the weekly Standard

MARCH 1, 1999

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GEORGE W. BUSH, COMPASSIONATE & ORGANIZED
DAVID FRUM • MATTHEW REES

QUAYLE GETS SERIOUS

BY TUCKER CARLSON

the weekly Standard

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

The Stupid Party, Continued

Bill Clinton *deserves* to get demagogued over Medicare. The federal health insurance program for senior citizens will be insolvent before long, and Clinton has double-crossed the Republican Congress every time it dealt with him on the subject. But as much as Clinton is owed any amount of abuse for this, the Republican National Committee isn't up to the job. And that's being gentle.

Last week the RNC issued a ludicrous press release that had chairman Jim Nicholson blasting the president's "secret war on senior citizens with cancer." As the release detailed: "The Clinton-Gore budget proposal contains a reduction in Medicare Part B reimbursement for cancer drugs provided to patients in doctors' offices and outpatient clinics," which "will likely force patients into more expensive and inconvenient inpatient settings." Said Nicholson: "Their war on cancer is really a war on cancer patients."

Oh, please. This is moronic, James Carvillean abuse—WE'RE GREAT, THEY STINK!—without the Cajun charm. And, not to overinterpret an inept political document, it gets the issue backwards. Clinton's basic position on Medicare is to be extravagant with federal promises to seniors and stiff some future administration with the insolvency problem. Republicans' basic position is to be less extravagant, while preventing a complete government takeover of the health-care system.

So the RNC thinks it's being clever by finding some part of the Medicare program where Clinton's probably behaving responsibly, and accusing him of warfare on the elderly.

Obviously, this mode of argument will ultimately backfire against the Republicans, who are bound to end up supporting less Medicare spending than Clinton. And Republicans wonder why they haven't shed their reputation for being the "stupid party."

CNN's Frat-boy

Ted Turner, the vice chairman of Time-Warner and founder of CNN, gave a speech last week in Washington to the National Family Planning and Reproductive Health Association, in which he displayed the qualities that took him to the top of American journalism.

First, there is his grasp of the nuances of history: It was an "insult," Turner said, for Ronald Reagan to have called the Soviet Union an evil empire. Then, there is his charm and wit: Asked about Tom DeLay, the number three House Republican, Turner explained, "Nobody that dumb could make it through law school." Finally, there is his exquisite sensitivity. Commenting on Pope John Paul II's opposition to artificial contraception, Turner told an ethnic joke: "Ever seen a Polish mine detector?" he asked, tapping his foot. What a guy.

The speech caused Turner some embarrassment, as well it should have. Presidential contender Gary Bauer, the Catholic League, and a few opponents of "raw anti-Catholic bigotry," to use Bauer's phrase, shamed Turner into issuing a statement of regret and "heartfelt apologies" for the insult to the pope. The mainstream press, though, mostly ignored Turner's fulminations—something that would not, we suspect, be the case if a right-wing billionaire had mocked various liberal icons.

The Scrapbook, for its part, feels sorriest for Turner's children, who probably care more about the good opinion of Jane Fonda's billionaire boy-toy than does the pope. Now that he's on the population-control bandwagon, Turner can't stop expressing chagrin at being a father. As he put it last week, he had "five kids—boom, boom, boom—by the time I was 30." In a similar speech last fall, he expressed this tender sentiment: "If I was doing it over again I wouldn't have done it, but I can't shoot them now that they're here." What a dad.

Pat Conroy's Epiphany

Thanks to its habitual viewing of Chris Matthews's *Hardball*, The Scrapbook was under the impression that it had become well acquainted with every harsh Democratic critic of Bill Clinton in America—all three of them (former congressmen Ben Jones and Paul McHale, and Carter pollster Pat Caddell). But a few choice words in the *New York Times* from the onetime Friend-of-Bill novelist Pat Conroy (*The Prince of Tides, The Lords of Discipline, The Great Santini*) sent us to the Nexis database and a remarkable 2,000-word essay by Conroy last month in the Charleston, S.C., *Post and*

Scrapbook

Courier. It was mainly a tribute to Conroy's alma mater, The Citadel, with which he has famously had a love-hate relationship, and for whose disciplines the Clinton travails seem to have given him a renewed appreciation. A sample:

"As South Carolina knows, I am a white Southern liberal of the knee-jerk variety, and I thought that Bill Clinton represented the best of my breed.

"I was wrong. I was terribly, terribly wrong.

"Because of my Citadel education, I cannot accept a president so comfortable with lies, half-truths and evasions. This year has been agony for me as I watched the politician I admired the most putresce before my eyes. Because of the Honor Code, I believed the president about Gennifer Flowers, Paula Jones, Kathleen Willey and Monica Lewinsky. I bought the whole package not because I am naive, but because I am a Citadel man and cut my teeth in a military society where our word was our bond and where our trust in each other in the barracks was such that it was against the rules to lock our doors.

"I learned lessons at The Citadel that my president did not learn at Georgetown University, Oxford University, or Yale Law School. Until this year, it never occurred to me I received a much finer education than Bill Clinton. He knows little about honor, responsibility and character. The Corps of Cadets at The Citadel is the best place in the country to learn all you need to know about them."

Eric Breindel's Legacy

The Scrapbook is pleased to announce the publication of *A Passion for Truth: The Selected Writings of Eric Breindel* (HarperCollins). Edited by John Podhoretz, a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard, the collection is a memorial to Breindel's work on the first anniversary of his untimely death at age 42. As editor of the editorial pages of the *New York Post* and a weekly columnist for that paper, Breindel wrote passionately for a decade about the issues and events of our times. The commemorative volume, with a foreword by Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, collects his best columns.

Also, an annual prize, the Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Opinion Journalism, has been established by the Eric Breindel Memorial Foundation. The $10,000 prize will be awarded to the newspaper columnist or editorial writer whose work best reflects the spirit that animated Breindel's own writings: love of country and its democratic institutions, as well as the act of bearing witness to the evils of totalitarianism. A confidential panel appointed by the foundation will judge the entries. Those who wish to be considered should submit no more than five editorials or columns, with a $25 entry fee, to the Eric Breindel Memorial Foundation, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10036.

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Casual

Can't Take That Away From Me

The Cultural Literacy Monster first raised its ignorant head for me some fifteen or so years ago, when I gave a lecture to several hundred freshmen at Denison University in Granville, Ohio. It was a lecture no doubt too heavily peppered with proper names, and even as I gassed away, I saw that what I was saying was sailing right over the heads of my youthful audience. One sentence ran: "We see this phenomenon in the journals of the Goncourt brothers, taken over by Edmond after the death of Jules in 1870." A faculty member, commiserating with me afterwards, had a good chortle over this. "You have to understand," he said, "it's not that they've never heard of the Goncourt brothers, which of course they haven't, but that they've never heard of 1870."

Professors love to tell stories about the amusingly ample blank spots in their students' knowledge. ("This kid thought that the greatest achievement of the Ottoman Empire was the invention of the footstool.") As a quondam university teacher who was never much of a student himself, I try not to add to the stock of such stories. But I must say that I was amazed, appalled, aghast, and a little saddened to learn last week, from a contemporary, that two highly intelligent young editors with whom she works had no notion that the phrase "the last time I saw Paris" comes from the Jerome Kern song of that title. Everybody in the West, I thought, knew that. I can hear Maurice Chevalier—no, fellas, he didn't play goalie for the Montreal Canadiens in the 1940s—singing the next phrase, "her heart was young and gay," and feel pity for those who can't. How, I ask myself, can anyone not know that lovely, lilting song? *Sacrébloodybleu*!

One of the things that separate generations is the popular culture that each has grown up with. As a boy who grew up listening to radio, I was perfectly content to leave much of early television culture to Beaver. Which may explain why a show such as *The Simpsons* has never, to quote The Doors, "light[ed] my fire." I long ago made the decision to retain my pristine ignorance of Bruce Springsteen—and it hasn't taken much character on my part never to have wavered on this point. I know only slightly more about Billy Joel—and am, in any case, too old to go changing—whose real last name, I have long suspicioned, must be something like Hochberg.

Most of the songs that play in my head were written before I was born or when I was a child. Cultivated folk of the generations before my own carried reams of poetry in their heads. My generation carries instead the tunes and lyrics of the Brothers Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Oscar Hammerstein, Sammy Kahn, Irving Caesar, Yip Harburg, and a few others. And they continue to give pleasure.

The great difference between the popular culture under which I grew up and that of subsequent generations is that—apart from comic books and certain radio shows—popular culture had not, in my time (the 1940s and '50s), been divided into youth and grown-up culture. A national popular culture existed, shared by all. The middle and late 1960s and the advent of rock 'n' roll changed all that—and changed it for the worse. Popular culture is richer when the audience for it is large and non-exclusionary.

My own self-imposed exclusion from popular music came soon after the early Beatles and Simon and Garfunkel. After this, I pretty much lost interest in contemporary music; and the super-sensitive sentimentality of Paul Simon's songs was already pushing it. Far from wishing to keep up, I went backwards, hugely enjoying some American songs from well before my time. Most amusing of all, I discovered, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and Louis Prima sang songs with the proper spirit of wit, parody, and mockery of show business. With some laboriousness, I typed out the lyrics of some of these songs—"Stars Fell on Alabama," "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues," "Just a Gigolo," and the never-popular "I Guess I'll Get the Papers and Go Home"—and attempted to commit them to memory, for the simple satisfaction of rehearsing them in the shower.

Knowing the same songs is one of the things that draws one closer to people. I don't believe I could live with a woman who didn't know, say, "A Foggy Day (in London Town)," "Tenderly," and "They Can't Take That Away From Me." Unthinkable. Bruce Johnston, who I am reliably informed sang with but was not an original member of the Beach Boys, composed a song with the memorable line, "I write the songs that make the young girls cry." I myself wouldn't care to do that. If it's all the same—and it isn't—I much prefer to sing the songs that make the older girls smile.

Joseph Epstein

Good Citizens

Eric Felten's caustic attack on our article "Certifiably American?" in the current issue of the *New Democrat* is a remarkable misrepresentation of the argument ("The Character Test," Feb. 15). Felten proposes that "we just don't like the fact that any citizenship test is given." He writes that we "sneer" at the character questions asked of new immigrants—queries about personal and moral characteristics such as "have you ever advocated polygamy?" Or "have you ever been confined as a patient in a mental institution?"

To clear the record, we do not propose elimination of "standards" for new citizens, or for that matter, the citizenship test itself. Felten misses the central point: The citizenship test is a profound symbol and all too often casually disregarded by American-born citizens.

Definitions of who citizens are and what citizens do are far too important to be left to a small agency and civil servants with no accountability to the citizenry. We argue that the "test" symbolizes fundamental problems in our democracy. By abdicating our responsibilities as a citizenry to engage in important discussions about what democracy is, what it means to be a U.S. citizen, and how we ought to assess it, we devalue citizenship for all of us.

Since Felten is convinced that our article is somehow a disguised apology for Bill Clinton, we think it is also useful to point out the flaw in his diatribe. Like many in the current debate, left and right, Felten substitutes polemic for the civic wisdom that comes only from wide public deliberation. The alternative is not "absolute truth" vs. "relativism," as Tom Delay put it. Rather, John Adams, in his letter to Abigail about the weighty matters of the American revolution wrote of the critical importance of collective wisdom.

"Time has been given for the whole People, maturely to consider the great Question of Independence, and to ripen their Judgments, dissipate their Fears, and allure their Hopes, by discussing it in Newspapers and Pamphlets, by debating it in Assemblies, Conventions, Committees of Safety and Inspection, in Town and County Meetings, as well as in Private Conversations." T.S. Eliot warned of this loss of deliberation in his 1937 *The Rock*: "Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge, where is the knowledge we have lost in information?"

As public forums of all kinds have eroded, wisdom has disappeared into

fulminations. It is this loss that truly endangers our democracy. In our time of sound-bite polemics, the way we can reclaim politics from the elites is to reassert citizen authority over the most fundamental questions of our democracy, like what is citizenship.

Harry C. Boyte
Nancy N. Kari
Minneapolis, MN

Eric Felten responds: ***At the risk of further eroding the public deliberation that Boyte and Kari cherish, may I suggest they reread Eliot? In*** **The Rock** ***he is hardly interested in the pompous "civic wisdom" that they champion but is mourning the ignorance of God and His Word. That doesn't mean Eliot can't be dragged into this dispute, however. Their response calls to mind a couple of lines: "Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous."***

Partisan Friends

Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan's review of Norman Podhoretz's *Ex-Friends* is extremely fair and thoughtful ("Ex-Friendly Fire," Feb. 1). That is why I cannot understand the cheap shots at *Partisan Review*. Although to him, the magazine "proved to have not much of a future," it happens to be the only literary/cultural quarterly in America that still is around after 65 years. Also, Phillip Rahv, "the former editor who [allegedly] became a 'born-again Leninist,'" by then no longer was with us. On a more general note, I want to add that monthly magazines such as *Commentary*, and quarterlies such as *Partisan Review* even more so, are prey to criticism by writers whose books they cannot review—for space and other reasons. And by those they pan for one reason or another. For instance, Diana Trilling never forgave Podhoretz for printing a negative review of her *Mrs. Harris*.

Edith Kurzweil
Editor
Partisan Review
New York, NY

More Good News

The Scrapbook states that "a full 70 percent of American women now favor more restrictions on abortion, and 40 percent would ban it altogether or allow it only after rape or incest or to save the mother's life" ("The New Gender Gap," Feb. 15). It's even better than you think!

Actually, the poll commissioned by the Center for Gender Equality found that 53 percent would ban it altogether or allow it only after rape or incest or to save the mother's life. Thirteen percent would ban it altogether and 40 percent would allow it only after rape or incest or to save the mother's life.

The past several elections have shown that pro-life candidates have an advantage among women who vote on the issue of abortion. It's nice to have yet another survey confirm that women really do care about protecting unborn children.

Carol Long Tobias
National Right
to Life Committee
Washington, DC

Correspondence

Hyde and Seek

William Kristol's commentary is absolutely accurate ("The Hyde Republicans," Feb. 8). It should also be noted that Kristol's sage thoughts provoked a few additional, but closely associated, questions. Now that the impeachment trial of Bill Clinton has concluded, can anyone except a typical American liberal believe that the intelligent, law-abiding, and responsible majority of America's citizens will forget the many reasons why this constitutional process had to be invoked in the first place? Or deliberately overlook Bill Clinton's pathological lack of character and his blatant personal irresponsibility? Or forgive Bill Clinton's corruption, criminality, lying, and treason?

While the recent public controversy about Bill Clinton's behavior was not resolved by his impeachment and trial, Americans are unlikely to allow him to decide the very serious pending questions about the country's direction and future leadership.

Constantine Xenakis
Canton, MI

Before we allow William Kristol's paean to the "honorable" Henry Hyde to pass, perhaps he might be willing to address why Hyde considered it wise and honorable to lead the House Republicans in a partisan impeachment when his case was so poorly prepared and ill considered.

Had neither party been moved to action by President Clinton's reprehensible behavior, neither could have been called partisan. Thus the burden of avoiding the charge of partisan politics rests with the moving party. Was it not, then, incumbent upon the House Republicans to reach across the aisle and secure Democratic support for impeachment, lest the stigma of partisan politics indict their action? The Democrats were unquestionably much better at avoiding this stigma during Watergate.

Didn't the very ambiguity about the facts (many arguably rebutted readily and plausibly by the president's attorneys during the Senate trial) and the question of whether or not they even reached the constitutional threshold for moving the impeachment articles to the Senate argue for a devil's advocate deliberation and caution by the Republicans? Where is the evidence that Hyde was that honest broker?

Such overtures and caution would be the hallmark of responsible behavior, even when you have the votes. Such behavior is indispensable when you do not. Thus the Republicans' failure in the Senate. If Hyde is an honorable man, as Kristol claims, then his leadership was incompetent. Paraphrasing the Russian statesman and historian Paul Miliukov, I must ask, "Is this stupidity or is it treason?"

Walter C. Uhler
Philadelphia, PA

Generation Next

Jonathan V. Last's observations of teenagers in Orange County and his ruminations about the rejection of typical adolescent rebellion by the "Echo Boom" reveal one thing—this guy doesn't spend much time around teenage children ("Doesn't Smell Like Teen Spirit," Feb. 15). I read his description of the families at Vans Skate Park with not a little envy. My 15-year-old inexplicably prefers the company of his friends to mine and wouldn't be caught dead listening to Shania Twain. Could it really be that adolescent angst has ended, but that it hasn't reached us out in the heartland? Is it possible that kids are no longer embarrassed by their parents' unfailing capacity to be hopelessly tone deaf about all that is cool, but that my own son is bucking the trend?

I don't think so. Whatever one might see at a mall consciously designed to promote family togetherness (we could use more of them), the normal testing of limits and retreat into the youth ghetto remain hallmarks of adolescence. Last's assertions notwithstanding, for every teen listening to Faith Hill and Garth Brooks, there are many more who favor Marilyn Manson and Korn. While kids may show a welcome caution about dangerous behavior such as drug use and premarital sex, there is as much need for parental vigilance today as there ever was.

What has been unique about the Baby Boomers is our inability to recognize our adolescence as a phase and our insistence that our own experimentations were something more noble than the typical transgressions of youth. Will today's kids abandon the cultural relativism and moral laissez faire that has been the sad legacy of our generation? I certainly hope so, but it won't happen if, as Last suggests, Baby Boomer parents refuse "to look their children in the eye and declare that they were wrong to live the way they once did."

Rick Esenberg
Mequon, WI

The coming of the Echo Boom is a much bigger deal than Jonathan V. Last indicates. We have all been so busy trying to absorb the '90s—the scowls, the belligerent driving, the growling advertisements, and the biker couture of the middle class—that we have forgotten that the next rank of adolescents will rebel against it all. Of all the cultural changes I have witnessed, this will be the most welcome.

Hilary Paprocki
Rochester, NY

the weekly Standard

Into Kosovo

It's testing time again for the United States and its NATO allies. As this magazine goes to press, Yugoslav president Slobodan Milosevic is continuing to reject a U.S. plan to put NATO troops in Kosovo to keep the peace and give the Kosovar Albanians a chance for real autonomy. With this weekend's deadline for an agreement approaching, the Clinton administration is ostentatiously sending more military aircraft to the region and stepping up its threats to carry out airstrikes. Whether those threats are credible, however, remains questionable—as always. Russian president Boris Yeltsin is vigorously opposing any military action, and the French government seems likely to demand another extension of the deadline. As a result, Clinton officials are making desperate and debasing pilgrimages to Sultan Slobodan, carrying ever more enticing gifts to persuade him to change his mind—maybe a few thousand more Serb troops will be allowed to remain in Kosovo, perhaps some sanctions will be lifted. They're even modifying the autonomy agreement in ways that damage the interests of the Kosovar Albanians. Milosevic, playing Washington and its allies like a fiddle, is winning NATO concessions free of charge.

Meanwhile, back inside the Beltway, Republican House members are muddling towards a vote against the deployment of American troops in Kosovo, which will go a long way toward confirming charges—heretofore unfair, in our view—that the Republican party is veering toward neo-isolationism. In any event, the practical effect of Republican opposition will be to reinforce Milosevic's conviction that NATO, and particularly the United States, does not have the stomach to take him on.

It's hard to see all of this ending well. An agreement that lets Milosevic keep thousands of troops in Kosovo, including his goons dressed up as "police" and "administrators," an agreement that rewards Milosevic by lifting sanctions and that treats him, once again, as the solution to the Balkan problem rather than the cause—such an agreement may well be worse than no agreement at all. The truth is, the Clinton administration at this point should not be negotiating with Milosevic. The United States put a workable plan on the table, the Kosovar Albanians basically accepted it, and Milosevic did not. That is where the talking should have ended and the bombing begun. Senior U.S. military officials believe that a sustained air campaign against Milosevic's military could go a long way toward undermining his grip on power in Belgrade. It would also pretty much put an end to the Serb military presence in Kosovo. That outcome strikes us as a lot more attractive than making more concessions to Milosevic. At the end of the day, the only hope for a lasting peace in the Balkans and, for that matter, for the eventual withdrawal of U.S. troops from the region is the removal of Milosevic from power and his replacement by a democratic government. That should be the overriding goal of the Clinton administration.

Perhaps the Republicans can help push Clinton to such a policy, instead of worrying about exit strategies. Above all, though, it will not do for congressional Republicans to treat the Kosovar Albanians, Chamberlain-style, as a far-away people of whom we know nothing. The U.S. intervention in Bosnia, which many Republicans foolishly opposed, has worked out much better than they predicted. That progress, however, will be undermined if the United States cuts and runs in this latest instance of Milosevic's thuggery. Republicans can be proud that they led the drive to revitalize the NATO alliance by expanding it to three new states. But what will it mean to have expanded NATO last year, only to eviscerate it now?

And make no mistake: If a decent agreement is struck that grants Kosovo autonomy and limits Milosevic's ability to cause trouble, and the United States declines to participate in a NATO operation to enforce that agreement, then the alliance will be severely and perhaps irreparably damaged. Is that the legacy Republicans want to carry with them into the 2000 election?

What Republicans should do is press the Clinton administration to achieve a sound agreement—to stop making concessions to Milosevic, to stop threatening airstrikes, and to start a punishing air campaign that does real damage to Serbia's military infrastructure. Ultimately, U.S. policy should seek to drive Milosevic from power. For now, we should force Milosevic to capitulate and allow Kosovo its autonomy. Republicans should then make good on their oft-expressed commitment to the NATO alliance, and to U.S. leadership of that alliance, and support the deployment of U.S. troops in Kosovo.

—Robert Kagan, for the editors

A New Birth of Hypocrisy

by P.J. O'Rourke

Republicans in Congress impeached the president for doing what Republicans would have loved to have done if the Mrs. hadn't hidden the Viagra and the intern hadn't cracked the Republican across the face with a Prada backpack full of cell phone batteries. Congressional Democrats know Democratic voters are so dumb that they think they got their jobs at Burger King because Clinton was dating the cow. So Democrats defended a no-account, conniving jerk who uses the wadded-up principles of liberalism to pad the bulge in his political jeans. The first lady, realizing that her high-profile role in a Gore administration would be making balloon animals at birthday parties for Tipper's kids, embraced that paragon among husbands and fathers, Bill. The stud-puppy himself ran off to view as much tornado damage as possible. That way, when he looked like a sorry sack of crap, he looked like he was sorry for someone other than himself. And the media took time off from prodding the corpse of Princess Diana, looking up Gwyneth Paltrow's skirt, and going through the garbage behind the JonBenet Ramsey home to wax sanctimonious about how intrusive, sex-mad, and trashy Washington had become. The legacy of the Clinton impeachment scandal has become clear—a bequest of enormous hypocrisy to the nation.

> IN JUST THIRTEEN SHORT YEARS, I'LL BE EXPLAINING TO MY KID WHY SHE SHOULD BEHAVE LIKE GIDGET, WHILE I, AT HER AGE, WAS READING *JUNKIE*.

And it's about time. We could use some. If you look up *hypocrisy* in the great, big *Webster's Unabridged* . . . Which we know Bill Clinton uses because he said, "It depends on what your definition of the word 'is' is," and the *to be* verb gets nine and a half column inches in there, plus the White House has two copies what with Donna Shalala and Madeleine Albright needing to sit on them to reach the table during cabinet meetings. Anyway, if you look up *hypocrisy* you'll find it means pretending to be what one is not or to have principles or beliefs that one does not have, from the Greek *hypokrisis*, playing a part on the stage. Republicans, Democrats, Hillary, Bill, and CNN have been acting—acting as if they know right from wrong, good from bad, etc. This is great. It means they have some notion of the difference. Until a year ago they didn't.

Before the advent of Monica Lewinsky, Republicans earnestly believed they were fulfilling their Contract with America by attending meetings of the Council of Conservative Citizens and playing dead during budget debates. Democrats were sincere and fervid in their battle against the woes of the Great Depression and had no idea that the thing had been over for 56 years. Hillary was trying to rebuild the Berlin Wall brick-by-social-program-brick, in pious obedience to the tenets of Wellesley-chick socialism. Bill truly felt he was beloved, even by Hillary. And the TV networks actually thought that the hair farmers behind the anchor desks knew what they were talking about.

It's nice to have that behind us. Furthermore, being a hypocrite looks good compared with being the one person who has been absolutely plain-spoken and forthright during the Lewinsky affair: Larry Flynt.

Hypocrisy, as a concept, has needed this boost. It's been the pariah among late 20th century sins. The Seven Deadly Dittos have all been fashionable. Envy and covetousness in the Reagan administration. Anger whenever it's convenient to swat Saddam Hussein. And then there's lust, pride, sloth, and gluttony, or, as we call them these days, getting in touch with your sexuality, raising your self-esteem, relaxation therapy, and being a recovered bulimic. Accuse a person of breaking all Ten Commandments and you've written the promo blurb for the dust cover of his tell-all memoir. Call somebody a sleaze and a prick and you've hired him as your lawyer. But everyone is ashamed of the hypocrite tag.

Perhaps this is part of the cult of authenticity to which we orthodontically corrected, surgically enhanced, hair-implanted, and Prozaced moderns adhere. Or maybe informing significant others that they look like hell in a bathing suit and need to diet is simply more fun than clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. Hypocrisy "is the vice of vices," declared Hannah Arendt, supposedly one of the most prominent moral philosophers of our time. "Only the hypocrite is really rotten to the core," Arendt said—and so did a whole bunch of teenage daughters dressed in black, with pierced eyebrows, stamping their platform shoes on the Ikea kilim in the open-plan kitchen/great room, shrieking, "You and mom did drugs! You and mom screwed around! You are *such* hypocrites!"

This is why it's vital for Washington to show leadership in the hypocrisy field, because I'm afraid I

might be raising one of those daughters. True, she's only one, but in thirteen brief years I will be faced with the awkward task of explaining to my kid why she should behave like Gidget while I, at her age, was paging through *On the Road*, *Junkie*, and *The 120 Days of Sodom* with a highlighter pen, making a list of things to do before I shot my family.

Of course there are artifacts of popular culture such as *Pinocchio* and *Liar Liar* to warn children what a world without hypocrisy would be like—like a syrupy movie plot and a botched nose job. (Although, when perfect truth-telling is attempted, snout difficulties usually come from getting punched rather than Jiminy Cricket-induced growth spurts.) But rented videotapes do not have the same impact as the living example of an entire capital city full of the nation's highest elected officials and most prominent arbiters of opinion blowing smoke out their fundaments.

The American political establishment must be thanked for the time and effort it put into getting the impeachment right, with extra kudos to feminists for providing a model of the sophistry, casuistic self-justification, and talking-out-of-both-sides-of-the-mouth so necessary in the crucial parenting years. I mean, I almost had to tell my child an outright lie. (You shouldn't take drugs because when I was young I overdosed and died horribly choking on my own vomit.) Or worse, I almost had to tell my child the truth. (Yes, I was a hippie, but looking back on it I wish I had joined the Marine Corps—because drugs were cheaper in Vietnam.) Now I know that all I have to do is be full of it. And this, as a middle-aged dad, I already am.

To prove it, let me note that when the Cardinal Virtues are named—wisdom, courage, temperance, justice, faith, hope, charity—the list does not end with "and no b.s." If you put on a big show of being deep-thinking, brave, prudent, just, faithful, and optimistic, then that's pretty much what you are—or close enough for government work, as we have seen. And it's hard to fake charity if everybody saw you put that five-spot in the crippled beggar's cup. Unless you run back and snatch it out, but you'd better be quick. Some of those crippled beggars can really move.

Then, let us also consider what the impeachment process would have been like if all the participants had been brutally honest:

REPUBLICANS: Don't you understand what a criminal this president is? He stole our issues. He swiped our illegal campaign donors. He nabbed the interns with the bonus bazoombas.

DEMOCRATS: If the opinion polls told us dogs had a 75 percent approval rating, we'd be on *Larry King Live* licking our privates.

THE PRESS: We did that! Slurp! Slurp! Right on national TV! And there's nothing you can do about it! Nobody elects us! Nobody impeaches us! We're the Rottweilers on the porch! Now watch us pee on Christopher Hitchens's leg!

CHIEF JUSTICE REHNQUIST: I'm naked from the waist down under this robe.

P.J. O'Rourke is a contributing editor to **THE WEEKLY STANDARD.**

THE SYSTEM DIDN'T WORK

by James Bowman

ON ONE THING ABOUT our otherwise deeply polarizing impeachment experience nearly everyone agreed: "The System worked." As Laurence H. Tribe of Harvard put it, "the impeachment drama will have yielded few heroes—except the Constitution's Framers, whose wisdom that drama will again have vindicated." In this opinion he was at one with former senator Sam Nunn, who said: "I think all the institutions involved have looked bad except the Constitution of the United States. I think the Constitution and the Founding Fathers have come through with great blue ribbons . . . because the Constitution has worked." Senator Robert Byrd went even further: "The Constitution is like the Bible," he said. "It is the political bible in statecraft."

This is not, to say the least of it, a controversial opinion. Yet there is also a sense in which the Constitution was itself responsible for the whole impeachment fiasco. The Republicans felt constrained to proceed with the impeachment of the president, though it was clear to every one of them that doing so was, to put it mildly, not in their political interests. And why? Because they felt that the Constitution required it. The Democrats charged over and over again that the Republicans, by exaggerating a case of sexual misbehavior into an impeachable offense, were in fact undermining the Constitution. Because both sides cast themselves in the role of defender of the Constitution, neither could retreat—let alone admit that it was the sacrosanct Constitution itself which was the source of their dilemma.

Traditional parliamentary democracies are founded on honor. If a leader loses the trust or confidence of a majority of his colleagues in the legislature, he is expected to resign. There is no law telling him what he can and cannot do in power, nor any legal provision for his removal if he should exceed what is deemed permissible. There is only the understanding that a majority of legislators have faith in his good judgment and that he will leave office if this should cease to be the case. But the Founding Fathers were so worried about what they thought of as the "tyranny" of the British parliament that they built into their new system an elaborate network of legal safeguards—the famous "checks and balances"—as well as a schedule of protections in the Bill of Rights that even legislative majorities could not overrule.

There was also another reason for formalizing what had once been a matter of honor and trust. The executive could not, in the new American system, dissolve the legislature and call new elections. Because the elections were decreed on a fixed timetable—every two years for congressmen, every four years for presidents, and, later, every six years for senators on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November in even-numbered years—the constitutional engineers had to build in a legal means of getting rid of the executive between elections. One need be no apologist for Bill Clinton to see impeachment as dubious for anything less than major crimes—which is why the cumbersome mechanism of impeachment has only been tried twice in over 200 years and why, both times, it has failed.

The Founders wanted to come as close as possible to obviating the need for trust. Perhaps it is time for us to ask ourselves if it can, after all, be done. A lot of the same self-congratulation about how "the System" was supposed to have "worked" was heard at the time of Watergate. But the system did not work. Richard Nixon, who was one of the few American presidents widely read in the workings of parliamentary systems and who had a strong sense of personal shame, resigned like a parliamentary executive when he lost the support of his party in Congress. True, he could see impeachment on the horizon, but if, like Bill Clinton, he had seized every legal means at his disposal to stave it off, who knows how much longer he might have stayed in office and continued by his very presence to paralyze the government?

Bill Clinton has managed to maintain his grip on power by exploiting every advantage the law supplies. Although we would not wish to do away with these legal safeguards, such a means of remaining in office, even if not prosecutable, is surely an abuse of them. In fact, it is probable that large majorities of both houses of Congress have lost confidence in the president's good judgment in power, but a smaller majority had no stomach for branding him a criminal and disgracing him for life over what began as a private vice. His resistance to those defenders of the Constitution who insisted on the rigorous application of the law—in this case a sexual harassment law enacted at

Clinton's own insistence—was defensible, though his continuance in power was not. But he could argue that the Constitution admitted of no other option than clinging to office in order to defend himself against the operation of a foolish law.

It is said that America's is a government of laws, not men, and that this is one of the things Americans have most to be proud of. But governments inevitably consist of both laws and men, and we do not exempt ourselves from the necessity to balance the two by the dream, derived from that of the Founding Fathers, that we can write laws to solve all human problems. T.S. Eliot once observed that the socialist project was to design a system so perfect that no one would have to be good. The socialists were anticipated by the Founders of the American Republic, whose aim was to design a system so well that honor would not have to be relied on. But, it turns out, we have to rely on it still.

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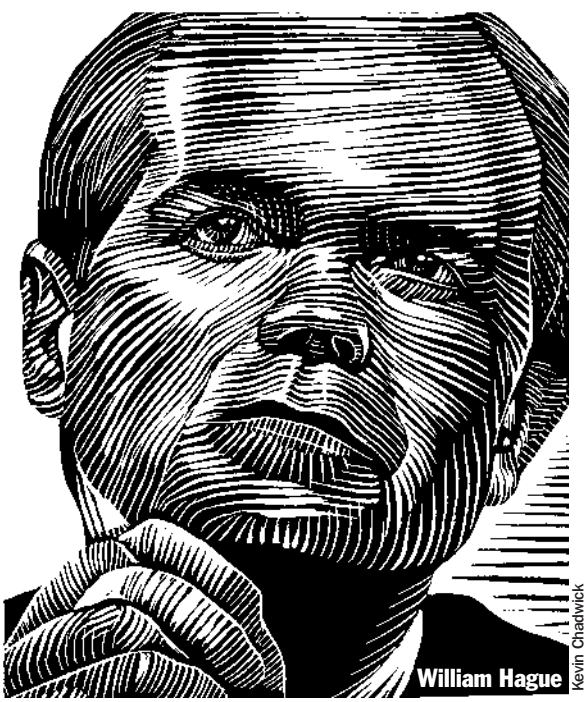
Sensitive New Age Nationalism

by David Brooks

THERE MUST BE A WAY to beat those guys. There must be a way to beat the Bill Clinton/Tony Blair triangulators, those political magpies who steal ideas from the right and left and mix everything into a Third Way soufflé, light on intellectual coherence but apparently delectable to voters. There must be some political weakness in their approach . . . but so far nobody has found it. Bill Clinton has survived a massive scandal, and Tony Blair is now more popular than any British prime minister has ever been after two years in power.


William Hague
Kevin Chadwick

Which leaves conservatives casting about for strategies that will help them regain the dominance they enjoyed in the 1980s. Earlier this month British Conservative leader William Hague made a pilgrimage to New York, Washington, Texas, and Ontario to consult with like-minded leaders, such as George W. Bush, on how to revive the Right. Hague didn't exactly emerge with a blueprint for triumph. But over the past two months he has managed to string together a series of speeches that hint at the beginnings of an antidote to the Third Way. Whether we like it or not.

Hague's approach is defined first by what it isn't. It is not American-style values conservatism. British conservatives have never been comfortable talking about issues like abortion. When Hague toured through Washington, he did not meet with too many social conservatives. More interestingly, Hague also downplays the free market. He does make the usual calls for smaller government, but he goes out of his way to distance himself from Thatcherism. On January 19, in his most important speech as Tory leader, Hague declared that Conservatives "must shed the image that we are nothing more than a party obsessed with economics." He discards the free marketeers' goal of tax neutrality, the idea that fiscal policy should not favor one sort of behavior over another. More generally, he warns right-of-center parties not to allow the Third Way types to push them further to the right. At an international conservative confab in Istanbul in January, he declared, "The Left has tried to clone our political beliefs because those beliefs are shared by the great majority of voters. . . . The last thing we should do in response is to abandon the political ground to our opponents in search of some right-wing utopia."

What Hague plays up is nationalism—of a sort. "The Third Way is a threat to the British Way," he told his audience at the Centre for Policy Studies on January 19. He began that speech by citing a series of left-wing historians who now contend that Britishness is obsolete. Their point is that Great Britain was a product of the imperial age, when the English, Welsh, and Scottish had to unite to fight wars on the continent and elsewhere. Now in the age of the global economy and the European Union, the British union no longer makes sense.

This judgment, Hague continues, is at the heart of New Labour's most ambitious policies: plans to devolve more and more power to Scotland and Wales, plans to allow more power to drift from Westminster to the European Union in Brussels; trial balloons to radically alter the British two-party electoral system with proportional representation; the "modernization" of the House of Lords. All of this, Hague says, is an attack on the British way of life. "The prime minister is in effect holding a dagger at the heart of what it is to be British. . . . People will wake up and find themselves in a different country," he warns.

All of this nationalist fervor is honey to the Euroskeptic right wing of the Tory party. But Hague's centrist tendency is evident when you look at how he defines Britishness. When former prime minister John Major was asked about the British identity, he waxed nostalgic about warm beer and cricket on summer afternoons. Hague goes out of his way to reject nostalgia and the romantic/historical sort of patriotism. Instead, he offers a cool, with-it brand of chauvinism. He celebrates "the Britain proud of its world class designers and good restaurants . . . the Britain which watches MTV . . . where more people go on holiday in Florida than Butlins . . ." The Britain that is "urban, ambitious, sporty, fashion-conscious, multi-ethnic, brassy, self-confident, and international." The problem with conservatives, he implies, is that they fell out of step with the times. They were so busy fighting old battles or longing for the Thatcherite glory years, they missed the cultural changes of the 1990s, all the new attitudes that came with prosperity. Hague would never use the word, because it is so Blairite, but he's trying to modernize the Tories, to retrofit nationalism for Sensitive New Age Guys in minivans.

The first feature of sensitive new age nationalism is that it allows you to be sensitive in your policy prescriptions. Hague is an ardent admirer of the Bush brothers' compassionate conservatism. Last week, in Ontario, he gave a speech his aides billed as the "Good Samaritan" speech. "We want to say that you the voter are too smart to need a party to tell you what to do and that low taxes are a good thing," Hague explained while in Toronto, "But we also want to say that if times are hard, the Conservative party will be compassionate and will look after you." Can you imagine Margaret Thatcher saying that?

The second product of this approach is that it allows Hague to be a decentralizer. This is in direct contrast with the Thatcherite approach, which centralized power in London on the grounds that the local governments had been captured by the loony Left. But Hague, for example, wants to reverse the Tory education policies, abandoning the national curriculum in favor of a decentralized, American-style system. Hague has also learned to wax eloquent about faith-based community organizations and other civil-society institutions.

So far the response among London's conservative commentariat has been harsh. Phrases like "vacuous spin doctoring" and "toe curlingly awful" are being used to describe Hague's new age nationalism. Part of the negative reaction is due to the crankiness of the Tory press at the moment.

But there is another reason conservative intellectuals detest this sort of repackaging. Unlike left-wing intellectuals, who have seen dreams of a Swedish social-welfare utopia go down the tubes, conservative intellectuals still have confidence in their ideas. Unlike left-wing intellectuals, they are not so desperate for political victory that they will meekly swallow their creeds and salute pabulum.

Any rightish politician who tries to come up with some politically centrist platform is going to have to endure a torrent of abuse from his right. For William Hague, solace may come from the knowledge that while his squishy nationalism may sound vacuous, it's not as if anybody else has come up with a surefire strategy to beat the Third Way.

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THE 401(K) BOOM

by Lee Harriss Roberts

OVER THE PAST 15 YEARS, an important and underappreciated shift has occurred in U.S. pension policy. The change has been away from "defined-benefit" plans—company pension funds that pay a guaranteed benefit based on years of employment—toward "defined-contribution" plans—a remarkable, and highly popular, public-policy innovation. In December 1997, assets in all defined-contribution plans, such as 401(k)s, for the first time equaled those in defined-benefit plans, at about $1.5 trillion each. Defined-contribution plans now cover about 43 percent of U.S. workers, while defined-benefit plans cover a mere 25 percent.

Employees love 401(k)s. They like having ownership and control over their money. The accounts are transparent—employees can see how much they have, how *they've* invested it, and how it's doing, usually 24 hours a day via telephone or Web site. They're not penalized for changing jobs. They can take loans against their money, or withdraw it for medical expenses, education, or to buy a first home. And the security of their retirement doesn't depend on their company, or the Social Security system, being solvent when they retire.

Employers, too, love 401(k)s, which don't require them to play a paternalistic role in their employees' lives or to carry the long-term liability and funding risk of defined-benefit plans. And 401(k)s are much less complex to administer. Contributions and cash flow are predictable. And they help to attract employees.

On top of that, the seismic shift from defined-benefit to defined-contribution has had a massive beneficial impact on the U.S. economy. Everyone has heard about the "wall of money" that has poured into financial markets, as the Baby Boomers have begun saving for retirement: It has come largely through 401(k)s. Most analysts agree that this is no small part of the explanation for the astonishing rise in U.S. equity markets. Just since the end of 1994, the Standard & Poor's 500 index has seen a 150 percent jump, generating about $5 trillion in wealth for individual investors.

A SUCCESSFUL, UNPLANNED INNOVATION THAT BENEFITS EMPLOYEES, EMPLOYERS, AND THE ECONOMY SHOULD BE EXPANDED.

But the boom in defined-contribution plans has other benefits as well. It means that more people are covered by employer-sponsored pension plans, since smaller companies that couldn't afford to administer defined-benefit plans have put defined-contribution plans in place. Defined-contribution plans also enhance labor-market flexibility, as workers need not fear losing benefits by switching jobs or working past retirement age.

Even more important, the rise of defined-contribution plans has important implications for the allocation of capital. The large defined-benefit plans have to pay the pensions of workers who are retiring in 20 years, in 10 years, next year, and those who have retired already. They have to invest in bonds and in safe, slow-growth stocks that pay high dividends to meet their ongoing funding needs. And

they don't compete intensely on performance, since they have a captive flow of funds and are seldom replaced unless they turn in successive years of underperformance.

By contrast, workers who aren't touching the money in their defined-contribution plans for two or three decades can benefit from the long-term outperformance of stocks over bonds. Moreover, they care about capital appreciation, not dividend income. In addition, the mutual funds through which they're investing compete rabidly on performance, knowing investors can switch with one toll-free call. That means workers will invest, through mutual funds, in an Intel, a Cisco Systems, or a Microsoft—fast-growing companies that reinvest in their burgeoning businesses rather than pay dividends (their combined dividend yield is 0.12 percent). Intel spends billions on each new semiconductor plant—it can't pay a big dividend. But it's one of the most successful companies, and most successful stocks, in America—and it created 44,000 jobs between 1987 and 1998.

So the rise of defined-contribution plans—the 401(k) and its cousin, the IRA—has made labor markets more flexible, fed the stock-market boom, and sharply enhanced the world-beating competitiveness of the U.S. economy. It is no exaggeration to say that the introduction of the 401(k) was one of the most beneficial, prescient, and enlightened steps taken by U.S. policymakers in the past two decades—and it is one about which no policymaker can boast.

The fact is, the 401(k) essentially was inadvertent. It sprang from a 1978 provision in the Internal Revenue Service Code that allowed, but didn't encourage, workers to contribute bonuses and profit-sharing awards on a pre-tax basis to retirement accounts. In a stunning illustration of the dynamic, unpredictable nature of progress, companies and workers began exploiting the obscure provision. In 1981, the IRS ruled that pre-tax regular wages could be contributed to a 401(k), and the land rush began. It's estimated that the total assets in defined-contribution plans will have mushroomed at a compound annual growth rate of 14 percent between 1975 and 2001.

This was not the result of any central planning, any design by bureaucrats or politicians. No think tank came up with the idea, no one crusaded for it on the Hill, used it in a campaign spot, or wrote his congressman about it. It doesn't even have a hokey acronym. It was simply the product of millions of individuals' decisions about their own money, their own retirement, their own life.

As the debate over fixing Social Security—the ultimate defined-benefit plan—grinds on, there are lessons for policymakers in the history of the 401(k). This wonderfully successful reform was neither planned nor promoted, but has become hugely popular nonetheless. Rather than continue searching for the big legislative fix to address the shortcomings of the last big legislative fix, perhaps we should build on what we already have in the 401(k). Instead of spending untold billions on the compulsory, centrally planned system that's gasping for air, why not foster the thriving alternative that allows people to make their own decisions? A highly successful and well-liked program that pays significant benefits to employees, employers, and the economy as a whole should be encouraged and expanded—even if nobody in Washington thought it up.

Lee Harriss Roberts works for a U.S. investment bank in London.

Dan Quayle Gets Serious

By Tucker Carlson

Manchester, New Hampshire

There is nothing in the world more jaded than a New Hampshire Rotarian, so by the time Dan Quayle steps down from the podium after a speech to the Manchester Rotary Club most of the audience is already on its way out the door. A few linger for grip and grin photo-ops. The rest seem to realize this won't be their last chance to get a picture with Quayle. Within a few minutes all that remains is a knot of reporters. Pressing in against the former vice president, notebooks out, they bark questions, many of which turn out to be variations of the same question: Are you serious about running for president?

Quayle smiles. He's been expecting this one. "I'm totally focused on this campaign," he says. How focused? Well, says Quayle, "I've basically quit playing golf." The reporters scribble. Quayle's announcement may not make for a compelling campaign slogan—Dan Quayle: He Gave Up Golf For You—but it isn't meaningless either. Quayle spent much of his childhood living on the 11th hole of a country club course in Scottsdale, Arizona, went on to become captain of his college team (his teammate and friend at DePauw University, Mark Rolfing, is now a golf announcer for NBC), and continued to play passionately, often several times a week, throughout his career in politics. And he almost always played very well. Even during the darkest days of his vice presidency—when an entire magazine, the *Quayle Quarterly*, was founded simply to tell jokes about him—Quayle received respectful treatment from sportswriters. "Anyone who knows Dan Quayle," his wife once reportedly said, "knows that given a choice between golf and sex, he'll choose golf every time."

Now Dan Quayle has chosen something else entirely, and for a moment it's hard, standing in the back room of the Puritan Restaurant in Manchester at 8:15 in the morning, not to see Quayle's retirement from golf—the great undisputed success of his life—as almost noble, or at least poignant, like Bob Dole's giving up his beloved career in the Senate before going doomed into battle against Bill Clinton. But Quayle has a long way to go before his sacrifice pays off. First he must defeat his reputation.

If you're Dan Quayle's campaign manager, there are three ways you can respond to the fact your boss is widely considered dull-witted and shallow. You can ignore it, refusing even to dignify such ludicrous slurs with a response. You can advise the candidate to laugh along, in hopes the public will find his sense of humor more endearing than self-incriminating. Or you can try to turn the entire caricature to your advantage. Sure Dan Quayle is the butt of one out of every three jokes told on late-night television, you might say. And that's exactly why he should be president. Because of all the candidates, he's the one who has proved he's tough enough to handle the job. Or, in the words of Quayle's actual campaign manager, Kyle McSlarrow, "He's the most experienced. He's the one who has taken the shots and kept going."

OUT OF OFFICE, QUAYLE HAS FLOWERED INTO THE CONSERVATIVE IDEOLOGUE HIS ENEMIES ALWAYS SUSPECTED HIM OF BEING.

It's a clever approach, and there is also some truth in it. Quayle is nowhere near as slow as he has been portrayed. (For one thing, he is smart enough to have hired a talented staff.) Nor, unlike a number of others running for president this year, has he softened or backed away from his core political beliefs over the course of his career. The Dan Quayle of 1999 is a lot like the Dan Quayle of 1992, except more so. Out of office, Quayle has flowered into the conservative ideologue his enemies in the Bush administration always suspected him of being. If he becomes president, Quayle tells audiences, he would push for school choice and a national missile defense. He would fight abortion, affirmative action, greedy lawyers, and U.N.

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer for The Weekly Standard.

control of American troops. He wouldn't simply cut taxes, he says, he'd slash them "30 percent, across the board." Asked for his opinion of the Lewinsky scandal, Quayle doesn't hesitate or hedge. In a perfect world, he says, Clinton should have been tossed from office. Ultimately, however, even the unsuccessful effort to remove the president "will be a plus for the Republican party."

Among Republicans these days, Quayle's take on impeachment is considered an eccentric opinion. But then, as those around him frequently point out, a lot of Quayle's positions were unfashionable when he first took them, and a lot of them have subsequently been vindicated. Consider his famous "Murphy Brown" speech. Delivered in May 1992 at the Commonwealth Club of California, the speech was in many ways a public relations disaster. Comedians mocked the vice president's attack on a fictional television character's childbearing choices. Much of what Quayle had been trying to say was lost in the ensuing laughter. Polls showed the public considered him dumber than ever.

Roberto Parada

What does Quayle's staff think of the Murphy Brown speech today? "I would venture to say it is the single most important speech a vice president has ever made in the history of our country," says campaign manager Kyle McSlarrow. Ever? In the history of the country? That's right, says Jonathan Baron, Quayle's press secretary. "Name another speech by a vice president that was more significant."

Good question, and not just because vice presidents rarely say anything important. Read the Murphy Brown speech today and it seems not only strangely familiar—a number of the themes in it have subsequently been appropriated by the Clinton administration—but also, and this may be more surprising, pretty good, even eloquent in places. For those who've forgotten or never knew, the speech, apart from a single throwaway line about Murphy Brown, actually has nothing to do with sitcoms. Rather, it is a thoughtful attempt to explain how the disintegration of black families has made life miserable in the inner city, and what to do about it. Almost seven years later, the speech holds up well.

The strategists at Quayle 2000 certainly think so. This May, Quayle plans to give another speech at the Commonwealth Club marking the anniversary of the Murphy Brown address/flap. The theme of the event—the theme of the entire campaign, really—will be "Dan Quayle was right; Dan Quayle *is* right." To make the point even clearer, Quayle's pollster, Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, is encouraging him to reuse entire portions of the original speech. The press may still side with Murphy Brown, Fitzpatrick says, but this time it won't matter. "People will see that her sitcom has been canceled and that he's back on the scene."

Of course, some people might ask, Why exactly was Dan Quayle ever off the scene? What did he do between the day he left public life in early 1993 and the day he showed up again wanting to be president? Kyle McSlarrow, like everyone around Quayle, has a quick, if slightly defensive answer. "He's been working his tail off for Republicans, just like Nixon did, under the radar screen," McSlarrow explains. "Nobody in the Beltway saw it, but he was out there on the hustings where it mattered."

In fact, Quayle didn't need to stay in Washington to do something that mattered. He could have run for governor of Indiana in 1996, won, and spent two years simultaneously running the state and rebuilding his image before beginning a presidential campaign. A number of friends urged him to run at the time, but, says one, "He said he just wasn't interested in it. I guess he'd already been to the mountaintop." Quayle himself half agrees, admitting that he "was not really interested in it." The deciding factor, Quayle says, was a conversation he had with former president Richard Nixon, who "was very discouraging of my running for governor. He advised very strongly against it."

It's hard to know which is a more telling fact about Dan Quayle, that he took the advice from Nixon, or that he so freely admits he took it. Quayle has long been famous for saying odd things to reporters. ("There is really nothing quite as terrifying as sitting in the green room while Dan Quayle is on live television," says Pat Griffin, a media consultant who

worked for Bush-Quayle '92 and has since signed on with Lamar Alexander. "It's like watching the flying Wallendas cross two buildings on a wire.") And though it has been years since he has really embarrassed himself, there remains something nervous-making about watching Quayle in public.

Quayle's speaking style is considerably more polished than it once was—he talks more slowly, for one thing—but his hands are still a mess. On the stump, Quayle punctuates almost every point he makes—from "Good morning," to "On to victory!"—with wildly exaggerated hand motions that are sometimes disconcertingly out of sync with what he is saying. At times, he looks like an actor in a badly dubbed martial arts film.

Happily for his campaign, in Quayle's case the cliché is true—he is much better in person. And in the Republican primaries—true to yet another cliché—in person matters. As Bobbie Gobel will tell you.

Gobel, who owns an employment agency in Des Moines, is chairman of the Iowa chapter of the Christian Coalition. A mother of seven who attends an Assembly of God church, she is precisely the kind of politically active evangelical that liberal Republicans are always accusing of having disproportionate influence in the party, particularly during the early months of presidential campaign season. The liberal Republicans are onto something. Several contenders have already stopped by to see Gobel, and by the time the Iowa caucuses are held next year, she'll likely be on a first-name basis with every Republican in the race.

A couple of weeks ago, Quayle's Iowa office called Gobel to arrange a meeting. Gobel agreed to see Quayle after a Rotary Club speech in Des Moines, though she admits now she was suspicious of the candidate. Aware that Quayle had campaigned for New Jersey governor Christie Todd Whitman in 1997, Gobel wondered if he would be as committed to conservative social values as he claimed to be. Then she met him.

Quayle immediately suggested they pray. Gobel and the former vice president pulled their chairs together, held hands, and bowed their heads. Quayle began. "He prayed for the healing hands of Christ to touch the nation," Gobel remembers, and he did it with compelling sincerity. "You do not pray the way Dan Quayle prayed unless you are a born-again Christian," she says. "That guy is *drenched* in the blood of Jesus Christ." Quayle went on to lay out the major planks of his platform, and to talk about his personal faith and family life. Gobel was particularly impressed by his marriage to Marilyn Quayle. "Dan Quayle," she says, "will have what no other Republican president has had: a wife who shares his belief that life is from the moment of conception to natural death."

Gobel's concerns about the Christie Whitman connection disappeared almost instantly. During his time in New Jersey, Gobel says, Quayle did much more than campaign for the famously pro-choice governor. He also spent time trying to change Whitman's position on abortion. Quayle, Gobel says, was "witnessing and planting seeds. He simply told her, 'What you are doing is breaking one of the Commandments, Thou Shall Not Murder.' He did it in a very loving way, and that's the way Jesus would want us to rebuke a sister or a brother. He was not harsh. It was a quiet boldness."

BOBBIE GOBEL SPEAKS HIGHLY OF GARY BAUER, WHOM SHE MET EARLIER THIS YEAR. ON THE OTHER HAND, HE DIDN'T PRAY WITH HER.

Gobel's enthusiasm for Quayle since their meeting has been anything but quiet. "I was so honored I was able to sit in a room and be with a brother of the Lord and to pray with him," she says. Pundits and consultants may write off a Quayle candidacy as a long shot, but Gobel sees a higher power at work in the race. Quayle, she says, "knows he has his work cut out for him, and he knows that it is the light of God that will see him through all of his endeavors. And he does not have fear because he knows that he can draw power from that light, that through Christ anything is possible. Those are the words that Dan Quayle spoke in that meeting."

As for the other Republicans currently trying to woo conservative Christians? Gobel speaks highly of Gary Bauer, whom she met earlier this year. On the other hand, he didn't pray with her. In January, Gobel sat down with Steve Forbes, and for a while it was rumored that the bespectacled publisher had won her vote. (The Forbes campaign even issued a statement announcing Gobel's endorsement.) But her encounter with Quayle seems to have changed everything. "Forbes didn't quote any scriptures when I spoke with him," Gobel says. Instead, he talked about his tax reduction plan—a plan, she points out, that now seems mediocre "in comparison to Dan's. Dan's covers a wide spectrum. Forbes's helps the rich."

Quayle's campaign is betting that his appeal will extend not just to Bobbie Gobel's friends, but to at least some of Christie Whitman's as well. "He's the

only one who can put the complete Reagan coalition—economic and social conservatives—back together," says Kyle McSlarrow. Here's the reasoning: While there are a number of candidates who might appeal to religious conservatives (Gary Bauer, Bob Smith, and Pat Buchanan, should he enter the race), all are either underfunded, not well known, or have never been elected to office before. After eight years of Clinton, says Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, "Republican voters aren't going to take their chances on an unknown commodity." Which leaves Quayle.

On the other side of the party—Christie Whitman's side—there is no candidate who has both Quayle's experience with foreign policy and his enthusiasm for tax cuts. Moreover, says McSlarrow, wealthy, pro-choice Republican donors aren't afraid of Quayle the way they would be of other social conservatives. "They know him," McSlarrow says, "they know he's not a nut." Which, again, leaves Quayle the obvious choice—except for George W. Bush and Elizabeth Dole, neither of whom has been through a national campaign, and both of whom Quayle is privately confident of beating, if he can get them one-on-one.

Quayle doesn't seem worried—not about raising the money, or about being away from home, or about riding from one ugly little New England mill town to the next for days on end in a white minivan full of 23-year-old volunteers whose names he doesn't know, and all for the privilege of answering nasty questions from badly dressed reporters who think he's a joke. None of it seems to bother Dan Quayle a bit. Not the sneers of the pundits or the skepticism of the political world. Not even giving up golf. ♦

George W. Bush Gets Organized

By Matthew Rees

If you have any doubt whether George W. Bush is going to run for president, consider this: On the evening of February 10, a Republican state representative from New Hampshire named Tim McGough called Bush's office, hoping to talk with him about charter schools. Bush's secretary politely told McGough the governor would be busy for the next few weeks and that perhaps it would be better if he spoke with the state's director of higher education.

At 8 A.M. the next day, McGough got a phone call, and it wasn't from the director of higher education. It was from Bush. McGough missed the call, but when he caught up with the governor a few days later, they talked for 25 minutes, almost entirely about presidential politics. "I'm very serious about this," said Bush. McGough wanted proof, such as a commitment the governor would come to New Hampshire. Bush said he couldn't leave Texas until the legislature adjourned at the end of May, but he assured McGough, "There are things I can do with an exploratory committee" in the meantime. So when will you announce the exploratory committee? pestered McGough. "In four weeks or less," replied Bush. That sounded good to McGough, as did what Bush said next: "Tell anyone you want that we talked, and tell 'em to keep their powder dry."

This is among the more explicit instances of Bush's telegraphing his intentions, but it's hardly the only one. Over the past few months, as the media's attention has been devoted to the impeachment of President Clinton, Bush and his advisers have quietly laid the groundwork for his presidential campaign. A high-placed Republican operative who spent a few hours with Bush recently told me that "they are clearly way, way down the road of organizing." And the job hasn't required heavy lifting. Bush is already the favored candidate of Republican elected officials and party leaders across the country.

Indeed, what's happening is closer to an attempted coronation than the normal recruiting of supporters. In mid-January, 25 of the 47 Republicans in the California legislature signed a letter to Bush urging him to run for president, saying "America needs an

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experienced leader who brings conservative values and a winning candidacy that will reach out to all." Similar letters have recently been sent by the overwhelming majority of Republican state legislators from Iowa, South Carolina, and New Mexico, and there are rumors of 10 more states' following suit.

The support isn't limited to state legislators. On February 9, 75 current or former members of Congress met at Washington's Capitol Hill Club to form a Draft Bush 2000 Committee. This effort, organized by former representative Gerald Solomon of New York, is noteworthy for two reasons: First, Bush's congressional supporters span the ideological and geographical spectrum, ranging from pro-choice moderates like Marge Roukema of New Jersey and Jennifer Dunn of Washington to pro-life conservatives like David Dreier of California and Peter Hoekstra of Michigan. Second, it's virtually unprecedented for so many members of Congress to mobilize around a non-incumbent presidential candidate a whole year before the first primary—and before Bush has even announced he's running.

THERE'S STILL RESENTMENT OVER THE 1992 CAMPAIGN, AND GEORGE W. WANTS TO AVOID DEPENDING ON THE AIDES HE BELIEVES LOST HIS FATHER THE PRESIDENCY.

The individuals associated with Bush's political team say they're not engineering this outpouring of support. But they're hardly discouraging it. Solomon says he's kept Karl Rove, Bush's top political adviser, apprised of his efforts every step of the way. Similarly, shortly after the Iowa Republicans sent their letter to Bush, 15 of them were granted a two-hour meeting with the governor in his residence, where he fielded questions on everything from ethanol (he's for it) to crime (he's against).

Bush has received numerous other pols in Austin as well. On February 17, he had a crab-cake lunch in his residence with the lieutenant governor of South Carolina and three New Jersey Republican legislators. One of them, Diane Allen, GOP whip of the state Senate, told me she went to the meeting undecided, wanting to hear Bush answer questions about education and about GOP strategies for winning over moderate, pro-choice Republican women. She came away deeply impressed—"legislating issues of the heart is not what he's about," she says—and is ready to throw her support behind him once he announces.

Bush isn't just meeting with lawmakers, though. He's also schmoozing with an array of people who could help his presidential bid. In January, he traveled to the Virginia headquarters of the Christian Coalition, where he spent a friendly couple of hours with Pat Robertson. He's also had recent visits in Austin from Silicon Valley tycoons like Jim Barksdale of Netscape and T.J. Rodgers of Cypress Semiconductor, as well as Craig Benson, a prominent New Hampshire cable executive.

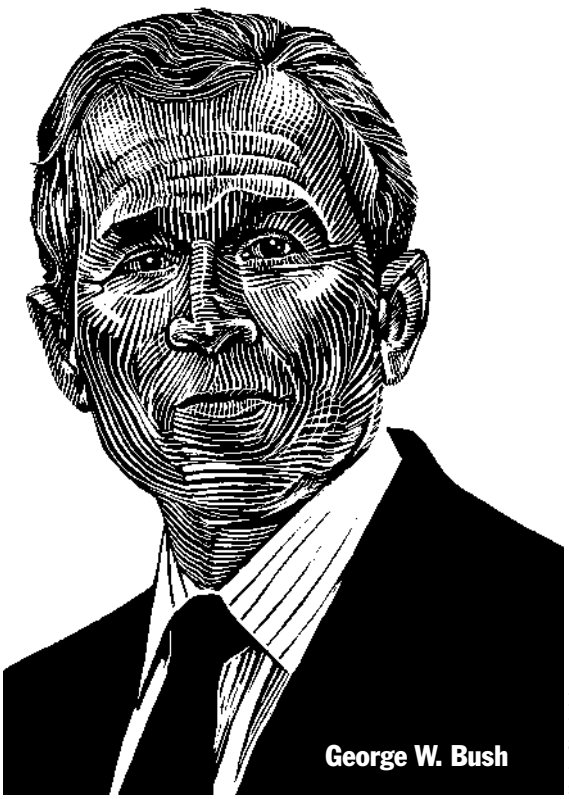
Rove and Al Hubbard, a Bush buddy and former aide to Dan Quayle, have been coordinating outreach to policy wonks, and among those who have visited are Steve Moore of the Cato Institute, James Q. Wilson of UCLA, and Fred Smith of the Competitive Enterprise Institute. So great is the interest in Bush, he's even started receiving foreign dignitaries. During a recent one-week period, Brian Mulroney, the former Canadian prime minister, dropped by, as did William Hague, Britain's Tory leader, and the foreign minister of Qatar, Sheikh Hamad Bin Jassim Bin Jabr Al-Thani.

Those meeting with the governor have come away impressed with his questions and his seemingly genuine interest in their answers. Meanwhile, he's getting most of his nuts-and-bolts policy advice from a kitchen cabinet that has been conferring with him regularly since his reelection last November. The domestic policy group is headed by Steve Goldsmith, the mayor of Indianapolis whose reformist policies made him a hero to free-market types across the country. The economic policy group is led by Larry Lindsey, a former Federal Reserve governor and Harvard professor whose writings include a book defending the Reagan tax cuts (Stanford University economists Michael Boskin, John Cogan, and John Taylor are also part of the team). And the foreign policy/defense group includes some of the shining lights of the Reagan and Bush administrations: George Shultz, Paul Wolfowitz, Dick Cheney, Richard Perle, and Condoleezza Rice. The campaign's day-to-day issues director will be Josh Bolton, who has worked in investment banking at Goldman Sachs and as an international trade lawyer in the Bush administration.

On the money side, Bush has few worries. There's a long-established Bush fund-raising network, and during last year's campaign the governor

showed he has appeal beyond Texas by raising $4.6 million out of state, almost 25 percent of his total. Bush is expected to be in such good financial shape there have been whispers from his camp he'll pass up federal matching funds in order to avoid the spending limits that accompany these funds.

Most likely to be tapped as finance chairman is Don Evans, a longtime Bush friend from Midland, Texas. Also expected to hold senior fund-raising posts in a Bush presidential campaign are veteran Republican fund-raisers Mel Sembler of Florida, Wayne Berman of Washington, and Heinz Prechter of Michigan. They'll be assisted by Pat Ryan, who heads Aon, a Chicago insurance company, and Richard Hugg, who raised big money for the gubernatorial campaign of Maryland Republican Ellen Sauerbrey. Bush also has a high-octane contingent of fund-raisers from California: Howard Leach of San Francisco, Alex Spanos and Gerald Parsky of San Diego, Brad Freeman of Los Angeles, and Tim Draper of Silicon Valley. Some of the GOP's leading big-money moderates—Henry Kravis, Lew Eisenberg, John Moran—are scheduled to meet with Bush on February 24 in Austin and may throw their support behind him.



George W. Bush

Kevin Chadwick

If money isn't a worry for Bush, manpower could be. As much as he's done to organize his campaign, many of the top GOP operatives in key states like Iowa and New Hampshire have already been snapped up by other candidates. Bush was so eager to win the services of Steve Grubbs, Iowa's outgoing party chairman, he called to congratulate him in December on his new baby. But a month later, Grubbs signed on with Steve Forbes. Thus in Iowa, Bush will have to rely on Thurman Gaskill, a state senator who is a longtime friend of President Bush, and Tom Tauke, a former congressman who's helping to coordinate Bush's Washington-based activities. Gaskill and Tauke aren't exactly kingmakers in Iowa, though in the end it may not matter much. Grubbs concedes that even though Bush hasn't announced, "he's still the favorite in Iowa right now."

As for New Hampshire, Bush's experience with McGough underscores how demanding the state's Republicans are of their presidential candidates. The good news is that there are so many heavyweights in the state's Republican network that Bush still has time to win some of them over. He's close to senator Judd Gregg and former governor Steve Merrill, but both are also close to Bob and Elizabeth Dole and remain uncommitted. Bush will not have the support of another former governor, John Sununu, who's with Quayle and who still blames Bush Jr. for his ouster as White House chief of staff. A bigger prize, though, is the expected endorsement of Richard Flynn, a Bush loyalist who's widely recognized as one of the state's most influential Republican organizers.

The only GOP leaders Bush and his operatives seem not to have courted are many of the people who worked for Bush *père*. There's still enormous resentment over the management of the 1992 campaign, and George W. has made clear in private that, whenever possible, he wants to avoid having to depend on the aides who he believes lost his father the presidency.

With so much of the campaign apparatus already in place, the question is not whether Bush will announce, but when he'll do it. His recent decision to send big-money donors a video touting his record as governor has heightened speculation that an exploratory committee will be announced soon. As for the actual candidacy, that's expected in June, once the legislature adjourns.

People who have met with Bush report that he's remarkably poised, considering the dual pressures of a legislative session and an impending presidential campaign. Sounds like good practice for someone who wants to be president. ♦

Promises, Promises

The Pitfalls of Compassionate Conservatism

By David Frum

Compassionate conservatism? Yes, one sees how the phrase might put some people's backs up. It implies that there exists some group—presumably a large group—perhaps even a dominant group—of *un*-compassionate conservatives. After all these years of enduring that line of abuse from liberals, conservatives can be forgiven for not wanting to listen to it from the lips of one of their own—especially if that one is the presumptive front-runner for the Republican nomination, and doubly especially if that front-runner is the son of the president who made "kinder, gentler" a euphemism for surrender on taxes and quotas.

On the other hand, it is an awfully good slogan. It takes the two most positive words in today's political vocabulary and fuses them. And why not? We already have jumbo shrimp, classic rock, and tough-minded liberalism—why shouldn't Republicans field their own marketing oxymoron?

Lamar Alexander has denounced George W. Bush's motto as vapid. This seems a little harsh: In fact, the real trouble with the slogan is not that it means too little, but that it potentially promises too much.

That may seem to overanalyze two carefully focus-grouped little words. Unless you are Bill Clinton, however, words come with meanings already attached to them. When you use them, you commit yourself (not always completely, but often more completely than you realize) to those pre-existing meanings. Myron Magnet, editor of the redoubtable *City Journal*, can argue forcefully that the policies of, say, New York mayor Rudy Giuliani do more good for the poor than the policies of a David Dinkins ever could. And of course he's right. But mere efficacy does not make those policies "compassionate." It's intentions, not results, that nowadays decide whether a politician is "compassionate." Bill Clinton's bitten lip; Tony Blair's anxious face—those are the signs of compassion, not Rudy Giuliani's safe streets and shrunken welfare rolls.

To prove himself compassionate, a politician must believe (or talk as if he believed) that individual distress is almost always a political problem. Poverty, old age, insanity, addiction, out-of-wedlock childbirth, animal abuse, the unhappiness of gay youth, the plight of women who must live in bubbles because they are allergic to all synthetic chemicals—the compassionate politician accepts them all upon his shoulders as his responsibility. I once heard an urgently compassionate politician proclaim in a public speech that loneliness would be the next frontier in public policy-making.

Compassion in politics is an emotion of Promethean ambition. It seeks to wipe away every tear and heal every broken heart. It traffics in sentences that begin "So long as even one child . . ." and "I see an America where no one . . ." It yields magnificent political rhetoric. But alas, politics cannot wipe away every tear, cannot heal every broken heart, and politicians who suggest that it can will sooner or later discover that they have betrayed the expectations of the people who elected them. Daniel Patrick Moynihan observed in gloomy retrospect of the liberalism of the 1960s, "We constantly underestimate difficulties, overpromise results, and avoid any evidence of incompatibility and conflict, thus repeatedly creating the conditions of failure out of a desperate desire for success." There was a depressing monotony to the pattern of failure: "the bright idea, the new agency, the White House swearing in of the first agency head, the shaky beginning, the departure 18 months later of the first head, replacement by his deputy, the gradual slipping out of sight, a Budget Bureau reorganization, a name change, a new head, this time from the civil service, and slowly obscurity covers all. Who among us today could state with certainty exactly what did become of the Area Redevelopment Administration, the early, shining creation of the New Frontier?"

Promises—expenditures—taxes—failure—waste—resentment. It was this cycle that killed the liberalism of the 1960s and brought conservatives to power. Liberals were determined to eradicate poverty, and they had learned from the experience of war how it might be done: force interest rates down to near-zero, flood the economy with liquidity, send the price of skilled labor rocketing so high that employers will

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seek out even the least employable, and then impose wage and price controls to squash the ensuing inflation. They were determined to end prejudice, and they thought they knew how to do that too: seat white children beside black children at the earliest possible age, by busing them into integrated schools. They were determined to transform troubled youth into useful citizens, and they hoped that by sentencing young lawbreakers to alternatives to prison they might avoid condemning them to lives of recidivism.

The people who thought these things were far from stupid, but their certainty that they had the answers and their zeal to get the job done led them to exaggerate what could be accomplished. Henry Kissinger described in 1969 to the newly elected Nixonites the arrogance of the sixties. "I saw something of the early days of the Kennedy administration. . . . At that time, the people on the White House staff wondered what they would do in the last two years of the President's term, when all the problems had been solved."

Very funny. But alas it's not an outlook to which conservatives are immune. Since 1980, conservatives have demonstrated that they have the answers to many of the country's most important problems. Curbing inflation, reducing crime, defending the country, creating jobs, raising incomes: At these great tasks and many others, conservative policies have proved fantastically successful. So successful, that it's tempting to believe we also know how to improve test scores, stabilize the American family, provide health care for all, raise the underclass to full participation in American society, absorb the new immigrants, and a dozen other wonderful things.

If there is no recession before the next election campaign begins, it will be very tempting to conservatives to make this sort of "effective compassion" the basis of our politics. What else have we got to talk about after all? There is no urgent foreign threat, none of the likely front-tier candidates shows any special zeal for reducing the size of government, and the character issue alone won't elect a president, as Bob Dole forlornly proved in 1996. There's a rich stew of non-market-oriented conservative ideas bubbling in the kitchens of the think tanks, and it is those (and not, for instance, Social Security privatization) that seem most to excite the candidates with the fat checkbooks.

As enticing as these flavorful ideas may smell, however, there is scant reason to feel fully confident that they will work as advertised. We hope they will; we have good reason to believe that they probably will; but there's a chance that they won't—that the underclass laboriously created since 1960 won't yield to a few years of tough-love welfare policies, that bad home environments will more than outweigh any good effects of charter schooling, that tax incentives and divorce law reform will be overbalanced by the cultural trend toward family breakup, that medical savings accounts are a gimmick, not an answer. It may be that the old conservative wisdom—that government's power to reform society is extremely limited—applies even when it's conservatives doing the reforming.

If any of that should prove right, and some of it

very likely will, then a conservative president who has promised a politics of compassion is going to discover that he has stoked expectations far beyond his ability to meet them. And he may discover something worse.

Unlike beauty, which is in the eye of each and every beholder, the adjective "compassionate" is meted out by comparatively few hands in the interest groups and the media. John O'Sullivan has pointed out that it was George W. Bush's eagerness to be saluted by Hispanic activists as "compassionate" that led him to knuckle under to bilingual education in Texas. Some similar anxiety apparently motivated Florida governor Jeb Bush to refuse to work with California's brave anti-quota activist Ward Connerly.

It's seldom a smart idea to grant one's political opponents the power to judge one's good faith, but by using their vocabulary, that's exactly what one does. When Bill Clinton wanted in 1992 to prove himself a "new" Democrat, he had to ignore his party's hatred of the death penalty and send a brain-damaged black man to the electric chair. To prove that he had remade the Labour party, Tony Blair had to accept the Tories' budget plans. If the Republicans permit the 2000 election to be turned into a referendum on which party is the more "compassionate," they will have to do what Clinton and Blair did—enter a bidding war for the approval of people who normally dislike them. And the cost of such bids has a nasty way of turning out to be higher than it looks at first. Clinton's and Blair's ability to accomplish any of the things that their parties most cared about was hampered by the two-faced way they came to power.

As good a slogan as "compassionate conservatism" is, in other words, it might be better to look for one that actually describes—in realistic language—why it is that Republicans want to govern and what they will do with power if the electorate entrusts it to them. Something both attractive and achievable; modest but worthwhile. How about: "better government for less money"? It may sound like a crazy thing in this seventh year of the Clinton presidency, but there can be certain advantages to telling people the truth. ♦

The Right Kind of Outreach for the GOP

By Ronald K. Unz

Republican leaders, worried about their party's lack of success among ethnic minorities, are reaching for just the wrong remedy. The GOP, they say, should stress symbolic ethnic outreach, while downplaying its principled opposition to affirmative action, bilingual education, and multiculturalism. As a result, "diversity" is now a watchword in GOP candidate selection, choice of convention speakers, and House leadership battles. But to no avail. The Republicans' electoral catastrophe in California last November demonstrates the utter bankruptcy of the strategy of "me-too" diversity-mongering. Rather, it is staunch adherence to conservative principles that turns out to be good politics as well as good policy.

Underlying the GOP rout in California was a demographic trend that is ominous for Republicans: The 1998 elections were the third in a row that saw California's increasingly numerous non-white voters—already 35 percent of the electorate—shunning Republican candidates up and down the ticket in unprecedented numbers. Against such a tide, Republicans could not afford mistakes.

Dan Lungren's campaign for governor recognized the challenge and followed every textbook prescription for outreach to California's vast Hispanic and Asian and smaller black populations. Lungren emphasized his friendliness toward immigrants, campaigned vigorously in minority neighborhoods, spent considerable time and advertising money on Spanish-language media, and ducked or actually opposed any ethnically charged issues such as Proposition 227, "English for the Children," the ballot measure overwhelmingly passed in June 1998 that replaced the long-standing system of bilingual education in California schools with intensive English instruction. But none of these

Ron K. Unz, a Silicon Valley entrepreneur, was the author of Proposition 227 and led the campaign to pass it in 1998.

efforts seems to have attracted minority voters. Lungren ran a weak campaign, and the day of his humiliating 20-point defeat, two exit polls put his share of the Latino vote at 17 percent and 23 percent respectively; his support among Asians and blacks was similarly dismal. He could probably have done about this well without spending a dime on ethnic outreach.

As for the Republican statewide slate generally, it was far more ethnically diverse than its Democratic counterpart—the eight candidates included two Latinos and Matt Fong, the Asian-American challenger for Barbara Boxer's U.S. Senate seat—yet fared little better than Lungren among minorities. Just two GOP candidates won, both white male incumbents who massively outspent weak Democratic challengers and still barely eked out victories. Apparently, non-white Californians just don't trust Republicans, even those who campaign on or personify inclusiveness. Furthermore, squishy Republican rhetoric may have annoyed the conservative California base, which stayed home in droves, making way for what may have been the greatest Democratic landslide since 1932.

What went wrong? Until 1994, statewide and national Republican candidates could regularly count on 40 percent or more of the Latino vote in California, and their strength among Asians often exceeded their white support. Pete Wilson's 1990 campaign for governor against Dianne Feinstein, for example, attracted 47 percent of Hispanics, 58 percent of Asians, and just 53 percent of whites, a fairly typical achievement for Republican candidates. (Black support for Republicans in California was usually close to its national level of 15 percent, but since California's population is only 7 percent black, the political impact was minimal.)

All this changed in 1994, first with the GOP's support for Proposition 187, the ballot initiative to eliminate public schooling and other government benefits for illegal immigrants and their children, then with the emergence of the immigration issue as a centerpiece of state and national Republican party politics. The party favored curbing illegal immigration. Initially, legal immigrants (who deeply resent their illegal counterparts) seemed to support the drive to rein in illegal border-crossings. But the tenor of the public debate soon shifted. The rhetoric, images, and policy proposals put forward by both sides seemed to expand the targeted group to include the 90 percent of resident immigrants who are legal and, by implication, all Americans of Asian or Latino ancestry. Gov. Pete Wilson rode Prop. 187 to a landslide reelection in November 1994, but when he told reporters that the measure was intended to help send "Jose" back to Mexico, a lot of voters named "Jose" got angry. ("Jose," symptomatically, has now become the most common boy's name in both California and Texas.)

Then in 1995 and 1996, congressional Republicans led by Sen. Alan Simpson and Rep. Lamar Smith came close to pushing through the most sweeping restrictions on immigration since the nativist backlash of the 1920s. Extremist groups, such as Voice of Citizens Together (VCT), which had led the charge for Prop. 187, began loudly to denounce third- and fourth-generation Mexican-Americans as agents of the *reconquista*, intent on returning the Southwest to Mexican rule. And in the final stages of the Dole presidential campaign, millions of dollars' worth of television advertisements running in California denounced the nefarious role of illegal "Asian money" in funding Bill Clinton and the Democrats, even though the sums involved were a small fraction of the total, and subsequent investigations revealed that comparable amounts of illegal "Asian money" obtained by RNC chairman Haley Barbour had helped finance the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994 (not to mention the *billion* or more in Korean money that has funded conservative media outlets including the *Washington Times* over recent decades).

The result was a catastrophic hemorrhaging of Asian and Latino support for Republicans in the 1996 elections and a huge surge in the naturalization of immigrants, who overwhelmingly registered as Democrats, all without any countervailing growth in Republican support among "angry white males." The Dole campaign and Republicans generally suffered unexpected defeats in California, Florida, and Arizona—states with large immigrant populations—and were weakened elsewhere in the country. Terrified Republican leaders soon dumped the immigration issue as a political loser and abandoned their attack on affirmative action and other positions perceived as "guilty by association." Newt Gingrich, until then a fierce champion of "English-only" policies, suddenly began supporting increased funding for bilingual education and statehood for the Spanish-speaking commonwealth of Puerto Rico. In California, Dan Lungren performed a similar about-face.

But you can't unscramble an omelet, and the deep emotions unleashed in 1994 by Prop. 187—which, had the courts not struck it down, would have expelled hundreds of thousands of immigrant children from California public schools—are still viscerally present in immigrant neighborhoods years after that vote. Such feelings cannot be countered by a few bland 30-

second TV spots claiming "I'm-a-nice-Republican-who-likes-Latinos." Even today, there are reports in the mainstream press (and all the more in the immigrant newspapers) regarding the deportation of legal residents who have lived their entire adult lives in this country to homelands they can barely remember because of, say, a single 15-year-old drunk-driving arrest. Such blatantly unjust results of the Republican-sponsored immigration legislation of 1996 remain a bleeding wound for the GOP.

It is the iron law of politics that a handful of "hot" issues like the cruel expulsion of immigrant children from school and the unjust deportation of longtime legal residents can create a powerful political alignment in a given community that years of political outreach and millions of dollars' worth of feel-good advertising cannot overcome. Thus, the nativist and anti-Catholic Republican policies of the 1920s caused generations of Jews, Italians, and Slavs to remain unswerving Democrats until the advent of Ronald Reagan. The Republicans have gone far toward similarly alienating Latinos and Asians, especially in California, ground-zero of the immigration wars.

THERE IS A LESSON IN THE WRETCHED PERFORMANCE OF THE DIVERSITY-CONSCIOUS 1998 REPUBLICAN TICKET IN CALIFORNIA.

Nationally, the ethnic outlook for Republicans is bleak but somewhat less so. Many large states with huge Hispanic populations such as Texas and Florida avoided the bitter immigration wars when their Republican leaders refused to follow California's lead on the issue. Local Republican candidates who were on the "right side" on immigration have done quite well among Hispanics. Gov. George W. Bush recently captured nearly half the Mexican-American vote in his landslide reelection victory, despite relying on the sort of outreach effort that would have failed dismally in California's far more difficult political terrain.

But even in California, political lines and ethnic loyalties are not always predictable. Some of the state's leading Democrats—including senators Dianne Feinstein and Barbara Boxer—opportunistically clambered aboard Pete Wilson's anti-immigration bandwagon in 1995 and 1996 and earned the lasting scorn of Latino and Asian leaders with this political betrayal; Feinstein's unexpected decision not to seek the governorship in 1998 probably stemmed from this underpublicized fact.

Most interesting of all is the ethnic opening for Republicans in California suggested by the surprising course of the campaign for Prop. 227. When the anti-bilingual-education measure first gained visibility in mid-1997, political pundits said it completed the trilogy of ethnicity-charged ballot measures, the others being Prop. 187 in 1994 and Prop. 209, which largely ended state-sponsored affirmative action in 1996. Republican and Democratic party leaders agreed—the former nervously, the latter with glee—that this "third strike" would further mobilize immigrant voters and cement their loyalty to the Democratic party, which was expected to vigorously oppose the initiative. Frightened Republican leaders, from state party chairman Mike Schroeder on down, dumped decades of ideological support for English in the schools and declared their opposition to a measure they deemed certain to inflame immigrant hostility.

But California's immigrants had a different view. During nearly a year of intensive campaigning and media coverage, a dozen major nonpartisan statewide public opinion polls showed that Prop. 227 enjoyed a wide and consistent lead among Asians and Latinos, with support often higher among immigrants than among whites. Given immigrants' eagerness to have their children learn English and their first-hand awareness that the bilingual instruction their children were receiving in the schools was failing to teach them, these numbers were unsurprising. Partly for this reason, prominent Latino Democrats rarely spoke out against Prop. 227 during the campaign, and when they did, their opposition was often more nuanced and equivocal than that of the skittish (and hypocritical) Republican leaders.

In the end, several million dollars in unanswered anti-227 advertising (largely paid for by A. Jerrold Perenchio, the non-Latino Republican billionaire owner of America's Spanish-language Univision television network) in the final two weeks of the campaign managed to drive Latino support for Prop. 227 below 50 percent. But the measure still ran some 20 points ahead of the statewide Republican candidates, including Lungren, whose public denunciation of 227 ironically was used as a centerpiece of the "No" media campaign. It's also worth noting that Prop. 227 ran almost as strongly among California Latinos as Gov. Bush recently did among Texas Latinos, despite the gigantic advertising disadvantage of the former and advantage of the latter. Finally, private polling conducted three

months after the vote on Prop. 227 revealed that Latino support for the measure had already reverted to the 65 percent range, its level prior to the massive "No" advertising campaign.

In the long run, however, Latino public opinion on Prop. 227 is far less politically potent than the actual effects of the measure in the schools. Unlike Prop. 187 (which was drafted in direct contradiction of a Supreme Court decision, and therefore was largely symbolic) and Prop. 209 (which directly affected only a few thousand college students and government contractors), Prop. 227 has vast practical as well as symbolic consequences.

Over the past few months, Prop. 227 has already altered the life chances of the 1.4 million California schoolchildren classified as not fluent in English. Despite resistance and obstructionism on the part of school districts wedded to the status quo, the number of students enrolled in bilingual programs fell statewide by over 80 percent between June and September 1998, and those bilingual programs that survive appear to have substantially increased their English content as a defensive move. Since children are likely to learn English much more quickly if their schools teach it to them, these changes should reverberate throughout California's educational system, from kindergarten through college. Recent front-page articles in the *Los Angeles Times* and elsewhere report that former bilingual-ed teachers are astonished at how quickly and easily their students are learning English.

Last year, partly because of the political pressure generated by the 227 campaign, California's legislature independently voted to require that all students be given standardized tests, in English, in a range of academic subjects, with the scores aggregated and made available school-by-school and district-by-district on the Internet. The results in general were embarrassing—California students ranked substantially below the national average—but the scores of limited-English students were dreadful, with the mean around the fifteenth percentile and huge numbers of students below the fifth percentile. These children could barely read or write a word of English, sometimes after many years in California schools.

If the changes wrought by Prop. 227 succeed in raising immigrant test scores even to the twentieth or twenty-fifth percentile, any residual opposition to "English for the Children" seems likely to collapse. Just as it has recently become very difficult to find prominent California Republicans who admit they supported Prop. 187, prominent Democrats may soon squirm when forced to explain why they opposed teaching immigrant children English in school. And since the Republican party of California endorsed Prop. 227 (over the vigorous opposition of its own top leadership), the language issue may provide Republicans entree to Latinos and immigrants in general.

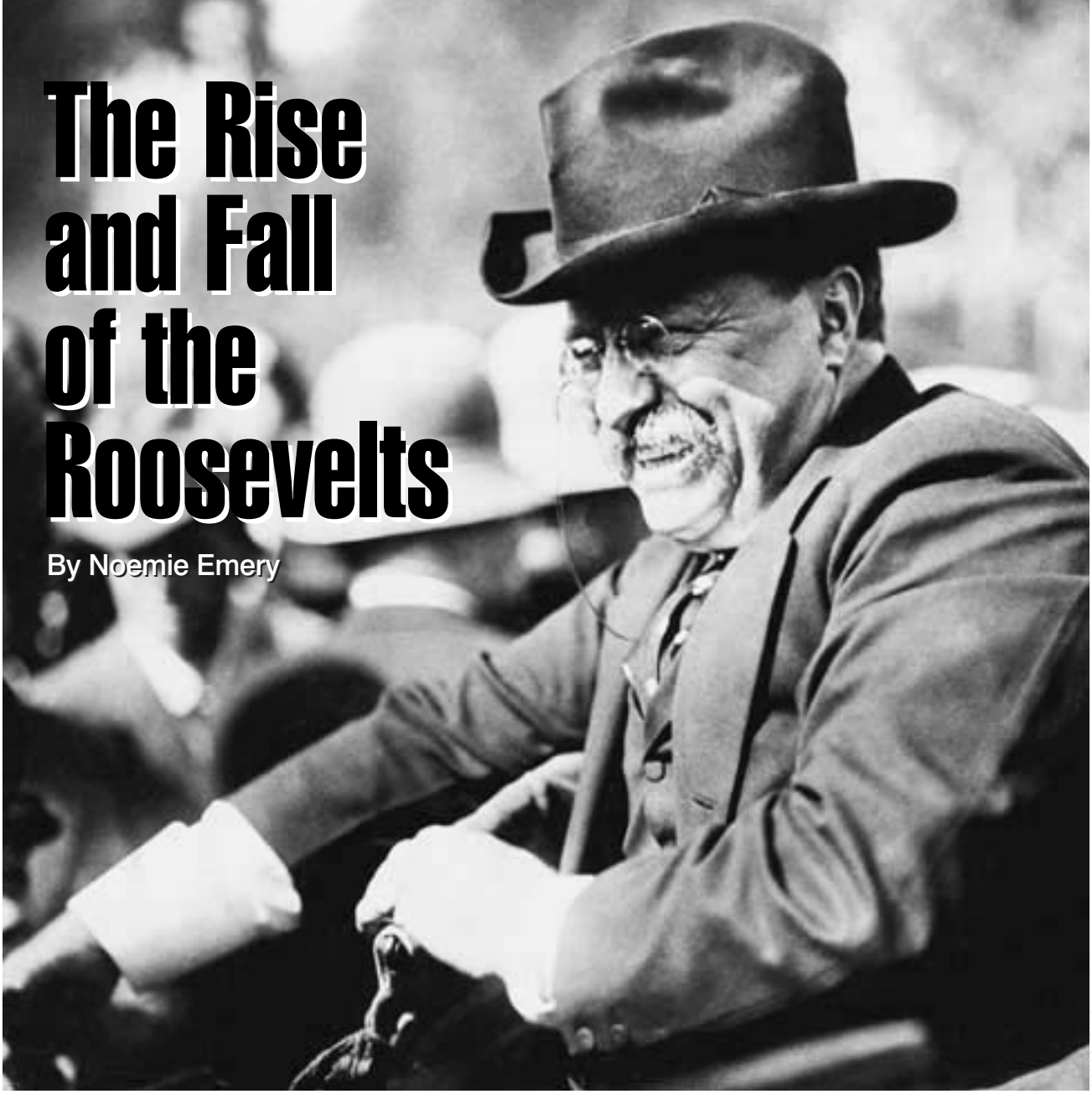
All non-partisan polls and surveys have indicated that immigrant parents place the highest value on learning English, for themselves and their children. In fact, the single largest source of advertising on Spanish-language television are schools and tutoring services that teach English, while "*Aprender Inglés*" (Learn English Here) is among the commonest storefront signs in Latino immigrant neighborhoods. Proposition 227 was the most sweeping call for dismantling native-language instruction in thirty years, going far beyond anything ever proposed by Ronald Reagan. Moreover, Prop. 227 was the fruit of a low-budget, grassroots campaign vigorously opposed by the president of the United States, the chairmen of the California Republican and Democratic parties, all four candidates for California governor, every major public and private union, nearly every political slate, and every educational organization. The proponents were outspent in advertising by some 25-1. Yet the measure won by 61-39 percent, one of the largest victories of any contested California initiative in twenty years. Even under the most unfavorable possible campaign-spending conditions, it carried almost 40 percent of the Latino vote and 60 percent of the Asian vote. This demonstrates the drawing power of the English education issue for immigrant voters.

By contrast, the wretched performance of the diversity-conscious 1998 Republican ticket in California shows that generic feel-good Republican advertising aimed at California Latinos cannot overcome the toxic legacy of Pete Wilson and Prop. 187. What would have real meaning for voters, however, is the heartfelt testimony of mothers and fathers whose children were rescued from crippling English illiteracy by the passage of Prop. 227.

Among likely presidential candidates, Steve Forbes campaigned for Prop. 227 last fall, a heartening sign. George W. Bush and John McCain, on the other hand, remain defenders of bilingual programs. Is it too much to hope that in 2000, the Republican ticket will unflinchingly adhere to one of the party's bedrock (and hugely popular) principles—assimilation through the teaching of English in school—thereby also attracting immigrant families in large numbers back into the party that many of them until recently called home? ♦

The Rise and Fall of the Roosevelts

By Noemie Emery



UPI / Corbis-Bettman

Political families, similar in some ways, differ in the politicians they produce. The Adamses gave us two indifferent presidents and three brilliant diplomats. The Kennedys gave us one president, three senators, and two martyred icons. The Bushes have given us, so far, one senator, one president, and two governors.

But no family has yet matched the Roosevelts, whose two presidents (fifth cousins, linked by an outsized first lady) occupied the White House for twenty years. The Roosevelts defined the twentieth century.

A frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *Noemie Emery lives in Alexandria, Virginia.*

The life of that Roosevelt family is described in two recent books: Betty Boyd Caroli's *The Roosevelt Women*, a panoramic view of three generations of uppity females, and Edward J. Renehan Jr.'s *The Lion's Pride*, an examination of Teddy Roosevelt's four sons as they struggled, at war and in peace, with their father's gigantic legacy.

BETTY BOYD CAROLI
The Roosevelt Women
Basic, 511 pp., $30

EDWARD J. RENEHAN JR.
The Lion's Pride:
Theodore Roosevelt and His Family in Peace and War
Oxford University Press, 289 pp., $27.50

The Roosevelts lived in a world of money and power and access, in which the White House seemed a family residence and everyone worth knowing a relative: Uncle Ted and Aunt Edith (President and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt), Cousin Sallie (Delano Roosevelt), "Auntie Sister" (Alice Roosevelt Longworth), and Cousin Eleanor (Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt, a family member twice over). From Caroli's panoramic view, two things emerge: The apparently singular traits of the most famous Roosevelts were in fact common to their family, and the Roosevelt presidents floated like corks on a warm sea of female support.

The social activism of Eleanor Roosevelt descends in a straight line from

her grandfather Theodore (the president's father), a compulsive philanthropist, whose "maniacal benevolence" led to the founding of numerous charities. Her political instincts and interests (though not her political party) were shared by her cousins, and her civil-rights activism was a family passion. Her boundless energy was shared by her uncle, Teddy Roosevelt, among others, as were her curiosity, her passion for travel, and her ability to function on three hours' sleep. The fortitude shown by Franklin D. Roosevelt when stricken with polio was like that of "Bamie," Teddy's sister Anna, a lifelong victim of a crippling bone disorder who spent the last part of her life in a wheelchair. And both he and Bamie were like Teddy, who remade his body, having been born a fragile and asthmatic boy.

Teddy Roosevelt was surrounded by tough, feisty, and strong-minded women. The model of the Victorian patriarch, he was born into a family of such women; he married them, fathered them, and was adored by them all of his life. His soulmate and guide was his sister Bamie, a great political hostess and backroom adviser to statesmen, who shared his interests, his intellect, and his courage. As an adult, she was often mistaken for an older sister of her ravishing southern belle of a mother. But, while lacking good looks, Bamie shared with her brother (and with their niece, Eleanor) the gift of charisma. "When her face was animated, it was extraordinary," said one observer. "She gave out a light and an animation . . . very, very rare."

Despite Teddy's affinity for strong women, historians usually dismiss as lovely and vacuous his first wife, Alice Lee (who died at age twenty-two in childbirth), though the fierce intelligence and wit of her only child seem to suggest otherwise. The future president, according to the standard view, returned to form when he married a second time, to Edith Carow—his childhood love who became one of the country's premier first ladies, probably its most intelligent, and certainly its best read. Not precisely one's idea of the stereotypical Victorian woman, Edith was devoid of sentiment, if not of feeling, refusing to gush, even about her own children. "Nothing can make them picturesque," she said, when someone had been foolish enough to praise them. Of her grandchildren, she said, "I like to see their little faces, but I prefer to see their backs." When scolded by someone for her tart comments, she asked for the privilege of "losing my temper as a Christmas gift."

Edith is too dry for Caroli's palate, but she was the ideal wife for the emotional Teddy, whose excesses she moderated. Renehan has it better when he writes, "Edith was Roosevelt's touchstone,

advocate, and most trusted advisor and supporter." The historian David Burton points out that while Roosevelt was

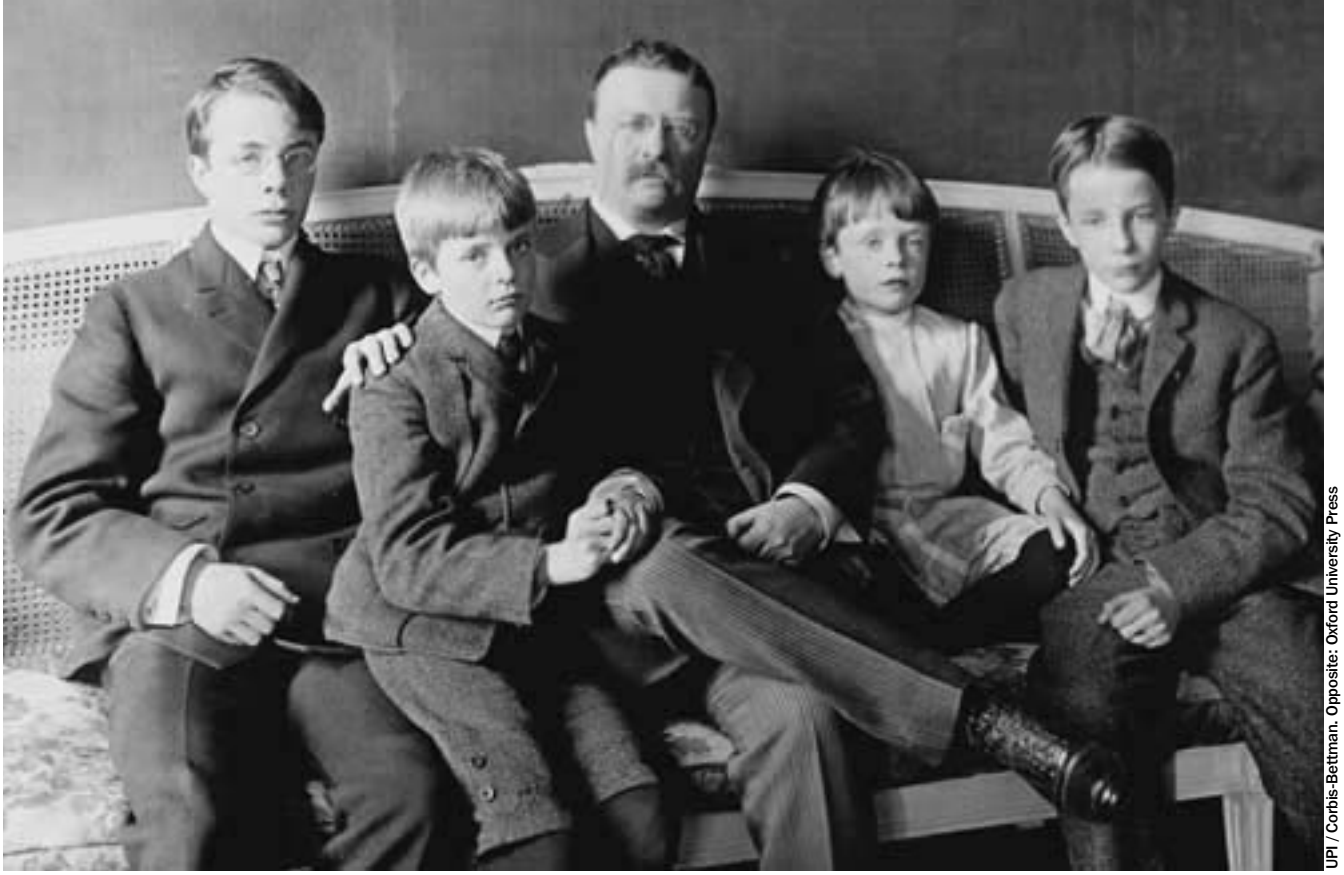
> exuberant, quixotic, and quick to judge, Edith was clear-eyed, restrained, and wary. . . . During their life together, TR became more disciplined and more cautious. . . . He learned, slowly and incompletely, no doubt, to calculate his positions, no matter how much he might bluster.

As first lady, Edith dazzled Washington and restored the shabby White House to elegance. She also lured many of the world's greatest intellects to the presidential table, where, it was said, they listened to Teddy, but talked to Edith. Apparently, the first lady's influence was something to behold. Caroli quotes Henry Adams: "Theodore stands in abject terror of Edith." And cousin Franklin once noted that "Edith managed Theodore very cleverly without his being conscious of it."

The situation was dramatically different in the second Roosevelt White House, where Cousin Eleanor was widely known to the public but had little influence over her husband. Franklin D. Roosevelt, at times estranged from Eleanor, was much closer to his mother, Sara. She, another of the dreadnoughts who married into the Roosevelts, gave her son his good looks, his physical presence, and his boundless self-confidence. Still, he confided in no one, where Teddy Roosevelt encouraged the view that his career was a family enterprise, shared in full by his wife and his sisters. "Haven't we had fun being governor of New York State?" he wrote his sister Corinne.

A generation before Eleanor, Bamie had been the *éminence grise* for her brother and his allies, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge among them. Lodge asked her advice on many serious matters and once sought her counsel to help avert an armed clash between Venezuela and Britain. Letters her brother sent when he was in Albany concerned such topics as whether or not he should run for vice president, what was the best way to rein in corporations, and the conduct of the Boer War. When president, he used her home on N Street as an alternative White House, slipping there in times of crisis to confer on great matters of state.

The political astuteness of Teddy and Bamie was even shared by some of the younger Roosevelts. In 1920, Teddy's sister Corinne became the first woman to address a national political convention, rising to second the nomination for president of General Leonard Wood. By then, Corinne had been for more than ten years a professional speaker, lecturing to thousands on such topics as travel, books (she was a longtime friend of Edith Wharton), and politics. Her daughter Corinney married a farmer, Joseph Wright Alsop, and retired to the backwoods of Connecticut, where she commenced a career as a Republican assemblywoman and local town chairman. Corinney reared four children, two



UPI / Corbis-Bettman. Opposite: Oxford University Press

Theodore Roosevelt with his sons, Theodore, Kermit, Quentin, and Archibald, c. 1900.
Opposite page: a 1918 Chicago Tribune *story contrasting the German Kaiser's sons with the American Roosevelt's.*

of whom became premier political writers, Stewart Alsop and Joseph Wright Alsop. It was her son Joseph who, in his memoirs, called her the consummate political professional—an assessment shared by Franklin D. Roosevelt. According to her son, Corinney could call a state election in Connecticut by three thousand votes in either direction, and a town vote in Avon by ten.

Like her mother, Corinney addressed a national convention, seconding in 1936 the Republicans' nomination of Alf Landon to run against her cousin. Ever the realist, she then went back home to teach Avon townsmen how to split tickets, so that local Republican office holders would not be swept out in the coming FDR landslide. Close all her life to both Alice Longworth and Eleanor (even when those two were not speaking), Corinney was perfectly capable of working hard against her cousin Franklin's ticket, and then cheerfully inviting herself to his inaugural festivities, unwilling to miss a good family party. "The fact that I disagree with you politically very frequently does not change my affection one iota," she declared.

And yet, some passions were shared by all Roosevelts. "I want you to know how proud I was of you the other day—*very* proud of being a first cousin," Corinney wrote Eleanor in 1939. "You are the first lady of the land in your own right!" The occasion was Eleanor's resignation from the Daughters of the American Revolution after they refused to let the black singer Marian Anderson perform at Constitution Hall—just as Corinney's mother, Corinne, had backed her brother when he had enraged much of the South by asking Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House.

Of course, it's one thing to be the wife, sister, daughter, or niece of a dynamic and dominant male, and for the Roosevelt women, it worked out nicely. It's another thing, however, to be the son or brother. There is evidence that Teddy Roosevelt, while a boon to the females around him, could be toxic to males. In the tight circle of his family, one member always seems to be missing. Teddy's younger brother was Elliott, a charming boy who became a disturbed adolescent and a reckless man, dying at thirty-five as an outcast, addicted to morphine and alcohol. Never having worked a full day in his life, he could claim only one true accomplishment, fathering Eleanor.

Alcoholism was a recurrent theme in the Roosevelt family, but Elliott's decline—his spells of lassitude, his mysterious headaches, the strange episodes in which he felt himself sinking—has a strong parallel to Teddy's transformation from a weak and sickly child to the man who could read, write, fight, ride, hunt, shoot, wrestle—and lead. Similarly, though Teddy was a scrupulous parent, each of his four sons lived with inescapable pressure. The boys felt compelled to meet, match, and master the force of nature that was their father. "Don't you think it handicaps a boy to be the son of a man like father, and especially to have the same name?" Renehan quotes Ted Jr. as saying. "I will always be honest and upright, and I hope someday to be a great soldier, but I will always be spoken of as Theodore Roosevelt's son."

In *The Lion's Pride*, Renehan largely restricts himself to the wartime exploits of the Roosevelt children, but the sense comes through strongly that these were people doomed by the fact that to them the heroic act was normal and the outstanding act seldom good enough. Teddy Roosevelt, who had left Edith's sickbed for his own "crowded

hour" in San Juan in 1898, was heartbroken when President Wilson refused to allow him—an obese and sickly 56-year-old—to get back in uniform during World War I. He even harangued his niece Eleanor that her husband, Franklin, then an assistant secretary of the Navy, should get at once into action, though his requests to do so had already been turned down.

It was inevitable that Teddy would push his four sons into battlefield glory, having reared them not to flee danger, but to run headlong into it. "All the Roosevelt children . . . absorbed or inherited his reckless, all-or-nothing approach to hazards," Renehan tells us. "Throughout World War I, Ted Jr. would be alternatively praised and criticized as an officer who routinely and boldly moved ahead of the line." Of the third son, Archie, one contemporary said, "an absolute selfless gladiator who insisted on being the first to smell the enemy's bad breath." The second son, Kermit, had to be told by his British colonel that some victories could be had "*without* full frontal assaults into the gaping mouths of enemy guns."

Kermit won the British War Cross. Ted Jr. was gassed, shot, and cited for "conspicuous gallantry." Archie, after winning the *Croix de Guerre*, was retired with a "one hundred percent" disability from a dire knee injury. Quentin, the youngest, was commended for his "utter fearlessness," and praised in the *New York Sun* for "attacking three enemy airplanes single-handedly, and shooting one of them down." Three days later, he himself was shot down over France.

Quentin's makeshift grave soon became a shrine for Allied soldiers. An airfield on Long Island was named in his honor, as was a French battleship. As his sister wrote his fiancée, Flora Whitney, "So often we hear from people who have been to his grave. It has become a sort of pilgrimage, both for our people, and the French." When his body was disinterred and taken to an Allied cemetery in Normandy, the original stone was sent to Sagamore Hill and placed under the flagpole. "There are things worse than death," Teddy had written. "For nothing under heaven would I have my sons act otherwise."

In civilian life too, there were numerous casualties among male Roosevelts, as painful as those found in war. Left to himself, Ted Jr. would have stayed in the army, the life for which he was brilliantly suited. But expectations—his own, and those of his father's most passionate followers—pushed him into politics. In 1924, he lost a bid to follow his father into the statehouse in Albany, and he carried the scar of this failure the rest of his life. A worse fate befell Kermit—he of the "white head and black heart"—who followed the path of his late uncle Elliott. He drank heavily, deserted his family to live with a mistress, and disappeared entirely for long periods of time. When World War II broke out, he sought redemption in battle, but his will and his health had been broken. Trying to stash Kermit where he could do the least damage, Franklin D. Roosevelt and George Marshall sent him to a base in Alaska where his duties were minimal. There, on July 3, 1943, he committed suicide, shooting himself in the mouth.

It was only in war that Teddy's sons found their métier. Back in uniform as a brigadier general, Ted Jr. underwent a renaissance, participating in the invasions of Europe and Africa. With his son Quentin, he made up the only father-and-son team on D-Day, hitting Utah and Omaha beaches. Days later, his promotion to major general on Eisenhower's desk, he died of a heart attack at fifty-seven, the most decorated man in the history of the U.S. Armed Forces, and the second son of Teddy Roosevelt to give up his life for his country.

At the age of forty-eight, Archie was given command of an infantry battalion at New Guinea, performing so bravely that "Roosevelt Ridge" would be named in his honor. Wounded by a grenade in the same knee he had injured almost twenty years earlier, he was discharged—again with a "one hundred percent" disability, the only man in American history to be given that designation twice.

In the North Room of Sagamore Hill, along with the stuffed and mounted heads of the beasts he shot on safari, Teddy Roosevelt's death mask and the twisted axle of the airplane in which his son Quentin died are displayed. When the mask and axle were removed by squeamish curators who thought they might offend tourists, an enraged Archie Roosevelt ordered them back. "The removal," complained Archie, was an act of people who "did not understand the Roosevelts, and did not understand what we did in the war, who we were before the war, or who we were after." ♦

BCA

No Time for Virtue

From Jefferson's America to Clinton's

By Jeremy Rabkin

These are disorienting times for social conservatives. It has been hard enough to rally Americans on such contentious issues as abortion. Now we can't even seem to agree on the moral status of perjury.

It appears to be a time to seek instruction from authors who promise to tell us about morality and virtue, as do Harry Clor in *Public Morality and Liberal Society* and Jean Yarbrough in *American Virtues*.

In some ways, these books are indeed refreshingly removed from Clinton scandal fever. Both reflect years of study, and both were bundled off to their respectable academic publishers before anyone heard the name of Monica Lewinsky. Both authors teach political philosophy at small liberal arts colleges (Clor at Kenyon, Yarbrough at Bowdoin), and neither seems to have any ambition to mobilize the multitudes.

Jeremy Rabkin teaches constitutional law at Cornell University.

Harry Clor's *Public Morality and Liberal Society* is a sustained effort to explain why curbs on pornography are not inconsistent with liberal principles. To defend the enforcement of pornography statutes, Clor offers a patient, carefully reasoned account of "public morality," by which he means not moral norms for the conduct of public affairs but a morality of private conduct that has "public status, recognized as an ethos of the community."

He starts with the point that, insofar as pornography is an incitement to lust, it is almost by definition an enemy of self-control. And the political community, he explains, has an interest in nurturing self-control:

> Our kind of polity depends substantially upon mutual respect among citizens; persons who view each other pornographically, or as mere objects and opportunities for self-gratification, are unfit for any sustained cooperation in the conduct of civic affairs.

Clor is aware that criminal sanctions are not enough, but "the crucial object," he writes,

> is not that all vice be stamped out but that the existence of communal standards of decency is to be publicly affirmed. What finally counts is people's confidence that we live in a moral community or at least that we ought to.

Lest it appear to be an arbitrary abridgment of private rights or an arbitrary extension of private preferences, public morality for Clor must be linked to fundamental truths about human life. So Clor devotes a chapter to the feminists who protest pornography as degrading to women but have difficulty acknowledging that it is degrading to human beings as such. Another chapter takes aim at such legal philosophers as Ronald Dworkin, who defend pornography on the ground that government must never impose a policy that lacks "respect" for any citizen's "choice" of lifestyle. As Dworkin sees it, this neutrality is required by respect for human dignity. Clor protests that it actually denies human dignity by treating impulses and compulsions as though they were reasoned choices.

Clor readily triumphs over such extreme positions. But his approach leaves him hostage to his own eagerness for political validation. Denying the law's power to enforce a morality that lacks widespread support, he offers marital fidelity as an example of a norm that has dissipated beyond the possibility of correction. He is willing, however, to defend laws against public nudity (a staple of public-morals regulation in most states) as still sustainable under the "ethic of public decency."

"Decency" in this precise sense is what's invoked by the polite inquiry, upon entering a dressing room, "Are you decent?" and it may still have broad support. But Clor is not very instructive about its significance. After all, Aristotle (whose account of the virtues is repeatedly invoked by Clor) didn't object to athletes' competing in the nude. Far from expressing universal human practices, our traditional notions of decency have roots specifically in Jewish and Christian scriptures, which take a dim view of human self-sufficiency and natural perfection.

Clor steers his argument far from such inquiries. He is so anxious to place his argument on abstract philosophical grounds that he even avoids the word "sin" (along with any discussion of gay rights, abortion, or other divisive issues).

This leaves him with an account of public morality that may not quite capture what those who care most deeply about it actually believe. And for those who don't care, it may be even less compelling. In seeking political status for moral standards, Clor retreats to those that are widely shared—and he ends with something so thin that it makes no substantial demands and promises no great rewards.

Of course, Clor is struggling against powerful tides of moral skepticism and confusion. Jean Yarbrough's new study of Jefferson, *American Virtues*, seems to promise instead the bracing confidence of a simpler era. More than any other leading figure of the American Founding, Jefferson thought about the moral temper of civic life. He was perhaps the most learned of the Founders, among

the most worldly and varied in his experiences, and he devoted time and study to moral philosophy. Yarbrough, although not entirely uncritical, offers Jefferson as a worthy instructor for an America she views as much in need of moral instruction.

Here too, however, the reader is forced to wonder whether the medicine is strong enough. Like Clor, Yarbrough worries that assertions of personal rights have been carried to destructive extremes. One of her central claims is that the contemporary mania about rights would be much reduced if we attended to what Jefferson actually had in mind.

He was not, Yarbrough insists, doctrinaire about property: He deliberately omitted it from the list of "unalienable rights" in the Declaration of Independence, because he thought property rights might sometimes have to give way to communal needs. On the other hand, he would not have sided with contemporary welfare-rights advocates, because he thought people could only be happy as productive citizens contributing to their communities.

As Yarbrough sees it, Jefferson's "pursuit of happiness" embraced not only material comfort and security but also a participation in public affairs and an expression of the human impulse to "benevolence." Reconstructing Jefferson's moral philosophy from his extensive correspondence and voluminous notebooks, Yarbrough argues that Jefferson drew much from the Scottish Enlightenment philosophers, who stressed the connection between individual happiness and "sociability" or "sympathy" with the well-being of others. We miss the subtlety and richness in his thought, she claims, by associating Jefferson simply with the individualist doctrines of John Locke.

But, even in Yarbrough's account, Jefferson's "benevolence" proves undemanding. He was quick to assert that self-interest should overcome it. He was so impatient with mystical "spiritualism" that he rewrote the life of Jesus to delete any reference to the supernatural. He deplored the "degrading" religion of the Old Testament, Yarbrough says, because he resented its preoccupation with duty to God.

Jefferson did not take an ambitious view of civic duty, either. He seemed to think that the impulse to self-government could be satisfied easily. He detested the aristocratic pretensions and martial virtues of the ancient world, praising instead the simple ways of American farmers. He looked to "republican spirit" in the people to overcome what he regarded as faulty institutions and dangerous tendencies in the government.

Yarbrough does not conceal the contradictions in Jefferson's life. And they were many. He expounded the virtues of frugality and economic independence while entertaining on such a lavish scale at Monticello that he was perpetually near bankruptcy and left crushing debts to his heirs. He spent considerable time with Greek and Latin texts, working out a moral philosophy that he thought of as an adaptation of Epicureanism. But he advised his grandson and nephew not to waste time on such studies, having convinced himself that his conclusions would come to others quite naturally. Opposed to slavery, he was too deeply in debt to free his own slaves and does not seem to have encouraged his heirs to agonize about the problem.

HARRY M. CLOR
Public Morality and Liberal Society
Essays on Decency, Law and Pornography
Univ. of Notre Dame Press, 235 pp., $17 paper

JEAN M. YARBROUGH
American Virtues
Thomas Jefferson on the Character of a Free People
Univ. of Kansas Press, 256 pp., $35

Jefferson's political contradictions are even more startling. He could attack Federalist intolerance and clerical bigotry, while insisting that his own University of Virginia exclude Federalist professors and Tory philosophers. He could celebrate the good sense of ordinary people, while icily commending a state educational system designed to "rake the geniuses from the rubbish." He could say a good word for Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts and deride "sanctimonious reverence for the Constitution" but still demand prosecutions for seditious libel when critics threatened his own administration. While condemning slavery in principle, he remained a strong supporter of the states' rights that were, as he was well aware, the constitutional shield for Southern slavery.

So much inconsistency begins to raise doubts not simply about Jefferson's personal integrity but about his underlying seriousness. He seems to have been remarkably adept at reconciling high-sounding ideals with unpleasant realities, and Yarbrough concedes that his "sunny view of human nature and his faith in progress often led him to slide over tensions" in his own moral doctrines. Jefferson's "easygoing morality," she suggests, perhaps "masks a certain flatness of soul" and perhaps indicates a moral vision that "lacks a tragic dimension."

In Yarbrough's view, however, Jefferson's special "quality of hopefulness" has much to do with his enduring appeal. "As his namesake William Jefferson Clinton understood, Americans have always preferred the bridge to the future," she declares. "It is part of the American character to believe that the best days are still to come and Jefferson, more than any other Founder, speaks to this longing."

Can anyone read this now without wincing? Can anyone remember Clinton's chirping in his second inaugural address about the "bridge to the future" and not wonder whether those hopeful, contemporary Americans have now begun to appreciate life's "tragic dimension"?

Both Harry Clor's *Public Morality and Liberal Society* and Jean Yarbrough's *American Virtues* are thoughtful, scholarly books that try to articulate the grounds for a somewhat conservative or soberly centrist American moral consensus. If that makes them seem timely, it also makes them seem inadequate at this moment. Both books deserve to survive to a time when they are not quite so burdened by unhappy associations of the Clinton era. ♦

UPI / Corbis-Bettman

Blood-Soaked Clown

The Life and Death of Benito Mussolini

By Algis Valiunas

When it comes to dazzling political spectacle, no regime in history can touch the Fascist powers. Inducing mass rapture by convincing one's countrymen to abandon themselves to the leader's will—goose-stepping legs and saluting arms by the tens of thousands jerking upward like those of marionettes—is an art that Hitler and Mussolini commanded. "One must always know how to strike the imagination of the public: That is the real secret of how to govern," Mussolini declared, authoritatively.

That the public should have a single imagination—that everyone learn to think the same thought, feel the same feeling—was required for the sort of governance Mussolini had in mind. *Il Duce* on his balcony would shout out a question, and the assembled multitude below would respond in ecstatic unison. There was no room for improvisation, by Mussolini or the crowd. The only questions he could ask were those he knew the crowd would answer as expected. He called the balcony his stage, and like any other actor he had to charm his audience. Although he was given to claiming that he would reshape the Italian character in his own heroic image, he proved in the end far more image than hero.

A new life of Mussolini, the eighteenth book by the English biographer and historian Jasper Ridley, makes one reflect on what happens to a showman when reality intrudes on his show.

Born in 1883, Benito Amilcare Andrea Mussolini was named by his father, a blacksmith and devout Socialist, for three heroes of the left (beginning with the Mexican president Benito Juárez). Young Mussolini was a handful. He was a bookish type, even something of an embryonic intellectual, but already as a boy he showed himself an adept young thug by knifing two classmates who had made the mistake of crossing him. Later he taught school, tramped his way around Switzerland, and contributed articles and poems to Socialist newspapers. Marxism was his intellectual daily fare, but the "spiritual eroticism" of Nietzsche ravished him. He told acquaintances that he had written a history of philosophy and another of Christianity, but no one ever saw them.

Despite these highbrow pretensions, his real talent lay in what is now called popular culture. His novel *Claudia Particella: The Cardinal's Mistress* (which combined bodice-ripping with anti-clericalism) was serialized in a Socialist weekly paper. But newspaper writing proved even more his line than novels. After a spell in jail for threatening to bludgeon a factory manager during a strike, he was rewarded in 1909 with the editorship of the socialist *Worker's Future* in Trentino, a largely Italian-speaking province of Austria. During the seven months he spent there, the authorities regularly hauled him into court, mostly for an excess of journalistic vehemence.

Back in Italy, he began editing the *Class Struggle*, a four-page weekly in Forlì with a circulation of one thousand,

Algis Valiunas is a writer living in Florida.

which he promptly doubled by assailing Italian nationalism every chance he got: "The national flag is for us a rag to be planted on a dunghill." In 1911, speaking out against Italy's imperialist war on Libya, he urged workers to blow up the local railway line and bring troop transport to a halt. Imprisoned for inciting violence, he spent his five-month sentence writing his autobiography. A few days after Mussolini's release, an anarchist tried to assassinate the king; when three distinguished Socialists of a moderate stripe joined in the formal congratulation of the King on his escape, Mussolini accused them of class collaboration and betraying the revolution, and he spearheaded a movement that expelled them from the party.

Word got around about the young firebrand. Writing from Vienna in the newly founded *Pravda*, Lenin praised Mussolini for his uncompromising revolutionary stand. A few months later, Mussolini was appointed editor of the national Socialist party daily, *Avanti!*, and he proved he had the touch: Circulation rose from 34,000 to 60,000 during his first eighteen months. With a style that he called "electric" and "explosive," he made a reputation as the leading popular journalist in Italy. His star was ascendant, and it was red.

World War I, however, was to change the course of Mussolini's career. At first he adhered to the Italian Socialist anti-war line. It was an easy choice: By treaty Italy was obligated to fight on the side of the Central Powers, Germany and Austria—which no Italian wanted to do, because the Hapsburg Empire was a longstanding enemy of Italian freedom. But an Italian republican movement to join instead the French and British Allies was building, and a number of Socialists signed on. In October 1914, Mussolini came around to a pro-war position, unable to resist the power of the crowd. The Socialists promptly purged him, but—vowing to be a true Socialist all his life—he was within a few weeks celebrating the "really great war" in the pages of a new paper of his own, the *People of Italy*, financed in part by Belgium and France.

In 1915, he joined the war against Austria, and in 1917 he was injured by an exploding grenade launcher. It was "the most beautiful moment in my life," he would later say, and it certainly could have been worse. He was not killed or crippled, and his honorable wounds furnished him with a heroic legend. Forty fragments of metal pierced his body, and he cavalierly refused anesthesia for their removal, so that no one could ever doubt his courage. To top things off, the Austrians, he claimed, heard he was in the hospital, and they shelled it with the specific intent of eliminating their single fiercest enemy. This exhilarating fantasy may have been the result of paranoia and vainglory—or it may have simply been a straightforward lie. Mussolini was given to a kind of hero worship in which he was the hero. Over the years he showed endless inventiveness in enlisting others in this one true faith.

JASPER RIDLEY
Mussolini: A Biography
St. Martin's, 384 pp., $27.50

As the war dragged on, it became increasingly difficult to see what Mussolini believed in, apart from his own greatness. *Trincerocrazia*, the rule of heroic warriors from the trenches, was his rallying cry. He saw that the veterans would be a powerful political force, but could not tell whether on the left or on the right, and his appeal was shrewdly calculated, by turns nationalistic, socialistic, imperialistic, capitalistic. The *People of Italy* changed editorial policy in 1918, repudiated socialism, and proclaimed itself "the newspaper of combatants and producers."

Yet, while anti-socialism helped Mussolini attract wealthy financial backers for his paper, he advocated economic reforms that could scarcely be distinguished from those supported by the Socialists. Though he castigated Socialists for opposing the war, he persisted in using anti-capitalist slogans to secure the allegiance of disaffected workers. His thinking was tactical rather than ideological. "I put my finger on the pulse of the masses and suddenly discovered in the general mood of disorientation that a public opinion was waiting for me, and I just had to make it recognize me through my newspaper." The people did not know what they wanted; Mussolini was just the man to give it to them.

The Fascist movement got underway in Milan in March 1919 at a gathering of some fifty people representing every conceivable political orientation. (Fascism got its name from the bundle of sticks that the ancient Roman lictors carried; each stick on its own could easily be snapped in two, but when the sticks were bound together the *fasces* was not to be broken.) The program that the assembly endorsed was inimical to the clergy and the monarchy, opposed to censorship and all manner of dictatorship; it favored giving land to the peasantry, expropriating factories, confiscating the loot of war profiteers, allowing women the vote, and abolishing the senate. Almost nothing of this original program was to remain as Fascism increased in power.

One permanent feature of Fascism soon emerged, however, when a pack of *arditi*, veterans devoted to street violence, wrecked the offices and printing press of Mussolini's old Socialist newspaper, *Avanti!* Mussolini hailed this vandalism as the first triumph of the revolution. In a campaign of "violence against violence," his *squadristi* smashed, burned, clubbed, pummeled, and administered "Fascist medicine," castor oil, which was sometimes mixed with gasoline in lethal dosages.

In 1921, Mussolini signed a peace treaty with the Socialists—and the ensuing outrage of his followers forced his resignation as leader. He regained power only by acknowledging that *squadrismo* must be allowed to go about its business of atrocity unimpeded. To enhance the power of the *squadristi* and to consolidate his own power, Mussolini molded the squads, which had operated under the command of local warlords, into a kind of national militia, its organization and nomenclature taken from the army of ancient Rome. Dressed to kill in their black shirts and leather breeches, the legions of goons

had a sinister allure, particularly for Italian youth; and nobody in Italy had the will to stop them.

There were only 35 Fascist parliamentary deputies out of 525 when the king appointed Mussolini prime minister in October 1922. The king had heard that a force of Black Shirts strong enough to overpower the Italian army was poised to descend on Rome, and he acted in the belief that he was averting revolution. He was mistaken: The army in Rome would have made short work of the Fascists, who were undermanned and largely unarmed. But out of this successful bluff, Mussolini propagated the legendary "march on Rome": Three-hundred thousand armed Fascists, so the official history ran, conquered the capital through a bloody civil war, in which three thousand martyrs fell—while Mussolini on horseback led the victorious force across the Rubicon. (Actually, Mussolini had arrived in Rome by train a day after the king's decision, but the *squadristi* destroyed the opposition newspapers' presses, and the Fascist version of the story made not only the next day's headlines but also the history books.)

Terror and lies were the chief instruments of Mussolini's rule, which became a dictatorship in 1925. He considered his journalistic expertise—especially writing convincing articles about things that never happened—to be the foundation of his art of governance. The main priority of his regime was to ensure that he got good press. He kept himself so busy poring over newsprint—bragging of reading as many as 350 newspapers a day—that he hardly had time for anything else. He gave editors daily instructions on what was to appear on the next day's front page, even advising them on layout.

In this effort, Mussolini did receive some help. Police commissioners saw to it that papers printed only the approved facts. Opposition editors were replaced by Fascists. Foreign journalists critical of Fascism came to the attention of the "intimidation department" run by an undersecretary of state, after which they were assaulted or deported. And the memory hole got plenty of use. Mussolini was officially cool to Hitler until the Germans occupied the Rhineland in 1936, when he suddenly warmed to the idea of an alliance with so potent a nation. The Italian press was directed to stop badmouthing the Germans and to start praising them. When Italy, Germany, and Japan signed an anti-Communist treaty in 1937, the newspapers got their orders to knock off talk of the yellow peril and to tout the Aryan purity of the Japanese master race.

The only element of Fascist policy not subject to revision at a moment's notice was *Mussolini ha sempre ragione*: Mussolini is always right. Other Fascist sayings included: "It is a crime not to be strong," "Live dangerously," "The more enemies, the greater the honor," and "Peace is just the space between wars."

UPI / Corbis-Bettman

Mussolini hanged with his mistress, 1945.

But slogans alone could not cover over Fascism's essential emptiness. Soon enough, the cult of *Mussolinismo* became the heart of Fascism, introducing a period of collective lunacy. Pronouns referring to Mussolini were capitalized, like those referring to God. Peasants knelt to him in the fields. Fascist dignitaries ran the twenty yards from his office door to his desk, and remained standing for hours in his presence. The story was told that he stopped a lava flow on Mt. Etna, saving a village from destruction.

Mussolini's fatal mistake was believing his own press—or at least putting himself in a position where he had to act as though he believed it. Cutting a superb figure, seeming tireless and omnicompetent (he would keep a light burning in his office after he had gone to bed) were more important than actually doing what needed to be done. Mussolini always made war sound like the thing he most desired, but the coming of World War II brought down the whole lavish show. He had gathered all power into his own hands and didn't have a clue how to use it.

Boasting that ten million soldiers could be mustered in a day, he never mobilized one-third that many during the entire war. Upon the declaration of war, he ordered all cabinet ministers and leading civil servants to front-line duty, thereby crippling the bureaucracy. No one informed Italian ships that Italy was at war, and one-third of the merchant marine was lost before the fighting even began. Mussolini wanted the Italian Air Force to share the glory he was sure the *Luftwaffe* would win in the Battle of Britain, but not until the Italian planes were in place did anyone notice that their range and equipment made them useless. By the time Mussolini got his planes back to the Mediterranean, his army in North Africa had been thrashed, in no small part for want of air cover. As *generalissimo*, *Il Duce* was not only inept, he was a buffoon, arrogant, witless, desperate, and lost.

Jasper Ridley has written a good biography of Mussolini, but the life of choice remains that by Denis Mack Smith, the foremost English-language historian of modern Italy. In its wealth of telling detail, Mack Smith's *Mussolini* is an exemplar of biography, commanding erudition wielded with concise elegance. Reading about *Il Duce*'s death—viewing the famous picture of his corpse strung up by the heels in a Milan square—one is almost compelled to remember the line *La commedia è finita*, the comedy is finished. It comes at the end of Leoncavallo's opera *Pagliacci* and is said of the fate of another unfortunate, blood-soaked clown. ♦

Giuseppe Conason's

I Disonesti

Opera in three acts, libretto by the composer,
first performed in Washington during the 1998-99 season

Act I

Scene One. The Gingricci, an alliance of clerics and enraged albinos led by Salamandro, have shut down most of the city and surrounded the Doge's palace. Don Guglielmo, leader of the Disonesti noblemen, confers with his deputy, Podesta, his bodyguard, Carvillo, and his valet, Blumentalio. Don Guglielmo blames the emergency on masculine pride, and despairs that palace life has withheld from him the worldly counsel of high-born women ("*Che orrore! Mia moglie è frigida e i miei testicoli sono blu*"). Don Guglielmo departs, and, alarmed by his gloom, his associates ponder their fate. Podesta declares that the Disonesti must confidently adhere to principle ("*Dobbiamo commissionare un fuocogruppo di Penn e Schoen*"). Blumentalio replies that he, a mere servant, can be confident only of his lowly station ("*Sono l'uomo più bello e più intelligente del mondo*"). Carvillo calls for moderation and magnanimity ("*Distruggiamo! Massacriamo! Assassiniamo!*").

Scene Two. Later that evening. Don Guglielmo half-heartedly pastes military dispatches to a ledger on the desk of his adjutant, Giorgio di Stefanopoli. Donna Monica, disguised as a palace intern, arrives with a pizza. Don Guglielmo is made suspicious by his visitor's appearance ("*Ha gambe enormi e porta un beretto*"), but he accepts the food. While he eats, the lady reveals that she is not a simple intern at all, but a woman of royal birth ("*Mi chiamo Monica, principessa ebraica-americana*") who has come to help him defeat the Gingricci. Impossible, Don Guglielmo responds; his power is spent. Nonsense, Donna Monica cries, and she urges him to inspect the clever plan she has hidden in her pants ("*Molto piccante, no? Venti dollari dal Segreto di Vittoria*"). Don Guglielmo is revivified by Donna Monica's support and exults over their meeting ("*Buongiorno, un pompino fantastico! Upsidesi—il mio sperma. Scusa*"). In his excitement, Don Guglielmo accidentally spills a small drop of Giorgio's paste on Donna Monica's dress.

Act II

Pentagonia, two years later. Out of misguided pity, Donna Monica has befriended an ugly, fat peasant named Linda. She recounts to Linda the story of her profound intellectual partnership with Don Guglielmo, and explains how she has exiled herself to this remote territory purely out of concern that he was eating too much pizza ("*Desidero che Nancy Hernreich manga merda*"). Linda reassures Donna Monica that no serious per-

son could find scandal in the paste stain on her dress ("*Sento l'odore di un gran contratto di libro*"). Donna Monica responds that, though Salamandro is now dead, she still fears a resurgence by the Gingricci and worries that Don Guglielmo is not getting the feminine advice he needs ("*Ha tette minuscole, Kathleen Willey, ma Eleanor Mondale—vacca!—è provocantissima*"). After Donna Monica departs, Linda signals out the window, and the Inquisitore Indipendente enters the room. The Inquisitore reminds Linda that he is acting as a secret agent of the Gingricci, who have promised him a share of their tobacco profits should he succeed in destroying Don Guglielmo ("*Ohimè, preferivo veramente una nomina al Tribunale Supremo*"). Linda informs the Inquisitore of Donna Monica's soiled garment, and to celebrate the mischief they will make, the two schemers pull the head off a parakeet and drink its blood ("*Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!*").

Act III

Scene One. The Doge's palace, a short time later. Egged on by Druggio and Isicoffo, two Gingricci provocateurs, the citizenry is in an uproar over the Inquisitore's false accusation of a liaison between Don Guglielmo and Donna Monica. The Disonesti consider how best to proceed. The Doge's consiglieri, Ruffo and Chendalli, recommend a response of transparent candor and simplicity ("*Primo, il privilegio esecutivo, e poi la definizione della parola «solo»*"). Because she knows him to be a man of scrupulous rectitude, Don Guglielmo's wife, Rodhama, agrees ("*Dirò «è una conspirazione vasta di destra» e spererò di non vomitare*"). Don Guglielmo's best friend, Vernono Giordano, offers to arrange for the Duke of Revlona to provide Donna Monica a secure redoubt from the mob ("*Parlerò a Don Renaldo di MacAndrews e Forbes, e presto! Una missione completa*"). The group's initial optimism is dashed when Podesta reports that Giorgio has defected and denounced Don Guglielmo in the public square ("*Ha fatto menzione di «imputazione» in Piazza di Sam e Cokie*"). His colleagues depart, and the Doge, crestfallen and distracted, asks his scribe, Bettina, to remind him of their advice, but she has already forgotten what they said.

Scene Two. The Grand Council. The oligarchs are debating a Gingricci proposal to expel the council's Moorish members, to whom Don Guglielmo has bravely extended full voting rights. The better to achieve this and other sinister aims ("*Niente fluoruro nell'acqua!*"), one of the Gingricci, Signor Barro, proposes that Don Guglielmo be replaced as Doge by the ineffectual Don Alberto of Perezzia. Supporting Barro, two of his confederates, Rogano and Lindsigrammo, produce the Inquisitore's fraudulent alchemical analysis of Donna Monica's clothing ("*Siamo innamorati dei dettagli pornografichi*"). All seems lost until Don Guglielmo dramatically appears and makes clear the truth ("*Non ho avuto rapporti sessuali con quella donna*"). Moved by his obvious sincerity, the spectators disembowel the Inquisitore and set fire to his liver. A chorus of citizens reaffirm their love for the Doge ("*Noi, il popolo, siamo stupidi e immorali*"). As the curtain falls, Don Guglielmo rededicates himself to public service ("*Mi portate un tamburo di bongo e un sigaro*").