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THE CULTURAL CONTRADICTIONS OF FEMINISM
DANIELLE CRITTENDEN

# Empress of the Empire State

## Christopher Caldwell accompanies Hillary Rodham Clinton to upstate New York

the weekly Standard

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

# Look Who's Criticizing Hillary Now

It's time to reexamine the most durable liberal cliché of the Clinton era: that right-wingers have a unique, irrational hostility towards Hillary Rodham Clinton. This is completely false, it turns out. Lefties disdain her, too. Indeed, the only memorable abuse of the first lady these days comes from the left.

Here was *Newsday* columnist Jimmy Breslin last week, welcoming Hillary to New York: "There will be 200 reporters following her every sigh and forced smile when she appears at Pat Moynihan's farmhouse outside of Oneonta, New York.

"The 200 reporters can consider themselves suckers. . . .

"After the last four years, with her husband rolling around the White House hallways with Monica Lewinsky, after all this cheap, grubby lying, after Hillary Clinton's smug deviousness and untruthfulness, after all these character collapses, it is implausible for her to run for the United States Senate from New York.

"Clinton and his wife spread a layer of soot over this country and now she comes around without even brushing the soot from her sleeves, smiling all over the place as if it never happened, as if New Yorkers are the same as those in Appalachia or Arkansas or any of those other low-IQ areas in which the Clintons do best."

Harsh? Not compared with the rant loosed by Germaine Greer, interviewed by Barbara Ehrenreich in *LA Weekly*:

"Ehrenreich: How do you feel about Hillary?

"Greer: She shares a bed with the head of state, maybe, sometime. And, so what? She's an attorney. Big deal. There are women attorneys all over this country. She gets a job of huge importance . . .

"Ehrenreich: You mean health reform?

"Greer: Mm-hmm, and screws it up. Surprise, surprise, because that job should not have been given to someone in Hillary's position in the first place. So why is NOW so indulgent to Hillary and Bill? I just don't get it. . . .

"Ehrenreich: What do you think of Hillary's upcoming Senate run in New York?

"Greer: I was incensed when she was allowed to address a plenary session for the U.N. Women's Year in Beijing. Every time I've been to a Women's Year Conference, we've had the wife of a head of state telling us what was what, reading a prepared speech from nowhere—and that included, I may say, the great Imelda Marcos. And we had to applaud. And of course Mrs. Clinton. Get out of my face. Now there are women all over the world who've kept their own burrow, who should be there talking to us. Not the widows or the wives of politicians."

Hmmm. Must be that Greer and Breslin can't stand a strong woman.

## Grandpa Al

In their continuing struggle to prove to America how normal and regular they are, Al and Tipper Gore let it be known last week that they are now grandparents, courtesy of their daughter Karenna. And how did normal, regular Al and Tipper spread the word? Why, the same way proud grandparents have always done it—they phoned a gossip columnist.

"We're very excited," the vice president told the *Washington Post*'s Reliable Source column. "It feels very natural, very healthy, very wonderful," Mrs. Gore chimed in, perhaps using the upstairs extension at the V.P.'s mansion. In any event, they related the entire saga of the birth, and the *Post* duly recorded it as the lead item in the Reliable Source (Washington gossip isn't what it used to be). The Gores even managed to work in a plug for the Manhattan hotel that sheltered them while the baby was born. "It's a lovely hotel and they were very sweet to us," Mrs. Gore continued. Just another landmark in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Average American.

## Poor Tour

It took more than the usual Clintonian brass for the president to choose the Mississippi Delta during his "poor tour" last week as the venue for declaring his commitment to bringing jobs to America's neglected regions. In the last two years, the Clinton administration has waged a war against dozens of industries trying to bring jobs to America's poor areas. And in the Delta alone, the administration has forced cancellation of a $700 million plastics plant and an $800 million nuclear fuel enrichment plant—all because the Environmental Protection Agency says these Louisiana facilities were guilty of "environmental racism," an alleged conspiracy of industry and state governments to locate plants with a dispro-

# Scrapbook


portionate pollution impact in poor areas.

The theory is cockamamie (see Henry Payne's "Green Nonsense, Black Losses" in the Aug. 3, 1998, WEEKLY STANDARD), but its effects are all too pernicious: excluding jobs from America's poor areas. Clinton's hypocritical tour comes two months after the administration's environmental racism policy claimed its latest victim: Select Steel Company announced cancellation of plans to build a $175 million plant in economically distressed Genesee Township near Flint, Mich., after being sued by local activists for violating EPA rules. Genesee supervisor Scott Streeter, whose community strongly supported the facility, is puzzled by Clinton's stated commitment to economic development in needy areas. "If he really feels strongly about those views," says Streeter, "we wouldn't have had the problems that we ran into here." The federal government designates Genesee a "distressed community," which makes it eligible for tax breaks designed to attract business. The two Louisiana plants were also located in state-designated "empowerment zones." No matter. Though the administration claims to support these kinds of economic affirmative action, it made life miserable for the companies anyway.

Just this once, though, THE SCRAPBOOK is prepared to forgive the media for not scrutinizing the Clinton blarney more closely. A healthy indifference seems to have taken hold. As sociologist Christopher Jencks confessed to the *New York Times* last week, he had little to say about the president's trip: "One of the ways I preserve my mental health," Jencks told Jason DeParle, "is to read as little as possible about Bill Clinton."

## THE BENEFITS OF BIAS

University of Michigan researcher Brian A. Patrick has compared news coverage in the elite media from 1990 to 1998 for five interest groups: the ACLU, NAACP, AARP, Handgun Control, Inc., and the National Rifle Association. Not surprisingly, by 16 objective measures the NRA garnered much more negative press coverage than all the other groups combined. Eighty-seven percent of editorials and op-ed pieces on the NRA were negative. NRA spokesmen were directly quoted far less in articles than spokesmen for the liberal groups, and were more often cited with loaded verbs like "contends," "asserts," or "argues," than with the neutral "says." The NRA was more than twice as likely as the liberal groups to be portrayed as a pernicious "lobby" or "special interest group," while the liberal organizations were more often innocuously labeled "citizens groups" or "advocacy groups." And headlines involving the NRA were twice as likely to include belittling jokes or puns (e.g., "Did NRA Shoot Itself in the Foot?").

The most interesting conclusion, keeping in mind as always with good social science that correlation is not causation, was this: The overwhelmingly negative coverage Patrick found actually went along with a dramatic boost in the NRA's membership. Indeed, the NRA tripled its membership during the period covered by the study. So, if the liberal media want to start spreading blame for the failure of post-Littleton gun control legislation, they should look in the mirror. This time, it looks like they're the ones who shot themselves in the foot.

## HELP WANTED

Contributing editor Irwin Stelzer is looking for a research assistant. Some economics courses preferred. Part-time graduate student acceptable. Fax résumé to 202-777-3010.

# Casual

## Who Now Rides Greyhound?

I'm writing this somewhere over New Mexico, on a United flight to Los Angeles. This is the day's last plane out of Washington, the one for people who absolutely have to be in L.A. by midnight. Evidently a lot of people do. Every seat is taken. Watching the passengers file on, I realized that I haven't been on a Greyhound bus since the '80s. In fact, I don't think I even know anyone who rides Greyhound anymore. It's not just that I'm an out-of-touch, inside-the-Beltway elitist. It's that everyone flies everywhere now. Even me.

I never thought I would. If you grew up after about 1965, you probably never considered air travel glamorous. Earlier generations may have associated frequent flying with opulence and adventure. I associated it with drudgery. I remember in college thinking that the bulky-briefcase business types you see on airplanes were all mid-level Radio Shack managers on their way to some sales meeting in New Jersey. My friends and I envisioned them as the sort of people who might wear hairpieces, or order the Executive Decision Maker from an in-flight magazine. (My friends and I were the sort of sneering undergraduates you'd want to beat up.)

By contrast, I had more profound career plans. I wanted to live in the woods with my girlfriend and 10 dogs and never leave. Then I graduated and discovered that only the very rich and the very poor live in the woods. Everyone else has to live near an airport. I moved to Washington, which has three.

Within a few months of arriving, I was flying with the Radio Shack managers. My first trip was to Detroit, to profile a member of the city council. He'd seemed normal enough on the phone. He turned out to be a foaming paranoid. Minutes after I arrived at his office he accused me of scheming against him, started yelling, and canceled the scheduled interview. He ordered his secretary to escort me out. I spent the next two days on the phone from my motel room trying unsuccessfully to get back in.

The trip was a total bust, but I had a pretty good time anyway. Even a failed assignment in Detroit, I decided, was more interesting than being a drunk history major.

Most of my sneering college friends came to the same conclusion. One of them married a woman who works for USAirways. They fly to Bermuda for dinner.

Another of them called me from his cell phone the other day. He's a big deal at a movie studio now. He travels constantly. I had drinks with him in Washington a few weeks ago. He'd just flown in from Cannes, by way of Australia and Buenos Aires. I was in my backyard fiddling with a sprinkler when he called. "Where are you?" I asked. For a second he couldn't seem to remember. "I'm in Canada somewhere. I came for the weekend from Munich. I think I'm in a national forest."

It sounded almost appealing. On the other hand, what's the appeal of traveling if you lose track of where you are? Compared with a lot of people, I don't travel much. (My next-door neighbor commutes to Atlanta.) But anyone who flies more than three or four times a year knows what it's like to throw back the Sheraton drapes first thing in the morning and feel uncertain as to whether the skyline is Dallas, Phoenix, or San Diego.

Ten years ago, I couldn't have imagined myself catching the night flight to L.A. Now that I'm 36,000 feet over New Mexico it doesn't seem so strange, just something that everyone with a job has to do from time to time. Except, apparently, the Radio Shack guys. I don't see a single one of them on the plane. At some point they must have spun their Executive Decision Makers and decided to buy tech stocks. They're probably all on corporate jets by now.

Just about every other element of American society seems to be flying to California tonight, though. In front of me are two middle-aged men in T-shirts. They were talking about sex, but one has since fallen asleep and is now snoring. Across from them is an elderly woman with too much carry-on baggage flying alone. Next to her is a youngish guy with stiff hair and a backpack covered with pins who looks like he's on his way to a Satanists' convention. In the seat next to me is a woman who's dressed like an art student—black clothes, silver jewelry, sketch pad—except she's at least thirty years too old to be enrolled anywhere.

Looking around the cabin, I realize I'm in no danger of becoming a corporate drone. Except for the pretzels, it could be Greyhound.

**Tucker Carlson**

## Shadow of Doubt

David Tell's editorial regarding Bob Woodward's new book, *Shadow*, pointed a nasty finger at me and declared that the "honor" of being "the book's most devastating violation of attorney-client confidentiality" was "reserved" for me ("All the President's Backstabbers," June 28). I will not comment on the research, sourcing, or accuracy of Woodward's book, particularly with respect to the portrayal of my role in our vigorous defense of Monica S. Lewinsky. I must respond, however, to the serious charges bantered about willy-nilly by Tell in the pages of your publication. First, I both respect and like Ms. Lewinsky. Second, I have never acted unethically in carrying out my responsibilities as an attorney. I profoundly resent Tell's venting at my expense. His accusations are serious accusations, and they are wrong. He never even tried to talk to me.

Sydney Hoffmann
Washington, DC

David Tell's editorial entitled "All the President's Backstabbers" perpetuates, inadvertently I think, one of the many errors that appear in the book *Shadow*. Ms. Hoffmann (note that her name was misspelled in the book and, perforce, in your article) did not discuss with the author the "Clara Bow syndrome," since no such syndrome exists. We invite you to confer with a reputable psychiatrist who we expect will confirm the non-existence of such a syndrome.

Plato Cacheris
Washington, DC

## Campaign Finance Fever

David Tell's complaint about the shameless zealotry of campaign finance reformers in general, and the Brennan Center for Justice in particular, is richly ironic given the almost unending stream of exaggerations and half-truths that follow in his editorial ("Shooting the Messenger," June 21).

Tell begins with the Shays-Meehan bill, which he characterizes as "an almost unbelievable atrocity against the Constitution." That's remarkable certitude (not to mention purple prose) about an issue that has scores of legal experts of all ideological stripes on both sides. Perhaps Tell's decisiveness is the result of his apparent unfamiliarity with Shays-Meehan, which, contrary to his assertion, neither bans voter guides nor prohibits factual broadcasts about candidates by non-profits.

Bradley Smith, the Capital University law professor and would-be FEC commissioner, is up next. Tell objects to the "crude" opposition research done by the Brennan Center using quotes from Professor Smith's writings (though not so crude that he cites any factual errors) to reveal him as an enemy of the Federal Elections Campaign Act. The fact—and Tell


doesn't bother to dispute it—is that Professor Smith is an avowed opponent of that law, the very law he would be charged with executing as an FEC commissioner. Smith is more than welcome to continue to challenge the law from the outside, but his hostility to it makes him a poor candidate to enforce it. That would seem to be a matter of simple common sense—surely conservatives would protest if a proponent of legalizing drugs, like William F. Buckley or George Schultz, were made drug czar—yet Tell chooses to characterize the opposition to Smith as an unprincipled smear.

Tell reserves the majority of his ink, however, to parody a few arguments from amicus briefs in a case currently before the Supreme Court, *Nixon* v. *Shrink Government PAC*, in which the Eighth Circuit ignored precedent by ruling $1,000 contribution limits unconstitutional. Tell leads the cheers for this judicial activism. Interestingly enough, Tell chose not to respond to the amicus brief signed by myself and 13 other political scientists urging the Court to allow legislatures a reasonable zone in which to act on campaign finance matters. What's reasonable, of course, is hard to define, but at the very least the courts ought to insist on some proof that a statute precludes groups of candidates from effectively competing as opposed to merely inconveniencing them. In the case of $1,000 contribution limits, 25 years of their use in federal elections shows that as many candidates now as before are able to raise money and mount serious campaigns. That may not make $1,000 limits the best of all possible policies, but the evidence from federal elections ought to be enough to convince judges to give legislators the freedom to make laws. That is the sort of judicial restraint that conservatives like Tell are supposed to applaud.

Jonathan Krasno
Senior Policy Analyst
Brennan Center for Justice
New York, NY

**David Tell responds:** ***Indeed, "scores of legal experts" routinely flack for the Shays-Meehan bill. It is rather a stretch, however, to suggest, as political scientist Jonathan Krasno here does, that the mere existence of these endorsements renders unreasonable any decisive judgment that the bill is unconstitutional. Krasno speculates that my own such judgment must be based on "unfamiliarity" with the actual text of the legislation. But an alternate explanation is possible. Perhaps he and I are both perfectly familiar with House Resolution 417, and one of us is deliberately misrepresenting what it says.***

***Under current law, tax-exempt public interest organizations like Common Cause and the National Right to Life Committee may freely praise or condemn politicians, all year long and in any forum, so long as they do not engage in "express advocacy"—that is, so long as they do not explicitly urge the victory or defeat of a particular candi-***

***date in a particular election. Section 201(B) of the Shays-Meehan bill would replace this narrowly defined prohibition with an expansively vaporous ban on "expressing unmistakable and unambiguous support for or opposition to one or more clearly identified candidates when taken as a whole and with limited reference to external events." How, under such a stricture, Common Cause might still safely applaud or criticize an officeholder in a published voter guide has never been explained by the bill's proponents.***

***The same section of the Shays-Meehan legislation would also ban nonprofit groups from "referring"—even in a non-judgmental, purely factual manner—"to one or more clearly identified candidates in a paid advertisement that is transmitted through radio or television within 60 calendar days preceding the date of an election of the candidate."***

***I have never written, as Krasno misleadingly complains, that Shays-Meehan would prohibit all voter guides or all factual broadcasts. Instead, I have accurately characterized these two provisions of the bill and have pointed out, in my typically purple prose, that if enacted they would represent an astounding abridgment of core speech rights under the First Amendment. Krasno declines to share with us any constitutional justification for these proposed restrictions. Perhaps that is because there is none.***

***In the unlikely event that some future president nominates William F. Buckley to serve as drug czar, I will object on policy and political grounds. But I will also expect him to enforce the laws he does not like, just as we can expect Bradley A. Smith to enforce the $1,000 federal campaign contribution limit. And, more immediately to the point, I will restrain myself from deriding Buckley as a kook—which is what the Brennan Center has done to Prof. Smith, in an opposition-research hatchet job that does not become something other than "crude" simply because it contains no obvious misquotations.***

***Not three years ago, Brennan Center legal director Burt Neuborne endorsed Bradley Smith's academic writing as "excellent work" and "thoughtful scholarship that helps us to move to a better understanding of an immensely important national issue." Today, by contrast, Krasno and his colleagues argue that this same scholarship—because it expresses misgivings about a Supreme Court decision that the Brennan Center itself is campaigning to overturn—makes Smith a "radical" and "unfit" for the FEC. Yes, I call this an unprincipled smear.***

***In our editorial's discussion of the forthcoming* Shrink *case, I did not specifically address the amicus filing signed by Krasno, "interestingly enough," because I did not find it especially interesting. He has adequately summarized that document's contents in his letter, and I believe I have previously dealt with its broader argument. Readers should now note Krasno's key phrase, however: "at the very least the courts ought to insist on some proof that a statute precludes groups of candidates from effectively competing as opposed to merely inconveniencing them." This is not how the Constitution works. When a challenged statute impinges on central First Amendment freedoms—as, according to the Supreme Court, the $1,000 contribution limit does—the burden of "proof" falls on the government to justify its law, not on the victim to establish that he has been damaged enough to make Krasno feel sorry for him. Before the Eighth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in* Shrink*, the state of Missouri manifestly failed to fulfill this burden, which is why that court ruled as it did. "Judicial activism" had nothing to do with it.***

## Astaire Assistance

It's a great day whenever one comes upon a thoughtful appreciation of the artistry of Fred Astaire ("Top Hat," June 21). Thank you for publishing S.T. Karnick's essay. One flaw in the overall excellence of that piece was the following sentence, which cannot escape rebuke: "The songs [in Astaire's films] scintillate, composed by George and Ira Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Comden and Green."

Fifty percent accuracy is scarcely acceptable. Of the eight songwriters cited, four of them never wrote a song for an Astaire movie. Rodgers and Hart were a songwriting team of the first order, but they never wrote for Astaire. (The closest they came was *Dancing Lady*, a 1933 Joan Crawford and Clark Gable picture in which Fred made a brief guest appearance, as himself, and in which a single Rodgers and Hart song, performed by Nelson Eddy, was included.) Neither Comden nor Green is a composer; they are a team of lyric writers, but they never contributed a lyric, let alone a song, to an Astaire film.

After Berlin, Porter, and the Gershwins, some of the other great composers and lyricists who aptly illustrate Karnick's point are Jerome Kern, Dorothy Fields, Harold Arlen, Harry Warren, Johnny Mercer, and Frank Loesser. Kern, in particular, with the scores for three Astaire pictures, including the Oscar-winning song "The Way You Look Tonight" from *Swing Time*, should not have been omitted.

William C. Porth
Charleston, WV

With regard to S.T. Karnick's superb article on Fred Astaire, it should be noted that Astaire's character in *Carefree* did not punch Ginger Rogers in the eye, even though it was critical to his love for her that she be knocked out of her hypnotic trance. He did intend to punch her, but because he was Fred Astaire in character he just couldn't slug a woman (or anyone else), even if it was "for her own good." It was the rightfully enraged rival portrayed by Ralph Bellamy who provided the honors, socking Ginger as his aim for Fred missed its target. Hence, *Carefree* ends with a smiling Ginger in white dress sporting a black eye as she marries the triumphant Astaire.

Richard E. McCrea
Shaker Heights, OH

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the weekly Standard

# In Defense of Al Gore —Just This Once

Thirty-three million human beings across the globe already show the symptoms of AIDS or are infected with the HIV virus. Two thirds of them live in sub-Saharan Africa—more than 25 times the number of cases accounted for by Canada, Mexico, and the United States combined. In Africa the infection continues to spread, virtually unchecked. South of the Sahara, 4 million new HIV/AIDS diagnoses are made each year, more than *90* times the North American figure. And the situation is particularly acute in the emerging democracy of South Africa, where the population-wide incidence of HIV is approaching 10 percent, including 35 percent of all pregnant women and nearly half of all active-duty military personnel. As things currently stand, the vast majority of these people, millions of them, seem doomed to die.

So for almost two years now, the government of South Africa has been attempting to implement amendments to its Medicines Act that would make possible the procurement and distribution, in low-cost, generic form, of otherwise prohibitively expensive but potentially life-preserving anti-retrovirus therapies developed in the United States. But for just as long, concerned that the amendments as drafted might expropriate the patent rights of U.S. pharmaceutical companies, the Clinton administration has sought modification or outright repeal of the South African legislation.

All of which—the bilateral intellectual property dispute, narrowly, and the cataclysm of HIV in Africa, more broadly—has failed to win high-profile attention in America. Until this spring. In April, the "Consumer Project on Technology," one of the many tentacles of the Ralph Nader octopus, began publicizing a State Department report that "revealed" the participation of Vice President Gore in diplomatic negotiations with South Africa over the Medicines Act amendments. And in short order, AIDS activists began disrupting Gore's public appearances, chanting "Gore is Killing Africans!" for benefit of the network television cameras.

Subsequent, objective news analyses of the underlying controversy have been sketchy at best. But two well-known opinion journalists—John B. Judis, on the left, and Arianna Huffington, on the right—both claim to have investigated the question. And, surprisingly, both have wholeheartedly endorsed the basic activist complaint against Gore.

In an essay in the current *American Prospect*, Judis dubs the vice president "K Street Gore," and attributes his "weak and morally repugnant" hesitancy about generic AIDS drugs in South Africa to an "interlocking directorate" of Gore advisers with ties to the U.S. pharmaceutical industry lobby. On "issues that impinge upon his high-tech network of supporters," Judis concludes, Gore has here proved "willing to do the wrong thing to keep them happy—and keep them in his corner" with financial contributions.

Arianna Huffington offers the exact same judgment, though still more sharply. "Pharmacologic Al," she writes in her nationally syndicated column, has allowed "powerful special interests to secretly dictate policy—even when the life or death of millions is at stake." The provision of modern AIDS medications to South Africa is "one of those rare issues—such as child abuse and drunk driving—on which there cannot possibly be two sides" of equal virtue. South Africa must have the drugs.

In other words, according to this commentariat odd couple, Al Gore, by preventing South Africa from obtaining the drugs immediately, really *is* killing Africans. Which raises two questions. One: Is such a remarkable savaging of the vice president fair? And, two: Fair or not, does the spectacular bloody-hands charge against Gore at least represent welcome public awareness of a long-underappreciated international humanitarian emergency?

On the first score, the answer is no. The suggestion that the vice president has passively condemned impoverished South Africans to hideous death by contagion—in exchange for corporate-backed campaign donations—is not even remotely

fair. It is groundless and grotesque.

U.S. pharmaceutical companies stand to lose a fortune on their patented medications if foreign governments start unilaterally authorizing the manufacture or importation (from "gray market" countries like India) of cheap knock-offs—as South Africa has announced it intends to do in this case. And these losses, the companies point out, pose a more than financial risk. It sometimes costs hundreds of millions of dollars to discover, test, and start distributing a desperately needed new medicine. If originating American laboratories are no longer permitted to recover these mammoth investments with profits protected by patents that are respected internationally, then they may well dramatically scale back their research and development efforts. On future AIDS therapies, for example.

This is a far from stupid argument, and it seems to have fully persuaded certain major players in the Clinton administration. But it turns out, on close inspection, that the vice president *isn't* exactly one of them.

Gore's staff—which will patiently explain all the trade-law technicalities to anyone who bothers to call—is appropriately cognizant of the value of American pharmaceutical patent rights, and remains intent to ensure that South Africa not totally ignore its treaty obligations to observe those rights. But Gore has otherwise declined to do the pharmaceutical industry's "bidding," as the cartoon criticism of him would have it. Earlier this year, during interagency meetings, he successfully opposed an industry-backed plan to target South Africa with trade reprisals. Calm, continued negotiations, the vice president thought, were a better idea. And two weeks ago, in a letter to the Congressional Black Caucus, Gore explicitly confirmed his willingness, given the health crisis in Sub-Saharan Africa, to consider any well-designed effort "to speed the availability of lower-cost pharmaceuticals in South Africa," *including* generics.

Al Gore, in short, stands falsely accused of obstinately resisting a public health initiative he doesn't necessarily resist at all.

Happy ending, then? Could it be that from this recent media eruption—despite the cruel slanders to which it has subjected the vice president—a previously unrecognized political consensus has emerged that the widespread introduction of anti-retroviral medications is the obvious solution to the African AIDS epidemic? And that the only remaining question is precisely *how* to do it?

Here, too, alas, the answer must be no. Because for every prominent physician who favors the distribution of advanced AIDS drugs in Africa, there is another prominent physician who views the idea with something close to horror. And the doubters' warnings cannot be blandly dismissed.

The modern, multi-drug anti-AIDS "cocktail" now so common in the industrialized world is a fiendishly tricky therapy. You must take your pills on a strict schedule. You must take some before meals, some after. Some medications must be refrigerated, some not. Depart from the prescribed regimen even a bit, even for a single day, and a new strain of HIV may quickly spread throughout your body. If you then infect some other poor soul, his virus may prove resistant—from the onset—to most or all known anti-retrovirus compounds. This is not a theoretical problem. It is happening already in the United States.

And in Sub-Saharan Africa, including South Africa, where public health systems competent safely to deliver, administer, and supervise such an inherently risky medical intervention are sadly nonexistent, the standard American AIDS cocktail might thus wind up saving no one, and make the epidemic even less manageable.

Throughout the whole of Africa, non-AIDS infectious diseases—pneumonia in infants and children, malaria and tuberculosis in adults—also take huge numbers of lives each year. These diseases are more easily diagnosed and treated than AIDS. AIDS is more dramatic, however, and so organized efforts to deal with such "minor" infections go starving for international funding, even where the purchase of relatively simple, non-patent antibiotics is concerned.

By largely ignoring this separate crisis, and insisting instead on a questionable HIV-specific intervention, are the vice president's critics *themselves* "killing Africans?" Someone might say that. But we would not. No American is "killing Africans." Infectious diseases are killing Africans. And while all men of good will agree that something must be done, the horrible truth remains that it's difficult responsibly to assert that we know just what that something is.

In the current fracas, it seems to us, Vice President Gore is attempting to keep all reasonable considerations in balance. He wants his country to sustain in principle the international patent-protection regime. He wants to foreclose no potentially effective response to the infectious-diseases crisis in Africa. And he declines to endorse the dangerous fantasy that a perfect response has already been identified. We are pleased to say—and we may never say anything like this again—Al Gore is doing the right and honorable thing.

*—David Tell, for the Editors*

# The Lazio Boomlet

**by John Podhoretz**

*New York*

SEVEN MONTHS AGO, the conventional wisdom in the Empire State was that if New York City's Republican mayor Rudolph Giuliani decided to run for the state's open Senate seat next year, it would be his for the taking. Today, the conventional wisdom has moved toward the view that the Republican party would be better off rejecting Giuliani in favor of Rep. Rick Lazio, a congressman from Long Island. The first is closer to the mark. But the second is rapidly gaining purchase, thanks to some clever ideological politicking by left-wing Democrats—and an understandable, but foolishly blinding, hostility to Giuliani on the part of those Republicans in orbit around the state's Republican governor, George Pataki.

Let's turn back the clock to before the Lazio boomlet. Giuliani once seemed so unbeatable that some Democratic pooh-bahs, Rep. Charles Rangel in particular, had the antic idea of trying to talk Hillary Clinton into running, on the theory that only a superstar like the first lady had a prayer against him. Now, the idea that a Republican could simply coast into the seat left open by Daniel Patrick Moynihan's retirement is itself astounding. After all, only 30 percent of the state's registered voters are Republicans, while 47 percent are Democrats. And the last two statewide elections have not been happy ones for the Republicans. In 1998, three-term Republican senator Al D'Amato was defeated in a humiliating landslide by Rep. Chuck Schumer. More troubling for the GOP, Pataki won reelection by a margin far smaller than anybody anticipated—he pulled only 53 percent of the vote against a weak Democratic opponent and a Perot wannabe. Still, the state's Democrats had practically ceded the Moynihan seat to Giuliani.

What they knew is this: Giuliani had a remarkable record to run on as the savior of a city that had become a petri dish for every social and political disease besetting America. More important than that, Giuliani has proved a remarkable vote-getter. There are four times as many Democrats as Republicans here; in 1996, Bill Clinton outdistanced Bob Dole 77 percent to 11 percent in the five boroughs. There are 51 members of the City Council; five of them are Republicans. Giuliani has run in three elections in his life, all for mayor of New York City. He almost won his first, in 1989, losing by only two points to David Dinkins. He unseated Dinkins in 1993 by a 51-48 percent margin and, in 1997, won reelection with 58 percent of the vote.

The Democrats looked at this record and quailed. It is an axiom of New York politics that a Republican can win statewide if he can get 40 percent of the vote in the city, where 44 percent of the state's residents live. Since the most reliable predictor of whether a politician will get a vote from somebody is whether somebody has cast a vote for him in the past, Giuliani's 58 percent total suggested it would take a miracle for him to lose.

That potential miracle came in two guises. First, in the person of Hillary Clinton, who is more popular than her husband—and her husband is already popular in New York state. And second, in the corpse of Amadou Diallo, the unarmed black man shot 19 times by four cops in the doorway of a Bronx tenement earlier this year.

The forces long arrayed against Giuliani swung into action after the Diallo shooting. Their assertion was that the Diallo killing indicated the degree to which New York had become a near-fascist city during Giuliani's tenure, one in which blacks and Hispanics were the targets of systematic and deliberate harassment by the authorities. Municipal unions, smarting from Giuliani's tough negotiating tactics, joined the fray, as did the New York Civil Liberties Union and an array of leftist groups with which the Giuliani administration had been fighting for years. Under the guidance of Al Sharpton, the most pernicious demagogue in the city, there were constant protests for two months. The complaint: Giuliani wasn't sorry enough about the killing, even though he spent a week expressing remorse but also defending the New York Police Department from charges that it was racist. And the protesters demanded change, even after the police department underwent a reorganization along the lines they were asking for.

The protests had their effect. Giuliani's approval rating dropped from 60 percent to 40 percent—enough to convince Hillary Clinton she had a fighting chance against him. And the turn in Giuliani's numbers gave his enemies in the Republican party an opening as well. While the state's Republican chairman, Bill Powers, is enthusiastic about a Giuliani candidacy, the mayor's relations with George Pataki have never recovered from his foolish decision to endorse Mario Cuomo over Pataki in 1994.

It would not be overstating the case to say that the feeling between the Giuliani camp and the Pataki camp is one of hatred. Mayors of New York City and governors of the state have rarely been friendly, but the degree of animosity expressed by their respective aides, always on background or off the record but never hidden, is unique in my experience.

The Lazio boomlet is an outgrowth of this hatred.

The Pataki camp looks at Giuliani's approval ratings and sees in them a reflection of its own feelings of loathing. That camp also believes that once the state's voters get to know Giuliani as they do, the voters will hate him just as much. So they have trotted out Lazio, an attractive fellow with a lot of energy—and a good relationship with Pataki's mentor, former senator Al D'Amato, who is one of the Giuliani haters. The level of D'Amato's political acumen these days can be judged by the fact that last year the candidate he most feared running against was not Schumer, but Mark Green, who came in third in the Democratic primary.

Kevin Chadwick

**Rudy Giuliani**

While Lazio might be a good candidate in an ordinary election—and may become the Republican nominee if Giuliani should decide for some reason not to run—he could not compete against the sheer star power Hillary Clinton will bring to the race. Lazio is a moderate-to-liberal Republican like Giuliani, but without Giuliani's record of governing as a tough conservative, and without the ability to capture and dominate media attention that is Giuliani's strong suit.

It is true that Giuliani has unambiguously rejected his party's social conservatism. He is a supporter of gay rights and believes in an unlimited right to abortion, even partial-birth abortion. (Lazio supports a partial-birth ban.) Even so, Giuliani is not a liberal Republican. Indeed, he has spent his six years as mayor in ideological warfare. Aside from his triumphant success at fighting crime, he has cut taxes, successfully fought to end the destructive open-admissions policy at the city's university system, sought to deregulate some of the city's rules governing the size of retail stores, and installed the most innovative welfare reformer in the country, Jason Turner, as head of the city's Human Resources Administration. And in a move that ought to gladden the hearts even of those who find his stance on partial-birth abortion appalling, his effort to root porn shops out of residential neighborhoods has survived 21 court challenges, including an appeal to the Supreme Court. In the past six months, half of the city's porn businesses have closed up shop.

The true nature of the Lazio boomlet is indicated by the degree to which it has been taken up heartily by the state's Democratic elite, whose members have taken to the airwaves of the TV and radio chat shows to talk up the virtues of a Long Island congressman they had barely heard of before the Pataki camp decided, against all evidence and reason, that he would be a more formidable candidate than the most formidable Republican New York has seen in decades.

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# GOPTIMISM

## by Fred Barnes

DON'T GET TOO EXCITED YET. It's way too early to forecast a Republican tilt to the 2000 election (still more than 15 months away). Yet some not-so-subtle shifts in public sentiment have put Republicans in a better position nationally than they've been in for many months—and thus have improved their prospects for holding the House of Representatives and winning the White House. What has caused the shifts? Not anything Republicans can claim credit for. The catalysts were the Littleton massacre and President Clinton.

First, the shifts themselves. The most sudden was a striking change in the public's attitude about whether the country is headed in the right direction. Pollsters ask this question frequently, and for months a majority or large minority in most surveys had said, yes, things are on the right track. Then came the killing of 13 stu-

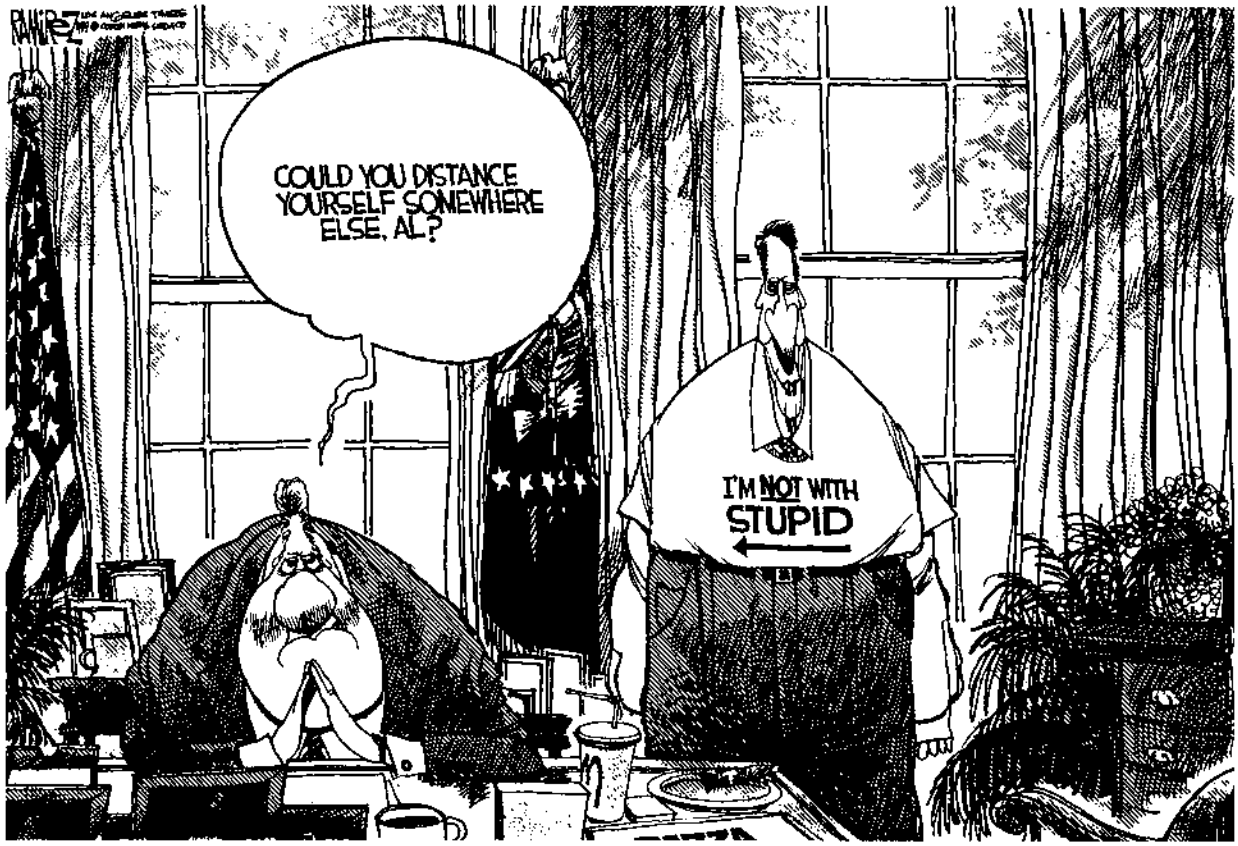
dents at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, by two of their classmates. That occurred on April 20. Polls by Wirthlin Worldwide captured the near-instantaneous change: from 49-44 percent wrong direction on April 12 to 60-32 percent wrong track on April 26. Other polls caught the same change, though over a longer period. A survey by EPIC/MRA found the 51-37 percent right-direction majority last year had shifted to a 47-41 percent wrong-track majority by early May.

This poll question is especially significant because it often previews the outcome of the presidential election. If people feel the country has veered off on the wrong track, they're more likely to vote for the candidate of the non-incumbent party, which in 2000 means a Republican. A second question frequently points to how House races will turn out. The question: If the election were held today, would you vote for a Republican or Democrat for Congress? Republicans had been trailing badly in most polls on this so-called generic ballot question. They were behind 49-39 percent in a *Washington Post* survey last January. But in the bipartisan Battleground 2000 survey in early June, they reached parity with Democrats at 39-39 percent. And in an internal GOP poll, the 46-39 percent Democratic lead in January had shrunk to 40-39 percent in May. Republicans believe that if they're even with Democrats on the generic question, they'll really be ahead. Why? Simply because, historically, they've underpolled on this question.

Clinton figures mightily in all this. When Republicans tried to drive him from office, they suffered. Clinton and his allies turned both congressional Republicans and independent counsel Kenneth Starr into villains. By the end of the impeachment process in February, Republicans were 4 to 8 points down on the generic question in most polls. Now, however, Clinton stands alone, with his favorite targets either gone (former House speaker Newt Gingrich) or about to leave (Starr). Even voters who opposed impeachment "will not forget" what the Monica Lewinsky scandal and the impeachment debate "said about his honesty and integrity," said Republican pollster Ed Goeas. "Voter approval of Bill Clinton is as low today as it has ever been"—in Battleground 2000, 67 percent said they disapproved of Clinton as a person. In other words, impeachment ultimately didn't hurt Republicans but helped.

The chief victim is Vice President Al Gore. The wrong-track verdict is a judgment on the incumbent party, which he represents. A breakdown of the tally on the country's direction shows that most who say it's on the wrong track are backing Texas governor George W. Bush and most who say it's on the right track are backing Gore. Also, there's a growing sense that Littleton could play the role in the 2000 election that the Oklahoma City bombing did in 1996. It was that bombing which allowed Clinton and the media to tie militias and anti-government extremism to Republicans, and propelled him to reelection. Now, in a less obvious way, Littleton has aided Republicans, notably in the resulting emphasis on values.

And it's the values debate, not squabbles over gun



Michael Ramirez

control and new programs, that is paramount. In the Democratic commentary on the Battleground 2000 survey, Celinda Lake and Vicki Shabo noted that Democrats have an advantage on issues such as education, Social Security, and health care, but that "values wipes out most of those advantages." Democratic hopes of taking control of the House "may rest on the ability of candidates to communicate with voters in value-based terms." And this is something that Republicans do better.

One reason they do was suggested by the surprising finding of still another poll. This one, conducted for CNN and *USA Today*, found that a large majority of Americans are partial to religious faith, a facet of life Republicans tend to emphasize more than Democrats do. By better than 3 to 1, folks approved of hanging the Ten Commandments in schools, an idea that some Democrats and much of the media sneered at. Sixty-eight percent said creationism should be taught along with evolution. By nearly 4 to 1, Americans said public schools should be available for student religious groups after hours. By 5 to 1, they backed prayers at graduation ceremonies.

Despite the encouraging poll numbers for Republicans, Lake and Shabo cautioned against excessive GOP optimism. Republicans might wind up shattered, just as Democrats did in 1988 after the summer of 1987 when optimism ran high. That summer, Gary Hart was the Democratic front-runner; a strong majority wanted the next president to follow different policies from the last; the public felt by a small margin the country was going in the wrong direction; and the president, Ronald Reagan, hovered below 50 percent in job approval. Yet, in 1988, Republicans retained the White House. "In short," Lake and Shabo said, "the summer before an election year is light years away from the election."

DESPITE FAVORABLE POLL NUMBERS FOR REPUBLICANS, THE NEXT YEAR COULD BE SHATTERING, AS IT WAS FOR DEMOCRATS IN 1988.

True. But does anyone think it's remotely possible that George W. could blow up the way Hart did? Bush may turn out to be boring and a weak debater, but he's unlikely to self-destruct. True again, unless the economy falters, there may not be a solid majority demand-

ing new policies, and the wrong-track majority may dissipate. Those trends would help Gore (or Bill Bradley). But there's one type of help the Republican candidate—George Bush the father—got in 1988 that Gore probably won't get in 2000. That's help from the top. From the summer of 1987 on, Reagan's rating rose, and Bush's prospects rose with it. Bush was elected, in effect, to what amounted to a third Reagan term. Asked in a Pew Research poll if they wished Clinton could run for a third term, only 29 percent said yes. Sorry, Al.

*Fred Barnes is executive editor of* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

# DMYTRYK'S HONORABLE MUTINY

## by Stephen Schwartz

EDWARD DMYTRYK HAD IT RIGHT. "When I die," he said, "I know the obits will first read, 'one of Hollywood's Unfriendly Ten,' not director of *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Young Lions*, *Raintree County*, and other films." When Dmytryk died July 1, at 90, the *New York Times* quoted this remark without apparent irony. But the *Times* was kinder than its Southern California counterpart. Ever the house organ for the reigning orthodoxies in Filmland, the *Los Angeles Times* put a knife in the dead man's back. Dmytryk was not just a member of the Hollywood Ten but the only one among them to publicly break with Stalinism. The L.A. paper led with a comment by Joan Scott, widow of Adrian Scott, a faithful leftist among the Ten and once Edward Dmytryk's creative partner. Her husband, Mrs. Scott said, had "contempt for informers. I hope [Dmytryk] had a bad life."

One might have thought Eddie Dmytryk wouldn't have cared about such things, because Eddie—whom I had the honor of knowing at the end of his life—was a fighter. He made movies about tests of will between men—the kind of pictures liberals were supposed to love, exposing the abuses of power that can occur even in worthy institutions. Had the Communist party been what it claimed to be—a movement to rescue humanity from injustice—Eddie Dmytryk would have been loyal to it to the end.

Eddie, too, hated informers. The difference between him and Scott was that Eddie hated most of all the agents of the Soviet secret police who informed to Moscow on anti-Communist liberals. These agents included members of the Hollywood Ten, as well as Bertolt Brecht and other luminaries of Hollywood's "Little Kremlin." This is now public knowledge, thanks to the Venona intercepts of secret KGB communications published by the National Security Agency in the last three years. But Eddie knew it back then—knew he himself had been used by Stalin's spies—and did something about it.

For most readers today, the Hollywood Ten is a phrase without much context, so it's worth rehearsing the history. In 1947 the House Un-American Activities Committee—spurred by really shocking evidence of Soviet spy activity in the film community supplied to the committee by the FBI—subpoenaed 19 prominent

AP/Wide World Photos

*Edward Dmytryk, testifying to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, 1951*

cinema Stalinists to testify in Washington. All 19 were activists. The first 10, Dmytryk included, made such a free-for-all of the hearing that they landed in jail for contempt of Congress.

Dmytryk, who had stood up for the party even though no longer a member, pulled six months in a federal prison camp at Mill Point, W. Va. During his confinement, his thinking changed, and by the end of four months, the knowledge that he had sacrificed himself for Stalin was intolerable to him. "I wanted out of my real imprisonment," he later wrote, "my association with the Hollywood Ten and my publicly perceived ties with the Communist Party."

So he went back to the committee and described the Stalinist conspiracy as he knew it. He refused to join those who, in refusing to testify, demonstrated their belief that, as he put it, "one must allow a seditious Party to destroy one's country rather than expose the men or women who *are* the Party. In other words, naming names is a greater crime than subversion." He went on, "That's what I call the 'Mafia Syndrome,' and I find no shame or indignity in rejecting it."

Because Dmytryk saw the Communists for the gangsters they were, a generation before this was politically acceptable, he suffered. He was an object of psychological assault for years, everywhere from academic seminars to Tinseltown nightclubs. Those who remained faithful to the cult of Joseph Vissarionovich, meanwhile, continued to style themselves martyrs for the freedom of the mind.

It hurt him. Who wouldn't it hurt? But he had made great pictures, like *Where Love Has Gone* (1964), with Bette Davis and Susan Hayward. Even as a Hollywood lefty, he made better movies than the rest of the Ten, including *Murder, My Sweet* (1944), the noir classic written by Raymond Chandler, and *Crossfire* (1947), doubtless the best of all the self-consciously "progressive" films of that era. *Crossfire*, which dealt with the murder of a Jew by a racist soldier, included great performances by Robert Ryan, Robert Young, and Robert Mitchum, in addition to assorted dabs of propaganda. Adrian Scott worked with him on it. Eddie was proud of it to his last breath.

I got to know Eddie in 1996 when I asked him to read the manuscript of my book, *From West to East: California and the Making of the American Mind*. I had known two others of the Hollywood Ten, Alvah Bessie and Lester Cole, and found them extraordinarily unappealing. Neither regretted a day in Stalin's service. Dmytryk was the opposite: a real mentor.

He was also brutally honest. "You know, Steve," he told me, "I want to like your book, but it's rough going for me. I care about movies. I don't much care about all these Beatnik poets and their weird behavior."

From the maker of *The Caine Mutiny*, it was a comment to be prized.

***Stephen Schwartz is writing a book on the Kosovo war.***

# Gentleman's C for the GOP

## by Chester E. Finn Jr.

As Bill Clinton roars into action, demagoguing the education issue, he proves he's still a master manipulator of the domestic agenda and that when it comes to schools, he remains more sure-footed and silver-tongued than anyone on Capitol Hill.

This latest installment of the education debate pits the administration's focus-group-tested (and union adored) class-size reduction scheme against an earnest GOP reform proposal called the Teacher Empowerment Act. Having cleared the House education committee on June 30, this bill should reach the House floor in mid summer. It merges several existing programs, giving states and localities greater leeway to spend nearly $2 billion per year to improve student achievement by strengthening teachers. This "teacher empowerment" can take many forms, including training, testing, changes in certification, and even a limited form of vouchers ("Teacher Opportunity Payments" or TOPs) that would allow teachers to choose their own forms of "professional development."

This Republican proposal is generally sound, but not without faults. TOPs, for example, only click in when a school district consistently fails to raise teacher quality through its own programs. In other words, they are more like punishment for bureaucrats than a right for teachers. Another fault: The bill entrusts less than five percent of its funds to states, even though governors' offices and legislative chambers are where most of the energy for reforming U.S. schools is found. Most of the money would keep flowing directly to the school districts, few of which can be called dynamic in terms of leadership or innovation.

One might have expected the bill to ruffle some

feathers, since it practically ignores Clinton's once-cherished Goals 2000 program. But the administration doesn't seem to mind at all. Goals don't poll nearly as well as smaller classes, which have become the new object of the president's transient affections. The popularity of smaller classes enabled the White House to bully Congress last year into okaying the famous "100,000 new teachers" program, which has its own dedicated funding stream. Republicans have had second thoughts ever since, and the Teacher Empowerment Act affords them a chance to undo the mischief.

The new measure still makes districts spend a portion of their teacher dollars on class size reduction. It just doesn't say how much. One dollar, evidently, would suffice. Thus there would no longer be a separate funding stream. Each community would decide whether to spend its federal largesse on more teachers or better ones. Republicans believe, apparently, that simply killing Clinton's effort to reduce class size is too risky; keeping just a remnant of it, however, may prove even riskier.

The president, of course, has been more than happy to oblige Republicans in their request for a rematch on the issue of class size. Here is how he seized the issue in his weekly radio address on June 26:

> I'm pleased to announce that later this week we'll deliver on our promise—with $1.2 billion in grants to help states and local school districts begin hiring the first 30,000 well-trained teachers for the new school year. . . . Now we must finish the job. Unfortunately, there are some in Congress who are backing away from their commitment to reduce class size. Last year, Congress came together across party lines to make this promise to the American people. They should come together again this year to keep it. . . . So, today, again I call on Congress to put politics aside and put our children's future first, and finish the job of hiring 100,000 highly trained teachers. We know smaller classes will help them succeed in school. We know higher-quality teaching will help them succeed. We already have the plan to make it happen if Congress keeps its word.

Note the faux bipartisanship which, at least in education, has come to mean "Republicans are welcome to do things my way." Note, too, the bald claim that placing kids in smaller classes will "help them succeed in school."

That the case against reducing class size is strong may not help Republicans. Indeed, a few days before Clinton spoke, the American Institutes of Research released an appraisal of the first two years of California's ambitious class-shrinking program, launched by former governor Pete Wilson at a cost of some $1.5 billion annually. The results were at best mixed: a tiny boost in pupil achievement accompanied by a falloff in teacher qualifications, an acute classroom shortage, a worrisome shift of veteran teachers from cities to suburbs, little change in instructional practices, and the distraction of educators from other urgent reforms such as California's tough new academic standards and the restoration of phonics-based reading. As the analysts noted, "This 'one size' intervention does not fit all districts equally well. . . . Urban districts, in particular, have been put under considerable stress."

Sean Delonas

Almost every study of class-size reduction has found mixed results attained at a very high cost. The fact is that U.S. class sizes and pupil-teacher ratios have been declining for half a century with nothing to show in return by way of improved achievement. But smaller classes are undeniably popular with parents, nearly all of whom have the gut feeling that Ashley and Matt would fare better with fewer classmates to distract their teachers. Smaller classes are also very popular with teachers and teachers' unions because they mean less work for more teachers.

So Clinton is in political clover. Meanwhile, the congressional leadership has recently unveiled its "Straight A's" initiative (formerly known as "Super Ed Flex"). Straight A's will, if enacted, effect a historic shift in Washington's approach to K-12 education, replacing (for states that select this option) federal micromanagement of schools with federal insistence on stronger academic results. Although watered down in the drafting, it's an important proposal that enjoys the sponsorship of House committee chairman Bill Goodling and the support of House and Senate leaders. The unveiling of Straight A's was brilliantly staged. The sun was shining brightly, kids were cheering from inside a yellow school bus parked nearby, and the Capitol dome was gleaming in the background. Unfortunately, except for Sen. Slade Gorton and Rep. Pete Hoekstra, the Republican legislators announcing this momentous initiative came off looking ill prepared.

They neglected to point out that Straight A's is a profound rebuke to Clinton's hyper-regulatory approach and a fundamental alternative to 35 years of failed federal programs. They didn't stress the bill's shift from inputs to results. And they were quickly put on the defensive by press questions for which they were unprimed, especially queries about whether dollars would be taken from "high need" schools. (Answer: Under Straight A's, states and districts decide where and how to spend the money but the academic gains for which they're accountable must include their neediest kids.)

Even when they have a good education idea and a worthy proposal, congressional Republicans are rhetorically clumsy and palpably afraid they will again be charged with slash-and-burn, anti-kid policies. Which, on cue, is precisely what the White House accuses them of, directly, in pointed comments by President Clinton, Vice President Gore, and education secretary Richard Riley, and indirectly, in tough questions planted with journalists who don't know much about education but are hungry for controversy. Ironically, Republicans have "increased the funding for education over the last three years far more than any Democrat ever did, and yet the Democrats continue to get the credit for it," as the National Education Association's top lobbyist recently said. Thank Clinton's demagoguery and GOP fecklessness.

Unless something changes fairly soon, the protectors of the status quo and their friends in the White House and Congress will continue to prevail. And Clinton and the program-a-day presidential candidate Gore will rack up another sizable win in the political sphere. This will be bad for kids, bad for school reform, and bad for American education.

***Chester E. Finn Jr. is John M. Olin fellow at the Manhattan Institute and president of the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation.***

# The Empress of the Empire State

**By Christopher Caldwell**

*Cooperstown, N.Y.*

She is—as John Denver used to sing—coming home to a place she's never been before. Hillary Rodham Clinton kicked off her "listening tour" of upstate New York on the 900-acre farm of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose Senate seat she hopes to fill when he retires next year. Most of the 250-odd journalists came from Albany or Oneonta on one of the five buses ordered up by Hillary's exploratory committee. But if you happened to have your own car and arrived a couple hours early, you would have seen two of Hillary's campaign volunteers, in white polo shirts and white caps, turning a picturesque old red barn into a cold-drinks stand. They were mixing lemonade in pitchers on a rickety table, and posting clumsily lettered signs that read, "Iced T—Lemonade . . . 25¢." When Hillary's ad guru Mandy Grunwald pulled up in her car, they shared a joke with her.

AP / Wide World Photos

*Candidate Clinton in upstate New York*

*Nice of them to have drinks for us*, you'd've thought. But nope—they wouldn't serve any lemonade for another hour. Not until a handful of 8-to-10-year-old children—cute as buttons and as ethnically diverse as the upstate population would permit—had been rustled up to ladle the stuff out to credulous (or cynical) network cameramen. You could see the way the campaign was thinking: *Write "T" instead of "Tea"—that'll make it look like the kids did it.*

The local color—about two dozen rustics—had been similarly pre-screened and choreographed. Some were outright politicos, like the portly and witty James Wood, who wore a tidy Clark Gable mustache and a blazer jingling with Gore 2000 buttons. Wood is the Democratic chairman of Delaware County, a used car dealer, and chairman of the county council's ethics committee—an irony of which he was charmingly cognizant. But most of the "neighbors" were like Joan Ball. Joan tried to fob herself off as having just blown in on a whimsy, but she let slip that her late husband had been James Wood's political mentor in nearby Delhi (pronounced Del-High). Her son Jim was more forthright—when asked what he thought about the district's liberal Republican congressman Sherwood Boehlert, he admitted having been Boehlert's Democratic opponent for Congress in 1984. ("I got slaughtered," he added.)

There were also a number of protesters carrying "Hillary Go Home" placards. They were blocked by police a mile down the road at Highway 23. Which may have explained, more than any political symbolism, the ultimate rationale for having the kickoff at the Moynihan farm: *It's private property*.

Hillary was actually running her campaign on three tracks upstate: one for the press, one to rally party activists, and one to build mystique among the public. The press part—Hillary's speech at the Moynihan farm—looked like a flop. Her rhetoric veered between embarrassing boilerplate you're supposed to get *other people* to say ("I have been a tireless advocate all my life on behalf of causes I believe in") and giddy, girlish smiley-talk ("I'm excited about it, and I'm really looking forward to it").

But the performance was more disciplined than it looked. Hillary was setting ground rules, and there were three notions she wanted to knock into the press's collective head. First, this whole concept of running for the Senate was to be understood as some-

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one else's idea, and she'd been dragged into it kicking and screaming ("The more people talked to me, and the more I listened, the more comfortable I got . . ."). Second, the press was welcome to ask the "carpetbagger" question—*Where do you get off running for office in a state where you're not even a registered voter?*—until the public ceased to hear it and begged them to drop the issue. Finally, and for exactly the same reason, the press could ask scandal questions, but should never expect to get an answer—ever, ever, ever. (When asked whether she was a political beneficiary of the Lewinsky scandal, she replied, "I'm looking forward to meeting with New Yorkers.") One German television correspondent described her opening speech rather brilliantly as "an appeal for more attention and less scrutiny."

Hence the "listening" tour, the second track of the campaign. If you're listening, you don't have to talk. You don't have to answer hard questions. And the "listening" was all done at tightly controlled discussions (no press questions) with diligently vetted liberal panelists. When a dairy farmer at the Bassett Healthcare Center in Cooperstown described herself as a member of the "agricultural community," you guessed that she was also a member of the Democratic activist community. When she added, "Thank you for bringing a lot of new and fresh ideas into the mix," she removed all doubt.

ONE GERMAN TV CORRESPONDENT DESCRIBED HER OPENING SPEECH BRILLIANTLY AS "AN APPEAL FOR MORE ATTENTION AND LESS SCRUTINY."

This atmosphere left the candidate really comfortable, really poised, throughout the trip. At the Baseball Hall of Fame, some goateed lout kept leaping up and down behind a police line shouting, "Yo! Yo, Hillary! Gimme a hug!" When the hollering grew unignorable, Hillary looked up, smiled, clasped her hands to her own shoulders and said, "Here! How about a virtual hug?" And with the "listening" activists, she showed a sense of humor that her friends have always attested to but that the public has never even seen a glimmer of. When, seconds into an education panel at the SUNY College of Oneonta, cameramen shouted that her microphone was off, she smiled and said purringly, "Well, maybe someone can come turn me on."

But even before such sympathetic audiences, it was a strange sort of listening Hillary was doing. Her "listening" works like satellite transmission. She beams an ideologically loaded suggestion out to a citizen, and when it pings back to earth in identical form, she takes it as an urgent plea for reform. At the Cooperstown health-care panel, Hillary mentioned to a nurse that "when I see the amount of time nurses are spending on paperwork, arguing and fighting the bureaucracy, it's an enormous waste." The nurse replied that the most important task of any nurse was to be by a patient's bedside. Hillary then drew the conclusion that when you see the amount of time nurses are spending on paperwork arguing and fighting the bureaucracy, it's an enormous waste. Listen and learn!

Hillary knows what she wants—and what she wants is the most socially interventionist, antilibertarian politics to have been enunciated by any politician in recent decades. Her America is a world of vicious circles. "All these things are related," she says. "It's my hope we can start thinking about these things in a broader way." For instance, if people have no medical insurance, their emergency costs get covered in higher fees for the insured. "The result," Hillary says, "is we all pay more and more for less and less." Health, in turn, implicates education, because "if you're going to get children off to school, you need healthy parents." And since education is a "bedrock of our democracy," our very survival as a nation is imperiled when people engage in the wrong kind of "parenting."

The politics that results is an unapologetic articulation of the principles in her book *It Takes a Village*. "If the family is not there for kids," Hillary says, "it's really hard to feel comfortable belonging to a larger group." And since "there are a lot of jobs parents can't do by themselves," there is a vital national interest in intensive government intervention at every point of this education-health-parenting loop. To "jump-start" things, you understand, and transform vicious circles into virtuous ones. Hillary's good-government ideal is a particular "early-intervention" program that was launched, conveniently enough, in nearby Elmira. It involves sending social workers on regularly scheduled *preemptive* visits into the homes of children whose parents are deemed to put them "at risk" of wrong parenting. You can imagine the reports: *Father smokes. Mother drank two beers. Father called son a moron.*

Where the trip was a triumph was in Hillary's interaction with the public, track three of the

visit. Hillary's handlers know something others don't, and it ought to be a source of alarm to Rudy Giuliani, Rick Lazio, or whoever runs against her. It's that she drives crowds absolutely berserk.

At Brook's House of Bar-B-Q-s—a local diner that boasts of the "largest indoor barbecue charcoal pit in the east," where a sign urging guests to "Eat It With Your Fingers" hangs between various moose and deer trophies—the crowd experienced something like Beatlemania. It's true that upstaters see celebrities so seldom that they give warm welcomes—whether to Geraldine Ferraro or Reggie Jackson. But this was different, especially for the women. And it was for real. Certainly there were activists among the crowds lined up way into the parking lot. But the waitresses and the housewives who were squealing, muttering *Ohmygod*, quivering, and clapping their hands to their heads were not among them. These were the Marys and Carols and Susans of the world, not the Ariadnes and Alexandras and Zoes. "She's the closest thing we have to Princess Di," one older woman at the counter said earnestly. That was minutes before Hillary blew in. At the next seat over, a tiny 75-year-old woman who'd driven an hour to come to Brook's said with a smile, "She's probably out having a cocktail!" When someone mentioned that Hillary wasn't a big one for cocktails, the old woman said, without irony, "That's right. She's too busy thinking about the children."

Hillary's advisers minimized the press at these "impromptu" events—by canny misdirection if possible, by locking them out if necessary. The pre-trip itinerary the exploratory committee sent to reporters had listed only two events a day; most of the press probably arrived upstate having packed their bathing suits, their tennis racquets, and *A Bar-Hopper's Guide to the Adirondacks*. In the event, Hillary's schedule was as grueling as any day in the last week of a campaign, with tardily scheduled stops at Brook's (no cameras), a storefront Internet employment center (announced in local papers but not to the journos trapped on the press bus), and the Baseball Hall of Fame (camera pool only). But at each of these, Hillary had a cameraman along, doubtless gathering the raw material of ads that months from now will air across the Empire State to leave the impression that Hillary has been mingling with New Yorkers since the days of the Knickerbockers.

Hillary's reckoning seems to be that the state will break down into three parts: First, New York City, where the traditional Democratic base will give

AP / Wide World Photos

*Campaign-trail baby dandling: Hillary does Cooperstown.*

her a solid victory—and black outrage over the Amadou Diallo slaying will produce an electoral shellacking if Mayor Giuliani gets the nomination. Second, the suburbs, which will resemble recent national elections in that the two parties will split the moderates and whoever gets his base more riled up against the other guy's party wins. Third is upstate. If Hillary is starting her campaign here, it's because this is where she thinks the race will be decided. She probably can't win outright in these heavily Republican areas, but if she can keep the race close at all she will be a senator.

How will she do it? At her Oneonta listening session, one of the panelists brought up the problems of rural welfare delivery. "I'm glad you raised that," she said. "I have a lot of firsthand experience with rural poverty." A statistic that Hillary liked to cite was that if upstate New York were a state, it would rank 49th in job creation. As her policy recommendations grew more concrete and detailed, it became clear that Hillary was trying out a daring campaign strategy. To those who had warned her that a Senate run would be tricky because New York ain't Arkansas, she was replying: *Oh, but it is*.

Of course, deindustrialization of the sort upstate New York has gone through in the last four decades is not really the same thing as the time-out-of-mind boondock primitivism of the Ozarks. Economically, at least, New York's problems are more like a milder version of East Germany's. If Hillary presses the Arkansas parallel too insistently, she will alienate voters. Nonetheless, if she's talking about poverty, she has a point. "Basket case" is not an exaggeration of upstate's predicament. In downtown Syracuse, which before the rise of San Diego was the most lopsidedly Republican metropolis in the country, you can drive through block after block of old business district without seeing anybody. In smaller industrial towns like Canajoharie—with its boarded up hairdressers and bowling alleys and restaurants—it looks like it's four o'clock in the morning all day long.

The day Hillary arrived upstate, interim census figures brought more ghastly news. New York has 83 cities with more than 10,000 people. Outside of the New York City metropolis, all but two of them (Oneida and Saratoga Springs) have lost population in the 1990s. Buffalo, which decades ago was the country's eighth-largest city, is now fifty-sixth—and it is still the second-largest city in the state. New York, with the fourth-largest rural population in the country, has quietly reached the point where it is, like Illinois, a one-metropolis polity.

No one is clearing out faster than working-age white males. That makes voting patterns hard for any political consultant to game. You're left with a disgruntled proletariat that forty years ago would be earning enough at General Electric or Studebaker to have a paid-off house and a boat in the yard, and an information-age upper-middle class consisting largely of publicly funded social-service workers. On Wednesday afternoon in Oneonta, outside an office

Hillary was visiting, there was a friendly streetcorner argument between Cathryn James and Ed Palumbo. Cathryn is a politically active caseworker at the Department of Social Services who was bellowing for Hillary. Ed is a 44-year-old who works two jobs, cooking at Wendy's and delivering the local paper door to door by bike (he can't afford a car), who estimates the local unemployment rate at "95 percent" and refers to the candidate as Hillary Rotten Clinton.

The classic way to clobber a liberal upstate is to associate this economic decline with high-tax, business-repelling liberal economic policies pursued from Nelson Rockefeller to Mario Cuomo—and to mobilize the many Eds against the lucky Cathryns. That was the cornerstone of George Pataki's upset win over Cuomo in the 1994 governor's race. The essence of Cuomoism has been to trust the federal government with ever more tax revenue in hopes of getting ever more money for development. The essence of anti-Cuomoism is to show that New York always gets played for a patsy at that game.

One mystery to the whole campaign is therefore that Daniel Patrick Moynihan would be endorsing Hillary in the first place. For the centerpiece of Moynihan's Senate career, particularly since he became ranking Democrat on the Finance Committee, has been to show through rigorous accounting that New York suffers the highest gap of any state between what it sends to Washington and what it gets back. Granted, Moynihan's endorsement was tepid. ("My God, I almost forgot," he said. "I'm here to say that I hope she will go all the way. I mean to go all the way with her. I think she's going to win.") Still, endorsing her at all is evidence that the pitched battle between partisan loyalty and intellectual dispassion that has raged for decades in Moynihan's head has now come to an end—and intellectual dispassion is dragging its dead and wounded from the field.

And yet, Hillary's reference to Moynihan as "the wisest New Yorker" could signal an attempt to break with the legacy of Cuomo, who seems to think he has a political copyright on the adjective "wise." At Moynihan's farm she claimed (dubiously) to have backed her husband's final welfare-reform bill. Breaking with redistributionism would involve neutralizing New York City's blacks with sweet talk—a much harder task than her husband's similar neutralization of the national black leadership. If she can pull it off, though, she'll be free to pursue a more nineties-style politics that is concerned less with redistributing money than with regulating lifestyle.

Giuliani's endorsement of Mario Cuomo in the 1994 governor's race would then come back to haunt him. Conservative Republicans long warned that the big cost of Giuliani's act of treachery was that it sowed skepticism in his own party. But no—the worst of it is that it might be Giuliani, not Hillary, who winds up lashed to Cuomo's government-handout model, leaving the New York mayor with little in Hillary's program to criticize as "too liberal." And Giuliani ought to start losing some sleep over the fact that most of the voters who were sufficiently anti-Hillary to take the day off and march around with signs are not particularly pro-Giuliani. Maureen Somerville, for instance, a pro-life mother of eight who was protesting with friends outside Brook's, has written him off. "He doesn't have my vote," she says. Margaret Hart, a retired senior citizen standing alongside, said, "Mine neither."

> HILLARY'S FATE MAY HAVE LESS TO DO WITH THE NATURE OF HER POLITICS THAN WITH THE NATURE OF HER FAME. HER APPEAL MAY HAVE BECOME KENNEDY-LIKE.

Ultimately, though, Hillary's fate may have less to do with the nature of her politics than with the nature of her fame. All last week, journalists noted that massive crowds turned out wherever she went, even to watch her walk from a limo into an office building—and that the crowds dispersed just as quickly. What does this mean? It is too soon to tell for certain, but there are two possibilities. One is that Hillary has won a kind of cheap celebrity that draws curiosity seekers, that she's a George Murphy or Fred Grandy of our times, and will soon fade from view—whether she can make a credible run for Senate or not.

But it's also quite possible that people are giving vent to a hem-of-her-garment idolatry; that Hillary's Monica-earned martyrdom has cast her in a mythical narrative for the tabloid-reading, soap-opera-watching public that doesn't usually care about politics at all; that her appeal is Kennedy-like, unshakable even in shifting political winds; that she will transform Middle American women into the aggrieved vengeance-seekers that feminists always said they ought to be; that she will reverse the old dynamic of married voting by shaming men into backing her out of fear of what their wives will think. If so, this Senate campaign may be just the beginning of Hillary's transformation into a colossus of American politics. ♦

# Al Gore's Marginal Utility

## *The Administration's Pseudo-Deregulation of Electric Power*

**By Irwin M. Stelzer**

While Congress and the president very publicly squabble over whether to give us back some of our tax money, a sum equal to at least four times next year's non-Social Security surplus is up for grabs in a little-noticed part of the economy. Consumers stand to pocket at least $20 billion, unless Bill Clinton and his energy policy team mess things up—which they are trying mightily to do.

This country's electric utilities, once guaranteed the exclusive right to sell power in their service areas, are beginning to face competition as more and more states open their markets to out-of-area electric companies eager to supply customers, especially the largest ones, with power to keep the lights on, the factories humming, and—of special importance these past few days—the air conditioners converting hot, humid, unbreathable air into a cooler version that makes inhaling a feasible chore.

Most consumers are familiar with the benefits of the deregulation of other sectors of the economy. Grumble all you want to about crowded airports, crowded airplanes, lost luggage, and over-stretched cabin crews. But the fact is that since airfares were deregulated, more and more people have figured out how to wangle fares that enable them to fly to more and more places, be it to visit Granny in her retirement digs in Florida, or to take the kids to Disneyland in California, or—by making a last-minute purchase on the Internet of a seat the airline is frantic to unload—to get to London for a long, theater-intensive weekend on an airline ticket that doesn't cost significantly more than one for the D.C.-N.Y. shuttle.

Grumble, too, about those annoying dinner-time calls inviting you to drop your long-distance telephone company in favor of one offering lower rates and thousands of air miles. But in the end you can now casually call anywhere in the country at affordable rates, as competition has turned a long-distance call into a commodity so cheap that Al Gore can afford to load taxes on your telephone bill to support the spread of his invention, the Internet, to places unwilling to pay for it, without sending bills up to levels sufficiently high to attract consumers' attention.

Now it's electricity's turn. America has been blessed with a highly reliable electricity system, one that with few exceptions has delivered power to anyone who wants it, at any time of the day or night, in any amount. During the recent East Coast heat wave, generators kept ready to meet the tremendous peak load created by air conditioning, and left expensively idle during milder weather, were turned on to keep customers cool and, in the case of the aged ill, alive.

> AMERICA HAS BEEN BLESSED WITH A HIGHLY RELIABLE ELECTRICITY SYSTEM. BUT THE COST HAS BEEN INFLATED BY STATE AND FEDERAL REGULATION.

The industry takes justifiable pride in its ability to provide such a reliable supply of energy. But it is now clear that the cost of this energy has been inflated by state and, to a lesser extent, federal regulation that provides little incentive for utility companies to keep their costs, and hence their charges, down. No matter how alert and well-meaning the state public utility commissions that regulate the industry might be (and not all are alert and well-meaning), and no matter how vigorous the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission has been—those agencies are no substitute for the grinding down of costs by market competition.

But not all states have moved with equal speed to introduce competition, and there remain on the federal statute books laws that seem obsolete given our new understanding that the electric utility industry is not a natural monopoly, at least not in all of its aspects.

The industry is usually divided into three parts: generation, transmission, and distribution. Generation occurs for the most part in large coal and nuclear stations, remote from users, and increasingly in smaller but still noticeably large stations that rely on cleaner

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natural gas for their fuel. The generated electricity is transmitted to central markets over the lines hung from towers that you can't help noticing from train, bus, and car windows as you drive through the countryside (they can be buried only at enormous cost), and then distributed to individual homes by smaller wires that are sometimes strung overhead, like telephone wires, and sometimes run underground.

Historically, these three functions were performed by a single company serving a specified area, in which it was given a monopoly in return for a promise to serve all comers at rates determined by regulators. Lately, it has become apparent that competition is possible in the generating sector, and that so long as each generator has access to customers over the transmission and distribution wires (which remain monopolies for now, as they are difficult to duplicate), customers can be given a choice of power supplier.

Many utilities are thus disintegrating before our very eyes. Some are selling their generating stations to companies that are willing to enter the competitive market and vie for customers, and are concentrating instead on the still-regulated wires business. Others are buying power plants all over the country and peddling the output in competition with other energy entrepreneurs. All without a bit of help from the federal government.

**THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION MAY FEEL COMPELLED TO TALK THE TALK OF FREE MARKETS, BUT IT IS RELUCTANT TO WALK THE WALK.**

But the Clinton administration's inclination to leave well enough alone has definite limits. Enter the Comprehensive Electricity Competition Act, introduced by the administration after much intra-agency brawling. The drafters of the act claim that "the quantifiable potential cost reductions resulting from competition . . . are estimated to exceed $20 billion annually." That's equal to about one-third of last year's budget surplus and comes to considerably more over ten years than Clinton wants to add to spending on education and child care. In short, we are dealing with some very big bucks.

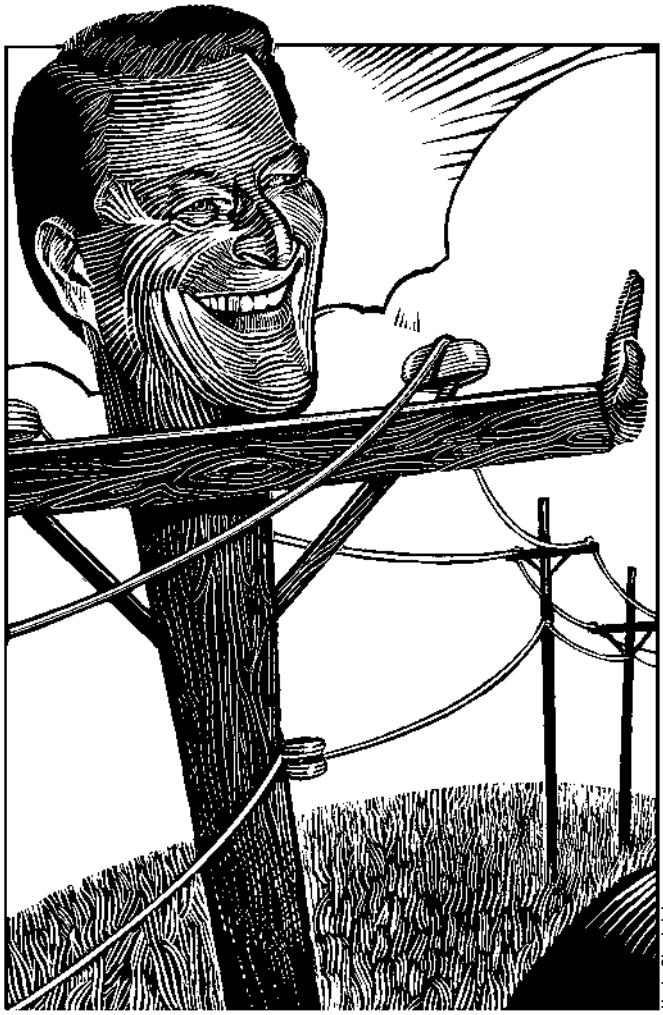
But the pot of money estimated to be available from the greater efficiencies that electric competition will bring will not be put in consumers' pockets by passage of the administration's version of reform. Indeed, that bill is more likely to dilute the benefits of competition than to enhance them.

The good news is that the Clinton bill would at least repeal two bits of legislation that have outlived their purpose. The Public Utility Holding Company Act, passed during the New Deal in response to securities and other abuses by the holding companies of the time, is no longer needed to protect either investors or consumers, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which is responsible for administering it. Worse still, according to Linda Stuntz, deputy secretary of energy during the Bush administration and now in private practice representing some electric utilities, the New Deal regulatory structure is preventing companies from making competitive thrusts into the territories of distant utilities, thereby removing them as a competitive factor in the industry. The administration bill would consign this New Deal fossil to the dustbin of history.

It would also repeal the Public Utility Regulatory Policies Act of 1978, described by the Department of Energy as "a legacy of the energy policy of the 1970s, which attempted to substitute the government's fuel-use and energy conservation judgments for those of the marketplace." PURPA, as it is known in the acronym-ridden world of energy policy, forced utilities to buy power produced from solar generators, waste coal, and on wind farms—sources that were so high cost as to be non-salable in competitive energy markets.

Unfortunately, Clinton's team has not learned that it is expensive for consumers if the government intervenes in these highly competitive markets and tries to pick technological winners. The administration may feel compelled to talk the talk of free markets, but it is reluctant to walk the walk. In deference to Al Gore and his earth-is-warming team, the bill requires electric consumers to pay $3.5 billion per year into a fund that would be distributed to states and tribal governments, on a 50/50 matching basis. The $7 billion in annual subsidies would go towards energy conservation and new technologies that are too expensive to compete in the marketplace, and to low-income consumers. This stealth tax would be reflected in consumers' bills and not directly in their tax payments—rather like the one that Gore has had the FCC add to telephone bills to fund his pet Internet expansion programs.

The administration also has included complicated provisions designed to force the electric companies to triple the portion of their output that comes from solar, wind, geothermal, and biomass—known as "renewable" sources of energy—from a current level of 2.5 percent of national sales to 7.5 percent in 2010-2015. Never mind whether power from these sources can be produced at the same cost as more traditional



Kevin Chadwick

sources; a subsidized market for them will be forced into existence.

Naturally, all of this will require a larger Department of Energy. The agency that gave our nuclear secrets to the Chinese will now turn its talents to telling the electric utilities how to do business. As the Progress & Freedom Foundation notes in a recent analysis, "The Administration's bill requires the Department of Energy to establish new offices, administer new programs, issue new rules, develop new codes of conduct and databases, and undertake new studies." Just in time to provide a home for the Gore acolytes who have been waiting in the wings to tell us what sorts of cars we may drive, how much energy we may have with which to cool and heat our homes, and how much we must curtail our use of energy in order to mitigate what the vice president calls in *Earth in the Balance* the "ferocity of our assault on the earth."

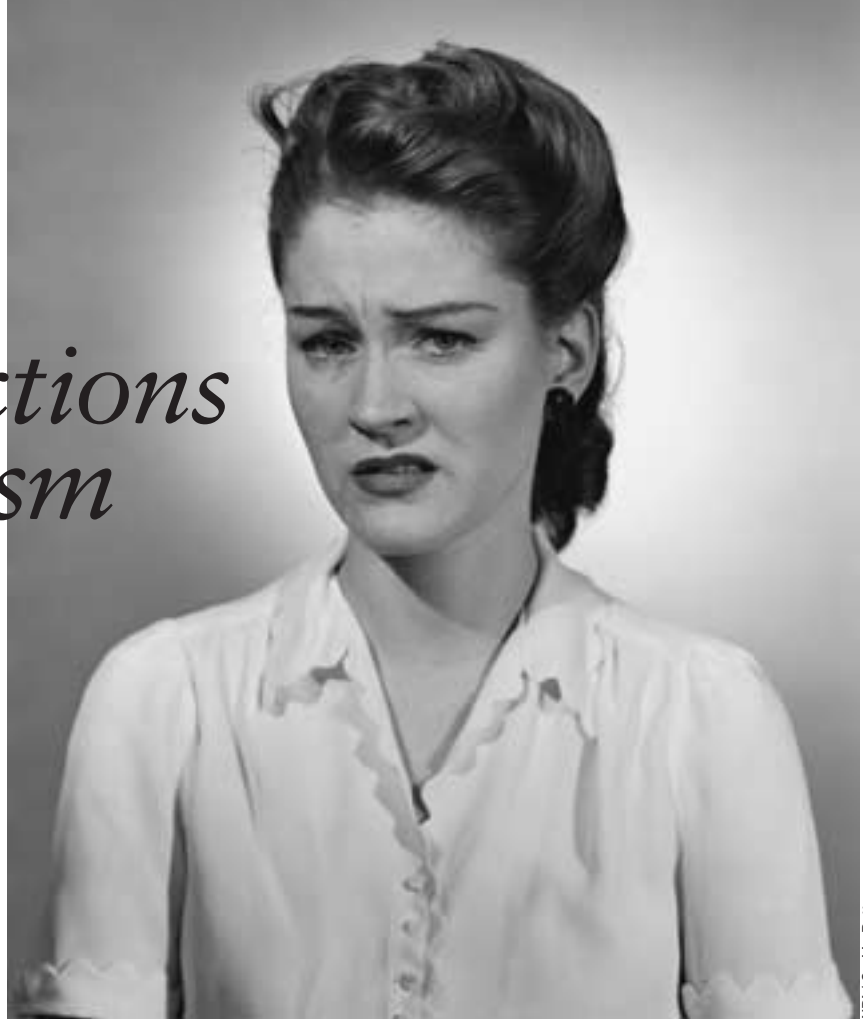
Gore's fingerprints are on another part of the bill. In the Depression, Franklin D. Roosevelt established the Tennessee Valley Authority to bring electricity to the homes of poor farmers in that part of the country. Since then, TVA has grown into a giant power producer, owning 11 coal-fired generating stations, 3 nuclear plants, and 29 hydroelectric facilities. Despite its size and the fact that the area it serves is no longer the basket case it once was, TVA retains the privilege of financing itself at very low rates because of the implicit backing of its securities by the federal government. Naturally, former Tennessee senator Al Gore is fond of TVA, despite the fact that its power plants and hydroelectric dams are no more environmentally benign than those of private-sector companies. So the administration bill contains a provision allowing TVA to sell its cheap, federally subsidized power outside of the region it was originally established to serve, thereby distorting competition by disadvantaging private, tax-paying electric companies.

It is these provisions that make this bill an expensive exercise in government planning and regulation. After all, the administration could simply call for the repeal of the outdated New Deal and 1978 regulations, thereby clearing away two of the main impediments to a fully competitive marketplace. The states could then get on with the job of introducing competition. Stuntz says that her records show some 22 states, containing half of the nation's electric load and 60 percent of its population, have already deregulated electricity markets, or are about to do so. Not perfectly, and not fully, in some cases. But that is what the federal system is all about: 50 laboratories in which varying solutions to complex problems such as electric utility deregulation can be tried.

And what of the states that don't adopt a more competitive framework for their utilities? Sooner or later their large consumers of electricity will begin to cast covetous eyes on the lower rates available in neighboring states and complain of the competitive disadvantage under which they are operating. And consumer groups will begin to pressure state legislators to allow them to share in the bounty that a more competitive and more efficient electric utility industry can generate. The feds would do well to stick to undoing the harm that existing federal legislation does: Repeal the antiquated, even if once serviceable, Public Utility Holding Company Act and the Public Utility Regulatory Policies Act, and allow the states to continue the roll-out of competition. The $20 billion annual benefit to consumers may seem like peanuts to a president trying to buy a place in history by spending the projected budget surplus, but it is real money to the users of electricity. ♦

# The Cultural Contradictions of Feminism

## By Danielle Crittenden



UPI / Corbis-Bettmann

With the 1970s back in fashion—bellbottoms, platform shoes, even Donny and Marie!—it's not surprising that Germaine Greer and her in-your-face, death-to-the-male-power-structure feminism is back, too. And in a big way, with the first print run for her new book, *The Whole Woman*, a hundred thousand copies.

"It's time for women to get angry again," Greer declares, and so she does, scoffing at the young naysayers who insist feminism's work has been done and believe it's time for the women's movement to, in her words, "eff off."

Greer's not ready to eff off, and her book amounts to a 384-page rant against almost everybody and everything: men, large corporations, new girl-power feminists, old flower-power feminists, doctors, lipstick, supermarkets, washing machines, transsexuals, the missionary position, and tongue piercing. Opening the book is like opening a blast furnace. Greer doesn't want to engage her readers; she wants to sear them.

Right at the start, Greer announces that she was forced to write her new book because she couldn't stand hearing that women today could "have it all" and that the feminism of her generation had "gone too far" when it hadn't gone far enough:

> It would have been inexcusable to remain silent. On every side speechless women endure endless hardship, grief, and pain, in a world system that creates billions of losers for every handful of winners. . . . It is a chokingly bitter irony that feminism accomplishes most within the confines of the superpower that grinds the life out of the world's women, makes war on them, and starves their children. The identification of feminism with the United States has dishonored it around the world.

**GERMAINE GREER**
***The Whole Woman***
Knopf, 384 pp., $25

**CATHY YOUNG**
***Ceasefire!***
***Why Women and Men Must Join Forces to Achieve True Equality***
Free Press, 400 pp., $25

Dishonored feminism, she means, not the United States. Reading *The Whole Woman*, I had a sudden, dreadful premonition that we are going to see much more of this literary cane-shaking over the next few years, as unrepentant 1960s radicals pen their "I'm not dead yet!" screeds.

But give Greer this credit: For all her raving, she recognizes something that her mainstream feminist sisters do not. For thirty years, the women's movement has pursued a definition of equality that allows no differences between men and women and urges women to take the same roles as men, in and out of the home. And Greer sees that this has had disastrous consequences. The "gender-blind" approach to equality has only intensified male pressure on women to perform more like men, both sexually and in the workplace, while it's devalued feminine pursuits like motherhood and making a home. "The price of the small advances we have made towards sexual equality has been the denial of femaleness as any kind of a distinguishing character," she writes. "If the future is men and women dwelling as images of each oth-

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*Danielle Crittenden is the author of* What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us: Why Happiness Eludes the Modern Woman, *recently published by Simon & Schuster.*

er in a world unchanged, it is a nightmare."

Greer has similarly little patience for the sexual revolution, observing as bitterly as any conservative that "the sexuality that has been freed is male sexuality" and now "any kind of bizarre behavior is [considered] legitimate if the aim is orgasm." Liberated sexuality also implies widespread abortion, a phenomenon that Greer, almost alone among feminists, does not celebrate as a sign of great independence but deplores as the tragedy it is.

Greer is no Phyllis Schlafly, however, and having made these points, she reverts back to her 1970s default setting. Women should embrace pacifism and socialism. They must eschew any serious entanglements with men. Indeed, they should reject marriage as slavery, and if they want to be mothers they should do it by themselves. They should follow Greer's own example, eventually turning into angry, unencumbered, sixty-year-old women like herself. Indeed, in her final chapter, Greer insists that a truly humane government would support little separatist, female villages of single mothers living communally. Call it "A Hut of One's Own."

That this vision might not appeal to large numbers of women does not trouble Greer. Women's desire for men, their desire for comfort, indeed their desire for flush toilets and convenience stores can be chalked up to the evil influence of Western civilization. Greer is to feminism what the Unabomber is to environmentalism: You get the impression her manuscript was bashed out on a manual typewriter, sent out in a bulky old recycled envelope, and dunked in a bucket of water when it arrived at the publisher's for fear of explosives.

Most of *The Whole Woman* is a diatribe against the ways of the West: patriarchal, soul-destroying, materialistic, oppressive, yadda yadda. For some reason, Greer thinks the third world is less patriarchal, soul-destroying, materialistic, and oppressive, and for much of the book she gushes over any society that dresses in festively colored cloth and goes about barefoot. But unlike other feminists who celebrate the "naturalness" of tribal women, Greer is willing to acknowledge and accept tribal women's embrace of brutal tribal practices. She's even willing to defend female circumcision against such Western practices as the mammogram and the pap smear.

Never mind that if there is one thing modern women should be worshipping at the feet of, it is Western medical science and all those machines that go *ping*: There's something nice about living in an age where there is little chance of dying in childbirth and some chance of beating breast and uterine cancer. But Greer is at least true to her beliefs in the way her less radical sisters are not. Yes, she may be crazy: She complains, among other things, that her inability to find the right kind of pimiento in a supermarket is the fault of oppression by male grocery clerks. But are her musings really any more crazy than the respectable feminist belief that we can live lives identical to men's without compromising ourselves as women or compromising the lives of our children?

GREER WOULD HAVE WOMEN SACRIFICE MEN TO REALIZE THEMSELVES. YOUNG WOULD HAVE WOMEN SACRIFICE THEIR CHILDREN.

These days, even to raise this question is to open oneself up to the charge of being either a radical "difference feminist" like Greer—who views the female sex as irreconcilably at odds with men—or a hopelessly nostalgic traditionalist who wishes to "send women back" to the 1950s. Mainstream feminists now challenge us to "get beyond" our differences. We must accept, they claim, that we live in a changed world in which most women—including most mothers of even very small children—work full-time, either out of necessity or by choice. For these mainstream feminists, the main obstacles that women face today are the shortage of affordable day care and fathers who do their share of the housework and diaper-changing, and such obstacles could be easily overcome if everybody would just stop judging each other and try to get along.

This is the view put forth in numerous books on working motherhood, and most recently by Cathy Young in *Ceasefire!: Why Women and Men Must Join Forces to Achieve True Equality*. Going from Greer's book to Young's is like leaving the chaos and stench of the New York fish market for a meeting with an earnest policy wonk uptown. Where Greer is hysterical, Young is rational; where Greer wildly and carelessly fires off statistics like a child playing with a gun, Young levels hers coolly and accurately; where Greer indulges in sweeping, negative generalizations about men, Young treats the opposite sex with the same respect she requests in return; where Greer speaks of women as helpless dupes of patriarchal civilization, Young speaks of them as equal participants in a free, democratic society.

But in the end, Young proves no less utopian than Greer. The difference is that Greer would have women sacrifice their relations with men in order to realize themselves, while Young would have them sacrifice their relations with their children.

Of course, Young doesn't acknowledge the price of her vision with the same mad gusto as Greer. Greer gleefully admits her readiness to do away with men; I suspect that Young, if buttonholed, would refuse to accept that our children are in any way sacrificed in her view of the world. It's just that children and motherhood don't loom very large in her book; indeed, they hardly loom at all.

Young, a libertarian, has great faith that men and women, if left unregulated by societal prejudice and government interference, can work out their own individual bargains and arrangements in ways pleasing to everyone. This approach sets Young attractively apart from feminists whose vision of a gender-blind society requires heavily coer-

cive measures from the state, whether in the form of affirmative-action programs or "gender-fair" school curriculums that attempt to force boys to be more like girls.

Young, again attractively, is no special pleader for women. She espouses, for instance, the unusually sensible position that if a woman can't lift a fire hose or throw a grenade far enough to avoid blowing herself up, then she shouldn't be employed lifting firehoses or throwing grenades. On the other hand, if a woman shows up who can handle the job, Young would insist that she should be given it.

She takes a similarly neutral view of sexual roles. If some women want to stay home with their kids, that's okay, just as it's okay if other mothers don't want to. She has no trouble with couples who take on more traditional roles in the house, if that's their choice, just as she has no trouble with couples who don't, if that's their choice. Young, good libertarian that she is, believes all policies and laws should be gender-blind, applied equally to men and women, letting the chips fall where they may.

The trouble is where the chips fall. "Can we hammer out a contract that respects physical differences but doesn't victimize men or women?" Young asks. It seems a simple, reasonable request. Yet it is a question that reveals Young's deep-down belief that marriage and motherhood do victimize women. Young imagines that she has carved out a third way between the madness of radical feminism and the strictness of social conservatism. In fact, all she has done is given radical feminism a bath and wiped the flecks of foam from its lips. But the moment her cleaned-up ideology begins to speak, we hear the same old delusions.

Young sees the differences between the sexes as being no more profound than the difference between a short person and a tall one. She grudgingly concedes that there may be some traits inherent in each sex, but only superficial ones—men like to watch football while women prefer the Lifetime channel. What she denies is that our sexual differences have—or should have—any bearing on our dreams, ambitions, roles, and desires as individuals.

This is the sort of denial that has led a generation of women to anguish and disappointment. While women may be leading more varied lives than ever before, their fundamental interests are unchanged. Those interests are rooted

*Germaine Greer*

Knopf

*Cathy Young*

Simon & Schuster

in the roles the vast majority of us eventually assume as wives and mothers, whether we continue to work or not.

Society once recognized and protected such interests through legal and social institutions. But Greer's generation sought to dismantle them, striving to replace women's natural alliance with each other—as defenders of marriage by law and custom—with a new "sisterhood" that regarded women as a political class in opposition to men.

To a great extent, Greer's generation succeeded, but at a steep price. American women hold more positions of power outside the home than they did in previous generations, but they are also more likely to be divorced or never married, more likely to be single mothers, more likely to have an abortion or catch a sexually transmitted disease. We receive more respect at the office but less as mothers. We lead more emancipated sex lives but have sacrificed male commitment. And while we no longer have to look to men for economic support, we can no longer count on it either.

As thousands and thousands of women have painfully had to recognize, they are no less dependent than they were a generation ago; they are just dependent on other things: whether it's the state to provide the income and shelter the fathers of their children won't; or the day-care workers to whom they must now entrust their infants so they can earn a living; or the goodwill of the bosses at the lousy jobs they stick to only for the benefits. This is the reality of women's lives, and it's why Young's third way can't work except in a theoretical exposition between hard covers.

Greer at least understands that both our desire to be mothers and children's need for mothers are not easily "gotten beyond" and haven't been solved by the gender-blind pursuit of equality. She'll take the third world over the third way.

So too the feminist ideologues at the National Organization for Women have figured out that if women are going to pursue lives in every way indistinguishable from men's, then it is going to require the kind of dramatic increase in the reach and ambition of government—the kind of thing that gives libertarians like Young cold sweats. If most men and women are going to work full-time, then we are going to need someone to watch our kids; twenty-four-hour day care is the solution. And since that is very expensive, it will inevitably have to be subsidized by the state for millions of women who won't be able to afford it.

We'll also probably need laws that compel employers to accommodate the everyday events of our children's lives, like parent-teacher conferences and trips to the dentist. And if sex is casual and divorce easy, then we'll need a much larger welfare program to take care of the increasing numbers of abandoned women and their children.

But Young doesn't see the problem, even as it puddles around her feet. Perhaps that's because she takes about as much interest in children as the late W.C. Fields did. She dislikes all the fuss made over them by conservatives and feminists alike. For her, children are only one of many lifestyle choices available to people, and they can easily be sent away for eight, ten, twelve hours a day, no harm done, while mom and dad pursue their fulfilling lives.

I've never met a child who is not willing to go to the mat for his preference for, say, a red cup over a blue one. But in Young's world, they are as cheerfully amenable to being left to the care of strangers as they are to being taken care of at home by mom. In fact, to Young, a child's preference for his mother is exactly like his preference for a red cup: an irrational choice that he can be reasoned out of.

The same goes for a mother's desire to be with her children. It's fine so long as it's convenient. And if it isn't convenient? Well, here Young retreats to the mantra of "choice." She writes dismissively that "deferring to children is hardly a traditional value" and that critics of what she extols as the "dual-career lifestyle" ignore evidence that "two careers need not spell the death of healthy family life."

No, they need not, but it depends on what your meaning of the word "healthy" is and whose "choice" we're talking about. Being put in institutional care from earliest infancy, catching ear infections, and napping and playing according to group schedule, may not be a small child's definition of "healthy" family life. And neither may spending long days with a sitter who regards him as a chore to be dealt with along with the vacuuming. Or, as he grows older, being pawned off in an endless succession of before- and after-school programs that begin with a dawn bus ride and breakfast in a baggie and end after dark with a microwaved meal eaten directly out of the package. Or, when he is older still, being left alone in an empty house to waste hours rotating between television, the Internet, and Nintendo.

That this dual-career lifestyle may be healthy for parents but not their kids is now the subject of countless television specials and magazine stories; it is at the heart of the uproar over high school killings by middle-class children whose own "healthy family life" included parents so unaware that they did not notice their sons were building bombs in the garage. But for Young, it registers not a whit.

Perhaps the best solution for women would be to accept that they have achieved equality with men in every important way. Having had every legal, economic, political, and social impediment removed, we may have at last run up against the impediments—if you wish to call them that—of our sex. To achieve any more, to be able to live the same lives as men, we would actually have to *be* men—and this, I suspect, is not an enticing goal to most women.

Simply trying to sweep our relations with men under the rug, as Greer would have us do, or our relations with children, as Young would, won't help us realize the lives we crave.

There will always be women like Greer who choose radically independent lives for themselves. They just shouldn't assume that vast numbers of women would also prefer a life by themselves to a life with husband and family. Young's notion that we can somehow keep all the perks of modern female life along with all the comforts and satisfactions of traditional family life is equally unsustainable. If there is one lesson from the past thirty years of social change that women can learn, it is that our choices carry consequences, and that we must understand the trade-off of every action we take.

If we want to be heart surgeons or presidents, we may have to accept that we cannot be the mothers we want to be, or our children want us to be, or maybe we shouldn't be mothers at all. If we wish to live for ourselves and think only about ourselves, then we may manage to retain our independence, but little else. ♦

# Clothes Wide Off

## *The Shyness of Nicole Kidman*

**By Andrew Ferguson**

The thing you have to understand about Nicole Kidman is, she's shy. Really shy. And private—this is a woman who jealously guards her privacy, thank you very much. Her husband Tom Cruise is the exact same way. Sometimes, Nicole recently told an interviewer, Tom will go to a party and just stand in the corner and not talk to anybody! That's how shy he is. And other times Nicole will go to a dinner party with Tom and it's full of Tom's friends and Nicole will totally clam up because she's so shy and uncomfortable in front of strangers. You just can't get much shyer than that.

But now Nicole and Tom face one of life's little ironic situations. On the one hand, they're really shy and private. On the other hand, a movie studio recently paid them millions of dollars to take off their clothes and be filmed having sex, and both Tom and Nicole want as many people as possible to spend seven dollars apiece to watch the movie of the two of them having sex. They get a share of the gross receipts, you see. To complicate

*Andrew Ferguson is senior editor of* The Weekly Standard.

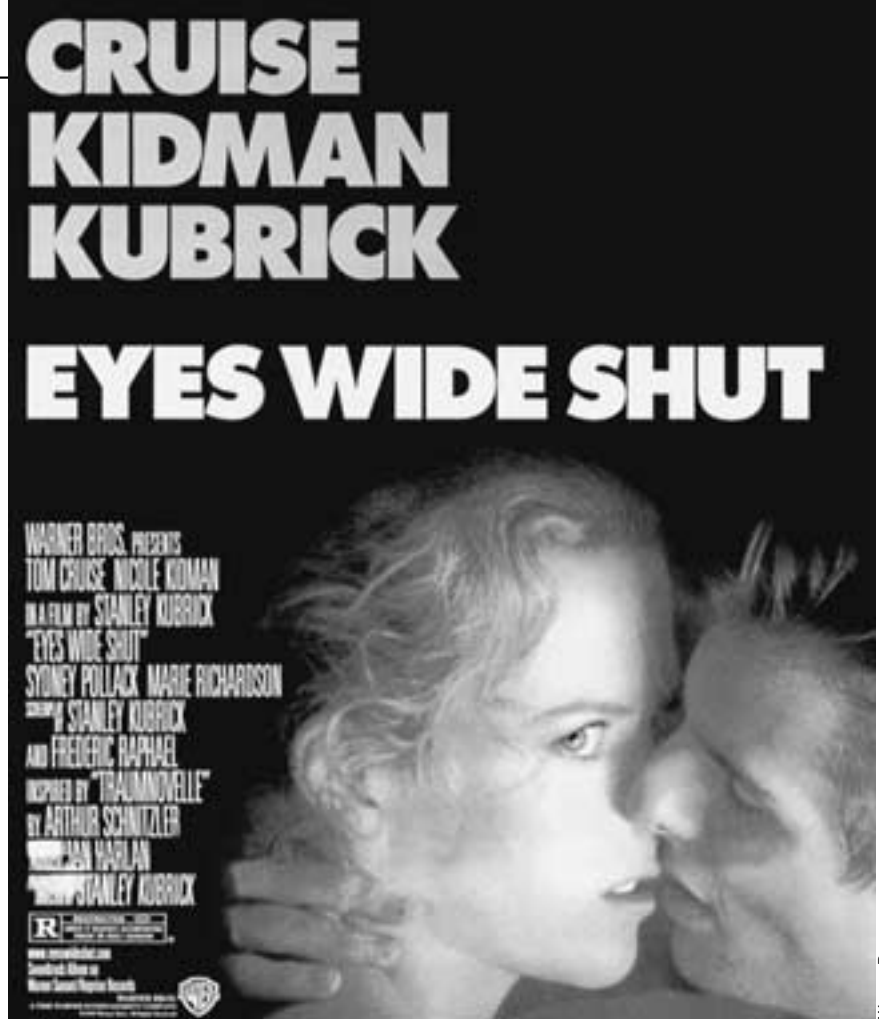
matters further, the moviemaker Stanley Kubrick, who convinced them to take off their clothes and be filmed having sex—not that it took that much convincing, probably—is dead! He croaked! In fact, he died just after he finished editing the movie. Fortunately, he did shoot an advertisement for the film that has been playing in several thousand theaters across the country.

And what does the ad show? Tom and Nicole having sex, of course; not rutting, precisely, but you do see Tom standing naked next to Nicole, while he kisses her neck as if he's trying to peel an artichoke with his teeth. You get two incredibly shy, incredibly private people and pay them to have sex before millions of customers, and you've got the very definition of an ironic situation.

Or what used to be called an ironic situation, anyway. Nowadays it's called *marketing*. And pretty smart marketing, too, for the best kind of marketing is the kind that is, so to speak, invisible, and as far as I know no one has yet drawn attention to the stupendous job Nicole and Tom and (posthumously) Kubrick have done in presenting as a major artistic event what would otherwise be considered, under more traditional understandings, a peep show.

But already it's agreed: The movie *Eyes Wide Shut*, which opens nationwide on July 16, has the potential to be a cinematic watershed, an artistic event wildly anticipated by all thinking people with a refined aesthetic sense, by all people who care about the future of film as an art form, and by all people who want to see Nicole and Tom do it. These are all the same people, by the way.

Apart from its merits as a movie, whatever those may turn out to be, *Eyes Wide Shut* is a final testament to Stanley Kubrick's genius as a promoter. Shortly before his death, Kubrick fashioned the movie's marketing plan to the smallest detail, from the length and scope of the television ad campaign to the contents of press kits mailed to movie critics. This, as much as celluloid, was Kubrick's métier: He was a master of marketing and, just as important, a fastidious self-mythologizer.



Warner Bros.

In a recently published memoir, Frederic Raphael (who co-wrote the movie's screenplay) recalls finding Kubrick alone one afternoon in the living room of his vast mansion, holding a ruler above Indonesian newspapers spread out on the floor. The auteur had been measuring the size of the display ads for one of his movies, to ensure they conformed to the distributors' contract. Kubrick's devotion to the arts of commerce is always ignored, for while in private he fretted and groaned over the profit-and-loss ledgers, he managed publicly to maintain, as no other director has, the image of an artist loftily removed from the contamination of mere money-grubbing.

He did this, first, by making a handful of very good movies, and second, by treating journalists and critics with utter contempt. Like some small children and certain breeds of dogs, hacks in the entertainment field are drawn irresistibly to anyone who despises them. Kubrick refused to grant interviews or sit for photographers and let it be known that he considered popular movie criticism to be amusingly inept. Tactics like these make entertainment journalists drunk with admiration. For all their giddiness, they are self-aware enough to know that someone who ignores them or treats them with revulsion is merely exhibiting good taste. So it was with Kubrick, who, as a consequence, could comb his press clippings from a forty-year career and find scarcely a single unflattering word.

Kubrick's contempt for the hacks of the entertainment press has been roundly confirmed, of course, time and again. Their reaction to the various teases that form his marketing plan for *Eyes Wide Shut* has been everything he could have wished. First he refused to discuss the film publicly while making it; this only inflamed their interest. He "swore his actors to secrecy" about the movie's content; this ensured that it would be the primary subject of all their interviews. Finally he stipulated that the movie not be "pre-screened" for critics until the day before its official opening. Normally, this would make the critics

suspicious, since studios refuse to preview a movie only when they know it's a turkey. But because Kubrick hated them so, the scribes of entertainment journalism are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. *Eyes Wide Shut* is expected to be a masterpiece.

But the glittering crown jewel of Kubrick's marketing plan was the involvement of Tom and Nicole, neither of whom, interestingly enough, seems to be as dumb as the reporters who write about them. *Rolling Stone*, for example, sent an interviewer halfway round the world, to Australia, to interrogate Nicole as part of the promotion for *Eyes Wide Shut*. In the interview, which like most celebrity interviews took place over a nice cup of cappuccino, Nicole mentions how easy it was to film the sex scenes. "As people," Nicole goes on to say, "Tom and I aren't exhibitionists," and there is absolutely no indication that the reporter spat steamed milk the length of the restaurant. Instead, what the reporter did was write sentences like this: "Though Kidman's life has changed dramatically, some things will always stay the same. Like her struggle for simplicity. Any special attention makes her visibly uncomfortable." On the cover is a picture of Nicole, naked from the waist up, wearing hip-hugger suede pants and covering her breasts with a fedora. Poor kid: shy to the end. Kubrick would be delighted. ♦

B&A

# Old King Kohl

## *The Chancellor Who Unified Germany*

**By Victorino Matus**

A journalist once asked Helmut Kohl if he ever spent sleepless nights thinking about history, and the German chancellor responded, "When I get up at night, I'm not thinking about history, but about plundering the refrigerator." At six feet four and over three hundred pounds, he gave an answer that wasn't a surprise.

Indeed, that is the image most Americans have of the man who ruled Germany from 1982 to 1998—sixteen years, the longest tenure of any German leader since Kaiser Wilhelm. Kohl is not remembered for grand speeches or witticisms, but simply as the jolly German giant—a man who, before state dinners, would secretly eat a real dinner in case the official menu lacked substance. According to a former Watergate hotel employee, whenever Kohl was in town, the staff was instructed, "If the man orders a steak, make sure to bring him three." His dinners with Bill Clinton in Georgetown were notorious for the mountains of pasta served.

And yet, there is surely more to the man than that. He didn't accidentally stumble into history or just happen to be there when the Berlin Wall came crumbling down. And in *Helmut Kohl*, the new authorized biography, Henrik Bering makes it his mission to convince us that the chancellor played a pivotal role at the height of the Cold War and thereby truly belongs in the pantheon of great leaders of the postwar era. Bering is the first non-German to take up the chancellor, and his book is welcome, for previous works on Kohl—including his autobiography, Karl Hugo Pruys's *Kohl: Genius of the Present*, and Werner Maser's *Helmut Kohl: The German Chancellor*—were badly translated and received little attention in America.

**HENRIK BERING**
***Helmut Kohl***
Regnery, 262 pp., $27.95

Not a conventional chronological biography but a series of essays on Kohl's influence on the issues critical to Germany, Bering's *Helmut Kohl* concentrates more on the chancellorship and less on Kohl's time as minister-president of his home state, chairman of the state party, employee of the large BASF firm, farmhand working for the Allies, and member of the Hitler Youth. Yet his life before the chancellery is equally fascinating—and equally important.

Kohl was fifteen in 1945 and trained for antiaircraft work. But when World War II ended in May, he and his fellow Hitler Youth members scattered. Foraging the fields near Augsburg, he was caught by Polish forced laborers, who beat him mercilessly and sent him to work on a farm until the Americans allowed him to return to his hometown of Ludwigshafen in the Rhineland, a city lying in ruins. That was the extent of Helmut Kohl's participation in the Third Reich, though his brother was killed by debris from a downed Allied bomber and his father-in-law was the engineer who designed the Nazis' antitank bazooka. In a controversial address before the Israeli Knesset years later, Kohl spoke of his "grace of a late birth" which many took to express his thankfulness for not having had to make difficult decisions like enlisting in the Wehrmacht.

At sixteen, Kohl joined the newly founded Christian Democratic Union led by Konrad Adenauer. He climbed steadily up the party's ladder and at age thirty-nine finally unseated the aging Peter Altmeier as minister-president of the Rhineland-Palatinate province. He was always the upstart, challenging the older generation, many of whom were leaders during the Weimar Republic. As he got older and larger, Kohl became an easy target for his opponents, both from within the party and outside. The jokes ranged from his appetite for *Saumagen* (pig stomach) and *Eisbein* (pig knuckles) to the jowls that eclipsed the knot of his tie, and he was often portrayed as a country boob.

After losing on his first try for the chancellery in 1976, Kohl finally won in 1982 after the breakup of Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrat-Free Democrat coalition. It's hard to recall just how bad conditions were at the time. Ten-

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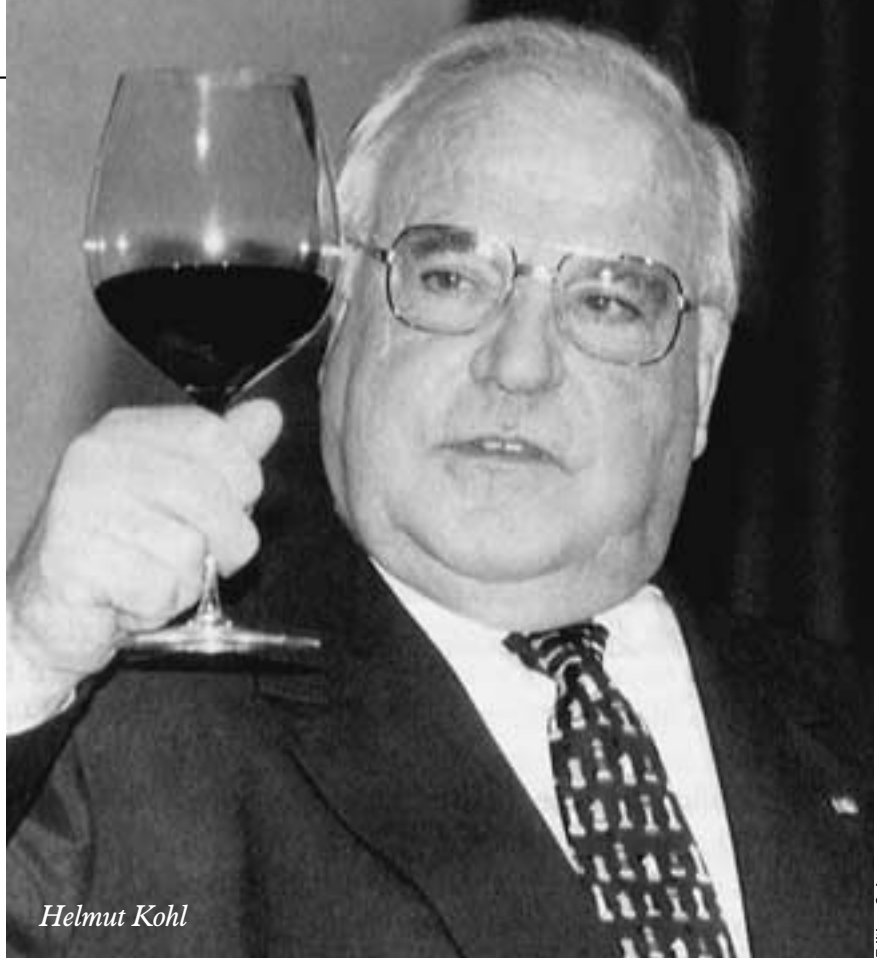
sions between the Federal Republic and its eastern neighbor had reached a breaking point. The Soviets had begun to replace their SS-4s and SS-5s in East Germany with the new SS-20s, each carrying multiple warheads and capable of being launched at a moment's notice. Perceiving this as the serious threat that it was, President Reagan (widely viewed by Germans as an inexperienced cowboy actor) pressed for the stationing in West Germany of American Pershing II medium-range nuclear missiles—much to the dismay of Chancellor Schmidt.

Kohl's rise in Bonn was the turning point in U.S.-German relations. While his predecessor stressed *Ostpolitik* and cooperation with the Soviet Union, Kohl was an Atlanticist. On his first official visit to Washington, he made clear the importance he attached to cooperation with America, much to the relief of the Reagan administration. The decision to deploy the Pershing missiles was wildly unpopular (when Vice President Bush visited West Germany, his motorcade was pelted by rocks). Even before Kohl took office, Brezhnev warned of "walls of fire" and the East German dictator Erich Honecker talked about the coming "ice age." As Bering puts it, "The Soviet game was to cut a wedge between America and its European partners, forcing the latter into a state of weak neutrality and *de facto* Soviet domination."

But the missile deployment in late 1983 did not usher in the apocalypse. And four years later, Reagan and Gorbachev signed a treaty on intermediate-range nuclear forces. Bering quotes Kohl:

> It is my conviction that we would not have achieved German unification if we had not in 1983 started to deploy the middle-range missiles on German soil. Mikhail Gorbachev himself once told me that the steadfastness of NATO in this decision substantially contributed to the new thinking in the Kremlin. The Soviet leadership had to acknowledge that they had no chance of driving a wedge between Europeans and Americans, between Germany and the United States.

Kohl's commitment to cooperation with America shouldn't have come as a surprise. When Reagan asked him if he had a favorite American president, the chancellor picked Harry Truman. Kohl never forgot Truman's efforts to rebuild Germany through the Marshall Plan or the CARE packages that prevented millions of Germans from starving to death.



*Helmut Kohl*

Edition Q, Inc.

The other crucial issue that Kohl faced was reunification. Again, it's hard to remember that just sixteen years ago, many in the West claimed to prefer a divided Germany. Some, like Margaret Thatcher, were wary of a united Germany possessing, in her words, "a Teutonic lust" for reunification without conducting "massive consultations" with the other Allies. (The chancellor and the British prime minister never got along that well; Thatcher was given to lecturing Kohl and fending off his attempts to break in by saying, "Don't interrupt me" and "You talk all the time.") Bering quotes an Italian prime minister as adding, "God save us from the eventuality of German unification." Resistance to unification from within was equally strong. Social Democrats accused Kohl of demagoguery and scoffed at the idea of a united Germany, while Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher, often given to grandstanding, suggested that a position of neutrality was the key to unification and that the country would then act as mediator between East and West.

But Kohl held his ground, and with the events of 1989 and 1990 unfolding too rapidly for either Honecker or the Soviets to contain, the idea of one Germany became reality. And with reunification achieved and Kohl believed to be largely responsible, his reelection to the chancellery in 1990 was easy. The eastern *Länder* voted overwhelmingly for his party, and if Helmut Kohl had retired at that moment, he would be remembered as perhaps the most popular chancellor in German history.

But he decided to press forward and begin the integration of the east, an integration that to date has cost over $130 billion. The East German economy in 1990 was a shambles. Only 25 percent of households had a telephone, strip mines had scarred the countryside, and many towns were simply uninhabitable. The costs of modernizing the east required heavy and unpopular taxes on the population of the west—and then Kohl made the decision to exchange the East German mark at a rate of one to one with the West German mark. The presi-

dent of the Bundesbank, Karl-Otto Pöhl, resigned in protest, warning that the result would be skyrocketing unemployment. (Pöhl was correct: By 1994, unemployment in the east would hover around 35 percent.)

In *Helmut Kohl*, however, Henrik Bering argues that the choice was right. "The decision on the Mark exchange rate was an essential part of Kohl's strategy on unification—to prevent easterners from moving west." Unfortunately, as a political decision, it would cost Kohl his leadership of Germany.

After he barely survived the 1994 election, many assumed that Kohl would shortly hand over power to Wolfgang Schäuble, his former chief of staff and interior minister. But when Schäuble was shot and crippled by a mentally deranged gunman, Kohl was left without a clear successor—while the Social Democrat Gerhard Schröder had the support of a people dissatisfied with rising unemployment and empty promises of "blooming landscapes" in the east. East Germans were particularly enraged at Kohl's newly created privatization agency, which they held responsible for massive layoffs, liquidating 3,500 businesses, and shutting down 190 government-sponsored enterprises.

It was all too much even for a giant of a man like Helmut Kohl to overcome, and in 1998 he was sent packing in the wave of social democratic victories across Europe. But Henrik Bering's new book reminds us of what even many Germans seem to forget: The arms race, the Warsaw Pact, and a people divided against each other no longer pose a threat. And for that, they have, in good part, Helmut Kohl to thank. ♦

PGA

# Missing Links

## *Why Golf's Major Tournaments Are So Hard to Win*

**By Montgomery Brown**

When Gene Sarazen died in May at the age of ninety-seven, the obituaries dutifully noted that "The Squire" was one of only four players to win each of the four major championships of men's golf: the Masters, the U.S. Open, the PGA Championship, and the British Open (which begins again this year on July 15). Sarazen would have been grateful; not long before his death, he told Dick Enberg that winning each of the majors was what he wished to be remembered for.

Winning just one major is hard enough. All of the players in John Feinstein's new book, *The Majors: In Pursuit of Golf's Holy Grail*, attest to the difficulty of playing well in a major and how much harder still it is to play well on the final day if one has a chance to win. Course conditions are always more difficult in the majors, but the main obstacle is simply the intensity of competition. The stakes could hardly be higher. As Feinstein puts it, "Although winning a major championship does not guarantee greatness, not winning guarantees that you will never be considered great. Deep in his heart, every golfer knows this. He knows that there will always be a blank page on his golfing résumé if he doesn't win a major."

**JOHN FEINSTEIN**
***The Majors***
***In Pursuit of Golf's Holy Grail***
Little, Brown, 472 pp., $25

Readers of Sarazen's obituary may have been surprised that he is one of only four golfers—Ben Hogan, Jack Nicklaus, and Gary Player being the other three—to have won "career Grand Slams." But those four tournaments became fixed as the undisputed majors only after Sarazen's playing days were long over. Ben Hogan played in the British Open only once, in 1953, after more than two decades of playing professional golf. (Despite his two major victories that year, he was required to play for two days just to qualify.) After winning the tournament, Hogan never returned to the British Open. Few Americans entered the British Open in those days, because it conflicted with the PGA Championship. In other words, it wasn't even possible to compete in all four majors in the same season.

Today's majors were firmly established as the four premier tournaments with the rise of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus in the early 1960s. As one account has it, Palmer was responsible for establishing the current list of four in the public mind. After winning the Masters and the U.S. Open in 1960, he announced that if he were able to win the British Open and the PGA, he would have captured the Grand Slam. As it turned out, Palmer was never able to win the PGA—the one great disappointment of his career—although he finished second three times.

Many of these anecdotes are contained in Feinstein's book, but *The Majors* is not a history of the Grand Slam events. It is instead a chronicle of the way those four tournaments unfolded in one year, 1998. Feinstein has used this same one-year formula in other books, including the 1995 bestseller *A Good Walk Spoiled: Days and Nights on the PGA Tour*, which remains his best effort.

Since the events recounted in *The Majors* are fresh in the minds of all likely readers, Feinstein concentrates on the lives of a dozen or so key players and little-known aspects of each championship. The profiles, unfortunately, are overdone, which accidentally proves just how make-or-break the majors are. It's not very interesting to read about golfers like Scott McCarron and Dudley Hart who didn't find the stuff to win a major or even come close. The tournament arcana is, strangely, more dramatic. Feinstein delivers a compelling account of just how much control the members of Augusta maintain over the Masters in every respect: ticket sales (who gets

*Montgomery Brown is communications director for the American Enterprise Institute.*

them), access to players (how much, when, and where), negotiations with TV networks (play coverage, commercials, choice of announcers), and so on. But what really saves the book from being simply a detailed rehash of the 1998 majors are Feinstein's descriptions of the psychological turmoil, the ups and downs of tournament play, inflicted on winners and losers alike.

The biggest story of the 1998 majors, and of Feinstein's book, was that of Mark O'Meara, formerly known as "King of the B's" (second-rank players), who threw off the burden of being the best active player never to win a major. After two decades as a professional, O'Meara broke through in the Masters and went on to win the British Open as well.

As interesting as the story of how O'Meara finally got the monkey off his back at Augusta is the account of Nicklaus's performance in the same tournament. At age fifty-eight, Nicklaus stayed within striking distance of the lead through the first three days and then made his move on Sunday. Although he ultimately tied for sixth place, Nicklaus climbed to within two strokes of the lead after playing nine holes, a run that electrified the crowd and sent chills up the spines of his competitors.

All of them were well aware of Nicklaus's record in the majors: eighteen titles in all, six in the Masters. Palmer may be responsible for settling the issue of which tournaments belong in the Grand Slam, but it is Nicklaus who elevated the status of the majors far above all other individual contests. Again, Feinstein has it right when he says that Nicklaus "built his entire year around peaking on four weekends and made no bones about it."

Who will be the next player to join Nicklaus, Sarazen, Hogan, and Player among the ranks of those with a career Grand Slam? The two best players at the moment are clearly Tiger Woods and David Duval, and each has shown both the necessary talent and passion. Both have also played brilliant golf in recent majors, and Woods's still-incomprehensible twelve-shot victory at the 1997 Masters has to count as the most impressive performance ever in a tournament. On the other hand, that is the only major victory either of them has earned. Both players are still quite young, especially Woods who is only twenty-three, so there is plenty of time to see if they have what it takes.

There is little time to see if Tom Watson can join the career Grand Slam club. He needs only a PGA Championship, but he's been short that one title since 1982, and it would be astonishing for him to win it now, at 49, when he is nearly eligible for the senior tour. Speaking of seniors, Ray Floyd is only missing a British Open title to complete his set of major championship trophies. But as with a PGA Championship for Watson, a British Open victory for Floyd would take a miracle.

Sarazen's clique doesn't figure to get less exclusive anytime soon. ♦

These articles appeared in the *New York Times* of July 4 and the *New Yorker* of July 5, 1999.

# Not a Parody



## My Best Friend's Bridal Shower

BY BOB MORRIS

On the night of the shower for Graciela Braslavsky, Andy Cohen was still working through some of the issues that gay men have when a woman they worship gets married. . . . Cohen, a thirty-year-old senior producer at CBS News, who was hosting the bridal shower for gay men only in a friend's East Village duplex, . . . was feeling other things, too: threatened, even by the bride's "incredibly tolerant" fiancé; concerned that the bride's downtown divadom would be dissolved by what he called her "unfathomable lunge into possible domestic bliss"; and alarmed that she had already moved to the Upper East Side. "This is such a mindblower on so many levels," Cohen said with a sigh. Although he was excited about the upcoming wedding in Vermont, Cohen doesn't normally like weddings. "They depress me," he said as his guests arrived. "I usually end up dancing with my mom." . . .

The bride-to-be, an ebullient producer for VH1, arrived with a new Britt Eklund hairdo. . . . The lights were dim, the drinks were stiff, the music was loud, and in the bathroom the toilet seat was up all night. . . . But in most respects it might have been any bridal shower. There were guests who love weddings and guests who hate them, guests in black and guests not in black. . . . The invitation had specified "no gifts bought above Eighteenth Street or having to do with kitchens or bathrooms or china," but the admonishment hardly seemed necessary. . . .

The bride, who is registered at Bergdorf Goodman and Trash and Vaudeville, looked up and asked, "Hey, who's keeping a list for my thank-you notes?" Nobody, but by then it was too late to worry about anything, even two female crashers who had come in around midnight and were getting drinks at the bar. "Should I throw them out?" Cohen asked the guest of honor. "No, I'm open," Braslavsky told him. . . .

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## At a Wedding, It's Still Not In to Be Out

By BOB MORRIS

Marriage, of course—from Romeo and Juliet, Henry VIII and the Duke of Windsor to Dennis Rodman and Adam Sandler in "The Wedding Singer"—is a frequent source of trauma, and wedding anxiety is a nondiscriminatory phenomenon that crosses religious and sexual lines. But for gay men and women, the quintessential rite of heterosexual life presents a unique set of anxieties. . . .

"For gay people, weddings are always a reminder of being outsiders," said Charles Silverstein, an Upper West Side psychologist and the author of several books about homosexuality. "Even when people are welcoming, as they usually are these days, weddings can be extremely alienating experiences. They raise all sorts of ambivalence and take on a meaning far greater than any party ever should." . . .

In modern society, in fact, from Oscar Wilde to Isaac Mizrahi, gay people have often developed senses of humor as defense mechanisms, making them particularly entertaining as hosts and guests. They are often called upon at weddings to serve as toastmasters, or to offer last-minute style tips about the bride's bouquet or the bridegroom's mother's shade of lipstick. "It always seems to be our job to loosen things up and provide a spark," said Ted Kruckel, a press agent, who also believes that gay men buy the best presents. . . . "And of course, we're needed. I often find myself being asked to make a toast that will be a nice tonic to the tedium of the proceedings." . . .

Ultimately, for all their resentment and paranoia (not always justified), many gay people know that weddings are a trial that everyone must bear, gay and straight. . . .