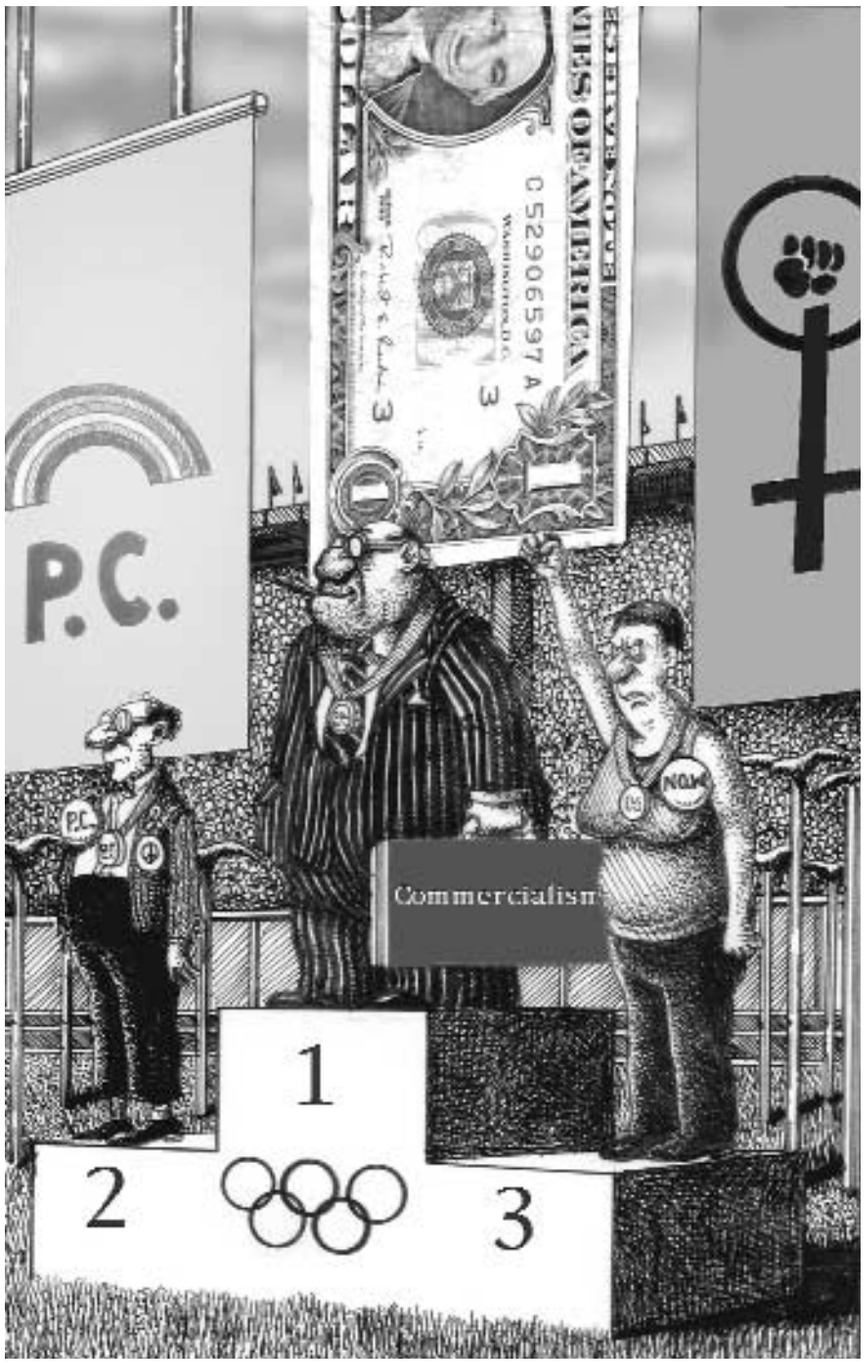
Because great pains have been taken by the organizers, the sportscasters, the flacks, and the advertisers to make sure that this kind of event is *not* what the Olympics are all about. Even as Strug's coach, Bela Karolyi, was urging her to shake off the pain ("You can do it, you can do it"), NBC's gymnastics announcer John Tesh opined, "The *last* thing she should do is take that second vault." (It was Tesh who warned at one point that "histrionics"—by which he meant *history*—did not favor a particular team.) The attitude was general: The entire presentation of this year's games has been an effort to turn an event that is nationalistic, competitive, hierarchical, cruel, obsessive, and vicious into one that is one-worldish, anti-competitive, egalitarian, smiley-faced, easygoing, and sweet. In other words, to de-Olympicize the Olympics.

Even nationalism—that staple charge against the host country—is missing this year, though there have been a few diehards accusing NBC and the press of American bias, like National Public Radio, which dug up a "professor of television" at Syracuse University to explain how the drama was being rigged for nationalistic sensibilities. In truth, the prevailing ethos has been one of weepy, whiny one-worldism. There were nights when Americans seemed less interested in their own team than in South Africa's: Shadrack Hoff of South Africa did a Reebok commercial in which he got to introduce practically the whole team before denouncing the apartheid regime and announcing, "This is my planet." In an astonishing performance following the U.S. men's basketball blowout of Angola, Bob Costas upbraided those who would use the expression "like the U.S. against Angola" as a simile for a lopsided contest, reminding us that Angola is a small country with a per capita income one fortieth ours. What next? Handicapping by population and GNP?

Even those seeking to make a buck off the games would not resort to pulling the heartstrings in any but the most New Age ways. NBC paid $3.6 billion for the rights to televise six of the next seven Olympics and hopes to recoup it, obviously, through one wretched ad after another from its "Official Centennial Olympic Games Partners." These have tended to take an "Imagine a world . . . " format, the worst of them being the Home Depot ads (the Olympians "teach. . . . They lead. . . . They inspire. . . . And, when the moment is right, they fly").

In fact, it was commercialism itself—commercialism, capitalism's lapdog!—that fostered the most

extreme anti-competitive squeamishness. It was the possibility of capturing the female viewing market that led the organizers and NBC to push women's sports as the equal of men's for drama (which is dubious) and excellence (which is mendacious). So heavily propagandized was the American public that fully two thirds of those polled before the games thought women would be beating men in all events before too long. Tom Brokaw announced on the *NBC Nightly News* on July 25 that this could be the first year women take home more medals than men, as if that reflected anything other than the scheduling of more women's events, through a sort of Olympic Title IX law. Even more absurd was *TV Guide*'s description of the women's basketball team as "the other Dream Team," as though Lisa Leslie and Teresa Edwards were the equals of Scottie Pippen and David Robinson.



Sean Delonas

The surest way to get on camera if you were a man was to play against type and break down in tears. Commentator Dick Enberg, with his "Dick Enberg's Moments," was the regular spigot for these displays. Enberg was charged with capturing "the stories, the drama, the emotions." He was most enthusiastic about the Greco-Roman wrestlers, who were "unbelievably generous in showing their emotions." Car accidents were big in Enberg's worldview: For him, the silver medal that Greco-Roman wrestler Dennis Hall won last week was as nothing compared with the car wreck that killed his brother years ago. (Nice footage of the tombstone, by the way!) So intensive was the focus on Byelorussian tumbler Vitaly Scherbo's wife, who was in a near-fatal car accident several months ago and spent weeks in a coma, that you could almost forget that he had won six gold medals in Barcelona four years before.

NBC's treatment of Chinese gold medalist Li Xiaoshuang was even worse. John Tesh—yes, Tesh again—did a condescending profile straight out of the pre-politically-correct "Confucius Say" school ("Here in Atlanta his quest for honor was first met with shame") and showed footage of Xiaoshuang fumbling

the rings two nights before. Later that night, when Xiaoshuang captured the individual all-around gold after a spectacular high-bar routine, he first waved to the crowd but then, overcome by emotion, dove from public view as embarrassedly as if he were about to vomit. He stooped down behind a bench and covered his head, so that neither the crowd nor the cameras saw his teary face. Not until he was manfully composed—which took under ten seconds—did he come out of hiding and again smile at the crowd. Xiaoshuang *was* obsessed with honor and shame—NBC had got that right. But the network viewed it as an atavistic, freakish, maladjusted way of looking at the world.

If there is one notion that has brought together all the shameless distortions of what the Olympics are about, it is "the Dream." Olympians are people "with the courage to dream"—not, say, one-dimensional obsessives goaded by authoritarian governments or nutty parents. People won gold medals by "following their dream"—not by getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning every day since they were eight years old. Kerri Strug's vault, said one NBC commentator, was "an inspiration to every youngster, to every adult who has ever had a dream to do something incredible"—not an inspiration to those who are *willing to face pain*.

"Dreaming" has become a substitute for a whole range of terms discarded from moral vocabulary—like courage, perseverance, intelligence, strength, tolerance for boredom, preparedness. That's what made it so revolting on the night of the Strug vault to see it replayed set to this year's Olympic theme song, which is called "The Power of the Dream." As if Strug's extraordinary feat were an entitlement for those who would dream—not a vindication of those who would work. ♦

Welfare for Agri-giants

By Stephen Moore

On May 8 the Wine Institute, one of Washington's most effective lobbying groups, held a reception at the Library of Congress attended by some 300 senators, House members, pals of the administration, congressional staffers, U.S. Department of Agriculture employees, and businessmen. Even by Washington standards, the event was lavish, with trays of decorative hors d'oeuvres, jumbo strawberries dunked in chocolate, champagne, and, of course, bottomless goblets of California chardonnays and beaujolais.

The Wine Institute had much to celebrate on this evening. Just five days earlier Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman had announced that the institute would receive a $3 million gift from USDA's Market Access Program (MAP). No time was wasted spending it. The purpose of the MAP—previously called the Market Promotion Program and before that Targeted Export Assistance—is to help U.S. farm producers and food companies market and advertise their products overseas. Over the past decade MAP has pumped nearly $1 billion of taxpayer money into the coffers of many of America's largest agri-businesses. More than $50 million of these funds has been captured by such impoverished vintners as Ernest and Julio Gallo, Fetzer Vineyards, and Kendall-Jackson. Gallo, which also receives a separate stipend of $300,000 for its brandy, announced sales of $1.5 billion last year.

At the height of last summer's GOP congressional assault on the budget, when the future of the MAP seemed in peril, it was trade associations like the Wine Institute that waged a full-court press to save these business subsidies. John DeLuca, the institute's CEO, told the *San Francisco Chronicle* that the MAP involves "all the essentials of what it takes today for America to be a leading international power." He condemned budget cutters who fail to understand that with the $90-million-a-year MAP "we're not talking about subsidies. We're talking about partnerships with the government." Eliminating the MAP, he warned, would threaten tens of thousands of American jobs. Many of

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

Michael Ramirez

them in Washington, it would seem.

DeLuca and other program supporters recoil at the suggestion that the MAP is simply aid to dependent corporations. "If the worst features of modern society could be caught in one debate," he complains, "it's this one, with the sound bite of corporate welfare." What then, one wonders, should one call a program that last year provided $500,000 to Tyson Foods; $730,000 to Welch's Food, Inc., the fruit-juice company; $42,000 to Pepperidge Farms; $308,000 to Ocean Spray Cranberries Cooperative; $526,000 for the Pillsbury Company to advertise the dough boy; and $281,000 to the Campbell Soup Co.? The list of Fortune 500 companies on the dole could fill most of this page.

MAP funds are generally distributed through hundreds of agriculture trade cooperatives—ranging from the Potato Research and Promotion Board ($585,000) to Asparagus USA ($175,000) to one of the bigger winners in 1996, the Kentucky Distillers Association ($1 million)—which pass the money on to the brand-name companies and smaller firms.

One company, Newman's Own Production, maker of the actor's renowned salad dressing, was actually solicited by the Department of Agriculture to submit a request for a MAP grant. This prompted Rep. Charles Schumer, a New York Democrat and a longstanding critic of the MAP, to ask: "Is this a government program or is this a Publisher's Clearing House contest?"

Secretary Glickman says the program increases food exports by helping put "high-value U.S. products in the grocery baskets of foreign consumers and in the process create jobs here at home." Just what is a "high value" agriculture item? Well, gourmet pet food for one. Last year Ralston Purina Co. of St. Louis was awarded $239,000 (Dick Gephardt is an enthusiastic MAP supporter), and this year a consortium called the Petfood Institute will divvy up $420,000.

Another high-value-added U.S. agriculture export is "frozen bovine semen." This country is the global leader in breeding cows. This year American beef breeders will receive just under $1 million to keep America number one. The money gets passed on to firms such as Sire Power, Inc., and Select Sires, Inc., to help sell Snuffy the Bull's sperm. Then there's the U.S. Surimi Commission, which gets $215,000 this year. The department explains that surimi, all the rage in Japan, is "chopped up fish that is artificially colored green or bright pink and then molded like jello."

One product that is not so hot in Japan these days is raisins. Several years ago the California Raisin Board spent $3 million of MAP money to run its famous dancing-raisin ads in the Far East. But the ads ran in English, and the baffled Japanese audience didn't get the pun when the cartoon raisins started singing Marvin Gaye's "I Heard It Through The Grapevine." The Japanese thought they were watching dancing potatoes. It's doubtful that the California Raisin Board would have cavalierly dumped $3 million of its own money into an advertising campaign without first testing its appeal.

One longstanding recipient of USDA foreign-advertising money is Sun-Diamond Growers of California, one of the nation's largest producers of raisins, prunes, nuts, and other snack foods. Over the past several years Sun-Diamond has received more than $4 million in MAP funds. Now the $650 million firm is under indictment for providing thousands of dollars of illegal gifts—including meals, entertainment, campaign contributions, a five-piece luggage set, and other assorted freebies—to former Clinton agriculture secretary Mike Espy and his girlfriend. Sometimes government-industry partnerships end up a little too cozy.

So how, in the era of government downsizing, does this poster child for the corporate welfare state survive? On June 12 the House of Representatives soundly trounced an amendment sponsored by Schumer and Republican Edward Royce of California to terminate the MAP. And last summer, the House actually voted to *increase* its budget. Yet for all its supporters' pronouncements about its power to expand U.S. export markets—$16 of new exports for every $1 of MAP spending, is the latest mantra—almost no one believes it is effective. The independent U.S. General Accounting Office recently reported that the MAP had no discernible effect on America's $60-billion-a-year agriculture export sales.

No, the MAP, like so many other corporate safety-net programs in Washington, survives through pure political muscle. When it comes to the MAP, many of the staunchest anti-government Republicans, like John Boehner, George Nethercutt, Frank Riggs, and most of the rest of the northern California delegation, become enthusiastic champions of industrial policy, while hordes of normally anti-business Democrats, like Richard Durbin, Vic Fazio, David Obey, and Gephardt, become flacks for giants in the corporate food chain.

To hold off its would-be executioners, the MAP is now in reform mode—hence the recent name change. In a bow to political correctness last year, the USDA announced that MAP funds would no longer subsidize mink and tobacco producers. It seems that Democratic support for the program began to erode after Doris Day's League for the Protection of Animals and other liberal animal-rights groups discovered that in 1993 and 1994 U.S. furriers received more than $1.5 million in taxpayer subsidies.

To deflect the charge of "corporate welfare," the MAP recently announced that more than half its grant money will be routed to small firms, rather than the Sunkists, Doles, and Pillsburys. Now more of the recipients will be small businesses, such as the Great Western Tortilla Co. in Denver and the Ramsey Popcorn Company in Ramsey, Indiana. Congress has also recently ended the entitlement feature of the MAP, which allowed the same firms to receive millions of advertising dollars from USDA year after year. Under new guidelines, no firm may receive MAP money for more than five years in a row. GOP and Clinton welfare-reform proposals would cut off single mothers' stipends after two years but allow corporate America five years to get off the dole.

The Market Access Program cannot and should not be reformed, replaced, or renamed—it should be exterminated. It is ludicrous for Congress and the Department of Agriculture to be passing out $100,000 checks to favored firms with the political clout to chase tax dollars around Capitol Hill—particularly when the same firms that plead poverty turn around and bestow gifts and host lavish receptions as tokens of their appreciation.

Yet, depressingly, this and hundreds of other equally preposterous corporate welfare programs—from Export-Import Bank credit assistance to high-tech pork awarded to U.S. computer and electronics firms—have survived the Republican budget crusade nearly unscathed. All told, corporate welfare costs American taxpayers about $75 billion a year, enough to cut the budget deficit at least in half. Yet as Republican congressman Scott Klug of Wisconsin recently acknowledged, "We have not shown the same kind of fervor in cutting corporate welfare as we have in the social area." This reluctance to take on corporate pork undermines the entire deficit-reduction effort and confirms many Americans' suspicion that Republicans oppose big government except when it subsidizes their political allies.

It is true that if Congress takes away the $3 million taxpayer gift to California vintners, the Wine Institute might have to serve smaller strawberries and less expensive champagne at its annual Washington shindig. But apparently that's something Congress simply will never permit. ♦

Picasso: the Alchemist as Entertainer

By David Gelernter

By the late 1940s Pablo Picasso was convinced he could turn lead into gold, and he was right: He bought things (houses included) with pictures instead of money, and people fought over his merest tablecloth doodle. His transformation into history's only successful alchemist had an amazing effect. He responded with the jubilant bravado of a drunk on the high wire, attempting artistic feats that no sober person would dare, bobbing and weaving and leaving us in the end with the unforgettable sensation of danger, boldness, craziness, superhuman grace.

So here is *Françoise Gilot with Paloma and Claude* (1951), a painting on wood in "Picasso and Portraiture" at New York's Museum of Modern Art. (The show runs until September 17, then moves to the Grand Palais in Paris.) Françoise in the upper half is a green stick-figure on a yellow beach towel; her body is scratchy and scrambled, her legs are like a grasshopper's, and she looks worried—wouldn't you? But on the lower right is a squashed watermelon with a disk on top that actually gives you a boy-on-a-tricycle feeling, and in the lower left Paloma, diving into a pool, is fashioned of an arch, a half-disk, and a couple of spare triangles. The catalog treats the painting seriously, as it is obliged to: How do these particular depictions of Picasso's mistress and their children compare to others? I read the picture as the answer to a different question: Using a plywood board and a few cans of enamel paint in basic child's-crayon colors, can I create a masterpiece in twenty minutes? (I don't know how long it actually took, but it could have been twenty minutes.)

Fuji Television Gallery, Tokyo.

Self-Portrait *(1972)*

The answer this time is no. *Françoise* doesn't work, and the colors, as so often in Picasso, are depressing. But the boldness with which each child fills its allotted pane, the mother hovering like a preoccupied cloud, and the stunning stripped-bare simplicity of the shapes in the lower half are all wonderful. The painting radiates joy and power—and a gigantic, maniacal hubris that is so unselfconscious you want to join the artist and laugh out loud.

The thesis of William Rubin's magisterial catalog essay and the exhibit itself is that Picasso paints "transformed" or "conceptual" portraits. He looks at his sitters through a haze of passion and prejudice and paints what he sees. Thus the artist in his sixties shows the young, luminous, newly acquired Françoise (to give one famous example) as a "woman-flower." His portraits of first-wife Olga turn ghastly as he stops loving and starts hating her.

The thesis is plainly right—yet it has little to do with the impression that hits hardest as you look at these pictures. That impression centers not on what these images show but on how they are made. By the close of high cubism, Picasso's portraits (drawings and oils, big and small) are mostly improvisations—and their sheer spontaneous vibrancy makes the galleries sing. Some are "transformed" and some are not. Whichever, they are united by the utter clarity with which the artist expresses himself, his decorative genius, and the prodigious power with which he lays the image down.

For Rubin, Picasso's uncanny skill as a draftsman was a seductive trap; he writes of the artist's "battle against virtuosity." Certainly this artist despised prettiness as much as the next guy in the modernist pantheon, and it is conceivable that he would have been a greater painter had he been a lesser virtuoso. Regardless, we cannot grasp the artist he *is* unless we acknowledge that if his virtuosity posed a problem for Picasso, it was also a source of unmitigated joy. It is a remarkable experience to watch him frolic among these multiple translucent textured layers, the decorative bloom that fills every nook and cranny like an out-of-control grapevine, the shapes that explode like fireworks to fill up and press against the walls of whatever odd corners they have been allocated. The best of these improvisations have irresistible beauty and force.

Thus a 1935 pencil drawing of lover-of-the-hour Marie-Thérèse: a cloud of soft caressing strokes for her face, hard wavy lines for hair. A dramatic close-up from inches away; the page is filled with her dreamy mood like a glass full of clear water. A 1936 Marie-Thérèse, black ink and wash; her face occupies the upper half of the sheet, but the lower half is extraordinary—her collar and the featureless front of her dress in oscillating pen squiggles and soft brush strokes; his eye and decorative genius are such that these squiggles are gorgeous and you could gaze at them for hours. It is hard for Picasso to sign and date a picture without turning the routine act of bookkeeping into art. In *Paloma with a Doll*, the four dates on which he worked on the drawing (in late 1952 and early '53) form a cluster with as much texture and panache as any other passage.

The Thaw Collection, The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York.

Portrait of Marie-Thérèse (*July 28, 1936)*

It doesn't always come off. Paloma with her doll is fascinating but creepy; the child could almost be an old crone decorated with cobwebs. Picasso had the bizarre, unnerving gift of seeing people as if they were things—of listening to words (so to speak) and hearing only sounds, which makes the 1922 coppery-pastel head of his young son seem like an object of porcelain, a glorified plumbing fixture. The unedited clarity with which he sets down his thoughts gives the Marie-Thérèse drawings unforgettable lyricism and many portraits of his children (especially the earlier ones) a disturbing emotional neutrality.

And then, in the "failures" department, there are works like a 1941 portrait of Dora Maar called *Head of a Woman*, which is "transformational" for sure: a strange mud-colored shape with the eyes aligned wrong and the nose and one ear stuck on top. Picasso has managed (as he so often does) to convey a likeness against impossible odds. But this image suffers, as art, from just one small problem: It's revolting. If you'll excuse a bit of critic's jargon . . . not a few of these pictures are so ugly you could plotz. And it is hard, sometimes, to avoid the impression that Picasso doesn't so much lack a flair for color as *have* one for coloristic mayhem. In his

Rose-period *Boy with a Pipe* of 1905 the colors merely make you uneasy: The tension between the gray-blue of the boy's clothing and the green-blue in the background yields a sweet-and-sour, chutneyish taste that some people enjoy. By the time you reach the famous *Girl Before a Mirror* of 1932, however, you are facing a full-blown crisis. The background starts off in a tulipy red-and-yellow vein, but then a mob of olives and silvery greens elbows in; a mêlée ensues, and a gang of lilac blues roars into the middle of it with a warm yellow-orange in tow. As you depart in exhaustion the color police are donning their riot gear, jaws set.

Yet to grasp Picasso's greatness three self-portraits suffice. In a 1901 rust-and-blue oil, his first masterpiece, he hangs back with the cool of a cat plotting an amazing pounce. The 1938 *Artist before his canvas* is brilliant in part because it is unfinished—just a charcoal drawing on canvas, no weird opaque colors to hide the steel framework. The layers of smudged erasures and over-drawing give this picture a fascinating depth that doesn't reproduce—Picasso's dates and signatures are vibrant design elements, and his *pentimenti* are too—but what is most striking is the arrogant pride with which he wields the brush, like a weapon, like the knives with which he equips the Greek soldiers he likes to draw. The wax-crayon self-portrait of June 1972 shows an old man in the likeness of Picasso facing death with a stark fear that was to this artist wholly unknown. "He held the drawing beside his face," writes his biographer Pierre Daix, "to establish that the fear on the portrait's face was an invention." But this is as haunting an image as has ever been conceived, and it is impossible to walk away from it unshaken.

In 1968 *Life* magazine published a special issue on Picasso. "Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt and Goya," he is quoted as saying, "were great painters; I am only a public entertainer. . . . Mine is a bitter confession, more painful than it may appear, but it has the merit of being sincere." I was no great judge of character at age 13 when the piece appeared, but I was a longstanding Picasso fan, and the statement astonished me. I saved the magazine and have it beside me as I write. That staggering clear-sightedness came to him like the hard light of a cloudless day, only occasionally (to most of us it comes never)—but he put that clarity into his best portraits, transformed and untransformed, and they will always be astonishing.

By the way, "Picasso and Portraiture" is an ergonomic disaster on many fronts: What a falling-off for a museum that used to value good design! The first half tends to be mobbed, and you can't see the paintings from more than a foot away because of the shuffling throng of earphone zombies feeling its way along the walls. (Throughout the exhibit the recorded audio tour creates an undertone like the ghostly cackling of a million departed chickens.) By the midpoint many visitors have given up, the crowd thins, and people start to notice that in this whole sprawling show there isn't one bench. Why not build elevated islands in the middle of each gallery? Buying a ticket to an art show ought to entitle you to see, just as buying one to a concert entitles you to hear. Why not hand out copies of the curator's text instead of hanging wordy signs and letting mobs collect in front of each? Because, I suppose, no big-

Private collection.

Portrait of Marie-Thérèse (*December 27, 1935)*

shot curator ever sees a show under general-public conditions. And *must* the catalog weigh as much as Ecuador? Suppose that somebody, somewhere, someday, should actually want to *read* it?

But of course I would not miss this Picasso show for anything, rotten ergonomics or not. Here is a man who, for all his adult life—through years of world war, scientific and political revolution, the coming of cars, planes, movies, computers, antibiotics, atom bombs—behaved as if the most important person in the world were an artist. For such a man I will brave crowds of zombies and forgive anything.

Earlier this summer the British Art Center at Yale University in New Haven mounted an exhibit of the English abstract painter Andrew Forge that is worth writing about even though it's over, because Forge is an artist of the first rank who deserves attention; seek out his pictures and you won't be disappointed. His paintings are masterpieces of quietness, and the fact that they are shown at all in today's noisy, running-to-vulgar art world is good news. Most are hazes of small squarish dots and seem like snapshots of constantly varying mental landscapes; you half expect them to move and change as you watch. Thus *Tent II* of 1992, where zips of yellow-ochre and yellow-green emerge out of a color fog like firefly flashes. But the best pieces in the show weren't the characteristic dotted oils but a handful of gentle, lovely pastels. *Twin* of 1985 is made of soft shifting screens of horizontal hatchings in yellows, ochres, and browns; flocks of hatchings meet in the center, pool together, and overlap like waves. A breeze runs through this picture, and it has the warmth and moodiness and wistful lyricism of a hearth in autumn. It is the sort of drawing you return to repeatedly and wish you could look at forever.

Musée Picasso, Paris.

The Artist Before His Canvas *(1938)*

Shows we guess we'll miss: And then there is "Rings," the art extravaganza staged by former National Gallery director J. Carter Brown as an Olympics sideshow in Atlanta. The exhibit is divided into five groups at one emotion per: In one segment you can see "Joy"-type artworks; in the others you meet up with "Love," "Anguish," "Awe," and "Triumph." The section devoted to "Disbelief in the Presence of Great Corniness" has inexplicably been omitted (or perhaps that would come under "Awe"?), but evidently Brown's show is full of masterpieces, and who could quarrel with the goal of bringing art to a wider public? Still, the whole thing leaves me cold.

It's not just the Donahue-esque master plan; of course some great artworks convey anguish, et cetera, but the point of art is beauty and truth, not group therapy. Only a smattering of Picasso's paintings and none of Forge's would fit Brown's scheme. More important (yes I know I am not supposed to say this), I am sick of the Olympics and annoyed at this trotting-out of great art as one more member of the supporting cast. In recent years our national sports obsession has crossed the thin, fine line of sanity. Sure I like sports . . . somewhat, and I understand that the huge popularity of athletics nowadays partly reflects a regrettable tendency among other forms of entertainment to be depraved. Even so, our need to turn the Olympics into a sacred rite is awfully sad; we are neglected children falling in love with our teddy bears—a society starved into craziness by a prolonged famine of ritual and sanctity. If I had been coaching the Art Team, I would have advised my players to visit Atlanta some other time. ♦

Books

Debating the Gay Gene

By Jeffrey Marsh

Why are some men attracted sexually to other men, rather than to women? Since one of the most powerful forces in nature is the drive to perpetuate the species, the origin of this perverse sexual orientation is clearly of great interest to biologists. In *A Separate Creation* (Hyperion, 354 pages, $24.95), Chandler Burr provides a riveting depiction of the latest scientific investigations of the subject. Using the tools and techniques of molecular biology and guided by a theoretical framework encompassing endocrinology, genetics, and neuroanatomy, this research is rapidly advancing against a backdrop of heated debate among scientists and fierce controversy among laymen.

As presented by Burr, these are the main points that have been determined so far: Homosexual orientation is found in a small fraction of the male population (probably somewhere between 2 and 5 percent); it is probably fixed at an early stage of fetal development by some biological mechanism dependent on the flow of hormones; that mechanism is directed in some measure by a wayward gene on the single X chromosome men inherit from their mother. Burr also points out that while homosexual *orientation* is virtually impossible to alter, it neither compels homosexual *behavior* nor precludes heterosexual activity, because human beings possess free will.

Systematically reviewing the groundwork for these conclusions, Burr begins with an analogy between homosexual orientation and left-handedness. Both are found in a small minority of the population (and more frequently among males than females), both are already evident at about two years of age, both run in families, are transmitted through the mother, and are more often shared by identical twins than by other siblings. And while the external behavior connected with both traits can be suppressed, the intrinsic tendency remains. This confluence of observations suggests that homosexual orientation is fixed by nature, and quite likely by genetic inheritance. Burr tells us that this conclusion was powerful enough to persuade reputable scientists to search in a variety of directions for the underlying biological mechanisms.

> BECAUSE HUMAN BEINGS POSSESS FREE WILL, *ORIENTATION* DOES NOT COMPEL HOMOSEXUAL BEHAVIOR.

Some researchers have looked for structures in the brain that might reflect differences in sexual orientation. Burr describes a controversial claim by Simon LeVay, a neuroanatomist at the Salk Institute in California, that two hypothalamic nuclei, pinhead-sized structures in part of the brain identified with the sex drive, are larger in homosexual than in heterosexual men. Other scientists question the validity of LeVay's findings. They cite, for example, doubts that the "nuclei" are anything more than artifacts of the stain used to observe them, as well as suggestions that the differences in size may have resulted from drugs taken by the deceased AIDS victims from whom the brains had been taken or from high levels of testosterone in the subjects' blood. Further, even if there is a difference in brain structure, the question remains whether it is a cause or an effect of sexual orientation.

Hormones clearly play a key role in sexual behavior, but their precise role in determining sexual orientation is unclear. Burr discusses research on a variety of bizarre sexual behavior in species including fruit flies, rats, and hyenas, both in the lab and in the field. Scientists observing these phenomena with a mixture of curiosity and prurience have connected them all to various chemical effects. However, like observations made on men and women suffering from severe hormone-related physiological and psychological disorders that involve contradictions between their genes, their anatomy, and their behavior, they shed little light on the origin of homosexual orientation in otherwise normal human males.

Taking another approach, Dean Hamer of the National Institutes of Health compared DNA samples from mothers and sons in families with both homosexual and heterosexual offspring. Using a technique called linkage analysis, he found with an extremely high level of confidence that the homosexual brothers, but not their heterosexual brothers, shared a particular variant of a gene located on the X chromosome. The gene discovered and named by Hamer is now listed in the geneticists' directory as GAY-1, locus Xq28.

Hamer's discovery by no means

Jeffrey Marsh, trained as a physicist, writes frequently on science and public policy.

ends the search for a cause of homosexual orientation. If, as seems plausible, the variant gene produces a hormonal upset at some early point of fetal development, much work is needed to discover exactly what that upset is. Using analogies from genetically related diseases including Tay-Sachs disease, retinitis pigmentosa, and cystic fibrosis, Burr describes how a particular genetically related condition may really be different conditions sharing the same name. He explains how the same condition may be caused by variations in different genes, or by different variations occurring in the same gene, or by other subtly different combinations of circumstances. He also explains that the genetic variation itself may be produced by environmental factors, such as exposure to particular substances, temperatures, or light conditions at critical periods of development.

Despite all these difficulties, Burr reports, many scientists believe that in a fairly short time they will know enough to allow a prenatal forecast of sexual orientation and, possibly, to use genetic engineering techniques to alter it either then or perhaps in adulthood. In that case, sexual orientation would really become a matter of choice.

A theme Burr returns to repeatedly is the different way research is perceived by scientists and by laymen. For the scientists, the idea that homosexual orientation is not determined by individual choice or social pressures is a prerequisite for their results to have any meaning. Without that prerequisite, the link discovered by Hamer would no more indicate a genetic cause for homosexuality than finding a particular gene variant in Chinese people but not in Europeans would prove that speaking Chinese was determined genetically. Many nonscientists, however, misread the research in two fundamental ways, as Burr demonstrates by quoting media accounts of LeVay's and Hamer's findings. First, they interpret the genetic link itself as proving that homosexuality is not freely chosen, and second, they believe that if it is natural it cannot be

Kevin Chadwick

immoral. The scientists themselves agree that the question of morality lies entirely outside the realm of scientific discourse, although it is interesting that all of those Burr quotes seem to consider homosexual behavior purely a private preference of concern only to those who engage in it, with no larger social ramifications.

Burr concludes *A Separate Creation* by discussing the implications of the research he has reported. "The assault of science on religion defines the modern era," he tells us, and he goes on to describe the findings about sexual orientation as the latest assault on conventional wisdom.

In this case, he says, quoting James Fallows, Washington editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and former speechwriter for Jimmy Carter, the conventional wisdom that is being attacked is political liberalism. Fallows argues that scientific proof that important human traits are determined biologically rather than environmentally abolishes the liberal dogma that people only differ because of social biases or environmental factors that can be corrected by political means. He continues that conservatives can take the political advantage if they drop their traditional opposition to legitimizing homosexuality, since it is, after all, determined by nature. Neither Fallows nor Burr mentions that conservatives can have principled objections to homosexual activity as socially disruptive.

Also dismissed with a wave of the hand in all the philosophizing are "religious fundamentalists . . . [who] will probably continue to argue that homosexuality is immoral . . . because by definition religion is not subject to empirical disproof." This patronizing attitude sharply contrasts with the keen interest Burr shows in many subtle distinctions stressed by scientists. He entirely misses the fact that religion provides a picture of man and his place in the universe dramatically different from, yet essentially complementary to, the knowledge given by science. That picture is at least equally sophisticated in its acceptance of man's biological nature.

The Bible does not forbid homosexual activity because it is "unnatural," but includes it in a long list of prohibited sexual relationships. Scripture acknowledges that the instincts that encourage those relationships are quite natural, telling us "the inclinations of man's heart are evil from his youth" (explained by the rabbis as meaning from his emergence from the womb), but considers it man's fundamental responsibility to overcome those natural inclinations.

Scientific inquiry, by its very nature, regards man as part of nature. In one of his fascinating snapshots of working scientists, Burr shows us neuroanatomist William Byne, M.D., Ph.D., and his assistant Dorita Thompson dealing with human brains:

> After selecting some brains she likes from the boxes, she removes them from their individual bags and smacks these cheerfully a few more times to separate them. Shards of frozen brain spray out, and the top of the drum is covered with a fine silt of grayish pinkish snow. . . . Byne, also in gloves, eagerly picks up a brain and begins pointing out its features. . . . Meanwhile, the pink snow is melting, and the top of the barrel is flecked with human brain and blood.

There are very different ways to look at man's place in nature, some of which were demonstrated in a particularly compelling way a few months ago.

First a terrorist bomb exploded in a Jerusalem bus, strewing broken bodies across the street. Then shortly thereafter, a team of religious Jews arrived on the scene and spent hours scouring the neighborhood for body parts, carefully collecting even the tiniest fragments of blood, bone, and brain for proper burial. They did not ask from whom those fragments had come, or what their sexual practices had been. They believed, however, that dead human beings must be treated with respect because live ones have the potential for holiness. Fulfillment of that potential depends on a continual struggle to overcome many perfectly natural human inclinations. By showing man how those natural inclinations work, science can help him in that struggle. ♦

Books

The Men Who Won

By Aaron Friedberg

Anyone tempted to believe in the inevitability of historical progress should consider where things stood at the beginning of 1942. In Europe, having driven first to the English Channel, Hitler had turned on his erstwhile Soviet ally and advanced east all the way to the outskirts of Moscow. Only Great Britain remained free and defiant, and the ocean artery through which she received vital supplies from the United States was being steadily constricted by German submarines. In the Pacific much of the U.S. fleet lay at the bottom of Pearl Harbor, and, with full-scale mobilization just beginning, no replacements were yet in sight. Japan controlled the entire continental rim of East Asia from Manchuria to the tip of Malaya, and its dominion now extended south, across the oil-rich East Indies towards Australia, and east, over virtually every outpost of American power from the Philippines to the shores of the Hawaiian Islands.

In early 1942 there seemed every reason to fear that the world was poised for a descent into what Winston Churchill had described as a new Dark Age of fascist rule, "made more sinister, perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science." Even the bravest and most confident of souls could not have predicted that, within a year, the tide would begin to turn against the Axis powers and that by the autumn of 1945 they would lie defeated and in ruins. How did the Allies manage to reverse their earlier misfortunes and come back to win the war?

> GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT DID NOT WIN THE SECOND WORLD WAR; THE LEADERSHIP, ORGANIZATION, AND MORALE OF THE ALLIES DID.

As Richard Overy, professor of modern history at King's College, London, notes in *How the Allies Won* (W.W. Norton, 396 pages, $29.95), there is today a "commonly held assumption that the Axis states were beaten by sheer weight of material strength." The productive capacity of Germany, Italy, and Japan combined was puny in comparison to that of the United States together with the Soviet Union and the British Empire. Once the fascist powers had made the fundamental error of attacking all three of these industrial giants, forcing them into an awkward, temporary alliance, the out-

Aaron Friedberg is associate professor of politics and international affairs at Princeton University.

come of the war was foreordained. In this view, to put it crudely, "Gross Domestic Product won the war: the Allies simply had more of it than the Axis."

Those who experienced the war firsthand, and who remember its dark early days and subsequent ebb and flow, will regard such arguments with appropriate skepticism; but their numbers are fast dwindling. The scholarly keepers of historical memory, meanwhile, seem drawn to a materialistic determinism. This may be because, as Tocqueville predicted, historians in a democratic age are inclined to explain events in terms of great, impersonal causes, rather than great men or momentous decisions. For modern social scientists, the claim that God is always on the side with the bigger battalions (or GNP) also has the virtue of being a concise, quantifiable, and seemingly scientific proposition.

Overy is himself a renowned expert on the industrial bases of modern war, but in his fascinating new book he mounts a sustained and extended attack on the purely material accounts of Allied victory. Where others are obsessed with hardware, with the sheer numbers of tanks, guns, ships, and planes engaged on both sides, Overy draws attention instead to the software of war, to the role of leadership, organization, learning, and morale in defeating the Axis powers.

EVEN LATE IN THE WAR, AGGREGATE ALLIED NUMERICAL SUPERIORITY WAS NOT SUFFICIENT, BY ITSELF, TO ENSURE VICTORY.

To begin with, as Overy points out, the critical, early successes that helped stem the tide of Axis advance were achieved without benefit of overwhelming material advantage. The stunning American victory at Midway in June 1942 was won by a numerically inferior force, but one blessed with superb signals intelligence, more than a little good fortune, and twenty years of preparation for precisely the kind of battle that it was called upon eventually to fight. Victory in the Battle of the Atlantic came quite suddenly, in the first half of 1943. It was due not to a cumulative attrition of German submarines by vastly superior Allied navies but to the successful Anglo-American integration, after many months of experimentation and bitter experience, of cryptography, high-frequency airborne radars, small numbers of extended range aircraft, and aggressive tactics for hunting and killing enemy U-boats. The Nazi forces encircled and destroyed at Stalingrad at the end of 1942 were not markedly inferior in size to their Soviet counterparts, but they faced an opponent fighting on his own soil, with a hard-won mastery of the arts of deception, growing skill at combining massive air and ground forces, and a willingness to accept virtually unlimited casualties in the defense of the motherland. Even late in the war, aggregate Allied numerical superiority was not sufficient, by itself, to ensure victory. If the Germans had known in advance where the blow would fall, or if they had been willing, early on, to concentrate their forces in a massive counterattack, the June 1944 invasion of France could easily have ended in catastrophe.

While the Allies may have possessed more raw, industrial resources at the outset of the war, there was no guarantee that they would be able to mobilize them effectively. This was a particular problem for the Soviet Union, which in the wake of the Nazi invasion lost as much as 40 percent of its electric generating capacity and two thirds of its coal and steel. It was only by dismantling hundreds of factories, loading machinery and workers hastily on trains, and shipping them east of the Urals that the Soviets were able to sustain even minimal levels of production. No statistical measure of prewar indus-

Neil Shigley

Neil Shigley

trial output could have predicted the presence of the organizational skill, willpower, and sheer ruthlessness essential to the performance of such a feat.

Nor did superiority in materials assure an advantage in arms production. Although the Germans manufactured more steel and mined more coal in 1943, it was the Russians who were able to squeeze out much larger numbers of tanks and heavy guns. The reasons,

Neil Shigley

according to Overy, include not only the increasingly disruptive effects of Allied strategic bombing, but the ability of the Soviets to mass-produce a relatively small assortment of simple but effective weapons. The Nazis, with their hopes of quick victory and a short war, were slow to gear up for a protracted all-out struggle, and as they did so, their mobilization effort reflected the chaotic, irrational character of their political system. In the end, the German economy "fell between two stools. It was not enough of a command economy to do what the Soviet system could do; yet it was not capitalist enough to rely, as America did, on the recruitment of private enterprise." Instead, German war production remained remarkably disorganized and subject to constant interference from the military, which persisted in pressing for development of a dizzying array of weapons, many so sophisticated as to be difficult and costly to manufacture and maintain.

Ultimate Allied victory depended not only on the individual productive efforts of the three main powers but on their ability to combine forces effectively to defeat the common foe. Cooperation was not a given, even between Britain and the United States (whose top officials had deep differences about how best to conduct the war), and certainly not between the democracies and their Soviet counterpart. Here Overy rightly gives the bulk of the credit to Franklin Roosevelt and Churchill, extraordinary wartime leaders who never lost sight of the need for the Allies to hang together if they were not to hang separately.

In a striking comparison of the Allied chiefs with their Nazi nemesis, Overy argues that by the later stages of the war, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin had adopted the same essential managerial style. While retaining enormous power in his own hands, each was ultimately willing to delegate a large part of the authority for the actual conduct of the war to a top staff of highly competent military and civilian officials. Critical tasks "were carried out by professionals whose experience and qualities singled them out for office. The Allied wartime administration was on balance surprisingly free of political stooges and dud appointments."

On the other side of the line, meanwhile, Hitler neutered his general staff, sacked competent commanders, surrounded himself with lackeys and party cronies, refused to establish a unified military command or an effective body for coordinating production, logistics, and military operations and, to the end, indulged his Wagnerian fantasies of himself as the solitary strategic genius. In contrast to his enemies, and to their considerable benefit, "Hitler took his position as Supreme Commander literally."

> IN CONTRAST TO HIS ENEMIES, AND TO THEIR BENEFIT, "HITLER TOOK HIS POSITION AS SUPREME COMMANDER LITERALLY."

No book on a subject so large can be without shortcomings. Too little attention is paid here to Japan and to the war in the Pacific. And Overy seems at times to be bending over backwards to give the Soviets their due, mentioning only briefly the crucial economic assistance that they received from the United States and brushing past the prewar purges, which had a devastating effect on the preparedness of the Red Army.

But these failings do not detract from the overall power of Overy's argument or diminish the compelling importance of his message: Victory in the Second World War was not inevitable, and it was not due solely to material factors and impersonal forces. The generation that won the war did more than simply throw the switch on some vast industrial machine. As they pass slowly from the scene, it is therefore fitting that we should honor them for their courage, ingenuity, tenacity, and willingness to sacrifice. We owe them all we have. ♦

THE

NEW YORKER

FROM THE OFFICE OF TINA BROWN

2 AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY SIX

MEMO TO: **Hendrik Hertzberg,** Editorial Coordinator
FROM: **Me**

"Not since **Homer** and **Shel Silverstein**!" That's what the crowd at Mortimer's was saying last night about our brilliant decision to publish a short poem about a seal on a rock in Maine by **Brooke Astor** on page 76 of our July 22 issue. There was Mrs. Astor (without pet horse!) at her customary table near the window overlooking Lexington Avenue, every centimeter the grande dame that she is, as *le tout* in the American poetry world came to bow their heads in awe. There was **Blaine Trump**, sister-in-law of **The Donald**, who compared "Maine" to the work of her all-time favorite, **Rod McKuen**. Mrs. Astor just beamed! **Alice Mason**, the realtor and all-around great gal who has sold just absolutely everybody their apartment, brought up the sainted name of **Kahlil Gibran**. **Nina Griscom Baker** looked as pretty as she used to on HBO, standing cheek-by-jowl with **Mrs. John Loeb, John Fairchild, Nan Kempner, Annette de la Renta**—the line just went on and on!

Rik, we need to move on this one. As I told you at least three months ago, the mag world has failed to appreciate the deep literary and promotional value of poetry by rich people. But God knows they're usually too busy to write in a conventional way, so I was thinking: Maybe if they just updated a few boring old poems, that would be good too! I want to know what **Richard Branson** (I just adore Virgin Cola, don't you?) has to say about ragged claws that scuttle cross the floors of silent seas. Sure, that's **T.S. Eliot**'s phrase, but did T.S. Eliot own a record company and an airline? Surely **George Soros** could improve a little on **John Donne**'s "The Sun Rising," maybe like this: "Busy old fool, unruly Sun, why does thou thus/Through windows and through curtains call on us/Without telling us the dollar's opening position in Tokyo?" What about **Baron Thyssen-Bournemisza**'s gloss on "Sumer is a-cumin' in/Llhude sing cuckoo?" Perhaps "Sumer is a cumin'-in/Time to call Jean-Claude about opening the villa in Cannes before the Film Festival starts."

Oh, and here's the big one, the really big one: **The Sultan of Brunei**. Can you imagine what he might have to say on the subject of "My father's house has many mansions"? That just might get Harry and me the invitation we've always, always wanted!

Get on it. Now.