the weekly
Standard

SINGING THOSE SECOND-TERM BLUES
FRED BARNES BRIT HUME

MARCH 17, 1997 $2.95

Two Witnesses

Whittaker Chambers, David Horowitz, and the Legacy of American Communism

Eric Breindel
John Podhoretz

Call 911: Liberals and the Cops They Love TUCKER CARLSON

The Collected Works of Newt Gingrich, Vol. 1 ANDREW FERGUSON

the weekly Standard

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The Wide Wide Web of Wanniski

Ah, the perils of associating with Jude Wanniski. The star attraction of Wanniski's annual client conference in Boca Raton the first weekend in March was Minister Louis Farrakhan, the head of the Nation of Islam and recipient of the 1996 Moammar Gadhafi Award (an honorarium of $250,000 plus a $1 billion gift from the government of Libya).

The "Supply-Side Festival," as Wanniski bills his poolside retreat of financiers and politicos, is hosted "in association with Rowland Evans & Robert Novak, the famed journalists." Novak has become the first celebrity convert to the Wanniski view of Farrakhan, describing the Black Muslim leader in his column last week as a potential ally of Republicans, a man whose rhetoric is "a cross between the Christian Coalition and libertarianism." Novak reported that Rep. John Kasich, another of the speakers in Boca Raton, received frequent standing O's from Farrakhan—even though, as Novak himself pointed out, a top House Republican like Kasich can hardly welcome being linked with the former "Calypso Gene" Walcott.

Wanniski faxed a post-mortem of the goings-on to his clients, in which he painted a fascinating picture of the proceedings: "I must mention that when UN Ambassador [Bill] Richardson spoke, in the Q&A Farrakhan whimsically offered his assistance in dealing with the rogue nations of the Islamic world—to which there was no response. Richardson and [Jack] Kemp were on such tight schedules they did not have even a moment with Farrakhan. Rep. Kasich and Senator Dodd were there long enough to at least shake hands. Dodd opened his remarks by congratulating us for having invited Min. Farrakhan."

Even a longtime Wanniski loyalist like Novak concedes that when Farrakhan is not sounding Christian and libertarian, he reverts "to talk of white conspiracy and black revolution." Farrakhan reverted at length on Feb. 23 in Chicago. There, less than a week before applauding John Kasich, he delivered the keynote address to the Nation of Islam's "Saviours' Day," an event that enjoyed the benediction of "fraternal messages of solidarity" from Fidel Castro, Farrakhan's longtime pal Gadhafi, and, not to be ignored, Jerry Rawlings of Ghana, the only head of state whose military title is "Flight Lieutenant."

Here is a small portion of what Jude Wanniski's catechumen had to say: "I think we've given the government of America enough time. We don't owe America a damn thing. America owes us! Our fathers built it. Our fathers shaped it. The blood of our fathers bought this, and we demand a piece!"

Sounds like Jude ought to give him a piece of his consulting firm.

Clinton to Gore: I Feel *My* Pain

President Clinton is publicly backing his veep in the phone-solicitation flap. But that's not all the president thinks about the Gore situation. He's sure the press is cutting Gore a lot more slack than they'd ever cut him. And the relatively gentle treatment of Gore happened though the vice president was caught at something unseemly—personally asking for campaign dough—that Clinton hasn't been accused of (yet). The president, of course, has long been irritated by Gore's image as a goody-goody compared with his own as a corner-cutter. So unfair! Come to think of it, Clinton's defense of Gore wasn't all that ringing: "I thought he did very well and I agree with the statement he made." At his press conference he defended Hillary's chief of staff Maggie Williams far more passionately.

You Go First

Should President Clinton be forced to lead? This isn't a question for political scientists but for congressional Republicans. They must decide whether to give the president political cover to back a real balanced budget, spending cuts, a revised consumer price index, a capital-gains-tax cut, even sweeping tax reform. Or whether to make him step forward publicly with serious proposals on all these. GOP leaders are painfully divided.

Scrapbook

Take the consumer price index. This is a hot potato because Social Security payments go up with inflation as measured by the CPI. Senate majority leader Trent Lott advocates a commission to revise the inflation index downward. Clinton's budget director, Franklin Raines, told the *Washington Post* he's in favor. Does this warrant the creation of a commission by Congress, Clinton having said nothing on the subject? Lott seems to think so. House majority leader Dick Armey and chairman Bill Archer of the House Ways and Means Committee, don't. Armey and Archer figure Clinton later would claim Republicans made him adjust the CPI, and Democrats would again trash the GOP for, you guessed it, cutting Social Security.

Or consider the budget. The budget Clinton dispatched to Congress is a liberal's delight: increases in social spending, tax cuts that automatically expire, no restructuring of Medicare. And it isn't even balanced. Lott had said the Clinton budget would be the operative document in talks. But should it be? Archer and House budget chairman John Kasich insist Republicans should demand a new budget from Clinton, who isn't ready to comply. So the question is whether Republicans go ahead with their own budget or wait for Clinton.

There's a serious political issue here. Clinton would love to let Republicans lead, as they did in 1995 and 1996. Then, he's off the hook and free to pander to his party's liberal wing, while making some compromises with Republicans. Democrats can again pillory Republicans for cutting spending, tampering with Medicare, etc. But if Clinton leads, the situation changes. He'd have to propose spending cuts, a dip in the CPI, Medicare changes, and so on. Republicans could just go along, and they wouldn't be scapegoats this time.

You Want Scandal?

Where, WHERE is the outrage at the latest act of Washington sexual harassment? Where are the pickets? What about a congressional hearing? Let us put it another way: Who put the pubic hair in Bill Clinton's Coke?

Last week, on a trip to Lansing, Mich., the president of the United States told reporters on Air Force One (according to Paul Bedard of the *Washington Times*) that he was "doing great" despite the fund-raising flap. "He even joked with photographers who saw him in the jet's galley with a stewardess," Bedard reported. "Looking at the cameramen, he said, 'You want scandal?' He then hugged the flight attendant and barked: 'Send for an independent counsel.'"

We here at The Weekly Standard wish to express our shock at how lightly Bill Clinton is taking the issue of sexual harassment. Clinton told MTV in 1992 that he believed Anita Hill. Now we know why.

By the way, now that Clinton has let us all know who spent the night in the Lincoln Bedroom, isn't it time he made public the overnight guests at Camp David? We'd love to know how much a night in the Catoctin Mountains costs. More than a cup of coffee, we imagine. But how much more?

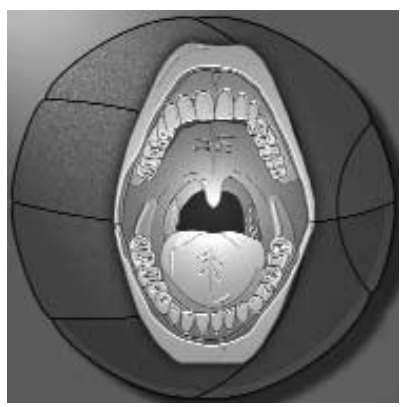
Casual

Talking Trash

Of all the indignities man must suffer (call-waiting being foremost), few can lay one as low as trash-talk on a basketball court. Well-rehearsed lines flow across the boards: "Are you blind? 'Cause I just shot your eyes out!"

In another stunning defeat for equity feminists, males are the exclusive talkers of trash. Trash-talk is one more example of the male's urge to conquer and, upon reaching victory's doorstep, to make certain everyone knows he has arrived: "You couldn't stick me with Crazy Glue!" Some trash-talk is intended to heap further shame on the vanquished: "You're slower than you mom gettin' out of my bed!" And some of it is the victor celebrating himself: "Ain't no shame in my game!" The form runs the gamut from religiosity ("Can I have a witness from the congregation to testify!") to empowerment ("Give me the pill so I can pay my bills!") to self-help ("Get your weight up!").

I have some expertise in this matter because I just spent three months driving across America playing basketball—and as a genteel suburban kid, I was ill-prepared to compete in this rapacious round-ball rhetoric. My initiation was quick and ego-shattering. On a playground in Jersey City, N.J., Stacy ripped into me: "School's in!" he cackled as he performed a thunderous dunk that bounced the ball off the asphalt and over a chain-link fence. A few minutes later Stacy soared over me and slammed the ball through the rusty rim again, but this time he hung from the basket and bellowed a ground-shaking, guttural "Ka-Kong!!" Earthbound as before, I guiltily prayed for a drive-by shooting to distract



people. Right afterward, Stacy poked the ball from my grasp and sprinted down the court with it before laying it in and laughing, "Ankles!"

"What did you just say?" I asked, as much perplexed as embarrassed.

"Ankles," he answered matter-of-factly.

"I'm sorry, but what does that mean?"

Stacy stopped play, looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said, "It means, you know, ankles."

"What?"

Another fellow by the name of Moose broke in: "It's like, if he pulled your pants down, you know, and then you were standing there in your drawers while he ran off and, like, the only thing you could do was reach down to your ankles to pull your pants up. You know, so you should feel kind of stupid."

Moose was right, of course, but I don't know which made me feel more stupid—being athletically humiliated or having to admit I didn't even understand the trash being talked in my direction. But after about two months, I was starting to hold my own. In a heated contest against a team of European kids, I was on fire. The words just came to me. "I don't hate you, I got nothing but love in my heart for you," I vamped after one particularly pretty move. The gentleman guarding me stared quizzically.

After another basket, I pumped my fist in the air, did a little dance, and employed the presidential-candidate third-person singular: "You cannot stop him, you can only hope to contain him," I proclaimed. Finally, and I was really feeling it by now, I dunked and barked the line made famous by Nike: "You can't guard *me*; the *Secret Service* couldn't guard me!" Yet I wasn't quite satisfied; none of my antics elicited a reaction from the other team.

Sometime later that night, it occurred to me that I hadn't heard a word of English from their mouths the entire afternoon. Alas, in trash-talking, as in much of life, a true craftsman must often be content with the pure esthetics of his work.

Jonathan V. Last

What Makes the U.S. Great

David Brooks's "A Return to National Greatness" (March 3) was an important article, which should help many to rethink our country's mission as we approach a new century. Its references to the Library of Congress were wonderfully evocative.

Brooks's only problem is that he seems to confuse "the great national project" with architecture or public works, while coming close to dismissing America's unique mission in the world—creating a society that honors the potential of each individual. In his rush to have us erect national monuments, he denigrates those who still seek to fulfill the Reagan revolution when he writes, "They have become besotted with localism, local communities, and the devolution of power to the localities." The "national project" *is* distinctly "local." Brooks should look around the world and see just how important, how special, and how revolutionary this mission is among nations, even now, more than 200 years after the American Revolution.

Peter Bearse
Gloucester, MA

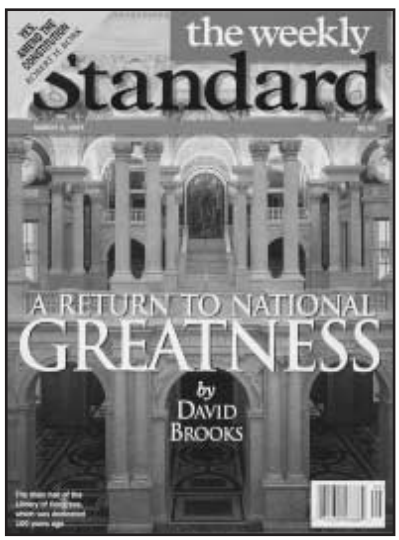
David Brooks writes that "the first task of government is to convey a spirit of confidence and vigor that can then spill across the life of the nation." Sorry, but government's first tasks are to preserve order, to protect the citizen against physical violence, to defend our land against foreign threats, and to deliver the mail. Government's intermittent failures to perform these tasks do not "drain [our] national morale" or "feed public cynicism and disenchantment." They just remind us that we are governed by men, not gods, and that those men must be constantly watched and reminded of their first duties.

Robert Fairchild
Hampton, VA

Two points on "national greatness": (1) "Meaning" is precisely what is promised by totalitarian regimes. In our free polity, we need no government-promoted will to believe in American greatness. We need no moral equivalent of war to cure our national malaise. We need no quasi-fascist cult of activity-for-activity's sake. We need no American state religion. We absolutely, positively need no "politics of meaning."

(2) The Progressive Era that David Brooks so admires gave us such things as federal health nannying and nagging, the federal income tax, an extra-continental empire, and participation in World War I. These enactments and events, and their like, led directly to what we have now—the Leviathan that is omnicompetent at home, omniresponsible abroad. If you seek "American greatness," look around.

Casey R. Law
McPherson, KS



To Amend or Not to Amend

Robert H. Bork's "The Conservative Case for Amending the Constitution" (March 3) reveals him to be an originalist only insofar as it is convenient to his majoritarian agenda. While careful not to assert that the framers rejected judicial review, Bork does readers a disservice by using such statements as "courts claiming the power of judicial review" and "once the power of judicial review was claimed."

Although he cites Hamilton and *The Federalist* on the relative powerlessness of the judiciary, he omits Hamilton's statement in *The Federalist* 78 that "whenever a particular statute contravenes the Constitution, it will be the duty of the judicial tribunals to adhere to the latter and disregard the former. . . . The courts of justice are to be considered as the bulwarks of a limited Constitution against legislative encroachments."

Bork's proposed amendment would disregard Hamilton's (and Madison's) teachings on the judiciary to let Congress and state legislatures override judicial interpretations of the Constitution, supposedly to assert the will of the people. To equate the will of Congress with that of the People displays a naïveté unshared by those who wrote the Constitution. If Congress accurately represents the will of the people, then Bork's approach to constitutional interpretation was *rejected* by "the People of the United States"—to use his phrase—when he failed to win confirmation in the popularly elected Senate. He cannot have it both ways.

The only cure that is not worse than the disease is to educate future lawyers to take seriously the *whole* Constitution, not just the parts that empower government, and to elect a president who will nominate, and a Senate that will confirm, judges who will enforce the existing constitutional limitations on federal and state powers—including those that Bork dislikes. Putting citizens at the mercy of the majorities in Congress and state legislatures without any recourse to an independent and co-equal judiciary is like putting Robert Bork at the mercy of Joe Biden.

Randy E. Barnett
Boston, MA

Judge Bork has had it with conservatives who refuse to consider amending the Constitution as a means to rein in an imperial judiciary. But before rushing to demand that the nation undertake the most difficult process that exists under the Constitution (a process that the framers made difficult for good reasons), he should have reconsidered some of the easier means the framers provided, ones that do not require extraordinary majorities over multiple steps involving both national and state legislatures.

Bork writes that the problem of judges run amok is "embedded in the Constitution" because, while the framers "carefully provided checks by the executive on the legislature and by the legislature on the executive, they provided none whatever upon the federal judiciary." This is nonsense. Not only is such a statement contradicted by the existence of Congress's power over

the courts' jurisdiction, which Bork too casually dismisses, it is contradicted by the existence of the power of impeachment in the House and the power to try impeachments in the Senate.

The "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" for which federal judges as well as executive-branch officials may be impeached and removed are, in the decisive respect, to be determined by Congress, and the framers and their immediate successors understood such offenses to include actions well beyond the scope of an ordinary criminal code.

Alexander Hamilton referred to impeachment in *The Federalist* 65 as "a method of national inquest into the conduct of public men" guilty of "the abuse or violation of some public trust" and noted that such abuses "may with peculiar propriety be denominated political, as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to the society itself." Turning to the judiciary in particular, he added:

"There never can be danger that the judges, by a series of deliberate usurpations on the authority of the legislature, would hazard the united resentment of the body intrusted with it, while this body was possessed of the means of punishing their presumption by degrading them from their stations" (*The Federalist* 81).

Justice Story viewed impeachment in like fashion, writing in 1833 that the power applies to "what are aptly termed, political offenses, growing out of personal misconduct, or gross neglect, or usurpation, or habitual disregard of the public interests." He pointedly added that "for any corrupt violation or omission of the high trusts confided to the judges, they are liable to be impeached."

If today we face the danger of "deliberate usurpations" that Hamilton brushed aside as unlikely, it is because, like Bork, most people have forgotten that the Constitution does indeed provide legislative checks that can make federal judges personally accountable for leaving the law and becoming politicians.

Would impeachment trials of judges be, as Midge Decter desires, "decent and nondisruptive"? Not always. Would those judges removed be replaced by better ones? Not always. But a Congress mindful of its duty to scrutinize judicial behavior would serve as a potent threat to many of the judges we have now, as well as to those who replace the ones given the boot.

MATTHEW J. FRANCK
RADFORD, VA

Judge Bork is entirely right that judicial activism "defies easy solution," but I am less confident that the structural reform he suggests—permitting majorities in both houses of Congress to overrule any current or past judgment of the Supreme Court—alone would remedy the problem. As Jeremy Rabkin has noted, the recent Canadian experiment in parliamentary review of judicial decisions has been unavailing. Under the 1982 Canadian constitution, the federal parliament acting in conjunction with any one of the provincial parliaments may override any decision of the Canadian Supreme Court. Yet not a single decision has been overridden, Canadian politicians evidently quailing at the prospect of being accused of abridging civil liberties or obstructing the rule of law.

The problem of judicial activism in the United States is as much cultural as structural. From colonial America until today, a certain mysticism has surrounded the deliberations of the Supreme Court. Americans have long been more willing to submit their controversial social decisions to judicial decision than have other English-speaking peoples. As historian Gordon Wood points out, "Judges had [in early America] acquired an independent standing in American culture which enabled them to do things that no other judges in the world could do." The Supreme Court's abortion decisions have stirred lingering popular discontent, but equally activist decisions pass into the bedrock of American law unremarked and unchallenged.

Adopt the reform Bork propounds, if no other reform is availing. But it needs to be attended by an effort to alter our judicial culture. Even as we grant Congress "a *concurrent* right to expound the constitution" (Madison's words) and demythologize what the courts do, conservatives must foster a culture of constitutional care in Congress, so that Congress will satisfactorily exercise its power of revision. If conservatives move to truncate the power and diminish the moral authority of the courts, they should revive a sense of true *constitutional*—not judicial—reverence in Congress, lest someday we recall with fondness the days of the Warren court.

NATHANIEL T. TRELEASE
CHEYENNE, WY

On Scientology

The Scrapbook of Feb. 10 contained an irresponsible item on the opposition voiced by Hollywood celebrities and the State Department to the German government's campaign of discrimination against members of the Church of Scientology.

First of all, courts, governmental agencies, and preeminent scholars around the world have conducted intensive, objective studies on the nature of Scientology and have concluded that it is a religion.

Second, the climate of bigotry created by the German government's campaign is real and pervasive. It is so strong that Scientologists in Germany today are banned from all major political parties, screened from certain types of employment, routinely smeared by the press, denied bank accounts, and subject to arbitrary firings and business boycotts. Some have been forced to leave the country because their ability to make a living in Germany has been destroyed.

It is these abuses that have moved numerous congressmen, the Helsinki Commission, the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, and others to voice their concerns. It is these abuses that are stirring bad memories of a darker period in Germany's history.

ALEXANDER R. JONES
OFFICE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS
FOUNDING CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY
WASHINGTON, DC

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the weekly Standard

The Fitzsimmons "Revelation"

Two weeks ago, a man named Ron Fitzsimmons, the executive director of a major trade association for abortion clinics, briefly fessed up about partial-birth abortion. For almost two years, he and other pro-choice activists had insisted that the grisly procedure was extremely rare. It was, they said, an emergency surgery reserved exclusively for late-term pregnancies involving severe fetal abnormalities and life- or fertility-threatening complications for the mother. But then Fitzsimmons suddenly admitted, in a flurry of interviews, that this was simply a dishonest "party line." There are maybe 5,000 partial-birth abortions each year in the United States, he told ABC's Ted Koppel and others—ten or more times the number he and his allies had claimed. And the vast majority of these abortions are, Fitzsimmons said, entirely elective, performed on healthy mothers and destroying healthy babies in the fifth or sixth month of gestation.

> THERE ARE AROUND 5,000 PARTIAL-BIRTH ABORTIONS EACH YEAR. THIS IS ONLY NEWS BECAUSE JOURNALISTS HAVE BEEN SO UNCURIOUS.

Most of American journalism, accustomed to passively accepting pro-choice propaganda as fact—and repeating it, unexamined, as news—has handled the Fitzsimmons confession as a major advance in the ongoing partial-birth "story." It isn't. There has long existed voluminous and convincing evidence of the truth Ron Fitzsimmons has now freshly "revealed." It's just that, with few exceptions, the nation's daily reporters have never bothered to look into the matter in any detail.

As early as 1992, a clinical report by partial-birth-abortion pioneer Martin Haskell made plain that he meant the procedure to be "routinely" employed on "all patients" between 20 and 24 weeks pregnant. In 1993, Dr. Haskell told the American Medical Association's newsletter that 80 percent of his partial-birth abortions were "purely elective," and the rest were for genetic indications like Down syndrome that posed no medical threat to the mother. And anecdotal testimony from Haskell and other doctors about the frequency of this surgery has never been consistent with the figures commonly cited by abortion-rights advocates. A single clinic in New Jersey acknowledges performing 1,500 partial-birth abortions annually *all by itself*.

Mind you, Ron Fitzsimmons was not motivated to come clean about all this by concern over the morality of partial-birth abortion. The surgery involves physical manipulation of a living fetus into an unnatural, breech position *in utero*. The abortionist then grabs the infant's feet, delivers most of its squirming body through the birth canal, and kills it by breaking into its skull with scissors and vacuuming out its brain. "It's a medically important procedure," Fitzsimmons told the *Bergen Record* on February 26, with lone-honest-man bravado. "We shouldn't be apologetic. We have nothing to hide."

Most of his pro-choice colleagues clearly disagree. They are furious with him. And he is lately trying to make amends—hushing himself up and apologizing in writing to his association's member clinics for "inappropriate, off-the-cuff remarks." The old, false, pro-choice party line is again firmly in place. Kate Michelman of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League says she "wouldn't amend anything" of consequence she's ever said on the subject. Partial-birth abortion remains the only means of preserving the lives and reproductive health of certain late-term pregnant women, all the leading pro-choice mouthpieces continue to say. And, they conveniently add, it remains the best and safest procedure for some much larger number of not-quite-so-late-term pregnant women. Therefore: Any proposed general ban on partial-birth abortion is cruel and unconstitutional.

President Clinton used this argument to defend his April 1996 veto of bipartisan congressional legislation banning partial-birth abortions. He was overridden in

the House, but was narrowly sustained in the Senate. In the next several weeks, Hill Republicans plan to pass the same legislation again. And the White House is already signaling its plans for another veto—on exactly the same grounds. President Clinton thinks the "elective practice" of partial-birth abortion is "abhorrent," press secretary Mike McCurry says. The president himself says he would "happily" sign a bill to ban *that*. But the ban Clinton wants must contain a "health of the mother" exception. And McCurry says it must not unconstitutionally "impair the privacy right"—which appears to mean it must not apply to abortions performed before the seventh month of pregnancy.

The president says his position—his preferred partial-birth abortion "ban"—"*is* the pro-life position."

Here lies an opportunity for the American press, which has embarrassed itself with bad reporting on partial-birth abortion these past several years, to restore its good name. The partial-birth ban Bill Clinton claims to support is as glaring a fraud as any perpetrated in this debate so far. It should be reported that way.

"Health of the mother" exceptions, the Supreme Court says, must be granted for any reason—"physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age"—a doctor certifies as "relevant to the well-being of the patient." A late-term ban on partial-birth abortion that includes a "health" exception, in other words, is a ban that bans nothing. And a partial-birth ban that only applies to the third trimester of pregnancy is similarly toothless, as Ron Fitzsimmons has reminded us. Almost all partial-birth surgeries are performed *before* the third trimester.

No medical school in the entire United States teaches partial-birth abortion as a standard and approved medical procedure. No peer-reviewed medical research has ever endorsed the practice. No recognized safety data sustain it. In January of this year, the executive board of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists concluded that there are "no circumstances" under which partial-birth abortion is "the only option to save the life of the mother or preserve the health of the woman." In September 1995, the legislative council of the American Medical Association voted unanimously to endorse a nationwide legal prohibition of the surgery.

In short, despite President Clinton's questionable anecdotal examples, partial-birth abortion is never medically necessary. It is never even medically *preferable* to some other abortion procedure. Banning it is therefore constitutionally uncomplicated. And just.

None of this is a secret. Nothing Ron Fitzsimmons "disclosed" a couple of weeks ago was a secret, either, for that matter. The truth about partial-birth abortion has always been rather obvious, in fact. It would be nice this year, as the partial-birth debate heats up once more, if American journalism finally noticed that truth. And told it.

— David Tell, for the Editors

Second-Term Blues

by Fred Barnes

How are things going at the scandal-plagued White House? Swimmingly, says Dick Morris, the former political adviser to President Clinton. Morris is gone from Clinton's side, but his strategy is not forgotten. Every day, the president produces a fresh nugget of good news. One day it's a ban on human cloning, the next a visit to flood sites in Arkansas, the next an order requiring child-safety locks on the guns of federal law enforcement officers. This stuff is sufficiently newsworthy to get media coverage and makes a real impression on people that scandal stories don't, Morris insists. Better yet, Clinton doesn't need Morris around to pursue the strategy. "That's why it was so brilliant," Morris says.

Partly brilliant would be a better way of putting it. "If Morris is going to take credit for everything," says White House press secretary Mike McCurry, "he's got to take credit for a scandal to begin the second term." It was Morris's massive ad campaign, after all, that led to furious fund-raising, then to the scandal that has destabilized the Clinton White House. In trying to cope, the president's new staff isn't the problem. Most of the top officials—Erskine Bowles, Rahm Emanuel, Doug Sosnik, John Podesta, Sylvia Matthews—are experienced, having worked at the White House in Clinton's first term, only in lesser jobs. The problem is a scandal that's bigger and more intense than any of them has faced before.

Vice President Al Gore, for instance. He especially is not practiced in dealing with allegations of illegality, and his response was wobbly. At first, Gore couldn't decide how to respond to Bob Woodward's story in the *Washington Post* on March 2 about fund-raising calls he'd made from the White House. He waited to see if McCurry could handle questions about it in his daily

briefing. McCurry couldn't, not having enough information. Instead, McCurry got into a nasty exchange with reporters, claiming their "standards for accuracy are lower than ours" in the White House press office.

A few hours later, Gore rushed to the press room, unprepared for the barrage of skeptical questions. An adviser who thought the vice president should pause 24 hours before going public didn't press the point, so bent was Gore on instant vindication. In his press conference, he made questionable statements ("There is no controlling legal authority . . .") he'll have to live with for years. And he raised as many questions as he answered. Whom did he solicit? How much did he ask for? Where in the White House did he call from? Was it really a Democratic National Committee credit card he used? (It wasn't.)

Nor did he make a strong legal case for his actions. Jack Quinn, the former White House counsel and once Gore's chief of staff, eventually put together a legal argument in the vice president's behalf. But it was too late to help Gore with the press. It might be too clever to have helped anyway. Quinn says Gore's fund-raising calls were legal because the actual solicitation occurred where the calls were received—in other words, not on federal property.

The scandal all but engulfed Lanny Davis, the lawyer handpicked to answer (or deflect) scandal questions from reporters. Davis took over in December from Mark Fabiani, who now runs a foundation in La Jolla, California. Fabiani was regarded by reporters as accessible and credible. His parting advice to Davis was to spend a month shoveling out as much information as possible. It would build credibility. But Davis didn't quite do that. Given the situation, it would have been difficult to build credibility anyway. Davis had been a strong defender of Clinton on Whitewater, and reporters had pent-up anger from being denied fund-raising information in the weeks before the election.

Davis's worst moment came when he encountered Ted Koppel on *Nightline* on February 25. He said Koppel was making an "assumption without any evidence" about Clinton's desire to invite $50,000 and $100,000 donors to the White House. "No, no," Koppel snapped. "I'm just asking you based on what we have here and that's all I can go on right now. And with all due respect to you, you weren't even at the White House before December so you don't have a clue what was going on there last year." McCurry and other White House aides defend Davis's performance. Nevertheless, the White House is trying to hire someone to work with Davis.

Three other things haven't worked out as the White House had hoped, either. First, there is McCurry's relentless effort to cajole reporters into investigating Republican fund-raising. In briefings, he not-too-subtly mentions donations by businessmen who advised Vice President Dan Quayle's Competitiveness Council and by GOP fatcats with Team 100 or The Eagles. After the White House released 500 pages of documents held by former Clinton aide Harold Ickes, McCurry figured the press would demand Republican fund-raising documents. "By and large, the press hasn't done that," he now concedes. "I made an error in judgment."

Second, there is Clinton's slide into Nixon-like self-justification. Maybe the comparison is unfair (McCurry insists it is), but it's what came to mind on March 4 when Clinton excused fund-raising excesses by suggesting they were necessary to save America. "We were fighting a battle, not simply for our reelection, but over the entire direction of the country for years to come, the most historic philosophical battle we've had in America in quite a long time," he said. "I don't regret the fact that we worked like crazy to raise enough money to keep from being rolled over by the biggest juggernaut this country had seen in a very long time." Gingrich and Dole a juggernaut? Yep, that's what he said.

> WITH NIXON-LIKE DEFENSIVENESS, CLINTON HAS EXCUSED FUND-RAISING EXCESSES AS NECESSARY TO SAVE AMERICA.

Third, there's the appointment of Colorado governor Roy Romer as general chair of the Democratic National Committee. Romer made a strong first appearance in Washington, vowing to clean up Democratic fund-raising. But he didn't help the president much. Romer didn't accept any of the White House's alibis. He said the acceptance of a $50,000 check by Maggie Williams, chief of staff to Hillary Clinton, was not "the right way to do business." The distinction that Williams hadn't solicited the money and thus hadn't broken the law, Romer said, is one "you don't want to make." As for Clinton's defense that Republicans raised more money than Democrats, he said: "That does not give you an excuse for doing things illegal or improper."

What Clinton needed was "a firebreak" to stop the scandal from racing forward. The phrase came from a Clinton ally, but the president didn't like the options for achieving it. One was to declare he personally was at fault for fund-raising violations and was instituting, on his own, sweeping new rules for campaign money and rewards for donors. Another was to accede to a special prosecutor. Morris favors neither. He's got just

the sound bite for Clinton in opposing a special counsel: "Who do you want to decide on an appropriate prosecutor, Janet Reno or Jesse Helms?" (The idea is Helms would influence the judges who would name a special prosecutor. Got it?) At his press conference on March 7, Clinton declined to go along with a special prosecutor. But, wisely, he didn't use the Morris line.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE D'AMATO PARADIGM

by Brit Hume

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME WHEN leading a congressional inquiry into a sitting president was an opportunity for political stardom. The most conspicuous case was the 1973 Senate Watergate investigation led by 76-year-old Sam Ervin, who had long been regarded in Washington as a colorful old racist with a quaint interest in constitutional law. After Watergate and the resignation of Richard Nixon, Ervin achieved something close to beatification in the Washington media. Back then, the Democrats controlled Congress and the Republicans the White House. The media treated congressional investigations of presidents as noble undertakings, to be regarded with utmost seriousness.

But that's all changed. Now there is the example of Al D'Amato, who found himself under relentless media attack when he ran the Senate Whitewater investigation and is in desperate electoral straits 18 months before he must face the voters again in New York. These days, it pays to be cautious if you are a Republican heading a probe of the president. That is why staffers working for Tennessee senator Fred Thompson fear Thompson is already getting too much attention even though his investigation of the 1996 fund-raising morass hasn't even begun yet.

On February 25, Thompson gave his first out-of-state television interview since he was named to head the investigation. Thompson granted the interview to New Hampshire station WMUR as a favor to his Republican colleague Judd Gregg, and he refused even to comment on the probe. Nonetheless, his staff was worried that the interview would be taken as a further sign that Thompson is hoping the scandal will catapult him into contention for the presidency.

Republican aides who worked on the Senate's Whitewater investigation remember precisely when they learned that the rules of the presidential-investigation game had changed. It came on January 4, 1996. Before then, the Senate's Whitewater investigation had been marked by bipartisan harmony, even as it passed from Democratic control into Al D'Amato's hands. But on that day, those missing billing records from the Rose Law firm turned up in the family quarters at the White House.

Bye-bye, bipartisanship. "After that," one senior Republican aide recalls, "we had a totally different reaction from the Democrats. Richard [Ben-Veniste, the Democrats' counsel] became much more of a defense attorney. No one on the Democratic side would support us." Indeed, the Democrats blocked D'Amato's request to extend the investigation past its scheduled expiration date in February 1996. When it finally got going again in May, the probe never recovered its momentum. The Democrats even felt free to vote as a bloc to stop the committee from immunizing David Hale, the key witness in the investigation.

> WHAT SHOULD REPUBLICANS BE SAYING NOW THAT THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION IS DROWNING IN SCANDAL? MAYBE NOTHING.

Nothing like that ever happened in the old days. Quite the opposite, in fact: There were always a handful of Republicans who would join the Democratic posse in pursuit of a Republican president. And those Republicans would invariably reap media praise for their courage. On the Watergate committee, it was Connecticut's Lowell Weicker and, to some extent, Tennessee's Howard Baker. Indeed, Baker is the author of the classic Watergate question: "What did the president know and when did he know it?"

During the Iran-contra inquiry in 1987, New Hampshire's Warren Rudman was such a team player with the Democrats that he was deputized as the committee's vice chairman. The chairman, Hawaii Democrat Daniel Inouye, wistfully remembered those days during a press conference on March 5. "Everything was bipartisan," he said. "We had an agreement, Rudman and I, that we would appear before press conferences, whether it was *Meet the Press* or something like this . . . two of us, never by ourselves."

Under those circumstances, Republican administrations felt they had little choice but to cooperate, or at least pretend to. No longer. The Clinton administration openly attacked the Senate Whitewater investigation as a "partisan witch hunt." And the administration did not merely attack; it also stonewalled. Michael Chertoff, the committee's chief counsel, remembers: "We had guys like [Clinton aide] Bruce Lindsey, who had been under subpoena for more than a year, produce documents on the last day of the investigation. If a U.S. attorney had a witness come in on the last day of an investigation claiming they'd just found things, they'd sure be looking at him for a possible prosecution for obstruction of justice."

Some have argued that D'Amato, with his reputation as a fierce partisan with his own ethical baggage, was simply the wrong man for the job. But D'Amato actually behaved with considerable restraint, much more so than some Democrats. Remember Henry Gonzalez, then the chairman of the House banking committee, and his wild goose chase after the so-called Iraq-gate scandal? The premise of that case, that the Bush administration funneled cash to Saddam Hussein through federal agriculture credits, turned out to be false. The whole probe was a farce, but it still got better press than D'Amato's investigation.

At the moment, the press is driving the Clinton fund-raising scandal, providing both the disclosures and the coverage of the tortured explanations. It is not going well for the White House, especially after Al Gore's unconvincingly pedantic defense of his one-man telethon. "Not a good news conference," said ABC's Cokie Roberts. "A sorry performance," said the *Washington Post*'s Mary McGrory. Even *Post* cartoonist Herblock, normally as reliable a friend as the Democrats have, depicted Gore on the phone in his office, balancing himself on the edge of a telephone credit card, and later in the week, drowning in a pool of his own legalisms.

What should Republicans be saying and doing in this atmosphere? Maybe nothing. Senate majority leader Trent Lott last week pushed a cleverly crafted "compromise" funding plan for Thompson's investigation through the Senate Rules Committee in hopes of breaking a partisan deadlock that had threatened to block the entire inquiry. He proposed spending $4.35 million through December 31 to investigate "all illegal activities" in the 1996 campaign. The phrase "all illegal activities" was designed to keep the focus on the Clinton campaign while appearing to allow an inquiry into all abuses, including those in congressional races. "I just don't believe," said Lott, "that the Democrats want to be in a position of trying to . . . block this or filibuster this."

In fact, that might be the best thing that could happen to the Republicans. Two days after Newt Gingrich piped up that this scandal was in total "much bigger" than Watergate, the *Atlanta Constitution* reported that six years ago, Gingrich solicited wealthy donors to his political action committee with promises of access to him and the opportunity to influence policy. Is this the D'Amato effect working its negative magic again? Maybe, maybe not, but it's an example of why Republicans on Capitol Hill would be wise to look before they leap into this fray. The White House can't possibly win a fight with the news media. But it does pretty well when it goes up against the Republican Congress.

Contributing editor Brit Hume is Washington managing editor of the Fox News Channel.

Burton: Bossie's Boss

by Matthew Rees

During the Gulf War, Rep. Dan Burton proposed launching nuclear weapons against the Iraqis. A noisy Clinton critic, he's lambasted the White House for using taxpayer dollars to respond to letters written to Socks. He's also questioned whether Vince Foster's death was a suicide. A few years ago he escorted one of Arkansas's veteran Clinton-haters, Larry Nichols, around Congress, and just months back he hired one of the administration's most tireless foes, David Bossie, to be his committee's chief investigator. Michael Kinsley used to class Burton as a "GCG"—Good *Crossfire* Guest—because he could be trusted to produce more heat than light on a television show.

But Burton, 58, who now chairs the House committee investigating the administration's fund-raising practices, may be a changed man. He pledges, "We're going to try to make this [investigation] as bipartisan or nonpartisan as possible." He's even persuaded a few people that he means it. White House counsel Charles Ruff says he and his staff have had "nothing but courteous and professional conversations" with the congressman, and Bossie himself has chastised staffers for leaking information about the investigation.

Hearings won't begin until April or May, but Bur-

ton is taking care to keep from being tarred as either a pushover or a partisan hack. He won't hold as many hearings as Al D'Amato's Whitewater committee did—"It's not going to be a fishing expedition," he says. But he also says he's willing to play hardball. If the administration doesn't comply with his document requests, Burton says he will issue subpoenas unilaterally.

Burton claims to bear no ill will toward the president. They had a friendly chat at the White House a year ago when Clinton signed legislation Burton had sponsored tightening the embargo on Cuba. And though some aspects of their backgrounds couldn't be more different—Clinton has a law degree from Yale, while Burton never graduated from college—both came from troubled families with abusive fathers. Burton has described his father as a "vagabond," which seems fair considering the family lived in 38 states, Mexico, and Canada before Burton was 12. His parents eventually split up, but his father returned and kidnapped Burton's mother, for which he spent two years in prison. As a teenager, Burton once used a loaded shotgun to ward off his father when he appeared in front of the home where Burton, his siblings, and their mother were living.

Burton's challenge now is to prove that he can run untroubled hearings. Given his record of partisanship, some doubt his fitness to be chairman. Even Republicans have wondered whether Burton could—or should—follow in the footsteps of his predecessor as chairman of the House Government Reform and Oversight Committee, William Clinger, a non-threatening but effective moderate. He did not get off to an auspicious start. Just as the investigation was beginning last November, Bossie was fingered for leaking John Huang's phone records. A minor controversy erupted, briefly setting back Burton's effort to prove himself trustworthy.

But it's been mostly smooth sailing since then. Burton says that while he doesn't apologize for aggressively seeking out waste, fraud, and abuse in the past, his new role is different: "When you're chairman you're in a quasi-judicial role. . . . I won't have any problem adapting." In the past month he's turned in impressive performances on *Meet the Press* and *This Week*, and even Clinton demurred last week when asked whether Burton was grandstanding by issuing subpoenas. Burton has also scored at least one coup. It was his request for documents from Harold Ickes, Clinton's former deputy chief of staff, that exposed the use of the Lincoln Bedroom and the level of Clinton's personal involvement in fund-raising.

Burton isn't stopping there. He issued more subpoenas last week, and he has threatened former Clinton administration aides John Huang and Webster Hubbell with contempt of Congress citations for failing to turn over documents. He also hopes to alter the questioning process during the hearings, allotting members more than the traditional five minutes and allowing staff counsel to participate in interrogations.

Two recent developments have made Burton's job easier. The first is the controversy surrounding Fred Thompson's Senate investigation, which has kept Burton out of the spotlight. The second is press coverage of Bill Clin-

ton's and Al Gore's fund-raising, which is shifting the burden of proof from Burton to the administration. In addition, the Burton hearings should avoid the Whitewater problem—namely, allegations near-impossible to comprehend or explain. "It's important for the media and the public to understand what's going on," says Burton. "If there's not some clarity, then the investigation looks like a political witch hunt."

But Burton will still encounter obstacles. Paramount will be the difficulty in obtaining documents and testimony from key figures. Huang, Hubbell, and Clinton crony Mark Middleton all have taken the Fifth Amendment, while Clinton pal Yah Lin "Charlie" Trie has apparently fled the country. The investigation could falter if none of these men cooperates. Another obstacle will be the press, which is sure to give Burton a working-over once he's truly in the spotlight.

A third obstacle will be House Democrats, who have indicated they're going to support the president. Though the committee's ranking Democrat, Henry Waxman, now favors the appointment of an independent counsel, he's also been dogging Burton on procedural matters like subpoena powers and the portion of committee funds allocated to Democrats. With an extremely liberal Los Angeles constituency, Waxman can do the administration's bidding—no matter how messy the scandals get. This is no small concern, as Waxman is skilled at parliamentary procedure. Burton diplomatically describes his relationship with Waxman as "adversarial, but not acrimonious."

Burton's committee staff will be tested by the sheer mass of information (up to a million documents) and the complexity of the legal questions. Thus he's fortunate that three of the four attorneys who worked for Clinger opted to stay put. Three other lawyers have also been hired, two of them former U.S. attorneys with experience investigating money laundering. Bossie was an investigator with the Whitewater committee for the past two years and before that toiled at Citizens United, an anti-Clinton group, where he became a source on Whitewater for numerous members of the national media (he's also profiled in the latest issue of *George*). Some eyebrows were raised when Bossie was hired, and it's almost guaranteed some Democrat will use him to try to discredit the committee's work—it happened during the Whitewater investigation—but Burton indicates he's fully supportive of his 31-year-old aide.

Kent Lemon

Dan Burton

Whether Burton's past will affect his conduct of the hearings remains to be seen. But colleagues speculate that after having felt like an outsider for much of his life, Burton views the committee chairmanship as a chance to gain acceptance. "I think you'll see a dramatic change," says Rep. Mark Souder of Indiana, who attends Bible study sessions with Burton and says his fellow Hoosier appreciates the need for moderation if he's to be effective. Indeed, on *Meet the Press* on February 16, Burton said, "I don't think anybody wants to see a president maimed by this kind of investigation." Such rhetoric must please the Clintonites, but they're hardly off the hook. Burton recently noted that all of Clinton's problems "could end up being much bigger than Watergate ever was."

Matthew Rees is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Victims' Wrongs

by Andrew Peyton Thomas

At first glance, the concept of victims' rights seems to offer the closest thing yet to a consensus on the problem of crime. Here at last is ideological common ground, which explains why a proposed constitutional amendment writing victims' rights into our nation's charter has attracted wide support. Introduced in the Senate in January by Jon Kyl (R-Ariz.) and Dianne Feinstein (D-Calif.) and sponsored in the House by Henry Hyde (R-Ill.), the proposed victims' rights amendment reads like a mini-Bill of Rights for the large majority of Americans who are victimized by criminals at some point in their lives.

The amendment's twelve paragraphs outline rights that are Madisonian in scope—which is only fair, given the broad range of judicially minted criminals' liberties they are meant to counteract. A victim would have the right to notification of, and a hearing at, the trial and parole proceedings; adjudication of the case without unreasonable delay; notification of the offender's release or escape; consideration of the victim's safety when authorities contemplate releasing the offender; notification of these rights; and standing to assert them in court. Twenty-seven states enshrine such rights in their constitutions.

The victims' rights amendment has earned impressive bipartisan backing, including an election-year endorsement by President Clinton last June and inclusion in both parties' 1996 platforms. In a press conference last month promoting the amendment, Sen. Feinstein even trotted out an artfully hedged endorsement from the legal Left's man of a thousand faces, Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe: "Although there is legitimate room for disagreement about the wisdom of any proposed amendment, I believe this provision deserves a place in the Constitution of the United States."

Notwithstanding these conversions, there remains on the left, both in academia and politics, some resistance to acknowledging victims' rights as a legitimate component of the legal process. Most law review articles taking up the subject treat victims' rights as an atavism on the order of cannibalism or stoning. There is also a stubborn, unspoken assumption among a goodly portion of leftists that the real victims in the criminal-justice system are those whom an unjust, racist society has conscripted into a life of crime.

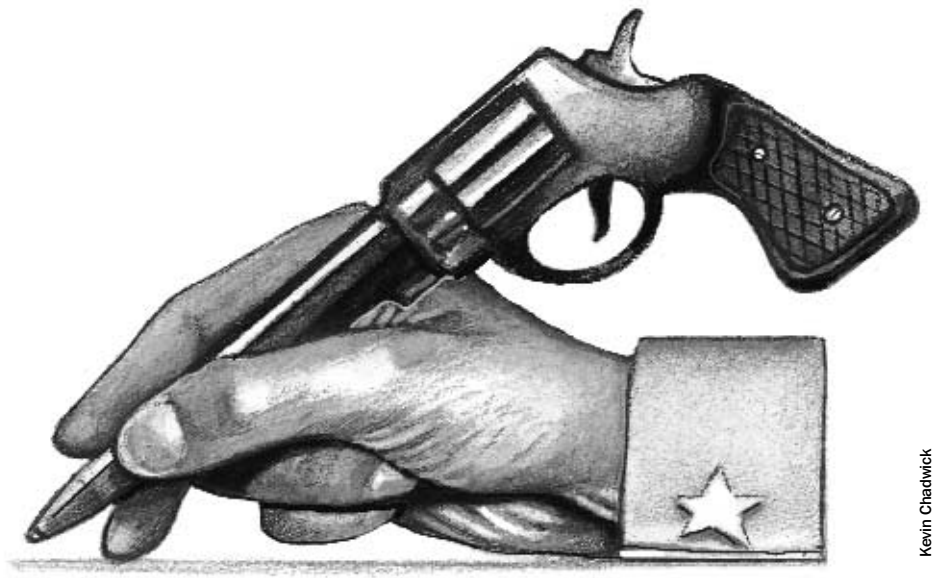
The Democrats' new enthusiasm for the victims' rights amendment may be merely a product of polls and political calculation. A slightly less cynical, and perhaps more convincing, explanation is genuine remorse for the brutal side effects of the criminals' rights revolution of the 1960s. To liberals, victims' rights can serve as reparations of sorts to Americans on the receiving end of the crimes that became more numerous after the Warren court revamped criminal procedure. Tribe's statement to the press endorsing the amendment hints at this view: "Too often, [victims'] rights are ignored or overridden in the mistaken belief that respecting the rights of victims would compromise the rights of the accused or the safety of the public. Because that belief, however misguided, is grounded in the way some people interpret the Constitution as currently written, only a properly drafted constitutional amendment can overcome the inertia that too often leaves the victims of crime unprotected." Tribe's is an articulate, if convoluted, plea for greater compassion toward the victims of crime—the victims, that is, of the ongoing social experiment inaugurated by the Warren court and its intellectual tutors.

> THE VICTIMS' RIGHTS AMENDMENT HAS EARNED IMPRESSIVE BIPARTISAN BACKING, BUT WE DO SOCIETY NO FAVORS IN THE LONG RUN BY BESTOWING CREATIVE NEW RIGHTS ON SELECT CLASSES.

The conservative case for victims' rights might seem straightforward by comparison. It is not. Some on the right embrace this cause seemingly from despair at the prospect of reversing the revolution in criminals' rights. According to these beleaguered souls, the best we can hope for is a somewhat more equitable distribution of rights between criminals and their prey. There are also plenty of folks on the right who support victims' rights on the basis of the generally accurate and healthy intuition that anything making it marginally harder for criminals to beat the rap can't be all bad.

But there is a more principled conservative argument for victims' rights. It derives from the fact that victims of crime traditionally had a central role in the Anglo-American criminal-justice process, which they lost only relatively recently. Until just before the American Revolution, the legal system in the colonies followed the ancient principle—ingrained in English

law since the Middle Ages—that the victim drove the criminal-justice process. The victim could initiate and manage the proceedings against the alleged offender, just as a modern civil plaintiff supervises his own case. Victims privately financed prosecutions, hiring their own detectives and attorneys. Prosecutors were hired guns whose job was to exact retribution—usually money—from the miscreant.



Kevin Chadwick

This system ended with the rise of public prosecutors in the 18th century, a function of the growing power of the state. By the time the Minutemen began firing in Lexington, public prosecution was becoming entrenched in the colonies, and the role of the victim was reduced accordingly.

The great crime wave of the past thirty-five years has spurred an overdue reappraisal of the role of victims in the criminal-justice system. The new solicitude for victims enhances both justice and mercy. As the eminent Victorian jurist Sir James Fitzjames Stephen observed of the old system of private criminal prosecutions, the proposed reform would give "a legal vent to feelings in every way entitled to respect."

The most pessimistic view of the victims' rights movement is that it reflects the belief, both popular and sobering, that the best approximation of justice to be had in modern America is secured by standing in line at the national rights cafeteria and demanding a serving. With society merely the sum total of individual rights, civic life becomes a race to acquire and stockpile the most rights, which may then be used for self-gratification or to ward off the losers in the competition.

Conservatives must be wary any time they take up the language of rights; and victims' rights, for all their political potency, are no exception. Seen in its best light, this agenda is an attempt to restore to his place in the criminal-justice system an indispensable party, the victim—an attempt inspired by what has been learned in the last two centuries. If we must use the parlance of the day and market these reforms as "rights," it remains true, nevertheless, that the root of our crime problem is a rights-happy radical individualism inimical to conservatism correctly defined. While the victims of crime deserve their day in court, the solution to the crime problem is not a protracted competition with the judicial branch over who can grab the most rights. We do our society no favors in the long run by bestowing creative new rights on select classes or tribes.

Moreover, merely salving the mental wounds of crime's victims without helping to prevent other citizens from suffering a similar fate is an unacceptable response to chronically high crime rates from a society that can and must do better. The victims' rights agenda must supplement rather than replace tough crime-control policies, including essential judicial reforms. It is here that conservatives will part company with Sen. Feinstein and Prof. Tribe and engage in what will surely be an epic battle for the safety and soul of America.

Viewed in proper historical context, victims' rights represent more than the conservative entry in the great American rights race. They are the restoration of a valuable tradition jettisoned without sufficient thought and brought back in limited form to ensure a fuller conception of justice. Even so, the victims' rights agenda must not detract from the essential task of crime prevention. Today's unacceptably high crime rate is the product of a pervasive disregard at all levels of government for our most important civil right—that of personal security: the right not to become a victim in the first place.

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The Collected Works of Newt Gingrich, Vol. 1

By Andrew Ferguson

In case you were wondering what he's been up to, Newt Gingrich has been thinking hard lately, and thinking large. In fact, he has been thinking about nothing less than how to "create a new vision for the Republican party," as he recently told several fellow Republicans. One fruit of all this cogitation has already emerged: a three-page "Movement Planning Proposal" that the speaker cooked up on his personal computer at home and then distributed to activists and congressional staff last week.

Gingrich assured his colleagues that the proposal was only a draft, and it is indeed a loosely constructed document, a rag bag of Gingrichian thoughts. His proposal comprises 12 numbered items that follow no discernible organizational principle; this "new vision" is Gingrich raw, from the top of his head, and all the more revealing as a result. The first three items, for example, show the speaker clearing his throat, metaphorically. Item #1 reads: "Planning system: Vision, strategies, projects, tactics." Item #2 is: "Leadership style: Listen-learn-help-lead." And Item #3 combines #1 and #2: "Continuous process of planning and leading: Vision, strategies, projects, tactics—Listen, learn, help, lead."

This is not much movement for a movement-planning proposal, but after number three things get rolling pretty fast—and rolling and rolling. Item #8 consists of what the New Agers call "affirmations":

"We are FOR rather than AGAINST

"We are Inclusive rather than Exclusive

"We find challenges and opportunities rather than problems"

And there are several "thought experiments," as in #9: "If we succeed by 2017 (after 16 years of a Republican President and Congress, the FDR parallel) what will success be like . . . for the world we will have led for a generation?"

Item #12 is more concrete: "Our initial four foci for 1997 to 2000 are: Race, Drugs, Ignorance, Faith."

Perhaps the most arresting item of all is #6, reprinted here as Go Figure 1.1 (The Old Debate) and Go Figure 1.2 (The New Debate). The Old Debate was about bigger government versus smaller government, as shown in Go Figure 1.1:

The New Debate is more complex and concerns whether government should be better, smarter, or more effective, or not:

(Go Figure 1.2)

Why, however, the Old Debate should be a triangle and the New Debate a three-sectioned circle is a question best left between Gingrich and his software. Only his computer knows for sure.

The most comprehensive item on the speaker's Movement Planning Proposal is undoubtedly #5—a manifesto of sorts. Despite space limitations, we reprint it here in its entirety:

"We are the positive, values-oriented, problem-solving movement committed to a stronger better America with a better government that uses modern management, relies on faith-based and other charities, pursues modern science and technology, encour-

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ages . . . [Feel free to go get a snack if you'd like—the sentence will still be running on when you get back.] . . . encourages wealth creation through the private sector, and helps people move from poverty to prosperity so we can have better services through a smaller government at less cost to create a stronger, freer more prosperous America in which everyone has their God given right to pursue happiness as a right and not merely a promise."

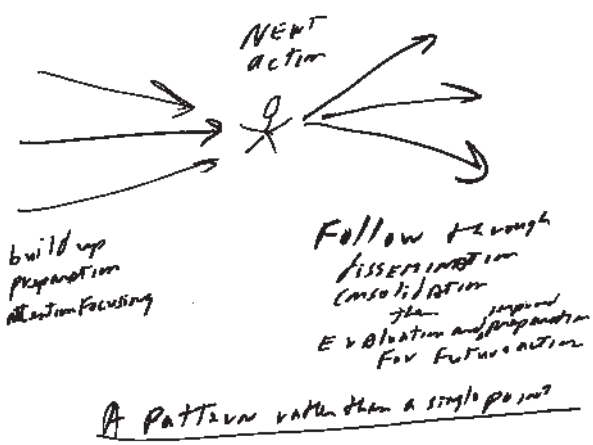
Needless to say, this Item #5 is one whale of a manifesto for a political party, even if Gingrich broke it up into, say, 16 or 17 separate sentences, as he should. But a successful manifesto identifies areas of difference; it draws bright distinctions between one party and its adversary. To this end, Gingrich's fails, since even Democrats—even Joe Kennedy!—cannot be persuaded to declare, for example: "We Democrats are the negative, values-ignoring, problem-creating movement committed to a weaker worse America with worse government that uses management techniques developed during the reign of Ethelred the Unready . . ." If you could get Democrats to say that, Republicans really would lead the world for a generation.

The harsh truth, in short, is that Gingrich's Movement Planning Proposal, insofar as it is a proposal for a plan for a movement, is no help at all. In fact, several Gingrich supporters have looked through the planning proposal, lingered over its bizarre diagrams, its empty buzzwords, its endless trainwrecks of verbiage, and found it unnerving.

But why? It is vintage Gingrich. Republicans need not be alarmed. For the real news in the Movement Planning Proposal is that Newt Gingrich, having survived a brutal press and a harassing "ethics investigation," remains the man he has always been.

Then again, perhaps that's *why* Republicans should be alarmed.

Consider, for example, Go Figure 2.1:



The future speaker drew this chart in December 1992 to illustrate—well, it's unclear what it's meant to illustrate. The chart was collected and published in January by the House Ethics Committee as part of an appendix to its ethics report on Gingrich. The appendix features more than 1,000 pages of speech drafts, personal notes, letters, memos, and charts that Gingrich and his allies provided as exhibits during the committee's investigation.

It is a remarkable document. Read in its entirety, it establishes a kind of narrative, a step-by-step recounting of the evolution of Gingrich's public and private thinking. The appendix is the most compelling portrait yet of the current leader of the Republican party.

And he is leader of even more than that. "Gingrich—primary mission," reads one of Gingrich's handwritten notes from December 1992. "Advocate of civilization. Definer of civilization. Teacher of the rules of civilization . . . Leader (possibly) of the civilizing forces."

By the time he wrote this note, Gingrich had already hit on the verbal formula RENEWING AMERICAN CIVILIZATION to summarize the scope of his work (RAC for short). RAC was a successor to the earlier CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITY SOCIETY (COS for short), which would emerge, Gingrich theorized, from the CITIZENS' OPPORTUNITIES MOVEMENT. But before COS became RAC, there was THE AMERICA THAT CAN BE, an offspring of the CARING HUMANITARIAN REFORM MOVEMENT. That movement was in turn based on the TRIANGLE OF AMERICAN SUCCESS, also known as the TRIANGLE OF AMERICAN PROGRESS.

Confused? As Gingrich explained in a 1990 speech, "We summarize the Triangle of American Progress with one sentence: Common sense focused on opportunities and success. It's a very radical sentence." So radical, indeed, that it isn't even a sentence.

As you read through the Gingrich documents, you quickly catch the method by which he cobbles together these schema—the technique that controls his use of words. It is modular. Groups of words, chunks of language, float freely through his writing and speeches, detaching themselves here, reattaching there, coupling and uncoupling with other groups of words seemingly at random until they form what appears to be a sentence. "It is our goal," he said in that 1990 speech, "to define our position as a caring, humanitarian reform party applying the triangle of American success and applying common sense focused on success and opportunities."

This is a special kind of gibberish; it is gibberish imprinted by pseudo-science, since it has been plumped and processed and tested in focus groups.

In a candid moment, in a speech reprinted in the appendix, Gingrich explained how his various chunks of language came to be discovered. He told of road-testing one such phrase, "honest hard work," before a high-school class in Georgia: "And I reused the phrase about nine times in three minutes, and finally a student raised her hand and said, 'Well, we don't have a system that rewards *honest hard work*.'" The phrase had caught on! In this way, Gingrich knew to add the phrase to his lexicon, and indeed, it became one of his modules. "The CITIZENS' OPPORTUNITIES MOVEMENT," he later announced, "is the movement of honest hard work." There is much more where this came from. After "the largest focus group project ever undertaken by the Republican party," Gingrich said in 1991, "we will have an enormous data base of what words work and what words don't."

What words *mean*, however, is a trickier subject. Untethered from the world of sense and nonsense, Gingrich's formulations mutate endlessly. From the appendix, we learn that The Triangle mutated into The Four Pillars of American Civilization. Soon The Four Pillars were Five Pillars—and they were pillars not only of American Civilization, but also of the 21st Century. And then of American Success. And then of Freedom and Progress.

Newt Gingrich is mad for lists. In each of his speeches and memos—just as in last week's Planning Proposal—we see him heroically striving to impose order on the chaos of the world in general and of politics in particular. He is, he says, a "systems designer." And so, along with the Pillars, we read of the Four Can'ts, the Nine Zones of Creativity, the Fourteen Steps to RAC, the Four Great Truths, the Five Cs, and so on.

In one typical to-do list, he writes: "1. Design planning-management systems. 2. Define, plan, and begin to organize the movement for civilization and the effort to transform the welfare state into an opportunity society to help people to achieve productivity, responsibility, and safety so they can achieve prosperity and freedom so they can pursue happiness." (In another to-do note, he plans a series of books: "The History of Freedom, Prosperity, and Safety." Another day, another dollar.)

In his craving for "systems," Gingrich shows the abiding influence of that great literary genre, the pop business book. Each year thousands of meatball middle managers buy Gnostic texts like *Team-building to Your First Million and Beyond* and *Secrets of Total Quality Management for Overnight Success*. Most of those meatballs, of course, vote Republican, and perhaps for that reason Gingrich has shown himself comfortable with their ways of thinking. The evidence indicates, in fact, that he is one of them.

The purpose of such management books is to take a series of banal propositions and make them as complicated as possible, by means of lists, diagrams, and jargon; this creates an illusion of originality or profundity. It is Gingrich's method as well. You can see it even now, in the Movement Planning Proposal. Somewhere he came upon the commonplace observation that people like you more if you listen to them when they talk and help them when they ask. As rendered by Gingrich, this has become a four-part "Leadership Model": "Listen-Learn-Help-Lead."

So too his "Planning System" of "Vision-Strategies-Projects-Tactics." In normal language, the point seems to be: "Have a pretty good idea of what you want to do before you do it." One wonders why he hasn't yet rendered this four-part system as a trapezoid; all it would take is the right software, and the meatballs would be floored.

As it happens, both the planning system and leadership style have been constants in Gingrich's thinking, dating back at least to the late 1980s. But in the speaker's philosophical journey, constants have been the exception rather than the rule. More typically, the words change continuously, and with them the "substance" they are meant to denote. What never varies is the tone of impending crisis. The urgency is great because the stakes are high: "literally the future of the human race," as he wrote in one planning document from 1993. The *literally* is pure Gingrich. He disdains the concrete in favor of the abstract, preferring nouns like *vision*, *strategies*, *structures* and verbs like *implement*, *empower*, *prioritize*. His taste in adjectives runs to the large: *historic, incredible, amazing*. And his favorite adverb is *frankly*, often intensified by *quite*. His thinking is never less than cataclysmic, and the result of his efforts, as he describes it, will never be less than Utopia: "If America launches a rebirth of freedom by renewing American civilization we will have the personal energy, the multi-racial outlook, the cultural certainty, and the economic, political and military strength to lead the entire human race to freedom, prosperity and safety."

And to think that most Republicans just want him—him, Newt Gingrich, the Teacher, the Definer, the Advocate, the Leader (possibly) of the Civilizing Forces—to cut the capital-gains tax! ♦

Bad Cop

How the Left Is Hijacking "Community Policing"

By Tucker Carlson

In 1994, John Miller, chief spokesman for the New York City police department, tried to explain to a reporter just how effective the force had become thanks to a new policy called "community policing." The overall drop in serious crime that year would surely be the greatest ever recorded, Miller predicted, "not just in this department's history but in all history, going back to when the earth was still cooling and dinosaurs roamed the plains."

Enthusiastic as it was, Miller's was not the most glowing claim made about community policing in 1994 or in the years since. Community policing has received much of the credit for the fact that America does seem to be getting safer—in New York alone, murder rates are down 50 percent this decade; nationwide the past five years have seen the most sustained drop in serious crime in a quarter-century. Police departments large and small, rural and urban, embrace its name and hope for miracles.

Unfortunately, nobody can seem to agree on what "community policing" actually is. In fact, in the absence of a firm definition, the phrase "community policing" is now used interchangeably to describe two radically opposing theories of law enforcement.

To its intellectual progenitors, James Q. Wilson and George Kelling, "community policing" is a means of preventing crime by forcing cops to confront obvious signs of civic disorder. Menacing behavior that goes unchallenged by the police, Wilson and Kelling argued in a seminal 1982 *Atlantic Monthly* article, is a signal to criminals and would-be criminals that a neighborhood is ripe for takeover. When a neighborhood is out of control, or when it *seems* out of control, people act accordingly.

The Wilson-Kelling idea was a direct challenge to existing police practices in most cities; with the spread of so-called "911" policing in the 1970s, many police departments had moved from preventing crime to contending with its aftermath. But the notion that beat cops might be better at thwarting crime than cops in patrol cars slowly spurred a revolution in law enforcement. In New York in the early 1990s, Kelling advised then-police chief William Bratton on ways to combat "quality of life crimes"—aggressive panhandling, low-level drug dealing, public drunkenness—that the city had virtually ignored for years. The effect was immediate and dramatic, and police chiefs around the country took notice.

So did the Clinton administration, which in 1994 created the Office of Community Oriented Policing Services within the Justice Department to stay abreast of the trend. Soon, the definition of the term began to change. According to the Clinton administration, "community policing" was not simply a new way of fighting crime but an opportunity to repair the social ills inside the hearts and minds of police officers themselves.

"The hidden cultural heritage of institutional racism and sexism that has gradually become part of the U.S. culture, including the culture of law enforcement, must be acknowledged and examined," explains a training paper produced by the Community Policing Consortium, an organization created and run by the Justice Department. According to the consortium's "bulletin" on cultural diversity, those in law enforcement "must learn to recognize the power and beauty of diversity, rather than blaming our social problems on other people."

In the opinion of the Clinton administration, this, too, is "community policing."

This is not just a fight over semantics. Consider the case of Nicholas Pastore, the recently departed police chief of New Haven, Connecticut. The Pastore case is a cautionary example of how "community policing" can be dangerous in the wrong hands.

Pastore took over as chief of the New Haven police department in 1990, the same year Bratton came to New York. Like Bratton, Pastore was an enthusiastic advocate of community policing. Unlike New York's chief, however, Pastore believed the primary threat to public safety came not from criminals, but from police officers. Average New Haven cops, he explained to *Newsweek* shortly after becoming chief, "want to chase a guy, bang him on the head and brag about it later."

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Such brutality, Pastore insisted, had not stopped crime, but instead created it. "Mean policing leads to mean streets," he said. According to Pastore, when police violence wasn't spawning more violence in New Haven, police racism was encouraging it to flourish. Cops have allowed black men to kill one another, he told the *New York Times*, because in the eyes of bigoted police officers, "the right men are dying."

Criminals, for their part, were virtually always driven to crime by some form of discrimination—in the case of prostitutes, Pastore claimed, by "systemic racism against women." In interviews, Pastore blamed violence in New Haven on sexism, racism, homophobia, capitalism, even a conspiracy of "gun manufacturers" intent on arming street gangs.

Soon after becoming chief, Pastore forbade his officers to chase suspects before first receiving permission from a supervisor. In practice, the policy allowed criminals to run away unhindered as frustrated cops waited to reach a superior over the radio. Pastore still defended the policy, implying that the sight of police officers chasing people, often minorities, down city streets was simply too brutal to be allowed.

Pastore expanded affirmative-action efforts dramatically, openly hiring by quota. Written portions of police promotion exams were eliminated, regulations were changed to allow the department to hire applicants with misdemeanor criminal records. Pastore proclaimed himself tired of "paramilitary, crew-cut males" and said he would prefer to recruit more unwed lesbian mothers.

Many cops complained that promotions were given without regard to experience or ability. When Pastore promoted several female officers to the rank of detective, Brenda Coleman-Lokites, herself one of the first women to become a patrol officer in the state of Connecticut, protested the hasty move. According to Coleman-Lokites, some of the new female detectives "hadn't investigated much more than a bicycle theft."

Not that such details seemed of much concern to Pastore. What really mattered, he said, was establishing a "proactive dialogue" with the "community." Pastore's first attempts to do so were clumsy: When a group of demonstrators gathered in front of the New Haven courthouse to protest the Gulf War, Pastore arrived wearing a white armband to express his solidarity. "I love you people," he shouted to the crowd.

In 1991, Pastore began requiring cops to attend seminars at Yale University's Child Study Center. Over the course of eight weeks, recruits attended discussion groups at the center on "issues related to child development, human behavior, and strategies for policing." They also sat through screenings of the movie *Boyz N the Hood*, an experience meant to "make the theoretical concepts vivid and relevant to police work." Veteran cops took a semester's worth of psychology courses.

Like Pastore, the staff at the Child Study Center believed that the police department itself was responsible for much of the violence in New Haven. "When police officers are in fact thoughtless or inconsiderate to a child in the course of their response to a crisis," explained the center's program description, "they reinforce the child's experience of society as uncaring, and strengthen the child's belief that hostile behavior is the normative mode of adult functioning." In other words, rude cops lead to dangerous kids.

To offset this effect, police officers were told to refer children who had been exposed to violence to the center's psychiatrists and psychologists for counseling. Officers were expected to send to the center not only the victims of violence, but the perpetrators of it as well. In one case, police brought a 13-year-old girl arrested for killing her baby to the center for complimentary "evaluation and treatment." In another instance, a teenage boy was "referred by the police after suffering a panic attack while being arraigned for the shooting death of a close friend."

The program was an instant hit with the Clinton administration, which awarded grants to a number of other cities hoping to replicate it. Back in New Haven, however, many citizens were beginning to voice concerns about Pastore's judgment. In 1993, the chief invited a film crew from CBS's *60 Minutes* to accompany him on a driving tour of the city's tougher neighborhoods. As the car passed two figures standing on a corner, Pastore asked reporter Steve Kroft if he wanted to meet "one of the most dangerous criminals in the city." Pastore turned the car around and approached the man, a well-known local thug named Donald Bailey. Bailey immediately asked the chief for money. Pastore produced a $10 bill and gave it to him. "I love you, man," said Bailey.

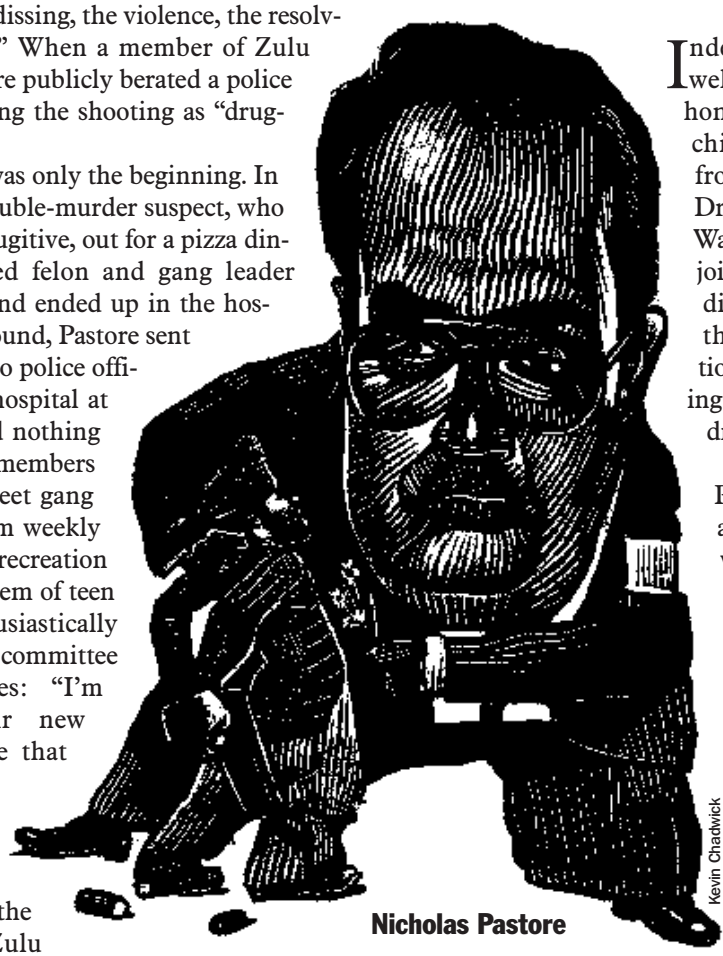
Pastore frequently appeared unwilling to distinguish between legitimate citizens' organizations and street hustlers. Not long before the *60 Minutes* taping, Pastore joined the New Haven chapter of Zulu Nation, a para-street gang from the South Bronx whose leader, T.C. Islam, had an extensive criminal record. In one incident, Islam was accused of hitting his girlfriend, "shoving a handgun between her legs and threatening to kill her." After he was arrested, Islam mocked the woman he was accused of tormenting, bragging that Chief Pastore was going to "take care of" the charges.

Complaints poured in when Islam's criminal record became public, but Pastore continued to defend Zulu Nation and its leader, and he continued to talk to Islam by phone several times a week. During an appearance on a cable-television show, the two chatted and flashed gang signs. Islam described Pastore as like a "brother." "We're like Starsky and Hutch," he said. Pastore returned the compliment, explaining his affection for Zulu Nation: "Why do I like Zulu? Because that's [its] doctrine: Respect your brother and sister, and get away from the dissing, the violence, the resolving things with guns." When a member of Zulu Nation was shot, Pastore publicly berated a police supervisor for describing the shooting as "drug-related."

For the chief, this was only the beginning. In 1994, Pastore took a double-murder suspect, who was being sought as a fugitive, out for a pizza dinner. When a convicted felon and gang leader named Montez Diamond ended up in the hospital with a gunshot wound, Pastore sent him a get-well card. Two police officers who were in the hospital at the same time received nothing from the chief. When members of the Latin Kings street gang asked to meet with him weekly to discuss "the lack of recreation and jobs, and the problem of teen suicide," Pastore enthusiastically agreed, creating a joint committee to ponder the issues: "I'm encouraged by their new bylaws, which require that members stay in school," he said.

Pastore maintained that his overtures to gangs like the Latin Kings and Zulu Nation would help convince their members not to commit crimes. Yet at the same time Pastore was talking about "the problem of teen suicide" with the Latin Kings, the gang's leader, Maria Vidro, was sitting in prison awaiting trial on a homicide charge. Vidro later received life in prison. By 1995, just about every Latin Kings leader in New Haven—some of them close acquaintances of Pastore's—had been indicted by federal prosecutors for murder and drug trafficking. Virtually all were convicted.

Ultimately, the Latin Kings were subdued in New Haven, mostly through the efforts of the federal government. The city's longtime drug crisis, however, remained. By the time Pastore became chief, according to some estimates, one out of every 10 New Haven residents was addicted to heroin or cocaine. In a 1990 interview published in *High Times* magazine, he offered his solution: "Let's decriminalize and medicalize the problems." According to the magazine's executive editor, Peter Gorman, the interview gave Pastore "a national forum. Prior to that he was just police chief of stinky little New Haven."



Kevin Chadwick

Nicholas Pastore

Indeed, Pastore was soon well known beyond his hometown. In 1991, the chief won a $10,000 grant from the pro-legalization Drug Policy Foundation in Washington and later joined the group's board of directors. Two years later, the Clinton administration flew Pastore to Washington to help draft federal drug-control policy.

Back in New Haven, Pastore's views on drugs also were being received warmly, mostly by drug sellers. The chief made a habit of handing out his business card to street dealers, telling them to call if they experienced police brutality. At Pastore's direction, the department all but stopped raiding drug houses. Raids, said the chief, "intimidate the community. They make people hate us." When asked why he did not arrest kids he believed were holding drugs, Pastore told *Parade* magazine, "An arrest would only make them distrust the police."

Arresting drug dealers, said Pastore, would be a sign of failure—failure to cure social ills like racism, poverty, and addiction, and the failure of society to provide "job opportunities, housing, drug treatment." The police department didn't stop hauling in low-level drug dealers—some were too blatant to ignore—but it slowed the pace considerably. In 1989, the year before Pastore arrived, New Haven police made a total of

3,159 drug arrests. By 1992, three years into Pastore's term, the number had dropped by more than 40 percent. Pastore was pleased by the decrease: "There are too many people presently incarcerated for this medical problem known as substance abuse."

Instead of taking them to jail, Pastore tried to get dealers and addicts to accept medical treatment. Using information culled from previous investigations and confidential informants, the department compiled a list of the addresses of people suspected of using and selling drugs. Uniformed officers arrived at their houses, not with warrants but "to encourage [drug] treatment in a culturally sensitive atmosphere."

By some measures, the effort succeeded: A small number of people who needed help to quit using drugs got it. (It is not clear how many quit permanently.) But putting addicts in a clinic did not solve New Haven's drug problem. Emboldened by Pastore's stand on drugs, dealers became more brazen, selling cocaine openly in the streets. "Without the arrests at the low level," said Louis Cavalier, head of the department's police union, "it's almost as if New Haven is an open-air market."

In the middle-income Edgewood neighborhood, residents complained to the chief about groups of increasingly aggressive drug dealers that had descended on the area. In response, Pastore temporarily assigned a beat cop to the corner of a local intersection. Because department regulations forbade the officer to pursue suspects without permission, however, his presence did little to deter drug dealers. One resident said he was amazed to find that the cop "was not allowed to move. I was literally standing on the corner with him, there were drug dealers a block away. He knew they were there, I knew they were there, everybody knew they were there, but he could not move. There was a crime in progress, but those were his orders."

With police officers unable or unwilling to intervene to maintain order, the Edgewood neighborhood began to decline. Gangs of young men roamed the streets intimidating residents. Hookers arrived in groups. By late 1994, the chief's own mother, a resident of the area, told the *Hartford Courant* she was afraid to go outside. "I used to walk around the block or to the pizza place or go out to get ice cream," she said. Now, "I can't even go get my medication."

At the same time that Pastore's drug policies were leaving the city's neighborhoods exposed to drug dealers, his anguished overtures to New Haven's black residents seemed, if anything, only to inflame racial tensions. Over the course of two months in 1993, on a single street in New Haven, police were confronted by mobs of young black men five times. The crowds, newly sensitized to police brutality by Pastore, threw rocks, bottles, and sticks at cops to protest racism in the department. Two officers were injured and at least eight squad cars damaged in the violence.

Pastore did little to defend his officers. In June 1991, two cops patrolling New Haven's tough Hill neighborhood spotted a man in a station wagon involved in an apparent drug deal. As the cops approached, the suspect, Anthony Laudano, hit the accelerator, aiming his car at the officers. One of the policemen ended up on the hood. Both of the officers drew their pistols and fired a total of ten shots, killing Laudano.

The state's attorney investigated the incident and cleared the cops of any criminal wrongdoing. But Pastore decided to press misconduct charges anyway, and the officers were brought before the city's Board of Police Commissioners. Although the officers ultimately were acquitted, the rank and file exploded, incensed by what they believed was Pastore's abandonment of his men. Police officers picketed and held protests. Many called in sick.

Pastore's relations with his force reached their lowest point in the aftermath of a 1993 shooting at a nightclub. According to a number of witnesses, as a group of cops came through the door of the Social Unity Club, a 22-year-old named Michael Allen pulled out a gun and shot officer Reggie Sutton. Sutton's partner landed on Allen and tried to handcuff him. As he did, a third cop jumped on the back of the arresting officer.

The third cop was a black woman named Angela Augustine-Daye. She screamed and accused her fellow officer of racist brutality, and tried to separate him from the suspected gunman. Four people were shot in the melee.

Pastore's response to the event further alienated him from most of his officers. Though a bulletproof vest had saved Reggie Sutton's life, the chief refused to buy body armor for the department, saying cops could afford their own. Then, at a forum on police brutality several months later, the chief commended Angela Augustine-Daye as a model police officer. Michael Allen, facing charges for the attempted murder of Reggie Sutton, was also at the meeting. In front of the crowd, the chief hugged Allen twice.

The uproar over the embraces eventually died, but the resentment of Pastore remained. A retired assistant chief of the department put it bluntly: "The cops hate his guts." The police union made the animosity

official by giving Pastore an overwhelming vote of no confidence.

The lasting effect of Pastore's behavior, however, went deeper than hurt feelings. Aware that the chief would not stand behind them if their dealings with citizens turned violent, police officers began to hesitate before becoming involved in even the most minor altercations. Pastore made his officers afraid to act decisively, or even at all, in ambiguous situations. One cop described his thoughts when faced with unruly citizens: "Why am I going to risk my butt to get into that situation when I know that even if I handle it well, I may face a departmental inquiry?"

As a result of this reticence, laws intended to help keep the city's neighborhoods orderly went almost unenforced in Pastore's version of "community policing." In 1986, for example, New Haven police arrested 2,389 people for drinking in public. Seven years later, in 1993, Pastore's department arrested only 34 people for the same crime.

> BY LATE 1994, THE CHIEF'S OWN MOTHER SAID SHE WAS AFRAID TO GO OUTSIDE. GANGS OF YOUNG MEN WERE ROAMING THE STREETS.

The decline did not go unnoticed. At a community meeting in New Haven's Dixwell neighborhood, residents demanded that the department do something about the knots of derelicts lining their streets. Odell Cohens, one of Pastore's community-policing experts, explained to the mostly black audience that laws against public drinking are racist, since getting drunk on the street is part of black culture. Unconvinced, the audience again demanded that the chief make his officers enforce anti-drinking laws. Pastore declined, suggesting "more alcohol treatment" instead.

The enforcement of other laws saw a similar decrease under Pastore. In 1985, police took into custody 648 people on charges of vandalism. From 1990 to 1993, not a single person was arrested for the crime. Arrests for "disorderly conduct"—a catchall term long used by police departments to move drunk and threatening people off the streets—fell from 5,171 in 1989 to 1,179 in 1993, a drop of more than 75 percent.

Needless to say, New Haven had not become 75 percent more orderly in the space of four years. Indeed, many of its residents were more frightened and harassed than ever.

Pastore defended himself by pointing out that the number of murders in the city had dropped from 34 in 1991 to 22 in 1996, though the consensus among the region's experts seems to be that the decline was primarily the result of federally sponsored anti-gang efforts in New Haven. But ultimately the point may be irrelevant, at least to those whose neighborhoods were disintegrating under Pastore's neglect. For non-criminals, the odds of being murdered in New Haven—or any other American city—have always been low. Murder is by far the easiest crime to measure, but it is also among the least likely to affect ordinary people. The average person in New Haven is much more likely to have his life made miserable by the sorts of low-level "quality of life" crime that Pastore chose to ignore—crimes that "community policing" originally was meant first and foremost to prevent.

Elizabeth McCormack, a New Haven alderwoman, says it was not necessarily the prevalence of violent crime that created "the perception in the community that the police aren't doing anything." Instead, she says, it was the "little things"—like "a homeowner coming home and finding 20 young men on her porch who don't live there and not being able to get the police to come and make them move away. That's when you wonder whose rights were being ignored."

Last month, Nicholas Pastore's experiment with New Haven came to an end. In an interview with the *New Haven Register*, the 59-year-old married father of three admitted having an affair with a 24-year-old, possibly mentally impaired hooker. He then left the child she bore to languish in foster care without financial support. Pastore resigned soon after. Despite the seedy circumstances, the press coverage of the scandal was uniform: Nearly every account expressed sorrow at Pastore's resignation.

"Sadly, Mr. Pastore committed one too many acts of kindness," lamented the *Hartford Courant* without a trace of sarcasm. "The revelation" that such a "popular" and "widely respected" figure could have done such a thing, explained the *New York Times*, "has shaken" New Haven. Amidst this spasm of grief, not one major media outlet bothered to notice the havoc Pastore had wreaked upon New Haven and its police department during his seven years as chief. But perhaps the omission should not have been surprising. Pastore was, after all, as the *Times* put it, "one of the leading national advocates of community policing." ♦

The Great Witness

At Long Last, a Biography of Whittaker Chambers

By Eric Breindel

Sam Tanenhaus's *Whittaker Chambers* is the first full-scale study of the mid-century American intellectual who made his signal mark in history as the man who exposed the espionage activities of a well-connected and high-ranking State Department official named Alger Hiss. With a graceful expository manner and an unusual eye for relevant detail, Tanenhaus has produced an absorbing book—not a narrative of the Hiss case, but rather a biography of Hiss's accuser, a man whose life and work have long been neglected.

When Chambers, a *Time* magazine editor and self-confessed former Soviet agent, told the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948 that Hiss and various other ex-government officials had been secret Communists, he forced members of the liberal elites to choose sides in an ideological battle many would have preferred to avoid. The Hiss-Chambers case helped open the fissure on the left between "progressives" who wanted U.S.-Soviet amity to continue into the post-Second World War era and "liberals" who recognized the geopolitical and moral importance of resisting Stalin.

Chambers, a product of shabby WASP gentility, came of age in the first two decades of the 20th century—in a bizarre, anxiety-ridden household visited by both mental illness and suicide. His family circumstances undoubtedly contributed to melancholia that forever marked his sensibility. But, as Tanenhaus explains, Chambers was also blessed with literary and artistic talents that enabled him to escape the stultifying confines of suburban Long Island. (A gifted linguist, he was the original translator of Felix Salten's 1920s novel *Bambi*.)

After three unhappy days as a freshman at Williams College, Chambers found his place among the precocious urban Jews who dominated undergraduate intellectual life at Columbia University in the early '20s. He established enduring friendships with Meyer Schapiro, later the nation's leading art historian, editor-to-be Clifton Fadiman, and Lionel Trilling, eventually America's preeminent literary critic. Tanenhaus is at his best as he traces the steps that led the young Chambers to distance himself from the sponsorship of critic and poet Mark Van Doren in favor of a role as a rising literary star in the American Communist subculture—a subculture that flourished in and around such publications as *New Masses*.

Sam Tanenhaus
Whittaker Chambers
Random House, 640 pp., $35

After a period of ideological indecision, Chambers's early Communist inclinations solidified themselves into a revolutionary faith. And this sense of fervor prompted the Party to send him into its secret world. He underwent training and—bearing the underground name "Carl"—was dispatched to New Deal Washington, where he supervised secret Party cells composed of young and promising government officials, among them Hiss. "Carl" collected Party dues, passed on career-related "guidance" provided by Moscow and, as an agent of Soviet military intelligence, secured copies of classified documents for transfer to the Kremlin.

Chambers's doubts about Communism and the U.S.S.R began to haunt him in 1937 and led him to flee the Party in 1938. He spent a year hiding from altogether real would-be Soviet assassins before finding a new home at Time Inc. Chambers rose at *Time*, entering its rarefied senior ranks. In discussing this period, Tanenhaus offers a sensitive portrait of an able, industrious, highly ideological editor who produced some notable writing of his own, including high-toned cover stories on Reinhold Niebuhr, Arnold Toynbee, and Albert Einstein.

Tanenhaus explains that Chambers, who made no effort to conceal his ferocious anti-communism, became the principal target of a vocal Time Inc. caucus dominated by Party members and fellow travelers. In 1945, *Time* published a genuinely prophetic piece by Chambers—"Ghosts on the Roof"—in a form entirely novel for the magazine. In "Ghosts," the murdered Russian royal family looks on from heaven with admiration as Stalin, negotiating

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with Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta, seeks to consolidate the very imperial designs that animated the Romanovs.

Chambers's adversaries inside *Time* were correct in arguing that, after the conclusion of World War II, he was bent on using his formidable editorial skills—as well his standing as a favorite of Time Inc. chief Henry R. Luce—to wean the magazine from its support for the wartime U.S.-Soviet alliance. Chambers sought to replace this enthusiasm with a healthy skepticism regarding Stalin's global aspirations; toward this end, he fought (and often lost) internecine ideological battles with liberal, highly talented correspondents, including Theodore H. White and John Hersey.

At the same time, according to Tanenhaus, Chambers was haunted by his inability to fulfill a perceived moral duty: persuading U.S. authorities that Moscow had realized extraordinary successes in its effort to penetrate the U.S. government. He was first rebuffed in 1939, when, through assistant secretary of state Adolf Berle, Chambers sought to inform FDR about the scope of the Washington-based Soviet underground. He rehearsed his story for the benefit of the FBI in 1942, 1945, 1946, and 1947 and repeated it to a State Department security official in 1946. On every occasion, Chambers said that Alger Hiss was an underground Communist; but Chambers continually refrained from reporting that Hiss had engaged in espionage.

Only in 1948, as the Washington political climate underwent a sea change, did Chambers find a sympathetic ear. The House Committee on Un-American Activities proved eager to hear him out. At the initial hearing in which he was featured, Chambers named eight former government officials as members of underground Party cells. Six of these men refused to answer central questions when they were summoned before the committee and, instead, invoked the Fifth Amendment.

Only Alger Hiss (and his brother Donald, a decidedly less important figure) stepped forward to deny the charges outright. Alger Hiss had left government service a year earlier to take on the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He had been a protégé of Supreme Court justice Felix Frankfurter, a law clerk for the elderly Oliver Wendell Holmes, and an FDR adviser at Yalta. Thus, when Hiss denied any knowledge of a Whittaker Chambers—"so far as I know, I've never laid eyes on him . . . the name means absolutely nothing to me"—most members of the House committee were inclined to ditch the inquiry.

But, though few were aware of it, Hiss had been called the previous year to testify before a New York-based grand jury probing Communist infiltration of the federal government. Unbeknownst to the committee, Hiss had also been interviewed by the FBI in 1946 and 1947 regarding his alleged Communist ties. Indeed, recently released documents indicate that Hiss was all but forced from the State Department—he'd fallen under a serious security-related cloud.

During the hearing, the Un-American Activities Committee's youngest member, California congressman Richard Nixon, had been struck by the careful, lawyerly manner in which Hiss denied past contact with Chambers. Nixon was fascinated by the specificity of Chambers's testimony about Hiss, whom the former had described as his "closest friend" within the Communist party. In addition, the freshman Republican had some knowledge of the suspicion under which Hiss had come.

Soon after, in the face of the extraordinary detail provided by Chambers about Hiss and his family, the ex-State Department official acknowledged having known his accuser briefly in the mid-1930s. But he had not known Chambers as "Carl," the Communist-cell leader; no, Hiss knew Chambers as "George Crosley," a would-be free-lance journalist and professional freeloader to whom he'd been foolishly generous. Hiss claimed he had loaned "Crosley" his apartment and had given this man he barely knew a Ford automobile.

As his position began to weaken, Hiss brazenly challenged Chambers to repeat his charges outside the legally protected confines of a congressional hearing room. Chambers promptly did so on a *Meet the Press* broadcast. "Alger Hiss was a Communist," said Chambers, "and may be one now."

After some delay, Hiss followed through on his challenge and filed a slander suit. This development led Chambers to overcome his reluctance to raise the espionage issue. In support of his new charge, Chambers produced long-hidden copies of classified 1938 government documents. Some had been typed on a machine the Hisses had owned; others were near-verbatim renditions of documents copied in Hiss's own hand.

In the end, because the ten-year statute of limitations on espionage had lapsed, Hiss was indicted on federal perjury charges, convicted, and sentenced to a five-year prison term. Chambers had succeeded in exposing the evil inherent in the cause he'd served. But in rising to bear witness against it, he wittingly sacrificed the quasi-anonymity in which he'd taken refuge, thrust himself into a limelight he feared, and imperiled the social and financial security afforded him by his post at *Time*. Chambers died in 1961, having produced an autobiographical masterpiece: *Witness*. Two books of essays were published posthumously.

Tanenhaus's *Whittaker Chambers* is an insightful and thorough study of a man whose personal significance was obscured by Alger Hiss's relentless 45-year quest for "vindication," and by the willingness of the establishment media to give the convicted perjurer the benefit of every doubt.

Surprisingly, however, Tanenhaus fails to emphasize important new evidence that points up the certainty of Hiss's guilt. And Chambers's biographer would have done well to seize the opportunity to close the case once and for all.

Tanenhaus does take note of an intercepted and decrypted 1945 KGB cable (declassified only last year) confirming that Hiss's involvement in espionage continued well after 1938, when Chambers left the Communist underground. The author also reviews the findings of the 1946 State Department security probe: It pointed up an inexplicable interest on Hiss's part in securing sensitive documents on matters unrelated to his job—and caused secretary of state James Byrnes to restrict the former's access to classified material. Tanenhaus also discusses the 1948 interrogation in Budapest of Hiss's State Department colleague (and fellow Communist agent) Noel Field. In this material, which was discovered only recently in Hungarian and Czech archives, Field reviews Hiss's 1930s espionage activities. Alas, Tanenhaus gives the new evidence relatively short shrift, shoving it into an appendix.

Moreover, he fails to explore questions left unsettled in Allen Weinstein's magnificent 1978 study of the case, *Perjury*—even though resolving these issues would further have demonstrated Chambers's credibility. Take the case of Maxim Lieber, a literary agent and Chambers crony in the Communist underground. Lieber told the FBI in 1948 that he had never encountered either Alger Hiss or his wife, Priscilla. This was significant in that Chambers told the committee he had personally arranged for the Hisses to spend time one summer with Lieber at the literary agent's Pennsylvania farm. In the course of *Perjury* research, Weinstein discovered that Lieber had told Hiss defense-team representatives that he knew and liked both Alger and Priscilla Hiss. (To avoid testifying at Hiss's trial, Lieber fled the country for Communist Poland.) It may well be that more information concerning this episode simply isn't available; but there's no indication that Tanenhaus even tried to probe the matter.

He also fails fully to deal with the ramifications of Weinstein's most explosive discovery: Chambers's homosexuality. Tanenhaus seems to take at face value his subject's claim that, after four years of tempestuous and promiscuous homosexual conduct in the mid-1930s, Chambers had "managed to break" himself of homosexual "tendencies" even as he fled the Communist cause. Chambers told FBI agents about his sexual history ten years later, fearing that Hiss's lawyers might expose his "darkest personal secret" in an effort to discredit him. Although he acknowledged, even in 1948, that he wasn't "immune to [homosexual] stimuli," Chambers claimed that he'd lived "a blameless and devoted life as a husband and father" for more than a decade.

Chas Fagan

A measure of skepticism would seem appropriate here. Is it commonplace for homosexuals simply to decide to change their orientation—and to succeed in doing so merely by force of will? The accuracy of Chambers's 1948 account doesn't matter only to readers seeking a fuller understanding of this largely unstudied historical figure; Chambers's homosexual history may have had a more direct bearing on the Hiss case than has heretofore been noted.

Recall that when Hiss finally acknowledged having known Chambers in the 1930s, he insisted that the latter had represented himself as freelance writer "George Crosley." Chambers denied using the "Crosley" alias in his underground political work. Still, Hiss didn't pick the notion of a "George Crosley" out of thin air; indeed, Chambers later said he had used "Crosley" as a literary pseudonym some years earlier.

Meanwhile, the Hiss team *had* discovered that Chambers—using the "George Crosley" pseudonym—had submitted poems on gay themes to a controversial publisher in the late 1920s in hopes of getting them into print. (Hiss and Co. abandoned the strategy of discrediting Chambers by exposing his homosexual activities after the FBI made it plain it would retaliate by outing Hiss's stepson, Timothy Hobson.)

Was "George Crosley" a name employed by Chambers in the context of his secret homosexual life? By claiming to know Chambers not as the Communist cell leader "Carl," but as "Crosley," was Hiss delivering a veiled threat of exposure to his accuser? Was there a homosexual component to the Hiss-Chambers relationship? These and related questions remain unexplored.

All in all, a certain fastidiousness in Tanenhaus's study prompts the thought that the author isn't entirely comfortable with the Whittaker Chambers legacy. At one point, for example, Tanenhaus suggests that Chambers "helped bring McCarthyism about." This is unjust. Chambers regarded senator Joseph McCarthy as an undisciplined vulgarian whose work undermined the anti-Communist project. And when it came to Chambers's own testimony, "guilt by

association" played no role: Virtually every accusation leveled by Chambers appears to have been accurate.

Furthermore, Tanenhaus fails to convey Chambers's nuanced and ambivalent attitude toward informing authorities about his former comrades. He contends that Chambers wanted to "resign" from the "informing business," noting that the latter considered the enterprise "repellent." And it's true that Chambers denounces "informers" at one point in *Witness*—"The informer is a slave. He is no longer a man." But it's equally true that Chambers believed ex-Communists had a moral *duty*— "in this moment of historic jeopardy"—to provide authorities with information. If "informing" was a repugnant burden, it was one former Party loyalists were obliged to bear to make up for prior sins. In fact, one of the reasons Chambers deserves to be recognized and celebrated is that he was willing to make choices others sought to avoid. He a saw a personal obligation to "testify mercilessly against myself." And he believed his duty as a citizen meant he could not but identify Hiss and other Communist colleagues.

Tanenhaus, who labored at this formidable and impressive work for some eight years, sees the terrible beauty in Chambers's plight, recognizing that his subject was a genuine casualty of the Hiss case: "Scarcely a word has been written about Chambers's tribulations—on the career he sacrificed; on the manifold insults he withstood." With his important book, Tanenhaus has done his part to ensure that Chambers does not fade into obscurity. He has given us another opportunity to recognize the wisdom in Lionel Trilling's insistent observation that Whittaker Chambers was a "man of honor." ♦

Journey Round His Father

David Horowitz's Powerful Account of a Communist-Dominated Life

By John Podhoretz

Between the years 1917 and 1956, at least a million Americans joined what came to be known to them, and to every literate person, simply as "The Party." This nickname was the first lie. As a political party strictly speaking, the Party—the Communist Party of the United States of America, that is—was a colossal failure. It failed here as it failed nowhere else on earth; only two candidates running on the Communist party ticket were ever elected in the United States (both to the New York City Council in the early 1940s).

It is, instead, as victims (and spies) that American Communists have found their only victories. A relentless effort to romanticize the persecution of Party members, their travails during the McCarthy period especially, has borne fruit in countless books and movies that make up an unparalleled American martyrology. The American Communists, we are instructed, may have been foolish to seek revolution in a country that did not really need one, but they are to be forgiven, even hailed, because they understood things about America others did not. They saw injustice as their countrymen could not see it, to blacks especially. They could not stand around and do nothing.

David Horowitz
Radical Son
A Journey Through Our Times
Free Press, 468 pp., $27.50

Buried deep in innumerable self-serving memoirs and hagiographic accounts are the questions their authors cannot bear to ask straight out, much less try to answer. They happen to be the very questions that still make the American Communist experience an important part of this nation's intellectual and spiritual journey. How did communism manage to turn so many Americans into intellectual traitors to the freedoms they enjoyed and (in far more cases than most people realize) into literal traitors to their country? What led so many thoughtful and intelligent people to join a political movement whose real purpose was not to change their own country, but to further the goals and aims of a gigantic and distant empire run by mass murderers?

Few books offer honest answers to these questions. By far the most distinguished of them is Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*. It is often said that Chambers was like a character out of Dostoyevsky—from his Underground Man-like espionage to his Svidrigailov-like homosexual urges to his Raskolnikov-like salvation through Christ. But Chambers deserves to be mentioned in the same sentence as Dostoyevsky for better cause: *Witness* is one of the few American works that justify comparison to the great Russian novelist.

And now, almost 50 years after the publication of *Witness*, comes the publication of David Horowitz's *Radical Son*. With the exception of a few ill-advised concluding chapters,

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Radical Son inhabits the same high plane as *Witness*, which may be the great American memoir of this century. Like Chambers, Horowitz is an apostate who has made it his mission to call the Left to an accounting for its ideas. And like Chambers, he has written a memoir that testifies to the undying leftist impulse to remake the world, and to the Left's perpetual surrender to monsters who claim they know how to do it—monsters as titanically diabolical as Joseph Stalin or as pettily thuggish as Black Panther pooh-bah Huey Newton.

Horowitz reveals just how undying the impulse is by showing how it has lasted through the generations of his own family. For his father, the American Communist party was life's mission and life's blood. Although he rebelled by refusing to submit himself to the Party, David did follow in his father's footsteps by becoming a passionate believer in a worldwide Marxist revolution with the United States as its chief target. And it is his key insight that just as Phil Horowitz's Communist ideology was the animating force behind David's "New Left" ideas, so too was American communism the true father of the New Left.

Born in 1939, Horowitz was a "red-diaper baby." His parents met through the Communist party; before their marriage both had made pilgrimages to the Soviet Union to see paradise in action. In the stunning opening sections of *Radical Son*, Horowitz uses his father's diaries and correspondence to draw a vivid portrait of a desperately alienated, frightened, and lonely soul who found in communism the promise of release from his spiritual ills.

Phil Horowitz was a talented writer and an intelligent man but, paralyzed by self-doubt and self-loathing, felt he was wasting his life as a New York City high-school teacher. On his one trip to the Soviet Union, he met with teachers there who bragged about their nation's industrial productivity. (Must have been a fun evening.) "It inspired in my father a flight of self-pity," Horowitz writes, and then quotes from Phil's journal:

> All this made me feel isolated, reduced—the poor teacher looked down on in America, the poor slave, owning nothing, looking to nothing but his pay, unable to be proud of anything. For nothing in America was his, no, not the children whom we were training to become able, skilled slaves for those who owned and possessed what belonged to all Russians from now on, but which only a handful owned in America.

Today, after the collapse of Soviet communism, it seems almost unbelievable that someone could write these words. But David Horowitz understands that it was not his father's belief in Russian collective ownership that explained his passion for communism, but rather Phil's own dislike of self. Spiritual alienation made Phil Horowitz susceptible to the idea that *America* was making him a slave, that *America* was responsible for the fact that he was "looked down on." By promising to abnegate the American way of life, communism offered Phil Horowitz a miracle cure for his crippling nihilism.

Chas Fagan

Phil Horowitz actively courted his own feelings of powerlessness. He submitted himself to a discipline that required blinding himself to every Soviet crime, and to a wife far stronger and more determined than he. "My father thought of himself as a revolutionary," Horowitz writes. "He looked forward to the day when the world would be transformed through a singular act of collective will. But when I look at [his writings], what I think about is how he could not, in the course of an entire lifetime, take charge of his own fate, or alter his own character, to the slightest degree."

Despite their detestation of bourgeois America, Phil and Blanche Horowitz led an exemplary bourgeois life themselves. Alongside fellow Party members, they raised their two children in a middle-class Queens neighborhood called Sunnyside. David idolized Joe DiMaggio, listened to *The Lone Ranger*, watched Ed Sullivan, worshiped Marlon Brando.

> But I had another, secret world that was lit by different stars, the likes of whom none of my friends outside of our progressive circle had ever heard of: the folk singers Pete Seeger and Martha Schlamme, the writers Albert Maltz and Howard Fast. . . . Above them all was the enduring hero of my political youth, Paul Robeson, the Negro singer. . . . After the formation of the NATO alliance, Robeson told news reporters that Negroes wouldn't fight if the United States found itself at war with the Soviet Union. After Robeson's statement, there was a riot at a concert he gave in Peekskill, New York. Sugar Ray Robinson, the middleweight boxing champion and a hero of my other world, told the press he would punch Robeson in the mouth if he met him.

"The incident left me feeling embarrassed," Horowitz concludes dryly, "for Sugar Ray."

Horowitz felt none of the alienation that defined his father's passion for communism. He was a good son and learned his lessons well: "*My* task in life, as I understood it, was to

point myself in the direction that would realize the socialist ideal, and to point others in that direction as well." And when the Communist party ceased being a viable option for the American Left, Horowitz sought to further his family's goals by helping to found a "New Politics" at Berkeley, where he had gone to study and teach in the early 1960s.

Over the course of the next two decades, Horowitz participated in many of the great leftist dramas. His first book, *Student*, helped give rise to the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. His second, *The Free World Colossus*, founded the "revisionist" myth of America's criminality in the Cold War and established the litany of American anti-Communist crimes around the world—coups in Guatemala and Iran, the Bay of Pigs, and, of course, Vietnam.

In *Radical Son*'s most amusing passage, he describes his involvement with the very, very old Bertrand Russell, who became an anti-American icon in his last years. Russell had fallen into the Rasputin-like clutches of an American named Ralph Schoenman, who ran Russell's "Peace Foundation." Schoenman set up a meeting between Russell and Joan Baez for fund-raising purposes, and then left Horowitz to serve as host:

> When the introductions were made, it became apparent that neither one of them really knew who the other was. Communication was further complicated by Russell's hearing aid, which kept whistling, much to his annoyance, so that the proceedings had to pause at intervals while he took it out for adjustment. . . . I had to look on helplessly while she babbled on about her experiences with transcendental meditation and a Santa Cruz guru named Ira Sandperl, all this to the last surviving exponent of nineteenth-century rationalism—a man whose disciples included Wittgenstein and Moore, and whose godfather was John Stuart Mill.

Baez stiffed the author of *Principia Mathematica*.

It was Schoenman's idea to stage a "War Crimes Tribunal" modeled on Nuremberg to condemn the United States for its conduct in Vietnam. But there was no money for the tribunal until Horowitz came up with the idea of selling Russell's memoirs for a large advance. The advance came to $500,000, and the war-crimes tribunal was on, even though it was so jury-rigged against the United States and in favor of the North Vietnamese that the radical historian Staughton Lynd refused to participate. Jean-Paul Sartre, however, did agree to serve as the tribunal's version of Telford Taylor, as did James Baldwin, Stokely Carmichael, and others, "declaring that the Communists were by definition incapable of committing war crimes: 'I refused to place in the same category the actions of an organization of poor peasants . . . and those of the immense army backed by a highly industrialized country.'"

And so it went for years and years, until the ends-not-means philosophy of the Left finally cost a life close to Horowitz. In the 1970s, Horowitz became intimately involved with the Black Panthers in Oakland, Calif., and their leader, Huey Newton. Horowitz's portrait of Newton is a brilliant one: You can understand how this murderous, coke-addled thug nonetheless managed to seduce an entire generation of American leftists.

When the Black Panther party needed someone to help manage its finances, Horowitz suggested a woman named Betty Van Patter, who had worked with him on *Ramparts* magazine. One Friday night, Betty disappeared. A month later her body was found in San Francisco Bay, her head caved in. For reasons still unknown, someone in the Panther leadership had found it necessary to kill her.

Horowitz had seen enough, and known enough, about the Panthers to have understood what a dangerous situation he was encouraging Betty to join. And yet he refused to acknowledge the evidence of his own eyes because clarity would mean confronting the real truth about everything he believed in.

Betty's murder sent Horowitz into an emotional free-fall that led to the dissolution of his marriage of two decades and his repudiation of Marxism—the twin anchors of his life. He thought back to his parents and how he had sought to avoid the practical consequences of their Stalinist views: "Their political ideals had embarrassed them, making them complicit in others' crimes. I had resolved that I would not repeat their mistake. Now I was guilty myself."

The story of his conversion from leftist ideologue to rightist ideologue takes up the last third of the book and features some wonderful writing on how Horowitz made the final spiritual leap from progressivism to conservatism:

> Because the outlook of progressives was based on the idea of a liberated future, there [was] no way to disagree with them without appearing to oppose what was decent and humane. To criticize the radical project place[d] one in opposition to a world in which social justice and harmony would prevail. . . . But in America's democracy, social injustices—and other evils which leftists decried—[were] caused primarily by humanity itself. The problem of controlling humanity's dark side [was] what necessitated institutions of constraint—the economic market and the democratic state.

In the book's first 300 pages, Horowitz manages to summon up imaginative sympathy even for those he condemns, at times with the eye of a novelist. But when he comes to describing his life as a conservative, he loses perspective. The concluding sections of *Radical Son* are regrettably shot through with his desire to settle scores with ideological adversaries. Horowitz gives in to the temptation that besets every memoirist: He inveighs against negative reviews of his work and casts aspersions on the authors of those reviews. Alas, the fact that his book *Destructive Genera-*

tion (written with the estimable Peter Collier) received unfavorable treatment in the *New Republic* does not have the larger ideological meaning he wishes to ascribe to it.

In fact, his complaints against writers like Paul Berman and Sidney Blumenthal suggest that despite Horowitz's ideological conversion, he has yet to find emotional distance from his one-time brethren on the left. They have the capacity to wound him as surely as if he were their brother still. Horowitz cannot help but desire their approbation, just as he sought his father's until the day of Phil Horowitz's death.

Whittaker Chambers died thinking that by throwing in his lot with liberal democracy against communism, he had joined the losing side of history. The capacity of the Left to inflict psychic damage on its apostates years after they have forsworn allegiance to the progressive creed is the truest sign that, in this respect at least, the Communist spirit is indeed undying. ♦

Jews Without Judaism

Alan Dershowitz's Secular Creed

By Elliott Abrams

The Harvard law professor and defense attorney Alan Dershowitz argues that Jews will vanish unless they stay Jewish, a proposition with which it is difficult to disagree. Indeed, it is reminiscent of President Coolidge's remark that when people are thrown out of work, unemployment results. Of course, it is quite obvious why people want to stay employed; less obvious is why they should want to stay Jewish.

Alan Dershowitz
The Vanishing American Jew
In Search of Jewish Identity for the Next Century
Little, Brown, 320 pp., $24.95

The Vanishing American Jew is Dershowitz's effort to define how the American Jewish community should confront a terrible demographic problem: its steady diminution in size, due to low birth rates, high intermarriage rates, and secularization. Strangely, the book is also a spirited defense of secular Judaism, for Dershowitz acknowledges that he is a Jew by emotion, ethnicity, education, upbringing—but not by belief. He loves being Jewish—from the Orthodox prayers and practices with which he was raised and educated, to the ethnic cuisine, to the stories and jokes (the very worst collection of which ever assembled is contained here). He is not, however, a religious man, and does not see God as central to Judaism.

But why should people not similarly raised and educated stay Jewish, unless they are Jews in the religious sense? Dershowitz has a razor-sharp mind and is a wonderful teacher; it is a mystery that he has written a book that cannot answer that question.

The basic problem with the book is clear from a story Dershowitz, with admirable candor, tells on himself. He notes that he would not himself wish to marry a non-Jewish woman, yet cannot fully explain to his own children why they should not. (In fact, Dershowitz relates, one of his sons married a Gentile.) His difficulties in thinking through the issue came to a head in a debate with the late Rabbi Meir Kahane, which Dershowitz—a brilliant debater—admits having lost:

> He asked me whether I wanted my children to marry Jews. Without hesitation, I said yes. Then he asked whether my desire was based on Halakah [Jewish law]. I said no. "Then," he insisted, pointing a finger at me, "you are nothing but a racist." I was taken aback by this strident accusation, but Kahane explained: "There are plenty of wonderful non-Jewish people who would make marvelous spouses for your children. Why are you excluding them all, unless you are *obligated* to exclude them by religious law? If you are merely expressing an ethnic preference for one of your own kind, that is the essence of racism."

If Kahane was unkind in using the term "racist," his basic point was right. What possible reason is there to remain Jewish if one lacks deep cultural and ethnic roots—now very rare among American Jews—unless one actually believes in Judaism as a religion?

Dershowitz simply has no convincing answer, although he does have some suggestions. "God is an important part of Judaism," he graciously admits, but "God is not central to my particular brand of Jewishness." And anyway, "secular Judaism is an authentic form of Judaism." Dershowitz wants an "open Judaism" that welcomes everyone who wants to call himself a Jew, and respects every form of Jewish practice.

Accordingly, though education is critical for Jewish survival, "we need educators who believe in Jewish education for education's sake—as an end, not only as a means toward returning Jews to God." That is, Jewish kids should not study Torah because God so commanded, they should study Torah because they should study Torah. And it is hard to see how even that would be fruitful, for "there is no singular Jewish position on abortion, euthanasia, or homosexuality, because these issues

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are different today than in Biblical, Talmudic, and medieval times." Nor are the barriers between Judaism and other religions very well fixed: Dershowitz wants rabbis to perform intermarriages, and asks "that a prayer should be written specifically for the non-Jewish family members of Jews who attend High Holiday services." His synagogue already has a prayer for agnostics; why not one for Christians?

The conclusion of Dershowitz's book, and its capstone, is a call for a new international conference much like the Zionist conference of 1897. This "worldwide Jewish conference to consider the Jewish future" would also be "telecast live by satellite so that Jews throughout the world could participate via the Internet and e-mail." As the Zionist conference called for a new Jewish state, this conference would help create "a new Jewish state of mind."

Once again, one must wonder why someone as smart as Dershowitz comes up with something so lame. A new *conference*? *E-mail*?

Hank Hinton

Much of what Dershowitz has to say about American Jews along the way is persuasive. He flatly states that the popular view equating Jewish ethics with liberal politics is plain wrong. He writes at length about the desirability of education in Jewish law and ritual, and views it as imperative for Jewish survival. He is correctly dismissive of the "threat" of Christian efforts to convert Jews, noting that these result in few actual losses for the Jewish community.

He does, on the other hand, ride some hobby horses. His comments about the ultimate goals of the Christian Right verge on the loony. The Christian Right "wants to bring religious warfare to our shores," and to destroy federalism so as to increase "the divisive influences of local power." Prayer in schools and crèches on city hall lawns "are simply the tactical stalking horses for a much larger war plan to turn the United States into a Christian theocracy in which Jews are actively proselytized and, if they do not convert, are deemed *officially* and *legally* to be—at best—second class citizens." Jews who defend the Christian Right are "among our most extreme political conservatives," a description that includes such dangerous radicals as Irving Kristol, the West Coast author and radio host Dennis Prager, and the Harvard literary scholar Ruth Wisse.

Dershowitz reveals the probable future for the "open" Judaism he favors in a remarkable analogy. He worries that Orthodox Jews are becoming more like the Amish: tribal, defensive, few in number, "a quaint sect whom tourists come to gape at and who have no influence on the outside world." Whom, then, should Jews emulate? "If we open our minds and our schools," Dershowitz says, "we will become more like the Quakers, whose schools are among the best in the world and whose message has enormous influence beyond their small numbers."

Now, it is a fact that every religious community in the United States has grown in size in the 20th century except the Unitarians and the Quakers. And it is a fact that Quakers now constitute less than one tenth of one percent of the 150 million American church members and less than one twentieth of one percent of the U.S. population. This extraordinary model—whose "enormous influence" is not immediately evident these days and whose great schools are, in any event, now filled with secularized Jewish students—well displays the ultimate bankruptcy of Dershowitz's approach. "Jewishness" without Judaism does indeed mimic the Quaker model, and holds the prospect of someday making today's demographic problems seem like a distant utopia. ♦

Aid Harms the Hungry

But Not for the Reasons Michael Maren Thinks

By Nicholas Eberstadt

Although America's foreign aid program is neither popular with voters nor regarded as effective by the taxpayers who finance it, there is one type of aid that is commonly judged less sordid, and distinctly more successful, than the rest. This is humanitarian aid: the temporary interventions that respond to an emergency or natural disaster, focus on preventing abnormal losses of human life, and wrap up once the crisis is over.

Unlike the aid that underwrites military or political goals (in aid-speak, "security assistance"), which must often pass into the hands of the caudillo and the kleptocrat, humanitarian aid is meant to relieve the distress of vulnerable and innocent populations directly. And unlike "development assistance," which sometimes pours into the maw of a claimant government for decades without producing demonstrably beneficial results, relief operations are understood to be finite in duration and to do something of unquestionable value: namely, save lives. Thus, at a time when American citizens are exhibiting growing impatience, even disgust, with our nation's foreign aid program as a whole, popular support for humanitarian aid remains unflagging and enthusiastic. So enthusiastic, in fact, that private groups raise billions of dollars each year for it through voluntary contributions from ordinary Americans.

Yet according to an angry new exposé, the American public's view is all wrong. The thesis is in the book's title: *The Road to Hell: The Ravaging Effects of Foreign Aid and International Charity*. Its author is Michael Maren, who arrived in Africa in 1977 and has spent the last decade and a half writing about the continent for such outlets as *Africa Report* and the *Nation*. Once stationed at the Somalia mission of the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID), Maren has seen humanitarian aid up close. He is appalled and infuriated by what he has witnessed.

"Like most people in the United States and Western Europe," Maren writes, "I've heard the pleas of aid organizations and boasts of their accomplishments in the Third World, but the Africa I know today is in much worse shape than it was when I first arrived." Sad experience, he recounts, has "made me see that aid could be worse than incompetent and inadvertently destructive. It could be positively evil." Part reportage, part memoir, *The Road to Hell* takes the reader on a meandering journey from Westport, Connecticut (headquarters of the large private charity Save the Children) and Geneva (site of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees) to feeding programs in Somalia and refugee camps in post-genocide Rwanda. Its quest is to describe and document what Maren takes to be the thorough and irremediable corruption of a seemingly noble enterprise.

Michael Maren
The Road to Hell
The Ravaging Effects of Foreign Aid and International Charity
Free Press, 302 pp., $25

Maren paints a damning picture of Save the Children: As he documents in convincing detail, that tax-exempt charity perfected the business of raising contributions through ads showing the sad, desperate faces of the children it promised to sponsor, while in actuality only a trickle of the cash collected ever made it from Westport to the merchandised boys and girls. As Maren wryly comments, Save the Children "seems to be less of a development agency than a professional fund-raising operation, but with one big difference. No professional fund-raiser could get away with keeping 80 percent of the gross."

Maren also uncovers the files on the U.N. High Commissioner's long-standing relief operations in Somalia. These suggest that the august agency, which was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1981, was aware throughout the 1980s that the aid it oversaw was being stolen outright or, even worse, diverted to would-be warlords and their militias—groups thereby granted a financial interest in continuing the misery of the displaced populations. "Document after document said that the entire operation was a wasteful fraud," writes Maren; every "confidential memo over a nine-year period concerned the politics of the relief operation, showing that everyone involved at every level knew it was a politically driven fiasco pushing Somalia to the edge of anarchy."

Elsewhere, Maren makes a number of persuasive or interesting points about humanitarian relief in general. He reminds us that 90 percent of the food aid handed out in the Third World is not emergency aid. The overwhelming bulk of dispensed food comes from surplus-commodity disposal programs that service farm constituencies in affluent Western countries; just what the "food aid" gets used for after it's shipped tends to be a secondary consideration. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that large quantities of food aid are simply stolen by the unhungry: Maren once estimated that only a third of the food aid

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under his jurisdiction back in his USAID days made it to the designated relief areas. And pilferage may not even be the worst outcome. Careless "food aid" programs can actually reduce a Third World society's ability to feed itself. After all, it is impossible for local farmers to earn a living competing against free foreign grain.

Yet, when all is said and done, *The Road To Hell* is a flawed and deeply deluded book. So intense is Maren's loathing for all the aid-related institutions to which he has been exposed that he is incapable of serving as a reliable guide to, or reasoned judge of, the problems he canvasses. His diagnosis of what ails humanitarian aid today, and his prescriptions for reforming it, turn out to be jarringly wrong-headed.

The realization that humanitarian relief is a cash-denominated operation appears to have ignited in Maren a smoldering rage, reminiscent of Anna Freud's bursting into tears when she learned that her beloved Nanny was all the while being paid money to take care of her. He rails that "famine was a growth opportunity," and elsewhere accuses non-governmental organizations in Somalia of "prowling about [the city of] Quorioley and drooling" over the potential of a project to attract money.

MICHAEL MAREN HAS EMBRACED THE SAME HATEFUL WORLDVIEW AS SOME OF THE THIRD WORLD'S FRINGE INTELLECTUALS.

The problem with humanitarian aid is not that relief officials accept money for their toil. The proper questions, instead, concern the uses and impact of the money spent. Maren is apparently unaware that a number of temporary relief efforts in recent memory have succeeded spectacularly. Some of these, like a U.S.-India collaboration after back-to-back crop failures in the mid-1960s, have saved millions upon millions of lives. But because it does not occur to Maren that humanitarian aid might sometimes work, he does not bother to ask why it fails when it does.

In Maren's conspiratorial explication, it is axiomatic that humanitarian aid can do no good: It is simply an extension of a Western political-economic system that does no good for the peoples of the low-income regions. "The real beneficiaries of the AID program," he writes at one point, "were, and are, the American equivalent of [deposed Somali dictator] Siyaad Barre's inner circle . . . America's merchants of grain." Relief workers in Somalia "were, in every sense of the word, mercenaries," and the collapse of civil order in Somalia—including "the violent events that occurred in 1993"—was merely "foreign aid carried to its logical extreme." Although Maren writes dismissively of relief workers who "go bush"—that is, pick up local mores and habits—he himself has embraced the same hateful worldview as some of the fringe intellectuals who rub elbows with Western development officials in the Third World.

Maren's recommendations for improving humanitarian aid are that the U.S. government should regulate private charities operating overseas, and that an independent agency

should be established to "look after the interests of the targets of development and relief, a.k.a. the needy." Unobjectionable as such pablum might appear to the concerned reader, in practice it offers the recipe for an unappetizing mess.

The real flaws of the humanitarian aid programs Maren describes do not derive from a shortage of government oversight; in large part, they can be traced to a surfeit of government influence. Most of the "private voluntary organizations" (PVOs) in *The Road to Hell* depend for their operating budgets upon taxpayer money, doled out to them by Western states and multilateral organizations. In seeking and accepting these funds, PVOs necessarily alter their objectives, skew their priorities, and adjust their administrative routines—very seldom for the better.

The moral hazard inherent in charitable ventures can never be completely circumvented. With a more scrupulous separation of public and private efforts, however, many of the perverse incentives in the humanitarian aid business could be mitigated or eliminated. It is a shame that Maren, who seems so deeply tortured by the failures of relief efforts, did not come to recognize as much. ♦

Jesus Christ Superstar

"Holy Minimalist" Arvo Pärt Sells Like Hotcakes

By Jay Nordlinger

The composer Arvo Pärt seems barely to belong to this age: Bearded, austere, and leading a forbiddingly private existence in Berlin, he studies the Scriptures and seeks after God. He also sets down music that sends record buyers running to the stores. A recording of his *Litany*—a setting of prayers by St. John Chrysostom, the 4th-century father of the Eastern Church—has hovered near the top of the classical charts for six months now, outselling even such reliable crowd-pleasers as Luciano Pavarotti, Wynton Marsalis, and Cecilia Bartoli.

—MUSIC—
Arvo Pärt
Litany
ECM Records

The 62-year-old Pärt grew up in Tallinn, the Estonian capital, and did not encounter classical music until his teens, when he heard some over a loudspeaker in a public square. He entered the local conservatory and later worked as a sound engineer, doing his composing after hours. He wrote music for films in the early 1960s, and developed a minor reputation as a composer of "serialist" music on the complicated, atonal model of the Austrians Arnold Schoenberg and Alban Berg.

Toward the end of that decade, however, Pärt underwent a jarring conversion, musical and otherwise. He suspended most of his professional activities for almost eight years in order to pore over the music of the Middle Ages and Renaissance and to inquire deeply into Eastern Orthodoxy. He emerged in the mid-1970s a startlingly different composer, stripped of all of his accumulated musical sophistication. He had arrived at a backward-looking minimalism—based on the simple, repeated elements of "plainsong" (the ritual music of early Christianity, which culminated in the Gregorian chant) and "tintinnabulism" (the mystical sounding of bells). Pärt called it a "voluntary flight to poverty," a reduction of musical thought to an infantile core, in which a piece containing only one note is "the most beautiful possible utopia—I never stop dreaming of it." The Soviet authorities did not share Pärt's dreams, though, and he left for the West in 1980.

There, Pärt found that others were working along similar lines, most prominently the English composer John Tavener (a convert to Eastern Orthodoxy) and the Polish composer Henryk Górecki (a Roman Catholic). Together, they have been called "holy minimalists," who practice a "new simplicity" that is at once revolutionary and conservative. Tavener, for instance, claims that "since the Renaissance, art has gone sweeping downhill."

Some in the Christian press discern in Pärt's popularity a thirsting for spiritual affirmation and an escape from the flesh. His words to the public have been few but instructive: "Every step we take," he says, "everything we do, has to do with God, whether we like it or not." His catalogue of works seems audaciously out of place today: magnificats, Te Deums, passions, misereres, and stabat maters.

And now *Litany*, with its 24 prayers, one for each hour of the day and night. The piece begins with a couple of descending notes in the strings. It is as though we have entered an old, stone church at a long-ago time. The sound is eerily spare—bled of color and without a hint of sensuousness. What we hear is so shocking that we need it repeated; and—this being minimalism—it is. The music is unrelievedly bleak, importunate, and severe, but then, so are the prayers of St. John Chrysostom. ("O Lord, deliver me from the eternal torments"; "O Lord, give me tears and remembrance of death, and contrition"; "O Lord, shelter me

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from certain men, from demons and passions, and from any other unbecoming thing.")

Just when we can stand it no longer, Pärt gives us some variation, ever so subtle: a touch of syncopation, some unexpected brass, an additional layer, but all of it uncluttered. After the first 12 prayers, there is an *Amen*, then a change of key, which, given our stupor, comes as a thunderclap. The second 12 prayers are similarly guilt-ridden, penitent, and desperate. There is a lot of cross in this Christianity and little of the stone rolled away, but the piece conveys absolutely the intensity of one striving toward God. Upon the final, growly *Amen*, we are, if sympathetic at all, shaken for a moment or two, but aware that we have experienced something that is, if not pleasant, at least compellingly unusual.

While Pärt is known primarily for his choral and liturgical music, he is a skillful symphonist, as evidenced by his Symphony No. 3, available on a recent recording by the London Philharmonic and the conductor Franz Welser-Möst. For all its economy and Orthodox grimness, it is a beautiful and evocative piece, religious even though wordless, as if Gregorian monks had happened on the symphonic form. Also of value is the recording *Fratres*, which features six of Pärt's chamber pieces, including his well-known *Tabula Rasa*, whose title indicates the composer's life-purpose of starting music afresh. His *Cantus in memoriam Benjamin Britten* is a pulsing, throat-grabbing threnody that could become a pop favorite, along the lines of Samuel Barber's *Adagio for Strings*, if it were more widely known.

The most ardent Pärt cultists celebrate his *Passio*, based on the Gospel of John, as a masterwork, but only the most convinced advocate of minimalism will be able to bear it. Others will either make for the exits or reach for the *Stop* button. ♦

Flash Man

The Life *Photographer Who Witnessed Everything*

By Adam Garfinkle

John Phillips, who died last August at age 81, led a frenetic, world-crossing career as a *Life* photo-reporter from 1936 to 1959. It was Phillips who, just shy of 30, took the well-known shot of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at Tehran on November 29, 1943—and attended and photographed Churchill's private 69th birthday party that evening. It was Phillips—and only Phillips, by the way—who smuggled out dramatic before-and-after photos of the Jewish Quarter of Old Jerusalem on May 28, 1948, the day the Arabs destroyed it; and it was with Phillips's pen that Don Burk of *Time* wrote out longhand the English version of the Jewish surrender.

John Phillips
Free Spirit in a Troubled World
Scalo Press, 576 pp., $39.95

Phillips's photo-memoir *Free Spirit in a Troubled World*, published by a small Swiss-American press, is a real find. Two hundred magnificent black-and-white photos testify to Phillips's professional talent. But just as impressive is that Phillips wrote as he photographed: in vivid, compelling snapshots. Phillips was a well-read man with a keen eye not only for photographing people but also for sizing them up.

Phillips's scrambling childhood undoubtedly prepared him for his travels. He was born on a farm in Algeria in 1914 to a Welsh father and an American mother. (How they wound up there is a story in itself.) His father was lovingly extravagant, having inherited plenty of money but little sense of responsibility. Before long the farm failed, and the family left for a peripatetic restaurant-and-hotel existence in Paris, where Phillips mingled with such expatriate libertines as the dancer Isadora Duncan ("Stinkadora Drunken" to her friends). In 1932 Phillips went with the family to London—his father having evaded creditors in Paris for as long as was humanly possible. In 1936, at age 21, he became a stringer for *Life*.

And then the adventures began, many of them journeys among men at their most barbaric, although Phillips relates them with modesty and sang-froid. In 1938, he rode in the last Czech vehicle to leave the Sudetenland. He saw the Germans enter Prague and Vienna, recording tears in the former and joy in the latter. He watched the Allies rehearse for the invasion of Italy in 1943 on the sands of Transjordan. He was flown into German-occupied Slovenia to trek with Tito's partisans as they blew up a bridge at Litija. He was with the first outsiders to examine the Nazis' human soap factory in Danzig. He observed the hulking and drunken Red Army looting Austria down to the last broken telephone in Vienna. He photographed David Ben Gurion and the Mufti of Jerusalem; played chess with the Emir Abdallah; took automobile journeys with King Farouk; and chronicled the communization of Romania, Poland, and Hungary. In short, he watched Europe and the Middle East fall into their own characteristic forms of hell, and then try, with very mixed results,

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Free Spirit in a Troubled World (Scalo)

King Farouk's escort in the streets, Cairo, 1943

to pull themselves out again.

As a prose-writer, Phillips had a knack for the succinct characterization of the broadest of pictures, a way of using details to reveal the general, as when he discusses the Russian occupation of Hungary in the winter of 1945:

> The Russians, believing themselves liberators, were continually surprised by the fear they inspired. Intensely patriotic and insular, they did not understand the rest of the world, though they openly marveled at it in a way which must have worried their government. They took their superiority for granted, yet apart from their modern weapons, they were not an army in the modern sense of the word, but a medieval host. They did not have the niceties of a PX, or a graves' division to notify the relatives about their dead. These armies marched across Europe with the rear brought up by trudging civilians and children straggling along behind.
>
> I met one of these children, a 12-year-old boy who had been swept along by the war from a place he could no longer recall. He wandered around Budapest dressed in a soiled and ill-fitting Red Army uniform. . . . At the other end of the social scale was Marshal Kliment Voroshilov in elegant uniform. Voroshilov had not only liberated Budapest, he had also taken over a defeated German general's residence and his red-haired mistress. Between these Russian extremes was an enormous variety of types whose behavior depended upon whether they were educated or not; what time of day it was; and how drunk they were.

But most detailed are his descriptions of the Arabs: the simultaneously sweet and caustic Algerians around whom he was raised; the hordes of Egyptians mobbing King Farouk's car outside of Cairo in 1939 in a welling up of filial devotion; the Palestinian irregulars of 1947-48, whose looting and fanaticism helped doom their own cause. More valuable still are the records of Phillips's conversations with such Middle Eastern leaders as Farouk and Abdallah, Glubb Pasha, and Moshe Sharett.

Phillips was an astute interviewer, and a keen eye for fakery made him uproariously funny on occasion. He tells of his 1946 return to Bucharest to watch another chapter in the Sovietization of Eastern Europe. Phillips meets a certain Dimonescu, a genial political opportunist he had known before the war. They recall a common acquaintance, Tatarescu, who had energetically served Romania's fascist government in the 1930s:

> "Speaking of fascists, what's happened to your old boss, the Foreign Minister?"
>
> Once again, he looked uncomfortable. "Please," he begged, "do not speak in that tone about Mr. Tatarescu. He is our new Vice-Premier."
>
> "How are you, Mr. Tatarescu?" I said when ushered into his office. "You may recall I visited your country before the war, in the days of King Carol."
>
> "That fascist dictator," Tatarescu snapped. Then in sonorous French he made a speech for my benefit in which he portrayed himself as a fearless defender of democracy.
>
> "That's what you told me the last time we met," I told him.
>
> Tatarescu beamed. "As you can see, I haven't changed. I'm still on the barricades fighting for democracy."

Phillips did have a free spirit, but not in the usual sense of the phrase. He was not so much free of constraints as free of pretense. This is a remarkable book that shows that pictures can capture what words cannot—and vice versa. ♦

A former assistant editor of *Tikkun* has revealed that many of the magazine's letters to the editor are written pseudonymously by the editor, Michael Lerner. Lerner's concept of a "politics of meaning" was championed by Hillary Rodham Clinton. —*News item*

Parody

Letters and Meaning

To the Editor:

It is raining today, and I can only feel that the heavens themselves are weeping. This morning I looked up from the reports in the newspaper on your letters-column controversy and felt a fog roll across my soul. With their nasty reports, the forces of cynicism only stain themselves, for your compassion rises like the mist from my swirling teacup. Feeling your ordeal, I trembled and sobbed. By hugging myself tight, I found solace, and I hope that you too can see through the overcast skies of selfishness and see yourself as I do: an oracle of gentleness in an undeserving world.

Lichael Merner
Santa Monica, CA

To the Editor:

In your time of testing, I hope you will be comforted by your own matchless prophecy. For it is you, Michael, who hath preached again and again that the Politics of Meaning involveth a transformation of the soul through the poverty of politics into a realm of sublime spiritness, where we-ness replaces I-ness and us-ness transcends me-ness, where caring translucidates empathy and culminates in a circle of life and allows us, as Pocahontas said in the recent animated movie of the same name, to smell the colors of the wind. We thank G-d for that wisdom.

Ichaelmay Ernerlay
Berkeley, CA

To the Editor:

Bravo for Michael Lerner! I too have many voices in my head struggling to express themselves. I too write letters to myself, engaging in a dialogue with my internal community. I too search for truth, but then Bob Dole's dog Leader eats the letters and spreads anti-meaning into my dialogue. He tells me to burn my clothes and walk naked through parking lots. Bad dog! Bad Leader! He talks to me through my third ear, which I use to pick up the sound of the alternative cosmos. He interrupts Isis who wants to speak to me. He interrupts my sharing-time with the aliens. Leader is evil! Please renew my subscription to *Tikkun* for another five years.

Leahcim Renrel
Venice, CA

To the Editor:

Forgive them, Michael, for they know not what they do.

Hillary Clinton
Washington, DC
(dictated but not read
to Michael Lerner)