THE THIRD WAY TO BIG GOVERNMENT
IRWIN M. STELZER

the weekly Standard

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Greatest Show on Earth!

Barnes • Caldwell • Carlson • Rees • Walsh
on the Wild and Woolly 2000 Election

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

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Anti-Bush Sic-ness at the *Washington Post*

Except when they want to ridicule someone, reporters (or their editors) "clean up" the spoken words quoted in their stories. The stammers and ahems and false starts and missteps of a speaker—any speaker—look um, uh, ah, er, ridiculous in print.

Thus it was a particularly snappish bit of bad manners by the *Washington Post* last week to offer the following selection from a George W. Bush appearance on *Hardball*:

> I look forward to finding out the facts, but someone is sweating bullets right now. They're beginning to hone [sic] in on it.

That *sic* represents extra exertion by the *Post* to spotlight a Bush error. "Hone in," though now acceptable to the permissive editors of modern dictionaries owing to its frequent misuse, is a solecism that comes from confusing the verb "to hone," meaning to sharpen, with the similar sounding "home in on," meaning to approach one's target.

Slate's Scott Shuger took note of the *Post*'s glaring *sic* in his column the next day and wondered, "If a candidate makes the same hones-for-homes mistake as 90 percent of the adult population, should he be sicmatized?" The answer in this case is obvious: no. The Posties were behaving badly in subtly mocking the candidate for a usage error that is rampant in their own ranks.

A quick glance at Nexis shows a veritable honor roll of the paper's own reporters have failed through the years to achieve the same purity of expression they now chide Bush for falling short of. Here's a partial list of *Post* bylines that have appeared over "honed in on" in recent years: Thomas Boswell, David Broder, Edward Cody, Ceci Connolly, Ann Devroy, John Feinstein, Tony Kornheiser, George Lardner Jr., Myra MacPherson, Courtland Milloy, Liza Mundy, Steven Pearlstein, Tom Shales, Phyllis Richman, and Jonathan Yardley. (And of course it's because worthies like this can't get it right that the dictionary editors have thrown in the towel.)

Post defense reporter Bradley Graham deserves special recognition for bungling the expression in a March 1999 story on "a new missile topped with a 'seeker' for honing in on a target." Which is kind of like homing your blade to a fine edge.

By the way: In the dozens of times the hone/home confusion has been perpetrated in the pages of the *Washington Post*—whether in its own writers' words or the words of subjects being quoted—only once, when it served to make George W. Bush look foolish, was *sic* inserted. Not to hone the point too fine: The *Post* owes Bush an apology. ♦

The Next Minority Leader?

One of the more amusing spectacles during this otherwise unamusing session of Congress has been the willingness of representatives Nancy Pelosi and Steny Hoyer to launch campaigns for House majority whip. Pelosi and Hoyer are, if you hadn't noticed, Democrats, and thus their campaigns will be for naught unless the Democrats retake control of the House this November.

House Republicans have had a good chuckle over this, but don't tell that to John Boehner of Ohio. A former chairman of the House Republican conference, he's begun scheming to become the next . . . minority leader. That's right, Boehner apparently thinks a GOP loss of the House is likely enough to plan ahead, on the assumption that his colleagues, once in the minority, will want to replace their current leadership.

They may well want to do that, but Boehner won't necessarily be the beneficiary. His activities have, predictably, alienated a few of his fellow Republicans. They wonder why the master fund-raiser turned down a personal request by House speaker Denny Hastert to co-chair a campaign committee charged with helping the GOP preserve its House majority. There's also been grumbling over his failure to contribute more money from his sizable campaign treasury to the House GOP's campaign committee.

Somewhat unfairly, Boehner became the punching bag for House Republicans following the debacle in the 1998 midterm elections, and lost his slot in the leadership. If he's not careful, he won't be getting it back. ♦

Nader's Kind of Place

The Nader campaign has been something of a dud ever since Al Gore started imitating it at his convention. But the Green party candidate could still tip a state or two to Bush.

Consider Oregon, where Bush is competitive with Gore, and Ralph Nader is getting upward of 5 percent of the vote. When Nader and his run-

ning mate Winona LaDuke campaigned in Portland's Memorial Coliseum at the end of August, some 11,000 cheering voters turned out and security had to turn several hundred people away. Four days later, only 300 handpicked supporters showed up for a Gore-Lieberman "town hall meeting"—about the same number as the Nader supporters picketing outside.

Molly Bordonaro, a Bush campaign official in the region, tells THE SCRAPBOOK that Nader's Portland headquarters has "tons of people answering phones and stuffing envelopes," while Gore's has "one guy sitting at a table waiting for the phone to ring."

Gore's troubles in Oregon include his chilly relationship with popular Democratic governor John Kitzhaber, architect of a state health plan that required a federal Medicaid waiver, which Gore opposed when he was still a senator. Kitzhaber returned the favor by endorsing Bill Bradley during the Oregon primary and campaigning heavily for him. Further complicating Gore's Oregon campaign, and fueling Nader's, is the vice president's unwillingness to reveal his position on tearing out dams on the Snake and Columbia Rivers. Dam breaching is now an almost sacramental act of nature worship among environmentalists. Kitzhaber announced his support for dam removal earlier this year. Bush, in virtually every stop in the Northwest, has declared his strong opposition to dam breaching. Gore has avoided saying where he stands.

The beneficiary of all this is Nader, who in 1996 had one of his strongest showings in Oregon—a state that last voted for a Republican presidential candidate in 1984. ♦

Must Reading

Good news: *Present Dangers: Crisis and Opportunity in American Foreign and Defense Policy,* edited by our own Robert Kagan and William Kristol, is now available. The volume, published by Encounter Books, consists of essays by 15 luminaries ranging from James Ceaser and William Bennett to Paul Wolfowitz and Richard Perle, on topics ranging from China to the Middle East to morality and American foreign policy. If there is a Bush administration, this book should be its policy planning bible. If there is a Gore administration, perhaps they'll do better than they would otherwise if they read the essays in *Present Dangers*. The book is available from bricks-and-mortar and online booksellers, or it can be ordered directly from the publisher at www.encounterbooks.com. ♦

Extra! Extra!

This year's first presidential debate will take place Tuesday evening, Oct. 3. For instant analysis—well, almost instant—you can turn to our website, *www.weeklystandard.com*, in the wee hours of late Tuesday, or Wednesday morning for the late risers. ♦

Casual

Shelf Life

I'm not impressed by Al Gore's Internet boasts, because I was surfing the web before the web was invented. In 1979, I enrolled at the University of Chicago, and in lieu of a social life, the university offered us a really great library with open stacks. While students at other schools were wasting their time having fun, I spent my college years wandering among the books, ogling really fulsome bibliographies. It was just like web browsing, except instead of an infinity of pointless websites, I was surfing an infinity of—well, actually, 3 million substantive books.

It is now September 27, 2000, and business has brought me to Princeton University. With a few hours to spare, I have procured a pass to the Firestone Library on campus, which has open stacks. So, notebook in hand, I'm inviting you to come along as I emerge from shelf-surfing retirement.

I enter on the ground floor of Firestone, with three floors of books above me and three below. It's always best to go subterranean, because you don't want to be distracted by windows or fresh air. Down on the A level, I stop at random at some stacks labeled with the Library of Congress call letters HD 9865 through HE 244. There are all sorts of fascinating books here: *Developments of Handloom Industry*, the Eastman Kodak annual report for 1902, *Studies in British Transport History, 1870-1970*. Quite by accident, I knock off the shelf a thin volume called *The Plain Goods Silk Industry of Paterson, New Jersey* written by Herbert S. Swan in 1937. Here's how it opens:

> Many years ago, Paterson's industrial structure was based mainly upon silk. Then the war came along. Shipyard workers began to buy silk shirts at nine and ten dollars apiece. The price of raw silk went up to fantastic heights. As a result, considerable impetus was given to the development of artificial fibres to take the place of silk.

Put aside the Hemingway pacing of those sentences. One can only ask: Why on earth did shipyard workers during World War I suddenly acquire a taste for extravagant silk shirts? I browse through the rest of the book. I learn about the development of rayon, and about the wage scales for winders, quillers, and warpers. But nowhere is that question answered. That's the

problem with shelf surfing. It leaves you wondering.

Let's go down a flight. We're now on B level at a shelf that begins with JA84.USM4. I spot M.E. Bradford's *The Reactionary Imperative*. Bradford was a paleocon professor from Texas who was nominated by Ronald Reagan to head the National Endowment for the Humanities, but had his nomination withdrawn after some of his anti-Lincoln writings came to light. Inside this book I find an essay called "Against Lincoln: A Speech At Gettysburg." It was written after the whole to-do, for Bradford was much aggrieved to see his views distorted in the press. But he didn't change his mind. Here he describes Lincoln as "the sad man from Illinois," who is "duplicitous" and opportunistic, whose reputation was "transformed into something very different by the bullet of John Wilkes Booth." There's a lot of tilting at Lincoln piety here, quite bracing and quite distorted. But it was a little greedy of Bradford to want to be the brave iconoclast and at the same time get the big federal job. As I put the book back in its space, I notice that next to it somebody has misfiled a book called *My First Time: Gay Men Describe Their First Same-Sex Experience*. Bookshelves make strange bedfellows.

Down another flight, and I'm in front of shelves of books by and about Winston Churchill. Just above, though, a title catches my eye—*Peace in Our Time*, by Chamberlain. But it's not Neville Chamberlain. It's Austen Chamberlain, and it was published in 1928. It's a collection of speeches delivered when Austen was British secretary of state for foreign affairs.

After some poking around the shelf, I find Austen's memoir, published in 1939. He was born in 1863 to Joseph and Harriet Chamberlain. His mother died during his birth. His father later married Harriet's cousin, who bore him four children, one of whom was Neville. She in turn died in childbirth, and her final child was buried with her in her coffin. "There is not a fibre in my whole being which has not been torn asunder," Joseph wrote just after her death. "You can judge how desolate and solitary I feel, and how dark and difficult my future life seems to me."

Nonetheless, Joseph went on to a sparkling parliamentary career, even serving with his sons. They were one of the glorious political families, apparently—at least until Neville borrowed his half-brother's phrase, "peace in our time," and made the blunder that became the family's chief legacy.

You get the trivial and the tragic, shelf-surfing. And unlike on the Internet, you don't meet techno-weenies who think they invented a whole new world.

David Brooks

Correspondence

Cultural Conservatives

In "The Secret of Gore's Success," Tucker Carlson addresses the matter of Al Gore and Joe Lieberman suggesting Federal Trade Commission action against studio heads if they don't "shape up" (Sept. 25). He writes, "Does [Bill Bennett] think the Federal Trade Commission ought to go after studio heads? The answer . . . is 'no.' In other words, phony or not, Al Gore has officially taken a stand on the entertainment industry that is to the right of Bill Bennett."

Not so. Most conservatives actually oppose government regulation, believe in the First Amendment, and generally support the view that most problems are better resolved outside of government. It is the liberal left that endorses the use of the government as a blunt instrument to force a particular result, and in this case incredibly believes that pointy-headed Washington bureaucrats have better "taste" and parenting skills than the great unwashed.

Royal S. Dellinger
Rockville, MD

Welcome to the Club

I couldn't agree more with William Kristol and David Brooks's "The High Road to High Office" (Sept. 25). I only hope the Bush camp and the candidate himself read their words.

I am new to conservatism, a 51-year-old married woman who grew up in New York and have voted Democratic in every presidential election except my first one. The Lewinsky incident—especially the trashing of the rule of law—so turned me off President Clinton that I started looking at Republicans with new eyes.

For the first time I got past the spin to hear the philosophy, and it made sense. To my shock and amazement I went even further and began listening to conservative voices—including The Weekly Standard, Rush Limbaugh, and Norman Podhoretz—and I found that these voices made the most sense of all. Ten years ago I thought Rush Limbaugh was insane. Now I credit him with helping to save my sanity when the Democrats I thought I knew and loved turned into moral midgets.

I'm sure there are others like me, who, if given the chance to hear the true conservative message, and not what gets filtered and demonized by the Democrats, would find that message resonant.

Rose Marie Mikoljak
Addison, IL

Speaking of California

Contrary to The Scrapbook's assertion, rising test scores in California do not demonstrate that dismantling bilingual education was a good idea ("Don't Knock Unz," Sept. 18). Test

scores increased throughout California over the last two years, a phenomenon that typically occurs when new tests are introduced, and there is no evidence linking this increase to dropping bilingual education.

Ron Unz has limited his analysis of the California test scores to a few districts, and has not examined the details closely enough. He has pointed out that scores for limited-English-proficient children increased quite a bit in Oceanside, a district that dropped bilingual education. But Oceanside had a poorly conceived bilingual program, one in which instruction was in Spanish alone until grade six. Properly organized bilingual programs introduce English on the first day, and begin subject matter teaching in English as soon as it can be made comprehensible.

Unz has also pointed out that test scores in neighboring Vista, a district that kept bilingual education, were not as impressive. But according to a recent report, Vista erroneously lumped a large number of high scoring limited-English students with its fluent-English-speaking population. This had the effect of artificially lowering the average for limited-English-proficient children.

When one considers a larger number of districts and examines the published research, one sees impressive evidence supporting bilingual education. Stanford professor Kenji Hakuta found that test scores rose in districts in California that kept bilingual education, as well as in districts that never had bilingual education. It is also of interest that for the last three years, limited-English-proficient students in Arizona who were in bilingual education have outscored those in all-English programs on tests of English reading.

In addition, controlled studies consistently show that children in properly organized bilingual classes acquire at least as much English as those in all-English classes and usually acquire more. The most recent review of this research was done by Prof. Jay Greene of the University of Texas at Austin, using statistical tools far more precise than those used in previous reviews.

Greene concluded that the use of the native language in instructing limited-English-proficient children has "moderate beneficial effects" and that "efforts to eliminate the use of the native language in instruction . . . harm children by denying them access to beneficial approaches."

Stephen Krashen
Professor of Education
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, CA

Own a Piece of America

William Tucker's proposed "Declaration of Independence" for working families hits all around the mark, but never the bull's-eye ("A Declaration of Independence," Sept. 25). Sure, working families want choice and oppor-

tunity, but what they want most is ownership—ownership of a home, an asset account, and often a personal business.

Republicans figured this out in the Reagan platform of 1980: "The widespread distribution of private property ownership is the cornerstone of American liberty. Without it neither our free enterprise system nor our republican form of government could long endure. . . . [We] will not only protect the cherished human right of property ownership, but will also work to help millions of Americans—particularly those from disadvantaged groups—to share in the ownership of the wealth of their nation."

George W. Bush told the Congress of Racial Equality this summer, "We want everybody to own a piece of the future in this country. And that is exactly what my campaign is going to talk about." Unfortunately, Bush's promised central message of expanding and more widely distributing ownership of the nation's wealth has yet to emerge from his barrage of tax, budget, and privatization proposals, all of which are compatible with the expanded ownership theme. It's about time Bush got this message straight. It's a winner.

JOHN MCCLAUGHRY
Kirby, VT

IT'S HIGH TIME Republicans start making it clear that their core principles are not elitist or "mean-spirited" or "risky" or preferential to the rich at the expense of the rest. As someone who comes from that very $30-$50,000 bracket William Tucker discusses, a member of a working family in every sense, I truly appreciate his work.

DEL MENDEZ
Ann Arbor, MI

PAROCHIAL EDUCATION

FOR YEARS NOW, we Roman Catholics have been observing (if not gloating) that in most areas of the country the Catholic schools are markedly superior to their public counterparts. But Rod Dreher's "Banning Flannery" (Sept. 11) presents a Catholic bishop laboring mightily to ensure that a diploma from his high schools will be worthless in the eyes of any rational college admissions official or prospective employer.

It is indeed a situation worthy of the pen of an O'Connor or a Waugh. I wonder whether the luckless fellow who teaches history at Opelousas Catholic will be allowed to mention the Black Death.

C.H. ROSS
Nashville, TN

A REAL HATCHET JOB

DAVID KLINGHOFFER did nice research on a very touchy subject for American society ("From Abraham to America," Sept. 25). But he missed one reason why Greeks and Romans regarded circumcision with horror. To them, it was a form of mutilation, disfiguring a perfect body.

I teach in a Lutheran high school in the Bronx. Whenever I get to the details of the covenant with Abraham, the males recoil in horror that the sign of the covenant was circumcision. They also see it as a form of mutilation. The only young men in the group who said they were circumcised had the surgery performed for medical reasons.

It was also interesting that Klinghoffer did his informal study in a gymnasium. The Roman gymnasium in Jerusalem was a cause for scandal, and Jews, at least observant ones, would have nothing to do with full, semi-public nudity and never entered.

REV. LARRY BAILEY
New York, NY

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the weekly Standard

The Candidates and the Dictator

It seems naive, moralistic, even "Wilsonian" to say it, but say it we must: Elections matter. The consent of the governed matters. Democracy matters.

Foreign policy "realists" hate it when elections fundamentally change the geopolitical situation. That's why they've been so consistently wrong in the last two decades—wrong on both right and left, wrong about the Philippines in 1986 and Nicaragua in 1990, wrong about Poland and Russia, and wrong now about Yugoslavia. The September 24 vote against Slobodan Milosevic may prove to be the beginning of his end. Certainly the U.S. government and its NATO allies should do everything they can in this delicate period to help the citizens of Serbia rid themselves of their dictator. Because if Milosevic goes—however imperfect his replacement, Vojislav Kostunica, proves to be—it will turn out, we predict, that many of the "intractable" "centuries-old" "ghosts-of-history" problems in the Balkans will recede as well.

George W. Bush could be of some assistance here. His campaign's shortsighted comments about possible withdrawal of American troops from the Balkans may have emboldened Milosevic to believe that it is in his interest to hang on until a possible Bush victory in November. He should clear up any confusion on this score. A Bush statement calling on Milosevic to respect the will of the people and step down would show a united front to the Serbian strongman, and would be in the national interest as well as in Bush's own.

Bush's comments about withdrawing American troops from the Balkans may have emboldened Milosevic. He should clear up any confusion.

If Milosevic goes, it will be a victory for democracy. It will also be a victory for sanctions—that "moralistic" foreign policy tool much derided by our latter-day Bismarcks. And it will be a victory for U.S. intervention. It would further vindicate our use of force in Kosovo, much derided by sophisticates as foolish and pointless. And somehow the Russians, whom we supposedly had antagonized irrevocably by our military action there, have been reasonably well behaved over the past week. Perhaps they respect force more than weakness? Perhaps they even respect democracy a bit?

The same cannot be said, alas, for many in our own foreign policy establishment. That's why it never occurs to them to suggest democracy for nations that lack it. China, for instance. Neither presidential candidate so far as we can tell thinks it might be appropriate to give even a nod to the desirability of democracy in China. Neither candidate has made nearly enough of the fact that Taiwan has had a successful democratic transfer of power right off the coast of the mainland. Neither seems to understand that what matters most in international politics is the character of the regime; that a "realistic" foreign policy would focus on regime-improvement and regime-change.

By doing just that—by focusing on elections, and freedom, and the desire of ordinary citizens around the world for a voice in their governments—Ronald Reagan won the Cold War and helped free Central and Eastern Europe. He also helped democratize and liberalize Latin America and parts of Asia. It was the high-water mark for American foreign policy in the last half century. And it was a vastly better record than the "realists" have since managed. Bush allowed Saddam to hang on to power and backed down before Milosevic; with the exception of belated efforts in Bosnia and Kosovo, Clinton and Gore have mostly followed along.

Thanks to the elections in Yugoslavia, though, Bush and Gore now have an opportunity to break from the pseudo-realist consensus of the past decade. At a minimum, both should express support for the brave people of Serbia. They should each (or even jointly) warn Milosevic that he will get no break at all if he tries to hang on until after our elections. When Jim Lehrer asks them about Yugoslavia Tuesday night, it would be nice if our candidates gave an answer worthy of an American president.

—William Kristol

To Catch a Mole

How hard can it be to find out who leaked the Bush debate materials to Gore? BY TUCKER CARLSON

On September 15, Joe Allbaugh, George W. Bush's campaign manager, got a call from the FBI. An agent informed Allbaugh that one of Al Gore's closest advisers, former representative Tom Downey, had received confidential information from the Bush campaign, including a book of internal strategy memos and a videotape of Bush engaged in debate preparation. The materials had arrived at Downey's office in an anonymous package postmarked Austin, Texas. According to Downey's lawyer, Downey looked at the tape and the briefing book only long enough to determine that he shouldn't be looking at them. Then he turned them over to the feds.

Allbaugh was stunned. He knew that very few copies of the video had been made (as it turned out, only three), and that each had been in the possession of a senior Bush adviser. The Downey package suggested a mole in the campaign, or at minimum a dramatic breach of security. Allbaugh immediately met in person with FBI agents in Washington. He told the agents what he knew about the tape. The agents said they would begin an "inquiry" into the matter.

That was more than two weeks ago. In the days since, Bush and Gore have continued their campaigns as before. They have refined their themes, appeared on countless talk shows, and switched places in the polls at least twice. But inside the campaigns, and among the reporters who cover them, the topic of conversation has never changed: Who stole the tape?

A week after Joe Allbaugh first talked to the FBI, there appeared to be an answer. According to an unnamed source quoted in several news stories, the FBI had decided that the tape was most likely mailed by a woman named Yvette Lozano. Lozano was an employee at Maverick Media, the office where Bush's campaign commercials are made, and she made obvious sense as a suspect. She worked for Mark McKinnon, one of the people known to have had a copy of the tape. She was, like McKinnon, a longtime Democrat who once worked for former Texas governor Ann Richards. Presumably she still had friends in Democratic politics. Most damning of all, Lozano had been identified by the FBI in surveillance footage taken in a post office near McKinnon's office on the day the Downey package was mailed. In the footage, Lozano has a package in her hand.

The Bush campaign reacted ferociously to the news that Lozano was a suspect. At a briefing for reporters in Los Angeles last week, spokeswoman Karen Hughes accused "officials connected with the Clinton administration" of distorting the investigation for political purposes. Some "federal law enforcement officials from Washington—and Washington is where the Clinton administration is headquartered—are leaking information trying to implicate an innocent person who happens to work for Maverick Media," Hughes charged.

Within hours, the campaign produced receipts that showed Lozano had gone to the post office to return a pair of trousers her boss had ordered from the Gap website. Nevertheless, Lozano was interrogated by FBI agents, who at one point implied that she could be arrested. Her computer was carted off by federal agents. She and McKinnon were fingerprinted twice. Apparently confused and outraged, Lozano offered to take a polygraph test. In an interview with Jackie Judd and Chris Vlasto on ABC News, she even volunteered to place her hand on a Bible and swear her innocence. "I pray a rosary every night," Lozano said. "I pray for the truth to come out."

So far, the truth has not surfaced. But many rumors have, as well as quite a few questions. Here are a few of both:

¶ Was Yvette Lozano the victim of racial profiling? The Bush campaign has suggested so. From the beginning, Bush aides have pointed out that Lozano is both female and Hispanic. This is true, but what significance does it have? Well, explained one aide last week, it's obvious that the Gore-controlled Justice Department is using Lozano to make the point that Hispanic women don't support Bush.

Stuart Stevens won't go that far. But Stevens, a Bush advertising consultant who has been Mark McKinnon's partner during the campaign, does say he believes the FBI is picking on Lozano because she is relatively powerless. "It certainly is odd," Stevens says, "that the one person they've seized upon is a young Hispanic woman least able to defend herself. This was the kind of thing that used to outrage Democrats: A young Hispanic woman from Austin, Texas, being targeted by powerful forces in Washington."

Another thing Stevens finds odd is how the FBI knew who Yvette Lozano was just from looking at the surveillance tape. "How did they know she worked at Maverick?" Stevens wonders. "They didn't have photographs of our employees."

¶ Outside the Bush campaign, more questions about Lozano have arisen. At *FreeRepublic.com*, chat rooms have been filled with discussions of her political background: Was she a member of a Democratic PAC? Has she since converted to Republicanism? What is she doing working for Bush anyway? Late last week a theory began circulating among reporters that Lozano would never have mailed the trousers, since Maverick Media is closer to a Gap outlet than it is to a post office. Stuart

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Stevens has an answer for this. Lozano had to mail the trousers, he says, because McKinnon had purchased them as part of "an Internet-only special at $19.95." (Which, Stevens adds, "is its own scandal.")

¶ Meanwhile, as the press and public dissect the shopping habits of Bush's staff, why is no one asking questions of the Gore campaign? There has been much speculation that the tape was actually part of an elaborate dirty trick. According to this theory, chief Bush strategist Karl Rove mailed the secret materials to Tom Downey in the hope that Downey would keep them, and later be revealed to be in possession of them.

This may have happened. It is far more likely that the tape was stolen by someone who wanted to help Gore—by a Democratic partisan. The Gore campaign would seem an obvious place to begin a search for such a person, especially since it was revealed last month that a Gore staffer once bragged to a friend about a "mole" in the Bush campaign. Yet as of the end of last week, the FBI had not interviewed any employees of Gore 2000. The Bush campaign interprets the FBI's behavior as a clear sign of political bias in the Justice Department.

¶ On the other hand it may be that the FBI has trouble following leads. Shortly after the theft was revealed, Stuart Stevens called the FBI agent in charge of the inquiry and offered to pass on information that might help catch the thief. No one called back. Frustrated, Stevens went on television to complain about the FBI's inaction. A week later, Stevens still hadn't heard from the FBI. "The FBI is not investigating in the way the FBI is capable of investigating," says Stevens, whose father was an FBI agent. "I think they're capable of returning a phone call. This is not Lockerbie, putting pieces of the plane together."

¶ True. And keeping a campaign office from being burglarized isn't very complicated, either. Almost everyone agrees the Downey tape was probably taken (copied, actually) from the offices of Maverick Media. Adjoining Maverick is a company called Waterworks, a video production house that rents studio time to consultants making commercials. Between the two offices is a door that, thanks to the local fire code, is never locked. Democratic consultants often work at Waterworks. After hours, any one of them could have walked into Maverick and taken the tape, which was apparently left in plain view.

The Bush campaign has known for some time that Maverick Media is not a secure environment. Long before the theft, Stuart Stevens says he insisted on his own, separate office at Maverick, "in part because the whole security thing bothered me so much, to be honest." Why would the Bush campaign allow a debate tape—"the crown jewels," as one aide describes it—to lie around unsecured in a place like Maverick Media? Even stranger, why would the campaign admit that it had done something this reckless? As Paul Begala, hardly an unbiased observer, correctly points out, "Voters are not going to say: 'He lost control of his most secret debate secrets, let's make him president.'"

We may never know what happened to the tape. The Bush campaign may never know either, since according to several people employed by it, there has never been a comprehensive internal investigation of the theft. The campaign has since tightened its security. Officials in Austin are confident it could never happen again. But in an environment as small and tightknit as the Bush campaign, where loyalty is prized nearly above all, the suspicion that there is a mole in the next cubicle can be particularly poisonous.

Unless it is solved soon, it is unlikely that the tape affair will reach even footnote status. And this may be what bothers members of the Bush staff more than anything. "If the tape had been sent from Nashville to Austin," says one, "it would be a huge deal." ♦

Whatever Happened to Tax Cuts?

Bush still thinks they'll make for a winning issue.

BY FRED BARNES

LAST WEEK, Larry King asked George W. Bush a question that, more often than not, discombobulates tax cutters. Do the top one percent of income earners really need tax relief? According to Al Gore, Bush "could pay for every other program" if he eliminated the cut for the wealthiest Americans in his tax plan, said King. The Texas governor gulped and changed the subject to Gore's limiting tax cuts to "the right people." But King persisted. "I think everybody should get tax relief," Bush finally answered. "The federal government should take no more than a third of anybody's check."

Bush's willingness to defend tax cuts for the rich signifies the tax issue is back. The conventional wisdom, of course, is that the American people are doing so well they no longer yearn for lower taxes. That's only partly true. Voters aren't demanding a humongous cut like the one passed by Republicans in Congress last year and vetoed by Clinton. Nor are they lining up behind the large Bush cut. But voters do want fairness, and there are particular taxes they loathe.

So Bush has adjusted his case accordingly, doing what Bush strategist Karl Rove calls "breaking [their tax plan] down and humanizing it." Since Labor Day, he's emphasized several principles of taxation. The argument that the bigger the tax cut, the better, is not one of them. Bush's first principle is that taxes are too high. "I believe the surplus exists because hardworking people are overtaxed," he says in his stump speech. Second, tax cuts won't break the bank. Only a quarter of the $4 trillion-plus surplus, Bush notes, would go for tax reductions if he's elected. Third, every taxpayer should get a cut. "I don't believe in so-called targeting of tax cuts," Bush says. Under Gore's tax scheme, 50 million taxpayers would get no cut at all, Bush insists. Fourth, people—not the government—should decide how to spend their tax cuts. This is a further argument against Gore-style targeting.

The fifth principle is the boldest: a cap on federal income taxes of one-third of everyone's income, even the richest of the rich. This has resonance, a Bush aide says, "because the average voter doesn't have an understanding of what the top rate is." Now, Bush explains in his standard speech, it's 39.6 percent, and he'd cut it to 33 percent. Sixth, the tax code should uphold the family. Bush proposes to eliminate the marriage penalty and inheritance tax, while boosting the child tax credit to $1,000 from $500.

Bush aides claim his tax themes are not solely the result of careful polling. But he is hardly flying blind. All his ideas have been tested in public polls, private surveys, or focus groups. "My friends the pundits say polls show the American people don't want tax relief," Bush told a factory crowd in Cleveland on September 21. Indeed, there are such polls. But they don't explore the tax issue deeply enough, which the Bush campaign has. For instance, Rove likes to tell conservatives that voters by a two-to-one margin feel Gore's proposals to expand government are a greater threat to prosperity than Bush's tax cuts.

Bush also tries to score points from appearances with carefully selected families. In Cleveland, he declared the middle-income family at his side would save $2,227. This might seem like an appeal to greed. Nope, a Bush aide says, it merely shows that "regular people get tax cuts." It humanizes the issue.

Congressional Republicans have found a different way to use the tax issue: as a pox on Democrats. Democratic incumbents in the House have countered this by voting for GOP measures to kill the marriage penalty and death tax. Still, Republicans are eager to exploit the tax issue. "The national media was writing off taxes as an issue, but we disagree," says Jim Wilkinson of the House Republican campaign committee. His boss, representative Tom Davis of Virginia, says: "If these things don't have any salience, how come so many Democrats are voting for the cuts?"

In September, Republicans aired a series of tough anti-tax TV ads against non-incumbent Democrats. In an open seat outside Pittsburgh, the Democratic candidate, state representative Terry Van Horne, has been pilloried for voting to increase taxes on everything from gasoline and magazines to pizza. The ad ends: "Where's he from? Pennsylvania . . . or Taxes?" In an open seat in Orlando, Democrat Linda Chapin is attacked for voting as a county commissioner to boost taxes on gas, telephone service, water, heat, and electricity. In a West Virginia open seat, Democratic state representative Jim Humphreys is blamed for hiking taxes on doctors' visits.

The test of Bush's tax appeal and all these ads won't come until November 7. An *Investor's Business Daily* survey of the heralded "investor class" finds they are less interested in tax cuts, even for capital gains, than the general public. Maybe they've made too much in the market. Rove, for one, has estimated that 75 percent of the electorate is invested in stocks, either as individual investors or through mutual funds or retirement plans. To win, then, Bush may have to raise their consciousness on taxes. Not a job for the faint-hearted. ♦

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Rogan's Run

In an uphill battle, the House impeachment manager courts his constituents. **BY MATTHEW REES**

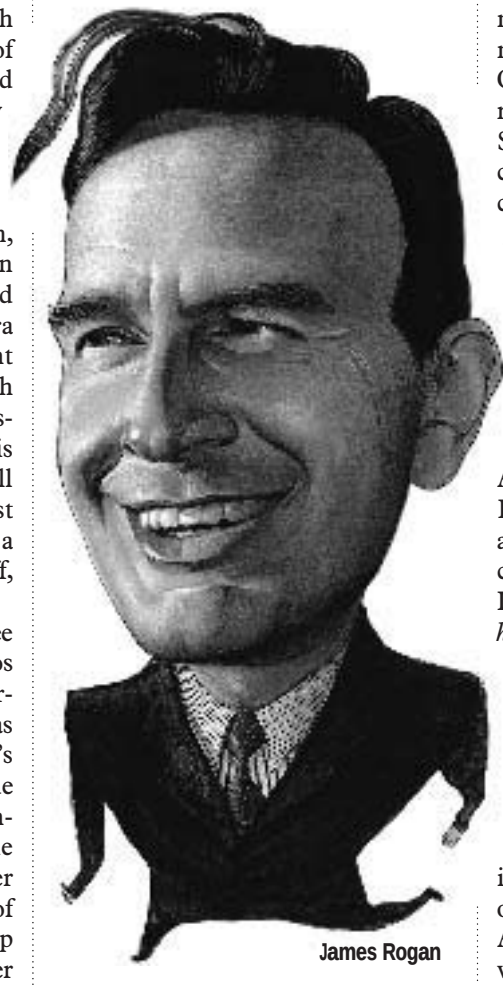
Glendale, California

Ever wonder what happened to impeachment as a political issue? Following the Senate trial, Democrats gloated that a number of House managers would pay the ultimate price in the 2000 elections. But it hasn't worked out that way. Steve Chabot of Ohio has a 26-year-old pipsqueak of a challenger fresh out of law school. Asa Hutchinson of Arkansas has no opponent at all. And Bill McCollum of Florida just may be elected to fill the Senate seat being vacated by Connie Mack, who's not seeking reelection.

And then there's James Rogan, whose commanding performance in the Senate trial led him to be targeted for defeat by the likes of Barbara Boxer, David Geffen, and President Clinton. In the immediate aftermath of the trial, the second-term congressman was widely written off, given his district's Democratic leanings. A poll showed he had the support of just 25 percent of the electorate, and a local state senator, Adam Schiff, announced plans to run against him.

So you might think the race to see who will represent the suburban Los Angeles district boils down to a referendum on whether impeachment was the proper response to the president's peccadilloes. Instead, the one issue that stands out here from all the others is . . . Armenia. Specifically, the candidates have been tangling over which of them is the better friend of Armenian Americans, who make up 15 percent of the electorate, a higher share than in any other district in the country. As for impeachment, both candidates discuss it if asked, but neither says much about it in his stump speech. When Rogan and Schiff squared off for the first time, on September 15, the subject never came up.

But if a fairly conventional mix of local and national issues—education, transportation—dominates the discourse, impeachment is affecting the race on another front: money. Rogan



James Rogan

is expected to raise and spend $6 million, Schiff $5 million, making this the highest-spending House race in U.S. history, and that's entirely because of the passions surrounding impeachment.

Rogan's donor list has grown from 3,000 names to 50,000, spanning 46 states, and he's held fund-raisers in places as remote as Nebraska. As for Schiff, he's benefited from direct-mail pieces signed by Hollywood liberals like Norman Lear, and has enjoyed the attention of California's Democratic governor, Gray Davis, and his campaign staff. Most notable of all, Clinton went out of his way to host a fund-raiser for Schiff on June 27.

And how are the candidates spending all this money? They're advertising in the Armenian media, of course. The district is home to seven Armenian newspapers—two of them dailies—and three Armenian cable television stations. In a recent campaign mailing, Schiff zinged the incumbent not for his role in the prosecution of Clinton but for his supposedly spotty record on Armenian issues. And Schiff's campaign has helped publicize a left-wing Armenian group's charge that Rogan failed to sign a congressional letter opposing the sale of military helicopters to Turkey.

As for Rogan, he touts his endorsements from Armenian-American politicians like George Deukmejian, a former governor of California, and his support for providing humanitarian assistance to Armenians living in Nagorno Karabagh. And on a recent Sunday afternoon, he attended a festival here celebrating Armenian independence. In his speech, he shouted "*Getzeh hayeruh!*"—"Long live Armenians!"—and limited his remarks to a single subject: securing passage of a congressional resolution recognizing the "Armenian genocide . . . carried out by the Ottoman Empire from 1915 to 1923."

Rogan's vigilance on Armenian issues—the only time he's traveled outside the United States was to Armenia, last year—may bring him victory this November. But for the time being he's the underdog. "Demography, more than impeachment, is Rogan's problem," says Allan Hoffenblum, a Los Angeles-based GOP consultant.

Indeed, in 1993, 44 percent of the district's voters were registered

Illustration by Earl Keleny

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Republicans, and 43 percent were Democrats. Today, 44 percent are Democrats and just 37 percent are Republicans. Clinton won the district by 8 points four years ago, while Davis, the governor, won it by 17 points two years ago. Normally Rogan could take solace from his two previous victories over Schiff in state Assembly elections, but since then the face of his district has changed. "If any Republican can win this seat," says Hoffenblum, "it's Rogan, but it won't be easy."

Rogan cheerfully acknowledges his uphill struggle. "The race is neck-and-neck," he says, "and I feel great about that." Rogan's standing has improved dramatically since the days just after impeachment. In March, when he and Schiff were on the ballot together in California's open primary, he received 47.3 percent of the total vote. And though Schiff finished with one percent more, Rogan was in clear striking distance.

But complicating Rogan's task is his opponent's veneer of moderation. A 41-year-old former prosecutor in the U.S. attorney's office and a self-proclaimed New Democrat, Schiff was elected to the state Senate in 1996.

He claims to have carved out a record of "bipartisan workmanship," sponsoring bills that a Republican governor, Pete Wilson, signed. And during a recent candidates' forum, held at Pasadena City College, Schiff issued a self-serving plea for more civil politics: "We cannot continue to put people in Congress who believe that political courage simply consists of most belligerently attacking the other side."

This is a backdoor way of criticizing Rogan, whom he described to me as "among the most bitterly partisan members of Congress." He says he's less offended by Rogan's role in impeaching and prosecuting the president than he is by the congressman's "contempt" for those who disagree with him. Schiff has not, however, echoed the liberal line that Clinton's actions were purely private and didn't merit public scrutiny: "He should

have been censured in the very strongest terms."

Rogan, though doing little to advertise his impeachment activities, has no regrets about his involvement. "I am more proud to have been a House manager," he told me, "than of anything I have ever done professionally in my life." As for his thoughts about Schiff, he doesn't mince words: "a less than mediocre state senator," "the teachers' union's biggest shill," and a "weasel mouth." What's more, says Rogan, "he portrays me as hating children, seniors, the world, and everything that's good and decent in America."

Rogan, 43, does not, however, fit the conservative stereotype. His parents, a cocktail waitress and a bartender, never married, and he didn't meet his father until he was in his twenties. His grandparents reared him in San Francisco's hardscrabble Mission district, and when they died his great aunt was given custody. She too died before long, at which point he lived with his mother, who was in and out of jail for welfare and credit-card fraud, and his alcoholic stepfather.

By the time he was 16, he'd dropped out of school and was supporting his siblings working in a pizza parlor and selling vacuum cleaners. He eventually earned a high-school equivalency degree, studied at a Bay Area community college, and then graduated from the University of California-Berkeley and UCLA law school. He was a Democrat until 1988, but left the party because of its "bizarre programs offering nostrums to every element in our society except the element of reason."

This forthright manner, on display during the impeachment battle, is one reason Democrats like Garry South, Governor Davis's ace political strategist, describe Rogan as "toast." (George W. Bush's poor standing in California is another.) If that's the price of his plain speaking, Rogan says, so be it: "I'm prepared to lose my reelection, if the cost of being reelected is doing something I believe is wrong." ♦

Twin Killing

The culture of death advances in England.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

ALAS, POOR MARY. She's the conjoined twin in England, united at the chest with her stronger sister Jodie, and she's been called a parasite, a tumor, a bloodsucker: someone whose "primitive" brain makes her life unworthy of protecting. And all that by two British courts, which have wrenched away from her parents the right to decide whether or not to have her surgically separated from Jodie—though the operation will take Mary's life.

The courts have done what the twin girls' parents refused to do: make a real-life Sophie's Choice. They have chosen to kill one daughter to save the other. The couple, from the small Mediterranean island of Gozo, view their daughters as equally precious and entitled to life. They rejected the dehumanization of Mary, asserting their right to refuse medical treatment and allow nature to take its course. But last week, rebuffed by the court of appeals, they gave up the fight and announced they would not take the case to the House of Lords.

Hard cases make bad law, or so the saying goes, and the facts of this tragic case are the worst possible. They are so unusual that most commentators have assured the public the ruling hasn't set a precedent. But we have no assurance that this is true. Indeed, we have considerable evidence, in the history of euthanasia laws, that the opposite is true: Decisions reached in tragic cases quickly open the gates to a flood of new cases—each moving us one step further from a reverence for life. The decision to require the death of Mary has been imposed on a reluctant family, and that ought to frighten the average citizen of England—and of America, too, for that matter: An international precedent is now in place to deny parents the right to resist the "culture of death."

That phrase describes a mindset that accepts intentional killing as an answer to difficulties stemming from illness, disability, age, and the social inequities caused by limited medical resources. It is a mindset that leads to what seem at first to be contradictory attitudes toward death and dying. Thus, some of the same commentators who now argue that the court was right to overrule the parents in order to save Jodie's life also looked with approval on another recent court decision from England that expressly permitted doctors to refuse to save the life of a profoundly disabled child—even though his parents wanted him to continue receiving care.

This second case involved a 19-month-old boy born prematurely with an irreversible lung condition and brain abnormality. Even though he responds to his parents, smiles in recognition, and shows signs of acquiring a vocabulary, the court ruled that his doctors' bleak prognosis permits them to overrule his parents' wishes and let the boy die the next time he has a medical emergency.

At first glance, these two British court decisions appear opposites: One imposes treatment, the other denies it. But looked at through the lens of the culture of death, they prove perfectly consistent. One imposes unwanted treatment on a family knowing that a helpless child will die. The other denies wanted treatment to a family knowing that a helpless child will die. In both cases, the child dies, and in both cases, the courts have held that the doctors' values rule.

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The same apparent paradox is seen in this country. On the one hand, supporters of assisted suicide argue that the terminally ill and severely disabled have a right to doctors' help in committing suicide. On the other hand, supporters of "futile care theory," now all the rage in bioethics, are ready to disregard the wishes of the ill or disabled if the patients seek expensive treatment their doctors deem unjustified by their quality of life. To apologists for futile care theory, autonomy has its limits.

The real point of both policies, however, is the elimination of people judged to have a low quality of life. If "choice" gets the job done, fine. If not, death is imposed under another rationale (typically, "distributive justice": Timmy doesn't have health insurance, so we can't afford to give Granny Jones a respirator).

The case of Mary and Jodie presents a terrible dilemma. If the decision to separate the twins in order to save the stronger were being made against the backdrop of a culture still committed to the equal dignity of human beings, it would be far less worrisome. But we live in a time when the commitment to life is steadily losing ground to the culture of death. It is a time when a scholar like Peter Singer can assert that parents should have the right to kill their newborns to benefit the family—and be rewarded with a chair at Princeton University. It is a time when the *Lancet* can report (in 1996) that pediatric euthanasia based on quality-of-life judgments takes some 80 infant lives a year in the Netherlands—and not cause a ripple.

Those who say the conjoined-twins ruling will set no precedent simply do not understand how relentlessly the culture of death is advancing. With this decision we may have crossed a cultural Rubicon: It can reasonably be argued that the judges have ordered doctors to perform involuntary euthanasia. At the very least, the case of Mary and Jodie makes it easier to justify medical killing the next time some "worthy" case comes along. ♦

Al Gore Looks for the Union Label

Whatever the teachers want, he's for.

BY EDMUND WALSH

BACK IN AUGUST, Al Gore told a Carthage, Tenn., audience, "If I was the parent of a child who went to an inner-city school that was failing, and I felt that there was absolutely no chance . . . of reform that would dramatically improve that school, I might be for vouchers also." It was a rare softening of Gore's opposition to vouchers. Intended to obscure his differences with his newly announced running mate, erstwhile voucher supporter Joseph Lieberman, the statement left Gore sounding conflicted, opposed to a policy he conceded would benefit the needy—an odd position for a candidate committed to fighting "for the people, not the powerful."

But it wasn't the only time Gore has sounded uncomfortable discussing vouchers. In February, at the Democratic primary debate in Harlem's Apollo Theater, *Time* correspondent Tamala Edwards noted that Gore's own children attended private schools, then asked, "Why should the parents here have to keep their kids in public schools because they don't have the financial resources you do?"

Gore squirmed. First he expressed indignation, telling Edwards, "You can leave [my children] out of this if you want to." Then he offered a paean to public education and public-school teachers, and finally he attacked Bill Bradley's support for vouchers when he served in the Senate.

On vouchers, Gore has consistently suppressed any private reservations he may have in order to maintain his battle-tested alliance with the teachers' unions, for whom the issue is a litmus test. Never mind the growing evidence that vouchers improve children's chances for academic success, or the inconsistency with other parts of Gore's education program, or even the growing support for vouchers among black Democrats. The vice president has stood firm on this issue for many years, no matter how shaky his footing.

Gore cemented his alliance with the unions years ago. During his run for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1988, he told a primary debate audience that his first action if elected would be to fire Reagan education secretary William Bennett and install a "working teacher" in the post. Like most Democrats running that year, Gore spoke vaguely of "accountability" as a way to show some independence from teachers' unions—this at a time when American Federation of Teachers president Al Shanker himself agreed that talking about accountability made "good political sense." The same year, Gore criticized fellow Democratic contender Dick Gephardt for once supporting tax credits to offset the cost of private-school tuition (another line he would use against Bradley). And in 1992, running for vice president, Gore called private school choice "a ripoff of the U.S. taxpayer."

This year, Gore, true to form, has offered a series of proposals for elementary and secondary education that bear the teachers' union stamp of approval. In addition to opposing vouchers, he favors using federal money to raise teachers' salaries, hire more teachers, build new schools, and acquire the latest technology. While

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he does advocate "rigorous testing for all new teachers," he offers no specifics about how results would be measured, leaving him enough wiggle room to please both the unions and the reformers.

Gore offers plenty of specifics, however, when it comes to putting cash in teachers' hands. His plan to "recruit one million talented new teachers" offers $10,000 in college aid to students who promise to teach in areas with teacher shortfalls, $10,000 signing bonuses to "professionals who switch careers to teach," and loan-forgiveness for new math and science teachers in "high-need schools." For teachers already in the system, Gore offers $5,000 to $10,000 salary increases if their unions and districts "adopt aggressive plans to boost teacher quality."

Where schools are "failing and designated for corrective action," Gore's plan calls for "intensive professional development for all teachers." If that fails, Gore proposes shutting down schools and reopening them "under new leadership with incentives to attract an outstanding principal and team of teachers." The incentives? For principals, bonuses of up to $20,000, for teachers, up to $10,000. In short, the unifying theme of Al Gore's K-12 education plan is just what the unions ordered: more money for teachers.

Outside of elementary and high school education, however—outside the fiefdom of the unions—Gore is perfectly willing to take the opposite approach and put money in the hands of consumers. He proposes allowing parents or students to take a tax deduction or credit on up to $10,000 of college tuition. And families could establish tax-free accounts to save for higher education, job training, or other "lifelong learning." For parents of students not yet in college, Gore's plan includes a refundable After-School Tax Credit to cover up to 50 percent of the cost of after-school programs.

Gore's plan to boost university enrollment by helping families pay for the college of their choice puts the lie to his arguments against school vouchers. During the primaries, he said vouchers "represent a big and historic mistake by draining money away from public schools at a time when we need to lift up the public schools." Yet his college savings and tuition-deduction plans would subsidize attendance at private and religious as well as public institutions—by his logic, "draining money away" from public colleges. The University of Tennessee would lose funds every time a student chose to attend Notre Dame.

Gore's approach to subsidizing education may be inconsistent, but it makes perfect sense politically. By promising to spend $115 billion on public schools over the next ten years, and targeting a major portion of that money to teachers, Gore pleases the unions and minorities his campaign manager Donna Brazile recently identified as two "pillars" of the Democratic party. By manipulating the tax code to provide rewards also for parents whose children are outside the reach of unionized teachers, Gore appeals to the coveted suburban parents on whose votes this election may hinge.

Meanwhile, Gore risks nothing by alienating those who have the most to gain from school choice. African-American students benefit more than any other ethnic or racial group currently enrolled in privately funded voucher programs, according to a study released in August by the Harvard University Program on Education Policy and Governance. That helps explain the finding from another report, by the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, that 76 percent of African Americans between the ages of 26 and 35 support publicly funded vouchers.

But Al Gore has black voters locked up—9 out of 10 support the Democratic party in national elections, and they're not likely to bolt over a single disagreement. Besides, many African-American political leaders, including Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and the NAACP, oppose private-school vouchers, providing plenty of cover for Democratic politicians who voice that view.

The voters for whom Gore is battling hardest this year are not minorities but white voters, in particular parents who already live in neighborhoods with good public schools and whose children account for 71 percent of current college enrollments. A private-school voucher program would be largely irrelevant to their children's education, while a $10,000 tax credit for college tuition would offset a healthy chunk of their college costs.

So it's poor parents whose kids attend terrible public schools or who are sacrificing to send them to private elementary or secondary schools who are out of luck. Gore says he understands their situation. But his allegiance to the teachers' unions won't let him offer any help. ♦

Split-Ticket Rick?

How many New Yorkers will vote Gore-Lazio?

By Christopher Caldwell

Long Island

Last week, two journalists were milling around outside the Pearl River Hilton an hour northwest of Manhattan, where Republican senatorial candidate Rick Lazio had just finished a breakfast address to 200 members of the Rockland County Business Association. "There were a lot of guys in there who are going to vote for both Gore and Lazio," one of the journalists said.

"No there weren't."

"There were three!"

"Yeah? Well, if there are less than a *million* of them, Lazio is cooked."

It hadn't been a very good morning for Lazio. Months earlier, Hillary Rodham Clinton had drawn overflow crowds to this same Hilton ballroom, but Lazio had had trouble filling it. Worse, a Quinnipiac Poll, showing Hillary drawing a majority of the vote for the first time, had been published hours before. Hillary led by 7 points, 50 percent-43 percent, and had caught Lazio in a statistical dead heat in the upstate areas that were supposed to provide him with pure electoral gravy. So Lazio's advisers began doing the same dismal math that the smarter of the two journalists had already done: New York has 5 million Democrats and 3 million Republicans; 6 million New Yorkers generally vote in presidential elections. In 1996, Clinton beat Dole by almost two-to-one (61 percent-31 percent). Now that George W. Bush has abandoned the state to Al Gore, Democrats look set to repeat the drubbing. (Gore currently leads, 57 percent-29 percent.) All Republicans who win statewide in New York do so on the strength of Democratic defections, but Lazio is going to need an unprecedented number of them. He's going to have to run at least 20 points ahead of Bush to win. To put it differently, he's going to have to deprive Hillary of a quarter of Al Gore's votes. It's getting increasingly difficult to see how that will happen.

Lazio is an immensely appealing candidate, a salt-of-the-earth guy who represents the mid-Long Island district he grew up in. Even if he turns on the local accent a bit in debates and in front of working-class crowds, he seems perfectly natural when he describes policies that "would have went into effect." He often follows up one of his favorite applause lines—that teacher competency tests are necessary because "our children should come first"—with the *Honeymooners*-ish: "An' whass wrong widdat?"

He's not a dope. Lazio has an impressive legislative résumé, one that includes, as he puts it, "helping write the first balanced budget in a generation." It's a record that would resonate even among liberals, if only he could get voters to focus on it. This spring he won Medicaid benefits for poor women diagnosed with breast and cervical cancer. He sponsored a major piece of affordable-housing legislation in 1997. He passed the Long Island Sound Restoration Act, and won a spot on the Earth List, an honor roll assembled by the League of Conservation Voters. He's the congressional representative on the Holocaust Restitution committee. He has a genuine record on campaign finance reform, and won a major victory when he pressured Hillary into accepting a soft-money ban for the duration of the campaign.

The problem is, Lazio has never figured out quite which issues he wants to stress and what kind of race he wants to run. In part he's trying to repeat the smiling, "positive" 1992 campaign in which he toppled the smart but Washington-tainted Democratic incumbent Tom Downey. He has also taken a page out of Al D'Amato's campaign book by offering each corner of New York its "fair share." Most promising, he's trying to win with Daniel Patrick Moynihan's pet issues: the regressiveness of the FICA tax, which is higher than the income tax for three quarters of New Yorkers; and the huge gap between what New York sends to Washington in federal taxes and what it gets back. (New York receives 85 cents in services for every dollar in taxes, Lazio notes. Arkansas, by con-

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trast, gets $1.40.) The Clinton administration has been bad for state finances in profit-and-loss terms. Since 1992, New York's annual contribution to the federal government has risen by $55 billion—an amount that exceeds annual state tax revenues and could erase the state's worrisome debt in about seven months. While total federal spending has gone up, New York's cut of the budget has gone down. It lost three military bases, in Seneca, Rome, and Plattsburgh, the surrounding areas of which are responsible for a third of upstate population losses. New York ranks third in the nation in population and forty-ninth in employment-generating military spending.

These elements could coalesce into a powerful Hillary-has-stood-up-for-Arkansas-but-I'll-stand-up-for-you message. To hear the Illinoisan way Mrs. Clinton pronounces a word like "yanfternoon," to note that 60 percent of her $22 million in campaign contributions has come from out of state, is to realize that the "carpetbagger" issue remains a ripe one, if handled subtly. But it is Hillary who is calling the tune in defining her opponent. She's confrontational on the stump. Her biggest applause line in recent weeks is: "You can be *from* New York but not *for* New York." Lazio has wound up defined as a harsh and dangerous rightist. His pollsters were stunned recently to find that an overwhelming majority of New Yorkers think Lazio—who has broken from a firm pro-choice line only on such matters as partial-birth abortion—is "pro-life."

Lazio's team was also shocked that the Quinnipiac poll showed a vast margin of voters find Hillary more focused on "the issues." And the issue on which she is winning this race is the upstate economy. Over the last 14 months, she has spent at least half her time there, much more than Lazio. She paints the region as a wasteland and claims that, if Upstate were a state, it would rank 47th in the nation in job creation. She tends to blame the region's spectacular economic failures on a handful of private-sector villains: airlines, energy companies, Wall Street—and has mastered a briefing-book full of statistical arguments with which to defend her points. (In a moment of eloquent honesty, Blaine Harden of the *New York Times* remarked that this wonkish grinding "helps explain why a race that seems so compelling from a distance can be so soporific viewed up close.")

Hillary's numbers are wrong. Upstate New York has been undergoing an economic revival over the last half-decade, and even liberal senator Charles Schumer said in July that the upstate economy had turned around. The region, taken as a state, would rank eighteenth in private-sector job growth, according to Stephen Kagann, Republican governor George Pataki's chief economist. Kagann makes a plausible case that Pataki's broad repeal of Mario Cuomo's anti-business taxes deserves much of the credit. Hillary arrives at her bleak diagnosis by citing figures from Cuomo's era. Meanwhile, the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics came to her aid back in the summer. The bureau demanded job figures from state authorities six weeks early. Then it challenged a New York state labor department report that found Upstate growing at 2.5 percent, a rate high enough to jeopardize Hillary's Upstate basket-case strategy.

Campaigning on this revival is harder than it looks. Lazio's campaign has been organized and staffed by Pataki. To travel with the candidate is to be surrounded by mid-level Pataki aides loaned for the duration. You would think both Republicans would be served by Lazio's talking up the recovery. But Lazio and Pataki are in a position similar to that of George Bush in 1992. Upstate New York may be in recovery, but it's not so far along that people in the poorest parts feel it yet. So when Lazio claimed in the first senatorial debate that the region had "turned the corner," Hillary jumped all over him, and she's accused him almost daily since of turning his back on the region. Last week on the campaign trail, Lazio tried to change his tune. At the Zumtobel lighting plant in Highland, he applauded businesses whose employment growth "will keep our sons and daughters from having to move to other states, other countries, to make a life." He sounded like he was campaigning for the Senate in Ireland.

Lazio's problem has been compounded by Pataki's own ambiguous role in the campaign. Often obsessed with minimizing his downside risks (he disowned the 1996 Dole campaign), Pataki was silent over the summer. But in the closing days of September he released an ad for Lazio and began touring with him.

If Pataki has been a difficult friend for Lazio, other New York Republicans have left him to twist in the wind. When Hillary Clinton went to Riverdale last week, she had no trouble drawing Hadassah Lieberman, Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer, and congressman Eliot Engel, who flew up from Washington to be at her side. When Lazio visited his considerably more high-powered event, a Rockland County business breakfast, his fellow Republican congressman Benjamin Gilman sent a proxy.

But it's New York mayor Rudy Giuliani who has most angered the Lazio campaign, which considers him to have basically stolen millions of dollars bestowed by contributors around the country for a run against Hillary. At the time he gave up the race, Giuliani still had $6 million of the $22 million he'd raised. He transferred to the party and to Lazio the $1.9 million he was required to transfer by law, and not a penny more. Since then, he has found pretext after pretext to keep the remaining $4 million as a personal war chest for future use. Now that Hillary and Lazio have agreed to a soft-money ban, Lazio's staff doesn't expect to see another nickel of the money.

Lazio has a larger, ideological problem, though. Hillary's attempts to link him to Newt Gingrich are unfair in the sense that "Gingrich" long ago lost any denotative meaning and turned into an imprecation, a way of calling someone a jerk. But in fact, Lazio does represent one of the more attractive, libertarian sides to the 1994 Republican revolution: its focus on devolution and local control. Lazio claims his philosophy in Washington will be "I don't know what's best for schoolchildren in Ulster [or whichever] County; you do." He's right to contrast this with Hillary's centralizing bias, and her focus on federal tax incentives: "*If you do as I say, you qualify to keep your own money*," he says mocking his rival. "Well, I think that's baloney."

The trouble is that Republicans are slicing their own version of baloney. The silliest statement last week came from George W. Bush, who warned that if Al Gore is elected, "the era of big government being over . . . is over." No—that era is *already* over, and responsibility for its ending rests with the way George Bush has reformed the Republican party. There are still minuscule debates over the role of government, but it's precisely in the debate over the size of government that Republicans across the country have most loudly cried "Uncle." Lazio, like so many of his fellow GOP candidates, has succumbed to the temptation to prove his bona fides on education and entitlements with big-spending programs—$97 billion on schools alone, which exceeds by a factor of six the 1993 Clinton "stimulus package" that Republicans rejected on the grounds it would wreck the economy. So Lazio is trapped in this neither-fish-nor-fowl, doesn't-add-up Bush Republicanism, whereby citizens are urged to give vastly more power to Washington on the assumption that Washington will just delegate it back to their communities and let them do what they want with it.

This is a recipe for incoherent campaigning. A trip to an urban revitalization project in Newburgh typified Lazio's dilemma. You have only to drive down Newburgh's main street, almost carless the way Soviet bloc streets used to be, past the once-beautiful-but-now-blown-out row houses and mansions, the empty sidewalks, the taped-up storefronts, the social-service outlets, the drug-rehab ads, the Cheques Pagados outlets, to get the measure of the place: It's a largely Hispanic welfare town, with a lot of poverty and some potential.

Which is why this urban revitalization project stinks. It consists of two fancy restaurants (one unfinished) and two boutiques right on the Hudson—hermetically separated by a mammoth railroad viaduct from the parts of town that really need help. True, the Newburgh visit provided a chance for Lazio to have a camera op with the charming Mary Crabb, one of the state's few black mayors, and to

talk about how this is "a good example of a public-private partnership." But the fact that it's actually a *bad* example of a public-private partnership only shows that, unless Republicans get into the big government game in earnest, they're always going to be picking up the Democrats' sloppy seconds.

And the turnout! Two dozen stay-at-home misanthropes, mostly angry housewives and unemployed men, talking about "Slick Willie" and how liberal the media are. These are not crossover voters; they're people who wouldn't vote for Hillary in a million years. They're also the kind of people you draw when you run a campaign that shies away from sharp contrasts on matters of government and takes as its slogan: "You just can't trust her."

The slogan is fair enough. At a Modern Orthodox junior high just outside of Queens, no sooner was the shofar blown than Hillary asked the assembled eighth graders if they thought violence in the movies was a problem. A quarter of the boys and two thirds of the girls raised their hands. "We have conclusive evidence," Hillary said nodding, "that violence on TV affects the way people think, and the way some vulnerable people act." This is a familiar refrain: "Vulnerable" has become perhaps the key word in Hillary's rhetoric. While she made clear that she thought most of her 14-year-old interlocutors could watch gritty movies without being affected, "for whatever reason, there are some people who cannot handle it." It sounded like her point was that, while most of us are upstanding citizens, we owe it to society to live under a regime of soft censorship, for fear of inciting the criminally insane among us.

At the time he gave up the race, Giuliani still had $6 million he'd raised for a run against Hillary—and he's keeping $4 million of it.

Exactly where she was going with this "vulnerable" trope became clear later that morning, when Hillary addressed the National Council of Jewish Women in East Rockaway. She spoke from the sanctuary, but the back wall had been slid open to link it to a mammoth ballroom, and Hillary packed both. She started by talking about television violence, but immediately veered into her news-making Message of the Week: a call to ban all advertising to children. Useful as the V-chip is, Hillary says, the issue "isn't just violent programming. There's a constant barrage of materialist advertising . . . children are an irresistible market of 79 million." Advertisers "encourage children to become consumers before they become citizens," and "the children who most often search the Internet are between 2 and 11." In the midst of the horrified mumbling, no one thought to note the tautology of this "conclusive evidence": If they're younger than 2, they don't know what the Internet is; if they're much older than 11, they're not children.

As for the solution, Hillary is very specific. In 1978, at the high tide of liberalism, the FTC sought control over advertising. Two years later, on First Amendment grounds, Congress removed the authority of the FTC and other executive agencies to regulate commercial speech. Hillary wants the high tide of liberalism back, and thinks the children will thank us for it. "Children look for limits; they look for adult authority," she says. "We do have a First Amendment that says adults can see anything they want. But we've always had different rules for children."

Get it? In a world of anonymous day care, parents cannot assume that their children are protected from anything. So adults, too, have to live under a regime designed for children. Those who distrust Hillary have always suspected that, for her, the political appeal of children is that they are not competent to defend themselves as citizens. So problems involving them are inevitably solved not by consent but by coercion. With her "vulnerable" schtick, Hillary seeks to apply that politics to more and more sectors of the adult population. The result is not just an authoritarian politics (which depressingly few people seem to mind anymore) but a condescending one.

Hillary began the week with a series of Jewish events. She picked up the endorsement of Elie Wiesel ("my friend Elie Wiesel," to Jewish audiences thereafter), and traveled to a hospital with California congressman and Holocaust survivor Tom Lantos ("Tom and his wife are really good friends"). There Lantos declared, "You can have a clone of Gingrich or you can have a stateswoman of remarkable proportions." (One misstep: When Hillary tried to practice her Yiddish, she pronounced the word *kvelling* to rhyme with "sniveling.") With Hadassah Lieberman, she visited senior citizens at the Riverdale YMHA where Mrs. Lieberman's mother is a member.

Like Al Gore, Hillary is at ease bullying an audience into applause. She opened her YWHA remarks by looking at the assembled and asking, "Isn't it wonderful?" The aged crowd looked back silently, as if to say "Isn't *what* wonderful?" Then, after a pause, they began to clap. Later, Hillary said, "We are fortunate that Al Gore chose Joe Lieberman in so many ways." (More silence.) "Aren't we?"

(Applause.) Then, "I know Al Gore and Joe Lieberman will defend Medicare because I know their mothers. . . . Patricia Gore and Marcia Lieberman have raised sons who know what it means to honor their mother and father." Two hours after invoking the biblical injunction to defend Medicare, Hillary assured a union rally in midtown Manhattan, "When I visit a school, I thank the janitors."

It's not that Hillary doesn't have good issues: She does, particularly for a downstate electorate. But they're all hard-left issues. She is as forthright as any Democrat in championing handgun licensing and registration. She wants to make college tuition and long-term health care tax-deductible. (If these deductions work like the mortgage-interest tax deduction, they will result merely in the deduction being piled onto the sticker price.) But she sounds most radical when she gets onto prescription drugs. Hillary is quite correct that, if we were designing Medicare today, it would contain a prescription drug benefit. But she moves on to what sounds like a rationale for federal fixing of drug prices. "We *pay* for the drugs—through the research—and we pay for the FDA, which tests the drugs. So why do we have the highest drug prices in the world?" Whoa, Dobbin! The FDA is not a service to drug companies but an enforcement agency. One was reminded of those Third World satrapies that make prisoners sent to the firing squad pay for the bullets.

The event last week at which Hillary came most alive was the annual delegates' meeting of the Civil Service Employees Association, a particularly far-out branch of AFSCME that includes nurses, maintenance workers, and janitors. Their annual meeting consists of three days of political-action seminars and just two of union business, and for much of the afternoon, they dance around to 1980s schlock-rock songs like "Gonna Make You Sweat," "The Heat Is On," "1999," and "The Best." Hillary arrived—it's her third visit—and danced along with them. Then they showed her a union highlight film: five minutes of the CSEA members striking—chanting, throwing things, making up-yours gestures at the camera—and not a second of any of them working. Unrest is Job One.

It's because Lazio knew Hillary would wind up beholden to such Jacobins that Lazio's media adviser Mike Murphy decided to brand him the "mainstream" candidate, and set up a bus called the Mainstream Express. The claim isn't untrue; it just doesn't resonate. Those close to Lazio used to think that keeping the race tight—within 3 or 5 points—would leave their campaign in good shape going into the final weeks. Lazio might not be drawing big crowds, they reasoned, but hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers long ago made a solemn, if silent, vow to pull the lever against Hillary on Election Day.

True enough, but that calculation didn't reckon with the sheer electoral firepower Hillary is capable of bringing into the state in the campaign's closing days. That became evident last week when she made her campaign-defining economics speech at Columbia University shoulder-to-shoulder with Robert Rubin and Warren Buffett. Hillary may not know as much about the economy as Lazio, but Rubin does, and he backs her plan to use 20 percent of the surplus over the next 10 years to pay down the debt. She may not know as much about taxes as Lazio, but Warren Buffett does, and he criticizes Lazio's proposed tax cuts on the grounds that he, Buffet, has a lower effective tax rate than his secretary.

And just wait and see what October will bring. Hillary may not know how to pronounce *kvelling*, but Joe Lieberman does. She may not have the ear of all the city's AFL-CIO unions, but AFL-CIO president John Sweeney does. She may not command two-to-one loyalty from New York's voters, but her husband does.

Rick Lazio will get the votes of many Hillary-hating Democrats. But unless Hillary does something to create far more than now exist, he's probably not going to get a million of them. ♦

Third Way or U-Turn?

Tony Blair and Al Gore have seen the future . . . and it includes a lot of new government spending.

By Irwin M. Stelzer

Brighton, England

Now we know where the Third Way leads: onto the fast left lane of an expanded welfare state. Al Gore has gone to great pains to leave no one in doubt that that is where he plans to take America, and his fellow traveler on the Third Way, British prime minister Tony Blair, has just done the same in Great Britain.

Blair came to the annual Labour party conference last week in this Channel-side community in a political tailspin from scandals, a consumer uprising against high gas taxes that almost closed the country down, and the financial collapse of the Dome (a Disney-style project Blair had touted as a symbol of Labour's millennial modernity). With poll ratings below those of his Tory opposition, he shared with his fellow Labourites "the next steps on our journey to renew our country." His destination sounds eerily like the place to which Al Gore would take America, given the chance.

But before listing the similarities between the no-longer New Democrats and the no-longer New Labour party, a word about the differences. Gore comes to his positions after elaborate polling to discover just who he is, and whether he should forswear standard-issue blue suits for earthier tones. Blair, although no stranger to the use of focus groups (he has been advised by the likes of Bob Shrum, James Carville, and Stanley Greenberg), really seems to have what he calls an "irreducible core" of belief. It is easy to be cynical about such a claim, especially for Americans who have become accustomed to Bill Clinton's ability to fake sincerity. But Blair can be taken at his word. Unlike Gore, for instance, he is so devoted to his wife and family he doesn't exploit them for political gain. He bridles when his brood of four is photographed or otherwise brought to public view on other than a few set occasions designed to satisfy public curiosity.

So when Blair calls for an equal opportunity society, he means it. He has confronted the teachers' unions when they stood between him and the achievement of the educational standards he feels are crucial to giving poorer kids some hope of succeeding in the world of high-tech jobs. True, he won't go all the way towards allowing parents to select the schools that are best for their children, but he has pushed through merit pay schemes for teachers and closed failing schools. Gore, by contrast, has shown that he is willing to compromise the integrity of his running mate by making the heretofore straightforward Lieberman swear not only that he now opposes school vouchers, but that he never really favored them.

There are differences, too, in foreign policy. If Gore adheres to the vision set down for his party by Clinton, he will join with Blair in what the latter describes as "standing up for our values even in countries far distant from us." But Clinton would speak loudly and carry a tiny twig: His wildly interventionist policy loses some luster when human rights are given a lower priority than commercial advantage in dealing with China, and when military intervention can be considered only if there is an assurance of no body bags.

Blair, who shares the Clinton-Gore view that there is a moral imperative to prevent atrocities in places as different as Middle Europe and equatorial Africa, is willing to put British troops in harm's way if necessary to contain Saddam Hussein, or Slobodan Milosevic, or to take out the gangs that threaten the stability of Sierra Leone. He may be wrong to think he can right the world's ills, but at least he is willing to put his troops

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and his political capital where his mouth is.

But sincerity alone does not guarantee sensible policy. In the end, Blair's Third Way, like Clinton-Gore's, stands on twin pillars—a belief that government rather than the individual can best deploy the nation's resources to produce a better educated, healthier, and happier nation, and the availability of a budget surplus to provide government with the means to realize the ambitions of its elected officials, its elites, and its bureaucracies.

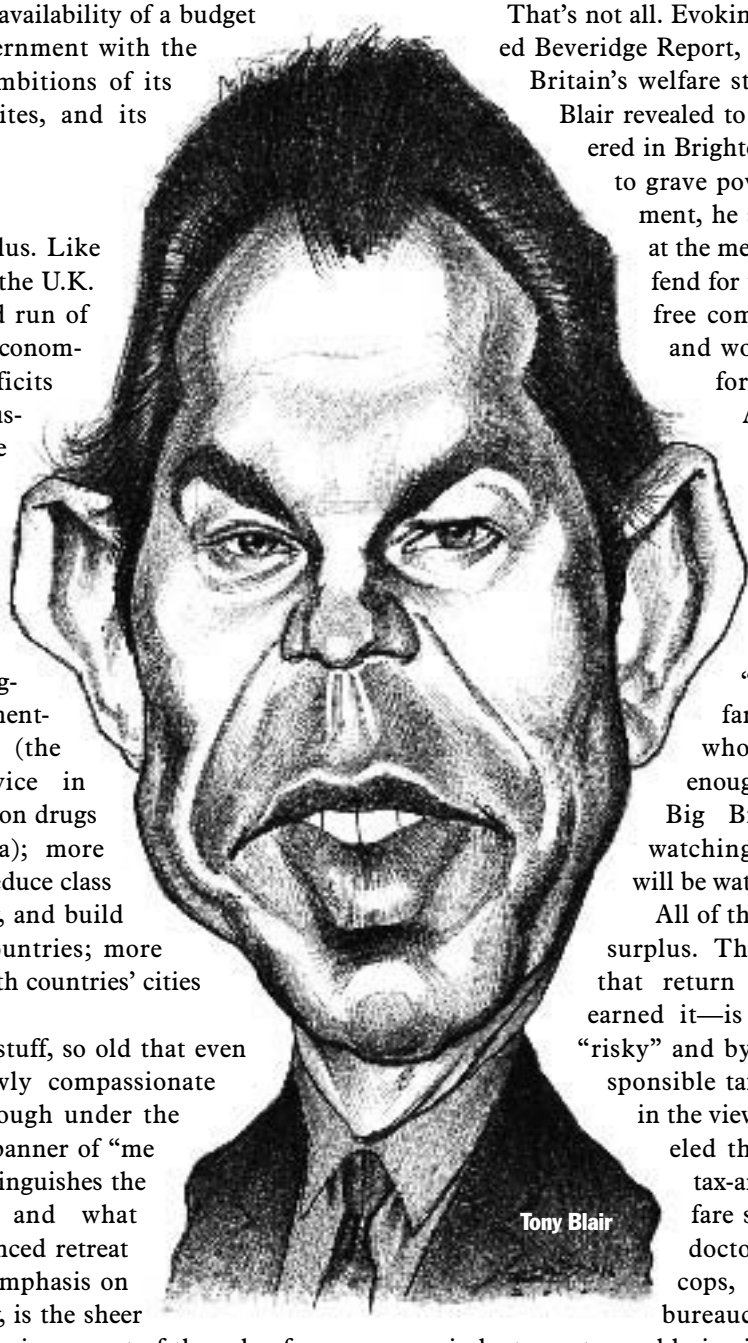

Tony Blair

Illustration by Ismael Roldan

Start with the surplus. Like the United States, the U.K. is enjoying a good run of relatively inflation-free economic growth. Budget deficits have now become surpluses. And Labour, like the Democrats, knows just how they should be used. Not for spending—a word that has passed into disuse—but for "investment." The schemes are strikingly similar: more government-funded health care (the National Health Service in Britain, "free" prescription drugs for seniors in America); more education spending to reduce class sizes, raise teachers' pay, and build new schools in both countries; more cops on the streets of both countries' cities and villages.

Much of this is old stuff, so old that even conservatives of a newly compassionate stripe can go along, though under the politically problematic banner of "me too, but less." What distinguishes the Blair-Gore approach, and what makes it such a pronounced retreat from the Third Way's emphasis on individual responsibility, is the sheer ambition and reach of their concept of the role of government. Both Britain's prime minister and America's presidential wannabe feel that their respective governments should somehow help their citizens in the delicate and, one would have thought, highly individual tasks of balancing work and family. This gives Blair-Gore a basis for supporting expansive government-funded child care schemes, thereby providing an inducement to mothers, both married and single, to work rather than be "trapped" in the more traditional role of principal child-rearer. And it gives government yet another role to play in what once was a purely private matter.

That's not all. Evoking memories of the sainted Beveridge Report, which laid the basis for Britain's welfare state after World War II, Blair revealed to the party activists gathered in Brighton that his was a "cradle to grave poverty strategy." Government, he said, will "not leave you at the mercy of the market" or "to fend for yourself." It will provide free computers when you learn and work, and adequate funds for you when you retire. And not only for the deserving poor, for it is "not just poorer families that need help." For the not-so-poor there is to be a British counterpart to Gore's "targeted tax cuts"—"tailored tax cuts" for farmers and other groups who are politically potent enough to warrant such relief. Big Brother might not be watching you, but he certainly will be watching over you.

All of this to be funded from the surplus. The alternative—tax cuts that return money to those who earned it—is dismissed by Gore as "risky" and by Blair as "blanket irresponsible tax promises." Such cuts, in the view of those who have traveled the Third Way back to a tax-and-spend, expanded welfare state, would mean fewer doctors, nurses, teachers, cops, and, if truth be told, bureaucrats. Stated a bit more precisely, tax cuts would give individuals the power to determine whether they want to spend their money on enriching the education of their children, buying insurance policies that provide the health care coverage most appropriate to their circumstances, hiring baby sitters, donating a bit more to causes they deem worthy, step-

ping up their savings rate, or frittering away the increased take-home pay on such frowned-upon activities as motoring vacations in their SUVs.

Both those who would expand the role of the state and those who are trying to keep more money in the hands of individuals have problems selling their arguments. The latter have to concede that with less money, the government can do less. Which was fine with middle-class voters when the curtailment of government programs would affect mainly those who were seen as malingerers and welfare cheats. And when governments were running substantial deficits, this dissatisfaction with the way welfare programs were being targeted, and in many cases abused, combined with empty government pockets to spell "welfare reform" and program cuts—or at least a reduction in their rate of growth.

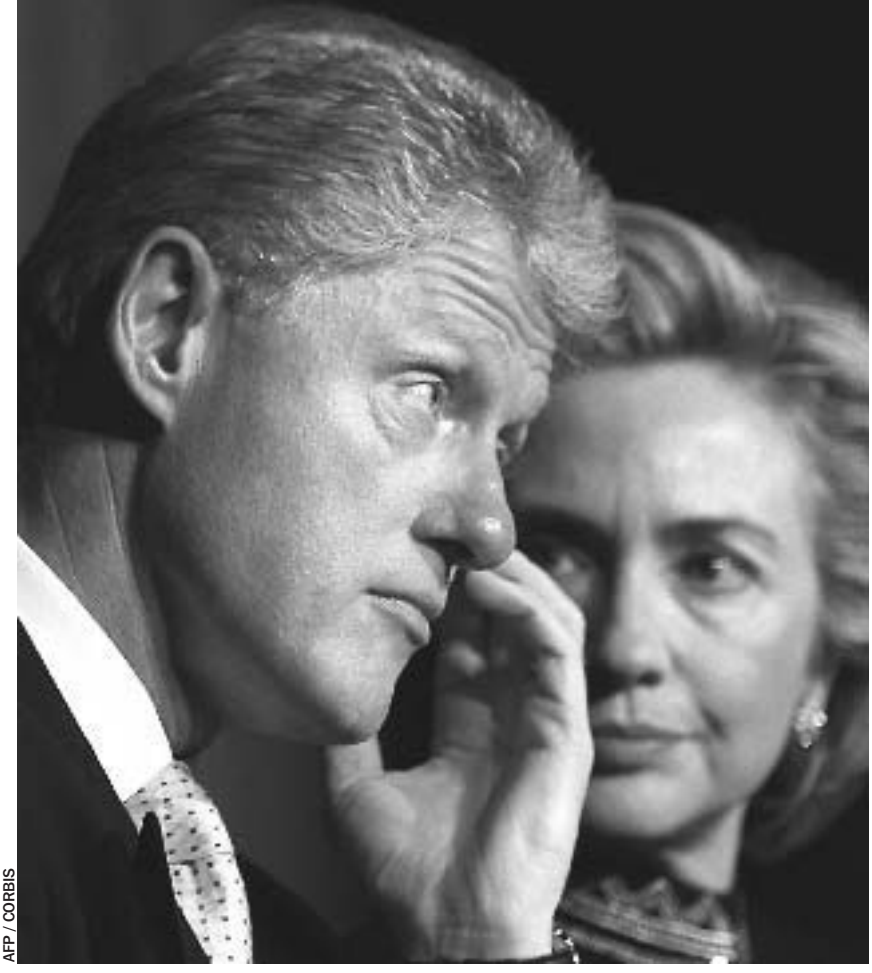
Times have changed. With welfare reform a success in America, and the Labour government in Britain having established its bona fides by lopping off the dole those who reject either training or a job, the expansion of state benefits is now "targeted" only at the deserving poor and, better still, at the middle classes. Help in covering the cost of college tuition, or in buying a computer, or in setting up a small business—this is the meat on which middle-class voters feed. Add to that bulging Treasury coffers, and you have the possibility of benefits at no apparent cost—without tax increases.

Labour has promised a massive increase in public spending, never mind that the spending will likely prove wasteful and that inflation will be the result in Britain's almost fully employed economy.

This is a formula for the expansion of the state, and for the formation of new constituencies that will forever be beholden to the party that creates and redistributes the new goodies. And just in the nick of time from the point of view of those, like Blair and Gore, who are eager to increase the role of government. For politicians of the left are now keenly aware that levying new taxes is political suicide, and that any increase in the funds available to them will therefore have to come from the revenue generated by economic growth. Taxes on *businesses* are limited by the increased mobility of capital. Taxes on *incomes* are limited in part by the international mobility of high earners and the ingenuity of their tax consultants, and in part by the tendency of voters to say "enough is enough." Which leaves governments with direct taxes as the only potential source of new revenue, other than that generated by a growing economy. And, as Blair found out when farmers, truckers, and assorted ordinary folk blocked refineries and roads in protest against taxes that led to $4.50-per-gallon gasoline in Britain, governments have probably reached the limit of what they can wring from direct taxes and still hope to remain in office.

Which is why the Third Way is new in at least one regard. It has scuppered the Keynesian theories of the post-World War II period in favor of monetary and fiscal policies that should gladden the hearts of most conservatives. Third Way politicians need economic growth to pay for the expansion of the welfare state. They know that deficit spending is not a sustainable source of those funds, and that interest rates must sometimes go up if inflation is to be contained in the face of rapid economic growth. So they are inclined to reassure financial markets by allowing their independent central banks to set interest rates that, in times gone by, they would have railed against as so high as to be oppressing the debtor classes and first-time home buyers. That's why Blair's first act in office was to grant semi-independence to his country's central bank and why Clinton reappointed Republican Alan Greenspan to a new term at the Fed. And that's why formerly profligate politicians have been willing to run large budget surpluses, both to provide funds for new and expanded government programs, and to make token reductions in the national debt to reassure financial markets that they have not regressed to their old spending ways. John Maynard Keynes, R.I.P.

But as the Third Way politicians revert to type, those surpluses are becoming too juicy to resist. There is, after all, an endless list of things that government "should" be doing. So Labour has promised a massive increase in public spending, never mind that inflation will be the result in Britain's almost fully employed economy. Or that central administration of spending by the National Health Service—the world's largest employer aside from the Chinese military and Indian Railways—is likely to prove wasteful in the extreme. And Gore has promised new programs that, as they take root and grow, will surely more than wipe out a surplus which would not even exist if the government accounted properly for its contingent liabilities. We will then learn whether the Third Way proves to be a route back to massive budget deficits or to higher taxes. Or, most likely, both. ♦



AFP / CORBIS

Politics as Fiction

Deconstructing Bill Clinton's Impeachment

By David Tell

Fedwa Malti-Douglas holds an endowed professorship at Indiana University, where she practices feminist criticism in the departments of gender studies and comparative literature. Judging from the big-name blurbs on the jacket of her latest book, she is a well-known and admired figure in American academe. And given what's inside the book, it would be odd if that were not the case. She is a remarkably inventive woman. And she has pluck. Ten thousand professional journalists and politicians have already excavated their way through the enormous documentary record of the Monica Lewinsky scandal. No matter: Malti-Douglas has lately plunged into the very same maze, improbably confident that she—a foreign visitor to the science of government—might yet find brand-new treasures. Damned if she hasn't succeeded.

The Starr Report Disrobed
by Fedwa Malti-Douglas
Columbia Univ. Press, 224 pp., $16

For instance. *The Starr Report Disrobed* makes meticulous reinspection of Lewinsky's December 19, 1997, meeting with Vernon Jordan. That's the one where Monica arrives at Jordan's office weeping over the subpoena she's just been served by Paula Jones's attorneys. The president's best friend is right away uneasy. Then, more alarming still, his visitor asks what chance he thinks there is that Bill and Hillary will get a divorce once their eight years in the White House are done. Next, even worse, Lewinsky wonders whether Jordan won't please soon give the president a great big hug for her. "I don't hug men," the by-now thoroughly nonplussed superlawyer responds. After which he pats the youngster on the fanny and ushers her off the premises, fast as he can.

This would seem a quite familiar episode, and you would therefore think it the unlikeliest of sources for fresh, grand insight into the Meaning of Monica. But, then, how dull you are, when it comes right down to it. And how sharper than a faculty feud is Fedwa Malti-Douglas, Ph.D., who now guides us step by step through a second and altogether revelatory examination of the evidence. The gravest issue raised by Lewinsky's interview with Jordan, *The Starr Report Disrobed* informs us, is also the most obvious one. No, no, not perjury and witness tampering—*please* try to keep up, won't you?—but "gender articulation." In other words, that business about hugging.

Lewinsky proposes that Jordan engage Clinton in a physical "bonding" ritual. Jordan demurs, apparently because he believes himself obliged to offer the "traditionally American" response and thereby pay tribute to the "corporal limits of masculinity" in our culture. Here, Malti-Douglas points out, Jordan falls prey to a central confusion. The bourgeois taboo against explicit "homosocial" activity among heterosexual males is not at all what prevents these two powerful friends from hugging each other as they might secretly wish to. Instead, Clinton and Jordan cannot perform a man-to-man embrace for the elemental reason that . . . neither of them *is* a man. I will not spoil it for you by fully recounting the *tour de force* of critical inquiry by which Malti-Douglas establishes the pivotal role of "heteronormal emasculation" in the Monica Lewinsky drama. Suffice it to say that *The Starr Report Disrobed* more than proves this case. By the time the young woman shows up in

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Left: AFP / CORBIS. Right: Reuters NewMedia Inc. / CORBIS.

Kenneth Starr testifies before Congress in November 1998. Monica Lewinsky's videotaped deposition shown to the Senate in February 1999.

Jordan's office, and by the inexorable turn of preceding events, "he and the president have already been transformed into females."

No question about it: Bill Clinton is a woman. How on earth could Mike Isikoff have failed to report this news three years ago? And how could anyone resist the dazzling book that reports it now?

Well, all right, some people could conceivably resist it. Readers of an especially fuddy-duddy temperament may be distracted from the enormous pleasures of *The Starr Report Disrobed* by certain curious things its author has done. First, Malti-Douglas has liberally fertilized her book with what earlier generations of scholars quaintly referred to as "factual errors." She says the Starr Report "requests future action from the United States Congress." It requests nothing. She says that Clinton and Lewinsky, as documented in that report, engaged in "anal sex." They did not—at least no one has ever said they did. She says that before September 1998, "few people outside Washington had ever heard of Judge Kenneth Starr." Sorry: He had been world famous since the previous January and had enjoyed an enviable national reputation for years before that. And so on. My list is very long.

Problem number two: Malti-Douglas has made herself personally unattractive—with her screeching portrayal of Starr as some kind of psychological gestapo agent, her series of bitterly mocking asides about what she takes to be Starr's intended audience of "red-blooded" yokels, and her eagerness to entertain even the most ludicrous anti-anti-Clinton fantasies about what "really" happened (e.g., Lewinsky was a blackmailer who deliberately manipulated the president into staining her dress).

Finally, there is Malti-Douglas's prose. A fair bit of it is devoted to eye-glazing trivia—page after page, for example, on the graphic design of various for-profit paperback editions of Starr's impeachment referral to Congress: "The blue letters on the white background are a reverse image of the white letters on the blue background of the bottom stripe." Unfortunately, this last is one of the few sentences in the book you don't have to read twice to figure out. Most of the rest are virtually incoherent. There are verbs that don't agree with their subjects—or that change tense, sometimes more than once, in the course of a single thought. There are words and phrases, oh so many of them, that do not appear in nature, at least the way she uses them: *overcoding*, *culpabalizes*, *the ludic*, *the intertext*, cigars as a *privileged item*, Betty Currie as a *verificatory instrument* who embodies *reverse spatial power configurations*.

Perhaps Malti-Douglas has gunked up her book on purpose. Perhaps she intends the gunk to reassure her fellow academicians that, notwithstanding her current engagement with the Lewinsky scandal, the most impossibly bohunk and vulgar of American spectacles, she remains one of them, a tenured intellectual. Which is to say: a barky, self-satisfied misanthrope who writes very, *very* badly and hasn't the foggiest idea what she's talking about. Perhaps, in other words, it is all a trick—and she isn't such a person.

But perhaps she is, though I would rather not believe it, and perhaps it makes no difference. For despite itself, and whatever the conscious intentions

of its author, *The Starr Report Disrobed* serves a serious purpose.

With amazing consistency throughout the book, Malti-Douglas treats the personalities, events, and testimony of the Lewinsky affair as if they exist only in the realm of imagination. There is a world called "the Starr Report," separate from our own. Within this world, Kenneth Starr is a scary god, a Zeus-like figure who plays with the quasi-mortal characters in his dominion as if they were toys, moving them through scenes he has scripted solely for the purpose of rewarding those he arbitrarily favors and punishing those he just as arbitrarily scorns.

Then, when he is done with the game, Starr writes the whole thing up and presents his account to us. At which point *we* get to play Zeus: free to accept or reject Starr's text, alter its plot and themes, swap around its heroes and villains, turn its meaning upside down, even reassign its authorship—anything we want.

Watch Malti-Douglas in action. In her retelling, the independent counsel's office "brings in" former White House chief of staff Leon Panetta and has him testify that there are procedures employed by West Wing staffers to prevent Clinton from compromising himself in private meetings with single women. By this testimony Starr is able to signal his "inherent heterosexist assumption that sexual danger comes from women." Similarly, the Starr Report *must* have Betty Currie hide Lewinsky's gifts from Clinton nowhere but under her bed . . . because it's a *bed*: "a place where people have sex." The iconographic garment Starr has chosen for Monica is not a pants-suit but a dress, Malti-Douglas concludes, because "it feminizes her." Monica is made to mistake the splotch on that dress for spinach dip because, alone among vegetables, spinach "calls up that popular comic-strip character Popeye, whose consumption of spinach was linked to his muscle mass and his masculinity." And masculinity equals semen. And semen equals Clinton. Thus are the "gendered sexual conceptions and fascinations of the Office of Independent Counsel" revealed.

On the face of it, this is the purest insanity. None of these people was collaborating with Kenneth Starr so that he might better express his own psychosexual hang-ups in the literary form of an impeachment referral. They did what they did and said what they said because they chose to, on their own. Malti-Douglas cannot believe otherwise. She is merely showing off, performing the same byzantine interpretive tap dance on the Starr Report that hack academics everywhere routinely perform on works of fiction.

And yet, by this otherwise dreary and meaningless exercise, has she not also, whether she realizes it or not, stumbled upon something almost profound? She has handled the vital document in a great controversy of our nation's public life *as if it were* a work of fiction. Put another way: Fedwa Malti-Douglas has announced that the material of our politics is now the equivalent of a fictional text. Nothing more important. Nothing to be more respectfully practiced or scrupulously studied. And nothing any *less* appropriate for her special brand of infantile frivolity.

Is she wrong about that? Malti-Douglas has written a book-length treatise on the Lewinsky scandal which somehow manages entirely to ignore the law as both an idea and a reality.

But then, the president of the United States himself ignored the law—and the executive branch of government defended him for it, and the caucus of Senate Democrats who guaranteed his impeachment acquittal effectively closed their eyes.

Ordinary citizens, come to think of it, were generally Malti-Douglasoid about the whole thing, too. They saw it as an absorbing story for a time, rather like a blockbuster development in some daytime soap: The lead character may have cheated on his wife and committed a crime! But the country grew quickly tired of this plot, and never saw how it might implicate anything truly consequential (like the integrity of the constitutional system), and . . . c'mon already, give that Clinton guy a break. Translated from the graduate-seminar jargonese, these are *The Starr Report Disrobed*'s conclusions, as well.

Spooky, isn't it? ♦

Grant's Tombs

How the Union fought and failed at Cold Harbor. BY JAY WINIK

In the history of warfare, few scenes seemed so ripe with promise: Nine and a half miles from Richmond, recently named general in chief, U.S. Grant, the hero of Fort Donelson and Vicksburg and now of the whole Union, has maneuvered his gargantuan federal force of 109,000 men into place across a seven-mile stretch. Poised against him, the rebel army, led by Robert E. Lee, is exhausted, half starved from lack of rations, and outnumbered two to one. Dug into defensive position, Lee, who has himself fallen sick, lacks the men and firepower to do what he likes best: go on the offensive.

Not War but Murder
Cold Harbor 1864
by Ernest B. Furgurson
Knopf, 352 pp., $27.50

"Lee's army is really whipped," Grant boasts to Washington. "Our men feel they have gained the morale over the enemy and attack with confidence." Now, after four of the bloodiest weeks of the war, Grant readies his army for one final climactic showdown. It is June 3, 1864. The place he has chosen is a dusty

Jay Winik's newest book, April 1865: The Month That Saved America*, about the Civil War, is due out in April 2001 from HarperCollins.*

crossroad named Cold Harbor. In two days, Lincoln will be renominated as the Republican candidate for president, and Grant means to give him a great gift: the imminent end of the war. Maybe even Richmond itself. So at dawn the grand assault comes, all along the lines.

By the battle's end, 10,000 Yankees are dead. The day is a rout. It is the worst defeat of the Union armies in all the war, the horror of the thing being its speed; some 7,000 men were cut down —slaughtered is more accurate—in the first ten minutes alone, with roughly five acres of Union dead and wounded neatly arranged along the Confederate front. So battered are the Federals that any further suggestion of a Union attack is rejected by the men themselves. Within days, Grant slips his army away, crossing the James.

The war now settles down into a grim siege. It will drag on for the better part of a full year.

Courtesy of the Library of Congress

Burial crews clearing away the casualties after the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 1864.

And thus the question that Ernest Furgurson, a former journalist turned Civil War historian, asks in his highly engaging and instructive new book, *Not War but Murder*: "How could such a thing happen?"

This is no small question. As Furgurson reminds us, historians often brush past Cold Harbor in a few pages, treating it with the same disaffected tone that Grant himself would use in his memoirs. This is odd, given the fact that the carnage was more horrifying than the spectacular rebel triumph at Marye's Heights in Fredericksburg or, for that matter, the disaster of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Indeed, it was Grant himself who, after laconically admitting that he "regretted this assault more than any one I have ever ordered," largely made the mention of Cold Harbor taboo. Most historians have followed his lead. Thus Furgurson has done readers a fine service by writing a full-length account of this pivotal conflict.

Pivotal is the word. A common public image is that after Gettysburg, Union victory was inevitable, a mere matter of time. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In the Overland Campaign that culminated at Cold Harbor, Grant lost some 56,000 men, nearly as many men as Lee had in his entire army. In vain, Grant stubbornly tried, again and again, to maneuver Lee into open field combat, but Lee skillfully checked Grant's every move. And the campaign took its toll: After weeks of ceaseless fighting, the Army of the Potomac was badly shaken. (Here too, Grant had misread his own men. On the eve of the assault, hundreds of them pinned slips of paper with their names and addresses on their uniforms, so their bodies could be identified after the battle. One read simply: "June 3, Cold Harbor. I was killed.") In the aftermath, a Cold Harbor syndrome glumly set in, whereby the ranks of the Army of the Potomac, much like the European armies in trenches along the Western Front a half century later, literally dreaded attacking again.

Worse still was the effect on Northern morale, which in Furgurson's telling slumped lower than at any time in the war. As column after column of casualty lists was published, a pall of gloom settled over the North. Furgurson informs us that the Union secretary of war, Edwin Stanton, tried to delay the news of the carnage, while Grant simply pretended it was "just another bump in the road." It didn't wash. For the Northern public, the message was clear: Three years into the war, after all the expended valor and energy and effort, *this* was the result. Many openly feared "a danger of the collapse" of the Union war effort. Even Lincoln himself moaned, "The heavens are hung in black."

Yet the most poignant section of this book is not the dismal attack, but its tense aftermath. As much as the battle itself, the ensuing days became a sullen test of wills between Grant and Lee. In plain sight of the Union army, the ground was littered with thousands of dead and dying that it would neither bury nor rescue. For four and a half long days, Grant refused to send a flag of truce and request permission to care for his wounded and tend to his dead; to do so would be to tacitly admit defeat. So each day the wounded begged for aid, and ordinary Union men watched in dismay as black vultures glided overhead; swollen corpses exploded in the sun; and the cries of their comrades got fainter and fewer. (Furgurson notes that while this was happening, Federal generals were enjoying a champagne lunch.)

When Grant finally relented, the damage was done: The litter bearers found but a handful of men alive. Both sides were appalled at Grant's callousness. What lay behind it? Furgurson concludes: "Never did generals so blatantly place concern for their own reputations above mercy for their soldiers lying dying in the sun."

How could such a brilliant commander commit such a catastrophic blunder as the assault at Cold Harbor? Furgurson offers two answers. The first focuses on the convoluted arrangements that had placed an irascible General George Meade in direct command of the Army of the Potomac, but had also left an overconfident Grant, the general in chief, essentially calling the shots. Ego, vanity, and resentment in turn led to bureaucratic inertia. In the end, Furgurson notes, "Grant left the details to Meade, and Meade left the details to Grant." The result was a disjointed, slipshod attack against a Confederate army that had become masters at defense.

Furgurson also fixes—appropriately—much of the outcome on Lee himself. Though sick, desperate for reinforcements, and deprived of the ability to go on his cherished offense, Lee brilliantly maneuvered his smaller army, leading to this, his last great victory of the war.

At the time, however, that final outcome was not so apparent. In fact, as Furgurson reveals, Lincoln was so worried that he vowed to continue the war if it "took three more years." The question by then, of course, was whether the Union would hold firm for even another year—which leads to a quibble: At times, this book might have been served by greater political context.

One wishes Furgurson had delved further into the deep Northern angst that followed the Wilderness Campaign and Cold Harbor. But this is merely a question of nuance and emphasis. In Furgurson's defense, he focuses his lens narrowly, on the battlefield, much as Stephen Sears did in his classic, *Landscape Turned Red*.

Furgurson writes with passion and immediacy. Civil War buffs and all seeking to understand the gritty reality of war will relish his harrowing account. ♦

Behind the Curtain

The West's attempt to fight the Cold War on the enemy's ground. BY ARCH PUDDINGTON

During the early years of the Cold War, fervent anti-Communists urged the American government to abandon its policy of containment—a doctrine that gave tacit acceptance to Moscow's domination of Eastern Europe—and replace it with an aggressive initiative to "roll back" the Kremlin's zone of influence. Rollback eventually became a battle cry for those Republicans who believed the Truman administration was insufficiently zealous in countering world communism. During the 1952 presidential campaign, GOP notables from Joseph McCarthy to John Foster Dulles advocated a rollback offensive in Eastern Europe and denigrated Truman's policies as weak and ineffective.

Operation Rollback
America's Secret War Behind the Iron Curtain
by Peter Grose
Houghton Mifflin, 320 pp., $25

The attacks on Truman as "soft on communism" were, of course, ludicrous. Indeed, we now know that under President Truman—though he may not have known about it—the United States carried out its most ambitious attempt to detach the satellite nations from Soviet control. This campaign involved everything from propaganda balloons and radio broadcasts to the infiltration of guerrilla fighters into locales where Soviet control was still on shaky ground. Ironically, it was President Eisenhower, whose party had demanded that action be taken to stir things up in the Soviet Union's backyard, who put a stop to the rollback initiative. Even more ironically, the architect of the campaign was no adventurer from the Pentagon or the Central Intelligence Agency, but George F. Kennan, the father of containment and, later, a leading apostle of détente.

In *Operation Rollback*, a history of this unusually aggressive anti-Soviet campaign, Peter Grose has written one of the more intelligent accounts of America's early Cold War policies. A former foreign correspondent and a biographer of Allen Dulles, Grose refrains from over-dramatizing an interesting, but certainly not pivotal, chapter in the East-West conflict. His fair-mindedness stands in sharp contrast to the demonization of America's Cold War planners found in earlier Cold War studies.

At the heart of the story is America's decision to make use of the millions of refugees and émigrés from Eastern Europe who were languishing in displaced persons camps after World War II. The refugees were a diverse lot: They included the cream of Central European intellectual life, leaders of non-Communist political parties, and adherents of Ukrainian, Baltic, and Russian nationalist organizations. Some boasted solid democratic credentials; some had unsavory wartime pasts as Nazi collaborators.

While most American officials regarded the refugees as a nuisance, Kennan and a handful of others saw them as an untapped reserve force in the coming struggle against communism. Kennan had grandiose plans for a series of covert operations against the satellite regimes, not to mention the Soviet heartland itself. In a memorandum, he cited

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Clausewitz to the effect that a nation should use every means at hand short of war to achieve its objectives. He advocated "clandestine support of 'friendly' foreign elements," "black psychological warfare," and even "encouragement of underground resistance in hostile states."

While Kennan had a plan and, presumably, the troops to carry it out, he lacked a sponsoring agency within the government. His initial choice, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, responded with scorn: The military had had its fill of refugees and wanted no part of counterforce operations involving unstable émigré elements. Nor was the CIA, then run by military men with traditionalist views about the role of intelligence agencies, interested in taking on Kennan's unpredictable venture.

The solution was found in the creation of a new entity, known as the Office of Policy Coordination. Ostensibly under State Department authority, the OPC for several years enjoyed carte blanche in planning and carrying out a secret war against East European communism. Its director was Frank Wisner, an enthusiast of psychological warfare who loathed communism and shared Kennan's convictions about the potential usefulness of anti-Soviet émigrés.

The OPC did have its successes, most notably Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, the two stations that were established in the early 1950s and played a central role in American strategy throughout the Cold War. But the OPC is better remembered for its catastrophes, of which there were many.

The most tragic failures involved the attempt to help émigrés infiltrate Eastern Europe to initiate guerrilla offensives. Here, Wisner was confounded by the Soviet espionage apparatus. In some cases, the Kremlin was tipped off by agents who had insinuated themselves into high-ranking positions within the anti-Communist émigré organizations that served as the OPC's shock troops. In other cases, the Soviets discovered the identity of domestic oppositionists, who were then given the option of severe punishment or functioning as double agents. In still other cases, Moscow relied on information provided by spies within the Allied ranks. It was none other than British agent Kim Philby who informed Moscow about Wisner's plans for guerrilla warfare in Albania and Latvia.

Much of this information is not new. The OPC's more adventuresome projects have long provided fodder for revisionist historians who argued that it was American policies, and not Soviet expansionism, that triggered the Cold War. Grose, however, is no revisionist and his account as well as his judgments ring true.

Gregory Peck reading an appeal on Radio Free Europe in 1953.

Unfortunately, Grose is on less sure footing in his assessment of American domestic politics. He devotes considerable space to the rise of American anti-communism in the 1940s, a phenomenon he regards with extreme distaste. Grose uses "conservative" and "anti-Communist" interchangeably, and has no use for ardent Cold Warriors, whether they were respected intellectuals like Sidney Hook or Republican primitives like McCarthy, William Jenner, and John Bricker.

Grose implies that rollback policies were driven by the hysterical anti-communism of an American public obsessed with Alger Hiss and the Rosenberg case. Yet the evidence he presents suggests the opposite. Indeed, George Kennan was contemptuous of the very notion that foreign policy should be influenced by the changing mood of the voting public. In any event, Truman received no credit for his administration's East European initiatives, the details of which were not made public for decades. Ultimately, the attempt to stimulate unrest within the Soviet empire was triggered by the impressive, even frightening, gains scored by Communists in the immediate postwar period: the Sovietization of Eastern Europe, Mao's triumph in China, the Korean War, attempts by local Communists to undermine democratic governments in Italy and France.

There was also evidence of Communist weakness, especially in Eastern Europe. Intelligence indicated a great deal of discontent in the Baltics and the satellite nations. If American officials were skeptical of the utility of anti-Communist refugees, Stalin himself understood the threat they might pose to his regime's stability, which is why he devoted such vast resources to infiltrating every kind of émigré organization around.

In the years since, Kennan has tried to minimize his role in the political warfare projects of the OPC, much as he has attempted to deny credit for containment. Kennan has no doubt concluded that the rollback ventures were simply another reflection of American arrogance and hubris. On this, as on containment, Kennan is surely wrong. The attempts to weaken Moscow's hold over captive peoples may have been misguided, but not unjustified. Faced with a powerful totalitarian adversary, the United States responded by attacking the enemy at its weakest points, and when it became clear that the strategy was failing, the effort was abandoned. The rollback campaign may have failed to weaken Soviet power. But there is no reason to treat this chapter in the Cold War as a source of national shame. ♦

Americans meet happy Soviets in *Mission to Moscow*. The Everett Collection.

Celluloid Soviets

A history of Hollywood's take on communism.

BY SPENCER WARREN

Hollywood has a checkered record in its portrayal of communism. On the occasions when it has dealt with the subject, it has tended—not surprisingly for a mass entertainment industry—to reflect the public feeling of the times: solidarity with the Soviets during World War II, a general anti-communism during the Cold War, and a general anti-Americanism in the years after Vietnam.

The films from the early 1940s are revealing. Eager to promote warmth toward our Russian allies fighting the Nazi armies, Hollywood produced a number of enthusiastic and appallingly naive pro-Soviet movies during the war, particularly *The North Star* (written by Lillian Hellman), *Mission to Moscow*, *Song of Russia*, and *Days of Glory* (Gregory Peck's movie debut).

Mission to Moscow is the most infamous of these wartime travesties. A prestige Warner Brothers production, it was directed by Michael Curtiz, following *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *Casablanca*. The film is based on the memoir of Joseph E. Davies, a corporate lawyer whom President Roosevelt had sent to Moscow as our ambassador from 1936 to 1938. The amateur statesman himself provides the prologue, speaking directly to the camera. After establishing his patriotic credentials ("My people were pioneers. . . . My religious convictions are basic. . . . I came up the hard way"), he asserts his "very high respect for the integrity and the honesty of the Soviet leaders." Offering a high-gloss whitewash of the 1930s Moscow Show Trials and the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact between Stalin and Hitler, the film might have embarrassed even the Communists. The Soviets—an avuncular Stalin, shown holding a pipe—are just like us, except for the accent, and Ambassador Davies (played by Walter Huston, who was also the "cooperative farm" elder in *The North Star*) becomes their biggest fan. Told the Russians have bugged our embassy, he comments, "We'll be friends that much faster."

Hollywood did an about-face in the frigid days of the early Cold War. Most of the anti-Communist movies of the late 1940s and early 1950s are mediocre and some are crude—except that their view of the Soviet reality was closer to the mark than that presented by the equally crude pro-Soviet films of the war years. Good examples are *My Son John* and *Big Jim McLain* (both in 1952, the latter starring John Wayne as a HUAC investigator digging out Reds in Hawaii). The greatest movie line on the subject of communism is in the 1948 gangster drama *Key Largo*. Mobster Johnny Rocco (Edward G. Robinson) has snuck into Florida from his exile in Cuba and takes a hotel hostage. Reminded he had been thrown out of the country, he complains: "After living in the USA for more than thirty-five years they called me an undesirable alien. Me. Johnny Rocco"—his voice rising in anger—"like I was a dirty Red or something."

Among the more credible attempts to make realistic anti-Communist movies during the period are *I Married a Communist* (1949, also known as *The Woman on Pier 13*, a factual account of Red infiltration of a West Coast dock workers' union), *Night People* (1954, in which Gregory Peck rescues an American boy from East Berlin), *Trial* (1955, about a Communist agitator who tries to ensure conviction of a wrongfully accused Hispanic boy), and—the best of these films—*Man on a Tightrope* (1953, in which a Czech circus troupe tries to break through the Iron Curtain). The screenplay for *Man on a Tightrope* was written by the former Roosevelt speechwriter Robert E. Sherwood, and the film's director was Elia Kazan, who is still hated by much of Hollywood for having cooperated with the congressional investigations into Hollywood's Communists.

The three best anti-Communist movies, however, were all made by MGM: *The Red Danube* (1949), a forgotten documentary called *The Hoaxters* (1952), and the prewar *Ninotchka* (1939).

The Red Danube (October 4 at 10:30 P.M. on Turner Classic Movies) dramatizes the repatriations of 1945 and 1946, in which the British and American military authorities forced back into Communist territory four million Soviet citizens who found themselves behind their lines at the war's end. A Russian ballerina, Maria (Janet Leigh), is in hiding in Allied-occupied Vienna. One night, as an admiring British major (Peter Lawford) departs her shabby room and she closes the door, we are chilled by the sinister shadow of a Soviet agent standing at the foot of the stairs—which is the shadow of commu-

Spencer Warren co-hosts a series of conservative movies every Wednesday evening in October on the Turner Classic Movies cable channel.

nism that has always lurked over the captive peoples. (Such shadows are a frequent visual metaphor in Charles Rosher's stunning black and white cinematography.)

Maria is struggling against not only the Russians, in the person of the icy Colonel Piniev (played by Louis Calhern), but also against the British, in the person of Colonel Nicobar (Walter Pidgeon). Based on the novel *Vespers in Vienna*, by Bruce Marshall, the movie sets up the conflict as one between Christianity and communism. The mother superior of a local convent (Ethel Barrymore) hides Maria, and when Piniev searches for her, striding through the chapel looking at the kneeling worshippers, director George Sidney juxtaposes his brute power with the humility of the nuns. "For what are they praying?" Piniev asks the mother superior. "They are praying that all Communists may be converted to Christianity," she replies softly.

The mother superior finds herself in conflict not just with Piniev but with Nicobar as well. Disillusioned by two world wars (he lost an arm in the first and his son in the second) and an atheist, though a decent fellow, he wishes merely to carry out orders. When the implacable Piniev returns, Nicobar—who has been billeted in the convent—orders Maria turned over. After she has been marched off, the mother superior upbraids Nicobar: "You are cruel. Couldn't you see what that poor child was suffering? Don't you know what she is facing?"

Nicobar, displaying a pathetic and criminal naiveté, apparently believes Piniev's assurance that Maria will be "welcome in Russia," and he continues his methodical work searching out persons for repatriation. But his conscience is awakened when he witnesses the appalling condition of repatriates loaded into Russian railway freight cars, including Maria, whom he rescues. "This is what is done to men by other men who have abandoned God," the mother superior says, looking over the horrible scene, and Nicobar finally recognizes that the cruelty of the world is reason for faith, rather than disillusion. Refusing to turn Maria or anyone else over, he is relieved of his command. And when the British forces find Maria and summon Piniev once again out of the shadows, she commits suicide by throwing herself out a window.

The Hoaxters (October 4 at 4:15 A.M. and October 25 at 7:45 A.M.) combines the panache of the studio system's vivid visual style with historical materials "compiled and arranged" by Victor Lasky and William Hebert. Making the same religious connection as *The Red Danube*, the movie opens with a quotation from William Penn: "People who are not governed by God will be ruled by tyrants." We are introduced to the modern world's snake-oil salesmen "who promise everything and deliver nothing": Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo . . . and Marx—"the fourth pitchman of the apocalypse."

Film clips show Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and others equating the Communists with the Nazis: "Communism is strangulation for the individual and death for the soul," says Adlai Stevenson. The "deadly parallel" between the two evils follow. First comes their treatment of "Religion," then "The Vote," and "Slavery." For the latter, a map of the Soviet Union is lit with hundreds of sites of "Communist concentration camps" where fourteen million souls "crawl under the iron boot of the Soviet slave labor trust." (This is, of course, two decades before publication of *The Gulag Archipelago*.)

The Hoaxters then surveys the Communists' seven different policies toward the United States since 1919, alternating between "Hate America!" and "Love America!" (with a shot of Stalin waving like a kindly grandfather from atop Lenin's tomb). *The Hoaxters* also makes a veiled attack on McCarthyism: We should beware the hoaxters of the "lunatic fringe" who are "trying to destroy America in the name of America." The prophetic peroration follows: "In the better world of the future, dictators will fall not at the point of a gun but at the point of the truth. For we can win our fight without going to war. The free countries of the world"—dramatic shots of the Washington Monument, the Capitol, and the Constitution—"with their material might and their spiritual hearts, can prove that there is no victory over the mind when it is ruled by a whip and a gun, and that free-born men and women, under God"—visuals of meadows, mountains, farmland—"will ignore the loud shout of the Big Lie and listen instead to the quiet voice of the Big Truth" (spiritual music rising to crescendo with shot of sunlit heavens). The peroration was narrated (and likely written) by MGM production chief Dore Schary, a prominent liberal and later author of *Sunrise at Campobello*.

Hollywood's best portrait of communism is, improbably, a prewar comedy. *Ninotchka*, the one film that did take communism head on, was motivated not by politics but by the desire to provide a change of pace for the screen's reigning tragedienne, Greta Garbo. The filmmakers (director Ernst Lubitsch, scenarist Melchior Lengyel, screenwriters Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch) brilliantly took advantage of Garbo's remote, severe image by making her a dour Soviet emissary melted by the irresistible attractions of Paris. In 1939, *Ninotchka* unerringly predicted the collapse of communism—by telling a story of four Communists sent on a mission to the West and struggling to decide whether to be true to their souls in France or to suppress their souls in Russia.

The movie opens with three shabby emissaries named Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski, who are in Paris to sell jewels confiscated from Russian aristocrats during the revolution. Entering the lobby of the posh Hotel Clarence, they realize they'd love to stay there, but Bolshevik guilt makes them hesitate—until Iranoff (played by Sig Ruman, the Marx brothers' peerless foil in *A Night at the Opera* and *A Day at the Races*) rationalizes that Lenin would tell them, "You can't afford to live in a cheap hotel. Doesn't the prestige of the Bolsheviks mean *anything* to you?" The others quickly agree (and thus *Ninotchka* predicts the rampant corruption that became the Soviet norm).

Ninotchka (Garbo) is ordered to Paris to check up on the three comrades,

The Everett Collection

Greta Garbo reports to her commissar in Ninotchka.

who have been charmed by Count Léon d'Algout (Melvyn Douglas), boyfriend of Grand Duchess Swana, the original owner of the jewels. Ninotchka is the Communist ideal: ruthlessly self-disciplined, devoid of humor, completely materialistic. Her spirit, spontaneity, and freedom must be crushed and remade to conform to the ideology imposed from the top. All that interests her in Paris are the sewers and the technical specifications of the Eiffel Tower.

The movie highlights another feature of Soviet communism: poverty. The reason the jewels must be sold is that the Russian people are hungry (the regime having deliberately destroyed the once-productive farm sector). A prospective tourist in the Intourist visa office, having heard rumors about the laundry situation, asks if she should bring her own towels. "Certainly not," replies the official (George Tobias, in a hilarious impersonation of the mindless Communist bureaucrat). "That's only capitalistic propaganda. We change the towel every week." Later, back in Moscow, Ninotchka has the three comrades over to her section of the room she shares with two others for dinner; each brings his own single egg to make the omelet.

Of course, the essence of communism is fear and terror, because only coercion can bridge the chasm between theory and reality. *Ninotchka* makes repeated references to the recently concluded purge trials: "The last mass trials were a great success," Ninotchka coldly announces on arriving in Paris. "There are going to be fewer but better Russians." The Intourist official reports that a certain comrade "was called back to Russia and was investigated. You can get further details from his widow."

But Ninotchka too is seduced by freedom—in the person of Count Léon. One of the happiest scenes in all cinema is where Léon, after Herculean effort, finally cracks her poker-face expression and makes her laugh—uproariously and riotously. ("Garbo Laughs!" proclaimed the ads.) She can be herself at last. In a later scene, they have returned after her first night on the town. Tipsy from her introduction to champagne, Ninotchka makes a speech to an imaginary assemblage: "Comrades! People of the world! The revolution is on the march. . . . I know . . . bombs will fall, . . . all civilization will crumble, . . . but not yet, please. . . . Wait, wait. . . . What's the hurry? Let us be happy. . . . Give us our moment."

The film's best line comes at the end. Reunited with the three former envoys in freedom, Ninotchka addresses them as "Comrades," and one corrects her (with the happiness of liberty in his voice), "Friends, Ninotchka. We are friends." Also at the end, tradition—the product of spontaneous human action—triumphs over state-imposed ideology. Ninotchka asks the three if their new restaurant in Constantinople means they are deserting Russia. No, not desertion, they reply. "Our little restaurant . . . that is our Russia, . . . the Russia of borscht, the Russia of beef Stroganoff, blinis with sour cream." The Russia of St. Petersburg, not Leningrad.

By the later 1950s Hollywood had largely lost interest in the subject of communism (one exception was the 1965 blockbuster *Doctor Zhivago*). Come the cultural revolution of the later 1960s and 1970s, however, Hollywood quickly fell under the spell of the New Left critique of "Amerika" (see the 1969 *Easy Rider*, for example). The movies of this period were more anti-American than pro-Soviet, but the ideas and notions that inspired the new Hollywood were enshrined in the truly awful Warren Beatty movie *Reds* (1981), a paean to the American radicals John Reed and Louise Bryant. *The Killing Fields* (1984) showed little of the Communists' holocaust in Cambodia and blamed the United States for most of it. The blacklist of the 1950s was attacked in movies like *The Front* (1976) and *Guilty by Suspicion* (1991), without examining the morality of Communists dedicated to destroying the Constitution they sought to hide behind.

The Reagan 1980s, however, did see a small burst of new anti-Communist movies: *Red Dawn* (1984), *Eleni* (1985), *To Kill a Priest* (1988), and *The Inner Circle* (1992). These were joined from Russia by the much-praised *Repentance* (1987) and, more recently, by *Burnt by the Sun* (1994).

In the years since, there's been *Bitter Sugar* (1996), which is a superb portrait of Castro's Cuba hellhole and has sadly been little seen here in America. (It should have been shown on national television to save Elián González.) A shattering portrait of Stalinist Russia is presented in *East-West* (1999). But to date, Hollywood has yet to dramatize the horrors of the Gulag (or the Maoist holocaust) as effectively as the Nazi Holocaust was dramatized in *Sophie's Choice* (1982) and *Schindler's List* (1993).

That's curious, for one would think the grand sweep of history in the tale would cry out for a Hollywood extravaganza. It's the story of an all-embracing political system imposed on a large swath of the globe. It's the story of evil and the deaths of millions. It's the story of the long struggle by the United States to emerge triumphant in the Cold War. It's the story of individual acts of resistance and bravery. And, to top it all, the good guys win. When is Hollywood going to learn to tell this story? ♦

From the Editors

The Times and Wen Ho Lee

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the Newspaper of Record to review its own magnificent performance on a given story, we at The New York Times (download sound of trumpets by clicking here) can be counted on to coat our niggling admissions of imperfection with great towering dollops of self-praise. And so it is in that spirit of self-affirmation that we review our coverage of the case of Wen Ho Lee.

But before getting to the substance of the case, let us first contemplate the fact that this newspaper is so admirable it is willing to boldly stand before the public and make a show of scrutinizing itself. Not since Pamela Anderson last looked in the mirror has a great American institution been subjected to such a pitiless self-gaze. After reviewing the record, we remain proud of our work. In fact, we remain proud of our review. We even remain proud of our pride.

On March 6, 1999, The New York Times reported that government investigators believed China had accelerated its nuclear weapons programs with the aid of stolen American secrets. There are some competing journalists, mostly those who don't get as many leaks fed to them on a silver platter as we do, who have faulted the way the Times handled the story as it evolved. Some, for example, have faulted our March 23 story "The Chinaman Did It" for whipping up a McCarthyite frenzy. Upon looking back at that story, we found careful reporting, an accurate perspective on the issues at stake and a prose style that was at once portentous but also limned with a saucy hint of irony.

Unfortunately, we also found some things we wish we had done differently. For example, the story was too short. As we were rereading our own prose, we found ourselves swept up in the majestic cadences, the delicate turns of phrase, and then all of a sudden—boom—the piece was over! Next time we shall endeavor to make articles of this nature at least as long as our annual 59-part series "Race in America," which allows readers really to sink into each article over the course of weeks, if not years.

We also found that our articles were often echoed and oversimplified by politicians and less sophisticated news organizations. For example, we reported in our April 9 front page story "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! Yellow Menace in the Lab" that Wen Ho Lee had failed a lie detector test. Many other news organizations reported that he had in fact passed the test. This is of course an oversimplification. Their reporting did not take into account our more nuanced discussion, which questioned the whole epistemology of passing and failing, lying and truth.

Early on, we concede, we should have opened up a second line of inquiry, one that got the story right. Our reporters had been co-opted by their sources in the prosecution. If we had to do it all over again, we would have instructed them to be co-opted by their sources in the defense team.

In those instances where we fell short of our lofty standards in our coverage of this story, the fault lies with Abe Rosenthal, whom we continue to blame for everything even though he's left the paper. We wish to inform you, however, that having examined every aspect of ourselves, we find ourselves as supreme as ever, fully meriting the regal tone which we have adopted here and which we will continue to employ as time goes by.