the weekly
Standard

SEPTEMBER 16, 1996 $2.95

Saving New York from Liberalism?

by William Tucker

the weekly Standard

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1 • SEPTEMBER 16, 1996

Cover art
by Michael Ramirez

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.

Tarring CCRI With the David Duke Brush

The California Civil Rights Initiative, the anti-quota measure on the California ballot in November, continues to do well in the polls. It is even getting surprisingly friendly press coverage. A recent front-page article in the *San Francisco Examiner*, for example, profiled a 19-year-old southern Californian, Hayley Ulrich, who has just successfully finished her first year at West Point. She went to West Point only because she failed to be admitted to the school of her dreams, the University of California at Berkeley—despite a superb high-school record in every respect. Ms. Ulrich had better grades than about half of the entering class at Berkeley, the *Examiner* points out, but she was passed over in favor of students who would add "diversity" to the campus. The *Examiner* draws the connection between this admissions policy at California's public university and Proposition 209 (as CCRI is called on the ballot) and makes a compelling case against the current quota regime in California.

But despite the polls and the press, business leaders and Republican politicians are terrified of Proposition 209. Several large California corporations have hurried to express their opposition to it. Very few California political figures have made the initiative central to their campaigns; Bob Dole and Jack Kemp didn't mention the issue when they spent a week in California during the Democratic convention. And so-called public interest groups like the League of Women Voters have predictably come out against CCRI.

Meanwhile, the latest dirty trick on the part of CCRI's opponents is an invitation from California State University at Northridge to former Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke—to argue the case against quotas in a debate. Ward Connerly, the chairman of the initiative, promptly disavowed Duke and denounced the university for presenting him as a proponent of CCRI. But look for opponents of the initiative to claim that David Duke is representative of those supporting the effort to make California's public policy race-blind.

The good news is that despite all this, and despite a huge disadvantage in money, the initiative's supporters soldier on in their effort to save California from racial balkanization. In this otherwise dispiriting election season, they stand out as principled figures deserving of the admiration and support of conservatives around the country.

Clinton's Pathetic Lies on the Stump

Bill Clinton is serving up a grand feast of false accomplishments and just plain bull to his adoring fans at campaign rallies, thus giving new meaning to the old Ozark term "chutzpah."

He told a crowd in Little Rock that on his watch "15 million of our hardest pressed Americans have gotten a tax cut to raise their kids." (Of course, tens of millions of Americans never got a tax cut to raise their kids because of Clinton vetoes.)

His anti-tax-cut logic is interesting: "Folks, we've tried this once before. Would you go to the bank yourself and borrow money to give yourself a tax cut?" Apparently, the president believes that if you keep more of your paycheck, the IRS is loaning you your own money.

The man loves to brag: "I'm the first president since John Tyler before the Civil War to reduce the deficit in all four years of his term." Tyler was president from 1841 to 1846. Robert Samuelson points out that Clinton's claim is "completely irrelevant" because between 1800 and 1996 there have been over 70 budget surpluses.

Clinton even claims Godlike healing powers. "We've doubled the life expectancy for people with HIV in four years," Clinton roars. We thought it was the American pharmaceutical industry and medical system that deserved the credit—both of which Bill and Hillary tried to destroy in their health-care plan.

And he has even scrubbed the dirt out of our oxygen: "We've got 50 million more Americans breathing cleaner air than we had four years ago." What does that mean, exactly? Are 215 million Americans breathing dirtier air?

Every now and then, you have to sit up and wonder: This guy is president?

Juicing the Track

Everybody in Democratic Washington is very excited because the "right track-wrong track" numbers are heading Bill Clinton's way. For years, people have been telling pollsters they think the country is on the "wrong

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track," and it has always been deemed one of the most important numbers in polling because it's simple, people understand it, and it gets to underlying feelings about the state of the country. Now the "right track" number is up, way up, near 60 percent in one poll. Clinton is golden, right?

Wait a minute. This is a very weird situation. Because Bill Clinton spent four days on his train trip talking about how "we're on the right track to the 21st century." It makes sense, then, that when Americans are asked whether we're on the "right track," more of them will say yes—they became used to hearing the term used in a positive manner by their president.

That suggests Bill Clinton has done something so bizarrely cynical it seems to have no purpose. He basically fooled around with the "right track-wrong track" question so that he could hear the answer he wanted to hear. But that really doesn't mean people are suddenly in a better mood about America or the future. The question has always been designed so that politicians could find out how people really feel, not how their spin is going over. All Clinton's gamesmanship means is that an entirely new way of asking the question is going to have to be devised.

What, exactly, was the point of this exercise? Just to get reporters and pundits to ooh and aah over the change in the "right track" number. It's an amazing and ultimately pointless trick, but like a lot of Morris tricks (sorry), it seems to have worked.

The Cliché of Campaign '96

It happens every four years—a neologism is added to the American political vocabulary, usually put there by pollsters feeding a media hungry for nonsense terminology that will make them sound and feel like insiders. Remember when, in 1992, we learned about "rapid response" and the "narrowing"—you know, when races get close? Or in 1988, when the term "going negative" became popular? Or 1984, the year of the "gender gap"? Well, the term of 1996 is . . . soccer moms. A Nexis search turned up 127 mentions of it, and it was whipping around the conventions, almost as catchy as the Macarena.

"Soccer moms" are the year's most desirable voting bloc, and not because the campaigns are suddenly desperate to find mothers who play soccer.

No, the term is a sociological one, a polite way for the politically correct to say they want the votes of suburban women. Married suburban women. Married suburban women with decent incomes. Oh, what the hell—white married suburban women with decent incomes.

Dick Morris supposedly told the Clintons that the margin of victory lay with the soccer moms. A Republican consultant we know says he thought the term up. The truth is to be found within our Nexis search itself. In 1982, according to the Associated Press, a man in Ludlow, Mass., stole $3,150 from the treasury of his wife's club, dubbed the Soccer Moms. In 1992, according to the *Charlotte News & Observer*, women in North Carolina started a T-shirt company called "Soccer Mom."

This leads us to one inexorable conclusion: that Dick Morris, or our Republican friend, or whoever, did a Nexis search on the word "mom," looking for inspiration, and came across "soccer mom," just as we did. And now it's everywhere. Maybe we should rethink the whole concept of a database.

Praise For A Great Speech

Bravo to Norman Podhoretz for his praise of Bob Dole's acceptance speech ("A Great Speech and Its Critics," Sept. 2). It was a magnificent speech—and if it soared over the heads of most commentators, so much the worse for them.

It was also a brave speech. Polls, which guide every breath our chief executive draws, tend to suggest character is not important to voters. Yet Dole spoke movingly about "right conduct"—challenging not just the character of the incumbent in the White House, but of the whole nation.

Moreover, Dole's willingness, as a conservative, to say that America's past was in many crucial respects better than its present is truly courageous. Conservatives these days are instructed to be resolutely "future oriented" and "optimistic," lest they be scorned as reactionaries. It is a brave politician who dares to note national decline.

It wasn't all preaching though. It contained the promise of renewal. It was uplifting.

Mona Charen
Great Falls, VA

Could it be the graciousness of age and maturity that permits recognition of the exceptional? Thank you to Norman Podhoretz for his inspired words concerning Bob Dole's acceptance speech. It had been a long time since beautiful language was used to extol the greatness of our nation. Such rich quality certainly outshines many pessimistic, critical minds.

Jessie Adams
Wilsonville, OR

It was comforting to discover that I was not alone in believing the Dole speech was his best, and also the most noble political speech in my lifetime. I was not quite alone—some of the "ordinary citizens" in the CNN focus group were deeply moved. It was the pundits who missed it, and not only because of their cultural vulgarity. Here I would offer another explanation for the blindness of the intellectuals.

The strength of the speech lay not in the grace and precision of its language, though both abounded, but in the depth and truth of its regnant idea. We have come to defend our system as a Hobbesian democracy of desires, refereed by the state. Our political arguments are about the fairness and scope of the referee's calls. Dole asks us instead to recall, beginning with the reminder of our natural smallness, a more Lockean vision: a democracy of vocation. The citizen of the former asks to have his desires legitimated and, if possible, granted. The citizen of the latter asks that he be allowed to try to fulfill the earthly vocation that heaven has for him. Our self-understanding as a society has fallen apart because of the first vision, and Dole offered a way to

revive that self-understanding. Even his specific policy proposals follow from the central vision, for they speak to the things that have put so many of us on a course away from our true callings.

Our pundits are so caught up in the minutiae of wrangling about plans and policies that they cannot hear such music. They are so wedded to the thoughts of Hobbes and Bentham that they are deaf to a rethinking of the roots of the national idea, even when the frazzled and vulgar public space has made it necessary.

John R. Schottland
Meridian, MS

What a relief to read Norman Podhoretz's comments about Dole's acceptance speech. I had begun to think I was in the first stages of senile dementia. After Dole's final words, I said to my wife, who was in the next room not watching the convention, "That was the best acceptance speech I have ever heard." I have heard them all since Roosevelt and had never before reacted with such unreserved admiration. Then I began to hear the critics and I wondered how I could have missed the flaws that almost everybody else had detected.

I don't know whether it would please Podhoretz, as it does me, to know that at least one other listener had simultaneously discerned the same "images of great richness and coherence" in Dole's address. It is true that I share his and Dole's "gracious compensations of age," but I would have admired that speech as much 60 years ago as I did in August 1996.

John R. Cassidy
Fairfax, VA

Thank you, Norman Podhoretz, for voicing so very well what I felt about Bob Dole's acceptance speech. Most particularly, Podhoretz pointed out Dole's "grace and style" in delivering the speech—his voice and demeanor touched me. As a 73-year-old, I recognized the "gracious compensations of age" that shone through the persona of this purportedly inarticulate man.

The lukewarm commentary on the speech reminds me of what has been done to the Episcopalian Book of Common Prayer—felicitous language and accurate, graceful phrases have been rejected. It is, as Podhoretz painfully states, "the corruption of taste and the erosion of standards in America."

James B. Conroy
Lancaster, VA

Gay Support for Dems

It is incredible to me that Matt Labash ("We'll Have a Gay Old Time," Sept. 2) seems somehow baffled by gay America's overwhelming support for President Clinton.

Bob Dole's campaign initially refused a donation from the Log Cabin Club, an organization of gay Republicans, as though the money were somehow tainted. Bill Clinton includes gay Americans in his acceptance speech for his party's nomination. The Democratic convention had nearly 150 openly

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gay delegates. The Republican convention had three. The Democrats' platform, and Bill Clinton, support efforts "to end discrimination against gay men and lesbians and further their full inclusion in the life of the nation." The Republican-party platform calls employment non-discrimination based on sexual orientation a "distortion" of civil-rights laws.

Despite some disappointments in the president's record on issues of concern to the gay community, Clinton is light-years ahead of Dole in his support of gay Americans. Labash's skepticism regarding gay support for Bill Clinton and the Democratic party is, at the very least, quite politically naive.

MARC PAIGE
CRANSTON, RI

Smoking Parodies

Congratulations on a great parody of Bill Clinton's decision to regulate tobacco as a drug (Sept. 2). There is a really serious way in which a parody of our president could save us all from the perils of cigarettes and addiction.

Why has Bill Clinton not mentioned the approach that he himself took as a youth? Instead of the many legally challengeable regulations that he has proposed, why hasn't he suggested the simple solution that seemingly worked so well for him—smoke but don't inhale? Bill Clinton knows this works based on his own admitted experience with other smoked addictive substances.

ANN C. WOLLAN
WILMETTE, IL

Not Quite Victory

The enormous "Victory" headline over the welfare editorial (Aug. 12) reflects the same hyperbolic rhetoric used by critics of the recent welfare "reform" bill, who treat it as the end of compassion in America. The truth is that welfare as we know it has not ended. Neither dire warnings of doom nor celebrations of the end of the welfare state are reasonable reactions to a welfare "reform" bill that is likely to have little effect.

Both sides in the debate have political reasons for exaggerating the consequences of the welfare bill. Republicans want to pretend that they are revolutionaries; liberals want to dismiss conservatives as hateful child-abusers.

But neither side acknowledges the welfare bill's insignificance. One example of that insignificance is the provision allowing states to exempt one-fifth of welfare recipients from the overall five-year limit. Since few welfare recipients are on welfare for more than five years, there will be no "end" to welfare if states grant the exemptions.

The real issue is not the particular rules on welfare, but the amount of money budgeted to help poor people. Republican plans to cut spending mean that real welfare reform—which requires jobs programs, child care, and incentives to the working poor—will never happen. The only effect of the Republican budget is to make poor people a little bit poorer.

Anyone who really cares about the fate of the poor should not headline editorials about the welfare bill "Victory" or "Defeat," but simply "Politics As Usual."

JOHN K. WILSON
CHICAGO, IL

Forget Peer Review

Neal B. Freeman, while agonizing over the failure of scientific peer review to produce ultra-reliability—or at least a democratic assurance—of scientific results should recall his high-school science, ("Peer Review and Its Discontents," Aug. 26). Except for physical absolutes like the boiling point of water, science makes few promises. No doubt he was taught that Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Freud, and others caused revolutions in scientific knowledge. Their findings were rarely accepted without debate. Today their work is considered historically significant but generally obsolete. Some of it, like Newton's alchemy, was way off. Why should modern science be so different?

In forwarding reports of scientific news to the general public, journalists have an obligation to dwell on phrases such as "indicate," "statistically significant," and "suggest" that appear in reports of scientific research. For some scientists, the most terrifying moment in journalism is when some media yenta promises physical immortality based on an interesting correlation found in some lab, sending hordes of consumers out to buy the stuff.

The most accurate peer review takes place some time after publication, in articles that evaluate the literature of discovery on a comprehensive basis. The record shows that a great deal of science accepted for publication is seen as trivial and even wrong a few years later. The weakness in our priorities has been a lack of support for library research, inadequate information resources for exhaustive reviews, and an attitude of "not sexy" on the part of the mass media.

ALBERT HENDERSON
BRIDGEPORT, CT

A Bigger Tax Cut

Regarding Fred Barnes's "Bob and Jack Together" (Aug. 26): That Dole "initially endorsed" a "rollback of the 1990 and 1993 tax hikes" demonstrates again his leaden feel for the public's pulse. Just before the tax-initiative proclamation, his handlers miraculously "discovered" those increases targeted six-digit earners. Where were they in 1990 and 1993?

The 15 percent relief eventually offered as the campaign's cynosure is too paltry and timid. Dole should have promised a 25 percent reduction over four years and dispensed with the capital-gains reform (except for housing) and tax credits for children. A poorly led party, which embraces Ted Kennedy-esque health-care reform and raises the minimum wage because it can't say no, should pursue only simple, uniform rate reductions.

THOMAS REYNOLDS
BOCA RATON, FL

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Casual

How I Learned to Be Happy

I once had a bad day that lasted all of 1995. Admittedly, I was not diagnosed with a terminal disease, and no one died, but many other things just seemed to go wrong. There was the problem of men not calling me when they were supposed to. Then, I had to adjust to a hostile, foreign environment: I had moved from Michigan, where the automobile is worshiped as a semi-divine entity, to Virginia, which outlaws radar detectors and prohibits driving on certain highways unless you have a preordained number of occupants in your vehicle. Finally, much to my dismay, I found that my Notre Dame degree and my service as a foot soldier in the Republican Revolution of 1994 qualified me only to answer telephones in the nation's capital.

What did I do in the face of such insurmountable obstacles to my happiness? I cried a lot, consumed twice my weight in chocolate, and listened to Alanis Morissette 24 hours a day. That which doesn't kill us makes us stronger, right?

Wrong. Thanks to the wonders of modern science, it is now possible to *Become Happy in Eight Minutes*. That's right, six easy steps, eight minutes. Siimon Reynolds explains it all in his cheery new book.

Reynolds, we learn in the introduction, had money, fame, power, looks, *and* love, yet was still not happy. I mistakenly believed I could do without the power and fame if I had looks, love, and tons of cash. No, the reader soon learns, happiness is not composed of material possessions like BMWs and condos in Vail, or immaterial, spiritual bonds like marriage and children with the elusive Mr. Right. Rather, happiness is a technique, and you too can master it for only $9.95. All it takes is a little practice.

Step One is to Stimulate the Thymus Gland by smiling a big happy smile, tapping the upper portion of your breastbone, and placing your tongue behind your front teeth on the roof of your mouth. This procedure will activate your happy hormones. Step Two takes two minutes and involves changing your breathing, because, as modern science tells us, "if you breathe the wrong way, melancholic moods will be your constant companion." Step Three requires you to drink some fruit juice and then take advantage of the temporary sugar high to think happy thoughts.

Step Four seems a bit complicated, but never fear, it's really quite simple to Reprogram Your Brain. Indeed, it only takes two minutes. From his exhaustive research, Mr. Reynolds concludes that "your brain can't tell the difference between what's true or false, but just acts on whatever information you give it." Therefore, "you can program your brain to make you think and feel whatever you want." After all, "it wasn't necessarily a bad event or bad person that made you feel unhappy, it was how you told your brain to react to this bad event or bad person." Makes sense. On those few tragic occasions when I awoke in the middle of the night from the pain of what felt like burning shrapnel embedded in my chest, it was really all in my head. If I had only known then what I know now! There *is* a cure for a broken heart! It's called denial.

Step Five takes this denial to a new level. Just as you can Reprogram Your Brain, you can Change Your Body Movements, because "happy thoughts create happy movements, and happy movements create happy thoughts."

This so-called cybernetic loop can even make you stop crying. I suffered with puffy eyes for much of 1995, but had Siimon Reynolds gotten to me sooner, I would have learned that to stop a body convulsed with sobs, all you have to do is "smile and look up at something on the ceiling! It's almost impossible to cry when you do that." There is a disclaimer, however. "You must," Reynolds says solemnly, "give it 100 percent."

Finally we come to my personal favorite, Step Six, where you learn to Change Your Focus. That is, always look on the bright side "no matter how bad the event may first appear." It's true. I thought it was a grave injustice that I went from discussing the finer points of the *Communist Manifesto* with clueless undergrads to answering phones and faxing things. But as Reynolds points out, the fact that my parents squandered tens of thousands of dollars on my college education should be negated by the fact that, hey, I could be unemployed, and worse yet, I could be a vegan working in a slaughterhouse.

Become Happy in Eight Minutes has changed my life. Now that I have stumbled upon the cure for a broken heart *and* underemployment, the second half of 1996 will be my best ever. For a time, my motto was: "If anything can go wrong, it will." Now I have new words to live by: "Smile! This can't be happening."

Josephine DeLorenzo

Perot in the Debates? Just Say No.

One day in June, over a slice of strawberry cheesecake and a cup of decaf mocha cappuccino, Dr. John Hagelin told the Knight-Ridder news service that it "would be nice" if he could put every American in a deep trance. Literally. Hagelin, a follower of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, is the Natural Law party's candidate for president of the United States. He is running on a platform of transcendental meditation, a "Vedic" practice through which adepts seek a state of deep, mental rest. When you get really good at it, according to the Yogi—when you manage entirely to cleanse your head of anything remotely resembling rationality and your consciousness expands to encompass all of nature—your physical existence ends and you disappear.

It doesn't really work, this dematerialization business. If it did, Ross Perot would already be invisible. Despite having long ago achieved the Vedic twofer of an ego as big as outer space and a mind just as empty, Perot stubbornly refuses to vanish. And the two major parties and the American press, no longer sure of their role as mediators between unreflective populist impulse and actual political governance, refuse to stop taking Perot seriously. Indeed, the *New York Times* editorial page argues that "allowing him to debate seems minimally fair."

Bosh. Perot wants an equal place, with Dole and Clinton, in any nationally televised presidential debates this fall. So does John Hagelin. Both men have a roughly equivalent claim to the honor. Which is to say, they have no legitimate claim at all.

Yes, Perot and Hagelin have each qualified for federal matching funds. Both are now campaigning with money earned by the labor of American taxpayers—the strongest imaginable argument for federal campaign reform. And, yes, it is *technically* possible for either man to secure a presidential victory in November. The Potemkin-village "Reform party" is on the ballot in states with a majority of electoral college votes. So is Hagelin's Natural Law party.

Just the same, needless to say, neither Perot nor Hagelin will ever be president. Outside the transcendental-meditation cult, only a handful of college students even know who Hagelin is. Many people know who Perot is, of course. But most of them don't like him. He barely rates in most presidential preference polls. Only 16 percent of respondents to the most recent *Washington Post*/ABC News survey say Perot has the "fitness and temperament" to occupy the Oval Office. Only 11 percent of registered voters report a favorable impression of Perot to *New York Times*/CBS News pollsters; 60 percent of those voters view Perot unfavorably.

John Hagelin's candidacy is a farce; enough about him. But Ross Perot's is every bit as much a farce. As The Weekly Standard has exhaustively chronicled this year, Perot represents the absolute negation of serious representative government. He complains about fairness in Washington, but baldly rigs his own party's nominating procedures. He talks about "having ideas," but hasn't any. He promises to address the important "issues" neglected by Democrats and Republicans—whom he accuses of *treason*, "just like Tokyo Rose"—but never quite tells us how. Accepting the Reform party nomination on August 18, Perot asked his audience whether they had "listened to the messages from the other parties during the last few weeks." After receiving a thunderous answer of "No!" Perot smiled beatifically. He will take such violent ignorance with him to the capital, he swears. A World War II hero he knows once shot 15 Japanese soldiers while they were asleep in bed, Perot told the Veterans of Foreign Wars a few weeks back. *That's* the spirit we need in our politics, he says. "That's what made this country great."

Who will rid American public discourse of this meddlesome twerp? Not the two major parties, it seems. A Clinton campaign adviser candidly acknowledges to the *Boston Globe* that Democrats will insist on Perot's presence in forthcoming presidential debates because "Perot keeps us in play in places like Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Nevada and the Dakotas." White House strategists believe, and they are right, that Perot hurts Dole by muddying the head-to-head substantive challenge Republicans desperately need to mount against Clinton. Perot will further debase American politics in the process, to be sure. But the Democratic party—which just made Al Gore's dead sister a major theme of its 1996 national convention, after all—simply doesn't care. →

The Republican party does care to avoid sharing television time, and the status it confers, with Ross Perot. But only for similarly self-interested reasons. Bob Dole's campaign cannot bring itself to say out loud that Perot is a blot on the honor of the American electoral system. That might seem (horrors!) *exclusionary*. So Dole spokesmen request four-man debates, not three: Clinton, Dole, Perot, and the even more marginal Ralph Nader, who Republicans calculate will draw votes from the president.

Both major parties have stumbled over ideological politics in recent years, Democrats in 1994 and Republicans in 1995. Each now embraces a vigorously anti-ideological politics instead. Each party declines most of its responsibility to guide and direct American public life and thought. Each prefers *itself* to be led—by reflexive popular sentiment and focus groups. The "power to persuade" in American politics is today largely unexercised.

But the man who coined the phrase "power to persuade" in a legendary political-science treatise decades ago now has an opportunity to step into the breach: Professor Richard Neustadt of Harvard. Neustadt leads a team of five academic experts advising the Commission on Presidential Debates, which intends to stage four of them later this month and in October. Neustadt's panel will recommend which third-party candidates, if any, get invitations to participate. He and his colleagues have objective criteria with which to make that recommendation, and Perot admittedly satisfies many of them. The Neustadt group must also make a judgment about whether Perot has a "realistic" and "more than theoretical" chance to be elected.

He doesn't, and it would therefore be perfectly reasonable for the Neustadt panel to recommend Perot's exclusion. But electability is not the only reason to leave Perot out. A place on the debate stage shouldn't go simply to those candidates who might actually win. It should go only to those candidates who deserve to be heard. Ross Perot doesn't deserve it. Please, Professor Neustadt, do the right thing.

—David Tell, for the Editors

The Tax-Cut Straddle

by Fred Barnes

Is Bob Dole really that serious about a big tax cut? Maybe not. Mike Murphy, the media consultant who left the campaign last week, proposed that Dole ride into Chicago during the Democratic convention aboard a train dubbed the Tax Cut Express. Dole could then have given a speech contrasting his 15 percent tax cut for individuals with Clinton's meager tax reductions. Dole said no to the stunt. A few days later, Sen. Spencer Abraham of Michigan suggested he introduce the Dole tax cut as a bill in Congress this fall. Republicans would talk up the legislation. Hearings would be held. The tax cut might even pass. But Scott Reed, Dole's campaign manager, didn't like the idea.

Cutting taxes is supposed to be the centerpiece of the Dole campaign, the one issue that animates, energizes, and defines the Dole candidacy. John Buckley, the Dole press secretary, says it's "the message not only for Dole but for the Republican campaign this fall." As nice as that sounds, it's not quite what's happening. Rather than the only issue, the tax cut is merely the top issue among four or five.

This distinction is important. With other issues on his plate, Dole is often distracted from the tax issue. Following the Republican convention in August, he spent several days denouncing President Clinton for allowing teenage drug use to soar and a few more days on foreign policy. When Dole *did* show up outside Chicago (by plane and car) the day before the Democratic convention, he quickly veered from selling his tax cut. "Spending and taxes are not the only places where we need strong presidential leadership," he said. Post-Labor Day, when Dole got back to concentrating on the tax issue, other distractions arose. He was largely blotted out of the news by the dustup with Saddam Hussein and Hurricane Fran.

Dole is hedging his bet on taxes, and Democrats have sensed his ambivalence. Former New York governor Mario Cuomo says Dole should "not say anything else—give the tax cut everything . . . make that the whole game." Cuomo is puzzled by Dole's use of other, competing subjects. Should Dole continue to do that, he's not likely to gain much from the tax issue.

It's not that people don't want a tax cut, or that they don't believe it's possible to cut taxes and balance the budget at the same time. "The whole problem of selling a tax cut is the public's not believing the seller is serious about it," insists conservative strategist Jeffrey Bell. Dole has yet to convince the public of his seriousness. Far from it: A new CBS poll found only 23 percent of Americans think Dole is truly committed to slashing taxes. And most of those folks are probably Republicans well disposed toward Dole.

There's a way for Dole to convey the seriousness of his intentions on taxes. It's by waging a relentless, near-maniacal, one-note campaign on cutting taxes—to the exclusion of everything else. Dole is wary of this tactic, even though his stump speeches do emphasize the 15 percent cut. In St. Louis on Labor Day, he declared that he and Jack Kemp "have one big plan, just like this big arch. . . . Give American families back more of their hard-earned money." And his main TV ad airing the first two weeks of September talks about "a tax cut of $1,600 for the typical family." It includes a clip from Dole's acceptance speech at the Republican convention in which he says people shouldn't apologize for wanting a tax cut. "It's your money," he says.

That's effective stuff, but the Dole campaign plans to switch ads in mid-September and play up the drug issue, particularly rising drug use among teenagers. Dole's pollsters and ousted media consultant Don Sipple prefer the anti-narcotics approach, if only because it generates strong sentiment. But while fighting drugs may be a popular issue, it's not a cutting issue. It doesn't attract new supporters. Dole tacticians think that if they can link the increase in drug use directly to Clinton, voters might switch. They envision a TV ad centered on a 1992 interview with Clinton on MTV in which he jokingly says he wished he had inhaled pot. My guess is voters will dismiss that Clinton comment as ancient history.

Dole's pollsters are looking for another issue because they don't like what they're hearing from focus groups and voter surveys: that Americans don't think the Dole tax cut can be paid for with spending cuts. Sipple contended there is "more power" in issues dealing with moral decline in America. (He left the campaign along with Murphy on September 5, but it wasn't because he wanted to downplay cutting taxes.) On a campaign trip, Sen. John McCain of Arizona told reporters he "understands" why voters are dubious of the tax cut, and that Dole has to spell out exactly how he'll cut spending to offset lost revenue from cutting taxes. Wisely, Dole doesn't intend to do that, since it would be another distraction from the tax cut itself.

As luck would have it, there's a vehicle for Dole to convey his seriousness about cutting taxes: paid media, funded at saturation level. Several campaign advisers—notably co-chairman Vin Weber and policy aide Kevin Stach—want to air simple, uncluttered ads of Dole talking directly into the camera about the need to cut taxes. Ronald Reagan did this to great effect in 1980.

It's a gamble. But what has Dole got to lose? ♦

Perot's Familiar Misquotations

by John J. Pitney, Jr.

In his August 11 speech to the Reform party convention in Long Beach, California, H. Ross Perot said: "Never forget de Tocqueville's words when he studied our country. He said America is great because America is good. And if America ever ceases being good, America will cease being great."

Tocqueville never said that. Last year, I explained in this magazine ("The Tocqueville Fraud," Nov. 13) that the "America is great" line is something that politicians have been falsely attributing to Tocqueville for decades. The bogus quotation still lives. Richard Gephardt deployed it to defend Clinton administration policy in Bosnia, and the president himself has used it on several recent occasions, including Ron Brown's memorial service and the video clip that preceded his acceptance speech in Chicago.

In Perot's case, however, dubious quotesmanship does not stop with Alexis de Tocqueville.

"Now, I would like to learn a little bit from history before we leave today," Perot told the Long Beach gathering, "and have you listen to the words of Professor Alexander Tytler, Scottish historian who in 1787 said, 'A democracy can only exist until the voters discover they can vote themselves money from the public treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidates promising people benefits from the treasury.' With the result that a democracy always collapses under loose fiscal policy."

Alexander Fraser Tytler (1747-1813), Lord Woodhouselee, did indeed write about democracy. But according to *Respectfully Quoted*, an authoritative reference book from the Library of Congress, that quotation is "unverified." Tytler actually said that there never was a republic that was not "ultimately ruled by a single will, and therefore (however bold may seem the paradox), virtually and substantially a monarchy." Perhaps you can see why Perot didn't quote the real thing.

"This goes back to Lenin's phrase, tell the people want they want to hear," Perot continued at Long Beach. "Now, isn't that sad? We've brought that over and patented it in the U.S.A." In fact, nobody ever had

the patent on that phrase, least of all Lenin. Devious snake that he was, Lenin may well have uttered the phrase, but he certainly did not coin it.

"I will summarize everything I have said with these words," Perot concluded. "The budget should be balanced. The treasury should be refilled. The public debt should be reduced and the arrogance of public officials should be controlled. Do you agree with that? Thank you. As you know, those are not my words. Cicero spoke those words 2,000 years ago."

No, he didn't. In their clever book of bad quotations, *They Never Said It*, Paul Boller and John George identify the Cicero passage as a phony. And *Respectfully Quoted* agrees that the passage is almost certainly spurious.

In his August 18 acceptance speech in Valley Forge, Perot turned from political philosophy to popular culture. "Remember that song—we had a movie a few years ago with Dolly Parton in it, *The Best Little You-know-what in Texas*? The sheriff had this song, 'Ooh, I love to do the little sidestep. Now you see me, now you don't and here I go.' Keep that in mind when you watch these guys"—meaning Clinton and Dole.

In this case, Perot got it more or less right. There really was such a song, though Burt Reynolds, who played the sheriff, did not sing it. The problem here is less misquotation than plagiarism. On June 29, 1992, the *Wall Street Journal* published an op-ed titled "A Moviegoer's Guide to Ross Perot," which listed a number of films that were reminiscent of Perot's character. The article concluded thus:

"Finally, 'The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas' (1982) features a sequence that sums up Mr. Perot's approach to the issues. A leading character is a Texas governor (Charles Durning) who responds to reporters' questions with the responses crafted to please everybody. . . . He then sings a song that could become Mr. Perot's anthem. It is called 'Sidestep.'"

By the way, I was the author of the *Wall Street Journal* piece. But don't worry, Mr. Perot, I won't sue. You can quote me on that.

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A Proper Course in Iraq

by Aaron Friedberg

THOUGH IT CHANGES LITTLE and solves nothing, the Clinton administration's decision to use force against Iraq last week was clearly the right one.

Since the Gulf War ground to a ragged halt in February 1991, Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein has been trying ceaselessly to wriggle free of the constraints imposed on him by the United States and its allies. Through a combination of patience, guile, and the occasional act of brutal self-assertion, Saddam has sought to wear down and divide his opponents, to evade and subvert inspection of his massive arms-production program, shake off international economic sanctions, reestablish dominion over all Iraqi territory and, ultimately, to renew his drive to become the preponderant power in the Persian Gulf and the Middle East. Saddam's defeat at the hands of the allied coalition set him back and slowed him down, but it did not deflect him from his course; nor is anything short of his eventual departure from the scene likely to do so.

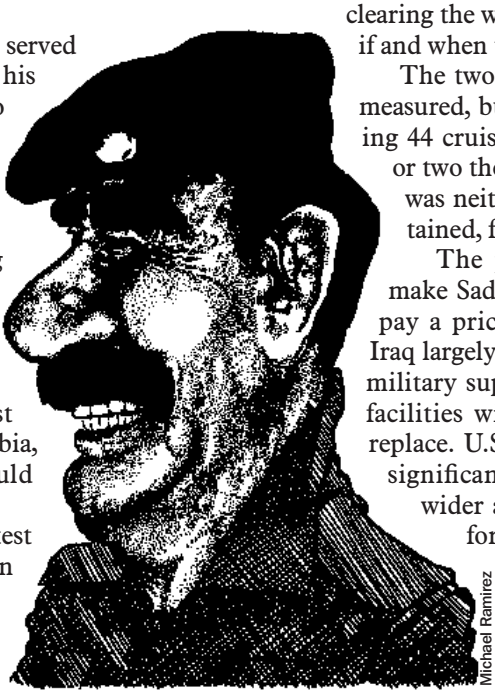
Saddam's recent incursion in the Kurdish enclave in northern Iraq was opportunistic. It may even have been, in some measure, defensive. Since 1994 two Kurdish factions have been fighting each other for control of the region. This summer, the Iranians (who are at war with their own Kurdish rebels and have a long-standing grudge against Iraq) crossed into Iraqi territory and gave support to one of the Kurdish factions there. The other faction then turned to Saddam for help. Saddam seized the opportunity to limit Iran's influence inside Iraq and increase his own. By gaining access to the Kurdish town of Irbil he also stood to improve his ability to smuggle goods and supplies overland through Turkey, thereby circumventing the West's economic blockade.

Whatever their proximate cause and tactical significance, however, the Iraqi dictator's moves were also clearly intended to challenge the West and, in particular, the United States. In his choice of objective, and in his selection of the means for attaining it, Saddam aimed straight for the seams in the coalition position. Although Baghdad's ability to exert itself in the north and south has been constrained by Western military power and U.N. resolutions, those regions are still part of a single sovereign nation. And while the United States and its allies assert U.N. Resolution 688 calling on Iraq to desist from abusing the Kurds permits them to keep Iraqi aircraft from flying north of the 36th parallel, there has never been any matching ban on the use of ground forces there. When he sent over 30,000 Republican Guards north to attack Irbil and to put it

back in the hands of his newfound Kurdish friends, Saddam may have hoped, both literally and figuratively, to slip in under the West's radar screen. Like Hitler reoccupying the Rhineland in 1936, Saddam apparently calculated that his enemies (or at least some of them) would be willing to shrug off his latest move as an "internal matter" in which outside interference could not be justified.

Faced with these tactics, and with a direct Iraqi refusal to heed its warnings, the United States had no choice but to respond. Not to have done so would have meant acquiescing in a violent change of the status quo.

A failure to act could only have served to bolster Saddam's standing with his people and his military, and to embolden him to undertake his next move. Hesitation or inaction on the part of the United States would also have sent a signal that our resolve was weakening and our willingness to stay the course in containing Saddam and confronting other regional aggressors was waning. Especially in light of the recent terrorist attacks on U.S. forces in Saudi Arabia, such a display of irresolution could have had serious consequences.


Michael Ramirez

In responding to Saddam's latest act of aggression, the Clinton administration chose to launch cruise missiles against air-defense installations in southern Iraq and to extend northward the "no-fly zone" that has been in effect there since 1991. The objections to this course of action are unpersuasive.

First, some warn that the United States should not involve itself in the complexities of Kurdish politics. This is correct, but irrelevant. The United States has been trying to get the various Kurdish factions to patch up their differences and make common cause against Saddam. The United States does not seek to take sides with one group against the others, but rather to punish Saddam for his exploitation of their rivalry in pursuit of his own larger strategic goals. As one Pentagon official put it: "This has nothing to do with the Kurds and everything to do with Saddam."

Others complain that the administration's decision to strike sites in southern Iraq will do nothing to influence the situation in the north. This claim has merit, but is still beside the point. While the United States response may actually have impelled the Iraqis to withdraw their ground forces from Irbil, the city is now controlled by a faction beholden to Baghdad and apparently supported by Saddam's secret police. Short of striking directly at Iraqi forces in the vicinity—a task that would require manned aircraft instead of pilotless cruise missiles, and would therefore entail greater risks of American and Iraqi civilian casualties—the United States has no obvious way of influencing the situation on the ground.

Nor does it have any compelling need to do so. By hitting Iraqi air defenses in the south and expanding the no-fly zone, the United States *has* punished Saddam, while at the same time improving its ability to defend the vital oil fields of the southern Gulf and clearing the way for additional punitive actions, if and when they are required.

The two American strikes last week were measured, but they were substantial. Launching 44 cruise missiles, each packed with one or two thousand pounds of high explosives, was neither a "pinprick" attack nor a sustained, full-fledged strategic air campaign.

The purpose of these strikes was to make Saddam and, even more, his military pay a price for their recent actions. With Iraq largely cut off from its prewar sources of military supply, lost hardware and flattened facilities will be difficult and expensive to replace. U.S. actions imposed real costs and significant constraints on Iraq. A bigger, wider attack, perhaps including ground force targets and key infrastructure and industrial installations in and around Baghdad, might have hammered the message home even more plainly, but it would also have risked civilian casualties and greater international discomfort. Given the nature of the provocation, the American response was probably about right.

What of those who worry that there was no legal justification for the American attacks? True, no specific, internationally approved sanction prohibited what Saddam has done or explicitly authorized a forceful American response. But the United States need not, and should not, seek approval for its every action from the United Nations. If justification is needed, U.N. Resolution 688 should be sufficient. Though Saddam may now cast himself as a friend to the Kurds, his record and intentions are clear enough. Reports that Iraqi soldiers rounded up and summarily executed opposition Kurdish leaders in Irbil serve as a reminder of Saddam's brutality. If the Iraqis are now engaged in piecemeal murder of Kurds rather than wholesale slaughter, the difference is merely one of degree.

By far the most important criticism is that by acting alone, the United States has alienated its allies and

weakened the coalition that won the Gulf War. This claim, which is likely to be at the heart of most criticism of the administration's actions, must be taken with a substantial grain of salt. The vaunted coalition of 1990-91 was an odd lot of countries held together by the circumstances of the moment, by U.S. pressure, and by a shared fear and hatred of an expansionist Iraq. We should not be especially surprised or concerned if Syria, a minor partner in the Gulf War, or Russia, a passive observer, is a critic of the latest U.S. action. Neither country has anything to gain by supporting the United States. It is probably also safe to assume that, in keeping with past practice, the leaders of other key countries in the Middle East (especially Egypt and Saudi Arabia) privately applaud strong American action against aggression even if they are afraid to do so in public for fear of roiling domestic and Arab-world opinion against them.

Turkey's apparent standoffishness may indeed reflect a worrisome recent trend in its foreign policy more generally, as well as longstanding concerns over its own Kurdish problem. Of the other major allies, Britain, Germany, and Japan have all voiced support. Only the French, who have their own economic fish to fry in Iraq, have expressed reservations.

But the coalition does appear somewhat tenuous, and that is a cause for concern. The United States should not have to, and probably cannot, contain Iraq on its own. At the very least, the United States will need bases and other facilities in the region from which to operate its armed forces. If it wants to hold the core coalition together, the United States will have to seek consensus where it can and avoid actions that unnecessarily alienate or embarrass its partners. Still, as the events leading up to the Gulf War suggest, a coalition leader must also be willing at times to demonstrate its own commitment and resolve.

Having forgone the opportunity of doing so five and a half years ago, the United States and its allies will not now seek directly and forcibly to remove Saddam from power, and there is nothing in his long and bloodstained past to suggest that he can somehow be tamed or transformed. Saddam is like a shark; he needs to keep moving forward in order to survive. Through its actions of the past week, the United States has hardly dealt him a fatal blow, but it may have further restricted the waters in which he can swim.

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Very Modest Proposals

by Matthew Rees

WHAT A DIFFERENCE 12 months makes. A year ago, congressional Republicans were giddy over the prospects of passing $270 billion in Medicare savings, approving a budget that would come into balance by the year 2002, and revolutionizing the way Washington does business. Newt Gingrich's insurgents boasted of being on "permanent offense."

We know what happened next, and the GOP has been on defense ever since. As a result, the party's aspirations for the remaining few weeks of the 104th Congress are modest. Indeed, congressional Republicans seek to do little more than what the Constitution requires of them: appropriate the money needed for the coming fiscal year. That means passing spending bills and hoping the president signs them—then leaving Washington and plunging into what is really on their minds, their reelection campaigns. In the words of one GOP sage, "We want to get done and get out."

That's not so easy. At a September 4 press conference, Senate minority leader Tom Daschle and House minority leader Richard Gephardt indicated they'll be making life difficult for their Republican colleagues over the next few weeks. Daschle blasted Bob Dole's tax-cut proposal and charged that "extremism is alive and well in the Republican caucus." He then made a solemn statement about the need to complete the appropriations bills, but noted this wouldn't be possible if there were "deep cuts" in spending on education and environmental protection. Just what qualifies as a "deep cut" remains unclear, but the statement is a harbinger of Democratic obstructionism. I asked Gephardt what he thought the chances were of the government running out of money again, and he replied: "It could happen. We're in the same condition as last year. I'm fearful of another shutdown." Daschle nodded.

This preference for confrontation over compromise doesn't bode well for congressional Republicans, still spooked by the political damage they suffered from last winter's government shutdowns. House majority leader Dick Armey pledges that "the House and Senate will do everything in their power to avoid" another such experience. But complicating matters is that only one of the 13 appropriations bills has been

signed into law, and another five have yet to pass the Senate.

Republicans would like nothing more than to send all the remaining appropriations bills to the president and have him sign them. But no one believes they'll complete their work that quickly, much less get cooperation from the White House. More likely, Republicans will send Clinton a temporary measure funding the government into next year. That's what they did last year, though the strategy stalled when Clinton vetoed the spending measures, closing the government.

As Armey indicated, this is not something congressional Republicans want to repeat. "We have every intention of passing appropriations bills the White House will find satisfactory," explains the speaker's press secretary, Tony Blankley. Still, this strategy may fail. Senate majority leader Trent Lott noted that Democrats "may like the idea of a government shutdown because last time Bill Clinton shut it down, he blamed it on the Congress, and they got away with it."

For all of the political wounds Republicans suffered during the last year's budget combat, they did win the ideological war. They forced Clinton and congressional Democrats to commit to a balanced budget by the year 2002, and they have lopped off $53 billion in non-defense discretionary spending since taking control of Congress.

Those victories carry over to this year's budget deliberations. House Appropriations Committee chairman Bob Livingston promises, "We're not going to cave in," but as Steve Moore of the Cato Institute points out, the balanced budget agreement makes it difficult for Republicans to sell their souls or for Democrats to demand huge spending increases. "Everything's on a pretty tight leash right now," insists Moore, noting that while the GOP's 1997 budget is not as fiscally conservative as last year's, it's still pretty good: "We should do better, but we've certainly done worse."

The focus on appropriations will be interrupted by a few forays into hot-button domestic-policy concerns like abortion and immigration. In late September the House will vote to override President Clinton's veto of the partial-birth abortion ban. The Senate is unlikely to garner the two-thirds majority required to override, but the exercise will force Democrats to cast a politically unpopular vote. Similarly, the immigration legislation is expected to pass the House easily but to encounter trouble in the Senate because of a provision giving states the option of denying public education to illegal immigrants. Should the bill get through Congress, Clinton will be faced with another welfare-type decision: Signing the bill would be popular but would enrage the Left, while vetoing it would hurt, particularly in California.

Republicans had also talked of using the more than $50 billion in savings from the welfare bill to pass a modest tax cut, but they ultimately scotched the idea as a distraction from Dole's tax package. They were probably right, now that "permanent offense" is a thing of the past. ♦

NikeTown Shantytowns?

by Irwin M. Stelzer

First stop, San Francisco. All is changed. Where one of my favorite cigar stores once stood, a construction crew is at work on a new NikeTown. Then to Los Angeles, and a stroll down Beverly Hills's posh Wilshire Boulevard. A mob scene, with four policemen organizing the eager customers into lines that stretch around the block. The occasion: the grand opening of yet another NikeTown. And the beat goes on: A $100 million NikeTown is scheduled to open on Manhattan's East 57th Street within the next few months.

In a studio ten blocks uptown, Kathie Lee Gifford holds forth on live television every morning. Remember her embarrassment at discovering that a line of clothing bearing her name was being sewn by underpaid workers here and in Honduras? And her subsequent, tearfully contrite appearance before a congressional committee while husband Frank Gifford distributed cash to the exploited workers in New York City?

Let's move from Kathie Lee Gifford to Michael Jordan. Jordan has signed a one-year contract for $25 million, a sum likely to be doubled by the fees he will receive for endorsing Nike sneakers and other products. Meanwhile, the workers who make the sneakers that bear his imprimatur earn only a few dollars a day. Jordan's critics like to point out that the Chicago Bulls' star earns more per minute of play than a Nike worker earns in a decade.

The triumph of the NikeTown stores, the discomfort of Kathie Lee Gifford, and the $12,500 a minute Michael Jordan earns are directly related. They involve the manufacture of goods for sale to Ameri-

can consumers by overseas workers who are paid far less than their American counterparts. These overseas workers are employed by contractors and subcontractors in Indonesia and elsewhere. The contractors are paid by American companies to manufacture everything from T-shirts for The Gap to sneakers for Nike.

The overseas manufacturers are tapping into a labor market in which a surplus of workers gives them superior bargaining power. They are dealing with a work force eager for jobs and capable of living on wages far lower than those paid to American workers. Not only is the pay low by the standards of the industrialized world, but the working conditions are, to American eyes, appalling. Air conditioning and other amenities taken for granted here are nonexistent; overtime work is mandatory, and holidays are few. By transferring work to parts of the world where production costs are a fraction of those at home, America's corporate chieftains can lay off expensive American workers and reward themselves with large bonuses as their companies profit.

Sean Delonas

So says a new coalition that wants to force American firms to change the way they do business overseas. First, of course, we have the trade unions, understandably eager to reduce the competition their members face from their counterparts in developing countries. Just as union organizers of old found that they had to follow the textile industry when it began its move from highly unionized and high-cost New England to the South if they were to protect their hard-won gains in the North, so today's union leaders would like to follow American manufacturers to Indonesia, Central America, and other places in which goods are being turned out for the American market. But they can't.

For one thing, those countries do not exactly roll out the welcome mat for union organizers, both because their regimes are hostile to the development of non-governmental power centers and because they recognize that the road to economic development is paved with foreign investment. For another, workers in those countries are not eager to antagonize employers who generally pay them far more than they can earn elsewhere, twice the minimum wage in Nike's case.

Unable to organize the overseas work force they think has kept real wages in the U.S. apparel industry at sweatshop levels, trade-union leaders now want to persuade American consumers not to buy products made under supposedly substandard conditions. Just as Cesar Chavez once enlisted consumers in a boycott of grapes on behalf of farm workers, so today's unions are trying to enlist consumers in their battle to stem the tide of foreign-made goods. So far, they have found two allies.

The first is a diverse and as yet ineffective group of consumers that feels it is immoral for rich American companies to employ foreign workers, more often than not young women, at low pay for long hours in hot factories. One such protester ruefully describes his effort to stem the tide of customers waiting impatiently to flood a Nike store about to open in Seattle. Despite his highly informative sign, none of those lined up to charge the counters at the opening bell decided that solidarity with overseas workers was more important than a new pair of Air Jordans.

Their second ally has more clout. Led by labor secretary Robert Reich, the American government is putting pressure on the World Trade Organization to "harmonize" global labor standards. The idea is simple: Require goods being sold on world markets to be manufactured under comparable conditions. The protectionist nature of this gambit is shown by the nature of its primary supporter, France, whose high-cost welfare state is threatened by competition from the developing countries. (France, by the way, fought every liberalizing feature of the last GATT agreement, places quotas on the importation of American films and music, and has managed its own economy into a 12.5 percent unemployment rate—and rising.)

But if wages and working conditions in every country were the same, if environmental regulations were identical, and if tax rates around the world were "harmonized," there would be very little international trade. For, as the Clinton administration well knows, international trade is basically a process

by which countries with a comparative advantage in some aspect of the production process sell things to countries with an advantage in some other aspect.

So far, the administration has pressed its case at the WTO with little fanfare. But if Bill Clinton wins a second term, he will have good reason to pursue this subtly protectionist line with renewed vigor. For, beholden to the unions for the tens of millions of dollars they will have poured into his campaign coffers, the president will have to deliver training programs, time off to cope with family problems, time off in lieu of overtime, and other items on labor's wish list. But he will have little or no money to spend, and so he will have to impose the costs of these programs on businesses.

But that will make it even more difficult for domestic manufacturers to compete with overseas producers—unless those producers, too, are required to bear the costs of similar benefits. Enter the World Trade Organization and the administration's plea for "harmonization." This neat bit of policy wonkery doesn't sound protectionist—nothing as crude as tariff walls or import quotas. And it transfers income from consumers, who are too many to notice and too unorganized to complain, to a few union workers by imposing higher prices on the former to support higher wages for the latter.

American consumers will not be the only ones to suffer. Overseas workers struggling to emerge from poverty will also pay a steep price. One campaigner-against-exploitation boasted to me of having forced a retail chain to stop using "young teenage girls" to manufacture clothing for distribution in its U.S. stores. When asked what she thought those now-unemployed Salvadoran youngsters were doing, she responded that she assumed they were back in school! More likely, they are working at still lower wages, under still worse conditions, perhaps in occupations with more damaging long-run consequences for their health and living standards. The facts that now-prosperous Japan started as a low-wage producer, and that economic development cannot be achieved overnight, don't seem to register.

Nor does the fact that the allegedly exploited workers are often better off than their countrymen who remain in primitive agricultural or handicraft industries. An executive of one small company that manufactures plastic coat hangers in China told me that the wages he pays, which now average $25 per month, have made his workers the richest people in their villages. And Nike vice president David Taylor says that his company's subcontractors pay wages higher than the prescribed minima, plus bonuses for attendance, and provide free meals and medical care. He also points to an independent audit showing that 60 percent of the line workers in one Indonesian factory making Nike shoes save more than 25 percent of their monthly pay. Whether all those who work directly or indirectly for American firms do as well we do not know with certainty. But that seems to be the case in Central America: *Business Week* reports that Honduran workers who sew Levi's Dockers and Nike shorts average about $5.40 per day, twice the minimum wage.

The onslaught against the use of overseas workers has come at a particularly inauspicious time for the business community, which isn't in a very good position to fight back these days. True, the huge capital gains average shareholders have been earning have disposed them to be less critical of the performance of big corporations than would otherwise be the case, on the general theory that it is impolite to bite the hand that is enriching you. But those gains appear to be coming to an end. Watch for the row over executive compensation to flare up again when critics of Bob Dole's tax-cut plan point out that it is likely to favor high earners. Ross Perot is on the loose again, with federal funds that can be used to publicize the "big sucking sound" he hears in his head. And the newly popular notion that corporations should behave "responsibly," on behalf of all their "stakeholders," rather than merely maximize profits, can easily be expanded to include an obligation to go beyond the requirements of host-country laws in remunerating workers.

THE ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE USE OF OVERSEAS WORKERS HAS COME AT A PARTICULARLY INAUSPICIOUS TIME FOR THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

So self-styled protectors of the Honduran and Indonesian poor, egged on by the trade unions, will have fertile ground in which to sow their criticism of the callousness of corporate America. And executives will have no reservoir of goodwill on which to draw in their defense of the way they do business overseas. This, despite the fact that their businesses are providing work for virtually all who want it, at rising real-compensation levels, and without raising the prices consumers must pay for most of the goods they buy.

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Who Is George Pataki?

By William Tucker

In July, the Cato Institute gave New York's George Pataki the highest rating of any governor in its biannual "Fiscal Report Card on America's Governors." A big win for the home team? You'd never know it by reading the New York newspapers. Neither the *New York Times* nor the *Daily News* made mention, and most upstate papers were equally indifferent. Only the *New York Post* ran a lead editorial.

There lies the dilemma for George Pataki, the unassuming former small-city mayor who has become New York's first truly conservative governor in more than 75 years. Almost unnoticed, Pataki is hacking away at the suffocating undergrowth, the result of decades of liberal rule, that has left New York's economy resembling some lost Mayan civilization. The whole enterprise is a conservative's dream. Almost everywhere he turns, Pataki finds some tortuous vine strangling a forgotten piece of enterprise.

Yet how long can the governor continue this lonely crusade before he grows arm-weary? His tax cuts over the last two years have made absolutely no impression on the public (although this may change when people start filling out their W-4s). His approval ratings hover below 40 percent. He is picketed by public employees' unions everywhere he goes. The newspapers, particularly in New York City, spend their time lamenting cuts in state services.

Nor has he avoided personal embarrassments. His lieutenant governor, Betsy McCaughey Ross, has become a media darling by insulting him every chance she gets. It has taken a court order to get him to disclose the names of corporations and lobbying groups that contributed to his inaugural ball two years ago.

Most worrisome, New York state appears headed for a crisis next year when federal welfare reform meets Article XVII of the New York state constitution. It reads: "The aid, care and support of the needy are public concerns and shall be provided by the state." Liberals are girding to use the clause—the only one of its kind in North America—as a ratchet to turn New York into the nation's welfare mecca just as every other state will be dismantling its welfare system.

Still, the governor soldiers on. "I love this job," he says, sitting with his shoes off in his new midtown Manhattan office. "I'm proud of this state and what it has represented for the rest of the country and the world. We're determined to turn New York back into a place where people want to live and do business."

Two years ago, when Pataki came from 9 points behind in the last week to upset three-term incumbent Mario Cuomo, many people believed New York was at the end of its rope. After three decades of spendthrift rule—spearheaded originally by Republican governor Nelson Rockefeller—the state was on the verge of insolvency. Except for Louisiana, New York still has the worst credit rating of any state in the country. Total general obligation debt stands at $23 billion, dead even with California, even though the latter has twice New York's population.

And that's only half the story. The biggest government debtor in the nation (outside the federal government) is New York City, which owes $30 billion—$4,100 for every man, woman, and child, one of seven of whom is on welfare. Both city and state draw on the same tax base. A mere tremor in one will bring walls down on the other. "The state is actually in a weaker position to help rescue New York City than it was in 1974," says James Dearborn, a vice president at Moody's Investors Service.

Along with this debt, New Yorkers were shouldering the highest tax burden in the nation, 162 percent of the national average. (New York City residents paid 174 percent.) David Frum may have sealed Cuomo's fate in 1994 with a cover story in *Forbes* noting that one out of every three people who lost a job in the 1990-91 recession was a New Yorker. "Actually, it was worse than that," says Robert Ward, director of research at the New York Business Council. "We lost another 100,000 jobs *after* the national recession ended in 1991. We've just made those back during the first two years of the Pataki administration."

Amidst this general collapse, Cuomo was essentially clueless. His soaring rhetoric, so beloved by the press, disguised the fact that he was probably the country's last medieval thinker. During an off-the-cuff

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acceptance speech at the 1990 state convention, Cuomo talked enthusiastically about his discovery of the principles of economics in conversations with Vincent Tese, commissioner of New York's department of economic development. "This is wonderful, Vincent, they make something, they sell to us. We make something, we sell to them. We both come out ahead." In the same speech, Cuomo bragged that he had persuaded "a British company to locate a brickyard right here in New York State." (The speech was later carefully suppressed by his campaign staff.)

Meanwhile, state spending more than doubled over the 12 years of Cuomo's tenure. In 1987, Cuomo reluctantly passed tax cuts, then postponed half of them. By 1994 the full plan still hadn't been implemented.

Those days are now over. In his first year, Pataki proposed cutting taxes 25 percent across the board. The Democratic state assembly resisted, but the governor did manage to get through a 25 percent reduction for two-thirds of the state's taxpayers.

General state spending declined for the first time since 1943. "The crown jewel of the Pataki agenda has been his 20 percent income tax cut," noted Stephen Moore and Dean Stansel, authors of the Cato report. "It will shave $2 billion a year off New Yorkers' tax bills—a tax cut as large in dollar terms as those enacted by all the rest of the states combined. No other state has improved its fiscal condition over the past two years more than New York has." Then again, they noted, "no other state had such a giant hole to climb out of." Even now, the state's tax burden is still the highest in the nation.

Equally important have been improvements in the business climate. Worker's Compensation had been particularly disastrous. Set up to protect both employees and employers, worker's comp guarantees employees compensation for work-related injuries and guarantees employers protection from paying punitive damages in lawsuits.

In 1972, the New York State Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, ruled that equipment manufacturers that had been sued by injured workers could turn around and sue the employers—thus neatly undoing the protections of worker's comp. As a result, New York employers paid the highest insurance premiums in the nation.

How bad was it? In 1992, the United States government filed a motion in federal court arguing that a portion of Ellis Island, built on landfill, should be considered part of New Jersey. A National Park Service employee had been seriously injured on that part of the island. The employee sued the manufacturer of the equipment, which in turn sued the Park Service. The U.S. government tried to have the case transferred to New Jersey's jurisdiction, where such third-party suits are forbidden. The government lost.

This year, Pataki decided there wouldn't be a state budget until the state legislature agreed to repeal the 1972 Court of Appeals decision. Trial lawyers went berserk, but Pataki persisted. The negotiations broke the record for budget stalemates in a state where the budget is regularly two months behind schedule. Yet Pataki got what he wanted.

"I must say, I was impressed," says Tom Carroll, president of CHANGE-NY, the state's largest taxpayers' organization. "I never thought he would prevail against the trial lawyers. He said we're going to tackle worker's comp this year and welfare next year and that's what he's done."

"It's a matter of setting priorities," Pataki says. "I remember visiting the Reagan White House [when he was mayor of Peekskill, N.Y.] and no matter who you talked to, they always gave you the same three or four priorities. At the Bush White House, there were 147 different things they were going to do."

Cutting regulations, which does not always require the consent of the legislature, has given Pataki another opportunity to improve the state's business climate. "It would be an understatement to say things have gotten better," says Ward, of the Business Council. "The change has been dramatic and fundamental."

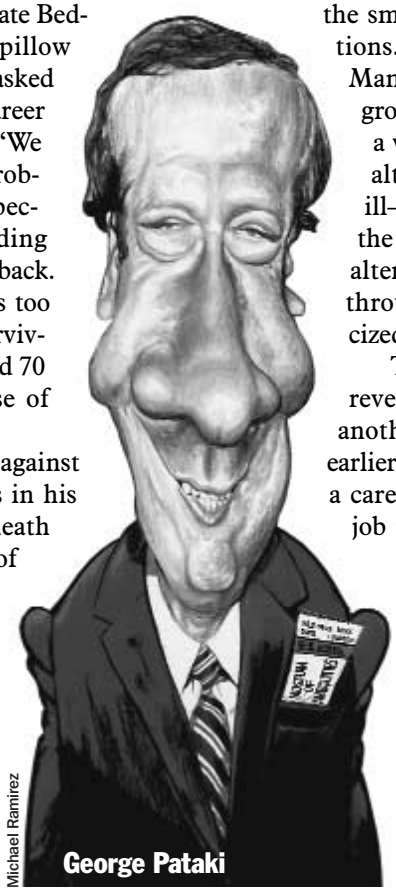
Earlier this year, for example, an Alcoa plant on the St. Lawrence River detected a defect in a furnace partly coated with asbestos. The company had just trained new staff in working with asbestos but was awaiting their certification by the state labor department. "The last time we dealt with the state, it took them six weeks to approve the certification and then they wouldn't accept our check, even though we're the oldest operating aluminum plant in America," says Mike Cooper, Alcoa's public-relations director. "This time they came through in less than eight hours. We had production back on the line in two days, whereas in the old days our people would have been sitting home for a month. There's a whole new attitude down in Albany."

When Kodak recently announced a decision to locate $500 million in new manufacturing facilities in its home city of Rochester (rather than Colorado or Mexico, where much of its recent investments have been), Kodak CEO George Fisher said, "Our decision has been influenced by the exciting policy changes that are occurring in New York under the leadership of George Pataki. There is absolutely no reason, given all the recent improvements, that New York cannot become a preferred location for manufacturing."

Yet once again, the regulatory morass is so thick it may take years to clear away the underbrush. CHANGE-NY's Carroll, who served as Pataki's deputy director of regulatory reform, recalls an encounter with the Bedding Board, a turn-of-the-century reform agency originally set up to keep manufacturers from stuffing pillows and mattresses with dead rats. (The label marked "Do not remove under penalty of law" is the board's signature accomplishment.)

"We had a manufacturer in Buffalo trying to make pillows designed to prevent sudden infant crib death," recalls Carroll. "He has 70 handicapped workers, and he missed a payroll because the state Bedding Board was holding up his pillow license. We called in the officials and asked if they could expedite things. One career bureaucrat pulled me aside and said, 'We really don't consider this a health problem anymore. We don't even do inspections.' I asked her when the Bedding Board had last met. She said she'd get back. She called the next day and said, 'It's too bad you didn't ask sooner. The last surviving member died last week.' Yet we had 70 employees missing a payroll because of this agency."

Where Pataki is likely to run up against even more entrenched bureaucracy is in his effort to enforce New York's new death penalty. Approved by both houses of the legislature every year for the past 18 years, capital punishment had been vetoed each time by Cuomo or his predecessor, Hugh Carey. Pataki made it a campaign issue and wasted little time in signing a bill his third month in office. Yet nobody expects any killers to be executed in this century and maybe not even the next.



Michael Ramirez

George Pataki

The first problem has been prosecutors themselves. Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau and Brooklyn's Charles Hynes have indicated they are philosophically opposed to the death penalty and have not yet brought capital charges. Both are under tremendous pressure from the liberal press to practice passive resistance. When Hispanic drug dealers killed a police officer trying to make an arrest in the Bronx, district attorney Robert Johnson not only refused to bring capital charges but started maneuvering so that no one else could, either. The Pataki administration quickly realized that permitting this "inequality" between the Bronx and the rest of the state would open up legal justification for overturning sentences everywhere. Pataki replaced Johnson on the case with state attorney general Dennis Vacco. So far there have been only four other capital cases brought around the state, in Ulster, Monroe, Suffolk, and Onondaga counties—even though New York City accounts for 90 percent of the state's murders.

But the real problem will not begin until convictions start reaching the Court of Appeals. With all seven members appointed by Cuomo, the state's highest court has an outstanding record for detecting even the smallest peccadilloes in criminal convictions. In January, the court overturned a Manhattan burglary conviction on the grounds that the defendant had not signed a written statement agreeing to accept an alternate juror after another juror fell ill—even though the trial record showed the defendant had insisted on seating the alternate because he didn't want to go through another trial. Pataki loudly criticized the decision.

Two days later, the *New York Post* revealed that the same defendant had had another conviction overturned four years earlier on the same technicality. The burglar, a career criminal, had obviously learned to job the system. He would agree to seat an alternate juror but carefully avoided signing any documents. The Court of Appeals played willing straight man in this burlesque. "There will be an execution at some point in New York," says Sean Byrne, executive director of the New York Prosecutors Training Institute, "but it will happen sooner if there is an aggressive volunteer"—i.e., a Gary Gilmore type who seeks his own death.

While executions may remain a dim prospect, the new toughness on crime is filtering down anyway. Under Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and former police commissioner William Bratton, New York City's crime rates tumbled almost 30 percent in the last three years. Pataki notes the same pattern has occurred across the state. "Yonkers, which is a city of 200,000, has had the same decline," he says. Pataki has passed "truth in sentencing" laws, requiring repeat violent felons to serve 85 percent of their terms, rather than the previous 40 percent. The result has been a 70 percent reduction in crime committed by people on felony release.

But it is on welfare reform that the fate of New York's revival may pivot. Years of profligacy have left entitlement payments a gaping wound in New York's budget. Almost half the babies born in New York City are illegitimate, and 32 percent of children under 18 are on welfare. Medicaid spending in New York now exceeds that of California and Florida combined, even though these two Sunbelt states have ample elderly and three times the general population.

Even here the governor is making progress. "We've reduced the welfare rolls by 200,000 people just by tightening up on eligibility," says Pataki. Recipients are now fingerprinted as a way of avoiding double-dipping (many had managed to collect both in New York and neighboring New Jersey). "We just ask for Social Security numbers and other forms of ID," Pataki says, "and all of a sudden some of these people just melt away."

But the first 200,000 may be the easiest. Federal welfare reform will require that 25 percent of the state's 1.4 million welfare recipients be employed in workfare programs by 1997 and 40 percent by the year 2000. Providing day care alone could cost $950 million a year. In addition, New York's liberals will not go down without a fight. There have already been efforts to unionize the 34,000 Home Relief recipients now earning their checks by sweeping streets and cleaning up in the parks.

Beyond policy, the biggest thorn in Pataki's side has been his lieutenant governor, Betsy McCaughey Ross. A policy wonk at the Manhattan Institute who won attention with a brilliant critique of President Clinton's health plan in the *New Republic*, McCaughey Ross has proved to be restive in political office. She alienated a whole series of staff members and made a bizarre claim of being detained by state police in order to keep her from speaking at a Pataki function. During the governor's 1996 state of the state address, she stood directly behind him flashing her toothsome smile at the TV cameras. (She later told *New York* magazine she couldn't find her chair.)

Now ostracized by Republicans, McCaughey has become the New York media's favorite damsel in distress waiting to be rescued by the Democrats. Just married for the second time—to Wilbur Ross, a wealthy investor and hefty Democratic supporter—she is probably too close to the Manhattan in-crowd to avoid falling in with the glitterati. She will undoubtedly be bumped from the ticket in 1998 and has made noises about challenging Pataki or running against Sen. Al D'Amato, whose seat comes up that year. No one is very concerned. As for Pataki, he will be halfway through his second term in 2000, the year Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan stands for reelection. By then, Moynihan could seem as outdated as Cuomo did in 1994.

Like many of the Republicans who now govern the industrial states from New York to Wisconsin, Pataki came from hardscrabble roots. The grandson of Hungarian immigrants, three of whom did not speak English, the governor grew up on a farm in northern Westchester County. "One of my earliest memories is sitting in front of the television watching pictures from the Hungarian Revolution," he recalls. "We only had one TV and everyone came over to watch. The excitement of people achieving their freedom and then the catastrophe of the Soviets' crushing it—all that has never left me. From that point, my family and I were devout anti-Communists."

Attending Yale, he was a Goldwaterite in 1964. "Barry Goldwater had that working-class conservatism that absolutely inspired me. I remember watching the San Francisco convention in Madison Square Garden and being so excited the Republican party was finally being taken out of the hands of the country club set and put in the hands of people who really wanted a change."

After attending Columbia Law School, Pataki returned to his home town of Peekskill, where he was eventually elected mayor. "I remember one of the first things I discovered was we had an ordinance that said you couldn't park on the streets from November to April," he says. "I had people coming in saying, 'I've got a twenty-year-old car, I can't afford a garage, I don't have a driveway, I just want to leave my car in the street.' So I went to the highway department and asked, 'Why do we have this ordinance?' They replied, 'Well, it snows five or six times a year and the plows can't get through.' There you had it. We were playing havoc with people's lives so that five or six times a year, municipal employees, who are well-paid, would have an easier time doing their job. So we repealed the law. It was just a minuscule example of the mindset whereby government dictates to the people rather than the other way around."

At times like these, Pataki displays some of the same overblown resentment against governments that liberals often have against multinational corporations. Conservatives also express a few concerns about some of Pataki's odd passions. The governor seems to have a weakness for electric cars. Others have criticized his embrace of a referendum that would have allowed the state to move even more borrowing off-budget. "That proved Pataki is really a lightweight on spending," says one bond watcher.

But generally, the governor's populism is serving

him well. He raised hackles in Albany by refusing to live in the governor's mansion. Instead, he commutes three hours a day from Garrison, where his four children attend public schools. "I got killed up in Albany," says Pataki. "People said it was a disgrace, an insult to the state. But we didn't want to disrupt our children's lives."

That the governor remains so obscure is really a measure of how far New York's fortunes have fallen. Only 47 Fortune 500 companies remain headquartered in New York City (down from 254 in 1965). It is the only state besides Iowa that has lost population since 1970 and will soon fall behind Florida as the fourth largest state in the nation.

Traditionally, New York governors are national figures, always but a step away from the White House. In contrast to the Roosevelts, Al Smith, Rockefeller, and Cuomo, Pataki seems a humble Cincinnatus, happy to set the state straight and then retire to his farm.

Yet Pataki's fate remains intertwined with the state's uncertain fortunes. On the national scene, his pro-choice stance could easily hem him in with neighboring governors William Weld and Christie Whitman—a good ally in the Northeast but difficult to elevate to national office. Still, if Pataki really succeeds in unleashing New York's latent industrial might, what a story that will be! Next to dealing with New York's high taxes, overregulation, welfare dependency, municipal labor unions, and entrenched liberal culture, Washington would be a piece of cake. ♦

Jack Kemp, Apostle to the Unconvertible

By Tucker Carlson

Fraser, Michigan

"What is capital?" Jack Kemp asks as he paces in shirt sleeves and wireless microphone before a crowd of factory workers. It is the morning after Labor Day, and the Republican nominee for vice president is on the floor of ISI Automation, a robotics manufacturing plant in Macomb County, Mich., trying hard to explain Bob Dole's economic plan to the hundred or so employees assembled. It's not clear that the audience has understood his question, but Kemp answers it anyway. "*This* is capital," he says meaningfully, pointing to his head. A look of incomprehension settles over the crowd. Some pull nervously on cigarettes, others shift their gaze to the floor. Just about everybody looks confused. But the candidate keeps going—indeed, quickens the pace of the lesson. Over the next ten minutes, Kemp gives short primers on supply-side economics (as he explains it, a concept first introduced by President Kennedy in 1962), the balance of world trade (the Northern Hemisphere, he says, is now "one big state"), and the relationship between management and labor ("The wage earner and the stockholder are the same person," he explains, only at different points along life's journey).

It is a speech Kemp could have delivered to enthusiastic applause at the Heritage Foundation, and probably has. Instead, this day his blue-collar audience stares blankly when he mentions "your capital investment" and becomes animated only when the talk turns—as it often does when Kemp speaks—to football. Jack Kemp has been giving a lot of speeches like this recently. Barnstorming through the industrial Midwest last week, Kemp assumed the role of the Dole campaign's missionary to the Democrats, giving most of his speeches to crowds that were either largely unionized or black. Kemp's willingness to bring his message to those who will not necessarily appreciate it is admirable, even daring. It is less certain whether such a strategy will win his ticket many votes this fall.

If nothing else, Kemp's first two weeks on the stump have shown he is capable of keeping his rhetoric consistent with the official positions of the Dole campaign. As a speaker, Kemp tends to extemporaneous public musings on just about any subject—economics, world history, and sports, among others. In the days following his nomination, it was widely feared among campaign advisers that Kemp might suddenly "leave the reservation" during a speech and contradict Dole's stated position on questions like

immigration or affirmative action. At least some reporters following the campaign were assigned to Kemp for the purpose of being present when something like this happened, a beat referred to as the "death watch."

So far, Kemp has cleaved to the party line. Yet it is a measure of the media's expectations of him that when, during a recent speech in Montana, Kemp recommended eliminating inheritance taxes—a position not contained in Dole's original economic plan—the offhand remark made it into a number of news stories. To reporters at the scene, it seemed evidence of Kemp's disobedience. If it was, Dole covered it well. Within 24 hours, the presidential candidate reconciled the two messages, giving a speech that called for "estate tax reform."


Michael Ramirez
Jack Kemp

Kemp's rhetorical discipline is heartening to Republican partisans but a source of discouragement to the press. A fractured campaign is more interesting to cover than a harmonious one. As Kemp reliably sticks to his boss's message in public, news coverage of his appearances—free publicity the Dole campaign cannot thrive without—inevitably will drop off. According to a grumbling CNN producer assigned to the vice presidential nominee, "The networks have decided Kemp is part of the Dole story, so they're only covering his soundbite of the day."

Usually that soundbite has something to do with Bob Dole's proposed 15 percent tax cut. Kemp's primary assignment seems to be to give life to the campaign's economic plan, particularly its tax reductions. Kemp is an effective spokesman for the plan, and it's a good thing: Centering a campaign on a blueprint for economic reform, even one that includes a sizable tax cut, is not the easiest way to stir up crowds. At a large Labor Day rally for Dole in St. Louis, warm-up speaker Rep. Jim Talent looked out into the sea of ardent Republicans and announced, "We ought to have a banner that says '15 Percent.'" Talent's remark was supposed to be inspiring. Yet the crowd seemed unsure of what the congressman was talking about, of whether he was boosting Dole or taking a swipe at Clinton—or perhaps even of what "15 Percent" referred to. Hardly anyone cheered.

Kemp's job is to make crowds cheer for the tax cut. And he is well suited for it, because he has the ability to frame Dole's economic ideas in ways that aren't threatening to those wary of increasing the federal deficit. The standard criticism of Dole's proposed tax reduction is that it panders to the electorate's most selfish, acquisitive instincts. Yet in Kemp's hands, the plan comes across as remarkably high-minded: He never promises his audiences wealth, only the opportunity to create it. The stories he tells from the stump—of the welfare mothers, undercapitalized entrepreneurs, and other ordinary Americans struggling against confiscatory tax rates—make the 15 percent cut sound like something Robin Hood thought up.

Kemp, in other words, has a fundamentally sound message and is good at delivering it. The only question is whether the right audiences are hearing it. On a swing through Chicago the other day, Kemp gave only one public speech, to a mostly black audience at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on the city's South Side. Set in the shadows of the crumbing Ida Wells public housing project, the Centre is at ground zero of the Democratic base. Even Kemp, who sits on the board of Howard University and is naturally comfortable with black audiences, had to work to fit in, giving a soul handshake to a man in the crowd, adding a slight urban lilt to his voice, and generally doing his best to sound like just another black Republican supply-sider who happens to be white. At one point he referred to his wife, Joanne, as his son's "mama."

More significant, Kemp tailored his message to the Republican-phobic audience, barely mentioning the R-word, and then only apologetically. "Don't worry, it's not a Republican idea," he assured the crowd (a little dishonestly) when the topic of enterprise zones arose. Nor did Kemp mention Dole much during the speech. Instead he referred to his "good friend" Henry

Cisneros (Clinton's HUD secretary), his "very good and old friend" Kweisi Mfume (head of the NAACP), and a long list of other liberal Democrats he admires. Midway through his speech, Kemp even seemed to endorse racial preferences. "I'm for affirmative action," he said, "if it is the type of government effort to remove the barriers to people taking part in the type of access to credit, capital, housing, ownership, marriages, jobs, and education that are absolutely essential." Such a statement could be taken to mean just about anything. But spoken quickly—and coupled with the claim that his position on the subject has never "flipped" or "flopped"—Kemp's words conveyed the impression he still endorses the sort of affirmative action the Democratic party favors.

Still, the crowd generally seemed nonplused by Kemp's speech. Leaving the hall afterward, one spectator, a state representative from Chicago, gave his impressions: "I'm going to work my tail off to see that they [Republicans] get nothing in my district." All of which raises the question: Does a campaign that is 20 points behind on Labor Day have time for appearances like this? True, there is a nobility—as well as a sound long-term strategy—in Kemp's attempts to bring urban black voters into the Republican party. And there is a chance such efforts may convince some moderates not content with Clinton to back Bob Dole in the fall. But with two months of campaigning left, wouldn't it be more effective to bring Kemp's message directly to the voters he and Dole need to win in the immediate future: middle-class suburban women and their husbands?

Such thoughts have crossed the collective mind of the Dole campaign, and Kemp may soon find himself speaking before audiences whose votes he can realistically influence. Kemp also may find himself campaigning more often with Dole, who could use someone on the same stage to explain his economic program to audiences. In the meantime, Kemp soldiers on alone, apostle to the unconvertible.

For his first solo speech of the fall campaign, Kemp headed to Flint, Mich., where he spoke from the front porch of a house owned by Ed Goggins, a local man identified by campaign aides as "a worker," and his wife, Kaygie. Goggins, as it turns out, is not exactly a proletarian: His house, a handsome, well-kept colonial, is in a relatively upscale neighborhood, strolling distance from the Mott estate, home of the legendary head of General Motors. But if Goggins isn't an obvious member of the working class, many people in Flint are. More than half of the city's residents are non-white, many are union members, most are Democrats. It's not a town that has traditionally drawn many barnstorming Republicans. "I've never seen this before," said a local television reporter as Kemp stepped to the podium.

Kemp's speech went over well enough, but the real excitement began after it ended. A throng of neighbors ten deep surrounded Kemp, pushing forward, almost desperate to be near him. Reporters approached, wondering what caused the sudden enthusiasm. It turned out Kemp was signing footballs. ♦

Dick Morris: Alive and Well in the Solipsism Zone

By David Brooks

Bill Clinton was talking about his place in history with Dick Morris a few weeks ago in the Oval Office. They went over each of the presidents one by one, the *Washington Post* told us, to see where Clinton ranked. Clinton acknowledged with becoming modesty that he couldn't be in the top tier—Lincoln, Wilson, FDR—without a major war. But he could tuck in right below, around Teddy Roosevelt, and you can imagine Morris as they went down the roster: "Garfield? You smoke him, Mr. President. Hayes? Toast. Andrew Jackson? Couldn't triangulate his way out of a paper bag."

A president wouldn't feel comfortable swirling this topic around in his mouth with his classy advisers. Panetta, Rubin, and Christopher would frown at such self-aggrandizement. But with the vulgar Dick Morris, a president could really open up, cast decorum aside, and let the self-absorption flow. Bill Clinton has that

vulgar side. He's the one who placed all those confiding middle-of-the-night phone calls to Gennifer Flowers. That's why he's an attention-craving politician and not a law professor somewhere.

Since the story came out about Morris's dalliance with a hooker who listened in on his phone calls with Clinton, the commentariat has been puzzling over the strange relationship between the president and the slimeball. Gloria Borger likened Morris to Clinton's bad habit, "as if he had begun smoking again." *Time* said Morris had been "casting a mighty and mysterious spell on the presidency." But maybe it's not so mysterious. This is what happens to friendship when it happens between two men whose lives are suffused by politics.

Most major politicians—of either party—are not normal human beings. We normal people wend our way through the world aware we are one of millions. But major politicians dominate every room they enter and move as if their every gesture is being monitored by crowds. They have dozens or hundreds or even thousands of aides preening their queen-bee selves. Everything is coming at them, every flattery and every question and every attack, and it produces a kind of nearsightedness: Nothing really exists until it comes inside the zone of solipsism that surrounds them like a plasma bubble.

It takes an extraordinary aide to tend to the bubble of solipsism. These Morris-like figures transcend mere adviser status. Instead, they feed their own self-importance by sharing in the solipsism of their boss. He becomes their meaning, and politicians enjoy these alter egos because finally someone is as obsessed with the "Me" as they. Maybe more so.

Look at how Morris describes the way he was subsumed in the identity of Bill Clinton: "He shaped me into his tool," Morris said to Eric Pooley of *Time*. "He looked at his life and saw what he needed, and I became that." And then later, "I don't believe there is a single issue where Bill Clinton and I disagree. I'm just like him." Morris has called Clinton "the essence of my career."

Morris is a man obsessed with Clinton's public face, and foolishly careless when it came to his own. Here's a man whose relationship to the president transcended the normal White House structure and transcended normal professionalism, to the dismay of the White House chief of staff. No normal adviser would write exclusive briefing books for the president in which he criticized the other advisers. Morris did. Morris was willing to have 80 percent of the White House staff hate him so long as he could have this bond with the president.

In Israel, I used to dine with an aide who plays a Dick Morris-like role to Ariel Sharon. His entire conversation consisted of stories and observations about Sharon, so that after a while, if you yourself were not Sharon-obsessed, your eyes teared up out of boredom. It's not a bit surprising that Morris couldn't even have a relationship with a prostitute without making Bill Clinton a major part of it.

And it's not surprising that Morris would harbor grandiose notions of sacrificing himself for his boss. "Even if this episode destroys me, I will have done one great thing in my life, which is to help this man get the chance to lead this country for another four years," Morris told *Time*'s Walter Isaacson after the scandal broke. For the central message that such aides communicate to their bosses is that they, the patrons, are cosmically important—a focal point of history, worth the sacrifice of lesser mortals.

In the world of Morris enthusiasms, every Clinton election is a historic election. Clinton is not just a politician, he is "the end product of the debate between Democrats and Republicans this century." Every compromise is grandly dressed up as a "Hegelian synthesis." Speeches are not just words; they are epoch-making. In the Isaacson interview, Morris said of Gore's convention-speech story about his sister: "In that four minutes he probably saved hundreds of thousands of lives." Vice presidents and even presidents aren't actually that powerful. But if you were president, wouldn't you occasionally like to hear someone tell you that you were?

Massachusetts governor William Weld, a former Morris client, gave *Time* a beautiful description of how Morris makes his politicians feel: "He sings to me. Strings go p-ling in my thoracic cavity. He finds boogie men and sets them up and knocks them down."

Politicians are often surrounded by such lowlife hangers-on and amoralists. Creeps don't make a politician's skin crawl because their creepiness just doesn't penetrate his zone of solipsism. Clinton supposedly knew Morris had no character, but what that meant wasn't real to him until Morris upstaged him on the cover of *Time* four days before the world found out that the *Star* had photographs and tapes of Morris and his hooker at the Jefferson Hotel. When Clinton discovered that Morris was going to be portrayed as his "brain," he reportedly hit the roof and demanded Morris call Isaacson and get himself off the cover. Finally, Morris's weaknesses penetrated Clinton's zone of solipsism.

When Clinton was told about the *Star* exposé, he supposedly looked up for a second and then continued working on his convention speech. An intimate of 20

years immolates himself, and Clinton reacts as coolly as if somebody told him rain was coming. This suggests that Clinton immediately insulated himself from Morris, who had become a problem and no longer an asset.

The manner in which Clinton appears to have cut Morris off is reminiscent of the way Henry V cut off Falstaff at the conclusion of Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part II* ("I know thee not, old man," Falstaff's former buddy Prince Hal tells him upon assuming the crown). Morris is no Falstaff, but the common thread is that political leaders subordinate things like friendship and normal human relationships to *raison d'état.* Shakespeare emphasized the friendlessness of the king, and friendlessness is a common trait among many recent presidents, good and bad. Who was Reagan's close friend? Who was Carter's? Who is Dole's? The zone of solipsism prevents such natural relations.

Michael Ramirez

Morris, of course, is himself thoroughly politicized. He has turned his own marriage into a grotesquerie in order to save his political skin, posing for a "homey" dinner table picture in *Time* with his wife Eileen McGann, a photo in which they look like a couple of wax figures contemplating suicide. His wife's statement—"I'm concerned with helping Dick get through this. I think he will. He has great survival instincts ever since being born prematurely at 2 1/2 lbs."—is like a focus-group-tested paean to adulterers.

And judging by the interviews he's given, even Morris's devotion to Clinton can't really be called friendship or sympathy, since he admires his own role in forming Clinton more than he admires Clinton as a person. The most amazing characteristic in Morris's post-disgrace interviews in *Time* and the *New York Times* is his pride of ownership in this political entity called Bill Clinton. He describes the Clinton campaign as a joint Morris/Clinton exercise: "We decided, on my urging, that we would lead into the convention with a lot of bill signings . . ." Any normal aide would say "The president decided . . ."

Morris says it was his idea to make the first night of the Democratic convention in Chicago non-political, with Christopher Reeve and Sarah Brady: "The president himself was quizzical, but I called him every morning on his vacation, and he said that if I thought it would work, we should do it." Morris says he wrote Clinton's convention speech while the president was distracted on the train trip that preceded the convention: "I would give the speech as it came to my mind, and people would pounce on it and edit it as we went along. . . . The speech we gave was almost word for word the one we drafted for him." In his letter of resignation, Morris used the word "I" 13 times and took credit for preventing a landslide Clinton defeat. Maybe he was right. Without Morris, Clinton probably wouldn't have agreed to a balanced budget, wouldn't have signed the welfare-reform bill, and the political landscape would have looked very different.

What's striking about this bizarre chain of events—from the call girl eavesdropping on the president, to the wife image-buffing the adulterer, to the president and first lady making condolence calls to the disgraced spinner who betrayed them—is that we now have a politico-media aristocracy every bit as removed from natural human traits as Versailles-bound aristocrats were in 18th-century France. We think it strange that French aristocrats would avidly seek the honor of being present for the Sun King's defecation, but isn't it equally odd that we have these teams of guru spinners and image crafters all tending to the media emanations of one man? How could a person in the center of this hive of furious attention not develop into a solipsistic entity?

And how could a totally politicized consultant in this atmosphere not devolve into an unnatural creature, beyond shame and plausibility? Commit adultery, betray your president, get on the cover of *Time* in consecutive weeks, sign a book deal, negotiate to become an analyst for TV networks . . . Does anyone doubt that Dick Morris will go on and on? Does anyone doubt that he will be back, after a decent interval, at his Sun King's side? ♦

How to Deal with the Youth Crime Wave

By John J. Dilulio, Jr.

On May 30, Rep. Bill McCollum, a Florida Republican, introduced the Violent Predator Act of 1996. The bill calls for automatic adult prosecution of juveniles age 14 or older who commit federal violent crimes or major drug crimes. It permits adult prosecution of juveniles age 13 or older who commit any federal felony. It imposes mandatory minimum sentences for armed violent youth offenders. It enhances cooperation among federal, state, and local law enforcement officials in apprehending violent youth criminals who use guns. It seeks to improve juvenile-crime record-keeping and public access. It establishes a new Office of Juvenile Crime Control. And it relaxes federal restrictions on housing juvenile offenders in adult jails or prisons.

House Democrats howled at the McCollum bill and forced a change in its title—the word "predator" is now gone. But head-in-the-sand word games won't obviate the harsh social fact that this nation is in the grip of a large and growing juvenile-crime problem. Granted, the vast majority of the nearly 2 million juveniles who get arrested each year are not remorseless, violent predators. But frightening numbers of them most definitely are. Indeed, juveniles now account for almost 20 percent of violent-crime arrests and over a third of all property-crime arrests. Yet many House Democrats continue to talk as if we are dealing with a highly corrigible class of juvenile criminals more like the duck-tailed *West Side Story* boys of the 1950s than the drive-by shooters of the 1980s and today. An estimated 200,000 juveniles are members of street gangs. The primary victims of these youth predators are other juveniles, including many innocent bystanders. Democratic party euphemisms for youth crime only guarantee more youth victim eulogies.

In early August, the Clinton administration sang the House Democrats' tune on juvenile crime with a declaration that juvenile crime was declining. Just in case anyone missed the news, the Democratic platform made it official: "Four years ago, crime in America seemed intractable. . . . Bill Clinton promised to turn things around, and that is exactly what he did . . . steer[ing] young people away from crime and drugs . . . putting 100,000 police officers on the streets."

> HEAD-IN-THE-SAND WORD GAMES WON'T OBVIATE THE FACT THAT THIS NATION IS THREATENED BY A LARGE NUMBER OF REMORSELESS YOUNG PREDATORS.

But in many big cities, including Washington and Philadelphia, youth violence, drug abuse, and murders are up, not down. Over a third of the total decrease in crimes reported to the police since 1993 occurred in New York City—where the number of cops had not increased. The ongoing crime-fighting success in New York has had absolutely nothing to do with Clinton's spurious "100,000 cops" or touchy-feely federal anti-crime "partnership" programs, and much to do with beat cops and special squads who stop, frisk, and arrest aggressive panhandlers, prostitutes, youth criminals, street gangsters, and drug pushers.

Still, the McCollum bill isn't perfect; its proposed relaxation of restrictions on the housing of juvenile offenders is a bad idea. Before the 1970s, we institutionalized juvenile offenders in reform schools that in too many cases were dirty, disorderly, and deadly hellholes. Over the last two decades, we solved that problem by deinstitutionalizing juvenile offenders, but without first bothering to create a meaningful, no-nonsense network of community-based residential facilities and programs. The result is a system that today locks up only about 56 out of every 1,000 juve-

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niles who get arrested, permits tens of thousands of known youth criminals to run wild, and forces the nation's overburdened juvenile probation officers to manage ever larger numbers of violent youth.

Indeed, between 1989 and 1993 alone, the number of violent juvenile offenders placed on probation increased by 45 percent. But rather than succumb to the immediate pressure to incarcerate these kids in adult facilities, the wiser course would be to assist the states and cities in building, staffing, and funding a new generation of juveniles-only prisons and jails that meet both basic security requirements and the educational and other needs of a young, diverse, and growing criminal population.

With this one exception, the McCollum bill is both substantively and symbolically the right federal juvenile-crime measure at the right time. To date, its chief critics have advanced three overarching arguments against it. Each of their criticisms, however, is less an informed argument than an ideological or partisan myth.

"MAINSTREAM" CRIMINOLOGISTS AND LAW PROFESSORS PERSIST IN ARGUING THAT POPULAR ANTI-CRIME PROPOSALS ARE IRRATIONAL, RACIST, OR REACTIONARY.

Myth #1: There is no juvenile-crime epidemic. This myth is most fashionable among "mainstream" (read: radical-liberal) criminologists and law professors. In many cases, these are the very same academics and analysts who have specialized, often with federal research dollars, in arguing that most prisoners are not violent or repeat criminals and should be released; that sex offenders are actually easy to rehabilitate; that drugs ought to be decriminalized or legalized; that the social costs of violent crime are relatively small; and that any anti-crime proposal that enjoys majority support among average Americans is thereby bound to be irrational, racist, or reactionary. Not surprisingly, such experts have dismissed the McCollum bill as "alarmist" or worse.

But the facts about juvenile crime *should* alarm us. Take, for example, McCollum's home state of Florida. Florida's juvenile population as a percentage of total state population actually dropped by about 25 percent between 1970 and 1995. Just the same, fewer teenagers committed a larger share of all violent crimes. By the year 2010, Florida will have about 36 percent more juveniles, and 44 percent more in the crime-prone teenage years, than it did in 1990. Like law enforcement officials in many other states, officials in Florida now predict that juvenile arrests will double over the next two decades. And remember: Not all juveniles who commit serious crimes get arrested. Indeed, the best scientific studies show that as many as 60 percent of the worst youth criminals are never arrested.

Nationally, the number of 10 to 18-year-old males in the population in the year 2010 will probably exceed 16 million, over 20 percent more than we had in 1990, with a larger fraction than ever the product of single-parent homes. The U.S. Census Bureau estimates that only 39 percent of all children born in recent years will live with both parents through their eighteenth birthdays. Most boys who grow up in single-parent families will grow up fatherless. Only a Ph.D. in criminology could doubt that this spells trouble, or call the McCollum response to our present and impending national youth-crime dilemma "alarmist."

Of course, the credit-claiming Clintonites, the no-"predators" House Democrats, and their no-worries academics are alarmed about something. They worry about the McCollum bill's threat to the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention (OJJDP) and its various programs. The OJJDP is the last bureaucratic bastion of reliably left-wing federal crime policy. It is responsible, for example, for enforcing federal mandates about "disproportionate minority confinement"—which is to say, it encourages the release of criminals solely on the grounds that they are black. In the past few years, the office has made itself over; no longer do OJJDP careerists routinely denounce America and its justice system as racist and overly punitive, or fund stacked-deck "studies" that purport to prove the point. In fact, its March 1996 report on "combating violence and delinquency" contains any number of solid statistics and good ideas about juvenile crime.

The McCollum bill would prevent any backsliding by abolishing the office, putting a new juvenile-crime control agency in its place, and conducting genuine research. House Democrats have no grounds for complaint; the new agency would have three times the funding of OJJDP over the next five years.

Myth #2: The epidemic is real, but it's all gun-related. Nationally, the number of gun homicides by juveniles has nearly tripled since 1983. The fastest-growing murder circumstance is juvenile gang killings, which nearly quadrupled from 1980 to 1992. To gun-control enthusiasts, such facts suggest that rampaging youth crime is not a function of the tangle of social pathology and substance abuse that defines the early lives of most

street criminals, but a simple byproduct of a steady increase in the availability of high-powered guns. A few have even gone so far as to conclude that if gun-control strategies were strengthened, serious youth crime would disappear.

The it's-all-guns school makes such noise by firing intellectual blanks. For starters, neither increased gun availability nor, for that matter, the crack-cocaine epidemic of the 1980s (which many of these same experts pooh-poohed at the time) can begin to explain why the juvenile violent-crime arrest rate more than tripled between 1965 and 1990.

Moreover, earlier in this century America had lots of surly, hot-tempered boys grow up in cities where guns were easy to come by. In his latest book, Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan recalls that in the 1940s even the "street warrior caste" of New York's fabled Hell's Kitchen was tame by contemporary standards. "In 1943," he recalls, "there were exactly 44 homicides by gunshot in the city of New York. Forty-four." The city's population then was about the same size as it is now. Its emergency medical services did not approach the life-saving sophistication of today's rapid-response trauma teams and paramedics.

Yet today we are giddy because the number of murders in New York is "down to" 1,170 for 1995. The blame-guns school would have us conclude that the only explanation for the nearly 27-fold increase in fatal violence from 1943 to 1995 is a 27-fold increase in gun availability. Pay no mind, they insist, to the plethora of studies showing that family structure virtually eliminates the relationships between race and crime, and low income and crime. They want us to ignore the ethnographic studies that find most boys who get into serious trouble with the law come from single-parent homes in which abuse, neglect, substance abuse, and violence are the deviant daily norm.

The gun-reductionists overlook the paltry record of gun-control laws in reducing rates of serious crime by adults and juveniles. (I write this as a supporter of the Brady bill, by the way.) They simultaneously ignore the mounting evidence that the proliferation of concealed-handgun laws—and hence of gun-carrying citizens—is responsible for a big share of recent drops in violent crimes, including murder and rape.

Myth #3: The epidemic is real, but incarcerating juveniles who commit adult crimes will do no good. The evidence that imprisoning adult violent and repeat criminals reduces crime is now simply overwhelming. Urban criminals who end up in prison typically start out young and commit dozens of crimes before they get their first ticket to the big house. Restraining these chronic youth offenders early in their careers rather than waiting until they have found their umpteenth victims is not only a boost to public safety, but a blow for morality and justice.

Like kindred laws now on the books in many states, the McCollum bill does not represent an effort to get tough with juvenile criminals so much as it represents an effort to get serious about juvenile crime. It usefully addresses one half of the juvenile-crime equation—the part that deals with restraining known, adjudicated, violent, and repeat youth criminals. It does not address, and does not pretend to address, the other half of that equation: involving responsible, caring adults in the lives of severely at-risk children before they fall prey to the temptations of a deviant, delinquent, or criminal way of life.

LET THE DEMOCRATS CEASE AND DESIST FROM PROTECTING THE FEDERAL JUVENILE-CRIME STATUS QUO AND SHOW A REAL WILLINGNESS TO HELP STATES AND CITIES.

If House Democrats and the Clinton administration are as concerned about preventing juvenile crime as they so often and so ostentatiously claim to be, then let them fashion a federal crime-prevention bill that is as pragmatic in dealing with the challenges of keeping at-risk kids on the straight-and-narrow as the McCollum bill is in dealing with the challenges of restraining kids who have already crossed the line. Let the Democrats cease and desist from protecting the federal juvenile-crime status quo and show a real willingness to help states and cities experiment with new approaches to youth crime. Let them reach well beyond the usual secular liberal suspects to include small, uncredentialed group homes and inner-city churches that unapologetically use the Bible and one-on-one evangelical ministries to save troubled young lives and souls. At a minimum, let them not stand in the way of the McCollum initiative, the first basically sound federal juvenile-crime control bill in decades.

As a first step, the Democrats and their expert minions should stop seeing mere delicate delinquents where ever more veteran police officers, district attorneys, inner-city ministers, and crime victims see violent youth predators—and have the real live scars, scares, and nightmares to prove it. ♦

Hard Times for History

*James Patterson's Not-So-*Grand Expectations

By David Gelernter

James Patterson's *Grand Expectations* is intriguing not as a work of history so much as a piece of history. It is the *1945-1974* volume of Oxford's *History of the United States* (829 pages, $35), and it reveals (like shale to a paleontologist) a tremendous lot about the world in which it was made. At first, I mistook Patterson (who is a professor at Brown) for a leftist ideologue, but it soon became clear that he is in fact a scrupulous academic searching for a scholarly viewpoint above the fray. Read Patterson and you will hear about "the biases of historians (most of whom are liberals) . . ." He writes with integrity, strives for honesty. You will learn that Nixon's Checkers speech was "maudlin and tasteless, and many contemporaries said so. But it was also a brave performance." The text sways constantly in this manner from side to side. It is so evenhanded you could get seasick.

That is why *Grand Expectations* matters: The consistent biases of this author who is trying so hard to be unbiased are terribly revealing, and give his book the poignancy of a beating moth stuck in flypaper.

The work's other faults are merely Patterson's, and one hesitates to make a federal case out of them. And yet they include bad writing and shallow reading, two defining intellectual sins of modern times. They include intellectual passivity—the author raises big questions and then ignores them—and a touch of moral passivity, sufficient to allow for discussing a certain type of criminal with respectful neutrality. In short, *Grand Expectations* is a Fodor's Guide to Modern Culture. Reading it is an illuminating and memorably depressing experience.

A reader might be forgiven for unfairly classifying Patterson at first. Think of the world at the close of 1945: Europe and Asia in ruins, the Cold War beginning, Truman struggling to assume not merely FDR's job but his authority and his aura, the U.S. bracing for the economic and social transition

> THIS NEW VOLUME OF OXFORD'S *HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES* UNWITTINGLY BETRAYS THE BIASES OF OUR ERA.

from total war to a new sort of peace—a hinge-of-history moment if ever there was one. So naturally Patterson's Chapter One is called . . . (Guess right and earn *your* Junior Historian's badge!) "Veterans, Ethnics, Blacks, Women." (Those of you who guessed the right title *before* you heard the topic of the book, go straight to Associate Professor.) By the end of the brief prologue, we have already encountered racial tensions wracking the army, Admiral Halsey telling his men to "kill Japs, kill Japs, and then kill more Japs," the "many historians" who "believe that Japan was on the verge of surrender before Hiroshima and that America's use of the bomb was unnecessary"—the sheer predictability of these opening passages makes them embarrassing, like the third-string comic who is unaware that his jokes stopped being funny in 1952. And naturally you assume that Patterson is a leftist nitwit.

But he is not. Once he has got his bearing, he works hard to tell both sides of every story, and deserves credit for his determination and integrity. But *listen* to this book!

Kennedy's "selectees for top posts were hardly known as reformers—Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, National Security Advisor McGeorge Bundy, and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon were Republicans . . ." Which pretty much settles it.

"While McCarthyite excesses had ebbed, a virulent anti-communism still flourished . . ." When *you* think of American anti-communism, doesn't "viral disease" leap immediately to mind?

"Given America's grand expectations of leading the so-called Free World . . ." Of course it wasn't *actually* free.

Patterson doesn't *mean* anything by these pronouncements. They just keep popping out, which makes the book a treasure trove of academic psychology, as in: "The place of women in society was as accessory, chiefly in the home as housewife and mother." It is hard to imagine a more repulsive assertion: To believe that a mother should rear her children full-time is to relegate her to the status of "accessory"—unnecessary gewgaw. Cup holder. Moonroof.

Truman's "selective reading of history inclined him to believe that the Jews had the best claim to a homeland in the area"—evidently the error could have been avoided

if Truman had been better informed.

Reading Patterson carefully is unfair in a way, because carelessness—careless writing, careless reading—is the essence of his method. That is an odd charge to level against a man who has produced an 829-page mountain of facts with a detailed bibliography to boot. But what do you make of this assertion: "When Japan, confused by what had happened, did not surrender, the bombing of Nagasaki went off according to standing orders"? Hiroshima left Japan wanting to surrender but too *confused* to bring it off? And the confusion cleared up after Nagasaki?

"It was immediately clear" that the 1948 U.N. partition plan for Palestine "would drive the Arabs to war." You are driven to do a thing when you cannot avoid it. Is Patterson saying that the Arabs couldn't have left Israel in peace even if they had wanted to? But that's absurd and he couldn't mean it.

He describes Whittaker Chambers as a "facile writer" who worked at *Time*. Meaning Chambers wrote with facility? His writing struck people as facile?

Maybe it is nitpicking to insist that a historian write sentences so you can understand them, but Patterson is a careless reader too, and these shortcomings are connected. He quotes the *New Republic* on Truman's acceptance speech at the 1948 Democratic convention: "It was fun to see the scrappy little cuss come out of his corner fighting . . . not trying to use big words any longer, but being himself." This is supposed to show us how Truman "electrified the faithful" but is most striking for its excruciating condescension. What should we infer? Patterson offers nothing.

In the '48 presidential election, Henry Wallace was "strongest in New York City." A flaky left-winger overwhelmingly rejected by the nation at large does best in our largest, most Jewish city; the new culture capital of the world. What does it mean? Patterson offers nothing.

When he does venture interpretations, some are too automatic and superficial to be taken seriously. "Sales of tranquilizers were beginning to boom by 1960, suggesting that prosperity, for all its blessings, was associated with anxieties of its own." Except that he's just got through telling us that tranquilizers were new on the market, so what makes him think that the "tranquilizer boom" means anything whatsoever? Sometimes he is so trite he leaves you gasping. It rained at the Woodstock rock festival, but "no one seemed to mind." "Accidents and individuals," he tells us portentously, "sometimes make a difference amid the larger determinants of history." Ain't it the truth.

YES, MCCARTHY WAS A DRUNKEN BULLYING LOUT, AND HE WAS ALSO ONTO SOMETHING; HISTORIANS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THAT KIND OF COMPLEXITY.

Literary incompetence is no mere academic issue. Some fellow conservatives don't understand why I still hit the roof when I hear phrases like "Native American" for American Indian, phrases with lies built in. Many of them don't understand why sentences like "everyone displayed their depressing ignorance" continue to make me sick. We have lost the battle for decent English, they tell me, and at any rate there are more important crises to worry about. But I am not certain there *are* more important crises. Writing straight is tied up (always has been) with thinking straight. Look at Patterson.

Back in the disastrous 1970s, intelligent people started to accept and then use stupid phrases like "pro-life" and "pro-choice," like "he or she" for the indefinite pronoun, and we started tumbling down the slippery slope that Orwell wrote about in one of the crucial essays of the century ("Politics and the English Language," 1946). Today we are reaching the bottom. The distinction between cutting a program and slowing its growth is impenetrable to most journalists and many citizens, and if you insist on it you are classified as a Jesuitical nit-picker. Our language and thinking have unraveled simultaneously. Blather like "when you are trying to find the money to pay for tax cuts, for heaven's sake don't be too obvious about it" (from a recent *New Yorker*) ought to be dismissed without further discussion because its underlying logic is no good. But editors let it stand and readers inhale the false premise—that we owe government a certain level of taxes and are selfishly putting it in a bind when we fail to pay up—and assimilate it without thinking.

Pervasive liberal bias is bad; the refusal of journalists and academics to admit it is worse. But if you read Patterson carefully—his honorable desire to be neutral and fair, his inability to be—you learn something important, sobering, pause-giving about today's elite. When these people deny being biased, they may well be sincere. It is possible that they simply don't *hear* their own bias—not because it is subtle but because their language faculties are too far gone to pick it up.

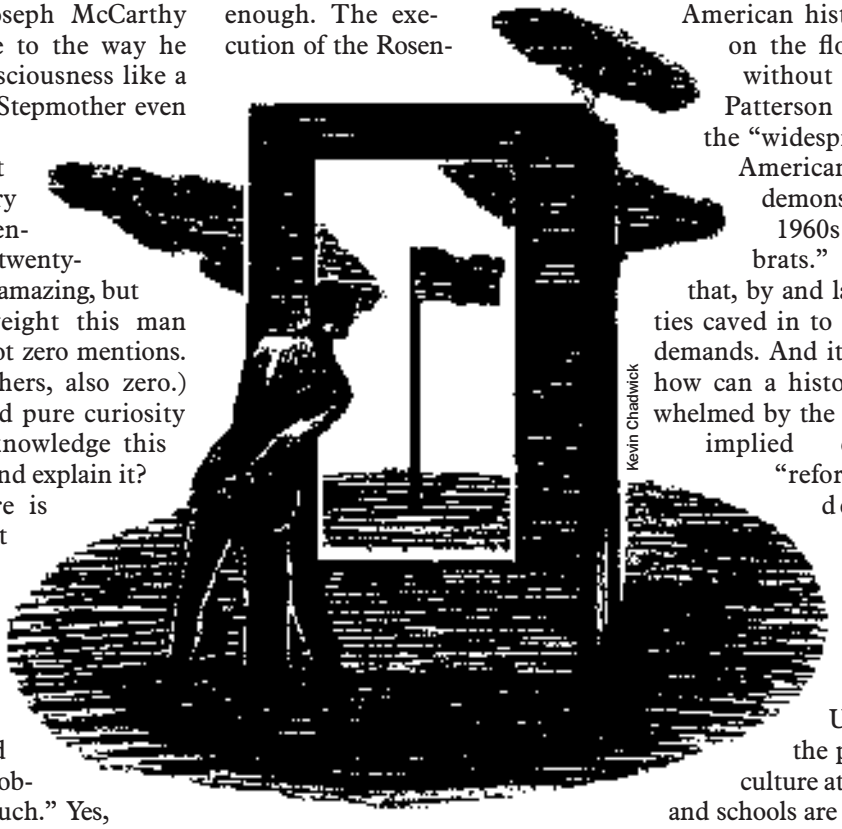
Having accused Patterson of bias, I hereby admit my own—to see history as literature, a

matter of good writing and bold, brilliant reading. It may be an unfashionable view, but I find evidence to support it in the fact that, when a history book is indifferent to language, it is often indifferent to ideas also.

I understand that the 1990s fall outside the author's designated official period, but if a historian won't tell us why history matters, who will? Where does Patterson get off discussing Joseph McCarthy without reference to the way he looms in our consciousness like a National Wicked Stepmother even today? In 1994 our first attempt at nationwide History Standards mentioned McCarthy twenty-some-odd times—amazing, but typical of the weight this man swings. (Edison got zero mentions. The Wright brothers, also zero.) Don't honesty and pure curiosity impel you to acknowledge this strange situation and explain it?

And then there is the ticklish fact that, as Nicholas von Hoffman wrote in the *Washington Post* earlier this year, "McCarthy may have exaggerated the scope of the problem but not by much." Yes, he was a drunken bullying lout, and he was also onto something; historians ought to be capable of handling that kind of complexity. Patterson doesn't even try. The public release of the Venona transcripts (Soviet cable traffic intercepted and decoded in a U.S. intelligence operation of the 1940s) has revolutionized our understanding of McCarthy and the broader issue of U.S. Communists. The revelations continue to come to light, and this year's crop emerged too late for the book. But the story first broke last summer, and Patterson's preface is dated October 1995; at any rate, records have been emerging from the Russian Center for the Preservation and Study of Documents of Recent History since the early 1990s.

No serious person doubts any longer that Alger Hiss was guilty. "Whether Hiss was innocent remained a much-disputed fact years later," writes Patterson, which is true but not true enough. The execution of the Rosenbergs crops up on a list purporting to explain why George Kennan "had good cause for pessimism" in the early 1960s: During the eight years of the Red Scare, "a few thousand people lost their jobs, a few hundred were jailed, more than 150 were deported and two, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg . . . " Patterson tells us that they were accused of being traitors but forgets to tell us that they were guilty.


Kevin Chadwick

How can you discuss Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *Report on the Negro Family* in its mid-1960s context without saying how it resonates today? Without reference to its catastrophic prescience? Moynihan was alarmed by a degree of illegitimacy in the black community that would count as a major moral triumph if it could be reestablished today, and the white community seems to be headed down the same path he once forecast for blacks.

How can you trot up with one the biggest questions of modern American history, then drop it on the floor and romp off without a second glance? Patterson faithfully reports the "widespread sense among Americans" that student demonstrators of the late 1960s "were spoiled brats." He also reports that, by and large, the universities caved in to their spoiled-brat demands. And it doesn't compute; how can a historian *not* be overwhelmed by the importance of the implied question? The "reforms" the students demanded—the gutting of requirements, just to start—continue to shape the modern university. Universities shape the public schools, the culture at large. Our culture and schools are in crisis. The Surrender to the Spoiled Brats shaped modern history and continues to resonate every day, but *why did it happen*? *Why* did the Establishment cave? What did that Grand Surrender mean? Patterson has nothing to offer.

If you go fishing for theories or big pictures, you won't find any here. So here is one of my own. At the start of Patterson's period, the most important fact about American culture was a literary archetype: Americans thought of Ameri-

ca as a person. America was a person with a particular personality, habits, point of view. Some people weren't factored into the canonical American's personality, and they fought to be included. The word "integration" itself (*integrare*, to make whole) attests to a long-ago urge to be folded into the grand American whole. But whoever you were, you were invited to call yourself *American*; you were invited to assume the canonical American's identity, look at the world through his eyes, put on his authority. The consequences were profound. You could speak not merely on your own puny authority but in the archetypal American's name and in his stentorian voice—anyone could. You weren't scared to condemn bad behavior because you could speak *ex cathedra* as *the American*.

The pronouncements of journalists, politicians, and intellectuals had a radically different tone back then. When you wrote a news story or a work of history, you didn't need to look at the country merely as a private citizen or disengaged outsider; the role of *the American* was yours for the taking. It allowed you the remarkable privilege of speaking with authority and yet from the inside, not as a pompous down-talker, not as an aristocrat or elite bureaucrat or university graduate—those were European roles—but as "one of us." As literary inventions go, it was marvelously powerful.

In the late 1960s it started to crack apart, and we have since become not too sophisticated but too unsophisticated to sustain it. Literary devices are not our strong suit. We don't understand them. We are bad readers, inanely literal-minded. We say "*Hispanic*-American," "he *or she*" and expect to be patted on the head for our meretricious precision like teachers' pets in fifth grade.

Neither the elite writer nor the plain citizen has an archetypal, larger-than-life role to slip into anymore, and people are terrified and uncomprehending without it. They no longer have the stomach to pass judgment. Catastrophe follows. You have a man like Patterson write a thing like this, about the 1965 Watts riot: "Urban blacks, like blacks in the South, had grown proud and angry. Charging police brutality, they rallied to the man's side. What followed was five days of rioting, sniping, looting and burning." Thirty-four people died. And you want to ask Patterson: Aren't you proud too? Don't *you* get angry sometimes? When you do, do you head out onto the Brown campus and kill people at random? If you had a brother, let's say, who called up to tell you that yesterday he had joined a mob stealing and destroying and killing, and you asked him why, and he told you "because I'm proud and got angry"—would that strike you as a good explanation?

THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE HAVE REASON TO WONDER WHETHER THE UNIVERSITY IS WILLFULLY DESTROYING ITSELF, WHETHER IT EVEN WANTS TO IMPART KNOWLEDGE ANYMORE.

To hear Patterson tell it, the Watts rioters lived on a different moral planet from ours. When *the American* still existed as a role you could slip into, Patterson would have spoken as an American describing the behavior of other Americans: loathsome behavior. But he no longer has a viewpoint from which to judge or a standard by which to measure.

Professor Patterson, you want to ask him, isn't the one biggest item on your agenda the fact that your period began on moral solid ground—we were a flawed community, but hopeful and improving—and ended in a raging moral free-for-all that is still tearing us apart? A free-for-all where violence, illegitimacy, divorce, abortion, and sheer ignorance have all reached levels that would have been staggering in 1945? Isn't it conceivable that you are showing us in your book exactly how it happened? How people lost track of right and wrong, forswore (not out of malice but timidity and good intentions) their obligation to judge? Ever since we decided that it is nasty to "be judgmental," we have tended to forget that it is also each citizen's most important duty.

Here is the good news. The history department is the center of the university; if our students don't learn history, they learn nothing. Maybe we can't deliver a deep grasp of the subject, but if they get the facts down straight, that will do nicely.

Thoughtful people have reason to wonder whether the American university might be willfully destroying itself, whether it even wants to impart knowledge anymore. Patterson's book is reassuring. For all its faults it is the work of a thoughtful scholar who takes history seriously, is doing his level best to educate the public, and can be counted on to deliver the facts to his students as honestly as he can manage. In this sense *Grand Expectations* is a big relief.

And in another sense it is troubling, for in the end Patterson himself has virtually disappeared. Like a good scholar, he struggles for neutrality, anonymity. He largely achieves it. His book is transparent. It is a window on his times. The view is frightening. ♦

Books

Growing Up Communist

By Jay Nordlinger

One summer, on the cusp of middle age, Ann Kimmage traveled to Europe with her husband and two sons. On arrival in Prague, she switched immediately and naturally to Czech. Her sons gazed at her in astonishment. Clearly she had been there before. Could she explain? Thus did this American professor of literature, living quietly in upstate New York, begin a decade-long reckoning with the past, which culminated in a memoir of unusual wisdom and force.

Kimmage is hardly the first red-diaper baby to author a book, but her *Un-American Childhood* (University of Georgia Press, 260 pages, $29.95) is a model of the genre. It is balanced, objective, historically aware. It also tells an amazing, novelistic tale. The bookstores are bulging with reminiscences of youthful hardship—of alcoholic parents, uncommunicative parents, domineering parents, parents who failed to attend enough ball games or clarinet recitals. What of Communist parents who wrenched their children from their home and took them on a thirteen-year exile, subordinating every facet of their lives to totalitarian politics?

Kimmage's parents were Abe and Belle Chapman, radicals of minor renown. He was an essayist and propagandist, she a faithful functionary and sometime editor. They started their family in Queens, where Ann lived until she was 8. These years she describes as peaceful, even idyllic, except for the occasional anti-Communist taunt on the playground. While her parents were orthodox Communists, her grandparents were Orthodox Jews, providing her with a counterexample that never fully left her. "Although I loved the excitement and stimulating atmosphere created by my parents and their intellectual friends," she writes, "I was also drawn to the stability and calm reflected in my grandparents' way of life."

This season of innocence came to an abrupt end in 1950, just as Ann was completing the second grade. She and her older sister were awakened in the dead of night, whisked in a cab to Grand Central Station, and put on a train to Mexico. The family's expatriation had begun. Ann would not return until 1963. She would be 21 years old, speak a foreigner's English, and have forgotten her name.

Why did the family leave the United States? Kimmage cannot say, for her parents would not tell her—to their last breaths. Of one thing she feels certain: "I know the decision to flee was based on party instructions." It is possible, she hazards, that the party sent her parents underground "to preserve its intellectual leadership for the future," but "speculation is not a satisfying substitute for the facts." She has been unable to determine "if our flight and subsequent exile were the result of something dangerous, worthy, noble, ignoble, or trivial."

Once in Mexico, the Chapmans were shut up in a party-controlled farmhouse, where they awaited further orders from "the comrades in charge of our fate" (a sickening phrase and an inevitable theme of the book). Ann had moved from girlish gaiety to "concealment, isolation, and strangeness." As her bewilderment increased and her sister grew physically ill, she thought, "Did my grandparents know where I was? Could they come find me, rescue me?"

Eventually, the family was installed in Prague, where Abe was to pen his tracts and Belle was to serve as a kind of den mother to Western Communists passing through the Eastern bloc. (The Chapman children, in accordance with radical custom, called their parents by their first names.) Ann's first obligation was to submerge her former identity and adopt a new one. How does one succeed in forgetting the only name one has ever known? "An instinctual fear of consequences, coupled with not hearing its sound, wiped it out of my memory." But despite the amorality relentlessly pressed on her, it bothered Ann to lie. She was conscious of falsehood and of her own uneasiness with it—"the urge to tell the truth about my identity never left me."

The Chapmans occupied a villa vacated by defectors, and Ann was sent to a Czech school, to blend imperceptibly with society. This she accomplished with gusto, becoming a dutiful pioneer and exalting the "earthly saints." "Greetings to you, beloved Comrade Stalin," she sang. "You and Lenin have thrown open to us boundless sunny expanses, and filled us with hope and joy." Hungrily, she sought the novels and films of socialist realism. And when she marched in May Day parades, bearing her comically Orwellian banners ("Limitless love for the great Stalin," "Rejection of all remnants of bourgeois thinking and behavior"), she did so with unfeigned bliss.

But along the way, there were little Kronstadts. She grasped that she was sleeping in someone else's bed. She could tell in the classroom that not all hearts were in the sloganeering. She noticed that old

women furtively crossed themselves as they passed churches and averted their gazes from monuments to Stalin. In friends' houses, she saw old photo albums and she fingered books, like Kafka's, that were in disfavor. She judged older paintings to be superior to sanctioned ones. A secular burial, heavy with "nothingness," frightened and confused her. She worried over reports of a crackdown on Jews. Party leaders, praised as redeemers only days before, were made to confess to atrocious crimes. A teacher of hers walked alone in a graveyard, paying homage to dead heroes whom he could not mention to his students. She heard a performance of Dvorak's "New World" symphony and remembered "a portion of a street, a vague house, part of the way to a corner drugstore, and the faint outline of my grandmother's face." When the Soviets rolled into Budapest in 1956, she gave them the benefit of the doubt—"I reasoned that in Hungary the people were wild and that their Gypsy blood made them dissatisfied and restless"—but she nonetheless could feel all Prague tense around her.

In time, Abe and Belle became disillusioned with revolutionary progress in Czechoslovakia. So they set their sights on Mao's China, where a thousand flowers were supposed to be blooming. They received permission to transfer to Peking (as Kimmage refreshingly transliterates it) in 1957.

Her parents were pleased with the change, but Ann, age 15, was not. She was loath to leave her home, her culture, her country. She was three years short of her high-school graduation. But she was tied to her parents and all they aspired to, and she had no choice but to be uprooted, once again.

China proved a particularly bizarre chapter of an already bizarre life. With the family lodged in a Soviet compound, Ann's education took place entirely in Russian. Her primary tutor was the 16-year-old daughter of Spanish Communists, born in Moscow. Ann herself was far from an American, but her Soviet teachers demanded that she recount for her classmates the horrors of life in the United States, a land she barely knew.

The immense turmoil within the young woman finally came to a boil, erupting in a long, cathartic letter to her parents—"a desperate plea for the truth." She declared that she could "no longer live in silence," that she was "worn out being a pawn." She insisted on knowing why the family had left America and "why we could not return." What was her "original family name"? This time, she wanted "more than just the fabricated story, more than the party line." "Surely I had to be worth it!"

She formed her words in phonetic English, because she could not spell. After keeping the letter for several weeks, "frightened it would devastate" Abe and Belle, she slipped it under their door. The next day, they invited her out for a walk. After an uncomfortable silence, Belle told her daughter, "It is safer for you not to know, for what you don't know nobody can get you to talk about. We cannot tell you anything." Abe, normally a fount of volubility, "sat hunched over, gently rocking his body," unable to console his daughter, unable to speak to her, unable even to look at her. Always, "family needs were secondary to the party commands." Not again did Ann attempt to breach the parental wall. That day, "I broke my childhood chains."

Soon, the environment in Peking turned uncongenial to the Chapmans and their fellow foreign apparatchiks. The government viewed them as potential subversives. Friends were arrested, vanishing "without farewells." "Self-criticisms" began to speck the city, tacked to bulletin boards, strung from clotheslines. With relief, the family boarded a train back to Prague in 1959. As it pulled from the station, Ann heard her mother murmur, "I wasn't sure we were going to get out in time"—a moment of exceptional candor.

At last "home," Ann completed her schooling and entered the Czech "fast lane" as a government translator and interpreter. She was part of the *nomenklatura* and knew that her work contributed to a false picture of Communist society, designed to deceive both West and East. Yet when her parents maneuvered, in 1963, to sail with their younger daughter back to their country of origin (the older daughter had married and would stay), Ann was furious. Not only was she a Czech, she was virtually an anti-American.

The exile might have been "a casual addendum" to her parents' lives, but it was the meat of her own. And now she was required—by her parents? by the party? (was there a difference?)—to enter the U.S. embassy, in front of which she had participated in vigorous demonstrations, and embrace an identity she had once been denied and no longer wished to reclaim. After their ship docked in New York, Abe and Belle could pick up the pieces and live out their lives as admired "free spirits." But Ann's pieces were elsewhere, and she would have to begin anew. She buried those thirteen years—deep—until faced with the curiosity of her sons and the task of remembering, recording, and understanding.

Not every life deserves to be chronicled. Not every story deserves to be published and sold. But Ann Kimmage has something to say, and *An Un-American Childhood* is not only an interesting book, but a useful one. The Soviet

empire collapsed less than a decade ago, but for some, reflecting on communism is akin to reflecting on the Peloponnesian wars. It is bracing, then, to be reminded of the drama of communism, of its absurdities and seductions, of the wreckage it made (and, in China and elsewhere, is still making) of countless lives.

Kimmage meets the difficult challenge of remaining touchingly loyal to her parents—for whom her love is obvious and abundant—and (relatively) clear-eyed about what she euphemistically refers to as their "political commitments." She has yet to shed the vocabulary of the Left and is wont to throw around words like "witch hunt," "anti-Communist hysteria," and "the McCarthy persecutions" (in what might be regarded as her true native tongue). She characterizes the execution of the Rosenbergs as "the most brutal and inhuman expression of McCarthyism." Yet, though she winces at history, she does not blink in the end, recognizing that, in the long, twilight struggle, the side that ought to have lost, did.

An Un-American Childhood is chiefly concerned with loyalties and identity. "Who was I to believe?" she asks. "My parents, their parents, the state, or my own judgment?" Before Abe died, he had a quasi-reconciliation with his ancestral faith. And because he was a veteran of World War II, an American flag was draped over his coffin (which Belle refused to keep, depositing it in a postal box). Belle, for her part, stayed adamant, although her daughter discovered that, shortly before she died, she sent a birthday card to her mother, whom she had not spoken to or about in decades. Her final words were, "Mama. Mama."

This Communist pair was exceedingly lucky to have a daughter as large-hearted as Kimmage. "The fall of communism," she writes, "may now make it possible for us to be more compassionate and less judgmental about the winners and losers of the Cold War and more conscious of the twisted lives left in its wake." Perhaps, but *An Un-American Childhood*, even if despite itself, is laden with judgment, indicting a wicked philosophy that turns parents into sadists and little girls into tremblers. ♦

Dick Morris will publish his memoirs in early November.

—News item

Parody

A Note to My Readers

I know what you're thinking. You're asking, "Dick—what's it mean, this title of your book?" *The Girded Towel*—what gives? Let me explain. There's a Biblical episode that has just meant an incredible lot to me in my life. You know the one I mean: Jesus is having dinner with his disciples, they're kicking around some ideas, sharing various strategies. And suddenly, "Jesus rose from supper, laid aside his garments, and girded himself with a towel. Then he poured water in a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel with which he was girded."

Whew! A very powerful image, is it not? Here's a guy who's about to put everything on the line—to go the distance, if you will—and still this man makes the time to get down on all fours and fill that basin and pour the water over those feet. And as he watches it course down over the taut tendons, between the outstretched toes, wetting the glistening toenails as they catch the light and washing over that little fleshy web between the toes, this man to himself is thinking: "I am going to dry these feet myself, with my own girded towel." And he does.

Yes, it is a story of sacrifice. This is the kind of guy Jesus was, and while I don't think I'm in his league vis-à-vis sacrifice and personal commitment, for two years I served at the feet of a great president and had to use my girded towel to wipe up a mess or two. In a very real sense *The Girded Towel* is the story of a foot soldier, a guy who went toe-to-toe with some very powerful enemies and thought he could lick 'em. That fellow was me, and in the end I was the one who got licked. This book will give you a chance to step into another person's shoes and walk around a little. I hope you enjoy that experience as much as I have.

Dick Morris
West Redding, Connecticut
November 5, 1996