the weekly Standard

THE VALUE OF PEACEKEEPING
ALVIN H. BERNSTEIN

SEPTEMBER 22, 1997 $2.95

AL, GORED

Tucker Carlson • The Editors

What Republican Agenda?
FRED BARNES • ANDREW FERGUSON

Your United Way Dollars At Work
SETH GITELL

the weekly Standard

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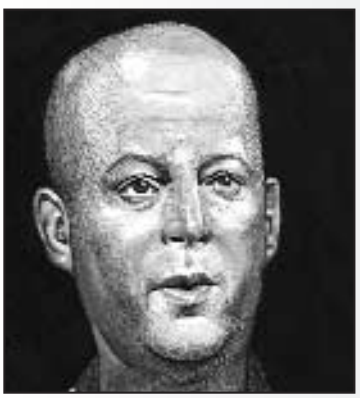

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Republicans Get Some Very Bad News

Republican senators got an unwelcome jolt last week at one of their usually uneventful Tuesday lunch meetings—a poll that showed they were in deep trouble. The poll, conducted by the Republican National Committee during the first week of September, gave the president his highest positive rating ever—almost 65 percent. For the first time in Clinton's presidency more Americans "strongly approved" of his performance than "strongly disapproved."

That was not the worst of it. For the first time this year, the numbers showed that more Americans wanted Democrats to control Congress than Republicans, and that Democrats were ahead on the "generic ballot" for November 1998. But what really rattled the senators was that, when asked what issues they cared most about, Americans had moved one new item into the first tier along with the old standbys of crime, education, and the like. The new issue: campaign-finance reform, which had moved from 2 or 3 percent in previous polls to double digits as the number one issue of concern.

With John McCain ready to force a confrontation on campaign reform in the Senate against the wishes of most of his GOP colleagues, there was a fair amount of senatorial murmuring about looking for a way to avoid being cast as simple defenders of the status quo. The politics of campaign-finance reform could be more interesting over the next few weeks than most pundits currently expect. And more damaging, considering that McCain's proposal is a constitutional catastrophe.

NPR, Taxes, and Joe McCarthy

National Public Radio's "Morning Edition"—once satirized by right-wingers as "Morning Sedition"—actually ran a weepy story last week on a group of small-business owners who work from their homes and feel oppressed by high business taxes and government licensing requirements. Just who are these embattled entrepreneurs? Screenwriters in Los Angeles. A new city ordinance requires them to fill out licensing forms (like all who work at home) on which they must categorize their output as either "retail" or "wholesale"—an indignity which is probably a violation of their human, not to mention artistic, rights. What's more, city inspectors can perform inspections of the "workplace." The Writers Guild has sued the city. And NPR's reporter, Mandalit Del Barco, wins this week's Torricelli Recovered Memory prize, named for the senator who bragged of watching the Kefauver hearings—hearings that took place before he was born. It's not just that these struggling writers have to pay taxes, said Del Barco; but "this is, after all, a town where memories of the McCarthy era blacklist are still alive." Right. And it's also a town where the median age of screenwriters is 29, and having a sense of history typically means being able to come up with clever late-70s pop-culture references for *Wayne's World* sequels.

Guess Who's Misusing a Computer?

The *New York Times* reported last Friday that the Chinese government is planning to return a high-performance supercomputer to the United States. The computer, which the Chinese bought from California-based Sun Microsystems, had been illegally diverted to a military facility, prompting Madeleine Albright to lodge a complaint with China's foreign minister in June. The *Times* quoted William Reinsch, the top Commerce Department official overseeing export controls: "We think that this incident with China shows that the system works. Through the safeguards we have in place today, we detected this diversion."

Not quite. Clinton administration officials learned the supercomputer had been diverted because earlier this year they were asked by congressional committees to investigate the matter. Only upon doing so did they discover the computer was being used at the Chinese military's Changsha Institute of Science and Technology. Up until that point, the administration had expressed no concern that U.S.-made computers were being illegally diverted to Chinese military installations. The episode serves as a reminder of the Clinton administration's carelessness when it comes to controlling the spread of this technology. It also underscores the importance of congressional vigilance. Congress can keep the heat on the administration by making sure that this fall's defense bill retains a provision monitoring supercomputer exports.

Lynn Martin's Glass Brain

Lynn Martin, former Bush labor secretary and unsuccessful Illinois GOP Senate candidate, on next year's potential GOP candidate against Democrat Carol Mose-

Scrapbook

ley-Braun: "She's not afraid of being a woman, not afraid of being strong, not afraid of the whole gamut." Who says Republicans have run out of ideas?

Yale's Immodesty

Freshman year at college is generally considered a period of transition: You need time to make your way out from under the avalanche of free condoms and learn how to study with a constant hangover. And universities can be quite insistent on subjecting all their new students to the mandatory acculturation that takes place in freshman dorms. That is why a conflict has broken out between Yale and five Orthodox Jewish freshmen. The kids have requested permission to live off-campus, saying that the co-ed dorms are incompatible with their sense of privacy and the religious principle of modesty. Yale has refused, citing its rule that freshmen and sophomores must live in the campus community.

The *New York Times* picked up the story and ran a quote from history professor Ivan Marcus: "The university would be in chaos if it bent over backward to accommodate everyone's sensitivities." Funny, universities across the country are already in chaos precisely because they do bend over backward to accommodate everyone's sensitivities. There are women's centers to accommodate the feminists, needle exchanges to accommodate drug users, multicultural centers to raise cultural awareness, academic departments for the literature of every marginalized society around the world, and shared bathrooms in co-ed dorms for the gender egalitarians. God forbid, so to speak, that anyone should be allowed to opt out for religious reasons.

10-Percent Against Quotas

Since winning control of Congress nearly three years ago, there's been lots of talk from Republicans about eliminating racial preferences. The GOP has little to show for its efforts, but that could soon change. Rep. Asa Hutchinson and Sen. Mitch McConnell are set to introduce amendments to the highway bill eliminating the 10 percent set-aside that steers federal funds to "disadvantaged" (minority-owned) contractors. The highway bill is notorious for being larded with pork, thus the logic behind the Hutchinson/McConnell effort: If you're going to feed at the trough, it shouldn't be based on the color of your snout.

Success won't come easily, as highlighted by an incident last week. Hutchinson was one of a few committee members planning to introduce amendments at a Transportation subcommittee meeting. But when the subcommittee chairman, Tom Petri, learned of the amendments, he held a quick voice vote on the $103 billion highway bill at a time when Hutchinson and other members sympathetic to him were not present. Hutchinson now plans to take the matter up this week at a meeting of the full Transportation committee. There he will encounter an even more formidable opponent: Bud Shuster. Shuster professes opposition to racial preferences in principle, but doesn't want any principles to get in the way of passing the highway bill.

McConnell is likely to encounter the same buzzsaw when he introduces his amendment early next month. The willingness of Republicans—Senate GOP leader Trent Lott in particular—to fight against racial preferences will offer a clue as to whether the party intends to pursue a spirited conservative agenda for the next year.

Casual

That's Entertainment!

You don't have to be British to see that the least likely result of Princess Diana's death and the astonishing reaction to it is the undoing of the British monarchy. Britain may now have little need of the monarchy as unifying symbol in time of crisis, but the royal family still has a remarkable hold on the imagination of the British people. And from the day she burst on the scene 16 years ago, Diana was the focus of that. The queen, dignified but dowdy, and Prince Charles, eccentric and cheerless, are a dull lot. But Diana, sexy, stylish, and suffering, was someone to identify with. The royal family nowadays is Britain's national entertainment. The saga of Diana's marriage and divorce from Prince Charles made her the unquestionable star of it. If it weren't for her, the royal family might have bored itself to death.

I spent two weeks in Britain on vacation last month and returned to cover Diana's funeral. One of the best parts of both trips was reading the British press. After devouring the *Times* of London, the *Telegraph*, and the *Guardian* every morning (and occasionally the *Sun*, the *Mail*, and the *Express*, too), going back to the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and *Wall Street Journal* was like going back to school. Partly, of course, it was the literate and entertaining style of British journalism. Mostly, though, it was reading about Di and Dodi. What a great story! Like many men, I suspect, I saw in Diana, Princess of Wales, every girl I ever knew who was not interested in me. It was fascinating to read of her romance with a rich Egyptian playboy, whose tycoon father had been trying to crack British society for decades and now might be on the verge of doing so through his son's romance with the most famous woman in the world.

And the notion that she was flaunting her relationship with this guy to stick it to the royal family, who were doubtless appalled, made the story even better. The tabloids were in a total frenzy, culminating in the famous pictures of "The Kiss" aboard the Fayed yacht, a set of grainy images that nonetheless made the freelance paparazzo who shot them rich. But the broadsheets were not far behind. Indeed, on some days, the *Telegraph* and *Times* ran extensive roundups of what the tabloids were reporting.

The tabloids were gushing, declaring that Diana and Dodi were deeply in love and that she, after all her travails, was happy at last. The broadsheets were deeply skeptical, with the *Telegraph* harrumphing that Fayed was simply "not an appropriate consort for the Princess of Wales." The editor of *Burke's Peerage*, expressing the view from Buckingham Palace, said of the affair, "It is not considered suitable behavior." There were tough and searching reports on Fayed's father, Mohammed, owner of Harrods and much else. They chronicled how the construction magnate had tried to buy his way into Britain's famously snooty society. They detailed the bribes he paid to Conservative MPs in the famous "cash for questions" scandal, which had helped bring down the Major government. If his son were to marry Diana, they noted, he would now be related by marriage to Prince William, the future king. How could the government continue to deny him the citizenship he had long sought? Could the British aristocracy still keep him out? And did this mean Dodi, more playboy than producer, was really just doing his father's bidding in pursuing Diana?

Now she is gone, her death greeted by an outpouring of grief that wiped out her green and pleasant land's seemingly inexaustible supply of flowers. Florists sent abroad for emergency shipments. The funeral proved the most watched event in British (and perhaps world) television history, and the crowds that packed London to see it, or merely to bring a bouquet or teddy bear to the palace gates, may never accurately be estimated. Even outside Harrods, the heaps of flowers, cards, and stuffed animals were five-feet high in some places along the Brompton road, which was still choking in traffic 30 hours after the funeral. Would any of this have been true had Diana not been part of the royal family?

The newspapers are once again in full cry, with a host of new questions to plumb. Will the hapless Charles prove a good father? Will he stand up to his stodgy parents to modernize the monarchy? Will Charles ever be king, or might he abdicate to marry the dreary Camilla Parker Bowles and pass the crown directly to Prince William, who is blessed with his mother's looks? Will the British people continue to shell out $84 million a year to support all this? That's the easiest question of all. Of course they will. It's a bargain.

Brit Hume

Mixed News on Crime and Welfare

Michael Barone ("The Good News Is the Good News Is Right," Sept. 8) is right about recent national trends in crime rates and welfare rolls. But I see both more silver linings and more clouds on the horizon.

Barone kindly argues that "we should take seriously the warnings" of yours truly "that a generation of super-predators is about to hit the streets." Actually, in the article in these pages in which I summarized my concerns about today's juvenile crime menace ("The Coming of the Super-Predators," Nov. 27, 1995), I warned of "tens of thousands," not (heaven forbid) "a generation," of remorseless young thugs, muggers, and street gangsters, and I looked to inner-city clergy for solutions. As I have since learned firsthand, hundreds of urban churches are mobilizing around youth-saving crime-prevention initiatives, and many accomplished crime-fighters, including former New York City police chief William Bratton, have duly credited the clergy as partners in the crime-control successes of Boston and other big cities.

Also, for the first time in decades, community safety is being treated as job one by local probation authorities who supervise ever larger caseloads of violent juveniles and young adults. Likewise, district attorneys in many cities have been galvanized by the frightening rise in juvenile mayhem into an unprecedented push against youth crime and delinquency, including prevention programs that complement, not contradict, their ongoing efforts to crack down on kids who murder, rape, rob, assault, or lead gun-toting, drug-dealing street gangs.

Positive changes in law-enforcement practices aside, it is also possible to change the socioeconomic conditions and cultural mores of the larger cohort of severely at-risk kids from which the next decade's bigger troupe of teen terrors could emerge. That's happening, too. Inner-city poverty and joblessness are being alleviated somewhat by overall trends in economic growth. The spread of church-anchored youth-outreach efforts and other programs is putting more at-risk kids into regular contact with responsible, loving adult mentors who teach moral absolutes and serve as a cultural counterweight to underclass norms and gang subcultures.

Still, serious youth crime remains rampant in many cities, and neither police nor preachers have all the answers. As James Q. Wilson has emphasized, few cities where overall crime rates have fallen sharply have actually engineered anything like Bratton-style reforms. And suburbanization and the rise of gated communities must also be "credited" in part for drops in crime, not to mention for drops in urban church coffers and the inner-city's volunteer base.

On welfare, I keep waiting for someone (anyone!) to document what's actually happened with the top quarter of welfare recipients who have left the rolls (how many have floundered or circled back to public assistance?) and to explain precisely where paying jobs for socially dysfunctional low- or no-skill recipients (the bottom third to half of the rolls) will come from when, even in our booming economy, we still have several million civil, sober, self-motivated, and skilled job-seekers who can't get and keep full-time living-wage jobs with medical benefits.

As always, Barone is perceptive and a pleasure to read, and his pardonable pride in how "Republican victories" facilitated policy changes and helped cut crime rates and welfare rolls is justified. But it's odd to hear conservative Republicans singing the Democrats' old song, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

John J. DiIulio Jr.
Philadelphia, PA

Behold the Man

After reading David Tell's insightful description of the Republican presidential hopefuls in Indianapolis ("They're Off!," Sept. 8), I thought it might have been more apropos if the elephant with the starter pistol on your cover had had the gun to his head.

In such volatile times, why is the only party with moral insight and wisdom plagued by such a dearth of leaders fit for the task ahead?

Our party seems full of ambitious but tepid men, all of whom have talents of one kind or another, but none of whom seems suited for greatness. Where is the man who will lead public opinion instead of following his focus groups? Or who can judge good character and has it himself? Where is the man with the vision and wisdom to tackle the great issues of our time? I pray daily that my skepticism will prove unfounded and that some gifted statesman will emerge.

Donald R. McConnell
Long Beach, CA

Vitriol Over Controls

Matthew Rees eviscerated the notion of responsible journalism in his article "Sell Them Anything: The Evisceration of Export Controls" (Sept. 8).

Rees asserts that the Department of Defense strongly supported the sale of machine tools to China by the McDonnell-Douglas Corp. This is totally inconsistent with the record. DoD officials at the highest levels raised strong concerns about the proposed sale during the license-review process. In fact, the sale was allowed to go forward only after conditions were included *at the insistence of the Department of Defense* providing safeguards against unauthorized use.

Rees also mischaracterizes the conduct of a 1995 review of export controls on high-performance computers by a respected outside expert, Dr. Seymour Goodman. He alleges that Dr. Good-

man was tasked to "recommend policy changes that would leave even fewer U.S. supercomputers subject to export licensing." Rees goes on to assert that DoD officials "rejected a draft" of the report and "ordered all copies to be confiscated."

On the contrary, Dr. Goodman was contracted by the Commerce Department, partly with funds provided by DoD, to undertake an impartial review of technology trends in the high-performance-computer industry, to provide information about the national-security applications of high-performance computers, and to provide an independent analysis as a non-government expert. *At no time was Dr. Goodman instructed to provide a particular policy recommendation.* Drafts of Dr. Goodman's report were never "rejected" by DoD officials, and copies of the report were never "confiscated."

Rees also cites an allegation that DoD is failing to perform its traditional role of protecting national security. This, too, is totally false. DoD is a full and equal participant in the interagency export control process with the Department of Commerce and other key agencies. Moreover, DoD's role was actually enhanced by a 1995 Presidential Executive Order that guarantees it the right to review all license applications submitted to the Commerce Department.

Had Rees bothered to interview Dr. Wallerstein or any of the other DoD officials he unfairly attacks, he would have learned the facts, including the reasons that DoD recommended revision of export controls to reflect the dramatic changes in computer technology. Computers that were considered sensitive only a few years ago are now ubiquitous (i.e., they are widely available in the global marketplace by the hundreds of thousands) and therefore uncontrollable—except for the more sensitive, higher-performance computers, which are still subject to controls.

KENNETH H. BACON
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
WASHINGTON, DC

MATTHEW REES RESPONDS: ***Kenneth H. Bacon provides no evidence that the main point of my article—that the Clinton administration has been reckless in its liberalization of export controls—is in error. Concerning the McDonnell Douglas sale, Bacon charges it's "totally inconsistent with the record" to say that DoD strongly supported granting the export licenses. Oh? Pentagon officials who objected to the approval of the licenses were removed from the case. Moreover, if DoD didn't strongly support the license approvals, then why did the department ultimately sign off on them? Bacon boasts about the Pentagon's role in securing certain "conditions" before the licenses were approved, while overlooking that the conditions still didn't prevent the machine tools from being diverted to the Chinese military.***

Seymour Goodman may be "respected," but hiring him to perform a study of supercomputer liberalization is equivalent to hiring the AARP to study whether Social Security benefits should be reduced. As for the charge that Goodman's initial study was never rejected or confiscated, two Pentagon officials with firsthand knowledge of the matter told me the opposite is true.

Bacon's assertion that the Pentagon is fully involved in the export-control process highlights the problem: When the top DoD officials overseeing export controls, such as Mitch Wallerstein, are zealous advocates of liberalization, it means there's no voice at the table raising national-security concerns. The process isn't the issue; the personnel and their policies are.

THE PEOPLE'S POLLSTER

Mike Murphy's handling of the editors' symposium question ("Is There a Worldwide Conservative Crack-Up?," Aug. 25/Sept. 1) reveals one creeping problem in modern politics: the unchecked rise in the influence and arrogance of consultants, or "staff infection." How typical of a former Dole campaign adviser to point the finger elsewhere in trying to understand why conservatives seem frozen, and why the "base is angry." At the very least, Murphy could have made his remarks as constructive as his compensation was handsome for presiding over two failed presidential campaigns last year.

Murphy's statement "First, fire the pollsters" has some merit, but it is far too sweeping. I agree that the value and integrity of some consultants should be questioned, but why remove the one touchstone of public sentiment and consumer input that remains in politics? Besides, if the pollsters disappeared, who would be there to convey popular opinion that a particular ad or media plan stinks?

The real loss is not in what Mr. Murphy said but in what he failed to say. A true conservative in touch with the rank and file might have discussed issues such as school choice or entitlement reform. Murphy does not even bother to pay them lip service.

My basis of knowledge regarding the conservative movement comes neither from focus groups nor polls, nor from claiming the number of big-names clients that Mr. Murphy has. Rather, I have had the fortune to deliver remarks to and mingle with thousands of conservatives in two dozen states, many times on weekends, and rarely with compensation.

The latest of these was the Midwest GOP Conference in Indianapolis, where I cheerfully accepted an invitation from Rep. David McIntosh to address more than 1,000 Republicans who are so committed to the party that they would spend the last weekend in August in a conference hall.

Murphy's true lack of connection with and animosity toward the base was revealed in a statement he made to the *New York Times* explaining why he didn't join us little people in Indianapolis. "This isn't the real thing," Murphy groused. "It's a phony pre-presidential photo-op. The real players are fat cats and national consultants and people like that who really don't have to haul themselves to Indianapolis to hear the predictable stump speech."

KELLYANNE FITZPATRICK
WASHINGTON, DC

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Al Gore, Sleazeball

Al Gore is easy to dislike. There are his idiosyncratic policy fevers, like global warming, which give off the distinct vibration of a man naive beneath his years. There is Gore's career-long habit of super-partisan rhetorical crudity—which goes little noticed, so complete is his disguise as a boring person. And, of course, there is Gore's superciliousness. His I'm-slowing-this-down-so-you-less-bright-types-can-understand-it manner. Ugh.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves. After all, there are longtime friends of Al Gore who admire the man a lot. People like Martin Peretz, owner of *The New Republic*, for example. Mr. Peretz cannot square his personal experience of Gore with the fund-raising controversy that now embroils the vice president. He therefore concludes that the whole matter must be exaggerated, and he has just fired his editor—the estimable Michael Kelly—for making *The New Republic* a party to the exaggeration. Kelly, Peretz is now quoted as saying, was a closed-minded "wacko" on the subject of White House scandal.

Over here at The Weekly Standard, we pride ourselves on being open-minded and not too wacko. So we will table our prejudices about Al Gore for a moment and simply consider the facts at hand, as they may be pieced together from nearly a year's worth of accumulated revelations.

On April 29, 1996, the vice president gave a speech sponsored by the Democratic National Committee at the Hsi Lai Temple in Los Angeles, an outpost of the international Fo Kwang Shan movement. A few months later came reports that immediately before and after this event, devotees of the temple had been pressed to write campaign contributions to the DNC—and that many of them were subsequently reimbursed out of general temple funds. Any such phony-check scheme is illegal on its face, and this one appears likely to have been a violation of tax rules governing religious institutions.

How involved was Albert Gore? As early as the preceding December, a draft DNC "major donor event schedule" listed a "200K" vice presidential visit to Los Angeles in April 1996. By February 1996, in regular memos to Clinton and Gore from White House deputy chief of staff Harold Ickes, the target amount had risen to $250,000. Shortly thereafter, the event was firmed up. Notes taken on March 13 by Gore deputy chief of staff David Strauss indicate that DNC fund-raising operative John Huang wanted the vice president to have a meeting with Fo Kwang Shan's "venerable master," Hsing Yun. Gore knew Hsing already. Gore, Huang, and Gore fund-raiser Maria Hsia had talked to the master in 1989, during a trip to Taiwan partially paid for by the party's senatorial campaign committee.

If the vice president were to meet Hsing again, Strauss's notes have Huang suggesting, it would lead to "lots of money." Two days later, on the afternoon of March 15, Hsing, Huang, Hsia, and Gore assembled in the vice president's office. By the end of the day, e-mail messages back and forth between Gore and his scheduling assistant confirmed that the Los Angeles fund-raising trip was set.

DNC officials have since insisted that the only real fund-raiser ever contemplated for April 29 was a Chinese luncheon at the Harbor Village restaurant in Monterey Park, that the luncheon fell apart just days before it was to take place, and that Gore was simply keeping a *separate* commitment to do "community outreach" at the Hsi Lai Temple. But Harbor Village's managers have told the FBI that no record of any planned luncheon exists. A memo from John Huang dated April 11 clearly identifies Hsi Lai as the site of the forthcoming fund-raiser. The day of Gore's temple speech, on site, the vice president's traveling press secretary told reporters the event was a fund-raiser. John Huang served as master of ceremonies. DNC chairman Don Fowler was on hand, too.

In a deposition by Fred Thompson's Senate committee this past summer, former DNC finance director Richard Sullivan was asked whether, in April 1996, he had expected actual campaign contributions to be generated by Gore's Hsi Lai Temple appearance. He said: "Sure." Testifying before that committee earlier this month, however, David Strauss insisted that the event was a "courtesy visit for this religious leader," one designed, at most, to "lay the groundwork" for future

"fund-raising events" that weren't "fund-raisers per se."

We turn now to the question of Al Gore's fund-raising phone calls from the White House. In Harold Ickes's voluminous files, there is a memorandum from the DNC dated November 20, 1995. To keep the party's national television campaign on the air, the DNC was asking for high-level support, including "10 calls by VPOTUS," an insider's acronym for the vice president. Clinton, Gore, and top White House staff appear to have convened a meeting about this request on November 21. One week later, Ickes reminded the president and vice president in writing that unless they worked the phones, the DNC would be pushed into debt by the end of the year. Gore's first known money call took place that same day, November 28.

When the fact of Gore's telephone practices was initially made public, in the *Washington Post* of March 2 this year, most experienced politicos were shocked. First, because it has always been the assumed protocol that presidents and vice presidents not dirty themselves so directly by asking for cash. And, second, because it has always been assumed that it is illegal for fund-raising to take place on government property. Gore held an impromptu press conference March 3 to allay these fears. He said that he was "very proud" of what he'd done. He said, several times and pointedly, that he'd done it on only a "few occasions." He said he'd charged all the calls to a DNC credit card. And he said, indelibly, that there was "no controlling legal authority" to prevent him from putting the touch on private citizens while sitting in the White House.

Some of what Gore said on March 3 we now know to be false. There were not just a "few occasions." The vice president was working from 140 "call sheets" prepared by the DNC. He dialed at least 86 numbers. He reached at least 46 wealthy donors and left messages for at least 10 others. Gore never used a DNC credit card; he charged the calls either to the Clinton-Gore reelection committee or to the vice president's office—which was illegal, though reimbursements have since been made.

Most important, at least $120,000 in contributions produced by Gore's telephone calls was deposited in the DNC's small-dollar, "hard-money" bank account, not—as the vice president had suggested, and as his donors had assumed—in the high-dollar, "soft-money" account. We will not bore you with an analysis of why, for its own purposes and by an apparently unprecedented interpretation of Federal Election Commission regulations, the Democratic party decided to pull such an accounting switch. It is enough to point out the obvious: that this switch, now revealed, constitutes a serious legal problem for Al Gore.

For when attorney general Janet Reno, back in the spring, first rebuffed Republican demands that she request the appointment of an independent counsel to investigate Gore's White House fund-raising antics, she based her decision on one thing above all others. Accepting on faith, without further inquiry, the vice president's contention that he was dunning people for high-dollar soft money only, Reno reviewed the criminal code and announced, to much surprise, that this wasn't illegal. The law, as written, apparently allows you to sit in the White House and call someone up for a soft-money contribution of $100,000 or more. It is only against the law, as written, to ask for the smaller, hard-money contributions that the FEC strictly regulates for use in specific campaigns.

Which, of course, is what Al Gore now appears to have done. Embarrassed to learn of this from the *Washington Post* and not from her own "crack" investigators, Reno is taking a second look at the independent counsel statute. She has until October 3 to decide whether to proceed with a formal "preliminary investigation."

What is an open-minded, non-wacko observer to make of all this? The law is not exactly friendly to the vice president. Many legal analysts—including some in the Clinton-Gore administration and the DNC—have concluded that any kind of fund-raising on government property, by anyone, is prohibited. But Gore's famous line about "no controlling legal authority" isn't entirely ridiculous, either. The relevant criminal statute has never been prosecuted. And to actually convict Al Gore, a prosecutor would have to establish that the vice president knowingly and willingly committed a crime.

Now, Al Gore could have known, and should have known, and may even *likely* have known what was going on in the Hsi Lai Temple and on his own telephone. The truth was printed on paper that passed across his desk, and everyone around him seemed aware of it. That truth was tawdry. And when it was partially revealed, Al Gore slipped and slid around it in a months-long damage-control evasion that should make his buddy Bill right proud—though Bill still does it better.

To get the whole, ugly story on the record, the country probably does need an independent counsel investigation: This White House only ever comes close to clean under oath, under penalty of perjury and possible jail. But a reasonable judgment about Vice President Gore needn't await a final determination about whether he deserves indictment. It can rest on a determination about his integrity and honor. And on these accounts, we already know enough to judge. Beneath the artificial surface of stuffy rectitude, it turns out Al Gore is a garden-variety sleaze.

—David Tell, for the Editors

The Death of Duty

by David Frum

"*Tell us what you feel!*" That's the demand that has been barraging the British royal family for two weeks. Ah, you can imagine the Windsors thinking, if only we dared! This woman who broke up her marriage when it failed to live up to her Barbara Cartland fantasies, who then disgraced herself with her out-of-control personal life, who forgot her role as the mother of a future head of the Anglican church and consorted with New Age spiritualist cranks, who finally threatened our very existence by lowering herself to the same level of tabloid celebrity as a Gianni Versace or an Elton John—oh yes, we have feelings about her all right. But what would happen to us if we ever expressed them?

All of those journalists and angry women-in-the-street reproaching Prince Charles and the queen for their excessive self-control, their hauteur and coldness: Did they not understand that it was only their self-control, their hauteur and coldness that permitted them to muster what little praise for Diana they did? Did the royal family's critics really imagine that, if liberated from the constraints of etiquette, the Windsors would rend their garments, hurl themselves to the ground, and howl lamentations, like Iranian Shiites observing the anniversary of the death of Ali?

Well, perhaps the critics did imagine it. It may be that all the demand for more "feeling" from the queen and the prince has been misinterpreted; it may be that what the editors and the women-in-the-street wanted was not real feelings of grief, but simulated ones. And why not? The British and the American publics, by electing Tony Blair and by electing and reelecting Bill Clinton, have made it clear that they expect their political leaders to be able to summon on demand an easy tear and a quaver in the voice. Why would any less be required from the royal family? The public is not fooled by Bill Clinton's moist eyes at Ron Brown's funeral or by the photographs of his hand-in-hand walks on the Martha's Vineyard beaches with his wife; it is not deceived by Tony Blair's "niceness." It knows a phony when it sees one, but it appreciates the effort these men are making to behave as if they cared for their friends and loved their wives. What the public wants is not authentic emotions—which are frequently untidy and disturbing—so much as a simulacrum of appropriate emotions; a simulacrum that proves that a public figure "cares."

We have come full circle. The "Oprah-ization" of public life, as it's being called, is talked about as if it were a brand-new thing, when in fact it is the return of something old. A hundred years ago, public life in Britain and America was bathed in the gush of emotions and the most florid language. Reread the poetry of Swinburne or the orations of Daniel Webster, glance at the paintings of Sir Frederic Leighton or old pho-

tographs of the obsequies of General Grant if you doubt it. The wry, laconic, anti-emotionalism of a Jimmy Stewart or a Prince Philip is a last relic of the early-20th-century reaction against the overwrought Romanticism of the Victorians. Bob Dole brought to his political speeches the same sensibility that Ernest Hemingway brought to his novels.

The generation passing from the scene is old now, but it was young once, and when it was young, in the years after the First World War, it learned to mistrust and despise the man who put his hand on his heart while wiping a tear from his eye. The historian Frederick Lewis Allen recalled the terse manners of his contemporaries: "During the whole three years and eight months that the United States fought [the Second World War], there was no antiwar faction, no organized pacifist element, no objection to huge appropriations, no noticeable opposition to the draft. Yet there was also a minimum of crusading spirit. . . . They"—the men and women of the '40s—"didn't want to be victims of 'hysteria.' They felt uncomfortable about flag-waving. They preferred to be matter-of-fact about the job ahead. . . . These people were unstintedly loyal, and went to battle—or saw their brothers and sons go—without reservation; yet they remained emotionally on guard, . . . disillusioned and deadpan."

We think now of the dislike of emotional fuss and show as generically "old fashioned," as if it had originated in the distant past and continued unmodified until the day before yesterday. It's probably truer to say that the suppressed, ironic style of our grandfathers came into fashion in the 1920s and has been going out since the 1970s. And the funeral of Diana denotes the final moment of its demise. We are all Victorians now, although the teary television interview has replaced the black crepe of the old queen's day.

While it's true that Bob Dole was the last throwback to the old style, the new sentimentalism is transideological. It is the style of Bill Clinton, explaining how this or that policy will "save the life of a child," and the style of the 1996 Republican convention. It is equally the style of the most talked about conservative mass movement of the 1990s, the evangelical Promise Keepers, who bring stadiums full of middle-aged husbands and fathers together to weep and hug.

But as ubiquitous as the new sentimental style has become, it still remains a shock to see it conquering the English, a people who once prided themselves on their self-command. When Elton John played his schlock anthem "Candle in the Wind" in Westminster Abbey, on a piano placed atop the grave of Jane Austen, all one could say is that one's last lingering hope that some small corner of the world might remain untouched by the voluptuous kitsch of the new style was finally, definitively dashed.

However, if the week of mourning for Diana—and the scolding of the royal family for its half-heartedness in joining the mourning—was a throwback to something old, the celebration of Diana herself betokened something new. In the past few years, public figures have been able to survive derelictions of duty that would once have sunk them: They have been able in fact to win the presidency of the United States. But it's still amazing to see a billion people make a heroine out of a woman whose claim to fame is based on her unwillingness to do her job.

For sixteen years, Diana kicked and mutinied against the inconveniences and unpleasantnesses that notoriously accompany the prestige and palaces of the English monarchy. She didn't see why she had to endure the tedious ceremonies and perform the tiresome good works that her husband and his family

have endured and performed. (Immediately upon her divorce, Diana chucked her sponsorship of some 200 charities—she said they took up too much of her time.) She didn't see why she couldn't enjoy an anonymous lunch at McDonald's with her sons when she felt like it, refused the irksome security that other members of the royal family tolerate, and was in her last weeks furious that the English newspapers thought the English people had a right to know that she was planning to make a notorious foreign playboy the stepfather of their future king. Diana always insisted that she wanted to lead an ordinary life. She was the first member of the British royal family to insist that her friends and acquaintances call her by her first name. But to her, an ordinary life did not mean life as it is ordinarily lived by the English middle class: She certainly didn't mean that she wanted a job, and a flat in Islington, and a cleaning lady once a week. She wanted to live as her friends did—as an international multi-millionairess, enjoying the vast wealth and infinite fame of the British monarchy but without its onerous formality. She wanted all the quids of her 1981 deal with the British monarchy, but none of the quos.

> AS UBIQUITOUS AS THE NEW SENTIMENTAL STYLE HAS BECOME, IT STILL REMAINS A SHOCK TO SEE IT CONQUERING THE ENGLISH.

And amazingly enough, her public seems now to agree that she was indeed entitled to all this. What made her a romantic heroine—an icon as they are now saying—was precisely her insistence on enjoying all the benefits of her position while carrying out none of its duties, least of all the duty of soldiering on in a less than perfect marriage. Diana has been called the first feminist royal, and while that might seem an absurd thing to say about a woman who owed everything initially to her beauty and then to her husband's position in the world, in fact it contains much truth. Carol Gilligan, the famed Harvard feminist psychologist, contends that duty is a male concept. Women, Gilligan claims, think in terms of emotional needs, and the job of feminism is to teach men to accept the needs of the self as an equal—or actually superior—basis for morality to the dreary dutiful systems of the past. That was how Diana thought too. And the fantastic accolades she has received over the past two weeks tell us that Gilligan and Diana are not alone; that millions of women think as they do: That one's own feelings always come first, no matter who one is, no matter how fantastic the privileges showered upon one.

And not just women. At Diana's funeral, her brother, the Earl Spencer, delivered one of the most astonishing eulogies ever heard under Westminster's vault. That was the speech in which he asserted that he as uncle expected an equal role with their own father in the raising of the two young princes Diana left behind. (The Spencers are a famously unbookish crew; otherwise the earl might have recalled that the last English aristocrat to try this, Edward Seymour, uncle of King Edward VI, lost his head for it.) What did he hope to do for his nephews? To teach them that, above all, it was important for them to express themselves, "so that their souls are not simply immersed by duty and tradition but can sing openly"—that the duties that flowed from their remarkable position finished a bare second to this paramount duty to themselves. This was the creed their mother had lived by. The stunning response to her death, the even more stunning vilification of the husband she left behind, the teetering of a thousand-year-old monarchy because of its disinclination to weep and wail, is the loudest declaration yet that it is indeed Diana's creed that holds sway over the whole modern world.

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SUNUNUISM STRIKES AGAIN

by Fred Barnes

JOHN SUNUNU, THEN PRESIDENT BUSH'S White House chief of staff, commented famously back in the spring of 1991 that Congress needn't pass anything at all for the next 18 months. Everything was set for Bush's reelection. He'd won Desert Storm and enacted several significant pieces of legislation (the Americans with Disabilities Act, the clean-air revisions), enough to guarantee a second term. What made Sununu's remark so famous, of course, was how wrong he was. Yet now, Republican leaders in Congress may make the same mistake,

thinking the budget deal is enough to ensure that the GOP holds the House and Senate in 1998. Take up big-time conservative issues and risk a public fight with President Clinton? Forget it. Asked if Republicans need a bolder agenda, House majority leader Dick Armey replied: "Balancing the budget and getting the first tax cut in 16 years—I don't consider these particularly timid things."

The idea behind the do-little strategy is that the budget deal, coupled with a strong economy, ensures a pro-incumbent environment next year. That, in turn, means Republicans would keep control of the House (now 228-206) and Senate (55-45). Republican leaders are convinced the budget deal is a winner because it emphasizes GOP themes—a balanced budget and tax cuts—while taking an issue on which the party is vulnerable, Medicare, off the table. More sparring with President Clinton might ruin the upbeat atmosphere. Besides, the president is enormously popular and would have the upper hand in most fights anyway. Thus, the GOP scenario this fall is to pass appropriations bills, ignore most other issues, and leave town by early November. Only one House Republican leader, Jennifer Dunn of Washington, has objected. What about next year? Republicans may present a reprise of Clinton in 1996, pursuing only a handful of small issues.

This is a perilous strategy. It gives the political initiative to Clinton and the Democrats. They will be free to fill the issue vacuum with proposals on health care, the environment, and education, all issues on which the GOP is playing catch-up. Yes, Clinton could overreach, as he did in 1994 with his statist health-care plan. But that's unlikely. The evidence from his reelection is that Clinton is reconciled to a safer, incremental approach. Also, by yielding the initiative, Republicans would forgo a national election in 1998 on GOP issues. Instead, the differences between Republicans and Democrats on those popular issues—taxes, spending, size of government—would be blurred, thanks to the budget deal. A GOP dissenter, David McIntosh of Indiana, insists: "Every time the Republican party has decided not to have a national election with clear-cut differences between ourselves and Democrats, we lose badly."

The biggest problem for Republicans in relying on the budget deal is the party's conservative base. The budget accord is reasonably popular with most voting blocs across the country but not with Republican base voters. They believe too much was given up to Clinton and too little gained. And the GOP base is critically important in what is likely to be a low-turnout election next year. Republican senator Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, calls it a "base election." Even in a pro-incumbent environment, Republicans could lose the House if unmotivated Republicans fail to vote. At the least, the party would fail to achieve the 4-or-5-seat gain in the Senate and 20-seat pickup in the House normal in an off-year election.

Having worked so hard to arrange the budget deal, Republican leaders now overestimate its political benefits. True, it instantly produced a more favorable public attitude toward Congress. Almost any deal between the president and Capitol Hill would have done that. It lifted Clinton's popularity. And it removed the issue Republican leaders fear the most, Medicare, from political debate in 1998. But continuing to extol the budget deal ("a dream come true," says Rep. John Kasich) merely irritates conservatives. "We need to stop using that kind of language," says Dunn, vice chair of the House GOP Conference. In truth, the deal didn't generate the advantage for Republican members of Congress that GOP leaders had expected. The opposite occurred. In a national poll last month, voters said they preferred Democratic congressional candidates by 51-40 percent. A more recent Republican survey gave Democrats a 40-36 percent advantage.

EVEN IN A PRO-INCUMBENT ENVIRONMENT, REPUBLICANS COULD LOSE THE HOUSE IF AN UNMOTIVATED BASE FAILS TO TURN OUT.

Slowly, says a House member, "it's dawning on the leadership" that more must be offered to voters, especially Republican voters, than the budget deal. "There's a general belief among Republicans that it's a beginning, certainly not an end." House speaker Newt Gingrich, who'd been focusing on issues for the presidential race in 2000, is now engaged in crafting a 1998 agenda. Armey and Rep. Chris Cox of California, chairman of the House GOP Policy Committee, have polled members on issues to push next year. The top issue: tax cuts. In fact, the first 70 members to respond to a Cox questionnaire all cited tax cuts. Cox himself sent a memo to GOP members to "illuminate just how much remains to be done to correct the accumulated fiscal-policy errors of 40 years of Democratic Congresses." Even with Republicans now in charge, he noted, "federal taxes this year will be 20 percent of GDP, the highest since World War II [and] the federal deficit will rise to $57 billion next year, up $23 billion."

Should Republican leaders balk at a more aggressive agenda, House and Senate members may force one on them. McIntosh says Republicans need to "dri-

ve the wedge" between themselves and Democrats on tax cuts, affirmative action, and regulatory and legal reform. Already, Gingrich is talking privately about a large tax cut next year, not mere tinkering with the tax code. And he's become more amenable to an assault on racial and gender preferences. For that, however, Gingrich would have to overcome his fear of taking on Clinton again. As recently as last week, Republican leaders were arguing against even modest changes in spending bills because they might provoke a presidential veto and government shutdown. GOP rebels—McIntosh, Mark Souder of Indiana, Tom Coburn of Oklahoma, plus others—pressed ahead anyway with conservative amendments. Ten amendments were voted on. On all 10, two-thirds of the Republican members voted with the rebels, a signal GOP leaders would be crazy to ignore.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE ENDA BIG GOVERNMENT?

by Roger Clegg

LAST YEAR, A BILL TO PROHIBIT private employers from discriminating against homosexuals was defeated in the Senate by a narrow 50-49 vote. President Clinton had endorsed the bill. A top item on the gay agenda, the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA) is back this year. The president has reaffirmed his support, and the bill has a number of Republican sponsors, including senators Alfonse D'Amato and James Jeffords (the bill is before Jeffords's Labor Committee) and representative Christopher Shays. Al Gore and Richard Gephardt support it, too, as does the powerful Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. The bill's fate will say a lot about whether the era of big government is really over.

ENDA's proponents are making a simple argument: (a) Discrimination against homosexuals is bigotry, and therefore (b) there should be a federal law against it. This argument contains several mistakes, implicit and explicit.

The first is the assumption that Congress has the power to pass such a bill. The Constitution grants Congress only certain enumerated powers. In 1964, when it banned employment discrimination on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, and sex in private employment, Congress pointed to two sources of authority: the Commerce Clause and the Fourteenth Amendment. So does ENDA. But the Fourteenth Amendment gives Congress authority to act against state governments, not private businesses. As for the Commerce Clause, it was certainly arguable in 1964 that systemic discrimination against blacks in large parts of the country substantially affected interstate commerce. It was plausible that discrimination against women and ethnic minorities did so, too; less so religious discrimination. But is it credible that, in 1997, discrimination against homosexuals has a substantial effect on interstate commerce? No—and Congress should not pass laws unless it believes it has the authority to do so.

The second flaw in the pro-ENDA argument is its apparent assumption that Congress is obliged to act whenever there is a wrong to be righted. But discrimination against homosexuals in private employment is not the sort of problem that cries out for a national solution. Is there a wholesale refusal in the American marketplace to hire, promote, and refrain from firing homosexuals? Are state and local governments powerless to take action? Are homosexuals themselves without recourse, either individually or collectively? The answer to all these questions is no. There is unlikely to be a pervasive problem if, as Karlyn Bowman of the American Enterprise Institute notes, polls show that 80 percent of Americans believe homosexuals should not be discriminated against in the workplace. Eleven states have already banned such discrimination, according to *Fortune* magazine; and corporate America—including Disney, IBM, Coors, Ford, and hundreds of other companies—has been quite accommodating to gays, without any intervention by the federal government.

A third problem involves an increasingly forgotten principle: Absent extraordinary circumstances, Congress should not tell people how to use their property and run their businesses. Here again, proponents are likely to argue that if this principle did not stop Congress from passing the Civil Rights Act of 1964, it should not prevent passage of ENDA. Yet there is some point at which the federal government must stop micromanaging private employers' personnel practices and let them hire whom they want. Where we draw the line determines whether freedom of association and the right to control one's property are the exception or the rule.

Racial discrimination presented an extraordinary situation justifying departure from free-market pre-

sumptions. It was widespread, blatant, and often backed by state and local laws; it was irrational and dictated by no religious or moral convictions; it was a historic problem, national in scope, and clearly not susceptible to local resolution. Discrimination against homosexuals is none of these.

What it can be, however, is an expression of the fact that homosexual activity—which the bill will inevitably be construed to protect—violates the deeply held religious beliefs of millions of Americans. How are they to teach their children that behavior is sinful when the federal government protects it? For millions of others, homosexual behavior is undesirable and linked to a variety of social pathologies. And still others are uncomfortable with placing homosexuals in certain positions, such as Boy Scout leader or schoolteacher. What is the relevance of all this for law and government?

Well, sometimes sinful or undesirable behavior is made illegal—murder and theft, for instance. Sometimes it is not; no one is jailed for failing to honor his father and mother. And sometimes it is made illegal but seldom prosecuted. Much fornication, including homosexual behavior, falls into this category. The idea is to stigmatize certain behavior, even though to prosecute it would be unrealistic.

It might be objected that this stigmatization is not an appropriate function of law and government. Instead, if people want to stigmatize behavior, they should find ways to do so without dragging legislators and lawyers, let alone prosecutors, into the act.

Which is exactly what the Employment Non-Discrimination Act makes it impossible to do.

Quick: Who wants to make private behavior by an adult illegal—the liberals supporting the bill or the bigots opposing it? And who wants to use the government to force people to act against deeply held personal beliefs? It is, of course, the proponents of the bill who want to make private behavior illegal: the private exercise of one's freedom of association and control of one's property in the refusal, if one so wishes, to hire homosexuals.

Such voluntary actions are the most appropriate way in our society to discourage unwelcome behavior: by attaching to it social, even economic, penalties.

The supporters of ENDA really cannot answer the point that many Americans, employers among them, consider homosexuality immoral. They can argue only that in their opinion this belief is wrong and that discrimination against homosexuals is unfair and irrational. Sen. Edward Kennedy's press release on behalf of the bill said, "What it requires is basic fairness," and "Job discrimination is not only un-American—it is counterproductive. It excludes qualified individuals, lowers work force productivity, and hurts us all."

But unfair how? Adultery bears as little relationship to work performance as homosexuality does; are we then to conclude that it is unfair—and so ought to be illegal—to fire someone for adultery? People are entitled to think that certain activities are wrong even if they have nothing to do with workplace performance, even if overlooking such behavior would be the response of a rational economic actor. And aren't private actors more likely than government to know what's best for their "work force productivity"?

Probably most employers will see no rational or moral reason to discriminate against homosexuals. But that is not the issue. The issue is whether the federal government should prohibit each and every employer—except those expressly exempted by the act—from making that decision. In this regard, it is interesting that ENDA also makes it illegal for an employer to prefer hiring homosexuals. This might give pause to the owners of gay bars and bookstores.

Finally, the law will inevitably have many unintended consequences (as did the laws against racial discrimination, truth be told). It will become reality through litigation and regulation, both costly and highly distortive. A new federal bureaucracy will be created, which will develop its own agenda. And that agenda will come from the gay-rights lobby and will expand the scope of the statute. There will naturally be pressure for the bureaucracy to be led and staffed by homosexuals. The new law will result in lawsuits—some legitimate and many not, but all of them expensive. There will have to be regulations regarding what posters and jokes constitute "harassment" of employees because of sexual orientation. And, if a worker responds angrily to a sexual overture from a homosexual colleague, has either been harassed?

ENDA's prospects in this Congress are uncertain. Rep. Shays puts the odds at 2 to 1 against. As an isolated bill, it's hard to see how it could get anywhere near passage in the House; even in the Senate its prospects are not great. The real danger is that it will be added as a last-minute rider as part of a larger deal, by which the Democrats get credit for an item high on the agenda of the gay-rights lobby, and Republicans—always skittish on civil rights issues—show they are not the bigots the *New York Times* says they are.

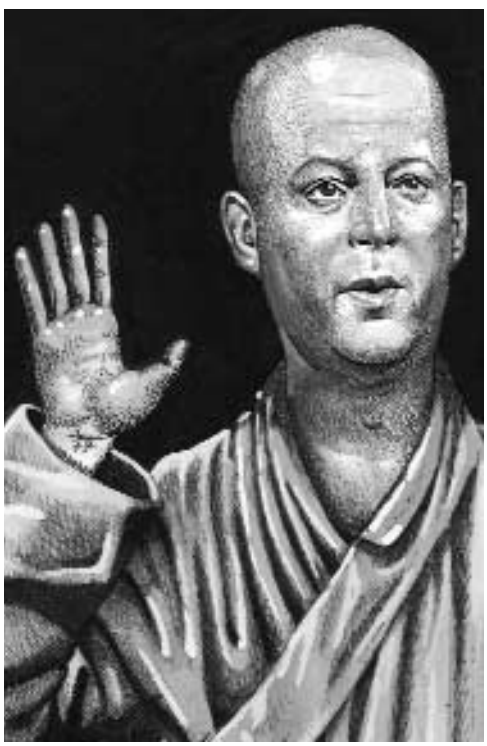
Instead, Republican traditionalists and libertarians should join in making it clear now that ENDA is going nowhere. Why should anyone support legislation that is both coercive *and* inconsistent with traditional morality?

Roger Clegg is general counsel of the Center for Equal Opportunity in Washington, D.C.

Al, Gored

By Tucker Carlson

The Cat in the Hat doll lying at his feet grinned as Al Gore leaned back in his chair to reflect on the broken state of American politics. It was a little before noon on the first Friday of September. Gore was sitting in an empty classroom at the Woodman Park Elementary School in Dover, New Hampshire, giving an interview to a local television reporter. The vice president had just come from reading a story to a class of first graders, and his tone of voice had not changed perceptibly in the meantime. "There's no question that we need campaign-finance reform," Gore said, speaking slowly and with the exaggerated lip movements of a sign-language translator. "I have been an advocate and a sponsor and author of campaign-finance reform for more than 20 years."



Sean Delonas

At the same moment, 500 miles away, Gore's former colleagues in the Senate were also talking about campaign finance, specifically about whether or not some of the vice president's fund-raising practices in 1996 amounted to federal crimes. Gore's political future had never been more threatened, but you wouldn't know it from his voice, which remained as calm as an elderly kindergarten teacher's. "What I did as a candidate for reelection was to campaign and to raise campaign funds," he explained to Scott Spradling of Channel 9 in Manchester. "And the reason I was proud to campaign as hard as I did was because a lot was at stake." Gore paused and smiled. In other words: You couldn't possibly understand the importance of what I was doing, but, believe me, I was doing it for America. Would you like a graham cracker with your milk?

For a man who may soon be facing a federal investigation into his potentially illegal fund-raising activities, it was a bold tack to talk about how proud he was of anything related to last year's campaign. On the other hand, if you're an ambitious vice president whose chances of succeeding your boss are suddenly beginning to look a lot slimmer, what else do you do? If you're Al Gore, your first move is to pretend that nothing has happened. Then you embark on a flurry of trips and public appearances designed to make your present job look busy and productive. Next, you schedule periodic interviews with the press to wax indignant about the need to stop the very kind of abuses you're accused of committing. And, finally, you never, ever stop patronizing the public, if only because you realize that some people will always mistake self-righteousness for rectitude.

The script is unmistakably Clintonian, and Gore has followed it to the letter. The Thompson committee began hearing testimony about Gore's role in various fund-raising scandals—including his presence at the now-famous Buddhist temple in Los Angeles—when it reconvened in the first week of September. During just the first five days of that week, Gore appeared at no fewer than 11 public events outside of Washington, as well as various others within the city. He attended a Labor Day parade in Illinois, climbed a glacier and gave a speech in a national park in Montana, hosted a panel discussion on welfare at the White House, announced an initiative to help female entrepreneurs

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in New Hampshire, gave an address about global warming at Dartmouth Medical School, and read stories to at least two groups of schoolchildren. On Thursday, he and his wife arrived at the British embassy to express their grief at the death of Princess Diana. "The memory of the People's Princess will endure throughout the world," Gore wrote in the condolence book. According to news reports, Gore looked "somber."

How has the damage control worked so far? Perfectly, according to a number of people around Gore, all of whom cite recent polls indicating that most Americans still consider Gore far more honest than Clinton. "When it's all over," says one adviser, "people won't even remember this. They're just going to remember that there was a big partisan hearing and that Gore raised money."

The reasoning is as cynical as it is plausible: "Clinton has changed the rules. So much stuff has been thrown at him, and so little of it stuck that at some point people began to see all of it as just politics. You'd rather not have an independent counsel. But there was an independent counsel looking at Iran-Contra when Bush ran for president. Clinton had all sorts of things swirling around him when he ran for president. I could argue that if you don't have an independent counsel after you, you probably can't get elected."

No one in the White House really wants an independent counsel, of course, and it's hard to tell how much of the upbeat talk is spin. (Or self-delusion: "Al's just got to remind the American people why they fell in love with him in the first place," one former employee says mistily.) Gore himself seems convinced of his own invincibility. "I've been in a number of meetings with him recently," says a White House staffer, "and to the extent he's talked about this stuff, he talks about it in a joking way, like 'It's just politics.' I honestly, honestly, do not think he's rattled. I mean, he's been in the Clinton White House for *five years*." A Democratic consultant who has worked for Gore agrees: "He really isn't worried about it. This all makes for interesting cocktail party chatter, but absent an indictment, the consequences at the end of the day are almost nil."

Perhaps Gore isn't rattled. But there are indications that others in the White House are. One of those indications is James Carville, the former Clinton campaign strategist who now works as one of the administration's freelance firemen. Carville says that over the past few days he has been in frequent contact with "some of my friends in the White House," as well as with aides in the vice president's office. The result: You'll be seeing Carville on television soon. He has, he says, "three or four requests" from talk-show producers on his desk right how. "And it's only Wednesday. I'm going to have to get up off my sofa and get to work here," he explains, sounding slightly frustrated. "It's irritating to me because I was cruising along, dealing with a few things that come up with the president, and now I've got to go out and study this and get my talking points and start defending Gore."

PERHAPS GORE ISN'T RATTLED. BUT THERE ARE INDICATIONS THAT OTHERS IN THE WHITE HOUSE ARE. ONE OF THOSE INDICATIONS IS JAMES CARVILLE.

Carville has spent the last year viciously attacking independent counsel Kenneth Starr—"I think Whitewater was the most successful political dirty trick in the history of the world," he volunteers without prompting—and he is generally regarded as someone who will say just about anything in defense of a partisan cause. But not in this case. Although he dismisses some of the criticism of Gore as "unfair and unjust," even Carville does not pretend the Democrats are innocent in the fund-raising mess. "You can't return three million dollars and claim nothing happened," he says. "You don't give back three million dollars for no reason. There were obvious—what's the euphemism?—'errors of judgment.'"

No matter how many talk shows Carville appears on, it is Gore himself who ultimately will have to explain those errors and his own part in them. Is he capable of it? There are those who know him who claim that the private Al Gore is nothing like the mechanical version the rest of America sees on television, the robot who the last time he attempted to defend himself repeated the phrase "no controlling legal authority" so many times that the *Washington Post* mocked him on its front page the next morning. Gore may seem like "this cigar store Indian envirotechnocrat," says Bill Curry, a former White House aide who is running for governor of Connecticut. But in real life, assures Curry, "he is almost the only politician in town with a sense of irony, certainly the only person in the White House. There's a real guy trapped in the suit."

Those who actually go to Gore's speeches will have to take Curry's word for it, since the "subtle, wry, funny person" he describes is nowhere in sight. Gore in public still exudes the same awkward phoniness that helped kill his run for president in 1988. Standing on

the dais before a speech to the Software Publishers Association in Washington the other day, Gore did his best to seem cheery and relaxed. At one point, in response to nothing in particular, he attempted a chuckle. His stiffness precluded ordinary laughter, however, and Gore came off like a blind man listening to music, swaying back and forth rigidly with his arms at his side.

It got more painful from there. Gore's stock opening joke—about how, because Clinton's swearing-in was delayed during the first inauguration, he technically had been president for a moment—could have been moderately amusing. But Gore overplayed his part. The joke went on, and on, for the better part of five minutes, till the audience's laughs were tinged with embarrassment. The rest of the speech meandered from cliché ("Will we build walls or will we build bridges?") to banality ("We've got to take the steps to make sure all our citizens have the tools to keep innovating") to outright boring technotalk. It didn't take long for the reporters in the press section to begin shifting in their chairs; within minutes at least one of them had fallen dead asleep.

For Democrats, the problem with Gore's inept public performances is not necessarily that they make him look stiff—"Voters aren't electing the most coordinated person to be president," Republican political consultant Doug McAuliffe points out—but that they raise the suspicion Gore has bad judgment. Why else would he have blathered on about "controlling legal authority"? And why else, grumbles a growing number of those who advise him, hasn't Gore hired his own lawyer yet?

Talk of his inner tranquility notwithstanding, Al Gore *is* in trouble—if not legally, then certainly politically. A special prosecutor, even one who does not indict him, would at the very least squander a great deal of Gore's time and energy, to say nothing of his reputation for being ethically pure. Ambitious Democrats smell Gore's weakness. Despite Clinton's efforts to secure an uncontested primary for his successor, Gore now faces potential challenges in 2000 from senators Bob Kerrey, Paul Wellstone, and John Kerry, as well as from outsiders like Jesse Jackson and former senator Bill Bradley. Rep. Dick Gephardt is already campaigning. The list certainly will grow, and every new entry means a smaller pool of money and campaign staff for Gore. An experienced private lawyer—his very own Bob Bennett—might successfully argue Gore's case before the Justice Department, sparing him an extended investigation. In any case, a good lawyer could prove a useful flack and strategist, leaving Gore free to focus on 2000. Why hasn't he hired one?

Perhaps Gore figures that the public-relations costs would be too high, that hiring an attorney would be seen as an admission of guilt. Or perhaps, like all people sincerely convinced of their own virtue, Gore simply cannot conceive of being in trouble. Maybe he just hopes the scrutiny will end soon.

James Carville certainly does. "I was enjoying my life," he says wearily. "But I like Gore and I think the flag is under siege, so I've got to go get my flak jacket, my weapon. Hopefully, this will all pass and I can get back to my sofa." He doesn't sound very hopeful. ♦

Frank Luntz Does It for the Children

By Andrew Ferguson

Frank Luntz, a Republican pollster and one of the foremost "communications" advisers to Trent Lott and Newt Gingrich, has just posted a bulletin to congressional Republicans. It is a 222-page bulletin, a bulletin with 24 chapters and six appendices. It comes in a three-ring binder as white as Wonder Bread. It has an American flag on the cover. It is divided with colored tabs. According to my bathroom scale it weighs six pounds, but it probably weighs more since my kids are always screwing around with the scale. It is called "The Language of the 21st Century," and it was distributed to GOP lawmakers before the August congressional recess. It is "the most serious

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effort ever made by either party to put together an effective, comprehensive national communication strategy for individual congressional and senatorial candidates." It is this and more, much more. It is a poignant peek into the psychological condition of the Republican party.

That sentence about it being "the most serious effort ever made etc." comes from the plan itself. It carries Luntz's customary tone, which is immodest. Many Republicans say he has earned the right to be immodest. Just about every week, month after month, Luntz hops on a plane at Washington National Airport, flies to some remote corner of the Land Beyond the Beltway, drives to a shopping mall or a chain motel, and there holds a focus group. He pays each of his Jane Q. Publics and Average Joes $40 or $50 for their trouble. In return they sip Diet Cokes and eat catered ham sandwiches and for two hours tell him what they think about this and that—politics and politicians, issues and events of the day.

Luntz listens to them with great attention, and then he returns to Washington and consults with Gingrich and Lott, the titular heads of his party. They listen to Luntz with great attention. They believe, as Luntz himself believes, that Luntz has a special understanding of the writhing, petulant beast that is the American public. He sees, with his own eyes, in those rented rooms at shopping malls and the shabby basements of chain motels, the way the beast responds to political messages. He has his finger on its pulse, his thermometer in its mouth. When the American public feels a draft, Frank Luntz gets the sniffles.

And he has discovered this: "The Republican party in 1997 is just like my mom."

Those are Luntz's words, too, and they come in the plan's prologue. "The Language of the 21st Century" is his summa, his attempt to compile most of what he has learned in his many sessions with the beast, and to convey to his Republican friends precisely what they must say to make the beast happy. For at the moment the beast is not happy with the Republicans. Like Mrs. Luntz, who spent years fruitlessly shouting English to her Portuguese-speaking maid, Republicans "mistakenly believe that if you speak loudly enough, your message will get through." But this is not the problem. *This* is the problem: "Linguistically, you are out of touch with the American people. They really think Bill Clinton feels their pain, and they really think you feel nothing."

From this premise flows Luntz's national communications strategy. His advice, as contained in his book, is highly practical and extraordinarily detailed. "In today's over-politicized environment, nothing is more important than using words and phrases that resonate with the American people," Luntz writes. "Words are everything." And he means it literally, so to speak. The great bulk of his advice consists of the locutions that have made the beast purr with pleasure in his focus groups. "We have found the words and phrases that will move the American people."

What is particularly appealing about this approach is that Republicans need no longer worry about ideas; politics has become a straightforward matter of phraseology. For example: Luntz tells Republicans they must never say they will "deny" government-provided medical care to illegal immigrants. Only 38 percent of the American people agree with that. But 55 percent believe it is right to "not give" government-provided medical care to illegal immigrants. For the candidate the soundbite practically writes itself: "We must *not give* . . ." and so on. You will note that the basic proposition is the same. Either way, the wetbacks get screwed out of medical care, which is the important thing.

THE GREAT BULK OF HIS ADVICE CONSISTS OF THE LOCUTIONS THAT HAVE MADE THE BEAST PURR WITH PLEASURE IN HIS FOCUS GROUPS.

The reason the beast dislikes "denying" benefits but is happy to "not give" them is that the beast wants to be nice. It likes nice things, not mean things or angry things. "If you spent countless hours talking with average Americans," says Luntz, who has, "you would know how deeply they want to regain the sense of 'belonging' and 'community' in their lives." This goes double for politics. Average Americans tell Luntz they disdain partisanship and harsh talk. He therefore offers a chapter on "How to Talk About Clinton." Republicans must tread lightly. "Any time you attack him too wantonly, you risk being perceived as partisan or mean." And so the successful Republican will be one who expresses "SADNESS, REGRET, DISAPPOINTMENT or DISMAY" at the scumbucket who is now sliming up the White House.

Specificity confuses the beast. "Put less emphasis on numbers," advises Luntz. "Speak in terms of people, ideas and visions. Don't talk dollars and cents." The more specific the language, the "less powerful" it will be. Things like argument and evidence will turn your listeners off. In his chapter on education, for example, Luntz writes that "it may have been widely

proven that there is no correlation between educational spending and outcome, but no one believes it." Don't try to convince the beast otherwise, for it knows what it knows, even if what it knows isn't so. Argument implies contention, which implies unpleasantness. Persuasion implies intellection, which is likewise unpleasant. "You need to speak to the average American—someone who never graduated from a four-year college, watches about four hours of TV a day, and consumes a six-pack a week." A politician would be crazed to contradict the average American. It would be like taking away his beer or turning off his TV.

This is better: "We have identified four key phrases that should be included in every speech, interview and every presentation that might make its way to the general public." Here they are. "Investing in people"; "Sharing the success"; "It's about the future"; and "We will face these economic challenges together." What do these words mean? Meaning is really beside the point. Words are used to create a mood.

"Perhaps the most powerful and effective word of this decade is 'challenge,'" Luntz has discovered. It stirs the blood; it sounds almost like Churchill, if anybody had heard of him. "But *challenging* the public to meet the *challenge* (so to speak)," writes Luntz, "is not enough. Americans want to know that you and they are fighting *together* for the common good. Your objective is to create a team-centered approach." You see? This is why you face the *challenges together*. As a team. Together as a team, facing the challenges that face us together. Not separately.

Kevin Chadwick

Frank Luntz

Education, Luntz says, "will likely be the most important issue from now until the start of the new millennium," so Republicans only have about 25 months to get the thing straight. His chapter on education is perhaps the longest in the book. "Everything in bold is meant to be written or said—word for word—in your speeches, press releases and brochures." Say this: "Education is about the future." And this: "All children deserve a chance at a quality education." And this: "the incredible challenges teachers face in the classroom." And this: "clear-thinking, morally-acting, putting children first legislation effort." And this: "I don't want one child to fall through the cracks."

"These phrases work," Luntz writes, "because they are all simple, straightforward, *non-controversial* statements." (His emphasis.) "Your task is to talk about education in a way that makes your audience feel comfortable." So if you say this: "I support vouchers for school choice," you might as well just toss in the towel right now. Loser. Are you trying to make the beast uncomfortable? It doesn't like "vouchers"; it likes "opportunity scholarships." It doesn't like "school choice"; it likes "parental choice." "If a proposed change sounds complicated," Luntz concludes, "people will oppose it."

Suddenly, as you absorb "The Language of the 21st Century," a horrible thought obtrudes. Could it be . . . is it possible . . . that the beast is stupid? Luntz denies it, and in fact he goes to great lengths to praise its wisdom, but the conclusion, if you read between the lines, is hard to avoid. He includes a section on how to write a good campaign letter, for example, and emphasizes that no paragraph should be longer than six lines, lest the voter get bored. (*Honey! Where's the beer?*) He notes a few contradictions along the way, too. Many, in fact. Most Americans thought the Republicans went too far in their almost non-existent "budget cuts"; simultaneously most Americans thought the Republicans didn't go far enough in their "attempt to change Washington." By two to one, Luntz writes, "Americans feel too much is spent on welfare, but by 10 to one, Americans think too little is spent on aid to the poor." And so on, and so on.

What's a Republican to do in the face of so many paradoxes? "Empathize," Luntz writes in his "Com-

munications Checklist." And whenever possible, say this: "It's About the Children." When holding a town meeting, ditch the lectern and go into the audience with a hand-held mike. Be interactive. They need to know that you care. When they ask you about the balanced budget, say that *a balanced budget is not about numbers, it's about people.* When they ask you why about affirmative action, say that you support *voluntary affirmative outreach*. And another thing: Use newspaper clippings.

You may have noticed that all of the foregoing would fit comfortably on Bill Clinton, the Republican nemesis; much of the language indeed has been lifted from his lexicon. Still, Luntz insists he has faith in the beast. "You must not say what you do not believe," he writes. "Voters can spot an impostor a mile away." Then he adds, "We already have a president who will say anything and do anything to get elected. That should not be what politics is all about." Of course not. It's about the future. It's about the children. ♦

The Truth About Peacekeeping

By Alvin H. Bernstein

Perhaps the most inviting target for defense cuts in recent years has been that catchall activity described, usually derisively, as "peacekeeping." The most controversial peacekeeping effort has, of course, been in Bosnia. Republicans have consistently opposed the introduction and maintenance of American ground forces in Bosnia as an unnecessary drain on military resources for what they insist is less than a "vital" national-security interest. Critics made much the same case about the two other high-profile operations of the Clinton years, in Haiti and Somalia. They deride peacekeeping as a form of "international social work," to borrow Michael Mandelbaum's popular soundbite; any reassessment of American strategic priorities, they say, would rank peacekeeping very low. The job of American forces should be to protect vital interests, and vital interests alone. As former army officer and defense analyst John Hillen pithily put it, "Superpowers don't do windows."

The case against peacekeeping has been powerfully advanced. But it rests on some faulty calculations and dubious strategic assumptions.

First, we should ask: What is peacekeeping and how can we calculate its actual costs to military readiness and the U.S. Treasury? In truth, the cost of peacekeeping has been widely exaggerated—and so have the savings and benefits that could be gotten by doing away with military operations like the one in Bosnia.

A recent commentary in the *Wall Street Journal* claimed that the United States has carried out "more than 200 such operations since 1990." Two hundred? On closer examination that bizarre figure turns out to include: the dispatch of American troops to southern Florida to help local communities recover from the devastation of Hurricane Andrew in 1992; the evacuation of U.S. citizens from Sierra Leone after its government fell in 1992 and then again this spring; an operation, never actually carried out, to evacuate Americans from Albania earlier this year; and a host of other, similar missions aimed only at aiding and rescuing Americans in harm's way at home and abroad.

One doubts that critics of peacekeeping would eliminate the rescue of Americans abroad from the list of our military's obligations. But they have nevertheless used these operations to inflate artificially the number of peacekeeping missions the United States has engaged in.

Other alleged misuses of American troops include the tiny U.S. contingent that has been peacefully stationed in the Sinai for almost two decades in fulfillment of the Camp David peace agreement between Israel and Egypt; the peacekeeping force in Macedonia, which numbers a grand total of 300 soldiers, none of whom has seen a shot fired in anger since leaving the U.S. mainland; and the much larger U.S. force stationed in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, which, like its

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counterparts in Europe and along the demilitarized zone between the two Koreas, has deterred an otherwise certain invasion costing untold thousands of American lives and billions of taxpayer dollars. Would the critics put these operations on the chopping block, too? Presumably not.

So what are we talking about when we talk about peacekeeping? When we focus more honestly on the costlier and riskier commitments undertaken in recent years—the operations that bring peace where there was war or that promote regional and global stability by putting U.S. troops in potential danger—we find relatively few. The operations that involve maintaining no-fly zones (over northern and southern Iraq, and Bosnia) and enforcing peace (in Lebanon, Somalia, Haiti, and Bosnia) can be counted on the fingers of two maimed hands.

And that means the savings we can squeeze out of them are minimal. Cutting peacekeeping from our operational repertoire might conceivably have merit if it offered some hope of narrowing the gap between our defense strategy and the resources we have allotted to it. But it doesn't. If all the money programmed for keeping our troops on the ground in Bosnia and our aircraft flying over northern and southern Iraq in next year's budget were reallocated, we would save $2.5 billion. That is not an insignificant amount in an era of tight budgets, but it will make no real dent in the shortfall the Pentagon now faces between its own plans and projected levels of defense spending—a shortfall of tens of billions of dollars.

To be sure, when the public thinks it sees vastly diminished foreign threats, it is fair enough for experts to remind us of all the U.S. military still does and how expensive it can be. And some peace operations have, indeed, proved enervating and harmful to our military's conventional capabilities. Between 1991 and 1995, 800,000 of the Air Force's total flight hours went to protect Somalis from starvation, Rwandans from tribal massacre, Iraqi Kurds and Shiites from Saddam Hussein, and various Bosnian ethnic groups from one another. Our army's Southern Command is deeply involved in counternarcotics operations in Mexico and Colombia, while the European Command has thousands of troops in Bosnia. At a time when U.S. forces have been cut 40 percent from a decade ago and procurement of new equipment is stalled, these sorts of operations will wear out aircraft, airmen, and soldiers.

> THE OPERATIONS THAT INVOLVE MAINTAINING NO-FLY ZONES AND ENFORCING PEACE CAN BE COUNTED ON THE FINGERS OF TWO MAIMED HANDS.

Nor should we be surprised that many in our armed forces dislike these kinds of missions, which they have given an unlovely name—MOOTW (pronounced "moo-twa") for "military operations other than war." These operations don't resemble the old textbook, cross-border wars our military has always preferred to prepare for. On the contrary, they remind many of the bitter experiences of Vietnam and the October 1983 disaster in Beirut. After these debacles, the military tried to adopt a rigid set of guidelines to keep them out of such conflicts. First it was the Weinberger Doctrine, later refined as Gen. Colin Powell's Doctrine of Overwhelming Force. The loss of 18 American soldiers in Somalia in 1993 created new doctrines outlawing "mission creep" and "mission swing" and "nation-building"—all shorthand for any activity other than fighting a fixed battle against another army. "Remember Mogadishu!" has been the military's rejoinder to any civilian demand that it do more to arrest war criminals or aid in refugee resettlement in Bosnia.

MOOTW has the added disadvantage, from the military's point of view, of increasing the role of civilian leaders in shaping military operations. Peacekeeping entails more restrictive rules of engagement, closer political oversight, and tighter civilian-military communications than conventional wars—all of which are anathema to a military hierarchy that increasingly believes the job of civilians is to keep their noses out of the military's business. "Operations other than war" invariably require quick responses to rapidly shifting circumstances on the ground, which broad political guidance given before the start of such operations cannot possibly foresee. Then there's the problem that peacekeeping operations rarely result in a clearly defined victory, which some military leaders, getting Clausewitz exactly backward, see as a violation of fundamental principles of war.

One can have more sympathy for the military's complaints than for the disingenuous calculations of defense experts. But neither should be allowed to shape American grand strategy, for the simple reason that peacekeeping and MOOTW are going to be part of the U.S. military's business for some time to come. Carrying out these kinds of operations is part of what it means to be a superpower in today's world, and we cannot click our heels three times and simply wish away these messier aspects of global leadership.

There are two reasons. One is that the present international environment has been and will continue to be rife with low-level conflicts, which require "operations other than war." Since the end of World War II, internal conflicts, rather than wars between autonomous states, have caused over 80 percent of the world's casualties. Since the end of the Cold War (from 1989 to 1996) there have been 96 armed conflicts, but only five of them have been between states. There were no interstate conflicts at all in 1993 and 1994 and only one in 1995—the border skirmish between Ecuador and Peru. The end of the Cold War has shown, moreover, that internal war is not a malady unique to the Third World. The largest increase in such conflicts has occurred in the heart of Europe, where an ever-growing number of national minorities, long submerged by Cold War constraints, have been claiming their right of self-determination, sometimes violently.

Then there is the problem of proliferating dangers from criminals and aggressors operating below the level of the nation-state. It is a cliché that power has been migrating in recent years from nation-states to subnational actors. But while it would be a mistake to overstate the trend, it is true that every one of the world's great powers these days has to confront mafias, drug cartels, militia groups, and terrorist organizations that know no national boundaries. These groups have access in the international arms bazaar to an unprecedented amount of advanced weaponry, which means that local police forces are outgunned and only national armies can deal with them. But many of the world's nations are actually too weak to maintain their own sovereignty in the face of this rising subnational challenge. This means that the maintenance of a decent international order, where everything from travel to commerce can be carried out in a fairly safe and stable environment, must fall to the great powers.

This is not a matter of washing windows in places where no American national interests are at stake. As the center of the international trading system and the leading force behind the international communications revolution, the United States has proportionally the most to lose if the world becomes an increasingly dangerous place to do business. After all, as the *Financial Times* recently pointed out, "The U.S. has the lion's share of those companies equipped to exploit global markets. It also supplies the bulk of the technology that knits those markets together." Don't we have a clear, tangible interest in defending the international order as best we can against the depredations of aggressors and outlaws?

Critics who insist we focus only on the nation's so-called vital interests have simply refused to see how quickly the spread of smaller conflicts can come to endanger those vital interests. The war in Bosnia showed conclusively how a supposedly peripheral conflict can shake the foundation of America's alliance system, how it can invite greater conflict between major powers that are drawn into such a conflict, and how it can provide opportunities for aggressors to take advantage of the lethargy and timidity of the United States. Even during the Cold War, most American policymakers understood that neglect of many less-than-vital interests could cumulatively lead to the undermining of our global standing. In the post-Cold War era, the "vital interests" test excludes consideration of what should form the basis of our national military strategy: how best to perpetuate the current relatively benign state of international security.

THE FACT THAT AMERICANS HAVE BEEN WILLING TO GET INVOLVED IN SOME OF THESE SMALLER CONFLICTS SAYS SOMETHING POSITIVE ABOUT OUR COLLECTIVE CHARACTER.

Finally, the fact that Americans have been willing to get involved in some of these smaller conflicts says something positive about our collective character. We do not happily see ourselves as a nation of window-closers to the screams of an international Kitty Genovese. When some international horror makes the American public burst out in a collective "No! We should do something!" peace enforcement is often the only response possible to what our moral sensibilities tell us must be done. It is a great good thing that a nation should have such sensibilities. We ought not to blunt them by cultivating moral callousness as our prime directive in foreign affairs.

Superpowers that want to stay superpowers should not march to the drum of antiquated thinking but to the requirements of changing reality. We do not have the option of avoiding "military operations other than war." Rather than trying to rid ourselves of this obligation, we should take the steps necessary to ensure that we can carry out peacekeeping operations without, in fact, degrading the military's ability to fight larger wars. The civilian leaders can and should direct our armed forces to develop the capabilities, doctrine, operations, and technology they require to confront

new circumstances. We may want to designate some portion of manpower in each service to peacekeeping. Or we can give the peacekeeping mission to one service—say, the Marines. We can equip the service with the necessary weapons, training, and resources, while leaving the other services to cover cross-border threats.

Above all, supporters of adequate defense spending on Capitol Hill need to stop looking at peacekeeping as a pot of gold that can close the increasing gap between strategy and resources. They need to stand up and ask for enough money for the military to carry out *all* the many kinds of operations that the modern world demands. ♦

Your United Way Dollars at Work

By Seth Gitell

September is the month when sports fans get reacquainted with the United Way. They recognize the charity as the sponsor of those fuzzy commercials during National Football League telecasts, where gridiron greats like Reggie White and John Elway, surrounded by throngs of smiling children, extol the value of community.

The United Way of America is smiling, too, these days, having all but recovered from the terrible period five years ago when William Aramony almost ran the organization into the ground. Aramony, the group's longtime president, was caught using its money to pay for a playboy lifestyle of exotic trips, gourmet meals, and young girlfriends. In the months after the scandal broke in February 1992, contributions to the United Way plummeted, as did donors' confidence in the once proud philanthropy.

While the memory of Aramony lingers in the back of the public consciousness, the United Way has worked mightily to remake its image. Rather than continue to be perceived as a distant distributor of funds to member agencies, the United Way has endeavored to become itself an "agent of social change." To this end, local chapters have embarked on a program of diversity and multiculturalism that is threatening to alter the face of American philanthropy. While the spread of the P.C. agenda through academia has been tirelessly documented, its impact on philanthropy has gone all but unnoticed. Because much charity is strictly a local affair, no one has yet examined what this trend means nationwide.

The inner workings of the United Way, as of many charities, are distinctly arcane. The organization grew out of the system of private giving that developed in the early 20th century, when charitably minded people in a city would collect money for a "United Fund" supporting the major local charities—the YMCA, Catholic Charities, the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, and so on. The money was distributed according to a formula. The system prevented the member charities from getting into messy fights by soliciting the same donors, and it helped them raise larger sums by combining their efforts. Eventually, in 1918, these local organizations banded together to found the United Way of America, today a kind of service organization and policy-coordinating body for its 2,100 local chapters. This structure survived essentially intact until the the Aramony crisis.

In June 1995, with fund-raising still sluggish, the United Way decided to alter its mode of operation. The board named a Strategic Planning Committee, which urged it to "heighten the role of United Way in setting public policy at all levels." United Way chapters should "identify priority needs" and "embrace only 'those who truly represent community.'" Guided by that new philosophy, United Way branches started to change the way they doled out funds. First, they began allowing donors to dictate where their contributions would go—including to charities not affiliated with the United Way. Second, they offered donors the opportunity to give to one of several "priority" areas designated by the local chapter. Meanwhile, the United Way of America launched Project Blueprint, the

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linchpin of its nationwide effort to place "ethnically diverse leadership" on the boards of its member charities.

These initiatives reflect the twin obsessions of many of the new generation of charitable givers, the baby boomers. On the one hand, they manifest the "do your own thing" mentality of the 1960s. On the other, they have enough P.C. flavor to make your average fortysomething money manager or insurance clerk feel like he's acting on good Woodstock values.

SOME LOCAL UNITED WAYS, A REPORT FOUND, HAD GONE SO FAR AS TO ASK JEWISH CHARITIES TO TAKE 'JEWISH' OUT OF THEIR NAMES.

One of the first United Way chapters to get in tune with the new thinking was in Houston, America's fourth largest city. The Texas Gulf Coast United Way made "diversity and inclusiveness" its cornerstone more than two years ago, then spread the word to its member agencies. To help get the diversity agenda out, the Houston United Way formed its own Multicultural Committee. This body acts as a kind of political commissar overseeing Houston's charities, on the lookout for violators of its new policies. Three times in recent years, United Way officials have asked one of its beneficiaries, the Jewish Community Center of Houston, to create a more diverse board—that is, to include minorities or "people of color." The difficulty for the JCC is that its charter requires it to have a Jewish board, though the activities and services it sponsors—like those at a YMCA—are open to all comers.

The Houston JCC neither complied nor lost all United Way funding. Indeed, the Houston United Way denies that it dictates to its members and argues that its income has risen $2 million since the new policies were put in place. Nevertheless, all new or increased grants the charity is giving out end up going to minority communities. Although this generally works against traditional United Way agencies, the Bayou City United Way's makeover has thrilled the national organization. A little more than a year ago the Houston branch won the United Way's first Championing Diversity Award for its "cutting-edge role in cultivating a multicultural environment." The Multicultural Committee had done its job.

The new policies began to catch on. Moribund United Way branches learned at conferences and through newsletters how they too could become more active. Soon United Ways in cities such as St. Paul, Minnesota, and Columbus, Ohio, were going through their own internal changes, aided by local polling firms that told them their communities wanted these changes. Many established "diversity plans" or "pluralism plans" to guide member charities' progress. Since 1995, for example, the St. Paul United Way has required prospective grantees to describe "the proposed client population . . . including generalized demographic characteristics such as race and age" and has tracked grant recipients' success at serving these communities.

These new policies are playing out in strange ways. The Catholic Charities-Diocese of Dallas generally gears its programs to largely Catholic Hispanics, who tend to turn to the church when they need help. During the funding process, United Way volunteers asked Catholic Charities why it didn't serve more blacks. Then they tried to prescribe the share of the charity's clientele that should be black. "They were trying to force some kind of quota system on us," says Catholic Charities associate director Joseph Brogdan, who would have had to cut services to existing patrons in order to abide by the new rules. "They just asked us to come up with a plan to increase the service levels within the African-American community, and we resented it." Ultimately, the United Way backed off.

Many of United Way's traditional partners—the very charities that helped establish the organization in the first place—are unhappy with its new approach. The problem was so severe for Jewish charities that the Council of Jewish Federations conducted a study to advise its members on how to confront it. Issued last year, the study reported that local United Ways had gone so far as to ask "agencies to change their names (e.g., take Jewish out of the name.)." One response some organizations have adopted is to strive for intra-Jewish diversity—that is, to make sure boards include Russian and Orthodox and low-income Jews. Still, dissatisfaction with the new United Way has been relatively muffled, partly because many of those affected by the changes hope to continue to benefit from grants. Right now, good economic times are masking the pain of the United Way's restructuring. When times inevitably turn bad, the situation is likely to explode.

There's another reason, too, why so little has been heard about these changes. Explains Bert Goldberg, executive vice president of the national Association of Jewish Family & Children's Agencies: "Everybody's afraid to speak out because it's not politically correct. It sounds like I'm speaking against minority groups." Goldberg argues that the new ways are hurting a chari-

table structure that worked. And once the new policies are implemented, there will be no hope of rolling it back or repairing the damage that's been done.

The new policies are making their mark. Even a charity as vital as the American Red Cross is feeling the heat. The American Red Cross of Greater St. Paul has lost $350,000 in United Way money in recent years, money used to teach CPR, water safety, and swimming and to help people after disasters. Unfortunately for the St. Paul Red Cross, those services don't meet a "priority" need or serve an ethnic community. Instead, explains the group's executive director, Charles Moertel, "These are programs that serve everybody and make people safe. They're principally directed at kids."

Here and there, member agencies are starting to get fed up and to sever their relationships with the United Way. This past June the leaders of the Family YMCA of Easton, Phillipsburg and Vicinity, in Pennsylvania, went public with their dispute with the local United Way. The two had differed, it seems, over how to best serve a group of low-income children who participated in a YMCA summer program. In the last few years, the United Way had cut its funding for the program but was evasive about why. Finally the United Way informed the Y that more than half of the children in the program would have to be low income. When the Y's executive director, Nicholas Ciambrone, asked how he could comply, the United Way suggested that a separate program be created for the low-income students in the poor part of town—in effect segregating them. The Y's leaders were infuriated and ended their 30-year relationship with the United Way.

Local branches of the Salvation Army have also been at odds with the United Way. Washington, D.C.'s Salvation Army has severed its connection with the United Way, as has Springfield, Illinois's. While a national spokesman for the Salvation Army downplayed the difficulties, evidence from around the country suggests that the problems are growing. The Salvation Army, which for so long has helped the worst-off in society, is an old fashioned charity, one that the new whiz-bang United Way seems to have trouble dealing with. It is a Christian organization and still refers to its leaders by military rank. Lieutenant David Luft of the Salvation Army in Springfield announced his branch's disaffiliation with the local United Way this summer. His organization had lost more than $100,000 in United Way funding since 1991, but Luft maintains that no one at the United Way ever explained what the problem was. Now he is determined to raise enough money on his own to make up the shortfall—which points to a problem that is likely to grow: As more and more of the original United Way founders drop out over the new policies, they will end up in direct competition for donations with one another and with the United Way.

To be sure, some groups are flourishing in the new environment. The Girl Scouts, for example, determined several years ago that it had to become more relevant to the 1990s. Thus, the Girl Scout Council of Greater St. Louis launched a program that has become a darling of both the media and the United Way, Girl Scouts Behind Bars. Under this program, the Girl Scouts arranged for some 16 female prison inmates to serve as leaders for 26 girl scouts, including in some cases their own daughters. The program won the Girl Scouts a special United Way grant of $40,000 in "critical issues funding." Theresa Loveless, executive director of the Girl Scout Council of Greater St. Louis, explains that the idea of the program is to "forge a bond between mothers and daughters so when the mothers get out of prison they might have some parenting skills."

Increasingly, the charitable establishment caters to certain segments of the population and neglects others. At times it seems actually to promote racial and ethnic separatism or shows a willingness almost offhandedly to damage well-established charities that work. Defenders of the United Way argue that times have changed and a host of new nonprofit organizations demands that the old partners take a back seat. Certainly, the United Way should strive to be responsive to donors and to avoid the lax oversight that allowed the Aramony debacle. But the new approach seems to be eroding the core strengths of a system that brought Christians and Jews, Lutherans and Catholics, together for the good of the community.

> SOME GROUPS ARE FLOURISHING UNDER THE NEW REGIME. IN ST. LOUIS, FOR EXAMPLE, THERE IS "GIRL SCOUTS BEHIND BARS," A MEDIA DARLING.

As the world of philanthropy changes, so do those ubiquitous TV ads. The United Way of Middle Tennessee recently unveiled an aggressive new ad campaign. In one commercial, a man introduces himself by saying, "My son was killed in a drive-by shooting." When NFL Sunday viewers see that ad, they'll be looking at evidence that something else has died, too—the traditional United Way. ♦

Windschuttle's Warning

In Praise of The Killing of History

By Victor Davis Hanson

Not another book about theory and the rise of cultural relativism, I thought, when first seeing Keith Windschuttle's *The Killing of History: How a Discipline Is Being Murdered by Literary Critics and Social Theorists.* Even with the sensational subtitle, who wants to read yet another story of postmodernism, even if it be a refutation? Out here in the heartland (I live and teach in Fresno, Calif.), the feuds of theorists and traditionalists over academic turf are of little interest to our students, who desperately wish to learn first something of culture, any culture, before they are taught how to tear it down.

We care little whether Mr. Derrida got his honorary degree at Cambridge, or who does and does not get invited to the Princeton Institute. When on rare occasions I am asked about postmodernism by a few of my history students, it is usually from the very practical angle of, "Who are these people and why do they write these silly things?" I answer not to worry, that these are just parlor games of the desk-bound class. After all, the majority of unworldly theorists are patently worldly in that most left-wing literary critics like Frederick Jameson and Stanley Fish or metahistorians like Hayden White, despite their nihilism, demand high salaries and do little undergraduate teaching in the here and now. In short, they live lives quite different from those of students at Fresno State.

But, alas, there are practical and very important ramifications for most Americans in this rise of academic nihilism, and they need to be addressed systematically and cogently. As Windschuttle shows in a moving final chapter called "The Return of Tribalism," the ideas of Michel Foucault, Tzvetan Todorov, and Jacques Derrida really do filter down to places like the outskirts of Fresno. Not long ago, for example, columnists for our local newspaper argued that we must seek absolution for the sins of Western culture in the tenets of Aztec feminism. My children's history textbooks in the local public school have more about Zulus and Mesoamericans than about the Renaissance or Enlightenment. To address a group of high-school social-science teachers on the legacy of the West is now to be scolded that "we shouldn't judge. No one culture has any thing over another."

Keith Windschuttle
The Killing of History
How a Discipline Is Being Murdered by Literary Critics and Social Theorists
Free Press, 298 pp., $24.95

Keith Windschuttle is an Australian professor, and fortunately he lacks most of the cynicism and weariness of Americans like me. Thus he is the ideal knight to hack through the coils of postmodernism, because he takes it very seriously, understands it perfectly, explains it clearly, and is shocked that such false knowledge has swept the Western university. His is a passionate, honest, and hard-hitting exposé; like Edmund Burke, Windschuttle believes that there is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and he reached his own long ago.

Windschuttle leads us into the arena of historical interpretation, where theory battles traditional history on a variety of fronts. We are introduced to the debate over the conquest of America, the arrival of Europeans in Australia, and the death of Captain Cook on Hawaii, interspliced with synopses of the pseudo-historical work of Foucault and H. White. Concerning the European conquest of the Americas, Windschuttle painstakingly reviews—and it is actually rather painful to read—the arguments of David Stannard, Kirkpatrick Sale, Stephen Greenblatt, and Todorov. He demonstrates quite conclusively why they are wrong on nearly every count.

For example, he shows that the Aztecs were obliterated by a tiny band of Spanish adventurers and thugs because they had no sense of sophisticated tactics, no steel weapons or gunpowder, no horses, and no science of siegecraft. And because of the brutality of Mexican institutionalized mass murder, cannibalism, and ritual human sacrifice, there was to be no succor from allied indigenous tribes—most of whom quite logically welcomed the Spanish onslaught as a liberation.

So why, Windschuttle asks, have modern university denizens shown

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Victor Davis Hanson is the author of the recent The Other Greeks: The Agrarian Roots of Western Civilization. *He and John Heath are co-authors of* Who Killed Homer? The Decline of Classical Education and the Recovery of Greek Wisdom, *which will appear in January.*

more interest in defending the murderous Aztecs than in learning of the fate of the Huaxtecs and Tlaxcaltecs, who were not oppressors but genuine victims of a murderous Mexican culture? And as for the argument that the Aztecs failed only because they conceived reality differently, or that they saw war only as sophisticated captive-taking for religious purposes, Windschuttle points out astutely enough that in their eleventh hour of desperation, the Aztecs did try to kill their enemies, mimicking their attackers, changing tactics, and adopting Spanish battle practices, even going so far as to force their captives to demonstrate the use of the crossbow.

Next, our guide takes us to the Pacific, where Greg Dening and Marshall Sahlins have argued that the European discoverers of Tahiti and Hawaii were understood by the locals as the apotheoses of native gods. The violence that ensued was a result of the explorers' not conforming to what islanders thought their deities should be. Thus "bourgeois" European historians must learn to understand the mind of the Other and his alternative universe where "reason" as we construct it has no sway and absolute "truth" is a Western myth. In fact, Windschuttle, a traditional liberal humanist, shows that the islanders were more likely impressed with the wealth and technology of the European sailors—and thus quite logically fearful for their own land and material world. After acclaiming these clearly human intruders chiefs—not gods—out of both respect and fear, they quickly learned of their potential danger and, like human beings anywhere in time and space, fought back.

The Killing of History is not a political tract, for not all theorists are on the left. For example, Windschuttle is critical of Karl Popper and Simon Schama, whose work has impugned the notion of inductive inquiry and universal truth. He attacks bitterly the methodology of Francis Fukuyama's resurrection of Hegel's deterministic, all-encompassing theory of historical decline and the argument that, with the death of communism and the spread of capitalism and democracy, the real stuff of history is now about gone. To Windschuttle, the massive reaction to *The End of History* is ironic: Fukuyama draws on the same godheads, Hegel and Nietzsche, as the Left, but comes to exactly the opposite conclusion—that Marxism, not capitalism, is dead and the tragedy is not that the masses of the planet will be hungry and exploited, but that they will sink in a stupor of material surfeit and crass affluence. While Windschuttle demonstrates how Fukuyama's methodology is ahistorical, I am not sure that he refutes the latter's gloomy prognosis of growing materialism and spiritual decline in America and Western Europe.

Be that as it may, *The Killing of History* would be a good, though a redundant, book if it simply described the various tenets of relativism and postmodernism, showed how they have corrupted historical studies, and then warned us of the danger. But Windschuttle, throughout his *katabasis* into cultural relevancy, reveals a number of more subtle and very disturbing ethical undercurrents, which we should all take very seriously.

First, Windschuttle sees the astonishing spread of theory in the recent ethics and practice of scholarship itself. Postmodernists believe that they are on a crusade, and thus turn out to be every bit as intolerant as any anti-Communist of the McCarthy era. Conferences, grants, prestigious chairs, and appointments tend to be tribal in nature and are rewarded to those who toe the line. Windschuttle demonstrates that many theorists are not starry-eyed eccentrics, but actually quite adroit in the use of old-fashioned Western ideas like patronage and commerce. For those who do not believe in the "truth," there is an awful lot of nar-

cissistic back-scratching among this new cohort: blurb my book jacket since I praised you inside; the world's authority on the subject turns out to be my former student; agree with me and we will see you at the think-tank.

Windschuttle also reminds us that our generation of theorists is not really novel but has a predictable—and frightening—intellectual heritage:

> They thought they were participating in an exciting and new theoretical movement. Instead, all they were producing, albeit unwittingly, is an English-language version of a French theory from the 1980s, which itself derives from a German thesis from the 1940s and 1950s that was originally developed by a group of ex-Nazis to lament the defeat of the Third Reich.

Theorists like Michel Foucault often expropriate hard data and "facts" from earlier scholars without citation and trash the source to cover their tracks—and even then they can't get it right, skewing dates and coming to ridiculous and unsupported conclusions. Foucault's earlier work on the history of institutions is not so much anti-empirical as plain shoddy and wrong—and in the end silly.

How much easier, Windschuttle reminds us, it is to write opaquely than clearly, how much less work there is in dismissing positivist historians than in actually reading them—suggesting that much of theory's appeal among the young is in its sheer laxity.

And there are more heads to the hydra of theory. For relativists, who profess no belief in absolute values or humanism, Windschuttle shows that there is an awful lot of hand-wringing about Western exploitation—hand-wringing that exemplifies timeless and universal notions about human decency.

We need more Keith Windschuttles, hundreds more of them. In the field of classics, if it were not for the two recent volumes of refutation by Mary Lefkowitz, we would still be subject to the untruth of Martin Bernal and his glitzy pseudo-history of an African-Asiatic origin of Greek culture. If it were not for the systematic demolition of the "liar's school of Herodotus" by W.K. Pritchett—hard at work in his 80s—we would still be reading that the history of the Persian Wars is but a fictive discourse without any historical substance.

The shoots of untruth and false knowledge sprout forth in ever more disturbing shapes each season, but they always must be identified and cut back. This endless and often tedious work, like pruning vines, is no fun, but the alternative is a rank and savage wild. ♦

Witch Hunt, with Witches

The Story of Bartley Crum

By Noemie Emery

Like Brooke Hayward, whose book *Haywire* hers resembles, Patricia Bosworth barely survived a golden childhood filled with luxurious homes on both coasts, the company of famous and talented people, and parents perhaps too scintillating for their own or other people's good. Like Hayward's, hers was also a two-suicide family—one sibling, one parent—filled also with booze, pills, manic depression, and a relentless search for the two poles of peace and excitement. Her mother, ominously called "Cutsie," was a one-time novelist addicted to shopping and adultery, sometimes with dangerous people. Her father, Bartley Crum, was a Hollywood lawyer serving corporate clients and film stars like Rita Hayworth and Montgomery Clift, fond of the nice things their high fees could bring him.

Patricia Bosworth
Anything Your Little Heart Desires
An American Family Story
Simon & Schuster, 393 pp., $27.50

But Crum was really addicted to commotion and politics, to the overdrive life of high-level campaigning, to his view of himself as a crusading hero. Through a campaign in the 1930s for Earl Warren, he became plugged in to the grid of California state politics and afterwards was never out of it. His political crush was Wendell Willkie, the Republican presidential candidate in 1940; Crum served as a go-between for Willkie and Franklin Roosevelt, and later campaigned in 1944 for Roosevelt, himself no unglamorous figure. Crum's troubles began not with them, but with the inevitable contacts with the Hollywood Left, then as now a hotbed of sanctimony and atrocious political judgment.

To this time, Crum's political life had been happy. It was when he agreed to defend the Hollywood Nineteen (later the Ten) in their defiance of the House Un-American Activities Committee that Bartley Crum walked into the buzzsaw between them, a buzzsaw that cost him his peace, his health, his illusions, some of his clients, some of his honor, and later—it seems likely—his life. His daughter, who adores him, and has never recovered from his death, has set out now to tell us

Noemie Emery writes often of culture and politics.

his story in *Anything Your Little Heart Desires*. It is a strange sort of book, one where the theme and the facts seem in conflict. The story Bosworth seems to want to be telling—of a liberal destroyed by witch-hunting red-baiters, Ronald Reagan among them—is undermined and derailed by the facts she presents. While HUAC and Hoover are hardly innocent, other parties emerge as equally guilty; there is, it appears, a matched set of villains, who are as one in their ruthlessness, their disregard for the law and for decency, and their lack of interest in the individual, his rights and his interests, when these conflict with their special agendas. Bartley Crum's innocent and highly individualistic view of human rights collided with the agenda of both the far Right and the Communist party, both of which used him for roadkill. His view of himself as a populist hero—Mr. Crum Goes to Washington—turned into film noir all too quickly. A Capraesque soul in the wrong kind of movie, Crum was destroyed in part by his government's agencies. But also by his clients and friends.

Crum was an old-fashioned political liberal who supported Willkie against Roosevelt in 1940; Roosevelt in 1944 against Dewey; and Truman against Dewey and Wallace in 1948. In a statement written years later, he said he believed that "progress lies in the free exercise of individual energy . . . in the ultimate freedom of all individuals and groups from totalitarian oppression . . . [that] the power of government . . . should be used for the purpose of maintaining the conditions within which individual enterprises could thrive." That this was the opposite of the Communists' creed—in which the individual was seen to have little importance—did not stop him from trying to speak in Communists' favor when he thought that their rights were abused. As Bosworth explains, "He supported the *rights* of his Communist colleagues while he in no way defended their policies, which were completely irrelevant."

But they were not irrelevant to the way that he was treated by them. As this book makes clear, Crum was hired entirely to sanitize their proceedings, used to get them good press, and raise funds from the public, while on matters of strategy he was completely outvoted, overruled, and then ignored. The Communist lawyers on the legal team held meetings without him, took instructions from Moscow, forced on him a policy of confrontation and secrecy, and frustrated the civil-rights defense he planned to make. For this association with people he disliked, distrusted, and who disregarded his input, he attracted the permanent attention of J. Edgar Hoover, who tapped his phones, had him followed, and made his life hellish, even years after the trials had ended, when he had relocated to New York. There, he was also attacked by the Left, when he broke ranks with "progressive" theology. The *Star*, the left-wing tabloid he was trying to publish, took a mortal blow when he endorsed Truman over Henry Wallace; readers defected, and he lost the backing of his most substantial patron, a radical heiress who gave a million-dollar grant to someone else.

Bartley Crum

Kent Lemon

Crum was also savaged when he advised one of the Ten who recanted, and later, when he gave a few names—of people already known to be Communists—as a desperation gesture to the FBI. For this, he was called a scab and a traitor. But the reason he agreed to name (a few) names was the same one as when he agreed to defend the Ten (or Nineteen) in the first place. "He thought of it as telling the truth," writes Bosworth. "If there's nothing to hide, then why hide it? . . . If [they] told the truth . . . the conspiracy idea would melt away." Earlier, Crum had shown signs of pill and alcohol dependency and a mild form of manic depression. But it was the collapse of the *Star*, the persecution by the FBI, and the vilification by those he had defended that turned his golden life darker, brought on the depressions and the desperate drugging, the failed suicide attempts, and finally, the successful one in December 1959.

In books of this kind, there is a Fitzgerald sense of having been damned and beautiful, and, sure enough, the flap copy compares Crum to Gatsby. But who he brings to mind more is Dr. Dick Diver, the protagonist of *Tender Is the Night* and another romantic consumer of parties and people, who was also used, used up, and then discarded, by people harder and crueler than he ever thought possible. "For years he was teased by friends for being 'used' by the Communist Party, for being a 'dupe,'" writes Crum's daughter. "For years, he laughed off those labels; eventually he stopped laughing, but by then it was too late."

One problem in dealing with this book and this era is that there are in them two kinds of Reds. One kind

were people who went to meetings and sometimes raised money, but were not conspirators, except in their imaginations. Within this group was a smaller one, a conspiracy that worked for the Soviet Union in ways that went far beyond politics. The ideal solution would have been to have let the first group alone, to go on being fatuous, while the second was punished for its *deeds*, not its thoughts. But this sort of discrimination was the forte of no one—not of HUAC, which treated as criminals many people who were merely silly, nor of left-wing propagandists, who treated all Communists as martyrs to the First Amendment cause. It was surely not the forte of Bartley Crum, who regarded them rather as he did the Taft Republicans—as people with whom he had deep disagreements, but who were legitimate parts of the dialogue. In 1948, he was still telling friends that "Communist infiltration . . . could be handled," at a time when people like Eleanor Roosevelt were forming Americans for Democratic Action (Communists excluded) because they had learned from experience that it could not.

It is not also, it seems, the forte of his daughter, who makes some startling errors of judgment. Atomic scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer was not "pilloried for his friendship with [Haakon] Chevalier," the left-wing professor of literature, nor was Chevalier pilloried for his political theories. Both got into trouble when Chevalier asked Oppenheimer to pass atomic secrets to the Soviet Union, a form of speech not protected by the First Amendment. Whittaker Chambers is described only as "an overweight depressive with appallingly bad teeth [who] had confessed to spying for Russia" and accused Alger Hiss of doing the same thing. Bosworth does not add that this unlovely creature has been vindicated by history, and the dapper Hiss exposed as a liar and spy. There is the obligatory swipe at Ronald Reagan, who, Bosworth implies, collaborated in a reign of terror. But Reagan, as the president of the Screen Actors Guild, had run into Communists at a time when infiltration of unions was considered so serious that people like Rep. John Kennedy eagerly joined Richard Nixon in combating this threat. These things all add up to a fairly false picture. Many things done were indeed witch hunts. But every now and then, there was a witch.

"It was enough to make you puke," Bosworth quotes one of the Nineteen as saying about Reagan's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Some weeks after Bosworth's book was published, a mass grave was found outside St. Petersburg, containing victims of Stalin's 1938 purges. As the *Washington Post* reported, "More than 41,100 people, many of them among the elite who disappeared during the Great Terror, were shot and buried at the site." After he saw a concentration camp in 1945, Charles Lindbergh had the grace to admit, at least in his journals, that his pre-war assessment of Germany had been mistaken; his belief that a people so scientifically advanced had to be civilized was wrong.

What really is enough to make you puke is that in the face of this and many other revelations, no such confession has come from the Hollywood Left. No admission that their faith, if sincere, was misplaced and mistaken; that Reagan in fact was right when they weren't; that his characterization of communism as the "Evil Empire" was only too flattering, as those who lived under it have been known to attest. That they supported a vicious regime does not seem to disturb them, nor does the fact—revealed in this book and others—that their tactics in domestic politics were as nasty as those of the worst of their enemies. Because they were, as this tragic book tells us. It may not be the story Bartley Crum's daughter thought she was writing. But it is the one she relates. ♦

Don't Ask, Don't Tell

Jacki Lyden's Oblivious Memoir

By Norah Vincent

The problem with the current glut of confessional memoirs is not that the memoir as a genre is worn out, but that, by nature, it attracts more than its fair share of hacks. Every shaggy dog has a story, but few have stories that anyone wants to hear; fewer write well, and still fewer instruct.

Jacki Lyden
Daughter of the Queen of Sheba
A Memoir
Houghton Mifflin, 288 pp., $24

Norah Vincent is an associate editor at the Free Press and the author of The Instant Intellectual, *to be published by Hyperion next spring.*

Jacki Lyden's new book, *Daughter of the Queen of Sheba*, a memoir about growing up with a manic-depressive mother, confirms the point. As Lyden confesses, this is an exposé, and behind every page you can nearly overhear the commercial wheels churning their contrived product. *Sheba* reads like merchandise concocted for its market value, not art wrung from the soul.

Unperturbed by the fact that her mother is living, Lyden displays every lurid shred of her family laun-

dry, including transcripts of her mother's diaries, personal letters, and psychological evaluations, wherein her mother's exploits are described in humiliating detail. One report reads, "She was brought in handcuffed to our psychiatric unit . . . She insisted she did not belong here and attempted to escape. In the process of returning her to the unit, the record reveals she threw a chair and turned over a table. . . . Adverse behavior such as urinating on the floor is generally charted." In a letter, Lyden's mother writes to her daughters, "Kate, U. bastard," and "Jacki, you're an asshole!" But since Lyden lends no guiding framework to her reportage, these ditties shock more than they inform. Her mother's illness never anchors Lyden's quest. It flits instead like a dancing bear meant to buck up the banalities of Lyden's otherwise unremarkable past—a hook to hang a book on.

Lyden offers no insights. She trips on some, but she's too busy tilting at metaphors to pick them up. When she says of her mother, "What transformed her beauty was her belief in it," she might, for example, have launched a compelling account of how beauty dwells in the mind, and she might have shown, through the warped lens of mania, how some remake themselves by the sheer power of suggestion. Instead, she lapses into the platitudes to which she is prone: "God, how innocent that seems now . . ." When she hints that her mother's voracious illness may have fed on the "unanswered longing" so prevalent in a suburban housewife's world, she drops the theme, lumbering instead into a thicket of clauses.

Her prose is rife with such briars. We might have done without groaners like these: "[She] made me want to pop her one right in the kisser"; "she cries a river for all that she has lost. Oh, tough, tough love." At times, though, Lyden shines, as when she writes, "In the hospital, layer upon layer of delusions were peeled back to reveal the designs of human vagary. To be only human caused fear, and doubt and mortality, and the dead weight of having run out of dreams." She can craft a moving string, where sounds and meanings dance well—"Many times we stopped, pretending to pick milkweed pods or cattails or count geese on Ipesong, as we secretly cast hard glances up at the broad lawns of the sanitarium. We children had hunters' eyes for our mother." But mostly, her tangled shrubs are simply too dense to trudge through, and, without some organizing firmament, they aren't worth the work.

She tells better the story of her stepfather's violent abuse, the rage and damage it engendered, and of her admirable success in broadcast journalism, but these scenes lurk awkwardly between the bookends of her mother's bouts. This meat of the book, in which her mother figures only peripherally, feels irrelevant, because Lyden never draws a convincing link between it and what surrounds it, or between her mother and herself. The result is an awkward pastiche of tenuously hitched people and events that seldom intersect, and whose effect on one another goes unremarked.

Manic-depression is heritable, and indeed, Lyden's title implies that this is what she wants to address. But she is reluctant to mine the veins where her past would yield the most gold. The disjointed narrative fails because it jumps too often between strictly separate lives, and it reflects too well Lyden's understandable need to eschew her mother's genes. At times, she glimpses the legacy—in describing her own rash behavior as a foreign correspondent in war-torn Iraq, or her abuse of alcohol (to which she makes only oblique references), but she never turns to face it full-on. Moreover, Lyden has two sisters, and they, too, should have merited some thought. But in their roulette of inherited traits, Lyden won't hazard guesses on who got the manic bullet, or who, by living it, was most harmed by their mother's circus, and why.

These questions are the axis this book should turn on, but Lyden is unwilling to ask or to answer them, and that has made her story flat and unbreachably solipsistic. ♦

A Prodigy Grows Up

Yevgeny Kissin at 25

By Jay Nordlinger

In music, as in chess, tennis, and other pursuits, child prodigies come and go. Some flame out quickly, never to be heard from again. They have their time upon the stage, displaying their precocious technique, beaming at astonished applause, then exit. There comes a point—15, 16, 17—at which they no longer receive credit for being young and must accept judgment by universal standards. On the wrong side of this cruel dividing line, many a prodigy is stranded.

Others, however, mature nicely and go on to distinguished careers outside of short pants. The violinist Yehudi Menuhin and the conductor Lorin Maazel are two such musicians in our times (though neither one managed to retain quite the sparkle of his youth). Mozart and Mendelssohn—the most fabled whiz kids

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in music history—both turned out fine.

The great child prodigy of the 1980s was Yevgeny Kissin, the pianist from the Soviet Union who made the world gasp. He appeared on the scene at age 12, with a concert at the Great Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. He performed the two concertos of Chopin and three encores (a strenuous evening for a pianist of any age). The concert was captured by RCA/Victor and shipped to every record store in creation. It was said that March 27, 1984, witnessed one of the most extraordinary concerts ever. It did, really.

He was a slight, cute, curly-headed boy wrapped in a red Young Pioneers scarf. He started with the Chopin E-minor, a staple of the Romantic repertory. The piece opens with a long orchestral introduction, which soloists battling nerves find interminable. Yevgeny must have sat coolly, calmly. He launches into the piece with controlled fury, rippling through octaves and arpeggios with shocking command. The boy does not play like a child and does not have to be evaluated as one. He is sure-footed, authoritative, ripened. What errors he commits are not the typical ones of youth (like impetuousness, sloppiness, and rushing). His hands, obviously, are tiny, and he has to break a few chords, but so does Alicia de Larrocha, the veteran Spanish pianist who stands well shy of five feet.

Yevgeny Kissin at 12

Chas Fagan

It is Yevgeny's musical poise—not just his technical facility—that staggers. He is not in his teacher's studio, either, but under the lights in one of the first public appearances of his tender career, when jitters of some sort—transmitted through the fingers—are to be expected. Yet not a hint of a jitter is evident. His technique (which is normally about all a prodigy has to offer) is deployed strictly in the service of musicianship. The rondo of the E-minor is sharply defined, idiomatic, coursing with sound. This little guy, plainly, is not a circus freak, but—to submit to a much-abused phrase—a "serious artist."

So notice was served. Here, if everything went well, was the next in a long, storied line of Russian pianists: Sergei Rachmaninoff, the father and best; Vladimir Horowitz, who idolized him and left Russia to follow him; Emil Gilels; and Sviatoslav Richter (who died at 82 on August 2). Yevgeny was the lead cub amid lions, the talent to watch.

At 13, he recorded Prokofiev's Third Concerto, a fiendish piece and a landmark in the Russian literature for piano and orchestra. In it, he betrays a disturbing thinness of sound and a tendency to bang, but he is, after all, 13. At 16, he recorded concertos of Haydn and Mozart, the usual fare of the juvenile. His playing is correct and tasteful, but still he is incomplete: He lacks a singing line—the ability to bring out the lyricism of a phrase—and he plays on top of the keys, rather than into them, resulting in a brittle tone. Worse, he wants for the element of impishness, something in which a youth ought to specialize. But the final movement of the Haydn D-major is a thrilling thing, as Kissin gives it the full Russian treatment: big, loud, rhapsodic—no fortepiano politeness here.

That same year, Kissin recorded two other Russian warhorses: the Shostakovich First Concerto and the Rachmaninoff Second. The Shostakovich shows him to be a true pianist of his country: It is biting, spiky, aggressive. The Russians seem to absorb this style in the womb. The Rachmaninoff is super-hot, rapturous, as Kissin attacks the keyboard like a man (or almost-man) possessed. Again, though, he does not make an especially beautiful sound, and his performance suffers from the absence of lushness, a quality essential to Rachmaninoff.

By the time he reached 23, Kissin had all the technique a pianist can acquire. As if in celebration, he made an album of some of the most difficult pieces yet devised: the Schumann *Fantasy*, Op. 17, and five of the *Transcendental Etudes* of Liszt. He

races around their most terrifying turns with glee, or, alternatively, nonchalance. The *Etudes* are hardly great music—Liszt wrote them for the same reason he wrote everything else, to show off his virtuosity—but even a "serious artist" should demonstrate now and then that he can ride a bicycle while standing on his head and swallowing swords.

Today, Kissin is 25—tall, seasoned, out of his scarf—and he has just committed to disc his first Beethoven concertos. The recording has been heralded, by critics and flacks alike, as a rite of passage: Beethoven is not flashy Romantic stuff, but grown-up music at its highest, and any pianist worth his salt must address it. Beethoven's five concertos and 32 sonatas dominate the pianistic canon. They are not technically troublesome—the 12-year-old Kissin could no doubt have handled their notes with ease—but, musically, they are paramount.

Kissin (or his management team) has chosen for recording the concertos in B-flat and E-flat. The former is known as No. 2, though it was the first written (merely published second); the latter, No. 5, is Beethoven's final, grandest concerto, nicknamed (though not by him) the "Emperor."

Kissin does not serve Beethoven well, particularly in the B-flat. His worst habits—foreshadowed in earlier performances—emerge glaringly. He is pugilistic and harsh, with a poor sense of legato. Notes that should be sustained are callously struck, failing to hold. He uses in the Beethoven the same methods as in, for example, the Prokofiev First (which he recorded, splendidly, at 21); but they are ruinous here. Kissin seems bent on pulverizing the music rather than expressing it. He exhibits the least attractive face of the Russian school: a percussiveness and insensitivity that rides roughshod over sonority and delicacy.

His trills are inelegant, and he accents critical notes with unbearable ugliness, as if he cannot hear himself. It is as though—to indulge in a little listening-room psychologizing—he is determined to prove that this concerto, close to Mozart as it is, is not prissy, is stormy Beethoven, the real McCoy. The opening movement ought to be playful, but, in Kissin's hands, it is play turned violent. (On the other hand, it is refreshing to discover that modern recording techniques—which are full of softening trickery—cannot cushion everything.)

The aria-like middle movement is not so much sung as hammered. Kissin need only cock his ear to his conductor, James Levine, for an example of refinement in strength. Kissin's rondo—one of the most delightful stretches of music conceivable—is blocky and thudding. There is, of course, nothing wrong with bold, muscular Beethoven, but Kissin offers so much rail-pounding.

IT IS NOT EASY, GROWING OLD. TEN YEARS AGO, THERE WAS NO ONE LIKE KISSIN. NOW HE IS ONE OF THE PACK.

His "Emperor" is far more successful. This is a larger-scaled work, and, in it, the young man's excesses are not so bald. Nonetheless, the performance disappoints: Kissin's trills are, again, strangely labored, for a person swimming in technique. Neither is he as exciting musically as he might be. His dynamics are unimaginative, and, when he reaches the first movement's climax, he has little left, because he has barked stolidly throughout.

The *Adagio* movement has been justly described as a hymn, and Levine shapes it lovingly, but Kissin misses its angelic tranquility. The last movement—another rollicking rondo—has always posed a problem for pianists: Few get it right, playing it either stiffly or feverishly, unable to strike the necessary balance between majesty and romp. Kissin brings to it a nice fighting spirit, and Levine rouses the Philharmonia Orchestra—not one of the world's choicest—admirably.

In the end, Kissin's "Emperor" is creditable—leagues ahead of the B-flat, set down in the same recording sessions—but he fails to convey the poetic nobility of the work. If a pianist is not going to give a profound, contemplative, inspired performance, he had better make up for it in exuberant athleticism. But Kissin falls short even of that. Whether he will ever be a Beethoven pianist is uncertain, but he should want to be, and, given his manifest intelligence, he can be.

So, the already-legendary Yevgeny Kissin continues his march. It is not easy for a musician, growing old. Ten years ago, there was no one else like Kissin. Now, he is very much like, to name a few, Alexis Weissenberg (a cold, unmerciful string-breaker), Martha Argerich, Maurizio Pollini. He is one of the pack. An elite, rich, adulated pack, yes, but a pack nevertheless. He has grown less special—how could he not, really?—but he has crossed the Rubicon from prodigy to worthy adult, an achievement by itself. And he will live and play and grow, lucky kid, forever free of the Soviet system into which he was born.

Every successful musician was, to one degree or another, a prodigy. There are no latecomers to music—certainly not to instrumental music. (There are some exceptions among singers.) Music, in this respect, is unlike, say, writing, or painting: If you don't have it by the time you hit double digits, you aren't ever going to get it. Still, little Yevgeny was once-in-a-generation, once-in-three-generations. Indeed, he may have been the most impressive child prodigy of the 20th century. And impressive he remains, but it is just not the same. ♦

Lost in the news of the death of Diana and of Mother Teresa was the passing of former Zairean strongman Mobutu Sese Seko at age 66.

—News Item

Elton John's Cannibal in the Wind

Goodbye, Zaire's rose,
Though I never knew you at all,
You had the grace to hole yourself up
While Kinshasa at last did fall.

Goodbye, Zaire's rose,
Though the press still hounded you,
You looted all the foreign aid
When Africanization was new.

And it seems to me
You ran your regime
Like a cannibal in the wind,
Not knowing who to turn to
When Kabila came in.
And I would have liked to know you
But I was just too busy
Going to Versace's funeral
And getting fitted for a new hairpiece.