SPECIAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION ISSUE

the weekly Standard

AUGUST 21, 2000 $3.95

PLUS: A Tale of Two Mayors
MICHAEL BARONE
FRED SIEGEL

Where's the Party?

Arkes • Barnes
Caldwell • Emery
Ferguson • Labash
Lindberg • O'Rourke
Rees • Tell…& more!

Contents

August 21, 2000 • Volume 5, Number 46

Articles

Cover: C. F. Payne

Features

Books & Arts

the weekly Standard

THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly (except the second week in April, the second week in July, the last week in August, and the first week in January) by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-303-776-3605 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. THE WEEKLY STANDARD Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is 1-202-293-4900. Advertising Production: Call Ian Slatter 1-202-496-3354.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

www.weeklystandard.com

The Fox Butterfield Follies

THE SCRAPBOOK's e-mail inbox (scrapbook@weeklystandard.com) was filled to overflowing last week by readers calling attention to Fox Butterfield's *New York Times* article on incarceration rates in America. As longtime readers of this page know, this has become a regular event, rather like the return of the swallows to Capistrano.

Each time the Justice Department releases a study showing America's prison population increasing, Butterfield asks dumbfounded: How can this be? At a time when crime is decreasing! The possibility that more prisoners might mean less crime seems not to occur to him. Though there is progress on that front in his latest piece.

The August 10 headline, much to our delight, shows that tradition is alive and well at the *Times*: "Number in Prison Grows Despite Crime Reduction." It's a bit terse, perhaps; 1997's "Crime Keeps On Falling, but Prisons Keep On Filling" was more poetic; 1998's "Prison Population Growing Although Crime Rate Drops" was more scholarly sounding. (Last year's headline, though, was a complete dud: "Number of Inmates Reaches Record 1.8 Million.")

Since Butterfield doesn't hesitate to repeat himself, THE SCRAPBOOK will do the same. As we noted in 1998, "for most Americans, the dramatic drop in the nation's crime rate has been a piece of pure good news. But at the *New York Times*, it has caused deep intellectual puzzlement. After all, if you subscribe to the old-time liberal religion of 'root causes,' crime rates aren't supposed to go down until poverty and racism are eliminated, and the police have all been taught proper table manners. . . . The idea that locking 'em up might lower crime rates is not even entertained" at the *Times*.

But, as we said, there is progress, even at the *Times*. Deep down in this year's story, we find this concession to common sense: "One major issue that the Justice Department's study did not address was whether there was any relationship between growth in the incarceration rate and the drop in crime. Advocates of tougher prosecution and sentencing say the huge growth in imprisonment, with the incarceration rate quadrupling since 1980, has been largely responsible for the decrease in crime."

Well, there's still a bit of attitude there. But, hey—Butterfield has finally noticed the crux of the issue he's been writing about. That's a start. ♦

The Democrats Flatter Themselves

If the polls are to be believed, the Gore-Lieberman results shouldn't be much affected by anti-Semitism this fall. Gallup has asked voters for decades whether they would pull the lever for someone nominated by their party to be president who is "generally well qualified" and who also happens to be Jewish.

In the most recent such sounding, in February 1999, some 92 percent said they would vote for a Jewish candidate—comparable to the 94 percent who said they would support a Catholic candidate or a Baptist candidate. (But you gotta believe, so to speak: Only 49 percent of voters say they would support a well-qualified atheist.)

But about those 8 percent who say they wouldn't support a Jewish candidate—as far as THE SCRAPBOOK can tell, there is no breakdown of the party affiliation of these voters. Nonetheless, the Gore apparatus was quick to assert that these people probably wouldn't be Democrats. After all, it has been an article of the Democratic faith for years that theirs is the party of tolerance. As Joe Andrew, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, put it: "The people that would be antagonistic towards Joe Lieberman because he's Jewish are not going to vote for Al Gore anyway."

Well, so they might want to imagine. But as it happens, the first and thus far only significant outbreak of hostility to Lieberman has come not from the fever swamps of the American right, but straight from the heart of the Democratic base: the president of the Dallas NAACP, Lee Alcorn. Make that, the former president of the Dallas branch of the NAACP.

Before his summary dismissal from the NAACP, Alcorn went on the radio in Dallas last Monday and unburdened himself: "I'm concerned about, you know, any kind of Jewish candidate, you know. And I'm concerned about the Democratic party. I'm sick of the Democratic party taking the African-American vote for granted. If we get a Jew person, then what I'm wondering is, I mean, what is this movement for, you know? I think we need to be very suspicious of any kind

of partnerships between Jews at that kind of level because we know that their interest primarily has to do with, you know, money and these kinds of things."

Alcorn memorably complained that his comments had been "taken pretty much out of context," and then by way of providing context, he pretty much repeated them to a reporter from the *Dallas Morning News*. He was subsequently drummed out of the organization with admirable dispatch. Although it was front-page news in Dallas, where the story broke, and in the *Los Angeles Times* the next day, this outbreak of hate from within the Gore universe only barely made it into the *New York Times* (page 17) and the *Washington Post* (page 19). Had Alcorn been the regional functionary of a pro-Bush organization—well, let's just say THE SCRAPBOOK can picture the front page headlines. ♦

Yes, This Song Is About You

Democratic songbird Carly Simon, fresh from posting $250,000 bail on behalf of a backup singer who got nabbed with 17 kg of cocaine, was back in the news last week after raising money for another friend: Hillary Clinton. Simon and several other celebrities gathered in early August at the Martha's Vineyard home of Miramax executive and Democratic doughboy Harvey Weinstein to raise money for the first lady's New York senatorial campaign.

Simon, the gossip columnists report, even performed a song she had written for Hillary. Call it "You're not vain enough." The new song's lyrics include the couplet "You are so full of grace; You'll surely win this race" and a refrain that begins with a rousing "Hillary, Hillary, Hillary."

Alas, Simon's rep at Magus Entertainment wasn't able to provide THE SCRAPBOOK with the complete lyrics. Many of the words are not written down, the rep explains, because the song is like "gospel" and Carly Simon is "testifying." Simon was spontaneously bearing witness to the goodness of Hillary Clinton? "Exactly."

If you would like to spontaneously bear witness to the goodness of Hillary Clinton, THE SCRAPBOOK would love to hear from you. E-mail appropriately Carly Simonesque lyrics to scrapbook@weeklystandard.com ♦

A Daily Standard!

Throughout this week, you can go to www.weeklystandard.com for daily updates from THE SCRAPBOOK and the crack reporters and editors of THE WEEKLY STANDARD at the Democratic convention in Los Angeles. ♦

Help Wanted

Contributing editor Charles Krauthammer seeks a research assistant. Send résumé to 1225 19th St., NW, Suite 620, Washington, DC 20036 or e-mail CkrauRA@aol.com. ♦

Casual

Pierre Group

I had come home twenty years too late, my childhood doctor Barbara Spears declared. It was primarily to see my grandmother that I took my wife and daughter back to South Dakota. But while there I put together a dinner with some of my parents' friends from the years we'd lived in Pierre: two or three couples who might tell a few good stories about life in the dry hills that range along the Missouri.

It wasn't to be, Dr. Spears explained, and my mother and father's friends around the table all nodded sagely: The blood had grown thin by the time it reached them, all the great South Dakota characters were gone, my parents' generation had no tales to compare to the tales of their own parents—who had by now mostly passed on.

Of course, not ten minutes later, a lawyer named Bob Hofer began a story about the time he, my father, and Mike McClure were working for the attorney general and living together in Pierre. They'd just won a big case, and, after celebrating, Bob had gone to sleep, only to be awakened by explosions and cheers from the living room. Stumbling out, he found my father and Mike shooting a rifle into a stack of Montgomery-Ward catalogues and taking bets on how many pages the bullets would penetrate.

"What did you do?" Priscilla Schmidt looked up from dinner to ask. And in surprise, Bob answered, "I saw they weren't shooting at me, so I went back to bed." (As a way of easing into some political interviews I did on the trip, I mentioned this story to several people, forgetting what a small state South Dakota is. The governor, a previous governor's sister, a Black Hills lawyer, and a former U.S. senator in Rapid City all promptly launched into their own accounts of those wild days. Mostly the stories involved escapades in college bars, courtroom antics in a state where cattle rustling carried much the same penalty as murder, and the attempt by a bunch of riotous young lawyers to hijack a 1962 Republican convention and get my great-uncle Joe elected to the Senate.)

Still, I knew what Dr. Spears meant—except I thought it was only in my own day that time had run down, only with me that stories had failed.

Perhaps it is simply the human condition, a seeing of one's self from the inside and one's parents from the outside, to believe in the falling away of generations: "Now take away my life, O Lord," Elijah sat beneath a juniper tree and wept, "for I am not better than my fathers."


Darren Gygi

Or perhaps there is something in the Dakota landscape that makes it seem especially so. To drive through that hard country—coming upon each little town with its white houses and carefully planted trees—is to be forced to recognize how much the past cost, for each of those towns was claimed from the prairie, grave by grave. I had breakfast with an old rancher from the hills northwest of Pierre. Once, during a blizzard in the 1940s, the furnace failed, and he had to decide whether to drive his wife and sick baby fifty miles to town. If they stayed, the child would die. If they went, and didn't make it through the blinding snow, they all would die. Each South Dakota generation faced choices that were cleaner and harder than the next generation's, because the consequences were more deadly.

Then again, my life may feel thinner than my parents' because it actually is, my stories weaker because they are. My elementary-school classmate Terry Hipple runs the *Capital Journal* in Pierre, the fourth generation of his family to publish the town's newspaper. And over coffee he joked about how he was reduced to printing advertising inserts while his grandfather had cowed the state legislature with editorials and seen central South Dakota as his personal domain.

But at least Terry still lives in a world that can sustain thick friendships—and thick animosities. Last January, an unpopular local businessman named Robert Parsons, exasperated by the guano, shot a Canada goose on his lawn, a block from the governor's mansion. Parsons was right, of course, that thousands of wild geese ravage Pierre every year. (My own grandfather is partly to blame, having released the first of them to winter on Capitol Lake.) Nonetheless, Parsons was charged for his goosicide with reckless discharge of a firearm and (only in South Dakota) failure to use a shotgun in the hunting of game birds. And for weeks, the *Capital Journal* was filled with gleeful letters about the scandal.

It is the thickness of things—of time measured in generations, forward and back—that my parents had in South Dakota and I lack here in Washington. Whatever we gain in breadth, whatever friendships we form, whatever adventures we have, there is a price: the kind of rootedness that stories have in a world where everyone knows your mother and father. I feel it most when I take my own daughter back to the place she'll never know to call home.

J. Bottum

Correspondence

California's Defenders

Fred Barnes's article about the political relevance of California, in which he makes some sweeping generalizations about Proposition 209—the citizen initiative that ended race and gender preferences—requires a response ("California Doesn't Matter," July 31).

While it is true, as Barnes notes, that the initiative has not swept across the country like the anti-tax revolt started by Prop. 13 in 1978, Prop. 209 did succeed in a much more challenging political environment. As Barnes pointed out, California has become increasingly liberal and Democratic, earning the "Left Coast" moniker from pundits. In that context, the preference bans in California and Washington state are even more remarkable, as the idea has picked up and consistently maintained broad grass-roots appeal in state and national surveys.

Often, as is the case with Prop. 209, citizen initiatives are more significant because of their influence on public dialogue about specific issues than whether they are replicated elsewhere. Without question, Prop. 209 reframed the years-long national debate about "affirmative action." The realization that affirmative action often constitutes a system of "race preferences" and "preferential treatment" is a direct result of the 209 campaign. Although the vote on 209 was a California vote, the debate was a national one, as citizens throughout the nation wrote letters to the editor, spoke out publicly, and attended town hall meetings to weigh in on this issue.

Prop. 209 has helped to expose and underscore the terrible state of public education in America, thereby making it easier to advocate on behalf of much-needed educational reforms, such as providing students with vouchers and other school-choice options.

While President Clinton's race panel, created in response to 209, was ineffective in promoting the honest dialogue America needs, 209 changed fundamentally the way even traditional preference proponents in the media talk about race. National magazines and newspapers opposed to 209 have performed post-preference analyses showing the rest of the country how much California's vote on 209 mattered, resulting in cover stories and headlines such as "The End of Affirmative Action and the Beginning of Something Better: How Diversity Survived Prop. 209 in California" and "When the Playing Field is Level."

Finally, a more significant effect than any other is the fact that 209 has emboldened us to talk openly about the subject of "race" and the crying need to get beyond racial classifications. In addition to giving old-line civil rights groups heartburn and causing them to complain that affirmative action has been vulgarized by being called "race preferences," Prop. 209 has allowed the American people to approach the subject of race much more boldly.

Even Republican presidential nominee George W. Bush, notorious for his aversion to taking positions on ballot measures in his state and elsewhere, has supported the "spirit of 209" by saying "affirmative action is quotas" and we "don't belong in little ethnic and racial boxes."

The seismic shift in attitude and the readiness of the American people to confront an issue that had previously been untouchable is the true measure of Prop. 209's influence, not simply whether other states embrace 209-like initiatives.

Ward Connerly
Chairman
American Civil Rights Institute
Sacramento, CA

Warren and *Marbury*

Daniel J. Silver, in an otherwise sensible review of Lucas Powe's new book on the Warren Court ("Our Robed Masters," July 31), goes seriously off the rails with this sentence in the final paragraph: "Until John Marshall in *Marbury* v. *Madison* arrogated to the Supreme Court the exclusive province of interpreting the Constitution, probably none of the Framers realized what power this independence [provided by judicial life tenure] would entail."

Marbury, a fairly simple case in the end about the limits of the Court's own power, was unchallenged at the time by anyone, even the non-Framer Jefferson, with respect to its now most famous holding: that the federal judiciary is entitled to invalidate certain kinds of congressional acts. Marshall's famous statement that it is the "province and duty" of the Court to "say what the law is" says nothing and implies nothing about an "exclusive" interpretive power. It does not even say or imply that in every case in which the Court might opine that an act of Congress is unconstitutional, its word is the final authority on the subject.

Throughout his 34 years on the bench, Marshall by word and deed held to the principle that the three branches of the national government are each possessed of their own authoritative provinces in interpreting the Constitution.

It was the Warren Court, in the *Cooper* v. *Aaron* case of 1958, that first announced that the Court's rulings are themselves the "supreme law of the land" under Article VI, because (said the Court), *Marbury* had "declared the basic principle that the federal judiciary is supreme in the exposition of the law of the Constitution."

This is a reading of *Marbury* that Marshall would not have accepted without severe qualifications of a sort that every modern justice, including all nine on today's Rehnquist Court, has neglected to consider. Silver appears to accept the view of the Constitution held by the Warren Court that he is otherwise so right to criticize.

Matthew J. Franck
Radford, VA

the weekly Standard

The Meaning of Lieberman

In the fall of 1998, Senator Joseph Lieberman became that rarest thing in the Democratic party: a belated but loud and therefore noteworthy critic of Bill Clinton's entanglement with Monica Lewinsky. Obviously, then, by adding Lieberman to his ticket last week, Gore was attempting "separation" from his controversial patron and mentor: implicitly condemning the "misdeeds" that got Clinton impeached, rather than dismissing those misdeeds as irrelevant to—and therefore consistent with—the health of the presidency as an institution.

Or so last week's conventional thinking had it. Insofar as last week's conventional thinkers weren't distracted (no doubt to the Gore campaign's immense satisfaction) by Joseph Lieberman's religion.

Lieberman is Jewish, you see. But *still* Al Gore embraces him! Announcing his veep pick in Carthage, Tennessee, last Tuesday, Gore allowed as how "Joe and I come from different regions and different religious faiths." But "we believe in a common set of ideals," the vice president generously added. So Gore is prepared to "make history," to "tear down an old wall of division"—to bravely go where no *goy* has gone before. Lieberman himself calls Gore's choice of a Jewish vice president a "miracle," a testament to Gore's "courage and character and fairness."

Hark, ye woe-beset children of Abraham, ye long-oppressed doctors and lawyers and brokers and business chieftains and U.S. senators and editors of the *New York Times*. Break free the chains in your dark, exotic ghetto. Al Gore will be your American Moses. He will part the waters of intolerance and lead you at last to the promised pinnacles of our public life.

All this is nonsense on stilts. And it almost speaks well of him that Gore doesn't much bother to pretend he believes it. Lieberman's Jewishness was inconsequential to Gore's calculations about a running mate, Democratic campaign aides have since freely let on to the newspapers. Bill Clinton, not Pharaoh, was the principal demon to be exorcised, the biggest electoral liability Gore thought had to be addressed. Lieberman was selected because he is a man of honesty and probity. Not like Clinton. Lieberman has decried Clinton's dishonesty and improbity. Not like *Gore* . . . but should not Gore now get credit here by association with Lieberman? And cannot Gore's Clinton albatross thus be removed?

No, actually. Not if the Clinton albatross is correctly conceived.

Joe Lieberman is a right fine fellow, on balance. And a much, much better-than-average man by current political standards; we would never suggest otherwise. He is genuinely civil and genuinely smart. And by appearance and reputation he is large of spirit, too, unusually open to unfamiliar ideas and uncomfortable truths. But it is precisely this last quality—if that's what it is—that gives us pause about Lieberman as a vice presidential candidate this year. At least the way Al Gore means us to perceive Lieberman: as the embodiment of Gore's own, unspoken views about the meaning of last year's impeachment drama.

It is a sad fact of life in modern Washington that a politician can earn himself a name for principle not so much for what he winds up saying and doing when crunch time comes, but merely for how much smoke of "stricken conscience" he throws up beforehand. Joseph Lieberman is well known to have flirted over the years with any number of policy innovations that most other Democrats, Al Gore included, revile: private-market investment of Social Security contributions, for one example, and private-school voucher experiments, for another. Late last week, Lieberman cheerfully and wholly abandoned both ideas—because the Gore campaign demanded it of him. Where Social Security is concerned, in fact, Gore's men appear to have extracted a signed confession and apology from the senator, evocatively titled "My Private Journey Away from Privatization." At the end of the day, obedience to party will out. When Joe Lieberman wrestles with his conscience, it seems, his conscience sometimes loses.

Which is what happened when Lieberman wrestled with the Lewinsky scandal. There Lieberman went further than almost any other member of Congress to prostrate himself before Bill Clinton's assault on the presidency. It might not have looked that way at the time, and Al Gore may not want us to remember it that way during the coming campaign. But it is true nonetheless.

Consider, just for starters, Lieberman's much publicized chastisement of Clinton from the Senate floor in early Sep-

tember 1998. It was a speech entirely devoted to the president's sex life and attendant public lies. Clinton's adulterous dalliance with Lewinsky was "immoral," Lieberman announced. And Clinton's seven-month-long deception about that adultery was "wrong"—because it tended to undercut the lessons American parents wish to teach their children about honesty. But had Clinton's deception also involved multiple felonies, as the mountain of available evidence clearly indicated? Had Clinton obstructed justice up and down the federal court system, and perjured himself to boot? Was Clinton guilty of something more than immorality, in other words, something that might actually disqualify him from further service in the Oval Office? That, Joe Lieberman was unprepared to say: "We do not know enough in fact" to reach such a conclusion.

This was already a laughable claim when Lieberman made it, and it would grow all the more laughable as Clinton's impeachment and trial proceeded. But it was the rhetorical lifeline the president's defenders stuck to like glue, just the same. If they could not bring themselves to declare Clinton altogether innocent, they insisted, at minimum, that his alleged crimes were "not proven." Not proven—and on that basis every Democratic senator, and a handful of Republicans, eventually decided that Bill Clinton was fit to finish his presidential term. No senator who voted to acquit has ever explicitly revealed what all must privately have known: that Clinton was as guilty as the sun is bright, and that they simply did not want or dare to do anything about it.

No senator ever went so far, that is . . . except Joseph Lieberman. After the impeachment trial was concluded, many senators quietly published in the *Congressional Record* lengthy explanations of why they'd voted as they had. Lieberman's explanation was unique. He had wrestled with the matter, don't you know—wrestle, wrestle, wrestle. And after much tribulation, he had acted to preserve Clinton in office, Lieberman wrote, not because the impeachment charges against the president were less than proved, but *despite* the fact that both those charges were very probably *true*. Clinton "made false or misleading statements . . . to a federal grand jury," according to Joseph Lieberman. Clinton's actions likely "had the effect of impeding the discovery of evidence in judicial proceedings." Bill Clinton, in other words, was a felon. And still Lieberman voted to acquit.

So a man may be a criminal—a criminal, no less—and remain president. There, then: That ugly "principle" is what Joseph Lieberman truly stood for during the Clinton scandal that engulfed the nation. And where Lieberman stood . . . well, Al Gore now earnestly wants us to see that he stood there, too. This alone, it seems to us, is reason enough to vote against him.

But, alas, Gore's GOP opponents seem unwilling to call attention to the thing. Having already declared himself, at the Republican National Convention, to have no stake in the partisan battles of recent years, George W. Bush last week went on to declare himself specifically uninterested in any battles we might have had over you know who. When he and his campaign promise to "restore honor and dignity to the White House," Bush told reporters in Schoolcraft, Michigan, on August 5, they do not have Bill Clinton in mind. Bush was quickly seconded in this denial by his press secretary, by his principal political strategist, and by his own vice presidential nominee, Dick Cheney.

Impeachment? The Republican party now holds up its hands in astonished wonderment: What impeachment? "Amnesia with a purpose," we called it last week. We also call it irresponsible. For it is to avoid what should be unavoidable, the gravest question the country should be forced to resolve in this fall's campaign: What exactly is the nature of the presidency in Bill Clinton's dreadful wake?

—David Tell, for the Editors

Praise Al, from Whom All Blessings Flow

The amazing achievements of a lifelong politician, as sung by himself. **BY ANDREW FERGUSON**

AP / Wide World Photos

Carthage, Tenn.

THE POPULATION of Al Gore's hometown seems to fluctuate, depending on who you ask. The *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* says it's 2,400, the local congressman told me it's "about 4,000," and the one native I asked said only, "Not too many." And sure enough, not too many showed up at Carthage Elementary School for a tribute to Al Gore last Wednesday, but this was by design. The event kicked off the vice president's new "Going the Distance Tour" (not to be confused with last month's "Progress and Prosperity Tour," which has passed indelibly into the pages of history).

The day before, at a rally in Nashville, Gore had introduced Joseph Lieberman as his running mate; the rally had generated yards of favorable coverage, not least because Lieberman had opened his remarks with a prayer. And now Gore was bringing him to Carthage for a "Hometown Reunion." "This event," said Gore's campaign in a press release, "will let people see the real Al Gore through the eyes of people who know him well."

Carthage is about 50 miles east of Nashville, tucked in a hollow along the Caney Fork River. Though Gore once represented it in Congress, his relationship with the town is famously tenuous: His mother Pauline lives there, he owns a farm there, and he spent a portion of many summers there as a boy, performing feats of grueling manual labor—plowing hillsides, slopping hogs, pulling stumps—as a "character building" exercise inflicted on him by a sadistic father. No one could blame Al Gore for refusing to go back there, ever, but the exigencies of presidential campaigns call for continuous sacrifice, and so here he was, in a school gym steaming under the blaze of television lights, surrounded by about 150 carefully selected "family, neighbors, and constituents," as the press release put it, some of whom he seemed to recognize.

Later in the day, at a campaign rally in Connecticut, Gore said: "I actually grew up in two places, Washington, D.C., and Carthage, Tennessee. My political life began in Carthage." But seated on a stool next to Lieberman in the center of the gym, Gore spoke more sweepingly: "Everything important in my life started right here in Carthage." Taken together the two statements make an interesting syllogism, with a revealing conclusion: Everything important in Al Gore's life began with his political career. His aides had billed the Hometown Reunion as a kind of biographical event, but if reporters came to Carthage Elementary expecting to hear heartwarming tales of Al's youth from old folks whose children he had babysat, or neighbors whose lawns he had mowed, or pals who had learned to whittle or play the banjo on the banks of the old swimming hole in emulation of their friend Al, they were sorely let down.

"I want you to tell me about this man," Lieberman told the audience, after Gore had introduced him. "I want you to stand up and talk to me about who he is."

And so they did. Gore would point and they would rise. Roving assistants handed them wireless microphones. A pediatrician from Murfreesboro went first. He said that 20 years ago he had traveled to Congressman Gore's town hall meetings to lobby for a federal law requiring child-restraint seats in cars. Gore picked up the story from there. "He force-fed me with charts and facts," the candidate recalled. "So I sponsored the bill, and I, along with another congressman, took the lead."

A woman rose with a story about her son, who was fed a particular kind of infant formula and now suffers from a rare form of cancer. "So now we have federal standards for infant formula," Gore told the audience when she was done. "I want you to know that your experience led this young congressman"—he pressed his finger into his chest—"to write that law."

He pointed again and a man who had received a kidney transplant four months ago began to speak of a national computerized network of organ donors. Chin high, Gore nodded and said, "I held hearings on the need and wrote this law"—here he moved his hand back and forth, as though writing on a chalkboard—"along with some others."

"People in the kidney community want to thank you for that," said the man. Gore nodded again.

Gore pointed and another man rose. He told of how his grandmother's Social Security check had been incorrectly cut off in 1989. "My mom typed up a letter to you," the man said. "I got on my motor scooter and went to your town meeting and handed the letter to you." And *mirabile dictu* (my words, not his) the man received a letter back from Senator Gore, and the

Andrew Ferguson is a senior editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

following week his grandmother got her check, along with back payments she had missed.

Here in the gym, the man held up the letter he had received from Gore in 1989. Gore briskly moved through the audience to retrieve it. He turned and walked it back to Lieberman, and together they gazed at it admiringly, as though it were a recently discovered addition to the Jefferson-Adams correspondence. "In 1989, you went the distance for our family, Mr. Vice President." Gore nodded and handed the letter back to the man.

And so it went. A woman whose farm loans were foreclosed (Congressman Gore helped her get more), another whose neighborhood was chosen to be the site of a hazardous waste dump (Gore made sure it was put in someone else's neighborhood), a man who got a small-business loan, another who got an increase in his student financial aid—one unspectacular instance after another of what Capitol Hill staffers call "constituent service." Al Gore: This is your life.

This is how, anyway, Al Gore himself sees his life: a uniquely effective career, trailing a parade of businesses reborn, farms rescued, lives saved, all thanks to his own strange power. Nothing less should be expected, of course, from the man who "took the initiative in creating" the Internet, "discovered" Love Canal, served as the model for Ryan O'Neal in *Love Story* and—well, the vice president closed the meeting with a reminiscence.

Being in Carthage reminded him, he said, of Hillary Clinton's "wonderful" book, *It Takes A Village*. He recalled how he had brought Bill and Hillary Clinton to Carthage in 1992, after being selected as the vice presidential nominee. "And I remember how I first used that African phrase here, 'It takes a village.'" So now you know where Hillary got her title.

"And I remember, by the way, Joe, that I opened that meeting in Carthage with a prayer, too." He bowed slightly toward Lieberman. "So there's nothing new about that, either." ♦

Mr. Big Mouth

Bill Clinton goes out with a bang. **BY NOEMIE EMERY**

EVER IN SEARCH OF HIS PLACE in the history books, Bill Clinton hit a home run during the Republican convention: first sitting president to say people were *mean to me*; first sitting president to say *nyah nyah* to rivals; first sitting president to accuse an opponent of being too close to his dad. He thereby made his mark in the annals of presidential eloquence: "Four score and seven years ago" (Lincoln); "fear itself" (FDR); "ask not" (JFK); "so's your old man" (Clinton).

Of course, Clinton's attack on George W. Bush—that he needs his father to protect (and elect) him—would have had more punch if Bush weren't running against Albert Gore Jr., a genuine junior—a man who slipped into his father's House seat at 28; into a Senate seat six years later; and has yet to win an election without the sheltering wing of an elder political presence: either *his* father or Clinton. But the attack said less about George or Al than it did about Clinton, who infuses this election with added emotional drama: Is it possible that we are watching a sitting president decompose in front of our eyes?

Clinton himself is a mixed bag for both parties, a man with the strange and unique public standing as the most popular president ever impeached. This is reflected in his poll numbers, which show that large numbers of people still approve of the job he is doing, while a large number don't like *him*. The Republicans' job is to campaign against the latter Clinton, while not riling those who support the first Clinton. The Democrats' job is to support Clinton One, while pretending that Clinton Two doesn't exist. Their job is complicated by the fact that their base (about 30 percent of the voting public) adores Clinton and can't get enough of him; while the rest of the country (the 30 percent that detests him, and the 40 percent that is merely indifferent) wishes he'd shut up and go home. Their ideal solution therefore is to have Clinton speak to the base and at fund-raising galas, and otherwise lie low. His schedule at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles is a perfect reflection of this calculation: lots of partying and fund-raising with VIPs over the weekend, a prime-time appearance on Monday evening when the convention opens, and then he is supposed to disappear.

Gore has at once to hang himself around the neck of Our Greatest President, and to deplore the miscreant. It is a sign of Clinton's eroding political talents that he does not seem to realize this problem exists. He seems to believe that everyone loves him; that he could win if he could only run once more; that people despise all his vile opponents; that he himself is a much-put-upon figure, a heroic defender of constitutional freedoms, a victim of sinister plots.

For a man who seems to believe so in polls—who at times seems to have run his life by them—it must take an

Noemie Emery is a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Illustration by C.F. Payne

act of will to remain indifferent to what they now tell us: that in retrospect, impeachment is becoming more popular; that majorities want him disbarred in the state of Arkansas (where he still has a license to practice law); that near-majorities now would have favored conviction; that only 36 percent would vote for him could he run again. Even during impeachment, when most were against his removal, majorities thought Clinton "had it coming." By the time his trial concluded, the long months of wrangling, the evidence, and even the rawness of his own rabid war room had eroded his moral authority. The silence and boredom that surrounded impeachment showed no love for his critics, but none for him either. People didn't want him thrown out, but not enough to fight for him. Like Rhett Butler, they did not give a damn.

"Is it possible, even conceivable, that you've confused me with that gang of backward children you play tricks on," George Sanders says to Anne Baxter, the sinister actress, in the fabled film classic *All About Eve*. Eve met her match in the still tougher Sanders. Bush and his people now must hope they can continue to play Sanders to Clinton-Gore's Eve.

In this respect, two things about Clinton deserve our attention. First, that he rose by dissecting less tiger-toothed people, who were no match for his partisan wiles. In the primaries in 1992, Clinton had only token resistance. George Bush the elder seemed drained and exhausted. Bob Dole was clueless. The congressional leaders were sitting ducks (as were Linda Tripp and Ken Starr). The second point is that Clinton is so good when countering others that one forgets this is all he can do. His proactive plans—health care, race panels—tend to run into trouble. His coattails are negative. He lost House seats in the 1992 election. His party then lost the House, and the Senate, and hundreds of office holders at local levels two years later. He is partly responsible for having brought in the huge bumper crop of Republican governors, who now govern 70 percent of the American people, and whose approval ratings are much higher than his are. One of these, of course, is George W. Bush.

In some ways, George W. is Clinton's first challenge, the first one he's faced who stands up to his pitching, who can kill him with kindness, and preempt "his" themes. Of course Clinton hates him. He reverses the script. This time, it is Clinton's enemy who is the smoothie and natural, while his chosen surrogates—his wife and his vice president—are the ones with all the charm and finesse of the hard-edged House leaders. Clinton is in a bind: He can't seem to help the klutz who wants to succeed him, and he can't even help his own wife. With all of his retinue—Air Force One, the White House as background, the spin, the aides, the clout, the photo-ops, the egregious partisan meddling by federal agencies—she is still struggling. And not against a superstar like New York's mayor, but against a freshfaced young kid from Long Island. Whatever other pacts he broke, Clinton has always been true to the basic quid pro quo of his marriage: He gives her power, and she bails him out. Now she has bailed him out, and he can't give her power, which no doubt greatly bugs him. He has to lash out at someone, in some manner, in the high noble style for which he is noted: Nyah nyah. Your mother wears army boots. So's your old man.

Clinton has to fear being eclipsed by a rival—named Bush. While his own heir runs with a man who has called him disgusting, Bill has to sit there and grin.

In trying to goad Bush into a tantrum, Clinton is treading a well-traveled field. In a profile of the governor of Texas, the *Washington Post* noted that the key to Bush's victory over Ann Richards was her failure with a similar strategy: She "believed voters ultimately would see Bush as she did—as someone who never accomplished anything on his own, who was riding his father's coattails. She dismissively referred to him as 'Shrub.'" Over and over, she tried to provoke him while he stayed relentlessly civilized. At last, she blew up and called him a "jerk" at a rally. That did it. Bush cruised to a 17 point win.

Bush has a talent for driving his foes to distraction, a priceless political asset. If he could manage to drive Ann Richards bonkers, what can't he do to poor Bill? Clinton has three different woes to disturb his tranquility. He has the trauma of leaving his high public office. He has his suppressed rage over impeachment. He has to fear being eclipsed by a rival, when *he* is the king of the prom. While his heir runs with a man who has called him disgusting, Bill has to sit there and grin.

And so, Bill Clinton's last days in public office look likely to be even stranger than the rest. He will wend his way from rally to rally, tossing out quips to the deeply adoring, who think he is too cute for words. But his heir and his rival will strive to ignore him. Or at least they should try.

Bush seems to have perceived the truth about Clinton: that he lives in a world of his own. His enemies are his best friends, and *he* is his enemy. Attack him head-on, with morals and bombast, and his ratings rocket. Ignore him, and he goes into decline. Support for impeachment rose dramatically when no one discussed it, when no one attacked him, when Clinton was being . . . himself. Now he is being himself more than ever, and the sight is not pretty. The face is becoming more lined. The voice itself is becoming more wheedling. The assumed layers of civilized rectitude—Oxford, Georgetown, the Renaissance wonkery—are peeling away, revealing the soul of the carnival barker, the one that was there all the time. Bush should sit back and let it all happen, looking on with his air of bemused scorn and pity. He should wait for the next time that Bill says something stupid. Ignore him enough and he will. ♦

An Open Letter to the Other Party

Dear Democrats . . .

BY P.J. O'ROURKE

I SUGGEST THAT YOU members of "the party of Jefferson" do something that Jefferson would have done—I don't mean make like Bill Clinton with Sally Hemings—and stop and think for a minute. Why are you a Democrat? Are you a Democrat because you're poor? Poor people vote for Democrats. Rich people vote for Republicans. Do you think the bigwigs in the Democratic party don't know this? So Democrats are great at pushing "poverty programs" through Congress, but when was the last time Al Gore called you with a hot tip on Occidental Petroleum stock?

Are you a Democrat because you're a union member? Then why, after eight years of Bill Clinton, does some Chinese guy in Guangdong province have your job? Besides, union muckety-mucks are as bad as Democratic party pooh-bahs. Notice it's called "organized labor," not "organized you're-the-boss." Have you ever heard your union president say, "Look at the loot we've got in our pension fund and all the swell rackets we're in on with the mob guys—let's just effin' *buy* General Motors"?

Are you a Democrat because you're a woman? Then how come you're married to a Republican? Most women are. Face it, you were afraid that a two-Democrat family might cause the kids to grow up to be liberals. Picture them at 35 still wearing nostril rings and living at home, clomping around the house in Birkenstocks with no job yet except volunteer work on the Nader 2024 campaign.

Are you a Democrat because you're gay? Come on, do you really think Republicans hate gays? You've been to Republican houses. Do they look like they were decorated by Pat Robertson? What are interior design firms going to do with Democrats—go rearrange the bowling trophies? Who appreciates Karl Lagerfeld—Nancy Reagan or Barney Frank? What kind of culture does the UAW sponsor? Imagine *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* sung by the Grand Ole Opry.

Are you a Democrat because you're a union member? Then why, after eight years of Bill Clinton, does some Chinese guy in Guangdong province have your job?

Are you a Democrat because you're part of a minority group? Forget about it. Mexicans, Blacks, Jews, Italians, Irish, Puerto Ricans—you guys hate each other. Become Republican and at least you'll be allowed to admit it—after three drinks. "Wall Street? I'll tell you what's wrong with Wall Street. Ever since that sonofabitch Joe Kennedy, the goddamned shanty Irish have been running Wall Street. Say, Patrick, another G&T and make it snappy. Hey, what's in this? Arrrrrg. . . [*Drops dead.*]" Although even Republicans have to watch their mouths sometimes.

Anyway, don't be fooled by affirmative action. It's just another trick the Democratic party uses to keep you poor even after you get a law *and* a medical degree. Affirmative action makes employers think, "Black woman nuclear physicist? Hah! Probably let her into Harvard 'cause they were looking for a twofer. Bet she got C's in high school practical math. Give her a job in personnel." Meanwhile the same guy is thinking, "Whoa, male, Japanese and Jewish—he must have been *really* good to get into chiropractor school."

You see, it's actually Republicans who favor racial and ethnic diversity. Just look at the people who are cleaning Republican houses, mowing Republican lawns, cooking Republican meals, and caring for Republican children—black, brown, yellow, you-name-it. And every single one of these people is in this country illegally. I mention that in case you are a Democrat because you're a criminal. You'd be a lot better off as a Republican. Republicans know crime. Would you rather swindle corporate shareholders out of billions or knock over a convenience store?

What Americans don't understand about Republicans, and what causes a lot of Americans to continue being Democrats, is that Republicans don't want anybody to become Republican. This is because, in a boom economy like ours, it's already hell trying to get a tee time. And that's why Republicans insult gays, attack feminists (like Sandra Day O'Connor is a Stepford wife), support Confederate flag-flying (as if the slave owners voted for Lincoln), make bigoted remarks, threaten everybody with "law and order," and pretend to love born-again religious lunatics. It's to put you off. It's so that Republicans can take five hours to play a doubles match while half in the bag from afternoon mai tais without some parvenu former Democrat coming up and saying, "Vernon Jordan and I reserved this court."

But I'll tell you a little secret. If you want to join the Republican party, they have to let you in. There's nothing they can do about it. I mean, if Republicans will take Al D'Amato, they'll take anybody. ♦

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

Joe Lieberman, Moralizer

The Democrats' veep nominee has severed talk of morality from moral judgment. **BY HADLEY ARKES**

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO FIRST: Register one Jewish-American who cannot take Joe Lieberman seriously as a man with a steady "moral compass" (as NPR put it)—and who cannot, for a moment, think of voting for him. I'll leave it to my brethren among the Orthodox to testify on the question of whether Lieberman has not in fact been offering an inverted version of Jewish law on matters of the gravest consequence, in particular abortion. Surely, it would require the most exquisite contrivance to insist that a "shabbas goy" insert the farecard in the subway, and yet find in Jewish law the permission to kill a child, with 70 percent of its body outside the birth canal, in a partial-birth abortion. Lieberman, ever straining, voted to uphold the legality of that procedure. All of which raises the intriguing question: Would he vote to protect the child who is 100 percent out, as in the bill before Congress to protect children who *survive* abortions. But if we leave aside that vexing matter, I could speak from the vineyard of moral philosophy to insist that the senator has given a rather diluted, bad name to morality itself. For he has been subtly converting morality into "moralism," the public striking of moral postures, without the substance of moral judgment.

One need not be a hidebound conservative to sniff out this subterfuge. The key was supplied by that most liberal of philosophers, John Stuart Mill, who instructed us long ago on the elementary properties of "moral" judgments. "We call any conduct wrong," Mill said, "or employ some other test of dislike or disparagement, according as we think that the person ought, or ought not, to be punished for it." Not every wrong needs to be reflected in the law, but if people hold back from recognizing a wrong with a serious penalty or sanction, we must doubt that they regard the conduct in question as wrong. It may be something they "dislike," as Mill said, or find distasteful, but not truly wrong.

That simple key may illuminate a large portion of the claim that Lieberman stands as the "moral conscience" of the Senate. In his famous speech rebuking Bill Clinton in September 1998, Lieberman complained that Clinton's conduct created a certain embarrassment in dealing with children, who now seemed to be springing up with "intimate and frequently unseemly sexual questions." Lieberman was deploring and condemning—but what? Wherein was the wrong?

Lieberman found it offensive that Clinton had "extramarital relations with an employee half his age and did so in the vicinity of the Oval Office." But Lieberman was not prepared to restrain or punish, with the law, people who had such affairs with employees half their age. And was he willing even to apply a "social sanction"? Was he willing, that is, even to shun Clinton's company or to end the kind of collaboration that put him into smiling photos, expressing warmth and praise for the president?

Lieberman admitted that the president "made false or misleading statements and took actions which could have had the effect of impeding the discovery of evidence in judicial proceedings." That is to say, he admitted that Clinton was guilty of the charges that were sufficient to drive Richard Nixon from office. And yet, even these charges could not move him finally to draw out the implications of a moral judgment, and vote the only serious sanction at hand, the removal of the president. Lieberman insisted that Clinton's "wrongdoing in this sordid affair does not justify making him the first president to be ousted from office." But Lieberman surely knew that another president had been "ousted" from office. Nixon had resigned, of course, before conviction, but Lieberman knew that if he, as a Democratic senator, had announced his judgment in September 1998, that announcement would have stirred other announcements. And with defections from the party, Clinton could well have resigned. There would have been no need for a conviction. The upshot, however, was this: This notable "moralist" was unwilling to apply, to a president of his own party, the same laws and rules that he had been willing to see applied to Richard Nixon.

In striking contrast with the charges against Clinton, the charges made against Clarence Thomas, during his hearings on confirmation, were sketchy and unsubstantiated. Even if true, they did not reveal any sexual encounters, and it's arguable that they would not have fitted any serious definition of harassment. But by his own account, Lieberman stood awake the night before the vote, straining over

Hadley Arkes is a professor of jurisprudence and American institutions at Amherst College, and a visiting fellow of the Ethics & Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

the moral problem, before he finally cast a vote against confirmation. It would make for an interesting question now: If Clinton were nominated for the Court a few years hence, would it be even clearer to Lieberman now that he could never vote to confirm him?

Lieberman's claim of moral leadership rests in good part on his highly staged pronouncements decrying the vulgarity and debasement of much that passes as entertainment in the "popular" culture. But the hectoring or jawboning of Hollywood may be the clearest example of moral posturing without substance. Lieberman rails against Hollywood, but he scrupulously avoids anything that comes close to censorship or legal restraint. And yet, there is something more liberal and disciplined about the people who are willing to take seriously the case for even a modest form of censorship: They need to put to themselves the question of just what it is that marks the "wrong" in these movies or entertainments. Can they define that wrong with standards clear enough to be defended in a court of law? If not, they are enjoined to preserve a decorous silence, to have the decency of shutting up: Better to say nothing than to strike moral postures without being able to explain what exactly is wrong or to justify any serious measures to restrain it. Lieberman is not a film critic; he would claim to speak only in his role as a legislator, and yet in that role he never takes seriously the prospect of legislating. From a serene distance, he persistently casts moral reproaches, but without having to come to a judgment he could justify in a legal forum.

Lieberman's value to Al Gore was that he could be identified instantly with moral seriousness. That he could foster that impression must be the ultimate tribute to his art, for it has been precisely the achievement of that art that he could seem morally grave without being threatening. And he could bring off that rare performance precisely because his wit has been to serve up moral posturing safely detached from any moral substance. ♦

An Orthodox Liberal

The senator is a more conventional Democrat than you've heard. **BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL**

Al Gore's choice of Connecticut senator Joseph Lieberman as his running mate was so widely hailed for breaking an ethnic barrier that the seeming strategic illogic of it escaped notice. But as last week began, Gore faced problems beyond the power of logic to solve. On one hand, his left-wing base was showing a willingness to migrate to Ralph Nader's Green party, which was running at 6 percent in some polls. On the other, Gore was proving unable to win the hearts of moderate swing voters; independents preferred Bush by 27 points.

To fix either problem seemed to mean making the other worse. Gore could placate Naderites by picking the young North Carolina senator Johnny Edwards, whose background as a trial lawyer makes his interests almost perfectly congruent with those of the environmentalist, product-safety-oriented Greens. Or he could look to the center and pick Lieberman. The risk was that Lieberman—whose

Christopher Caldwell is senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

support of free trade riles the New Democrat left, and whose home-state insurance constituency is permanently at loggerheads with Nader's trial-bar allies—would enrage the Greens and strengthen the rebellious left.

Gore's ideological dismissal of the Naderites was arguably as daring a move as the selection of an Orthodox Jew for a spot on a national ticket. And it will prove a brilliant move as well, if Democrats can succeed in stressing Lieberman's identity (an ethnic pioneer) to leftist voters and his ideology (middle-of-the-road) to centrist ones.

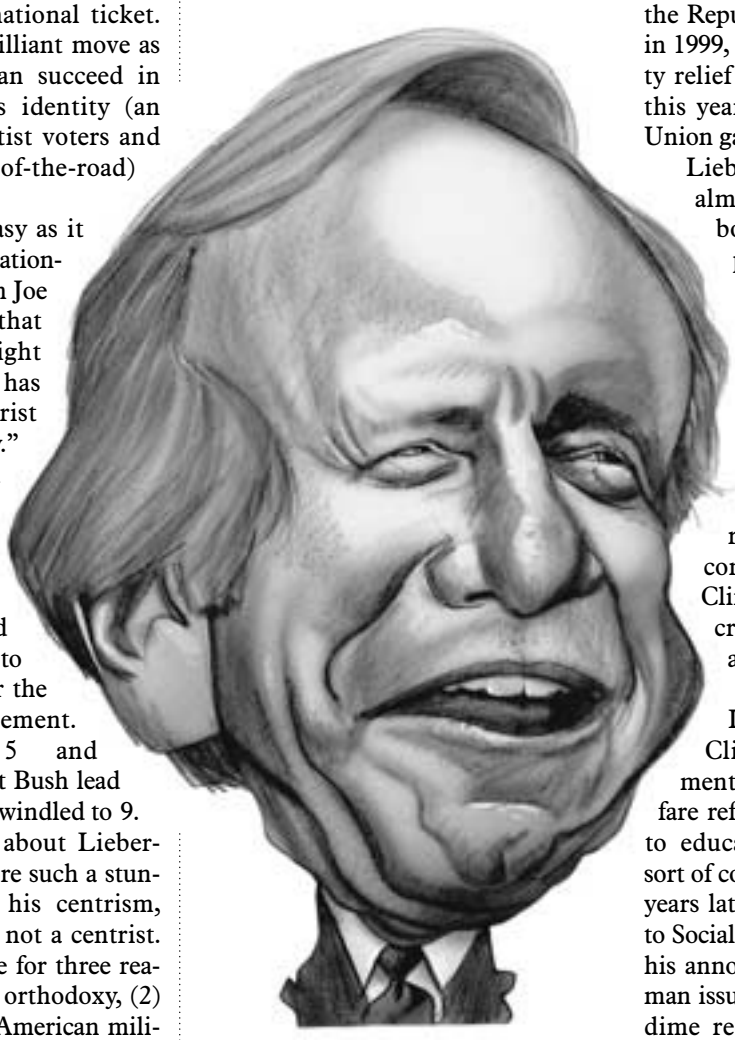
That won't be as easy as it sounds. Democratic National Committee chairman Joe Andrew explained that Lieberman was the right candidate because he has been "a great centrist leader of our party." Lieberman has indeed strengthened Gore down the middle of the electorate. A CNN sounding of registered voters had Bush's lead narrowing to 2 points 24 hours after the Lieberman announcement. Between August 5 and August 7, that 27-point Bush lead among independents dwindled to 9.

But whatever it is about Lieberman that has given Gore such a stunning bump, it's not his centrism, because Lieberman is not a centrist. He is mistaken for one for three reasons: (1) his religious orthodoxy, (2) his willingness to use American military power, and (3) his forthright censure of President Clinton's morality during the Monica Lewinsky scandal.

Lieberman's voting record is remarkably similar to the one Al Gore compiled in the Senate. He, like Gore, was one of 10 senators who boldly broke with their party to back President Bush's commitment of troops in the Gulf War. Like Gore, he supports free trade. On certain foreign-policy issues—such as the Cuban embargo—he has been to Gore's right.

Beyond that, he is a down-the-line, even doctrinaire, liberal. His commitment to protecting the environment is as solid as Gore's. Almost alone among elected politicians, he backed Al Gore's decision to sign the emission-reducing Kyoto accords in 1997.

Lieberman's support for gay rights and abortion on demand is firm, and of longer standing than Gore's. In



1992, Lieberman voted to lift the ban on fetal tissue research. In 1994, he voted to block protesters from access to abortion clinics. In recent years he has voted several times against a ban on partial-birth abortions. In 1996, he supported the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, which sought to amend the Civil Rights Act to protect sexual orientation. After Anita Hill's claims before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Lieberman backed off a prior endorsement of Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas and voted against his confirmation.

On fiscal matters, Lieberman is strongly prejudiced towards high taxes and high spending. After flirting with capital-gains tax cuts in the 1980s, Lieberman voted for the Clinton tax hikes of 1993. He opposed the balanced budget amendment in 1995, the Republicans' $800 billion tax cut in 1999, and both the marriage penalty relief and estate tax repeal earlier this year. The American Taxpayers' Union gave him a *zero* rating for 1999.

Lieberman and Gore are an almost perfect match, in fact, both ideologically and temperamentally. Gore has always been much less open than President Clinton to the Democratic Leadership Council's conservative fiscal and economic policies, and so has Lieberman. Adding the Connecticut senator to the ticket risks revealing it to voters as considerably to the left of the Clinton-Gore ticket that Democrats rode to triumph in 1992 and 1996.

The only area where Lieberman has followed a Clintonite centrism is entitlement reform. He backed the welfare reform bill of 1996, and agreed to educational savings accounts (a sort of compromise voucher plan) two years later. He has been sympathetic to Social Security privatization. But at his announcement last week, Lieberman issued a breathtaking, turn-on-a-dime recantation—even circulating an op-ed attacking the Social Security reforms it was assumed he still supported. Asked about vouchers, he replied, "When President Gore decides, Vice President Lieberman will support him entirely."

The great dowry Lieberman brings to Gore is distance from President Clinton. In a 1998 Senate speech, he denounced the president's conduct in the Lewinsky affair as "immoral." And yet Lieberman took the Clintonite side on every Senate procedural vote throughout the trial and voted to

Illustration by Thomas Fluharty

acquit the president on all counts. Today he tries to soft-pedal his opposition, describing his friendship with the president as "a long friendship, and it's not just the personal friendship, but it's a partnership on ideas and programs that he took into the White House with Al Gore."

There is no doubt that, in a post-Clinton era, Lieberman's morality will be a plus for the campaign. But his *reputation* for morality may be an even bigger plus, backing Gore into corners where the public would like him to be anyway. The first sign came last Wednesday, when the Gore camp threatened to oust California representative Loretta Sanchez from her scheduled Los Angeles convention address if she didn't withdraw her sponsorship of a party to be held at Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion. Indeed, on Thursday, Gore had Sanchez removed from the convention program. Of course, the Democratic party had been perfectly content to see the event organized, whether to thank deep-pocket Democratic donor Christie Hefner or to pay indirect tribute to *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt and other porn moguls. It was their investigations of Republican impeachment advocates, after all, that did so much to create a climate of intimidation during the Lewinsky scandal. But Lieberman gave Gore a perfect opportunity to posture on behalf of family values and to distance himself from the pornography industry which had become the investigative arm of the Democratic party.

Taking a stand against Sanchez shows that the Lieberman pick has already elevated the tone of the campaign. It will render much more credible Gore's attacks on George W. Bush's compassionate conservatism. Those attacks will claim that "compassionate conservatism" is a chimera that will evaporate on closer examination. And they may be right. But for now—if "moderate" means fiscally prudent and "compassion" means using big government to cure social ills—Bush looks considerably more compassionate than Lieberman does moderate. ♦

The Bush Republicans

The old favorites—from term limits to quotas—are gone, with barely a peep. BY FRED BARNES

IN 1994, TERM LIMITS for U.S. senators and congressmen were a prominent item in the Contract With America. Republicans, worried they couldn't get the needed two-thirds of Congress to enact the limits, promised only to bring the issue to a vote. But many were enthusiastic backers of limits that would, as the Contract put it, "replace career politicians with citizen legislators." In 2000, term limits were stripped from the GOP platform adopted at the Republican convention in Philadelphia. Not only that, but the most ostentatious Republican supporter in 1994 of limiting House members to three 2-year terms, Rep. George Nethercutt of Washington, is now running for a fourth term.

The scuttling of term limits, at least at the congressional level, is one of a handful of alterations made to the GOP agenda to bring it in line with George W. Bush's effort to be a "different kind of Republican" and a "compassionate conservative." Some issues, like sharp curbs on immigration, have been dropped because both Bush and GOP leaders see them as politically harmful. Others, such as abandoning the fight to eliminate the Department of Education, have been imposed on the party by Bush. Still other Republican initiatives have simply run out of gas or were never seriously pushed. Among these is the drive to reduce the progressive impact of the federal tax code. The tax cut proposed by Bush and hailed almost universally by Republicans actually makes the code more progressive.

It's not that the guts have been removed from Republicanism. The Bush GOP has preserved core conservative issues: reducing tax rates, building up the military, deploying a missile defense system, reforming Social Security with partial privatization, providing school vouchers, promoting faith-based antipoverty programs. But the modifications are sig-

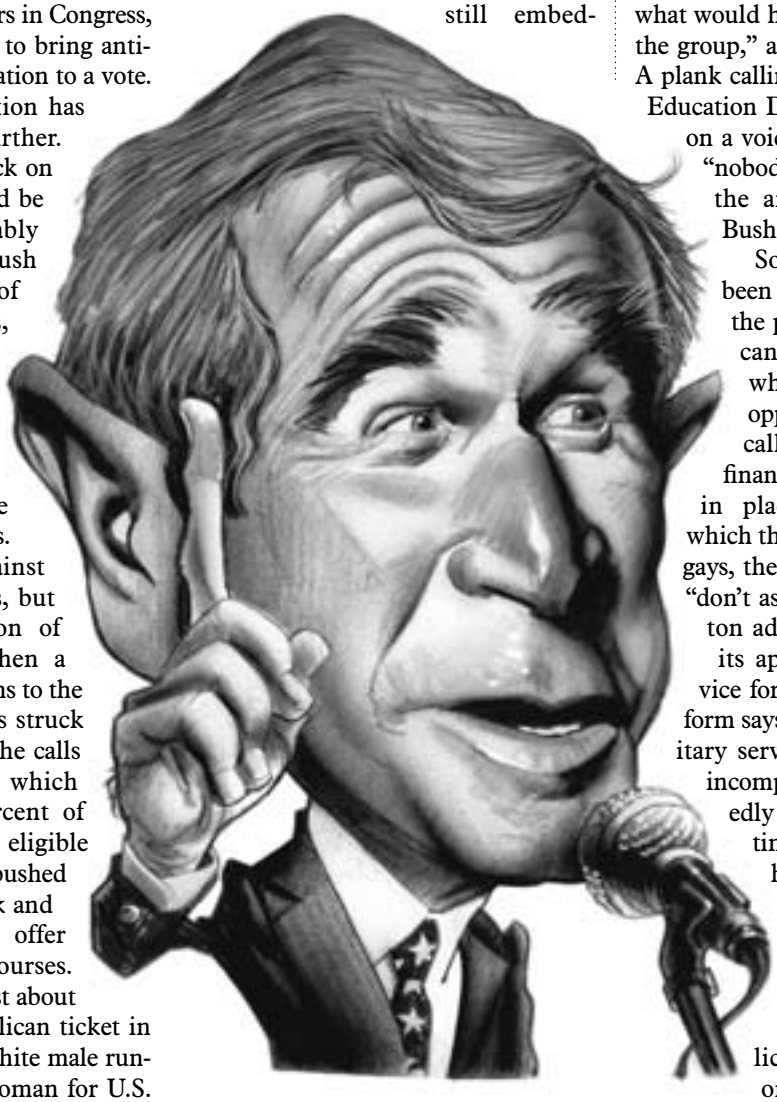
Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD *and co-host of the Fox News Channel's nightly special edition of* The Beltway Boys *at the Democratic National Convention.*

nificant. And what's surprising is how readily most of the changes were accepted by both delegates at the Republican convention and members of the platform committee.

Affirmative action has long been fought by conservative Republicans as a cover for racial quotas and preferences. Republican leaders in Congress, however, have declined to bring anti-affirmative action legislation to a vote. And the GOP convention has moved the party further. From now on, "an attack on affirmative action would be unlikely and probably unwelcome," says a Bush aide. Delegates, most of them conservatives, cheered loudly when affirmative action was defended by Colin Powell. This thrilled the Bush camp, which would rather leave the whole issue to the courts.

Bush himself is against quotas and preferences, but favors his own version of affirmative action. When a quota plan for admissions to the University of Texas was struck down, he backed what he calls "affirmative access," which makes the top 10 percent of every high school class eligible to attend UT. He's also pushed for predominantly black and Hispanic schools to offer advanced placement courses. This year, his aides boast about how diverse the Republican ticket in Texas is. It includes a white male running for president, a woman for U.S. Senate (Kay Bailey Hutchison), a black male for Railroad Commissioner (Michael Williams), and a Hispanic man (Albert Gonzales) for the state supreme court. "We've got a ticket in which white males are the minority," says Bush strategist Karl Rove.

On immigration, Bush has taken the final step away from Republican attempts to restrict immigration, attempts now seen as misbegotten. "He has a far more pro-immigrant policy than the party has had," says a Bush adviser. In 1994, Bush opposed California's Proposition 187, which barred government services for illegal aliens. Now many Republicans believe 187, which passed only to be overruled in court, was a huge political mistake, alienating Hispanic voters. "The shrapnel from that is still embedded in the corpus of the California Republican party," the adviser adds. Bush also has jettisoned the party's opposition to bilingual education and endorsement of English-only laws. He favors bilingualism so long as English is learned by every student.



In Philadelphia, Bush encountered trouble on only one front, his plan to abandon the battle to kill the Education Department and the National Endowment for the Arts. The education subcommittee of the platform committee threw out Bush education items because they implied a large federal role. The Bush camp then successfully pressured the full committee to put the Bush plans back in the platform.

"This was the one case where we actually went to some effort to reverse what would have been the instincts of the group," according to a Bush aide. A plank calling for elimination of the Education Department was defeated on a voice vote. As for the NEA, "nobody was pushing to kill it," the aide says. Certainly the Bush campaign isn't.

Some of the changes have been subtle. Bush has moved the party beyond the Americans with Disabilities Act, which many conservatives oppose. The GOP platform calls for mini-initiatives to finance access for the disabled in places such as churches which the ADA doesn't cover. On gays, the Bush GOP has adopted "don't ask, don't tell"—the Clinton administration policy—as its approach to military service for homosexuals. The platform says homosexuality and military service are "fundamentally incompatible," but Bush pointedly does not repeat that sentiment. On taxes, the party has lurched further away from a flat tax, which not long ago was widely praised by Republicans.

The docility of Republicans in agreeing to drop once-popular issues was especially evident on term limits. "The party isn't against term limits," an aide says. "It's just that nobody cares." Except for Bush, and he wanted no mention of term limits in the platform. "Term limits is not our fight," says Rove. "Bush doesn't feel we need them in Texas." And term limits for Congress is "not central to our program," Rove adds. So term limits simply vanished as a GOP issue, and with scarcely a peep of dissent. ♦

Illustration by Thomas Fluharty

The Bush Democrats

They're not quite everywhere, but there are more of them than you think. **BY MATTHEW REES**

WHEN AL GORE sought the Democratic nomination for president in 1988, three leading members of his Texas steering committee were Ken Armbrister, Hugo Berlanga, and Mark Stiles. All Democratic state legislators, they helped spread Gore's name across Texas, and served as surrogate speakers for him at local candidate forums. Now that Gore is finally the Democratic nominee, however, they're enthusiastically backing his opponent, George W. Bush.

Call them Bush Democrats—and they're not alone. A recent national Gallup poll found that 14 percent of Democratic voters say they'll be voting for Bush (Gore, by contrast, got just 3 percent of Republicans). This has Bush aides giddy. They're now in the midst of a quiet effort to recruit more high-profile Democrats and independents to publicly back the Republican nominee this fall.

In Texas, Carlos Ramirez, the mayor of El Paso, is campaigning for Bush, and so is Rob Junell, who chairs the state's House appropriations committee. Bush also has the support of Ralph Hall, a Democratic congressman from Texas. In Florida, Bush has enlisted a number of top Democrats: Wayne Mixson, a former lieutenant governor; Dick Greco, the mayor of Tampa; Bob Crawford, the state agriculture commissioner; Jim Naugle, the mayor of Fort Lauderdale; and Steve Uhlfelder, a top aide to Bob Graham when Graham was governor. From California, Bush has signed up Matthew Martinez, a Democratic congressman for the past 18 years. Defeated in his March primary, he was so bitter at how his party treated him he became a Republican late last month.

Matthew Rees is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Bush has also won over some top Democratic party figures. Mark McKinnon and Matthew Dowd have worked for revered Texas politicians like Lloyd Bentsen and the late Bob Bullock, but now they're handling media and polling for Bush. Sandy Kress, a former chairman of the Dallas County Democrats and an early organizer of the Democratic Leadership Council, is one of Bush's education advisers. And Brian Lunde, a former executive director of the DNC who managed Paul Simon's 1988 presidential campaign, will be organizing Bush's Democratic and independent supporters. "Bush has the perfect combination of good character and great competence," says Lunde.

The outreach to Democrats and independents is one piece of Bush's effort to show that as president he would put policy before party. According to his Democratic supporters in the legislature, this is precisely the approach he's taken in Texas. How else, they ask, could Bush have been endorsed for reelection in 1998 by Bullock, the Democratic lieutenant governor and godfather of one of the children of Bush's Democratic opponent, Garry Mauro? (Bush touted this relationship at the Republican convention, where Bullock's widow, Jan, was given a high-profile speaking role.)

Armbrister, who campaigned for Ann Richards in 1994, recalls that shortly after Bush defeated Richards that year he was invited to a one-on-one meeting in the governor's mansion. During their 45-minute chat, Bush asked about Armbrister's interests, while deferring to his years of experience, saying, "I've been around this business but I've never really done it. I hope I can call on you."

Having been on the receiving end of similar pleas from Richards and other governors, Armbrister appreciated the gesture but made little of it—until Bush personally called him two weeks later, seeking his input on a contentious natural resources bill. "That set the tone," says Armbrister, who lauds Bush as someone who's continued to be "very inclusive" and more interested in the policy part of his job than the politics. "He's the best governor of the four I've worked with during my 17 years in the legislature." (Bush's outreach is a striking contrast to Gore's. Armbrister never heard from Gore after the 1988 campaign, and hasn't forgotten that his work went completely unacknowledged.)

Bush's success in cherry-picking Democrats and organizing them to speak out on his behalf is a small but potent indication of Gore's failure to lock down Democrats, much less win over Republicans. If Gore reverts to type and tries to revive his fortunes by attacking Bush, the Bush Democrats will be more than happy to respond.

As Gore has zinged Bush for Texas's supposedly Third World living conditions, Hugo Berlanga has delivered a pointed response: "I'm not going to allow Vice President Gore to bash Texas, because if he's going to, then he might as well bash the Democrats who have controlled Texas for the last 100 years."

Similarly, Gore tried last month to portray Bush as fiscally irresponsible by pointing to a supposed $610 million shortfall in the Texas budget. "Dead wrong," replied Junell. But he didn't stop there. He was angry enough about Gore's charge that he responded in a conference call with national political reporters and then held a media briefing. Gore, said Junell, had "manipulated" the budget figures "for political advantage," while Bush was doing "a great job and we're blessed to have him in Texas."

More generally, the Bush Democrats can share stories of Bush's character. Kress, for example, recounts how Bush wrote a letter endorsing him in a school board race even though he was well known as a Democrat. Or how Bush, in 1993, invited him over to discuss education reform, questioned him for more than an

hour, took copious notes, and then asked for the names of a dozen people also knowledgeable about education in Texas (and interviewed them too).

It's a measure of Bush's acceptability that not only are Democrats breaking ranks to support him, they're feeling little heat for doing so. Armbrister says he's received only a couple of angry calls and letters. Similarly, Sandy Kress, who's a partner in the powerhouse Democratic law firm of Akin Gump, has yet to hear any grumbling from his colleagues.

The exception is Carlos Ramirez, the El Paso mayor, who has campaigned with Bush in California and New Hampshire and introduced him at an Austin rally after he'd clinched the nomination. For these heretical acts, the county Democratic organization approved a resolution excommunicating Ramirez from the party. Not that he cared much. The resolution has no practical meaning, and Ramirez still spoke at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia.

Dowd, who directs the campaign's polling and media planning operations, has a particularly interesting story of how he came to Bush. A former aide to Lloyd Bentsen, Dowd managed the senator's joint bid in 1988 for the vice presidency and the Senate. In 1989, he opened a consulting business, Public Strategies, and stayed active in politics by managing two successful lieutenant governor campaigns for Bullock. Through Bullock, who died of cancer last year, he came to know Bush, and was impressed with his almost nonpartisan approach to governing and his refusal, as Dowd puts it, to "pigeonhole" people on the basis of party affiliation.

Dowd had no intention of joining Bush's presidential campaign—he was planning a one-year sabbatical from work—but his Public Strategies colleague McKinnon persuaded him to come aboard. He was deeply involved in devising an advertising strategy for the Republican primaries, but his current mandate is one for which he's especially qualified: boosting Bush's appeal among independents, swing voters, and . . . Democrats. ♦

The Reparations Bandwagon

The growing campaign to compensate the descendants of slaves. **BY SAM GOLDMAN**

JOHN CONYERS, longtime congressman from Detroit, has a pet project that most people have never heard of: reparations for slavery. Every legislative session since 1989, he has introduced a bill that would establish a commission to "examine the institution of slavery" and "make recommendations on appropriate remedies." The bill—always numbered H.R. 40, to commemorate the "40 acres and a mule" once promised freedmen—has never been reported out of committee, but, says Conyers, "our day will come."

It could come soon. If the Democrats take the House this fall, Conyers will become chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and you'll be hearing a lot more about reparations, which have been endorsed by a growing coalition of black activists and politicians. In fact, you'll probably be hearing a lot more even if the Democrats don't assume the majority.

Already in April 2000, Chicago became the first major American city to hold public hearings on the legacy of slavery. "The future of race relations will be determined by reparations for slavery," Illinois congressman Bobby Rush told a special city council committee. The council agreed. With the strong support of mayor Richard Daley Jr., it passed 46-1—a resolution urging Congress to pay reparations to the descendants of slaves. "We're not talking about welfare. We're talking about back pay," testified Lerone Bennett, the executive editor of *Ebony* magazine and the author of *Before the Mayflower: A History of Black America*. The lone dissenting vote came from alderman Brian Doherty, the only Republican on the council.

Nor is Chicago the only jurisdiction to take up reparations. In July, the Washington, D.C., city council unanimously approved a resolution almost identical to Chicago's. Willie Lynch, a spokesman for council member Kevin Chavous, who proposed the measure, attributes the growing interest in reparations across the country largely to the efforts of Randall Robinson. A former anti-apartheid activist, Robinson recently published *The Debt: What America Owes To Blacks*, a breezily written memoir cum manifesto. "*You are owed*," he exhorts black readers. "*They did this to you*" (italics in the original). Robinson has been using the promotional campaign for *The Debt*, which is selling briskly, to evangelize for reparations.

The issue even made an appearance on the popular television drama *The West Wing*, when the nomination of an assistant attorney general was jeopardized by his support for reparations. And earlier this year, two companies proffered formal apologies for their roles in slavery—Aetna insurance for indemnifying the lives of slaves, and the *Hartford Courant* for advertising slaves for sale and rewards for the capture of runaways.

Prominent academics have also gotten into the act. The *Boston Globe* reported in February that Harvard professors Henry Louis Gates and Charles Ogletree Jr. and a group of supporters including the actor Danny Glover were considering an end

Sam Goldman is an intern at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

run around the legislative process, a lawsuit against the federal government. According to Gates, the goal of reparations is not a "check . . . in the mail [to] buy a new BMW." Instead, Gates calls for debt relief and subsidized AIDS treatments in Africa.

Legal experts consider the case a long shot, not least because of the difficulty of determining who should pay and who should receive compensation. Most living Americans are descended from immigrants who arrived after the abolition of slavery; and many Americans possess some black ancestry without identifying themselves as black. Nevertheless, the reparations movement can already claim results that once seemed improbable. A panel created by the Oklahoma legislature recommended in February that compensation be paid to survivors of Tulsa's 1921 race riot, in which historians believe up to 300 people died. Nine survivors of the 1923 Rosewood massacre in Florida have actually received payments of $150,000 each.

Most African Americans have never doubted the justice of restitution. In 1865, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman issued Field Order No. 15 containing the famous promise of land and a draft animal. Bitterness over the government's failure to honor that commitment is a popular theme in black culture, particularly the rebellious films and music of the 1980s and 1990s. Auteur Spike Lee's production company is called 40 Acres and a Mule Filmworks, while the hip hop group Public Enemy rapped, "40 acres and a mule, Jack, where is it, why'd you try to fool the Black?" on the 1991 album *Fear of a Black Planet*. Supporters of the Chicago resolution haven't forgotten either. "I want 40 acres and a Lexus," quipped alderman Carrie Austin. "You can keep the mule."

But finite sums paid to a few aged survivors of atrocities are much less troublesome than a massive transfer of wealth to all black Americans. Reparations advocates have puzzled for years over how to calculate what America owes. Many take 40 acres and a mule as their starting point, then reckon what that would be worth today. Estimates range from the eye-opening to the stratospheric.

In 1993, *Essence* magazine published a short article urging readers to claim as "black taxes" a federal income tax credit of $43,209, a sum attributed to an elusive organization called the People's Institute of Economics. Georgetown business school lecturer Richard America has suggested a total transfer in the *trillions*. State legislator Derrick Hale has introduced a bill in the Michigan House to give black residents of the state (where slavery was never legal) an annual $16,500 tax credit for 20 years. With tax coffers overflowing, says Hale, "we're giving businesses tax credits in Michigan. Lots of people are profiting."

In 1993, Essence *magazine urged readers to claim as "black taxes" a federal income tax credit of $43,209. Georgetown business school lecturer Richard America has suggested a total transfer in the* trillions.

As for the legal principle governing the debate, Wade Henderson, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, put it this way: "For every wrong there is a remedy, and . . . that remedy is not extinguished by time." The success of suits against tobacco companies suggests some courts would be sympathetic to this argument.

Reparations advocates often cite as precedents Germany's restitution to the state of Israel and the United States's compensation to Japanese-Americans interned during World War II. *The Debt* asks, "Where is the money? . . . Jews have demanded what was their due and received a fair measure of it."

This whole discussion has been a boon to groups of activists outside the civil rights mainstream. The National Coalition of Blacks for Reparations in America (NCOBRA) is often mentioned in reports on reparations and sends delegates to TransAfrica's conferences, but seems to amount to little more than a website and an answering machine. The Atlanta-based National Commission for Reparations is the project of Silis Muhammad, leader of the splinter Lost-Found Nation of Islam. Through the allied Caucasians United for Reparations and Equality, the commission has been lobbying the United Nations to declare the United States in violation of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, Article 27 of which protects minority religions, cultures, and languages.

Such groups are confident that, despite what they consider the ignorance and bigotry of their critics, the prospects for success are good. "We have just come of age," exults alderman Dorothy Tillman, sponsor of Chicago's resolution. A national conference bringing together the full range of reparations supporters is being planned for February, Tillman says. That would be perfect timing to put the new president on the spot. When asked about reparations at the Apollo Theater in February, Al Gore said he believed cash payments were politically unfeasible, but "massive investments in education and economic empowerment are what we need."

Meanwhile, another skirmish has focused attention on the U.S. Capitol, which, it turns out, was largely constructed by slaves. Republican representative J.C. Watts is leading efforts to honor their contribution. But no mere memorial will mollify Conyers, Robinson, and their allies. Just wait, *The Debt* counsels. "This is a struggle we cannot lose." ♦

Anarchists of the World, Unite—in L.A.

A day in the life of the activists who hope to disrupt the Democratic convention.

By Matt Labash

Los Angeles

In Seattle, they took to the streets to combat the World Trade Organization. In Washington, D.C., they protested the International Monetary Fund. In Philadelphia, during the Republican National Convention, the same coalition of activists tied traffic in knots protesting against . . . well, it's not exactly clear. What is clear is that because of the activists' blockades, many journalists were late to the open-bar parties subsidized by lobbyists who bought their access to power fair and square. That prompted some of us, our consciousness raised, to investigate this rolling revolution (or *revolución* as they say in the trenches). What follows is a sampling, taken over the course of one day last week, of pre-game preparations, as up to 15,000 activists are expected to descend on Los Angeles for the Democratic National Convention.

Tuesday, August 8, 9 A.M.

Ground Zero of the *revolución* is a converted swap-meet warehouse in a seedy stretch of downtown. The largely Latino neighborhood comes with a built-in soundtrack—a cacophony of timbales and horn sections blare from storefronts adorned with murals of the dearly departed, such as singer Selena. A block away from the activists' headquarters, called the "Convergence Center," sits MacArthur Park, made famous by the 1968 song of the same name. In it, Richard Harris lamented that "someone left the cake out in the rain," and he didn't think that he could "take it," 'cause it "took so long to bake it." Besides, he'd "never have that recipe again." These days, it's not clear why anyone would leave a cake or any other valuable in the park. Inside of two minutes, when I go there for a stroll, I rebuff the pitches of three separate rheumy-eyed gentlemen peddling their wares, as my magazine does not permit me to expense crack cocaine.

The Convergence Center is run mainly under the aegis of the Direct Action Network and the D2K network, an umbrella coalition of nearly 200 activist groups. It is too early in the day for much activist traffic. The space, however, still bears that unmistakable activist scent, best described as a cross between aged bean curd and the inside of a shoe. As I enter the building, I am greeted by an espresso-sipping Kim, if "greeted" is the word for it. Kim is a preschool teacher and a slip of a woman, yet she has a bit of an edge. She is working security, with her radio and cell phone complete with earpiece, so "I don't get cancer." Kim is, for the moment, all that stands between the Convergence Center and the pigs. She says the space has been under constant surveillance by the police, who drive by every hour. "There are definitely undercovers here," she says, suspiciously eyeing me, "Maybe you're one of them."

9:45 A.M.

Before Kim has a chance to frisk me, I am off to the anarchist press conference at nearby Patriotic Hall. It is a stately, beautiful building, a monument to war veterans who have given their lives to preserve our highest democratic ideals—such as allowing ungrateful punks like the anarchists to advocate upending our system of government. The anarchists are here to flack their upcoming convention, where they will endure speeches like "Anarcho-realism," delivered by Mike Antipathy. There will be seven such alternative conventions during the Democratic convention, held by a variety of malcontents from the People's party to the homeless. They are all grievously wounded that they've been "shut out of the debate," and they see their conventions as giving voice to the voiceless.

Inside the room where the press conference is to be held, two anarchists let me know it's been postponed till 1 P.M.—they didn't want to compete with the Free Mumia press conference at Pershing Square. The anarchists are

Matt Labash is a staff writer at The Weekly Standard.

something of a difficult bunch. While perfectly civil (this particular collective, they assure me, does charity work, such as sending birthday cards to political prisoners), they refuse to take you to their leaders, as they have none, since they are anarchists.

Convening an anarchist convention, then, is a bit like herding cats. In fact, when I ask Anne Kelly, a mousy blonde with no title (anarchists are about "minimizing hierarchies"), where the convention will be held, she refuses to tell me because of her acute police paranoia. The LAPD has been stirring up anti-anarchist sentiment by showing clips of last year's Seattle riot, where the militant "Black Bloc" (the Shiites of the anarchist movement) broke Starbucks' windows, perhaps because they detest corporate globalization as embodied by the ever-present threat of the icy frappuccino, or perhaps because . . . well, they don't really need a reason. They are, after all, anarchists.

Though Anne tries to tell me hers are a peace-loving people, I ask what her fellow physics majors at Cal Tech must think of her radical politics. Anne shrugs her shoulders, saying she's considered a moderate: "Most of my Cal Tech friends are Communists or socialists."

10:40 A.M.

It is an unwritten law, of course, that wherever two or more protesters are gathered, the name of convicted cop-killer Mumia Abu-Jamal is eventually invoked. So it's with resignation that I drive to Pershing Square for the Free Mumia press conference announcing the upcoming Free Mumia march. For a protest space, Pershing Square is positively lush. The terraced lawns are a verdant green. The inviting outdoor tables are shaded by palm trees and festively colored umbrellas. As one enters the square, one is torn between crying out against injustice and ordering a piña colada.

Standing amidst a gaggle of camera crews and protesters is radio personality Casey Kasem. As Kasem waits for the event to start, he admits he has no idea whether Mumia is innocent, but he's certain a new trial is in order. A grandstanding journalist (all right, me) asks Kasem if he's ever done a long-distance dedication to Mumia (perhaps, "I Fought the Law and the Law Won"). Kasem does not look amused. "No I haven't," he says. "I try not to use my work as a forum for my political beliefs."

Kasem is flanked by an angry-looking black man named Sy who wears a black "Free Mumia" kerchief over his face, as if he is preparing to knock over a stagecoach. Sy is a member of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade. When asked why he's wearing the unseasonably hot mask, Sy looks across the way at a couple of cops. "They tear-gas us," he says, "We don't trust pigs." Sy might have a point. The LAPD has expressed its willingness to hit any law-breaking protesters with so many pepper bombs that they won't know whether to flush their eyes or to serve themselves up with croutons under a balsamic vinaigrette. For now, however, the pigs are simply congregated around a hot-dog cart. Tomorrow they'll tear-gas. Today they'll drink A&W and eat half-smokes.

11:30 A.M.

Back at the Convergence Center, I've worked up an appetite, though after observing the grimy-fingered activist chefs in the makeshift kitchen, who are cutting up vegetables for gazpacho, I elect to go off-campus. As I start to dash across the street to a Mexican grocery, I'm halted by one of the center's beefy security guys, appropriately named Big Joe.

"I'd cross in the crosswalk," Joe says, "They've been nailing people for jaywalking." Joe also says police pressure's gotten so bad, the activists now keep a "Paranoia Book" detailing every one of their pig encounters. I ask some of the media reps to let me read the Paranoia Book. But they won't. They're too paranoid.

Noon

Within the Convergence Center, outsiders are forbidden from observing unless they wear bright orange media passes and are accompanied at all times by an escort. Though the activists make a great to-do about clearly des-

ignating journalists, the distinction between us and them is readily apparent: We're the ones who periodically bathe. Once cleared and accompanied by a babysitter, one is surrounded by a hive of activity. Grid maps are highlighted to show protest routes. Drummers inhabit the drum space, fashioning percussion instruments out of food containers. Upstairs, workshops are conducted where all manner of activist knowledge is imparted, from "anti-oppression training," to protest songs (the Singing Sols Revolutionary Choir is rehearsing), to how not to hit your head on the cement when getting dragged to the paddy wagon.

Downstairs is a craft explosion, where busy puppeteers cut shopping bags into little pieces, then paste them into giant face molds with wet cornstarch. It isn't clear if the street-pageant puppet heads are supposed to represent particular politicians, though they all seem to bear the bulbous, busted-capillary noses most often seen on your better Irish pols. My best guess is these activists have a serious beef against the late Tip O'Neill.

David Solnit, of the group Art and Revolution, is serving as de facto Minister of Puppetry (though like the anarchists, this group abhors titles). Solnit says this is not fun and games: "These are dead serious puppets." The puppet stakes have been raised in prior protests. In Philadelphia, the cops confiscated and destroyed nearly all their puppets. In D.C., after a police raid, Solnit says, "we negotiated a puppet hostage release."

In L.A., Solnit is concerned that because of the city's restrictive laws, nearly anything made out of wood can be considered a weapon. I ask Solnit if there's a history of using puppets as weapons. He quietly contemplates. "In the case of Punch and Judy," he says somberly, "Punch often physically assaulted Judy."

5:15 P.M.

At Gladys Park in the heart of skid row, scores of homeless black men line up to get free barbecue. The spread comes courtesy of Ted Hayes, who runs L.A.'s Dome Village, a homeless encampment of fiberglass igloo dwellings that houses 23 residents and even includes a cyberdome with DSL lines (high-speed Internet access is a basic human right). Hayes, who wears island linens and dreadlocks and who's been homeless himself, is trying to mobilize his troops for next week's Homeless Convention.

It's not an easy sell. Homelessness, once the pet issue of every cell-phone revolutionary, is quite passé. Most activists have moved on to East Timorese rights and anti-fluoridation teach-ins. Homelessness is so pre-Tibet, so 1980s. Complicating matters is the fact that Hayes let it be known that the homeless would be armed with video cameras during the Democratic convention, documenting not just police brutality, but also vandalism by activists. Naturally, the D2K types have put out on the grapevine that the homeless have turned narcs. But Hayes remains unrepentant. "They don't know what the freak they're doing, all the well-meaning college kids," Hayes says. "If you have mass arrests, tear gas, and s— all up and down the street, [the activists] will leave on August 18, go back to college, and become an executive one day. We homeless people are left in the street being criminalized. . . . These are a bunch of white privileged kids pissed off at something, and they don't even know what about."

7:30 P.M.

Hayes is right: The activists are, for the most part, privileged white kids, but in fairness, they're sick about it. This is evident back at the Convergence Center during the "Anti-Racism for White Folks" workshop. Gaining admittance to this discussion is no easy feat. Before I am allowed to sit in, everyone must be "comfortable" that I am not infringing on a "safe space." (It's so safe, no People of Color are allowed, so that white kids can confess their self-loathing with utmost honesty.) Loren, my media escort, asks moderator Cameron if he is comfortable. Cameron asks the group if they are comfortable. The group is comfortable, which makes Cameron comfortable, though he's still experiencing discomfort that his co-moderator Susan might not be comfortable. Susan arrives late, and she is comfortable if Cameron and the group are comfortable, which makes me take comfort. That is until "Chuck" (he felt more comfortable if I didn't use his real name) says he will only feel comfortable if I participate. I reluctantly agree, taking a chair, which makes Susan uncomfortable, as I am causing problems "spatially" by not sitting on the floor with the group. I abide by her wishes, though I experience discomfort.

Before we break into pairs to discuss our whiteness (I draw Chuck, who wants me to stop taking notes, as he'll be more comfortable if I "engage him as a listener"), Susan has us finish the sentence "When I think about my racial identity, I feel (blank)." The answers are not comforting: "guilty," "disappointed," and "frustrated and embarrassed" are some of the sunnier responses. But Susan applauds us: "We should support each other in being uncomfortable, that's where the growing takes place."

It's a bitter pill to swallow, realizing that not just greedhead global corporations are culpable. We, the oppressed, can also be oppressors. But we won't stay down for long. Tomorrow, Susan will teach the Movement Workshop, not as in revolutionary uprising, but as in protest through the medium of interpretive dance. As we "play with the surface of the floor and different surfaces of the body," we will probably experience discomfort. But no matter. We've gotta dance. As Susan says, "This is warfare, baby." ♦

Yes, There Is a Third Way

Gore and Lieberman continue to lead the Democratic party, ever so cautiously, to the right.

By Tod Lindberg

From the time he emerged as a serious presidential aspirant in 1991, Bill Clinton consciously set himself to the task of remaking the Democratic party, cracking it loose from the ossifying ideological liberalism of FDR and LBJ in an effort to broaden its political appeal. Clinton was a New Democrat in 1992. And notwithstanding a few major political missteps along the way, most notably a health care initiative that was too big for his own party to chew in Congress, he remains a New Democrat to the end, the first and foremost practitioner of the Third Way politics that has brought left-leaning parties back to power all over the world.

From the beginning, the politics of the Third Way has been greeted by skepticism from both left and right—as one might expect, since Third Way adherents define themselves at least in part in opposition to both left and right. Conservatives have sometimes refused to take it seriously as anything but old-style liberalism flying a false flag. Liberals have wondered whether it was anything more than a slogan providing political cover for an unwelcome lurch to the right.

Does the Third Way have content in its own right? Or is it primarily a strategy of political positioning aimed at carving out an electoral majority from the center-left to the center-right?

As Clinton's second term comes to an end, it seems ridiculous to deny that the Third Way has real content. Clinton has signed legislation that ended the welfare entitlement, that cut taxes, that devoted budget surpluses to paying down the national debt. Clinton's Democratic party is at peace, not at war, with the market economy—indeed, the party sees the market as an ally. The wonder is not that Clinton has opposed many Republican efforts to cut taxes, it's that he has gone along with so many. If this is liberalism, it is balanced-budget, bond-market liberalism.

At the same time, it is not conservative. Clinton has held out for as much government spending as he can get. He is adamant about maintaining (indeed, increasing) the progressivity of the tax code—and through the promotion of innovative refundable tax credits, he is quietly trying to transform the IRS into an agency not just for tax collection but for the redistribution of income. Clinton remains a true believer in activist government.

The fact that the Third Way has real substance does not mean that it has nothing to do with political positioning. It is meant to be politically adroit and popular. But the Third Way is not merely a matter of political positioning. There are places Clinton will not go. There are lines he could cross with little public resistance but has been unwilling on principle to cross. He can support charter schools and public school choice, but not even a limited experiment in voucher programs for private schools. He wants a prescription drug plan for Medicare, but not enough to embrace the bipartisan Breaux commission's recommendations for market-based reform. He says he wants to use the market to bolster the rate of return of Social Security, but not in the form of diverting Social Security taxes into private accounts. He will cut taxes (say) $300 billion over 10 years, but not $600 billion.

Bill Clinton is a figure of singular political instinct and skill. This in turn raises an interesting question, namely, whether the change he has wrought in the Democratic party is something permanent or merely a product of his transitory position atop it. The fact that British prime minister Tony Blair, German chancellor Gerhard Schröder, and others have found in Clinton's success a political model they could apply in their countries establishes that the Third Way is not merely a Clintonian idiosyncrasy. But will it outlast him?

The first place to look for the answer has to be the presidential bid of Al Gore, Clinton's designated successor.

Tod Lindberg is editor of Policy Review.

What was striking throughout the primaries was how different Gore sounded from the Clinton of 1992. Where Clinton had gone to great lengths to position himself as a different kind of Democrat from the party's liberals—even returning to Arkansas to preside over the execution of a murderer who was mentally impaired—Gore responded to a challenge from the left in the person of Bill Bradley by moving sharply left himself. On gay rights issues, racial justice issues, women's rights issues including abortion, and gun control, each candidate leaned all the way left. In the end, there was not much difference between the two, try as Bradley might to get out front, or at least to remind Democratic voters that Gore's position had evolved since the time he represented a more conservative Tennessee constituency. Apart from the intermittent irritation of labor at Gore's pro-trade record, it's hard to think of any significant Democratic constituency that wasn't set vibrating in harmony with Gore's primary positions.

Even on economic issues—the principal concern of Third Way politics—Gore attacked Bradley from the left. Gore denounced Bradley's reform proposal for a quasi-voucher system for Medicare as grossly insufficient. He said the amount of the voucher in the Bradley plan wouldn't pay for even a minimal package of benefits. The charges left Bradley on the defensive, and his challenge to the front-runner quickly dissipated.

That in turn seemed to leave the Democratic nomination to a Gore rather more left-wing than Clinton had ever been. Perhaps the Third Way was not so resilient after all; perhaps Clinton's revolution had degenerated into little more than a cult of personality. No; the left-wing Al Gore of the primary season disappeared as quickly as he arrived. Gore has since reemerged as a politician intent on claiming the political center. Moreover, in doing so, he has provided insight into how Third Way politics works in practice.

What's striking is that on a number of big issues, Gore has now gone not just as far as Clinton, but farther. He has staked out positions for the general election that are actually to the right of anything Clinton embraced while twice running for office as the Third Way pioneer.

The most important of these is surely Social Security. In June, Gore announced "Social Security Plus," the Democratic imprimatur for tax-free private investment of retirement savings, including matching funds from the government, in stock market mutual funds to build a "nest egg." This is not, to be sure, a new idea; it's an update of a largely forgotten 1999 Clinton proposal for "Universal Savings Accounts." Gore is also careful to describe his proposal as a supplement to Social Security and to reassure listeners of his commitment not to change the basic characteristics of the system (including the rate of taxation that funds it). Indeed, by the time he finally unveiled his plan, its name had changed from "Social Security Plus" to "Retirement Savings Plus." Gore has not embraced and will not embrace the diversion of 2 percent of income from Social Security taxes into private accounts, as George W. Bush proposes. But Gore's campaign-trail support for private accounts is real, and he has accordingly taken one step farther to the right in pursuit of his Third Way than Clinton did.

Likewise, Gore has called for a tax cut of about $500 billion, roughly double what Clinton has been willing to accept (though still less than half of what Bush wants). And where Clinton, in the first year of the budget surplus, appeared to agree only with reluctance not to use the excess revenues from Social Security taxes to fund other government spending, Gore has been quick to propose an additional "lock box" for current and future surpluses in the Medicare account, amounting to as much as $300 billion over 10 years secured from "pork barrel spending and tax cuts," in the candidate's characteristic Third Way description. Clinton has been vaguely in favor of paying off the national debt over time, and has boasted that the first such payments were made on his watch. Gore goes so far as to set a date for final repayment of the debt, 2012.

And then there's religion. In May 1999, before the seriousness of the Bradley challenge became apparent and Gore lurched left to beat it back, the vice president delivered a remarkable address in praise of faith-based institutions, offering his endorsement of a role for them in the provision of social services funded by government. In doing so, he put an end to the decades-long dominance within the party of the thoroughly secular perspective of the ACLU.

Then came Joe Lieberman. Notwithstanding that Gore's choice for vice president is an Orthodox Jew, from the moment of his selection, the Gore campaign has had something of a revivalist tone. What began as a relatively cool assessment from Gore in praise of religion, noteworthy in itself, became overt religiosity on the part of the candidates of a kind almost unimaginable in Democratic presidential politics. The sociologist James Davison Hunter has theorized that Americans are divided not so much along denominational lines as between those of "orthodox" view and those of "progressive" view. Lieberman's obviously heartfelt and effusive thanks to the Lord—his account of how he and Gore had prayed together—placed the Democratic ticket for the first time in the orthodox camp.

Once again, there are places Gore won't go. And they are not altogether dissimilar to the places Clinton wouldn't go; but neither are they identical. Gore, though, seems to

be willing to take one step further rightward down the Third Way path away from the left.

If Democrats, indulging their fondest hopes in 1992, foresaw a Gore presidential bid in 2000 following two successful Clinton terms, it's hard to imagine they saw Gore as a candidate who would be running to the right of Bill Clinton. Yet he is. Was he that way from the beginning? This question is all the more interesting in the light of the selection of Lieberman. In the senator's case, his positions on a number of issues—support for a school voucher experiment, for parental consent for federally funded abortions, for private accounts for Social Security, etc.—have been quite conspicuously to the right of Gore's.

In the traditional manner of the vice presidential aspirant, Lieberman has been moving swiftly and cheerfully to bring himself into compliance with Gore's policy views. But not all the movement has been in Gore's direction. Gore was moved to say this week that he understands why parents in schools that don't work might support vouchers. Gore's still against them, but the newfound sympathy is itself a breakthrough. So Lieberman is not only evidence of rightward drift, but perhaps also an agent of it. (Here's a deeply morbid question for the GOP: After two successful Third Way terms for Gore, why wouldn't Lieberman campaign for the White House by reaching at least as far to the right as his senatorial instincts took him?)

The tension between the dynamic aspect of Third Way policy-making (that tug to the right) and its self-imposed limits (this far and no farther) is fascinating. Jonathan Chait, in a 1998 article in the *New Republic*, described the "conundrum" of the Third Way as follows:

> The Third Way assumes a basic political symmetry— an unreconstructed left, a radical right, and a Third Way nestled in between. But when the Third Way takes power, it alters the equation. . . . This means that the Third Way no longer sits between the two poles of the political spectrum; it is the left pole. The calculus has changed, and, in order to retain the center, the Third Way must shift right again. . . . So, the Third Way has had an ironic result. It has destabilized the center, becoming an ever-shifting median between a liberalism that is moving to the right and a conservatism that is moving to the right.

This is, perhaps, the dynamic that has produced a Gore-Lieberman ticket slightly to the right of Clinton-Gore. Gore could move left as necessary during the primary and still recover his Third Way position. If he wins the general election, the Third Way torch will have been passed successfully from its first generation to its second. Then we'll find out if the Third Way can keep moving right—or if, instead, the absolute limits of Third Way thinking are coming into view. ♦

The Boss of Chicago

Richard J. Daley's Achievement

By Michael Barone

Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS

An opponent once accused the late Mayor Richard J. Daley of being a czar, to which Daley replied, "The czar was Russian. I'm Irish." And so he was. Daley's Irishness is one of the keys to understanding him—and he remains someone who is, though widely known, just as widely misunderstood.

It is the merit of *American Pharaoh: Mayor Richard J. Daley—His Battle for Chicago and the Nation* that Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor provide the facts on which one can develop a take on the man. It is the defect that the authors, particularly on the issues of race and housing, have their own take—which seems quite wrong.

American Pharaoh is the first scholarly biography of Daley, researched while it was still possible to interview many who dealt with Daley personally. It is written in lively, clear prose and with a narrative drive. The authors, though not natives, have a good feel for Chicago—that most parochial of large cities, where what happens even immediately beyond its fifty wards is dismissed as "out of town." In the early chapters, one misses Daley's distinctive voice, his gift for malapropisms ("the policeman isn't there to create disorder; the policeman is there to preserve disorder"), and his gift for pious pronouncements that concealed what he knew was really going on. His words from those first days were not taken down and now are lost. Fortunately, the later chapters have the public record and the authors' interviews to rely on.

Boss was the title Mike Royko gave his far from admiring 1971 biography, and that remains Daley's image today: the greatest of the old Irish-American political bosses, an omnipotent politician ("pharaoh," in Cohen and Taylor's title) who ruled with more regard for his own political interest than the public good.

American Pharaoh
Mayor Richard J. Daley—His Battle for Chicago and the Nation
by Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor
Little, Brown, 614 pp., $26.95

The truth is more complicated and interesting. Daley was a product of an Irish-American neighborhood, Bridgeport, just a few miles south of the Loop, where the Irish settled in the 1830s when Chicago was a village. He was born at 3502 South Lowe (Chicagoans don't normally add "street" after a street name) and, after he was married, lived his whole life at 3536 South Lowe—not a long journey. He embodied many Irish-American virtues and defects, but was not exactly typical: Though he often invoked family, he talked so little of his early life that even close associates didn't know he was an only child (somewhat unusual for the Irish) or that his mother was a suffragette (very unusual for the Irish).

"Politics is a risky business. Hence it has ever been the affair of speculators with the nerve to gamble and an impulse to boldness. These are anything but peasant qualities. Certainly these are not qualities of Irish peasants who, collectively, yielded to none in the rigidity of their social structure and their disinclination to adventure," Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote in a

Michael Barone is a senior writer at U.S. News & World Report *and co-author of* The Almanac of American Politics.

brilliant and heartbreaking essay in *Beyond the Melting Pot*. "The Irish village was a place of stable, predictable social relations in which almost everyone had a role to play, under the surveillance of a stern oligarchy of elders, and in which, on the whole, a person's position was likely to improve with time. Transferred to Manhattan, these were the essentials of Tammany Hall."

Transferred to Chicago, they were also the essentials of the Democratic party of Richard J. Daley. Daley worked hard, waited long, watched for opportunities (which often came from the deaths of those above him), and absorbed his share of setbacks. Until finally, in 1953, at age fifty-one, he became chairman of the Cook County Democratic party and, two years later, mayor of Chicago.

But he was more than an unspectacular plodder. The other great mayors of Chicago fell by the wayside: Big Bill Thompson was defeated in 1931 by Anton Cermak's machine, Cermak was shot by an assassin aiming at Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, and Ed Kelly was forced out of office for corruption and liberalism in 1947. Behind Daley's verbal slips, there was an accountant's knowledge of detail: He knew the election returns for every precinct in Chicago, and which precinct committeeman had delivered his quota of votes. Nicholas Lemann estimates that he knew personally half of Chicago's forty-thousand patronage employees. He had in his head the genealogy of a very large number of Chicago's three million citizens: who they were related to, what parish they grew up in, who were their friends and neighbors.

Chicago for Daley was a network of families. In 1936, after six years' courtship, he married Eleanor Guilfoyle, and together they would have seven children. "Sis" Daley is still living and reportedly dispenses intelligent advice to her sons, Mayor Richard M. Daley and former Commerce secretary (now Gore's campaign chairman) William Daley.

"Of course I knew Dick was bound to succeed," she once said. "Anyone who would work in the stockyards all day long, then go to school at night was determined to get ahead."

Cohen and Taylor perceptively note that "family was everything for him." Even his closest political allies were dropped if they betrayed their families. When his lifetime friend and aide Matt Danaher walked out on his wife, the Daley family invited her to lunch after Mass on Sunday, and Danaher was not slated again.

When Bill Plante, then a reporter for the Chicago CBS affiliate, whose father and brother were precinct committeemen in the forty-ninth ward, asked Daley a blunt question after the 1968


Bettmann / CORBIS

Democratic National Convention, Daley puzzled the national reporters but made perfect sense to Plante by replying, "Sometimes even in the finest of families there is a bad apple."

Daley climbed in the hierarchy of Democratic politics as a priest climbs to cardinal in the Irish-dominated Roman Catholic Church. The Church upholds a moral order, but it understands that people will sin, and makes adjustments accordingly. So did Daley. He believed in endorsing high standards—otherwise why would people try to be better?—but as a practical man he knew that he must often look the other way. He pressured precinct committeemen to produce large majorities, knowing that some would cheat; he tolerated organized crime control of the first ward and seventh congressional district until he felt powerful enough to end it in 1964; he understood that patronage employees would often be incompetent, but he pushed them to perform on things he thought important.

Personally, he always behaved according to the rules. As a legislator in Springfield, he spurned lobbyists' offers of cash-filled envelopes, free drinks, and women's favors. Instead he stayed up late at night in his hotel room, reading bills and studying budgets. His gift for detail served him well in the administrative offices he held: deputy county treasurer, deputy county comptroller, state director of revenue under Governor Adlai Stevenson, Cook County clerk.

He built the Chicago Transit Authority, created a tabulation system that made it easier to spot tax delinquents, and streamlined the process for getting birth certificates and marriage licenses: small, perhaps, but solid good-government achievements nonetheless. He championed income tax as a substitute for the more regressive sales tax, and pushed to make it easier for the city to condemn substandard properties—fine liberal causes in those days.

Cohen and Taylor argue convincingly that Daley had no lifetime ambition to be mayor. He simply took every chance he could to move up, and good luck—and his creditable record as a public official—enabled him to get the job he will always be identified with. Despite the reputation machine politicians have for loyalty, he was ready to shove aside mentors who had become weak: the eleventh ward Democratic committeeman in 1947, for instance, and Adlai Stevenson in 1960. He promised to resign as county chairman if he was elected mayor, but never did; he explained breezily that the committee had rejected his resignation.

Still, his elevation to mayor was not automatic. In the primary he had to beat incumbent Martin Kennelly, a naive businessman who had antagonized Democratic pols, and Benjamin Adamowski, a friend when they were both legislators, who soon became a

Little, Brown

Above, Daley begins a 1950s campaign on horseback. Opposite page, Daley shouting at Senator Abraham Ribicoff for criticizing the Chicago police during the 1968 Democratic convention.

Republican and Daley's most effective opponent as Cook County state's attorney from 1956 to 1960 and candidate for mayor in 1963. He also had to beat an attractive and articulate Republican opponent, reformer Robert Merriam. He won both races by solid but not overwhelming margins. For the rest of his life his license plate number was 708,222—the number of votes he received in the 1955 general election.

Once in office, Daley quickly showed a sense of command and instinct for power that he had never betrayed before. In his inaugural speech he promised to strip the city council of its executive and budgetary functions and its power to approve all city contracts over $2,500. The council, stage-managed by his ally Thomas Keane, would be tightly controlled by Daley for the rest of his life. He refused to let Congressman William Dawson, the head of what Cohen and Taylor call the black "submachine," appoint ward committeemen; Dawson, always a machine loyalist, accepted that Daley, not he, would be making decisions.

On election night in 1955, forty-third ward alderman Paddy Bauler famously exulted, "Chicago ain't ready for reform!" He added, in words less often quoted but which Cohen and Taylor are careful to note, "Keane and them fellas—Jake Arvey, Joe Gill—they think they're gonna run things. Well, you listen now to what I am sayin': They're gonna run nothin'. They ain't found it out yet, but Daley's the dog with the big nuts, now that we got him elected."

The metaphor has been used before: A ruler of Verona in the fourteenth century was called Cangrande della Scala ("Big Dog of the Ladder"), and, like Daley, he was succeeded by his son. But Daley kept his steady habits. A man who moves only once in his life—half a block—is one who keeps in touch with his roots. His daily regimen doesn't sound much fun: Mass every morning, diligent study of budgets and personnel lists and precinct returns at his desk, journeys around the city to preside at ceremonial functions, council sessions, visits to weddings and wakes and testimonial dinners. His Sundays were reserved for church and family. He had little taste for luxuries, and even his harshest critics had to admit he never stole a dime. His one indulgence was the custom-tailored suits he wore every day, seldom removing the coat. Others might steal or wear slovenly clothes; Mayor Daley insisted on upholding the dignity of his office.

But he was not, as Cohen and Taylor insist, a "pharaoh." Daley had to deal with Republican governors for ten of his twenty years as mayor and a hostile Democrat for four more; Republicans were Cook County state's attorneys for eight of those years and U.S. attorneys for the northern district of Illinois for thirteen. He controlled the Chicago regional offices of federal bureaucracies for only the eight Kennedy-Johnson years. Many of his big projects depended on cooperation from the heads of Chicago's big corporations, who were not originally a Daley constituency.

Most important, he had to deal with a changing electorate. The 1924 law that stopped immigration from Europe had the effect of stabilizing Chicago's ethnic neighborhoods, just as Anton Cermak was about to consolidate them into a citywide Democratic machine. But between 1940 and 1965, some half a million southern blacks moved to Chicago, which meant enormous changes in neighborhoods and threatened to split Daley's coalition of white ethnics and blacks. In 1963 Daley lost votes in white ethnic wards to Adamowski; by 1970, he was losing control of black wards, as dissidents won aldermen's elections and Congressman Ralph Metcalfe, angered by police treatment of prominent constituents, dramatically split with the mayor. Cohen and Taylor's vivid account of this political turbulence runs contrary to their pharaonic image: Daley navigated currents that would have sunk many other mayors.

Daley's pre-mayoral career gave little hint that he had any clear goals for Chicago. But, as Cohen and Taylor show, he did. He wanted to strengthen the Loop, preserve the solid neighborhoods of "the bungalow wards," and improve housing in the slums. In this he was driven by an aesthetic sense that has not been properly appreciated. Daley had a passion for cleanliness and neatness. When he was being driven through the city, he would make notes about broken traffic lights, dirty streets, and potholes, and demand they be fixed; he was known to get out of the limousine and pick up strewn newspa-

pers, and half the requests for fixing potholes reportedly came from his office.

In one annoying passage, Cohen and Taylor speculate that "his furious efforts to clean and repair were a manifestation of his extraordinarily controlling personality." This sounds like the resentment of an articulate teenager who has been told to clean up his room. My sense is that Daley instinctively knew what James Q. Wilson and George Kelling's 1982 article "Broken Windows" taught other big-city mayors: Allowing seemingly minor signs of disorder to persist tends to create crime and destruction of property.

"Make no little plans!" proclaimed Daniel Burnham, the designer of Chicago's great lakefront parks. Daley was a maker of big plans as well. When he became mayor, he could see that Chicago's Loop was getting old and that the suburbs were growing faster than the city. His plans to improve Chicago were in line with the assumptions of the liberalism of his times.

The great shopping areas and office buildings of the Loop were to be protected by urban renewal, by seizing property at the edge of downtown and building projects that would seal off the Loop from the slums. Thus Daley worked hard to place a Chicago campus of the University of Illinois (a campus that made college education much more available to modest-income Chicagoans) near the southern edge of the Loop. And he built Carl Sandburg Village (high-rise apartments for yuppies before they were called yuppies) to seal off North Michigan Avenue from the Cabrini-Green housing project.

Cohen and Taylor see this as an attempt to prevent the clientele of the State Street department stores from becoming mostly black, which quite possibly it was. But Daley was correct in understanding what would destroy the Loop's retail area. In Detroit during those years, the department stores came to have a mostly black clientele and failed financially. The site of J.L. Hudson's in Detroit, which had even more square feet than Marshall Field's in Chicago, lies empty today—while Chicago's State Street stores are profitable and jammed with a racially diverse clientele.

Bettmann / CORBIS

Daley with President Kennedy, January 20, 1962.

Daley also worked hard to build O'Hare Airport, understanding that Chicago's great success in the nineteenth century owed much to the fact that it was the railroad hub of the nation. Without O'Hare, Chicago might have sunk as other Great Lakes cities have. Daley imposed higher and higher taxes, with little sense that they might weaken the private sector, but he understood that making the city hospitable was necessary to create jobs for its residents. Today there are five hundred thousand jobs in downtown Chicago, behind Manhattan's million-plus but far ahead of the next highest city's (San Francisco's one hundred and fifty thousand).

Some of Chicago's bungalow wards have become slums, but most have not. The black South Side now has many solid neighborhoods, and new immigrants have added vitality to the North and Southwest Side. Daley's much-criticized urban renewal of Hyde Park, done in collaboration with University of Chicago president Edward Levi, is a thriving university-town-within-the-city rather than the crime-ridden slum it threatened to become. Cleveland, Detroit, and perhaps St. Louis are reviving themselves today, but none of them has anything like the strength and vitality of Chicago.

Which brings us to what seems to be Cohen and Taylor's major argument, that Daley was a man of pharaonic powers who devoted them to keeping blacks down. They speculate whether he was involved, at age seventeen, in the vicious Chicago race riot of 1919. They argue persuasively that he believed in "the natural instinct of free people to stick with their own kind" and wanted to preserve Chicago's ethnic neighborhoods pretty much unchanged.

The tipoff to the centrality of the issue in *American Pharaoh* is the long passages early in the book on Elizabeth Wood, executive director of the Chicago Housing Authority from 1937 to 1954. Wood is an interesting figure, but one wonders why there is so much material on a person forced out of her job a year before Daley became mayor. Then it becomes clear: Elizabeth Wood is Cohen and Taylor's model for what Daley should have done. Wood, like many of the liberals of her day, believed that the private market could never provide decent housing for the masses and that government must build new housing to compensate. This made superficial sense in 1945; there had been little construction during the fifteen years of the Depression and World War II, and existing housing was indisputably crowded, especially for the blacks who migrated to Chicago.

Wood bravely attempted to build housing projects in white neighborhoods (though most of her projects were in black neighborhoods), and the few blacks who moved in sparked violent responses from white residents.

Little, Brown

Above, the Daley family in 1963. Below, the mayor and his wife "Sis" on the streets of Chicago.

Aldermen from white districts blocked public housing projects from their wards—it would have been political suicide to do anything else—and major projects there were canceled, but Wood kept on trying to integrate where she could. She handpicked black tenants and sent social workers in to counsel residents. For this she was forced out of office by Mayor Kennelly. Daley seems to have played no role at all.

Public housing, Cohen and Taylor state, gave Daley "power to control the demographics of the city." This is nonsense. Daley could not have integrated Chicago by strategic placement of public housing, because people would not stand for it. Whites, with attitudes very much more hostile than they would be in the 1970s, were prepared to use violence to keep blacks out—and there weren't enough police to prevent it, as the large numbers stationed to protect Elizabeth Wood's few black tenants proved. Moreover, even if Chicago's allotment of forty thousand housing units had all been built, these would not have been a major factor in a city with more than a million housing units (and Daley built more than anybody else could have, considering the bureaucratic nightmares of urban renewal and federal housing programs).

Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS

From 1940 to 1965, about half a million southern blacks moved to Chicago. Penned up in the South Side during the war, they were inevitably going to buy or rent homes in large numbers in the postwar years. The vicious behavior of whites cannot be excused, but those whites' widespread assumption that neighborhoods were going to change from all-white to all-black within a few years of the first blacks' moving in was realistic. The 1980 and 1990 censuses showed at least some blacks living in every tract in metropolitan areas of Chicago (something that was certainly not true in 1950 or 1960), but they also showed many 90 percent-plus black and white neighborhoods as well.

Cohen and Taylor seem to have a better case when they criticize Daley for building the huge blocks of high-rise projects that line four miles of the State Street corridor on the South Side, cordoned off, they point out, from Bridgeport and similar white neighborhoods by the Dan Ryan Expressway, which Daley put there. But the mayor built the State Street corridor in line with the liberal thinking at the time—as ensconced in federal policies that he tried unsuccessfully to change.

Advanced thinkers in the 1950s rhapsodized about high-rise towers set widely apart, and federal cost limits made them the only feasible form of federal housing. Elizabeth Wood herself had backed high-rises (and Cohen and Taylor's effort to exonerate her on the ground that she wanted only six- to nine-story buildings is unconvincing). As historian D. Bradford Hunt has shown, Daley went to Washington to try to get the government to fund low-rises, but failed; and so, in accordance with the assumption that public housing was necessary because of market failure, he built high-rises.

Moreover, in the 1950s public housing projects had not yet become hellholes. It was only in the 1960s, as Hunt shows, that competent families began moving out of the projects as housing became available in the private market—which public housing enthusiasts assumed would never happen. Then in 1967, court decisions limited housing authorities' right to throw out disruptive and criminal tenants (something even Wood believed in). Federal law reduced the rent authorities could recover, starving them of revenue. As an idea, public housing was born from the market-failure liberals of the 1930s; as an institution, it was destroyed by the anti-authority liberals of the 1960s. Daley can be criticized for sharing the assumptions of the former, but he must be absolved of responsibility for the latter, who came to strength just after the last State Street corridor high-rise went up in 1965. The current Mayor Daley is now tearing the high-rises down.

The older Mayor Daley had doubts not only about high-rises but also about the antipoverty programs of the 1960s, and these doubts have proved well justified, too. Daley objected to the creation of new neighborhood organizations to spend antipoverty money, and mostly squelched them in Chicago. He argued that poor and black people were already represented in the political process, even if they did not vote as white liberal reformers would like them

to. And if it is objected that they were controlled by the Daley machine, that control pretty quickly faded. The notion that poor people could show others how to get out of poverty seemed absurd to the orderly, authority-respecting Daley. His view, once regarded as retrograde in liberal quarters, now seems to be just common sense.

So is the idea of the mayor as a champion of law and order. Daley was much criticized for ordering police to "shoot to kill" arsonists in 1968; the liberal wisdom was that riots and crime were just the understandable response of people subjected to racial segregation. Now it is clear that Daley was right: Riots and crime, after all, hurt black people more than anyone else. Bungalow ward residents' claims that blacks were much more likely to commit crimes than whites were, sadly, accurate.

Interestingly, the first mention of crime—which destroyed many neighborhoods in Chicago and whole cities like Detroit—by Cohen and Taylor is when Martin Luther King Jr. moved to a West Side slum apartment in 1966. Coretta Scott King was, quite reasonably, worried about crime in the neighborhood, and the Kings ended up spending little time there. The failure of King's mission in Chicago is explained by Cohen and Taylor as the result of Daley's shrewdness and trickery, and they are right as far as they go. But it also reflects the fact that by 1966 the main ills of blacks in cities like Chicago was not (as 1960s liberals insisted) racism, but crime.

Daley may have understood that, and he certainly never gave black crime the sanction that the white liberals of his time did. But crime tripled in America between 1965 and 1975, and it is only in the 1990s that it has been reduced by mayors like Rudolph Giuliani and Richard M. Daley who were willing to ignore cries of racism from black activists and politicians and the dizzy liberals of the *New York Times*. American cities might have been spared a lot of tragedy if their leaders had listened more respectfully to the malapropisms of a mayor who knew Chicago in more depth and detail than perhaps anyone else has known a great city. ♦

Giuliani with his mother during the first mayoral campaign. Basic Books.

The Prince of New York

Rudolph Giuliani's legacy. **BY FRED SIEGEL**

Seven years ago, New York City under Mayor David Dinkins stood on the edge of social and economic breakdown. Elected in 1989 as a symbol of racial healing, Dinkins conducted a largely symbolic mayoralty. Put in power by liberals whose exhausted policy program had been replaced by identity politics, he had no agenda and no idea how to govern.

Dinkins carried himself with such dignity that it was hard for his supporters to believe things could go bad under such a decent man. He was like the ruler, described by Machiavelli, who "never preaches anything except peace and good faith; and he is an enemy of both." While Dinkins dedicated his days to projecting his nobility at ceremonial events, the city was losing 330,000 jobs, and 60 percent of the population was looking to leave.

No one then could have anticipated that the late 1990s would be the best of times for Gotham.

A good way to understand New York's recent rebirth is to think of Rudy Giuliani as a Renaissance prince who revives his republic with more than a touch of Machiavelli's "corrupt wisdom." This is not merely a matter of Giuliani's famously Florentine looks (though his rectangular head and features look as though they had been copied from a tapestry). The problem Machiavelli sets out to solve in *The Prince* is how to resuscitate his beloved Florence, which has been laid low by feckless leadership, a cowed populace,

Fred Siegel, a professor at the Cooper Union in New York, is the author of The Future Once Happened Here: New York, D.C., L.A., and the Fate of America's Big Cities, *recently published as an Encounter Books paperback.*

and a military made up of mercenaries who (like the NYPD under Dinkins) were unwilling to act in the defense of the city's interests.

For his solution, Machiavelli turned to the forgotten virtues of the classical world: discipline, courage, and fortitude in adversity. Giuliani, derided by the *New York Times* as "A Wonder Bread Son of the 1950s," has been New York's prince: He has recalled the city to an older set of virtues—enterprise, individual obligation, and self-discipline—that had been lost since the 1960s mayoralty of John Lindsay. Even his favorite aphorism, "I'd rather be respected than loved," is a play on Machiavelli's "It is better to be feared than loved."

Giuliani was never much of a politician. In three tries, he has yet to run a passably good campaign. He came to power in 1993 only because of emergency conditions like those that faced Machiavelli's Florence. Crime didn't rise much in the Dinkins years, it just stayed unbearably high; what was on the rise was a pervasive sense of menace. Lars-Erik Nelson, a liberal columnist for the *Daily News*, explained that "when you take your children to a public playground and find that a mental patient has been using the sandbox as a toilet, it is normal to say, 'Enough! I'm leaving.'" When Marcia Kramer, a TV reporter, confronted Dinkins with the fact that aggressive panhandlers had driven her to the suburbs, Dinkins's response was, "Sorry you left us. Sorrier still that we can't raise your personal income tax."

Dinkins wasn't joking about taxes. Like an earlier one-term mayoral hack, Abe Beame, he responded to the national recession by raising taxes on slow-moving targets in order to shield his public-sector constituency. While the sanitation department issued a blizzard of fines against small businessmen, the consumer affairs, buildings, and sheriff's offices initiated a ticket blitzkrieg against small businesses and delivery trucks. But Dinkins's finest shakedown came when gun-toting sheriffs made raids on supermarkets and grabbed money from the cash registers to pay dubious littering fines. The bureaucracy was literally feeding off the city.

By 1992, 80 percent of all the business income taxes collected by local governments in America, and 25 percent of all the personal income taxes, were being collected by the city of New York alone.

Of course, as a result, New York, all by itself, accounted for 25 percent of the jobs lost nationally in the early 1990s recession—a recession that had been deepened for the entire United States by Dinkins's insistence on higher taxes in the teeth of the downturn.

AP/Wide World Photos

Rudy Giuliani
Emperor of the City
by Andrew Kirtzman
William Morrow, 333 pp., $25

Rudy!
An Investigative Biography of Rudolph Giuliani
by Wayne Barrett
Basic, 498 pp., $26

NYPD
The Inside Story of New York's Legendary Police Department
by Thomas Reppetto and James Lardner
Henry Holt, 384 pp., $27.50

These huge tax increases produced declining revenues, and the city teetered on the edge of bankruptcy. Governor Mario Cuomo talked of reactivating the Financial Control Board which had been created during New York City's near bankruptcy of the 1970s. (Dinkins in turn threatened to "bring in Jesse Jackson and make this a real black-white thing.")

When a drug-runners riot broke out in heavily Dominican Washington Heights after a dealer was killed in a scrape with an undercover cop, Dinkins didn't just express sympathy, he arranged for the city to pay for the funeral and fly the family back to the Dominican Republic. Dinkins, note James Lardner and Thomas Reppetto in their very readable *NYPD: The Inside Story of New York's Legendary Police Department*, became "the mayor who paid for a drug dealer's funeral." With the rule of law collapsing as in the Crown Heights riot—where Dinkins refused to intervene for three days as angry mobs targeted the neighborhood's Jews—the city's traditional liberal politics, based on the question of how New Yorkers could save the world, was replaced by a new question: How could New York be saved?

The city, as Andrew Kirtzman describes it in his new book *Rudy Giuliani: Emperor of the City*, very nearly didn't make it. In a campaign that Dinkins and the *New York Times* set up as a referendum on race, "the Giuliani camp," says Kirtzman "was trying to change the subject from race." They couldn't and Giuliani, a stiff and unconvincing candidate, won by a mere forty-five thousand votes.

Race is at the center of another new book, Wayne Barrett's *Rudy! An Investigative Biography of Rudolph Giuliani*. An extraordinary sleuth, Barrett has uncovered material that eluded even the FBI. His revelations about Giuliani's father's criminal record have made headlines across the country. But what stands at the heart of Barrett's book is his accusation that "Rudy's government, by and large, has been a government of, for, and by white people." Where New York liberalism once had a broad agenda on crime, welfare, and equality, it has now reached a phase where race is its only energizing issue. Jim Andrews, Ruth Messinger's manager in her failed 1997 race against the incumbent Giuliani, anticipated Barrett when he insisted that "Race isn't just part of politics; it is politics."

Harlem is currently enjoying a second renaissance, but pay no mind. What Barrett is getting at, and what elected Dinkins in the first place, is not the well being of the minority population but rather the level of minority representation in public employment. And here Barrett has a point of sorts: The number of blacks in government jobs has gone down under Giuliani, even if black private sector employment has soared.

The most interesting part of Barrett's *Rudy!* is not what he has dug up about Giuliani's past, but what he has buried. He has in a feat of revisionism simply excised Dinkins's mayoralty, so that he has no need to deal with the breakdown that left many New Yorkers in despair. He mentions the Dinkins years only in regard to the 1993 election. This is like writing a history of the New Deal that only mentions Hoover in discussing Roosevelt's 1932 campaign. But Barrett hasn't really written a book; he's assembled a nearly five-hundred page dossier of petty intrigue—in which, for example, dozens of detailed pages are devoted to the squabbles between Giuliani and former senator Al D'Amato, while omitting the larger life of the city.

Barrett accuses Giuliani of hypocrisy, exaggeration, self-serving rhetoric, inconsistency, having it both ways, and claiming more credit than was due. He is right, of course, on all these counts. But how does that distinguish Giuliani from most other politicians? Obviously written as an attempt to influence the Senate campaign when it seemed certain that Giuliani would be the Republican nominee, the book parachutes the reader into an occasionally fascinating but essentially trackless jungle of facts, assertions, counter-assertions, personal revelations, and innuendo—with the author's hostility the only compass.

Kirtzman's *Rudy Giuliani* is a balanced and informative book that's likely to become the standard account. Kirtzman sees that you have to take the man as a whole. The very qualities that allowed him to bull his way through the city's tangle of dysfunctional interest groups, also made him quick to dismiss criticism. Kirtzman describes Giuliani as "a great man and a mean-spirited one, a visionary and an opportunist." This tension is exactly what Machiavelli had in mind when he explained that in public life vice can be a virtue and virtue a vice.

The best sections in Kirtzman's book deal with Giuliani's estranged relations with the black leadership, although he generally misses the

Both photos: Basic Books

underlying source of the tension. Giuliani's victory over an African-American incumbent and his efforts to restore fiscal stability were bound to produce a fracture. Even as the city slid, Dinkins still stood tall among voters who saw him not only as a symbol of ethnic achievement but as a defender of the public-sector programs that were the central source of both the city's minority employment and the city's enormous deficits.

During the ugly campaign marred by Giuliani shouting "bullsh—t" before a crowd of crazed cops, Dinkins's supporters repeatedly attacked Giuliani for his "fascism" and his running mate Herman Badillo for marrying a white woman. One Dinkins aide asked me, "Don't you know that if Rudy wins there will be a reign of terror in New York?" The mood produced by the campaign led one third of those polled to predict a riot if Giuliani were elected.

When defeated—though he had won 95 percent of the black vote—Dinkins delivered an unprecedented farewell address. He told the city council, which was taking time out from an interminable debate over whether regulating horse-drawn carriages was actually ethnic discrimination against the Irish drivers, that Giuliani was such a menace to the city that "now more than ever, New Yorkers will look to their council to protect the *most proudly progressive government on God's earth*."

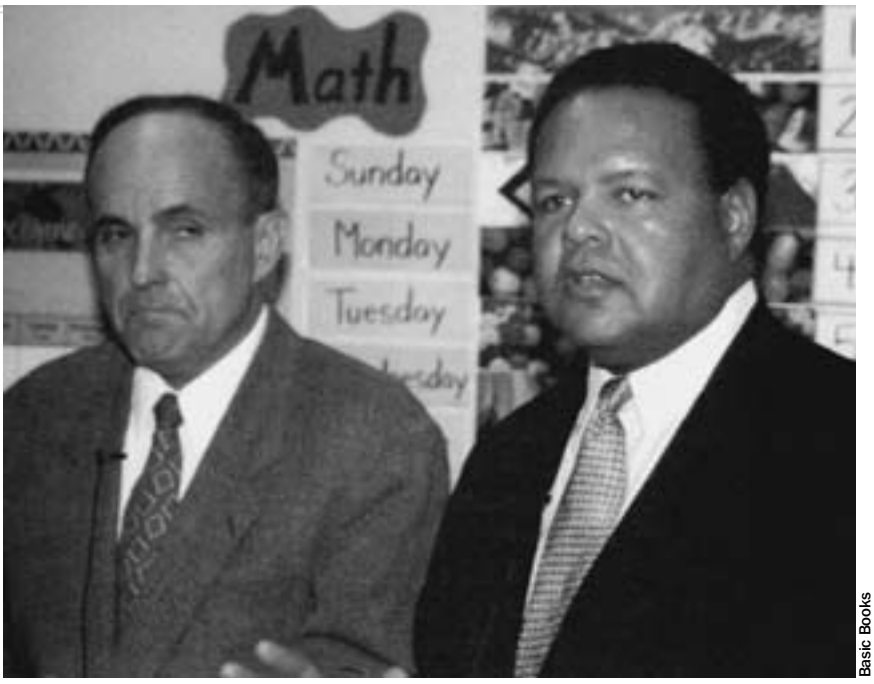
Once in office, Giuliani's restorationist regime took down both the deficit and the "riot ideology" that had driven New York politics since the Lindsay years. He refused to meet with Al Sharpton (who in turn worked to cut Giuliani off from black churches). African Americans, as Kirtzman describes it, supported Giuliani at their own peril. At Harlem's Convent Baptist church he was barred from attending Martin Luther King Jr. Day ceremonies, and the pastor welcomed David Dinkins by announcing: "He's still our mayor." The notoriously thin-skinned Giuliani "felt spurned by the black community." Kirtzman goes on to acknowledge that "Giuliani was on the attack against a lot of Democratic politicians, black and white alike, using the same amount of vitriol." But he then argues that nonetheless, "Giuliani was his own worst enemy when it came to race relations."

For all of Kirtzman's virtues, he is less than forthright in describing the

press's promotion of Sharpton or his own television station's role (he's an anchor at NY1, an all-news cable station sometimes known as the "Sharpton News Network"). For many liberal journalists dressed down by Giuliani—and there's no doubt that the mayor and his press secretary Christyne "I'd take a bullet for Rudy" Lategano went out of the way to make life difficult for the press—Sharpton became the agent of their anger.

In an episode Kirtzman doesn't mention, Sharpton came before reporters to announce his 1997 mayoral campaign so sure of a free ride that he himself brought up the damning episode of the Freddie Fire. This was a 1995 incident in which Sharpton's organization, and sometimes Sharpton himself, picketed a Jewish-owned store on 125th Street in Harlem. The protesters (led by a Sharpton lieutenant who was an escaped mental patient with a long history of violence) shouted about "bloodsuckers" and about how "we're going to burn and loot the Jews." In the end they got their wish as one of their number, goosed by the rhetoric, went in with guns blazing and set fire to the store, killing himself and seven others. In a touch of bravado, Sharpton blamed the deaths on Giuliani: "Only the city administration," he claimed, "knew of the hatred that was brewing outside" Freddie's Fashion Mart. The press said nothing.

Giuliani sailed to reelection against a weak opponent, Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, who had barely averted a primary runoff against Sharpton. It was hard for voters to argue with the success of the police department. Police Commissioner Bill Bratton thrilled much of the city with his Churchillian rhetoric: "I'll end the fear. . . .We will fight for every house in the city." Bratton—"an avid reader of books on corporate motivation," say Lardner and Reppetto in *NYPD*—understood that most police departments "were punishment-centered bureaucracies," prone to issue rules and regulations heavy on the don'ts. When under intense pressure Dinkins expanded the police force, a Harlem cop asked: "What's the difference if you've got 25,000 people sitting around doing nothing or 30,000?"



Basic Books

Above, the mayor glowers at his schools chancellor, Rudy Crew. Opposite: Above, Giuliani in 1982 as associate attorney general; below, dressed up for a 1997 skit as Marilyn Monroe.

Bratton reversed the natural bureaucratic process and created incentives for active policing. In Machiavelli's terms, he motivated the mercenaries. Across America, crime dropped 5 percent between 1993 and 1996; in New York City, it fell 35 percent—which is to say that New York alone accounted for one third of the national drop. These achievements began even before the economy recovered from recession and in the midst of a massive immigration which brought, as it often has in the past, a burst of criminality.

In 1992, a Harlem resident explained, "Nobody ever got in trouble in that department for doing nothing. Sometimes I've seen something happen, and cops just turn their head and go by." By 1995 in Harlem, noted the *Boston Globe*'s Fred Kaplan, where there had once been a funeral a week, people were now sitting out on the stoops. And eighteen-year-old Presley Navarrete noticed, "I hardly hear gunshots anymore. . . . It's all because of the cops, the cops are everywhere." The director of the neighborhood youth center, reported Kaplan, saw a new day in Harlem in which "the sun even seemed brighter; the air seemed lighter."

But in March 1996, Bratton, caught up in a battle with Giuliani over who deserved the credit, was pushed out of office. Bratton had given Giuliani a degree of insulation, and his dismissal—along with an earlier decision to bring in the heartily disliked Lategano to replace Ken Frydman, a press secretary with good ties to journalists—would cost Giuliani much of his second-term popularity.

Giuliani went into his final four years with more than adequate confidence and his eyes elsewhere. There was even talk of a run for the presidency. In the absence of a full-scale agenda, he began to press too hard on quality-of-life issues. His campaigns against jaywalkers, peddlers, and taxi drivers brought derision, as did the opening of a new high-tech police bunker. Giuliani was at his best in emergencies but in his second term, he seemed to like them too much.

His enemies saw an opening and mocked his bunker mentality at a time when his success in containing crime seemed to suggest that the emergency was over. It wasn't. The underside of the active, stop-and-frisk policing, which took thousands of guns off the streets, is that as the crime rate dropped, an increasing number of innocents in minority neighborhoods

Both photos: Reuters New Media Inc. / CORBIS

Above, Giuliani poses with former New York mayors Abe Beame, David Dinkins, and Ed Koch.
Opposite page, Giuliani poses with New York's Senate candidate Rick Lazio at the Republican convention, August 1, 2000.

were being accosted by cops. This is a genuine issue—because if the cops back off too much, crime comes back up—and the mayor handled it badly.

When a series of high-profile incidents came along, the old guard of New York politics began a campaign to drive Giuliani from office. Racially charged events beginning with the police torture of Abner Louima and the killings of Amadou Diallo and Patrick Dorismond gave Sharpton and his allies the chance to seize the political agenda.

What followed was nothing short of political hysteria. The fact that panicked cops tragically shot forty-one times at Diallo—firing at their own ricochets and flashes—was repeated thousands of times a week, as though malevolent intent could be deduced from the number of shots fired. When the Diallo cops were acquitted of criminal charges, the Reverend Calvin Butts, an ally of the Republican governor, spoke of the "evil that permeates City Hall." Even the usually cautious Reverend Floyd Flake, a one-time Giuliani ally, denounced the mayor as a "megalomaniac and a paranoid schizophrenic." Others weren't so kind.

The television stations covered these incidents through the mind of the mob. After Malcolm Ferguson, a longtime drug dealer, was killed in a struggle with a cop, the television coverage depicted him as a martyr slain by the out-of-control police. After listening to Sharpton rant for nights on end, viewers were treated to "testimony" from middle-class white liberals describing their terror of the police. The climax may have been an April 1 front-page story in the *New York Times*, in which David Barstow depicted a low-level Brooklyn heroin dealer and a group of young thugs as victims of police harassment.

Barstow accused Giuliani and the police of imposing "the mores of Mayberry" on a rough-and-tumble neighborhood (which is also my own). The gullible Barstow referred to one alleged victim of police harassment as a "gregarious youth," though he was, in fact, a notorious thug wanted for slashing a man's throat on the subway.

In a paradox Machiavelli would have appreciated, Giuliani suffered from the failure of success. In Philadelphia and Chicago, where the murder rate has barely dropped at all in black neighborhoods, the white mayors retained their popularity among African-American voters. Chicago with one third the population has had roughly the same number of murders as New York. If Giuliani had been a racist, or even merely a cynic, he could have backed off in black Bedford-Stuyvesant while continuing vigilant patrols in white Brooklyn Heights.

But Giuliani's real sin wasn't police brutality; it was that he had proved that the black and liberal establishment were wrong about almost all the major issues that faced New York. They had insisted that crime couldn't be cut without a reign of terror, and when crime was cut even as police violence declined, they invented just such a reign. They had insisted that welfare couldn't be reformed without massive suffering. When Giuliani cut the rolls in half, with only minimal signs of increased suffering, they were shown up again. First and foremost Giuliani was hated for being right, for embar-

rassing the city's old-line leaders who either stood by or actively abetted Sharpton's equating the NYPD with the KKK.

While there was both a stop-and-frisk problem and an over-reliance on specialized units at the expense of neighborhood patrols, the reign of terror depicted by Sharpton and the press never happened. In fact, not only has crime dropped to record lows, so has police violence. In the last year of the Dinkins administration, the cops fired 212 times; in 1999, they fired seventy-one times—and that includes the forty-one directed at Diallo. Police killings dropped from a high of forty-one under Dinkins to eleven in 1999, a historic low. Under Giuliani the police were half as likely to use their guns as they were under Dinkins.

These readily available numbers were rarely mentioned. The press frenzy slowed only after the city's African and Haitian livery-cab drivers were subject to a wave of murders, followed by the vicious mass murder of minority workers at a Wendy's. This reminded the city that there is no such thing as a tipping point that produces a self-sustaining collapse in crime. The right metaphor for a city with 650,000 single-parent households—fatherless families with at least one child under eighteen, for the most part—is a pressure cooker, with the police crucial for keeping the lid on. But it was only with the recent Puerto Rican Day Parade that many grasped what they stood to loose if the lid were removed.

On the Sunday of the Puerto Rican parade this past June, what began as friendly boy-girl rough housing in Central Park near the parade route turned into a wave of fifty or more sexual assaults. "This is better than Disneyland," shouted a young man caught on one of the amateur videotapes that brought the situation home. There were the "gregarious youths" the police had earlier been accused of harassing. The same youths Barstow was so sympathetic to were now bad because they hadn't just preyed on locals in Brooklyn but had harassed upper-middle-class women in Central Park, right across from the Plaza.

The wilding was part of a weekend of murder and mayhem in which three were killed, fifty-nine were assaulted with knives or guns, and there was a bias attack against Orthodox Jewish kids on the Coney Island boardwalk. The police, it seems, had gotten the message: They were backing off for a while.

Newsday, which had been flaying the police for months, captured the change of mood: "Has Giuliani given up on keeping order? It's over. Suddenly Mayor Rudolph Giuliani sounds like a tired and defensive guy forced to wrestle with a city of ingrates. Let us note that the city's age of reform appears to have ended, and Giuliani's early retirement to have begun."

Newsday may be right. Giuliani, who preached strength and self-discipline, has been humbled by cancer and his own personal disorder. He's a lame duck who has flaunted his affair with his paramour and publicly humiliated his wife. The man who needs only four hours of sleep and whose enormous energy and intelligence have kept the city's enemies at bay for nearly seven years is now understandably preoccupied with personal issues.

Machiavelli's hope in *The Prince* is that a ruthless man can, by reviving the republic, restore the public virtue of the citizenry. That is a task beyond even Giuliani's capacities. If Dinkins was all gesture and form, Giuliani was all outcomes at a time when ceremonial gestures of inclusion might have softened the hostility of a black population ill-served by a dysfunctional leadership.

Giuliani has no political heirs. What he leaves behind is a city in which, because crime has been curbed, the citizens can enjoy the best of times. In the 1980s, during a Wall Street boom, much of the middle class was nonetheless looking to leave.

Today New York's problem is that so many talented people are beating down its doors that rents are rising out of control. Employment is at the highest level for thirty years, and poverty is declining. For the first time in a non-recessionary period, the economic growth in New York is better than the national rate. The summer streets are filled well into the evening, and with the city enjoying surpluses, there's even talk for the first time in forty years of much-needed infrastructure investments.

Neither of the recent books on Giuliani notices the way in which the dot.coms are remaking the economic landscape of the city. For the first time since the 1950s, New York has a new industry. The new media, Web, software, and graphic design companies, explains Steve Malanga in the *City Journal*, account for most of the city's job growth. And the techies having run out of affordable space in Manhattan are starting to move out of lower Manhattan and into Harlem, Brooklyn, and Queens. These companies have revived the city's pre-New Deal entrepreneurial spirit. Given time, they may build on Giuliani's legacy to renew its politics as well.

Some of the patronage pols looking to succeed Giuliani tried a few weeks ago to install as the new head of the Independent Budget Office Dinkins's old budget director—a woman famed for going after slow-moving tax targets. But at a time when the city's economy depends on retaining and encouraging fast-moving dot-coms, there may be a limit to how much damage the Prince's successors can do. ♦

Parody

The online newspaper WorldNetDaily reports that a consultant hired last year to do Y2K security upgrades on the White House's computer network found that massive real-time video files—which featured homosexual, farm animal and teen sex acts—passed through the system's Internet firewall, which screens for network-crippling viruses.

—*Washington Post*, August 10, 2000

Serving Bill Clinton Since 1992

Secret Service Phone Log
Phone Call Between Potus and V-Potus
August 11, 2000, 1:24 A.M.
Transcript

GORE: Al Gore. Time for a Fresh Start for America. How Can I Help You?

CLINTON: Is that how you always answer the phone? Anyway, Al, sorry to call so late. I was just browsing the Internet and I'm having a little trouble downloading a video. I can't get the volume up enough.

GORE: What are you watching? Have you been to the Governing Magazine website recently? They've got a great new FAQ page!

CLINTON: No, uh, it's about animals. Animals interacting with people. It's sort of a nature thing. Say, I didn't wake you up, did I?

GORE: No, no, no. I was just writing a few op-eds for Joe Lieberman: "My Personal Retreat From Social Security Privatization," "My Personal Retreat from School Vouchers," "My Personal Conversion to Catholicism." That one's just in case it gets close in Michigan at the end.

CLINTON: That reminds me. At the convention, are all the women delegates going to have to sit in the balcony when Joe speaks? Ha, ha. Just kidding. Actually I've forgiven him for that Judas speech. I've moved to a new place. Say, this video is fascinating. Did you know chickens have tongues?

GORE: Actually, there is something about your schedule at the convention I wanted to talk to you about. You don't really need to do the four encore appearances.

CLINTON: You sure? I could hang around. I could contribute. I could do the signing for the deaf? I've got nothing but the Playboy bash Thursday night. I could stand behind you during your speech. Cry when you get to the part about the dead relative…

GORE: No really. We…

CLINTON: Say, do you think they can beam these Web videos to the TelePrompTers?