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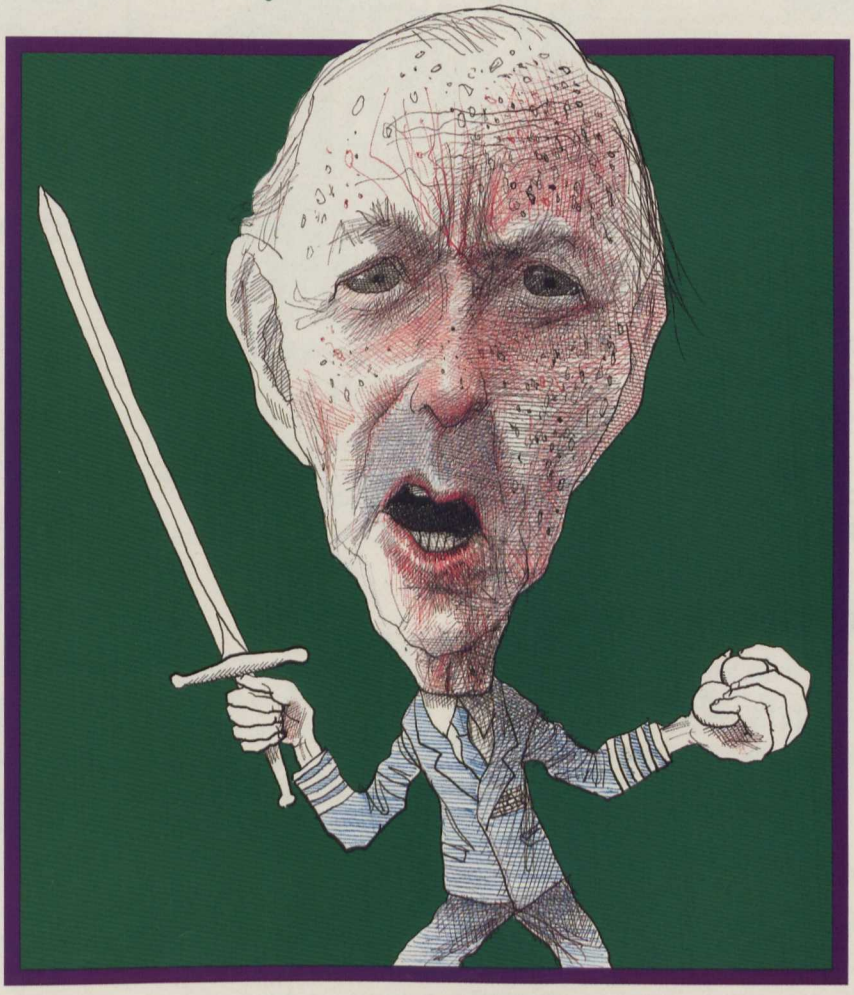
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

MARCH 1993

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Lawrence Walsh's Secrets

by Michael Ledeen



Fred Siegel: The Black Irish

Kemp's High School • Angelou's High Life

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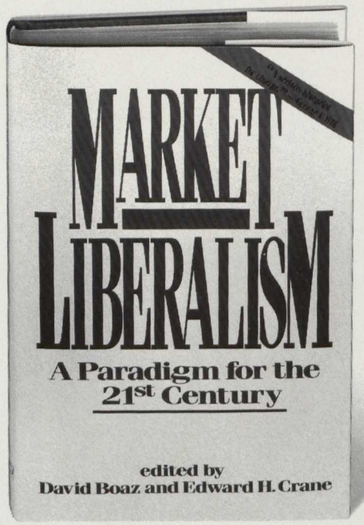
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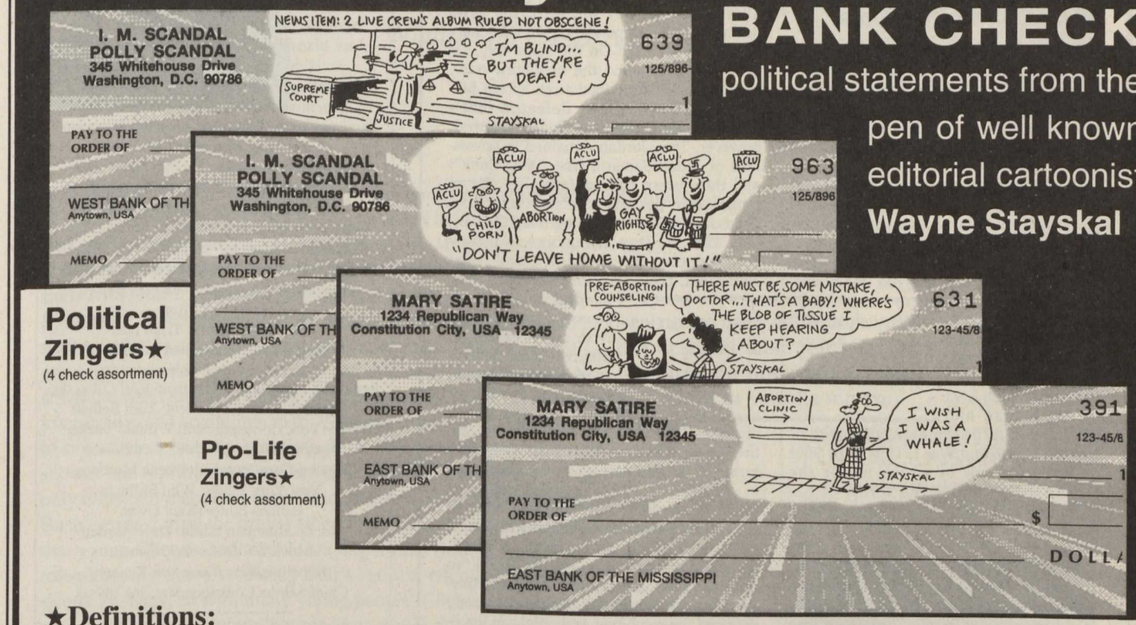
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Those "West Bank" Settlements

Are they *really* the "greatest obstacle to peace"?

Not too long ago, then Secretary of State James Baker made the astonishing comment that Israeli settlements in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") were the greatest obstacle to peace in the Middle East. This claim is constantly being repeated; many have come to accept it as truth. Could Mr. Baker possibly be right? It's a serious accusation and it deserves examination.

What are the facts?

A recap of history. Some thumbnail history may be in order. Large numbers of Jews have been living in these territories since biblical times. Most of the Arabs living there are in fact relative newcomers. "Palestine" is the entire area now covered by Israel, including Judea/Samaria (the so-called "West Bank") *and* what is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It originally also included the Golan Heights, which later, in an agreement between England and France, were ceded to France, and to Syria as the successor in possession. In 1922, contrary to the Mandate of the League of Nations, the British severed the entire area east of the Jordan and gave it to the Hashemite Arabs for their assistance in World War I. Thus, fully 75% of Palestine, all of which under the Mandate and under the terms of the Balfour Declaration was meant to be a homeland for the Jewish people, was lost for that purpose. Only the area west of the Jordan was left for Jewish settlement.

How the West Bank became "Arab country". In 1947, after decades of strife between Arabs and Jews, the British decided to relinquish the Mandate. The UN stepped in and proposed a partition plan under which the country (west of the River) was to be divided into respective Arab and Jewish areas. Jerusalem was to be internationalized. The Jews accepted the plan; the Arabs refused it out of hand. In 1948, on the twice truncated territory allotted to them by the U.N., the Jews declared their independence, and the state of Israel was born. On the same day, six Arab armies invaded the new-born state. In what can be described as an almost biblical miracle, the Jews defeated them. When an armistice was finally secured, however, TransJordan remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; Egypt remained in possession of the Gaza Strip. TransJordan then renamed itself Jordan.

The Six-Day War. Once in possession of the "West Bank" and East Jerusalem, the Jordanians promptly proceeded to expel all Jews and systematically to desecrate and to destroy most Jewish sacred places, cemeteries and houses of worship. No Jews, regardless of citizenship were allowed into the "West Bank" or East Jerusalem, the locale of the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. In 1967, Egyptian president Abdel Nasser joined by the same array of Arab armies that had unsuccessfully tried to destroy Israel at its birth in 1948, launched another war against Israel "to drive the Jews into the sea" and into oblivion, once and for all. But the Israelis utterly defeated the combined Arab might in the 6-Day War, one of the greatest military victories in history. When the dust of war settled, the Israelis had not only retained their national territory, but had repossessed the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and had occupied the vast Sinai Peninsula.

> "Why should the Arab countries and the 'West Bank' be the only places in the world where Jews are not allowed to live?"

It is clear from this abbreviated history that the Israeli claim to the "West Bank" is far stronger than that of the Arabs. About 100,000 Jews now live there. And why shouldn't they? Why should the Arab countries and the "West Bank" be the only places in the whole wide world where Jews are not allowed to live? How can 100,000 Jews living among 700,000 Arabs be the "greatest threat to peace"? How can our government be concerned about a new settlement of a few mobile homes on some barren Judean hills as the "greatest threat to peace", when we seem to be oblivious and totally unconcerned about the unrelenting hostility of the Arab countries, the de facto incorporation of Lebanon by Syria, the Scuds and chemical weapons still remaining in Iraq, and the relentless and ominous build-up of Syria's missile forces?

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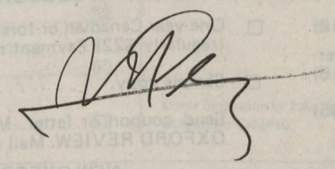
ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

IN A PRAYER OFFERED up at the Inaugural ceremony that Clintonites in other circumstances would have responded to with prolonged hissing, the Rev. Billy Graham delivered what nowadays—if reported at all—is called a conservative message. He thanked God "for the moral and spiritual foundations which our forefathers gave us, and which are rooted deeply in Holy Scripture." It gets better: "Those principles have nourished and guided us as a nation in the past." And now for the killer part: "But we cannot say that we are a righteous people, for we are not. We have sinned against You. We have sown the wind and are reaping the whirlwind of crime, drug abuse, racism, immorality, and social injustice. We need to repent of our sins . . ." Needless to say, carried away by Maya Angelou, the press simply ignored this cold shower and reprinted not one word of Graham's invocation. In fact, in the only extended mention I could find, the *New York Times* focused on Mrs. Bush's eyes during the prayer (they "were shut unusually tight") and reported that young Chelsea had trouble staying awake through Graham's brief remarks (only to revive during Dad's speech, which put the rest of us to sleep). Perhaps, as with many young people, Chelsea's nodding off came as a natural response to unfamiliar concepts. From all accounts, her father isn't one to emphasize the link between righteousness and repentance.

AS IT TURNS OUT, he's not the only one. This month we present two archetypes of unrepentant self-righteousness, Messrs. Lawrence Walsh and Gary Sick, profiled and confronted with damning material by Michael Ledeen and Steven Emerson, respectively. Bob Tyrrell, Tom Bethell, John Meroney, and Aram Bakshian, Jr. report and remark on some of the countless frauds who turned the Inauguration into a debauch of biblical proportions. But a word of caution: lest anyone hold it against Dizzy Gillespie that Bill Cosby presented a sweatshirt with the late jazz great's visage to Bill Clinton, turn immediately to Victor Gold's "Cool Diz and Me." Somehow as a nation we remain blessed with people who know the way to the Promised Land.



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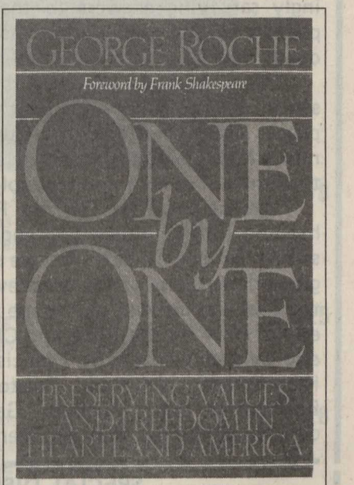
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Faith & Intellect: Opposites?



Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

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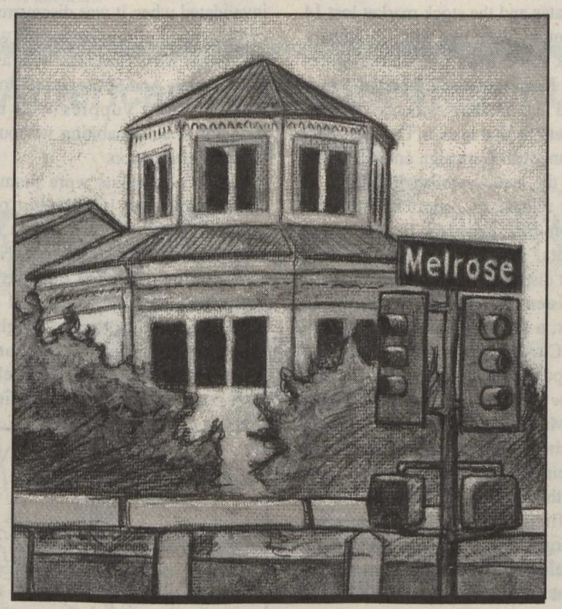
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Cover illustration by John Springs. Interior art by John Springs, David Turner, Jake Tapper, and Christopher Caldwell.

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• On January 20, Governor Bill Clinton was inaugurated 42nd President of the United States and the stock market lost 14 points. January went like this. On January 13, a task force from the United States House of Representatives reported that it could find "no credible evidence" to support allegations that back in October 1980 the Reagan-Bush campaign entered into a plot with the late Ayatollah Khomeini to delay the release of American hostages then held in Iran. American liberals, many Democrats, and others of an equally malignant disposition had come to believe in the existence of such a plot after Mr. Gary Sick, a former member of President Jimmy Carter's National Security Council, published an essay to this effect in the *New York Times*. Alas, now it turns out that Mr. Sick may be suffering from an Alzheimer-related disease known as Chumpheimer's disease. In recent years many on the left have suffered this debilitating affliction. With Alzheimer's the patient forgets things that once were. With Chumpheimer's the patient remembers things that never were. A recent sufferer, Mr. Spike Lee, has been notifying journalists that AIDS was concocted by the American government to wipe out the black and Hispanic communities.

• President Bill Clinton was not yet inaugurated when fate presented him with his first candidate for a presidential pardon. On January 10, Felix Bloch, the former U.S. diplomat suspected in the 1980s of spying for the Soviet Union, was charged with stealing $100 worth of groceries in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. It has never been all that clear what Mr. Bloch's politics are, though the suspicions that he raised in the 1980s suggest that he is very much an anti-war activist, and with his arrest in Chapel Hill it is now manifest that his views on how wealth is created coincide nicely with those of many in the Clinton Administration. In Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. David Harkness entered upon what might be called a divorce of convenience. Mr. Harkness's election to the board of the famed Broadlawns Medical Center was almost invalidated when it was discovered that in contravention of regulations his wife, now the former Mrs. Harkness, was a nurse at the hospital. And so it was off to Tijuana for these two yuppies who now are rumored to be cohabiting without benefit of state certification.

• British naturalists were dismayed by findings that the UK's robin redbreast population has declined by as much as 24 percent over the past year. Nor did it reassure them to read that the English countryside is now inhabited by hundreds of pumas and lynxes. English naturalists are inveterate hikers, and those who have not shriveled themselves into *anorexia nervosa* with disgusting vege-



tarian regimens might well tempt the robust appetites of these misplaced carnivores whilst tramping over hill and dale and singing the naturalists' usual lunatic anthems. In South Australia it was a different story. There the news was auspicious for friends of the lower orders, after the flattened presence of a pygmy blue tongue lizard was found within the stomach of a deceased snake. The snake had been squashed on a road 100 miles north of Adelaide, and once the wondrous contents of its stomach had been revealed it was only a matter of time before naturalists located a thriving colony of the pygmy blue tongues. The lizard, known for its elegance and quick intelligence, had not been seen in Australia since 1959; but authorities will keep the location of the colony secret lest local farmers do it damage. Some have become extremely jealous of the lizard's superior intelligence.

• On January 3, the Cold War was shoved ever further back in history as Presidents Boris Yeltsin and George Bush signed the fifth nuclear-arms-limitation treaty in Moscow. Three days later, in a dramatic demonstration of how important it is to keep in touch, British peace activist, Mr. Chris Cole, 29, was nabbed in London after he broke into a British Aerospace plant, shouted biblical passages, and hammered $770,000 worth of missile parts, which was most unnecessary given recent world events. Chances for a powerful new political alliance between environmentalists and nudists loomed large after officials in Encinitas, California, expressed interest in combating beach erosion by replacing lost sand with ground glass. In Auburn, California, Mr. Mason O. Crist pled not guilty to peeping at Olympic swimming champion Miss Summer Sanders. Mr. Crist has faced similar charges for his pursuit of women, and in his apartment police found letters of an impertinent character addressed to the unfortunate Miss Sanders, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Mrs. Priscilla Presley, and Mr. Andre Agassi, who perhaps looks much prettier when shaven.

• Populist President Bill Clinton's nominee for attorney general, Mrs. Zöe Bäird, withdrew her name once it was learned that her kitchen staff was a virtual sweatshop, despite her family's annual income of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. In Saudi Arabia, Mr. David Brown, 32, seemed faintly pleased when a Saudi religious court sentenced him to a stiff caning for his use of foul language at the British-run King Khaled National Guard Hospital. Mr. Leroy Wilkinson, 46, of Queens, New York, pled guilty to blowing up his goat and was sentenced to five days of community service, though it has not been reported how he might serve. His talents could be used, of course, at the Queens dog pound. In condom news, Miss Natalie A. Lerma-Solis has received U.S. patent number 5,172,480 for her Condom Pocket Underwear, a line of both ladies' and men's underwear featuring a zippered pocket for what has become one of the essentials of modern life.

• A huge row ignited over President Bill Clinton's plan to end the military's ban on poofters in the barracks. Mr. Clinton's choice as secretary of health and human services, Miss Donna Shalala, publicly denied that she is a lesbian while failing to explain why her last name is an inscrutable lyric in a 1950s pop song. Documents smuggled out of China by Mr. Zheng Yi indicate that the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s was not only a Marxist-Leninist dream but also a gastronome's delight. Thousands of strict Marxists not only put their lax countrymen through re-education and torture, but in Guangxi Province they ate some. Apparently, the revolutionary cannibalism was frequently organized by party officials with a disregard for public-health standards that would shock American liberals.

• The last days of the Bush presidency witnessed an unseemly outbreak of anti-Hinduism. In Clay County on the outskirts of Kansas City, Missouri, a series of what officials described as "drive-by cow shootings" left ten cows dead in one week. In Canastota, New York, 130 cows were poisoned on one farm alone. And in Pryor, Oklahoma, Mr. Roger Williams, 39, was arrested after he used a .45-caliber semiautomatic pistol to shoot his truck. In Bangkok, Thailand, a Buddhist monk was arrested after being caught *in flagrante delicto* with a female corpse in his temple, though it is possible that the lady was actually alive and a steadfast follower of Gloria Steinem.

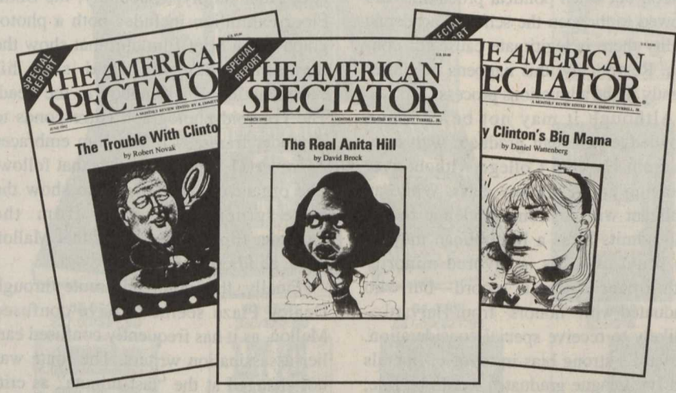
• Finally, the Crisis Continues in London, where a secretly taped telephone conversation between Prince Charles and his innamorata, Camilla Parker Bowles, dispels claims that he is a "cold fish" but also presents the royal family with a slight public relations problem. As a public service to Yankee readers, what follows is a particularly memorable passage from the Prince's bedtime telephone talk with Mrs. Bowles:

> Cam: . . . I can't bear a Sunday night without you.
> Ch: Oh God.
> Cam: It's like that program "Start the Week." I can't start the week without you.
> Ch: I fill your tank.
> Cam: Yes you do!
> Ch: Then you can cope.
> Cam: Then I'm all right.
> Ch: What about me? The trouble is I need you several times a week.
> Cam: Mmm. So do I. I need you all the week, all the time.
> Ch: Oh, God. I'll just live inside your trousers or something. It would be much easier!
> Cam: (laughs) What are you going to turn into, a pair of knickers? (both laugh) Oh you're going to come back as a pair of knickers.
> Ch: Or, God forbid, a Tampax. Just my luck. (laughs)
> Cam: You are a complete idiot! (laughs) Oh what a wonderful idea.
> Ch: My luck to be chucked down a lavatory and go on and on forever swirling round on the top, never going down.

Alas, now Prince Charles will have the environmentalists against him owing to this ecologically repugnant disposal of a Tampax. His troubles worsen.

—RET

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Inadmissible Evidence

As a graduate and one-time Admissions Committee member of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, I must comment on Daniel Wattenberg's "beef . . . with Harvard" ("Harvard's New Interior Minister," *TAS,* January 1993). The Kennedy School's acceptance of Luis Carrión, the former Nicaraguan Interior Ministry deputy and Sandinista, quite possibly reflects the school's unfortunate tendency to allow ideology to overcome reason. It is no secret that most of the faculty lean sharply to the left at the Kennedy School, but when political proclivities are allowed to threaten the school's academic quality there is legitimate cause for concern. Regrettably, this happens not infrequently in the admissions process.

Although it may not be common knowledge, one can graduate with honors from Harvard College without ever receiving an "A" in any class. While an applicant with a strong academic record who admits he is a Republican may be the brunt of jokes, a favored minority with a poor academic record—but who graduated with "honors" from Harvard—is likely to receive special consideration. Harvard's strong bias in favor of liberals and Ivy League graduates would be fine, except for the fact that these decisions to accept students from *their* schools who think like *they* do are carried out in the name of *diversity.* Such ideological favoritism and liberal elite academic incest make a mockery of an otherwise legitimate goal.

Fortunately, many of the faculty and staff do place a high premium on academic ability and public policy experience in the admissions process. There are those, however, who think for example that being a pugnacious lesbian compensates for academic mediocrity. While I did not serve on the mid-career admissions committee that admitted Luis Carrión, it would be naive to deny that some may have had purely ideological reasons to accept him, thereby certifying Carrión with the Harvard seal of approval. For better or for worse, Harvard's approval still carries a lot of weight in this country and around the world, as the OAS demonstrated by awarding Carrión a scholarship on the basis of his Kennedy School acceptance. If those who seek to subjugate academic quality to ideology prevail, though, this will cease to be so.

—Shelton M. Vaughan
Austin, Texas

Hunt Country

Thomas Mallon's worthwhile article "Dallas Greets President" (*TAS*, December 1992) makes a few mistakes and one or two accusations that merit immediate clarification. First, I am not, as he asked, "related to the notorious H.L. Hunt family." Secondly, the Sixth Floor exhibition includes both a photograph and a brief film clip that show the moments when the fatal shot hit President John F. Kennedy in the head. The Polaroid photograph corresponds to Zapruder frame 315. The film embraces Zapruder 313 and the frames that follow. The organizers elected not to show the more gruesome frames from the Zapruder film for the reason that Mallon cited: children.

Finally, the motorcade route through Dealey Plaza seems to have confused Mallon, as it has frequently confused earlier assassination writers. The route was not changed at the "last minute" as critics have often asserted. Officials agreed on the route in mid-month; the route was described in a Dallas newspaper on November 19 and appeared in a newspaper map on November 21.

Mallon is correct that the purpose of the motorcade was to place the President close to a large number of people. The motorcade went down Main Street because that street was the center of the downtown business district. Main Street goes through Dealey Plaza at its western edge. The luncheon was to be held at the Dallas Trade Mart, and the most immediate and fastest route to this location was via Stemmons Freeway, which was and still is accessed off Elm Street in Dealey Plaza. There is no access onto the Freeway from Main Street at that location.

It is possible to get to the Trade Mart by staying on Main through Dealey Plaza, and then turning right onto Industrial Boulevard and wandering northwest, but this is a more circuitous and time-consuming route than the one that was taken. There never was a temporary barricade between Main and Elm that could be removed. The limousine would have had to hurdle a permanent divider. As for the danger of passing near tall buildings, there were many more along Main Street than in Dealey Plaza. Sadly, we must recall that presidential security in 1963 was more lax than it is today.

—Conover Hunt
Former Project Director
and Curator
The Sixth Floor Exhibit
Dallas, Texas

Thomas Mallon's article offered an interesting and different perspective on the assassination of President Kennedy. But, like most writers on the assassination, he neglects one very important event out of the many surrounding the President's death.

The key to understanding Lee Harvey Oswald's motive in shooting the President was his earlier attempt to murder retired U.S. Army General Edwin Walker. The most important issue that Walker and Kennedy agreed upon, and that Oswald sought revenge for, was the opposition of both to Fidel Castro's Communist regime in Cuba. By March 1963, Oswald had purchased a pistol and rifle and set out to murder someone in order to prove his loyalty to his idol Fidel Castro.

In his article Mallon asks, "Was Oswald on his way to see Ruby [after killing the President and Dallas police officer J.D. Tippit]?" Oswald was probably on his way to General Walker's home, located in the same Oak Cliff section of Dallas as Oswald's North Beckley Street apartment.

—James S. Patten
Torrington, Connecticut

Thomas Mallon replies:

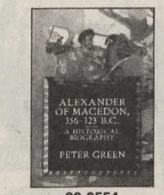
Mr. Patten's speculation is intriguing. A novelist working this material would probably reject it as anticlimactic, but a psychologist might find it plausible as the demonstration of a terrible need for "completeness." Who knows?

Regarding Conover Hunt's letter: In

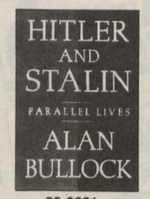
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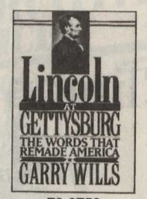
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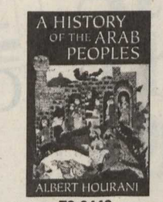
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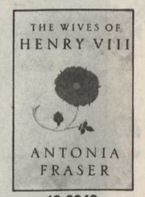
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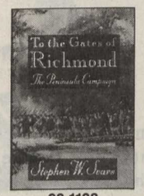
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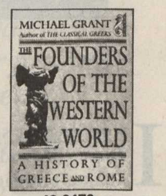


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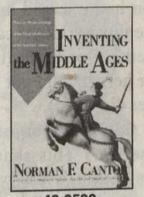
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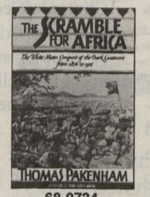
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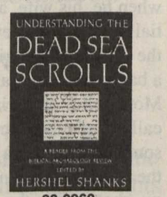
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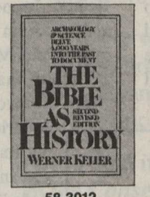
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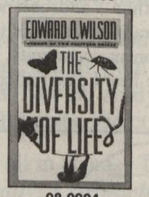
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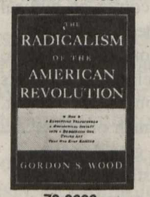
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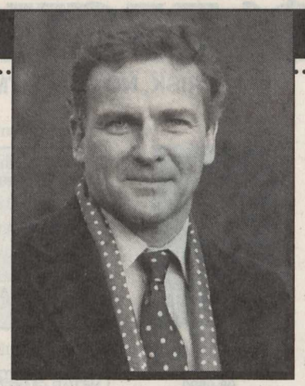
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Clinton: Week One

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

I wonder if at some dizzying point during President Bill Clinton's unique glorification rites, he saw what I believe I saw. Perhaps it was when he, his wife, and the vice presidential couple withdrew down the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, or when he sat on a bar stool pontificating to the children at Monticello, or during that characteristically euphuistic acceptance speech. At some point I saw a golden halo encircle the head of the gently smiling leader. It was not unlike the halo that the painter Fra Angelico used to confer on biblical notables back in the fifteenth century.

Had President Clinton but looked into one of the myriad of television monitors always nearby, he would have seen it. Now in the gray aftermath of his immortalization, as he gets down to governing us all, I still do not know if that halo was a genuine manifestation of Divine approval. Most likely it was another of the technical marvels pulled off by Gary Smith, executive producer of the American Gala, but no one knows. We have heard some amazing testimonials to our new President. Never in the history of presidential inaugurals has personal glorification been such a central theme. Nor has high tech been so exuberantly resorted to for what Hollywoodians call "special effects." At one point, when President Clinton slowly turned toward the beaming co-president, several inches below his chin I perceived two halos radiating from both eminences. Next I expected the famous couple to sprout wings and levitate a few inches from terra firma, but good taste prevailed.

Never before has so much money been expended on a presidential inauguration. Nor have so many Hollywood entertainers hit Washington. Nor have tears and mawkish sentiment been so abundant. It was Shep Gordon, manager for the singer Luther Vandross, who said: "The Inauguration has mobilized the whole entertainment community. We feel like we can be heard again after all these years."



Not only members of the "entertainment community" felt this sense of emancipation. The poet, Maya Angelou, also expressed the notion that only Bill Clinton's election had released her from a long and frightening period of captivity or exile or something-or-other that had made life hell for her (she did not go into details and neither did Shep).

Thus all the talk of "reunion" and "reclaiming America." This sense of a Democratic presidential victory representing national salvation is not unprecedented. Immediately after the inauguration of John F. Kennedy another poet, Archibald MacLeish, wrote President Kennedy that his inaugural ceremony "left me proud and hopeful to be an American—something I have not felt for almost twenty years. I owe you and send you my deepest gratitude." MacLeish was reacting, it seems, to the hellish tyranny imposed on the nation by General Dwight David Eisenhower of the United States Armed Forces, and the grateful poet had to write from that infamous Caribbean hellhole, St. Lucia, for times were again tough.

Yet, in light of all the derision and repugnance that the Democrats so recently leveled against the "Hollywood glitz" of the Reagan years, this garish Hollywood saturnalia is a bit jarring. And the millions shoveled out by corporate America for these revels add irony atop irony. Then, too, imagine the whining that we would hear from the

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

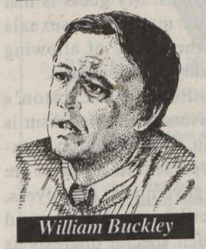
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Democrats if at Ronald Reagan's 1981 inaugural the incoming conservatives had said that they were "reclaiming America." "Are they saying they have a superior claim to America than we?" indignant liberals would blubber. "Are they questioning our patriotism, our democratic values, our Americanism?" And their complaints would recirculate through the public discourse and on into the history books, adding yet another mythical example of conservatism's intolerance, jingoism, and bigotry.

Well, hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue, as Senator Joe Biden has undoubtedly said. So blatant, however, have been the hypocrisies of the incoming administration that even before these glorification ceremonies the press was growing restless. Its credulousness goes only so far. Sure the media believed it when candidate Bill let on that he had read "300" books in one year and "40" in the first eight months of 1981. But now the press corps is in a snit that Bill is breaking campaign promises wantonly. His problems with the press will grow, for a rule of American politics is that he who lives by conning the press dies by conning the press. ❐

Clinton: Week Two

For a new administration well supported, as a new administration always is, by the abundant good will of the American people, the Clinton Administration is facing an unusual amount of enmity and doubt. Why is this? The recent observation of one of the Western world's leading students of the human face gave me a clue.

John Springs is a distinguished sketch artist here and in London, where he lives. He sketches caricatures for major news organizations on both sides of the water. Pursuant to his art, he has just finished studying President Clinton's face. Springs is convinced that our youthful President has had a facelift. The lumpy body does not comport normally with the smooth face. There are scars from a facial refurbishment that the trained eye can perceive below the jaw and ears. Springs is, by the way, nonpartisan. He is convinced that Ronald Reagan was dependent on hair dye. But Springs is surprised that a 45-year-old man with relatively good looks would have a facelift. Springs has not had enough experience with Americans of the Yuppie left. To them, appearances are everything, and forever manipulable.

Perhaps Springs is correct and President Clinton now smiles through a second face. Perhaps, too, this is why President Clinton has been less than forthcoming about his medical records. But what does this have to do with the heavy weather Mr. Clinton is experiencing at this very hour in Washington? The answer is: appearances aren't everything. Behind every appearance there is a reality. The realities of American politics are now shaking the appearance that President Clinton believed he could endlessly manipulate.

President Clinton came to Washington claiming to be a champion of populism and diversity. The reality is that his administration's appointments reflect not populism but elitism. Contrary to President Clinton's claim, his administration's face is not the face of America but the face of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government: blacks trained in elite schools, tans trained in elite schools,



whites trained in elite schools, women trained in elite schools—and most of the training is in law and the jargon of social science. The Clinton Administration includes few Asians, eastern Europeans, urban Catholics, or rural Protestants beyond the President's native state.

If the Clinton Administration were truly in touch with ordinary Americans, the President would have anticipated the public outcry against nominating as attorney general a millionaire corporate lawyer who had knowingly employed illegal aliens. What is more, Mr. Clinton would not have spoken so rashly about opening our shores to Haitian boat people. Nor would he have created the present furor about ending the military's ban against homosexuals. Concerning these last two imbroglios, President Clinton was responding to the ideological demands of human rights purists and of militant homosexuals. My guess is that there are actually many homosexuals who recognize the idiocy of allowing overt homosexuality in the barracks.

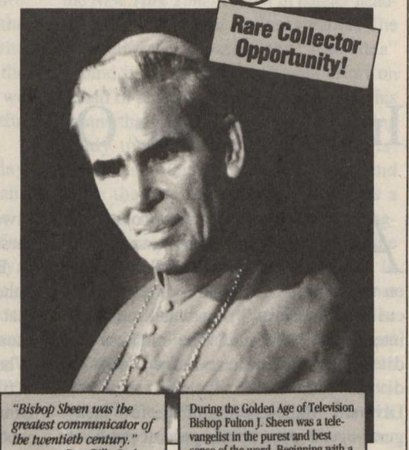
Behind all President Clinton's rhetoric about diversity and populism is the reality of an administration composed of the Yuppie left. Its members are lawyers, career government employees, university faculty members, and careerists for such special interests as "consumerism," "environmentalism," and "human rights." They are not particularly productive people, but at a rather heavy price to society they do produce harangues and endless squabbles. Most of what they claim to believe is pishposh. Throughout the Reagan-Bush years they doggedly manufactured untruths about the economy, the society, the world. Their rarefied community has so little diversity that they have never heard their untruths challenged.

Now they are in power. After all their guff about recession and depression they are faced with an economic recovery and they have not a clue about how to sustain it. After promising middle-class tax cuts they think they can effortlessly pass a middle-class tax increase. They cannot cut government spending, because they cannot say no to their special interests. The reality we are about to discover is that the Yuppie left cannot govern. All it can do is squabble about race, gender, and other gaudy hypocrisies. The President's populist face is a false face. ❐

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Include Me Out

by Tom Bethell

A couple of days before the Inauguration, I went downtown to take a look at America's Reunion on the Mall, a "celebration of America's cultural diversity" that was somehow intended to "unite us." The emphasis on divisions is of course more likely to divide than unite. But let that be. Diversity Mall was one of the few inaugural events open to the general public. I think many people come to Washington for the Inauguration only to be disappointed. They don't know what to expect. Perhaps they vaguely imagine that they will bump into the new President, as though we were still in the age of Andrew Jackson. They end up standing on some street corner trying to catch a glimpse of the parade by peering through a periscope purchased at a novelty store. Then they go home. Diversity Mall at least gave the people something to go to. But I think that will be the extent of my praise for the "co-chairs" of the Presidential Inaugural, Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, TV sitcom producers and Friends of Bill.

Several large white tents had been erected on the Mall. I went into one called Community Hall. A folk singer named Tish Hino-Josa from Austin was singing to a crowd of a couple of hundred in that lame-lamenting, folky-guitar-strumming wail that has been plaguing America nonstop since Joan Baez hit the coffee houses of Philadelphia thirty-five years ago. Is there no progress at all? For some reason this had been advertised as "Mexican-American" music. Ah—but there was something new. Also on stage with this Hino-Josa was an American sign-language translator. She came courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, I was told; for the benefit of deaf folk who are always presumed to be present when these singers ply their trade.

But how come they never ask beforehand? What about the strong possibility that there are no deaf people present for a musical event? The woman didn't ask. When the music started she just launched officiously into her flurry of ambidextrous activity, hands curving about and mouth working away busily as she translated this ballad about some broken down San Antone romance in World War II. She went so earnestly about her business that you might have thought she was the sign-language translator for a deaf American President at a summit conference with Brezhnev or Khrushchev or someone. When it came to the sad parts—"He was a strong man in his way, lost his first wife in 1943"—she put on a suitably woebegone look. Then she perked up as bright as a button and her hands seemed to fly even faster for the happy parts.

Oh, well. Welcome to Diversity Mall, 1993.

Down toward the Washington Monument was the 88-foot-long American Town Hall Wall, a "low-tech medium" dedicated to Clinton's "theme of seeking opportunities for inclusion." Messages could be written on six-inch squares of colored paper and stuck onto the plywood wall. Across the top was written: "What Are Your Dreams for America that President Clinton and Vice President Gore Can Help Make Come True?" One of the organizers, Meyer Braiterman, a "consultant to arts organizations in New York City," told me that the Smithsonian Institution had put up a big fight before allowing this Democracy Wall to be part of "America's Reunion." It had only been admitted after weeks of discussion and negotiation, apparently.

"You know why they objected?" Braiterman asked me.

I gave up.

"They said it was political!" Braiterman looked amazed. "They said they weren't about to have it next to their Arts Workshop Tent." He pointed to it. "But this whole thing is political," he said, sweeping his arm with a gesture that encompassed the Mall in general. "All of it is political."

He was right about that. It's instructive to realize that the Smithsonian Institution—provider of sign-language translations for folk ballads—doesn't know this and probably imagines that its activities in general avoid the taint of politics. The messages on the Wall were political all right—but the politics were uncontrolled. Some of the messages: "Support Kids in Business" (against the law, of course). "Prove America Free By Lessening the Regulation of People." "No More Taxes." "Help Make Our Government Efficient." (Heaven forbid!) "More Funding for Public Education." "Bill and Al: Gays in the Military Now!" And inevitably: "Cure AIDS." For the most part, the messages echoed Bill and Al and the news media in expressing a limitless faith in government.

I went into the Arts Workshop Tent to observe some apolitical crafts, for comparison. The first booth I came to was occupied by Bharati Parikh, a "mendhi," who "paints decorative patterns with henna plant dye on women's hands." She learned the art from her family in Gujarat, India, and now lives in Queens, New York. I thought the better of asking to see her immigrants' Green Card. No illegal aliens being exploited here, I hope! Next to her was Hansa Ashar, a practitioner of something called "rangoli." She uses flour or sand to draw floor designs that resemble heavenly objects, conch shells, and elephants. She learned the skill from her family in Bombay and is now billed as being from Danbury, Connecticut.

Tanya Osada and her sister Aka Pereyma had a booth nearby and they are egg dyers from Troy, Ohio. Next to them was Gomya Domsch, a lace-maker from Atwood, Kansas. Then there was Miguel Caraballo, a carnival mask-maker from Ponce, Puerto Rico, and let's not leave out Yang Fang Nhu and Ia Moua Yang, needle workers from Detroit, Michigan. Louise Goings is a basket-maker from a Cherokee Reservation in North Carolina, Marie McDonald (*McDonald*?) is a lei-maker from Hawaii, and Halimeh Abdul Fattah is an embroiderer from Dearborn, Michigan. And so it went.

In the Heritage Hall, packed tight with people, there was a performance by a group called Los Comperos de Nati Cano, about twenty guys wearing those great big Mexican hats and shaking more maracas than you could shake a stick at. Out on the Mall, a couple was dancing to the music of Mingo Salvidar y los Tremendos Cuatros Espadas. NB: No simultaneous translations provided for us Anglos. We seem to have been overlooked by the Smithsonian's political oversight committee. There was also a NASA tent and, in addition to the Smithsonian, the official program offered thanks to: the National Endowment for the Arts, the Library of Congress, the National Council for the Traditional Arts, the National Park Service, and the National Park Police.

On my way back I stopped in again at Community Hall, where a group called the Badland Singers were holding forth—some kind of a Red Indian War Dance, complete with feathered costumes. Chuck Spotted Bird was on the drums. The sound effects—I'm trying to avoid the word music—included some of the strangest grunting and warbling I ever heard in my life. Sorry you missed it.

In short, this was not so much an American festival as a festival of multiculturalism and affirmative action, the old criterion of quality having been replaced by political litmus tests such as ethnicity and gender (particularly gender). Which brings us to that so-called poem recited by Maya Angelou at the Inauguration: Rock, River and Tree. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Robert Frost, her poet-predecessor on the (1961) Inauguration stand, called this kind of thing tennis without a net. He didn't know the half of it. Rock, River was little more than a portentous recital of politically correct categories: the gay, the straight, the French, the Swede, the homeless, the teacher, the Apache, the Native American: what rot. I suppose we were all meant to admire the thoughtful "inclusiveness" of Angelou's lists.

The *New York Times* the next day cravenly praised her "mighty Whitmanesque cadences." C'mon! Let's have a little respect for the truth, and for Whitman. The truth is that Maya Angelou is a Quotapoet, and "Rock, River and Tree" is a Quotapoem. Does anyone believe she would have been asked to compose it if she had not been a black woman? She demonstrated, rather dramatically, that affirmative action involves lowering standards for the benefit of those who otherwise can't make the grade; which in turn demeans members of legally privileged groups who need no such assistance.

"It is as if you have been looking in our brains for the last six weeks," Hillary Clinton told Maya Angelou after it was over. "You said it much better than we could." That at least had the ring of truth. In the campaign, Bill Clinton kept using the word change. The less polite word that comes to my mind is decline. From Frost to Angelou we see decline: artistic standards swallowed up by political ones. Compare the inaugural addresses of President Kennedy and President Clinton and you will also see decline. Clinton himself constantly invites the comparison. He wanted to express Kennedyesque sentiments without using Ted Sorensen's phrases. Maybe he should have asked Sorensen to write him another speech. At least he would have avoided the clunky clichés—"the vision and courage to reinvent America," and so on.

In the last few weeks, the great theme in Washington has been: Restoration. At last the Republican usurpers are gone. Back in our midst we have a President who believes in big, activist government, the way Kennedy and Johnson did in the heady days of the 1960s. The persistent belief within the Beltway is that big government *can* be made to work, but only if it is headed by those who believe in it. Reagan didn't. Bush was half-hearted. Clinton is enthusiastic. And so he is adored.

The new political code-word is Sacrifice. Both the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* used it in banner headlines on the day after the Inauguration. The *Post* editorially parsed the "root idea" behind it as: "a greater national effort on behalf of public purposes." Put bluntly, this means that the parasite classes are getting ready to dig deeper into our wallets. Congress's unrestricted ability to spend more than it collects is construed as a requirement that taxes be raised accordingly. Routinely, today, the expansion of the state is masked by the rhetoric of thrift. In his Inaugural Address, Clinton said that "we" (meaning the parasite classes) need to "reduce debt" (meaning raise taxes). And of course "deficit reduction" doesn't mean *government* reduction. It means the opposite. So the Clinton people will soon be passing the (compulsory) plate for another levy on our incomes. "Sacrifice" means that the people who live at other people's expense are planning a little belt-tightening. But it's not their belts they plan to tighten. It's ours.

Which means that Clinton is heading for danger. The parasite classes are urging the Democrats to take over the role traditionally assigned to Republicans: tax-collector for the welfare state. Clinton has compounded his difficulty by placing in his entourage a number of faithful believers in unlimited government—Leon Panetta and Alice Rivlin come to mind. The big question is whether Clinton will be able to resist this chorus of greed (the desire to spend other people's money) dressed up as "sacrifice." Probably, a sizable tax increase will make its way to Capitol Hill this spring. This could land Clinton in serious trouble, as it did George Bush. Then again, it's possible that Clinton will keep his political radar switched on and skirt the shoals into which the Beltway chorus is trying to steer him. Perhaps someone will remind him that the Kennedy Administration supported a big tax *cut*.

One way and another, the prospects for a successful Clinton Administration are not high. Big government does not work and has been repeatedly shown not to work. Probably, President Clinton will try to make it work. If he makes this mistake, he will be a one-term President. ❐

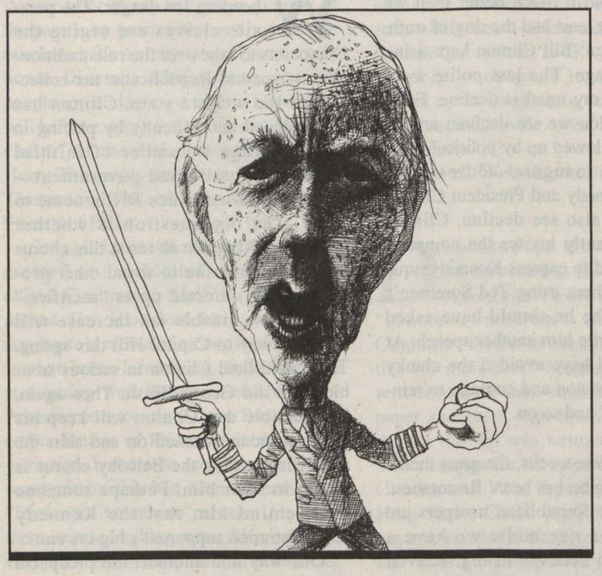
Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

Lawrence Walsh, Grand Inquisitor

The Iran-contra Special Prosecutor has padded expenses, played fast and loose with his taxes, lost classified documents, and misled Congress. Does he think he's above the law?

by Michael Ledeen

You've seen his face repeatedly over the past six-plus years, right out of American Gothic; a stern, gaunt, righteous face with a tinge of the Torquemada, the sort of face that matches the title: Special Prosecutor of Iran-Contra. It is a picture he clearly enjoys, for Judge Lawrence E. Walsh has cultivated the image of a severe, relentlessly painstaking investigator and prosecutor, a judicial Captain Ahab obsessively engaged in a seek-and-destroy mission against the great white whale of Reaganism.



The seafaring image is a suitably evocative one, for Lawrence Walsh has sailed through many stormy waters in the pursuit of his target, but he is not Ahab. He is Queeg. This is not a tragic hero who is gradually perverted by his quest and finally sucked into the sea of evil once within reach of his nemesis; he is instead a sly, quirky, righteously rigid individual who has long been ready to stretch the rules to the limit and has not hesitated to go beyond the boundaries of the law itself in order to achieve his objectives.

Listen to a younger Lawrence Walsh, vintage 1960, acting Attorney General of the United States in the waning months of the second Eisenhower Administration, discussing with Christian Herter and Allen Dulles the best way to get a grip on the vast numbers of Americans and Cubans moving back and forth following Castro's seizure of power in Havana. Herter suggests that it might be desirable to pass some new laws to strengthen U.S. control over the travelers, but Walsh dismisses such legal niceties:

> Walsh pointed out that there was some point at which you simply had to circumvent the law and that what was important was that the INS be given a plausible basis for doing so.[1]

But that was then, when 49-year-old Lawrence Walsh was trying to advance the national security interests of his country. This is now, when the 81-year-old version holds his successors to super-rigorous standards, even when national security is at stake. Just as Queeg told his men that his ship was governed "by the book," but was quick to rewrite the record when his own inattentiveness sent his vessel around in a great circle to cut a towline, Walsh insists on unprecedented standards for others, particularly when they are on the opposite side of the courtroom, but is very broadminded concerning his own behavior. Thus, the intended victims of the Special Prosecutor are scrutinized for the slightest infraction, but whenever Lawrence Walsh is annoyed by official regulations, for example on things like pay and travel, he simply ignores them, since (in the words of his Olympian response to a recent Government Accounting Office inquiry into the operations of his office) "he does not believe that these requirements apply to independent counsels as a matter of law."

Walsh insists on unprecedented standards for others, particularly when they are on the opposite side of the courtroom, but is very broadminded concerning his own behavior.

As of last March, some thirty of his employees had run up more than five thousand hours of unjustified excess leave, and Walsh has paid himself some $78,000 above the authorized rate for per diem expenses, which were themselves suspect because he had declared his "work station" to be Oklahoma City rather than D.C. (where he spent the bulk of his working hours). This maneuver had the additional advantage of permitting him to charge the government for his (unauthorized, first-class) travel between Oklahoma and Washington, and temporarily enabling him to neatly circumvent the annoying D.C. income taxes, which he paid—along with a fine—only after his circumvention was uncovered by a congressional investigation and reported in the newspapers. At the same time, he was circumventing income tax in New York, where he declined to pay taxes on over $200,000 of pension annuities cashed in from his old law firm. After three years trying to convince New York State of his righteousness, the Judge once again claimed all possible advantages, first accepting an amnesty that enabled him to pay his debt without penalty, and then going back to court to argue he shouldn't have to pay anything after all. New York State was not persuaded.

His other extravagances are, as the GAO has admitted, virtually impossible to calculate. The known direct costs are somewhere between $30 and $40 million, but Terry O'Donnell, one of Oliver North's lawyers, believes the bill may run as high as $100 million:

> . . . massive teams were constituted at CIA, NSA, DoD, and State merely to respond to the insatiable appetite for documents of the Independent Counsel. Consider, as well, our defense team: $1 million a year to supply a vault in which the defense team could work, $500,000 a year in rent, and $250,000 times 2 for security contracts, armed guards and double-padlocked doors [and] Department of Justice support.

One should perhaps not linger too long on such details, save to notice their contribution to the atmosphere of lofty superiority and noblesse oblige that has long accompanied the words and actions of Lawrence Walsh. And it is altogether understandable, given the man's list of accomplishments: partner at Davis Polk & Wardwell, arguably the pinnacle of the New York legal establishment; chief negotiator at the Paris Peace Talks; president of the American College of Trial Lawyers and of the American Bar Association itself. Such a career not only testifies to the man's talent and energy, and to his secure place in the upper regions of the East Coast nomenklatura; it reinforces his confidence in his own righteousness, thereby entitling the man to circumvent as he sees fit.

The pattern long predates his anointment as Special Prosecutor. When he traveled on behalf of well-endowed clients like AT&T, Lawrence Walsh was not content with a single hotel room, but took three or four or even five, surrounding himself with soothingly empty rooms on both sides, and above and below, so that his sleep would not be disturbed (and his enemies would be unable to listen to his ruminations). It should not surprise us that, as Special Prosecutor, Walsh created the largest prosecutorial force in the history of the Republic, with more than seventy lawyers, more than fifty agents, and six offices spread across the country. When he set up shop in Washington in the early 1980s on behalf of a chemical company he was defending against charges that one of its medicines caused birth defects, he took two floors at the Watergate at $85,000 a month, justifying it in part on security grounds. In 1980 alone, the chemical firm paid Walsh and his team $3.3 million in fees and expenses. A man worth such a treasure does not hesitate to take every advantage on behalf of his cause, and Federal Appeals Court Judge Patricia Wald would later chastise Walsh and his colleagues in the case for hiring the secretary of the opposing lawyer:

> There was evidence . . . that defense counsel had engaged in discussions about a case with a confidential secretary for

Michael Ledeen is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

[1] *Foreign Relations of the United States (1958-1960),* Vol. VI, "Cuba" (Washington: Department of State), p. 1018.

> opposing counsel without her employer's knowledge, had made ex parte contact with the court's law clerk . . . touching on at least some matters of substance, had on its own obtained "independent counsel" for [the secretary], and was paying substantial sums of money to provide [the secretary] not only with counsel, but also with a comfortable apartment and other financial needs for her and her child . . .

These words prefigure the very Special Prosecutor who reimbursed himself and his associates according to his own notion of equity, who conjured up new applications of criminal law with which to charge the Iran-contra defendants, and who has frequently failed to observe the rules and regulations that bind most mortal men and women engaged in the enforcement of laws. When he was selected in December 1986, Walsh quickly assembled secretarial and administrative staff without waiting for the FBI to perform its routine name checks on all those employees who would be handling classified documents. To their dismay, the investigators in the FBI's Washington Field Office found that several of the Walsh employees had arrest records, some of a nature (narcotics violations, for example) that would normally preclude granting security clearances. Some were subsequently removed, others had their access to secret documents restricted, but others remained in place.

To their dismay, the investigators in the FBI's Washington Field Office found that several of the Walsh employees had arrest records, some of a nature (e.g., narcotics violations) that would normally preclude granting security clearances.

This impatience with annoying security regulations has been one of the leitmotifs of Walsh's activities:

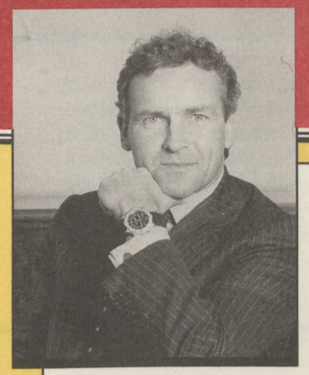
- CIA cables, complete with highly sensitive markings (known as "slugs," invaluable for anyone who wishes to forge such documents), were publicly released as "Exhibits" during trials, in violation of security requirements.
- During closed court discussions of which classified information would be introduced at North's trial, one of Walsh's full-time press aides was invariably present. This led O'Donnell to ask: "What does that do to the time-honored principle of 'need to know'?"
- During a discussion of a motion to quash a subpoena, the Walsh team identified a covert agent by name.
- So-called "redacted pleadings" from Walsh contained classified information instead of having it deleted. On occasion, classified material was included in letters, which subsequently had to be retrieved and classified or redacted.
- Highly sensitive documents were delivered to receptionists at defense counsels' offices instead of being placed in special secure facilities.

This last may appear of little import, but it is of a piece with the most spectacular example of Walsh's cavalier treatment of government secrets. Last July, when he traveled to California to interview former President Reagan, Walsh carried along a satchel of classified documents. Having completed the interview, Walsh gave his luggage (including the satchel) to his staff, instructing them to check the bags onto his flight back to Washington. The bags were checked in at curbside at Los Angeles International Airport, but the satchel never arrived at its destination. The dramatic disappearance of such sensitive material must have shaken even the Special Prosecutor, but he failed to report the event for several weeks, and when he did, he suggested to the amazed security officers at the Department of Justice that the entire procedure had been approved by his security personnel. This was denied by a Walsh security officer, who took a polygraph test on the matter and passed it.[2] The case is still under investigation at the Justice Department, and Bush's Deputy Attorney General George Terwilliger has termed Walsh's behavior a "flagrant violation" of security regulations.

If any normal official of the executive branch had behaved in this manner, he would find himself in deep trouble. Quite aside from the casual disclosure of government secrets in court, regulations require a security escort when transporting classified documents and immediate reporting of any loss. Anyone circumventing such strictures would, at an absolute minimum, have his security clearances suspended, and might very well be placed on extended leave pending the outcome of the investigation. Nothing has been done to Walsh, or—if you accept his version of the facts—to his security people. Justice Department officials are properly reluctant to discuss an ongoing investigation, but it is known that the matter came up in a discussion with a Justice official held by Senior Judge George MacKinnon, a member of the panel that appointed Walsh (but which, by statute, plays no role in the activities of Walsh's office).

That Walsh has remained immune from punishment, indeed from even the slightest official reprimand, testifies not only to the gravitas of the man himself, but also to the immense power of his office. We tend to forget that there were grave misgivings about the creation of Special Prosecutors (or, as they understandably prefer to be called, Independent Counsels), precisely because of

[2] I take a dim view of polygraphs, but government investigators give them greater weight. This outcome would therefore have strengthened the hand of anyone inclined to take action in this case.



How the Conservative Movement Was Mugged

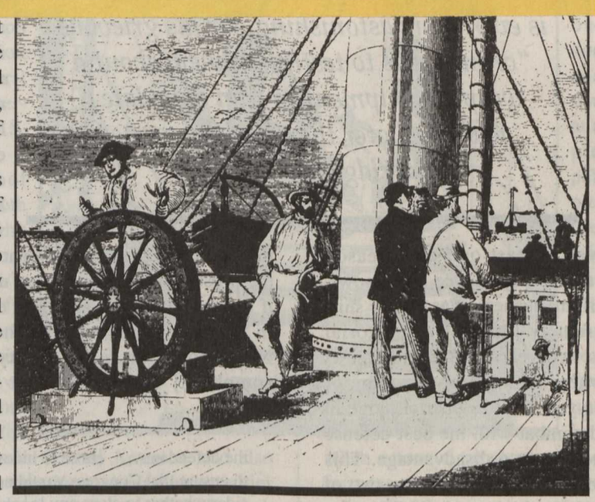
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released in five of the eight cases, and the other three (Carter/Mondale, Richard Allen, and William Casey), were dismissed for lack of evidence.



Looking back, one has the impression of an age of astonishing innocence: Gerald Gallinghouse, who investigated Kraft, actually postponed his inquiry until the 1980 elections were over, because he feared he would be accused of politicizing his activities, and Arthur Christy, who looked into Jordan, made sure that no one in his office had any contact with the media, on the grounds that anything other than "on-the-record" contact would be unprofessional. By contrast, Walsh originally scheduled three major cases (North, Poindexter, and Fernandez) to run during the 1988 election campaign, brought an outrageous indictment against Weinberger on the very eve of the 1992 elections, and had so much direct contact with the press that one finds, on perusal of several months of his media calendar, that he would often process journalists like so many widgets on an assembly line, bringing in a new one every forty-five minutes for hours on end.

Despite the exemplary behavior of the first generation of Special Prosecutors, the Justice Department wanted the whole thing repealed. The consensus on Capitol Hill was that the Special Prosecutor was a dangerous thing, that its

n the Senate, for example, at high government officials d of criminal law" than nor- on complained of outright arl Levin bemoaned "double of the act, a few steps were tial defendants: the attorney itude to ignore allegations ecial Prosecutor was gener- Justice Department "written dants were guaranteed their d by the government if they rounds for firing a Special ept "Independent Counsel") were changed from "extra- ordinary impropriety" to "good cause."

This was all to the good, but it only lasted until the next scandal. As luck would have it, the Ethics in Government Act came up for renewal just as Congress was removing the bloodstains from its clothing after the Iran-contra investigations, and Walsh was contemplating his first indictments. Politics overwhelmed any lingering concern about prosecutorial abuse, and "any concern for fairness had fairly evaporated."[3] There was blood in the water and the congressional sharks attacked with a frenzy that stripped virtually all initiative from the attorney general (he could no longer evaluate the question of criminal intent, for example, in deciding whether to appoint a Special Prosecutor), imposed new reporting requirements (with Congress given sole discretion to make them public), and demolished virtually all boundaries on the Independent Counsel's investigation. The Special Prosecutor was now instructed to investigate the original issue, "and all matters related to that subject matter." As Terry Eastland comments,

> This new language seemed to suggest that the job of the Independent Counsel was to investigate a person, not a crime,

[3] The quotation is from Terry Eastland's indispensable study, *Ethics, Politics and the Independent Counsel: Executive Power, Executive Vice 1789-1989* (National Legal Center for the Public Interest, 1989), p. 79.

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others had their access to secret documents restricted, but
others remained in place.

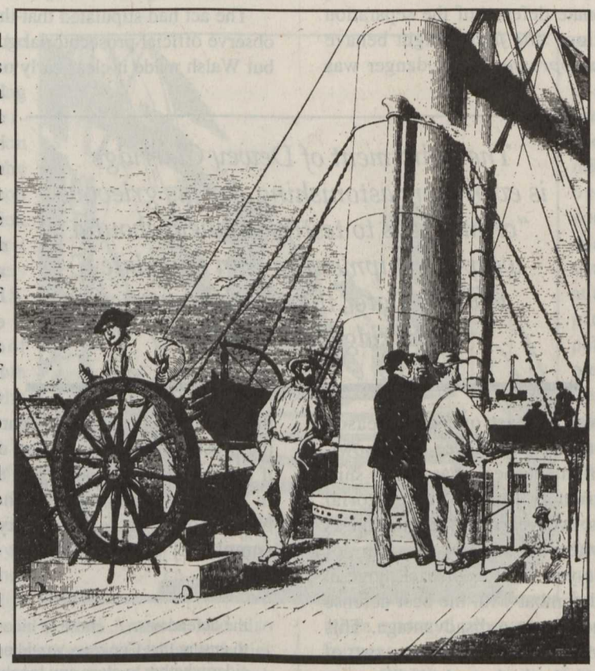
found that several of the Walsh employees had arrest records, some of a nature (e.g., narcotics violations) that would normally preclude granting security clearances.

This impatience with annoying security regulations has been one of the leitmotifs of Walsh's activities:

- CIA cables, complete with highly sensitive markings (known as "slugs," invaluable for anyone who wishes to forge such documents), were publicly released as "Exhibits" during trials, in violation of security requirements.
- During closed court discussions of which classified information would be introduced at North's trial, one of Walsh's full-time press aides was invariably present. This led O'Donnell to ask: "What does that do to the time-honored principle of 'need to know'?"
- During a discussion of a motion to quash a subpoena, the Walsh team identified a covert agent by name.
- So-called "redacted pleadings" from Walsh contained classified information instead of having it deleted. On occasion, classified material was included in letters, which subsequently had to be retrieved and classified or redacted.
- Highly sensitive documents were delivered to receptionists at defense counsels' offices instead of being placed in special secure facilities.

This last may appear of little import, but it is of a piece with the lack of any meaningful administrative, political, or budgetary control. As former Independent Counsel Jacob Stein remarked recently on C-Span, if you've got unlimited budget and unlimited staff, "you can overpower anyone. . . . Nobody can compete with you, especially an individual." Sensitive to the possibility it was creating a monster, Congress limited the 1977 Ethics in Government Act to a five-year run, promising to review it in the early eighties.

By the time the act came up for renewal, three Special Prosecutors had been appointed (to investigate two Democrats, Hamilton Jordan and Tim Kraft, on rumors of drug use; and one Republican, Labor Secretary Ray Donovan, on corruption). None found grounds to indict his target. Moreover, on eight other occasions, the attorney general had conducted preliminary investigations to see if appointment of a Special Prosecutor would be necessary. No information whatsoever had been released in five of the eight cases, and the other three (Carter/Mondale, Richard Allen, and William Casey), were dismissed for lack of evidence.



Looking back, one has the impression of an age of astonishing innocence: Gerald Gallinghouse, who investigated Kraft, actually postponed his inquiry until the 1980 elections were over, because he feared he would be accused of politicizing his activities, and Arthur Christy, who looked into Jordan, made sure that no one in his office had any contact with the media, on the grounds that anything other than "on-the-record" contact would be unprofessional. By contrast, Walsh originally scheduled three major cases (North, Poindexter, and Fernandez) to run during the 1988 election campaign, brought an outrageous indictment against Weinberger on the very eve of the 1992 elections, and had so much direct contact with the press that one finds, on perusal of several months of his media calendar, that he would often process journalists like so many widgets on an assembly line, bringing in a new one every forty-five minutes for hours on end.

Despite the exemplary behavior of the first generation of Special Prosecutors, the Justice Department wanted the whole thing repealed. The consensus on Capitol Hill was that the Special Prosecutor was a dangerous thing, that its cage needed strengthening. In the Senate, for example, William Cohen complained that high government officials were held to a "stricter standard of criminal law" than normal citizens, Thomas Eagleton complained of outright "miscarriage of justice," and Carl Levin bemoaned "double standards." In the new version of the act, a few steps were taken in the interests of potential defendants: the attorney general was given greater latitude to ignore allegations from unreliable sources, the Special Prosecutor was generally expected to comply with Justice Department "written or established policies," defendants were guaranteed their legal fees would be reimbursed by the government if they were not indicted, and the grounds for firing a Special Prosecutor (now officially yclept "Independent Counsel") were changed from "extraordinary impropriety" to "good cause."

This was all to the good, but it only lasted until the next scandal. As luck would have it, the Ethics in Government Act came up for renewal just as Congress was removing the bloodstains from its clothing after the Iran-contra investigations, and Walsh was contemplating his first indictments. Politics overwhelmed any lingering concern about prosecutorial abuse, and "any concern for fairness had fairly evaporated."[3] There was blood in the water and the congressional sharks attacked with a frenzy that stripped virtually all initiative from the attorney general (he could no longer evaluate the question of criminal intent, for example, in deciding whether to appoint a Special Prosecutor), imposed new reporting requirements (with Congress given sole discretion to make them public), and demolished virtually all boundaries on the Independent Counsel's investigation. The Special Prosecutor was now instructed to investigate the original issue, "and all matters related to that subject matter." As Terry Eastland comments,

> This new language seemed to suggest that the job of the Independent Counsel was to investigate a person, not a crime,

That Walsh has remained immune from punishment, indeed from even the slightest official reprimand, testifies not only to the gravitas of the man himself, but also to the immense power of his office. We tend to forget that there were grave misgivings about the creation of Special Prosecutors (or, as they understandably prefer to be called, Independent Counsels), precisely because of

[2] I take a dim view of polygraphs, but government investigators give them greater weight. This outcome would therefore have strengthened the hand of anyone inclined to take action in this case.

[3] The quotation is from Terry Eastland's indispensable study, *Ethics, Politics and the Independent Counsel: Executive Power, Executive Vice 1789-1989* (National Legal Center for the Public Interest, 1989), p. 79.

and if the person were innocent of the original allegation—or any other—but were found to have resisted the investigation in some way, he would be prosecuted for that.

Everyone who has lived to middle age, and has conducted his affairs outside a monastery, has done something he should not have done, or failed to do something he should have done, so we are all vulnerable to the kind of open-ended, sky's-the-limit investigation that only the Special Prosecutor can unleash. Sooner or later he'll find something wrong. The original act was bad enough, but with the 1987 amendments, the Office of the Independent Counsel took on the awesome aspects that Madison foresaw if the judicial and executive functions were combined. "Were the power of judging joined . . . to the executive power," he wrote in passionate defense of the separation of powers in the Constitution, "*the judge* might behave with all the violence of *an oppressor*." The danger was there 200 years before Lawrence Walsh took the helm, and in seeking to understand what he did and why he did it, we must constantly remind ourselves that the institution itself is an exceedingly dangerous one, and that Congress knowingly designed it that way on the occasion of Iran-contra.

The indictment of Dewey Clarridge is even more astonishing, for his grievous "crime" was to testify he knew about a weapons shipment to Iran on a date a few days later than Walsh asserted Clarridge had known it.

Moreover, there was at least one good reason why Walsh, for all his experience and knowledge, and all his righteousness, was poorly suited to the job. He had extremely limited prosecutorial experience, confined to his two years in Washington as deputy attorney general (where he oversaw the army of U.S. attorneys), after a three-year stint as district judge in New York. In hand-to-hand combat with the best defense attorneys in Washington, he was at a disadvantage. This would show up in a series of remarkable missteps, two of which give a sense of the whole: he brought indictments against CIA officer Joseph Fernandez in the wrong venue, thereby risking the entire case; and he repeatedly failed to abide by the terms of the Classified Information Protection Act (CIPA), which required him to ask the intelligence community to look at the information he planned to introduce, and tell him if they would tolerate such secrets being blown in the courtroom. Finally, there were signs that the legendary Walshian attention to every jot and tittle was slipping: in the runup to the North trial, he somehow failed to notice that he was in possession of some eighty (80!) boxes of files—North's office files, to be precise—that were finally uncovered by a discovery request by the defense. Walsh's hordes had never looked at the stuff.

There was another reason that a different man might have been better suited for the task, but it was purely theoretical: the 1987 amendments had required that the Special Prosecutor be the sort of person who would conduct the enterprise in a "prompt, responsible and cost-effective manner," language that probably reflected congressional concern with the bills Walsh had run up in his first year of operation. But such general language is always a cover-your-ass maneuver by legislators, who know how to put clear limits on the executive branch when they are serious. All they had to do was to require completion within a specified period (with provisions for extension where justifiable), and put a ceiling on spending. They did neither, and Walsh advanced, the media probing behind enemy lines for weaknesses, and a massive congressional force in readiness in the rear.

The act had stipulated that the Special Prosecutor should observe official prosecutorial guidelines whenever possible, but Walsh made it clear early on that he would not be troubled by such annoyances. At a Bar Association prayer breakfast (than which few more desperately necessary activities can be conceived!) in August 1987, Walsh announced the first of many novel theories when he said he had an obligation to prosecute if he found "probable cause" to believe a crime had been committed. This was a dramatically lower threshold than the Justice Department's, which required that the prosecutor believe that an unbiased jury would convict if the case went to court.[4] But this was only the beginning. In his early submissions to the court, Walsh argued that North could be found guilty "even if he technically compl[ied] with all relevant statutes and regulations," because

> the defendants . . . chose to hide their activities from Congress to ensure that Congress would not have the opportunity to consider whether to close any loophole.

In other words, if the President wanted to do something he was obliged to check first with Congress. This preposterous assertion of legislative hegemony enraged the State Department's legal counsel, Abraham Sofaer, and he, along with counsel from the White House and the Pentagon, challenged Walsh's views, pointing out that secrecy was a traditional and legitimate element of foreign policy, that foreign policy was explicitly placed in the hands of the executive branch, and that there was no basis for the claim that there was anything wrong with the President asking other countries to help the contras.

[4] "Probable cause," as Judge Laurence Silberman caustically observed in his ruling declaring the Ethics in Government Act unconstitutional (only to be reversed 7-1 by the Supreme Court), "is that low standard of confidence thought sufficient to support the issuance of a search warrant or an arrest warrant."

Walsh backed off, and promised to pursue his victims on the basis of violating specific laws, rules, and "enactments." But he soon ran into difficulty with those annoying CIPA requirements. In case after case, the government was unwilling to permit Walsh's targets to defend themselves by introducing highly classified information, driving Walsh to enraged diatribes against "phony secrets." Certainly that reflected his own view of such matters, as his insouciance in handling classified material amply demonstrates, but the government couldn't possibly have been expected to agree. The two main counts against North—conspiracy to defraud the government, and theft of government property (regarding the profits of the "enterprise")—were dismissed on CIPA grounds, as were the main counts against Joseph Fernandez, the CIA station chief in Costa Rica, the first member of the clandestine services to be indicted in U.S. history.



Fernandez was accused of lying about his activities, both to investigators from the Tower Commission and to a member of the CIA's Inspector General staff. Fernandez denied it, and asked to present the jury with information about his activities in the field. The information would have revealed the location of all CIA stations in Central America, and also the details of several secret operations—including activities involving officials of foreign governments. To make such information public would have gravely compromised national security (how could the CIA expect to find cooperative foreign officials after such revelations?), and both the district court and two appeals courts ruled that the information was exculpatory. Once the government refused to declassify the material, Fernandez could not fairly defend himself, and the case was thrown out. Walsh appealed twice, trying to find a way to "sanitize" the information by substituting numbers and phrases for countries and persons, but the court wouldn't buy it, and the case died.

But even if he had gotten to court, our Queeg was sailing into a gale. The claim that Fernandez had lied to the IG staff at CIA rested on the testimony of a single person, and that person had already told Walsh that he was unable to testify solely on the basis of his interviews with Fernandez; he had read Fernandez's immunized congressional testimony, and had marked up his interview notes with material taken from the testimony. Anything based on such testimony was inadmissible in court, and when the witness insisted that he could not distinguish between the immunized and non-immunized information, Walsh's man got extremely agitated, and, raising his voice and flailing his arms, insisted that the witness testify, using only the non-immunized testimony.

Why go to court with such a case? It seems as if, convinced that he was in the presence of the wicked, Walsh was determined to use the awful weapons at his disposal—weapons that could ruin a man who chose to defend himself against the Special Prosecutor—as a means of punishment. As Queeg subjected his crew to a humiliating investigation to find the real or imagined pilferer of a quart of frozen strawberries, so Walsh tried to break his intended victims through an ordeal by investigation. He might not get a conviction, but he'd make them pay nonetheless. Some, confronted with the agonizing alternatives of defending their honor at the cost of financial ruin or pleading guilty to some penny-ante charge, copped a plea. His own righteousness thereby confirmed, Walsh sailed on. Even after so many counts were thrown out on CIPA grounds, and even the handful of convictions were reversed because of the "taint" of immunized testimony by North and Poindexter, he refused to give up the ship, when a normal prosecutor, held to traditional standards of fairness, would probably have decided the fight was in vain. Walsh was made of sterner stuff: unable to get convictions for their actions, he attacked the Reagan men for things they had said. Never before had an executive branch official been prosecuted for making unsworn false statements to Congress, but it became Walsh's favorite charge.[5]

The indictment of Weinberger is paradigmatic. One day, in conversation with General John Vessey (then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff), Weinberger was told that there was a story going around to the effect that the Saudis were giving money to the

[5] Of course, Walsh himself could conceivably be investigated by Congress for false statements, for example his declaration of Oklahoma City as his "work station."

contras. Two days later, Weinberger mentioned the rumor in a meeting with John McMahon, the deputy director of central intelligence, and McMahon noted it in his notes. Two *years* later, in congressional testimony, Weinberger said he did not recall having any knowledge of the Saudi contributions, and Walsh subsequently called him on it, showing him McMahon's notes. Weinberger replied by saying that the notes did not "refresh his memory," he still didn't remember it, but he had every confidence in McMahon, and if he said it was so, it must have been so. Walsh's men indicted him for "making false statements to Congress." The indictment of Duane "Dewey" Clarridge is even more astonishing, for his grievous "crime" was to testify he knew about a weapons shipment to Iran on a date a few days later than Walsh asserted Clarridge had known it.

Such mean-spirited actions bear distinct signs of petty vengefulness, along with a disturbing element of partisan politics. The Weinberger indictment at election's edge, replete with greater detail about the old stories of Bush's alleged knowledge of Iran-contra, was thrown out of court, because the statute of limitations had expired. As Robert Bork has acidly observed, Walsh & Co.

> must have known . . . that the charge would likely be dismissed. Any regular prosecutor, accountable to a superior, would undoubtedly be called on the carpet, and probably discharged, for what looks remarkably like a partisan attempt to influence the outcome of a presidential election.

Can it be that, having failed to stage his three big show trials during the 1988 campaign, Walsh sought to punish Bush this time around?[6] When the President struck back on Christmas Eve, pardoning past and would-be targets of the Special Prosecutor, Walsh erupted with a most unprofessional diatribe, asserting the guilt of Weinberger, proclaiming Bush a "subject" of ongoing investigation, and darkly muttering about sinister cover-ups. The least that one can say about such behavior is that good manners should require that if he can't prove his case in court he ought to remain silent. But silence is not for the righteous, especially when they command the powers of Special Prosecutorhood. Unable to demonstrate guilt in court, he simply proclaims it to the nation. To this day, Walsh pontificates about a vast "conspiracy" to "cover up" God knows what, even though he has never proved a shred of this Queeg-like worldview.

Despite his distinguished past, Lawrence Walsh has acted cruelly and wickedly, he has shown disdain for traditional standards of propriety and fairness, and he has spoken in a way no prosecutor should. No doubt his human quirks have been accentuated by the enormity of his power and the temptation to see himself as the avenging angel of Iran-contra, and that was inevitable, for the institution itself invites wicked behavior.

Think back to the early fifties. Truman is in the White House, and Joe McCarthy is hunting Reds in the executive branch. Obsessed with the fear that the government has been infiltrated with Communist agents, he introduces a Loyalty in Government Act. Grimly arguing that you cannot rely upon the attorney general to investigate his own friends, McCarthy proposes that the investigation and prosecution of high-level officials suspected of having Communist connections be entrusted to a Special Prosecutor. The Special Prosecutor must be given virtually all the powers of the attorney general, be appointed by a panel of senior judges, be granted the freedom to break the accepted rules of prosecutorial behavior when he deems it necessary, and have unlimited staff, time, and budget. The appointment of a Special Prosecutor can be triggered by any plausible complaint from any source, or by recommendation of a majority of either party's members on either Judiciary committee. Had such a monstrosity been established, McCarthy's victims, instead of being merely smeared, would have faced criminal indictments and years of ruinous court proceedings. Even if they survived the ordeal and were found innocent, the damage would have been devastating.[7]

Can it be that, having failed to stage his three big show trials during the 1988 campaign, Walsh sought to punish Bush this time around?

It is a virtual certainty that the Supreme Court would have proclaimed the monstrous thing unconstitutional. To their shame, Chief Justice Rehnquist and six other Justices supported it, and Congress will undoubtedly debate its renewal in the next few months. It should have a stake driven through its heart, and be buried in a lead casket. In the meantime, those who care about abuses of prosecutorial power should conduct a thorough investigation of the activities of Lawrence Walsh and his crew. If he's lucky, he might be able to get Barney Greenwald to take the case. ❐

[6]If this was his purpose, he may have succeeded. According to exit polls, a solid 39 percent of Clinton voters, and 26 percent of Perot's, listed Iran-contra as one of the top two issues.

[7]This example is taken from a speech by Judge Silberman to a Federalist Society conference in Washington on January 19, 1990.

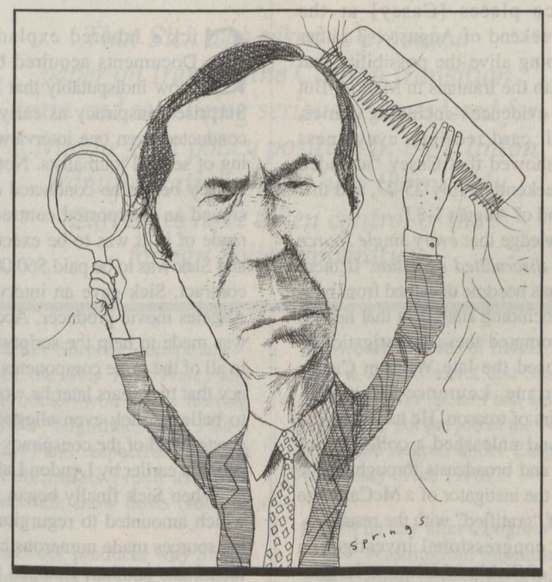
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Steven Emerson

Gary Sick's Bald-Faced Lies

The October Surprise hoax is laid to rest—at least outside the Clinton Administration.



The "October Surprise" episode—based on the assertion that Reagan campaign aides sought to delay the release of American hostages in Iran in 1980—represents one of the most scandalous political hoaxes this century. And on January 13, 1993, following that morning's release of the exhaustive House report that categorically disproved it, the man who did most to legitimize the fraud was nowhere to be found. Carter Administration national security aide Gary Sick left a message on his New York answering machine that he would have no comment until he'd had a chance to read the report.

That in itself was surprising, for Sick had spent two years making himself readily available to reporters, talk shows, and op-ed pages. From "Donahue" to "Nightline," from the *New York Times* to the Associated Press, he flooded the news pages and airwaves to defend his account of what he called the Reagan campaign's "political coup." He had been quick to disparage his critics. He accused Frank Snepp, the ex–CIA official turned freelance journalist who exposed Sick's sources as fabricators, of being still connected to the CIA. He and his Random House editors, Steve Wasserman and Peter Osnos, accused me of being part of a "Zionist" or "Israeli" campaign to discredit him.

When his facts were challenged, Sick would jump into the fray. In May 1992, when CNN reported that secret 1980 wiretaps showed that a Paris meeting Sick alleged William Casey attended could not have taken place, Sick immediately told an AP reporter that Casey could have traveled to and from Paris on the Concorde. In November 1992, when a Senate report called the October Surprise unfounded, Sick showed up just hours later on television, claiming the report showed that a new "cover-up" was underway. Sick said he would await the outcome of the House investigation. Sick's partner in crime, the *New York Times* editorialists—who endorsed the conspiracy from the day they put it on the opinion page—leaped to his defense, saying "a fuller, fairer understanding may have to await a parallel House inquiry."

For Sick, however, the day of the House report's release was a day of reckoning. Ever since he first began making the charges publicly, he had been careful to cloak his accusations in the mantle of wanting to assure justice and fairness. "If [the October Surprise] did not happen," he testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in November 1991, then "we owe it to Mr. Casey and others to clear any suspicion from their name." In a separate interview, Sick promised to apologize to President Bush if the charges were disproved.

Sick dishonestly implied that he was only chronicling charges made by others. Nonetheless, his avowed willingness to abide by the results of the investigation made the project look at least superficially reasonable. But on the day after the

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House investigators slammed the door on Sick's theory, both he and the *New York Times* were conspicuously quiet.

On January 24, eleven days after the report was issued, Sick finally surfaced, returning once again to the scene of the crime—the *New York Times* op-ed page. Instead of acknowledging that his charges had been proved to be utterly false and that he had been duped—it would have been a bit much for him to confess to having fabricated them—Sick contended that in fact the House report "does not lay those claims [that Casey met in Madrid secretly with Iranians to delay the release of American hostages] to rest." And he went on in his op-ed piece to engage in the same blatant mendacity that had characterized his allegations from the very beginning. (That the *New York Times* collaborated in this deception is another story for another time.) In alleging the continued existence of a Casey conspiracy, Sick betrayed his dishonesty. He wrote: "The Committee's own evidence places [Casey] at the [Bohemian] Grove" on the weekend of August 1-3 rather than on July 26-27, thus keeping alive the possibility that Casey was actually meeting with the Iranians in Madrid. But that is a lie: the committee's evidence—including diaries, telephone call records, credit card receipts, eyewitness accounts, and photographs—showed that Casey "attended the Bohemian Grove on the weekend of July 25-27, and that he was not there on the weekend of August 1-3."

Sick refused even to acknowledge that *every single source he cited in his book had been discredited as a liar.* If there were still any doubts that Sick has become detached from reality, one had only to read his concluding statement that he was "gratified that my research prompted these investigations." For Sick had effectively accused the late William Casey, George Bush, Robert McFarlane, Laurence Silberman, Richard Allen, and several others of treason. He had triggered a $5.4-million investigation and unleashed a collection of wholesale liars on newspapers and broadcasts throughout the world. It boggled the mind that the instigator of a McCarthyite witchhunt could profess himself "gratified" with the result.

The ten-month bipartisan congressional investigation devastated every single aspect of Sick's fabrication. Its conclusions: All of the meetings that Sick had described in great detail—and which he said he "independently confirmed"—*never occurred.* All of the clandestine U.S. or Israeli arms sales to Iran that Sick enumerated *never happened.* All of the sources on whom Sick relied for making his charges of treasonous acts were "*wholesale fabricators.*" And a critical analysis of Sick's book *October Surprise* (published last year by Random House) and every one of his footnotes juxtaposed against the findings of the 968-page congressional report shows that Sick was not just a dupe in the matter but a deliberate purveyor of falsehoods.

The October Surprise was an exercise in abject dishonesty from beginning to end. The documents collected by the congressional investigators show beyond a doubt that Sick knowingly quoted sources who made demonstrably false allegations to him, that he weeded out mounds of evidence showing his sources to be lying and their claims to be inventions, and that he actually *fabricated evidence* in a desperate attempt to marshal proof for what turned into a profitable book.

When Sick endorsed the October Surprise conspiracy in the *New York Times* in April 1991, he convinced many reasonable people who previously might not have given the allegations a moment's thought. His persuasiveness was enhanced by the *manner* in which he embraced the conspiracy: Sick repeatedly claimed that he had at first refused to believe the October Surprise conspiracy. He said that when he began working on a book in 1989, he intended to concentrate only on the Iran-contra affair during the Reagan Administration and had no intention of even raising the October Surprise allegations. Only after "hundreds of interviews," two years' worth of "intensive research," and the development of an "elaborate set of chronological files, biographical files, and transcripts of interviews" did Sick become convinced that the conspiracy he all along refused to believe had indeed occurred.

Sick's labored explanation is manifestly untrue. Documents acquired by congressional investigators show indisputably that Sick fully endorsed the October Surprise conspiracy as early as June 1989—before he had conducted even one interview—based on the rumor-mongering of several journalists. Not only did Sick endorse the conspiracy before he conducted any research, he simultaneously signed an unreported contract for a television movie to be made of it. It was to be executive-produced by Oliver Stone, and Sick was to be paid $60,000 for his "rights." As part of his contract, Sick gave an interview on June 1, 1989, to a Los Angeles movie producer. According to the transcript—which was made to help the scriptwriters—Sick espoused his belief in all of the same components of the October Surprise conspiracy that two years later he would claim he so reluctantly came to believe. Sick even alleged that *Henry Kissinger* was the mastermind of the conspiracy—the same charge that had been peddled earlier by Lyndon LaRouche and his followers.

When Sick finally began conducting his own "research," which amounted to regurgitating the accounts of impostors, his sources made numerous claims that irreconcilably contradicted one another, changed with each interview, and—most importantly—contained assertions that Sick *knew to be false.* Sick's own records show that one of two prime sources, Jamshid Hashemi, repeatedly changed his story about purported meetings between William Casey and Iranians in Madrid and Paris. Hashemi, Sick's notes show, could not keep straight the dates of such meetings or who attended them. Sick's other primary source, Israeli con-man Ari Ben-Menashe, made claims about his own purported role in attending Madrid, Paris, and other meetings which also changed from day to day and which conflicted with all of the versions provided by Jamshid Hashemi.[1]

[1] In the congressional report, investigators call both Hashemi and Ben-Menashe "fabricators"—and specifically point out that none of the meetings they alleged ever took place. The report was particularly blunt in its appraisal of Ben-Menashe: "Aside from early biographical details, everything he told the Task Force has been found to be false."

That Sick's two key sources had vacillated, switched stories, made demonstrably false claims, and contradicted each other and their own accounts should have immediately triggered alarms in Sick, who had been trained as an intelligence analyst. Sick's own contemporaneous notes show that his sources were making increasingly outlandish statements. Yet instead of concluding that his sources were liars, Sick simply discarded anything that did not fit into his conspiracy. Thus, he not only falsely presented both Hashemi and Ben-Menashe as giving consistently straight accounts of meetings in Paris and Madrid but also wrote that each man had "independently confirmed" the other's account. As Sick's own notes make clear, that was a blatant falsehood.

Throughout his book, Sick repeatedly misrepresented or fabricated his evidence. To pick one fabrication at random, Sick claims that Israel secretly planned to give Iran a missile with nuclear capability. In Sick's footnote, he cites shredded classified U.S. documents left by American diplomats in the U.S. Embassy in Iran, retrieved, pieced together, and published by Iranian students. I examined the very document Sick cited—and it contained absolutely nothing to support such an allegation. Indeed, other documents showed that Israel *refused* to share any nuclear technology with Iran.

That Sick was asked to provide a paper on Iran for the Clinton transition team and was being seriously considered for a Middle East policy position in the Clinton Administration shows how thoroughly Carterites have taken control of the foreign policy apparatus.

Sick's embrace of the October Surprise conspiracy—first on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* and then in a Random House book—won him a hearing on two "Donahue" shows, ABC's "Nightline," and PBS's "Frontline"; an article in *Esquire*, and respectful attention from vacuous Washington columnists (such as Mary McGrory) and politically correct talk-show hosts (such as WAMU's Diane Rehm).

I once specifically asked a network producer why Sick's charges were given such prominence on network television, particularly in the absence of corroborative evidence or independent reporting. "Because" he said, "it is Gary Sick who is making these allegations. He is not just a guy off the street—after all he was a top official on the National Security Council." Sick, it seems, had acquired such a reputation for sober political analysis that all critical judgment normally applied to outlandish and wild conspiracy stories were suspended. In essence, the reputation Sick had developed became a license to say anything he wanted—even to lie.

Thus, one of the most compelling questions arising out of the October Surprise affair is how Sick ever developed his reputation as an honest and accurate analyst on Iran in the first place. When his account of the Iran debacle, *All Fall Down*, was published in 1985, Gary Sick was suddenly acclaimed as one of the nation's foremost experts on Iran. The book was a good read, but contained flagrant omissions. It ignored the Carter Administration's schizophrenic policy toward the Shah, and its efforts to destabilize him. It neglected to mention that, when the Shah's downfall became inevitable, Carter's people did nothing to reach out to Iranian dissidents to preserve an American foothold.

The book actually represented a first effort to rehabilitate the Carter Administration, and in particular Sick's own role in Iran. In essence, Sick parlayed one of the most abysmal foreign policy failures of post–World War II history into a raging success. Here was a man who presided over the collapse of America's strongest Islamic ally, leaving the Reagan Administration with few options in dealing with a rogue regime bent on disrupting the Middle East. Instead of being held accountable for the loss of Iran—after all, Sick was in charge of Iran policy on the Carter NSC—Sick managed to shift the blame elsewhere.

Soon after the book came out, Sick became a regular on the networks (particularly the "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour") and was quoted routinely in the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* any time Iran was in the news. Yet his analysis was pedestrian and his special insight derived from nothing more than reading the publicly available Foreign Broadcast Information Service translations of Iranian radio and newspaper reports. In fact, it was no secret that Sick knew virtually nothing about Iran. He never spoke Farsi and never studied Iran. One of the reasons he got the job at the NSC was that he had received an advanced degree under Zbigniew Brzezinski at Columbia University in the 1970s.

The day after Congress released its report, Sick was in Washington, attending a conference on Iran sponsored largely by American oil companies. He presented a paper that spelled out an agenda for discussion with Iran under the Clinton Administration. The paper was based on a report Sick had prepared for the Clinton transition team at the request of Secretary of State–designate Warren Christopher in December 1992. Sick had glorified his former boss Christopher's 1980 hostage agreement with Iran—an agreement that gave appeasement a bad name. And Christopher returned the favor in early 1992 by echoing Sick's call for an investigation into the "October Surprise."

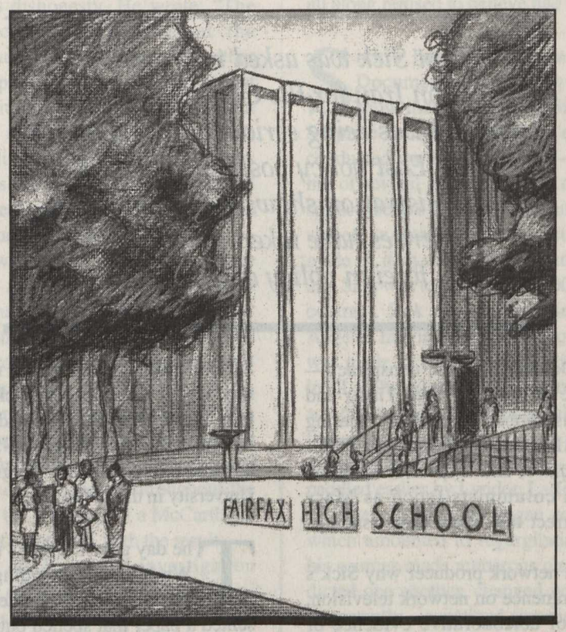
Christopher's endorsement of the investigation was scandalous—for if there was one official who had to know that Sick's charges were demonstrably false, it was Christopher himself. As chief hostage negotiator, Christopher had read all the State Department and CIA cable traffic and government intercepts of Iranian conversations. Those cables and

(continued on page 67)

Edward Norden

International Studies in Los Angeles

Fairfax High barely resembles the place Jack Kemp and Herb Alpert graduated from in 1953, but both would feel at home if they ever went back.



I. Discipline

"There's Jack Kemp right there," said Earl Smith. He was pointing at one of the names in the rotunda of Fairfax High in Los Angeles. "Kemp's okay. I mean, he's conservative, but he's human, you know? Not like that Rush Somebody."

"Rush Limbaugh?"

"That's the one. Limburger, I call him."

Indeed, the outgoing secretary of housing's name was listed in a pantheon of Fairfax's best-known grads: Jack Kemp, class of '53; Herb Alpert of the same class, who sponsors a $10,000 teacher-of-the-year award; Phil Spector '58; Mickey Rooney '37. "This school," commented Earl Smith not without pride, "has a major history."

In his red-and-yellow windbreaker and carrying his walkie-talkie, Smith—Dean Smith or Mr. Smith to you—was making his rounds during nutrition period one morning last December. Nutrition is what used to be known as recess. Smith is a black man functioning with a slightly game leg, and as dean is responsible for keeping things nice and law-abiding, a job he was doing effectively that day.

Among the laws at this not completely atypical school are no smoking, no skateboards, no Walkmans, and no beepers. Of course, firearms and knives are also unacceptable, yet there's no frisking at the doors, and no metal detectors either. As Smith exited the rotunda and cut across the grass between the athletic facilities and the huge main building, a person with a hawk-eye might have caught sight of a butt—a plain butt, not a reefer—being pinched dead. Smith chose not to see it this time. He might be compared to Bill Cosby, if the quiz show host's salary were a fraction of a fraction of what it is, and if an aura of menace emanating from Smith didn't inspire among the kids he is in charge of equal measures of respect, affection, and fear.

The deanship means discipline, a full-time job. Officially, Smith is in charge of discipline for all of Fairfax's more than 2,000 kids, with their thirty-four mother-tongues, their memories and trepidations, their ambitions, hormones, and debilities. This includes the Ethiopians spending nutrition time with other Ethiopians over there, the Russians with Russians over there, the Israelis with Israelis over there, the Koreans with Koreans over there—each group of refugees and immigrants had staked out its turf in the yard, where the language spoken was its own, not English. There was also the Anglo minority on its turf, speaking a form of English. Its members, like those of the above groups, occasionally create a disciplinary problem. But the fact is that Smith earns the best part of his measly salary keeping the Hispanic kids, and especially the blacks, in line.

"Yo, my man!" he called suddenly.

"Who, me?" A black boy detached himself from the group he was hanging out with, boys and girls, all black.

"What's that?" Smith asked, pointing to the beeper clipped to the boy's belt.

"My momma give it to me. So's she can know where I'm at."

Smith shook his head. "Lloyd, you know better than that. You've had your warning." And made a "hand-it-over" gesture with his fingers.

Lloyd is most of the way to equalling Mike Tyson in height and bulk. He was wearing a Malcolm cap and 10-hole Dr. Martens boots and he handed over the item damned quick, not with a rapper scowl but a respectful, fearful half-smile.

"You'll get it back when your momma calls me and promises that you'll never come to school with it again," said Smith to the man-child, taking it and then giving him a not-so-glancing punch on the biceps.

Smith is popular—he was greeted repeatedly, especially by black kids. "Has this place changed since I first got here!" he exclaimed. That was back in 1961, when the student body was composed mainly of overachieving Jews and the nearest thing to a gang was a clique. Eight years Smith taught and coached here, then left to pick up a law degree at UCLA, but instead of using it to get comfortable, he put in some time working for the California Bureau of Prisons and state attorney-general, then actually returned to the Los Angeles Unified School District (LAUSD). Besides taking care of discipline at the new, contemporary Fairfax High, Smith until last year coached the trophy-winning football team, something Fairfax never had when Jack Kemp, future pro quarterback, was among the few non-Jews on the Mighty Lions.

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"He should have come here when he came to inspect South-Central with Bush," Smith said of Kemp. "He would have seen how at his old school the races get along not too bad. That's because we work at it."

If this high school, which isn't in the inner city but draws many poor and variously handicapped and difficult kids, isn't as hellish as you might expect, it's partly, according to Smith, because the teachers offer an example, partly because he and his staff "keep right on top of it." He has two assistant principals under him, and there are two LAUSD cops—one male, one female, both with walkie-talkies, nightstick, and revolver—on the grounds at all times for back-up. True, there's no more corporal punishment, as there used to be in the old days, in the sixties when Smith was the designated paddler. On the other hand, there's the possibility of so-called "opportunity transfers," which according to Smith, if not to Mike O'Sullivan, is effective—the kids who had fought again the week before after getting their first warning had been "finalized" and were gone, he said.

Most fighting, Smith explained, is gang-related. This is why, although gang membership can bestow on a kid the only identity and protection he has, the policy is to suppress insofar as possible. This means outlawing gang colors and articles of clothing like bandanas, also looking with particular disfavor on "tagging," that is, the spray-painting of gang graffiti such as "KGB," "Kids Gone Bad." And indeed, except for some KGBs on an outside wall, there were few graffiti anywhere. This high school may have seen better days academically and physically, but it's not yet vandals' meat—the toilet bowls in the boys' room are unshattered, the plastic windows throughout are scratched but whole.

"Fighting in 309," rasped Smith's walkie-talkie just as the bell for the end of nutrition sounded. He headed for the third floor, but he didn't seem alarmed, continuing to opine that American society expresses its contempt for education by paying teachers what it does and indicating his readiness to strike when and if his colleagues did. He stuck his head into Dr. O'Sullivan's office. Someone had posted this on the bulletin board: "AVERAGE SALARY OF TEACHER IN CALIFORNIA: $37,812. AVERAGE SALARY OF STATE PRISON GUARD WITH THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE: $42,552."

The signal about 309 turned out to be exaggerated. The second bell emptied the halls of kids. They went obediently to their next exams, this being the last week of semester, a special time. Now they bent their heads over their desks, squeezing their pencils, chewing their tongues, those who knew a good deal of English and those who knew next to none, those who would go to the University of California and Princeton and those who, if they were lucky, would sell Big Macs. Earl Smith was irritated to see a young man in the hall after the second bell. His irritation turned to pleasure, however, when he found that this was one of last year's grads, now a freshman at Morehouse in Atlanta, wearing that black college's coat-of-arms sweatshirt.

II. He Cried When They Took Him Away

ESL teacher Carole Razi is an Anglo and a blonde. The man she married and whose name she carries is an immigrant, an Indian, a Moslem from Hyderabad, where his co-religionists try to get through the day outnumbered by Hindus. Carole and her husband had been planning to fly to the other side of the globe to introduce her to his family over winter break, though with the inter-communal problems there recently, they were now undecided. Their Third World vacation destination might therefore be much closer to home, i.e., Mexico, where her Spanish would come in handy.

In fact, Razi doesn't have to journey to the Third World,

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since every day it comes to her. Almost all the students in her English as a Second Language class are newly arrived from Central America. The others are from the Philippines and a Third World country with left-over ICBMs, Russia. No girl or boy has been in this country for more than a year, some kids arrived only a couple of months ago, and as a rule homesickness is at war in young hearts with relief at having made it to the U.S. Memories of one sort of an exodus or another are universally fresh. Among the Hispanics, of tearfully saying good-bye to the village, of hiking along rivers and over mountains, of numbing bus rides, of late-night dashes guided by "coyotes," of arrival in a Brobdignagian land of freeways, air pollution, and multiculturalism. The less cautious, or more with-it, of these Hispanic kids made no pretense to an unannounced visitor in Razi's classroom that they and their parents were anything but "undocumented"—exposure and deportation apparently weren't regarded as dangers, not even during a bad recession. There was unanimity on why the parents had uprooted themselves and their kids to infiltrate such a weird, half-welcoming country as the United States. First, the cluster of motives subsumed under the banner of work-money-food-opportunity. Second, to escape the wars.

When you ask them whether they are here to stay, that's when these teenaged Hispanics divide. Among them, as among the newly arrived Ethiopian and Afghan kids in the ESL program, there are some who claim that after getting an American education, becoming doctors or lawyers, they'll go back to their native lands to help pull them out of the muck. Only the ex-Russian Jews never offer this scenario. The declaration of intent to return and contribute is generally made by the freshest of greenhorns, those bearing the heaviest load of nostalgia, and generally it's delivered in Spanish, a complex idea in English being beyond these students of Razi's. Those who have been here somewhat longer, whose English is apt though not guaranteed to be better and whose center of gravity has shifted, will lift an eyebrow, smile to themselves to hear such talk from their friends. Even those who make the handsome affirmations are likely, in the next breath, to cast them in doubt. Take Isabelle Urrutia, whose sister Veronica and cousin Rosa are also in Razi's class. One year in the States from El Salvador, Isabelle first said she intends to repatriate herself after getting a higher education, then remarked how small and dull her village already felt to her on a return visit she was able to pay, documents or no documents.

Razi translated and Elmer Mejia, the vet, helped with the slang, elements of which were so delicious, and so baffling to the teacher, that the Urrutia females had to giggle behind their hands. "Now you know it's not nice to talk so that other people don't understand," Razi admonished. But it was all right. Relations between students and teacher seemed easy and mutually appreciative. This seemed to be the rule in the ESL department, an ever-growing school-within-a-school at Fairfax, enrolling some 650 kids and staffed by ten teachers as devoted as they are demoralized.

The idea is to get the newcomers out of the ESL setting and into regular classes with native-born students quickly—"mainstreaming," it's called. Until then, these Hispanic kids are beautifully behaved because they do not yet feel at home and have not yet let go of their original if war-ravaged mother-culture. They are also appreciative, because they sense that their ESL teachers do care about them, because for all their wounded culture-pride they understand that English is the door to better things, and not least because school is a refuge. If the U.S. is a refuge from poverty and war, school is a refuge from the gang warfare of the barrios, and a reprieve from the sweatshops which, if the truth be told, many of these kids will have to go into, at least temporarily and possibly forever.

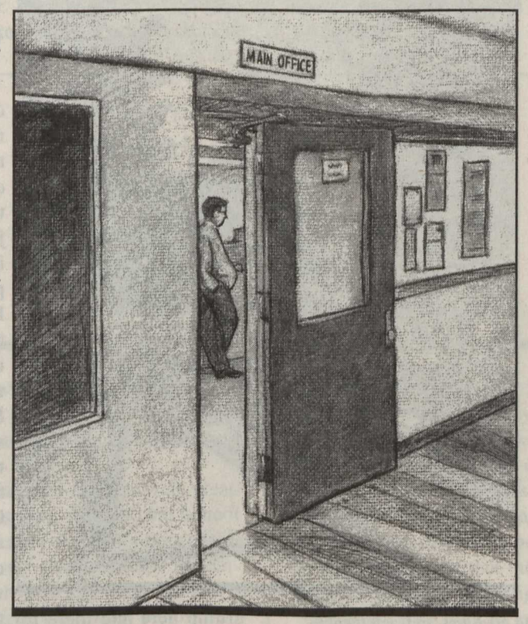
The point he'd like you to grasp and retain is that the public schools are required to take all comers. In America's big cities now, this means not just kids from Sicily and Ireland and the Pale of Settlement and Harlem, as in the old days, but Cambodia, Somalia, Guam, you name it.

Carlos Perez was visiting in Razi's class, now that the exam was over. A Salvadoran who has been here five years and has serious problems expressing himself in English despite having taken ESL and been mainstreamed, he said that his parents worry, that they don't want him out of the house when he's not in school. Tagging can end with killing, said Carlos. An obedient boy, he presumably drives straight home in his Dodge Colt, killing the rest of the day sleeping or watching TV. His father is a carpenter, his mother cleans houses. He'd like to go to college but probably won't. "Some people," he said, "think us Latinos make trouble." Should there be limits, real ones, on immigration? Either Carlos didn't understand the question, or didn't want to. As for a possible teachers' strike, he said he had heard nothing about it.

It's actually safer in the U.S. than in the Third World, and safer and calmer inside the perimeter of Fairfax High than in the streets of L.A. Which doesn't mean that you can let your guard down completely. The Urrutias, reluctantly, told of problems between Hispanic girls and black girls in school, fights during nutrition. "They say we don' respect them. They don' respect *us*." More: Elmer, the 19-year-old vet, the fighter, had seen FMLN graffiti in the metal shop, FMLN being the Marxists in El Salvador whom he had spent two years and three months of his life combating. Not that he had volunteered to do so. The government troops came to his village one day when he was 15 and took him away. Yes, he cried when it happened, he said, this 19-year-old boy who now has experience and just enough of a macho presence to be interesting. The trauma aside, he is not unsatisfied with having attained the rank of corporal. The government side, with U.S. help, had won the war, and that was a good thing, in his opinion. He knew that others of his countrymen in L.A. and right here in school disagreed. Jaime, from Nicaragua, interrupted—only in the Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps unit do all the races and nationalities and factions get along, he said. Elmer made no comment. He works every day after school at a convenience store. He'd like to be a cop.

III. Dr. O.

Right angles, right angles. Dr. Mike O'Sullivan, principal of Fairfax, continually makes sure that all the objects on his desk are positioned at right angles. He also answers his phone by almost barking into it, "O'Sullivan!" Does this mean that the man, himself the product of a parochial Catholic high school, is uptight? Not a bit of it. An indication of how light he likes to keep things is the notice, in Gothic, posted on one of the filing cabinets in his accessible sanctum: "The Floggings Will Continue Until Morale Improves." Dr. O. likes to keep things under control and moving right along.



Speaking of morale, he and several representatives of his demoralized, somewhat militant faculty were now in his office going over how a planned new district-wide schedule which he had received by fax from the Board of Ed would be implemented. He referred to the plan as "one of those bright ideas they spasmodically get downtown." The school day would be extended 36 minutes, until 3:41 p.m., and the spring semester cut by eight days, resulting in absolutely no loss and no gain of instructional time. This change necessitated much juggling, which O'Sullivan and the teachers now proceeded to spend an hour on. It wasn't easy, Fairfax in practice being many schools and tracks under one roof, ESL and regular, deaf and hard of hearing, Advanced Placement, Honors, and something known as Impact, a euphemism for remedial.

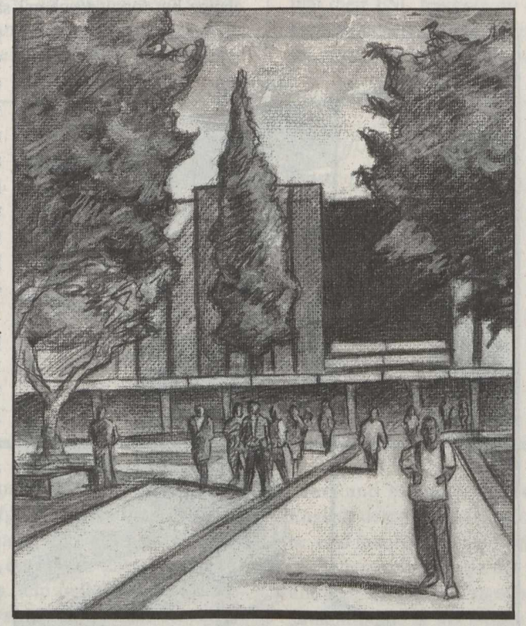
Glancingly mentioned by the principal was the Board of Ed's thinking: by cutting the eight days, and labeling them a furlough, "downtown" could hand out state compensation monies to district workers, in this case public school teachers. A minute was spent figuring how much the Fairfax teachers stood to be compensated. Of course, O'Sullivan said, it remained to be seen how this went down in Sacramento. In the meantime, he and these members of his staff painstakingly and good-humoredly cobbled together a new schedule, down to the second. Unmentioned was downtown's transparent hope that the maximum of $368 in compensation to which each of the district's 21,000 teachers would be entitled might persuade them not to walk off the job on February 22, 1993, after all.

Yes, after the special remedial inter-session coming up, a strike loomed. The district, pleading a $400 million budget shortfall at mid-year, had announced it had no choice but to cut teachers' salaries by between 6.5 and 11.5 percent, this following a cut last year of 3 percent. Worse, downtown refused to promise that it wouldn't shrink paychecks again next year. So after barren negotiations, the LAUSD teachers' union had voted to go out on strike on the first day of the spring semester. The vote to strike at Fairfax had been as lopsided as at the other union chapters.

It was the money, and the principle of the thing—in fact, a visitor understood that the two were one and the same. Money, like it or not, symbolizes respect in America, and cutting an American's pay while refusing to promise not to do it again not only makes it harder for him to go to the dentist, it tends to demoralize him by driving home the impression that the job he's doing isn't appreciated, not by society and not by the education bureaucrats who never have to face a student yet get paid twice or three times as much as teachers. Dutifully hammering out a new schedule, O'Sullivan tossed off zingers to show that he too understood this, that his heart and mind were with his outraged troops. For example, he opined that what the "characters" downtown could use most was a good audit. This probably fooled no one. The shirtsleeved Dr. O. finds himself in the position of the managing editor of a troubled newspaper, trapped between the boss on one side and the hacks and yeomen on the other. Once, when he taught, he belonged to the teachers' union. No longer.

Yet he truly appeared to have scant respect for the bureaucrats and politicians through whose fingers the tax billions flow. And though he'd rather be caught dead than wax eloquent, he was not unconvincing when speaking of the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of the job that schools like his have. →

The point he'd like you to grasp and retain after the teachers have left his office is that the public schools are required to take all comers. In America's big cities now, this means not just kids from Sicily and Ireland and the Pale of Settlement and Harlem, as in the old days, but Cambodia, Somalia, Guam, you name it. Fairfax High's catchment area stretches from West Hollywood with its ex-Soviets, through the barrio on Western Avenue, down through Koreatown and all the way to Pico, which borders South-Central. The school has to welcome the children of all the refugees and immigrants of the world, along with the 20 percent of the student body that is black and liable to do its growing-up with one parent, and Anglos whose home environment and previous education may not be that great, either. Teachers facing an average of thirty-nine such youngsters per class are supposed to keep them awake and away from each others' throats. They are also supposed to prepare them to be happy and useful citizens with a capacity to learn skills and a respect for the common good. O'Sullivan was steadily ironical and cheerful even when alone with a visitor. The latter was amused and impressed, and reminded of something he'd come across in Section 44806 of the state education code:



> Each teacher shall endeavor to impress upon the minds of the pupils the principles of morality, truth, justice, patriotism, and a true comprehension of the rights, duties, and dignity of American citizenship, including kindness toward domestic pets and the humane treatment of living creatures, to teach them to avoid idleness, profanity, and falsehood, and to instruct them in manners and the principles of a free government.

Nothing less! O'Sullivan, who cannot hide the fact that he takes pleasure in his work, did not go so far as to say that what big-city public schools are being asked to do is impossible, and would be even if more were budgeted for it. Nor would the principal say that, once in the country legally or illegally, anybody should be excluded, save perhaps the worst gang-bangers. At any rate, these matters of high policy were out of his province. He was officially the educational leader of Fairfax, but his real job, he stated, was to trouble-shoot from morning to night—that, and boost morale.

The sagging morale of his teachers, not the students. The latter generally loved the place, according to him, because where else could they get two square meals per day free of cost? O'Sullivan's solidarity with and concern for his teaching staff were laced with background knowledge. Now that he was alone for a short minute with his visitor, he could express his doubts as to whether the teachers' union, when it came down to it, would be "stupid enough" to strike, the real motive behind its threat being the preference of those with seniority to protect the salary increases they had won in a strike in 1989 rather than free up money for entry-level jobs. This preference aggravated the graying of the profession. But the pleasures of duty called. The gray-haired troubleshooter grabbed his walkie-talkie, pulled on his red windbreaker with the "Dr. O." in yellow script personalizing it, and dashed out to have a routine look at his many-splendored kingdom.

IV. Likely to Succeed

"I guess I'm just competitive," reckoned Chris Paik, a member of the student council. One must at all times fight stereotypes, they do great harm to everyone, but there was no getting away from it—Chris, a junior, is smart and driven. So is senior Jin Kim, student body president, so are so many of Fairfax's Korean-Americans that when it comes to overcoming and overachieving, they make even the stereotyped ex-Soviet Jewish kids look slouchy. Including the Chinese, the Asians at Fairfax comprise about 12 percent of the student body. Yet they pack the advanced placement classes and cart away most of the school-wide academic prizes, leaving a crumb here and there for the ex-Muscovites. It must be reported in all honesty that some are nerds. Others, like Chris and Jin, are anything but nerds, for if they were nerds, how could they have persuaded anyone to vote for them?

The council had met in its room over the rotunda, and now Chris, Jin, and Kiva Stewart, senior class president without a drop of Asian blood in her veins, were alertly and readily and happily answering a visitor's questions. Even when critical, as Riva was when she complained that school spirit had fallen off, they were basically your happy, energetic kids. They were satisfied with their corner of the kingdom, they were young and hopeful despite having been conceived at the tail end of the twentieth century and condemned to bloom in a time of plague.

All were in that third of the student body which heads to a four-year college on graduation. Jin had been accepted at the Citadel, was awaiting word on his applications to the Naval Academy and VMI—unfazed by his two female councilors, he expressed admiration for VMI's sexist admission policy. The smiling, friendly, eager Jin had his future completely mapped out. He'd be a Marine officer, then he'd go to law school, then he'd do something in government. This from a kid who arrived in the U.S. five-and-a-half years ago with only his mother and not a word of English. His mother runs a coffee shop, and he works three afternoons a week in the freezer of a supermarket, just enough to pay for his clothing and sports uniforms and give him a permanent cold.

Chris, on the other hand, was brought to this country when she was so young that she knows hardly any Korean, despite the fact that she lives with both parents, who own and operate a dry-cleaning establishment and of course speak Korean together. They wouldn't let her take a job, insisting she concentrate on her schoolwork. She intends to apply to Stanford, Harvard, and Yale, then it will be on to graduate school, perhaps law, perhaps engineering. The spirited, copper-skinned Kiva may also go east, having applied to NYU as well as the University of California. There were five gold earrings in her right lobe, none in the left. She's a great fan of MTV and the soaps, and very proud of her dad, a black who's an agent in the music division of William Morris and who had just moved back into her German-Irish mom's house after a period of separation.

She brought up her own great-grandparents, who had fled the pogroms and beggary of Russia—who was she, a grateful descendant who stood in awe of their heroism, to propose that the U.S. now slam the golden door?

Chris, Jin, and Kiva agreed that their teachers were great. What wasn't so great, what was, like, lacking, was school spirit. The native-born Kiva seemed especially concerned, almost perturbed, by this. It wasn't always so. She remembered that in the old days, which is to say when she was a sophomore, there was more mixing, a friendlier atmosphere at Fairfax, better attendance at football and basketball games, in short, more spirit. Now people stuck with their own kind, a trend reinforced by the riots in South-Central last spring.

Anyway, there's not much to do together in the way of extracurricular activities, clubs, and so forth. Again, there used to be more. The change had to do indirectly with parents and teachers, directly with money. It seemed to these high-flying kids that at public high schools in the Valley and Beverly Hills, the parents in their BMWs chip in to fund all sorts of clubs and trips and things. Well, at Fairfax there were few parents who could do that, certainly their own couldn't. Then there were the teachers without whose sponsorship and guidance such activities were impossible—some clubs had died recently because unhappy teachers had ceased volunteering their time. Kiva didn't exactly blame them, nor did she blame them for threatening to strike. If she were a teacher, she wouldn't take a pay cut lying down either. Yet both she and Jin hoped that there wouldn't be a strike. They remembered the one in '89. It had lasted nine days, during which movies were shown to everybody. This time, it might go on longer. If it did, college-bound seniors were in danger of not graduating.

V. Conspiracies

Your typical Fairfax teacher is female, isn't getting any younger, is devoted and demoralized, holds no more than a master's degree, and voted for Bill and Hillary Clinton. This makes Dan Victor—with his Ph.D., wire-rimmed glasses, salt-and-pepper beard, and tweed jacket—atypical. Instead of showing evidence of demoralization, the devoted Victor with his memories of the sixties couldn't help feeling high that day last December. In the first place, his first book had just been published—*The Seventh Bullet*, a Sherlock Holmes mystery set in Washington, D.C. in the muckraking, ragtime era. Victor teaches English to the high-fliers, and to celebrate they had hung a list of immortals over the blackboard: Poe, Twain, Melville, Fitzgerald, Victor. In the second place, he had recently become a father for the first time. His wife, Norma Silverman, among the youngest of the teachers at Fairfax—in point of gossipy fact, she had once been his student—had presented him with a son and heir. So, despite a sleep deficit, Victor was in a good—no, a fine—mood.

"We're basically in this situation because our political leaders don't want an educated citizenry," he said. "An educated citizenry would be potentially revolutionary. I really do think sometimes that there's a plot being carried out to keep the American people ignorant."

Now it's important to emphasize that although Victor's politics are somewhere on the border between liberalism and radicalism, and that he voted for the Clintons *faute de mieux*, the sleepy teacher and author said this with unmistakable and redeeming self-consciousness.

"I'm a great conspiracy buff," he explained in the same vein. "I thought *JFK* was a great movie and told my students to go."

By "this situation," he meant a teachers' union justifiably primed to strike. By an "ignorant citizenry," he meant not the advanced placement and honors students who happened to make up all his workload this year, but the mass of unfortunate yet educable kids whom he had taught in previous years and would teach again, and who were being intentionally kept dumb by the powers that be. More in agreement than not, Victor quoted Jeff Horton, a member of the school board downtown: "The real enemy is Reagan-Bush corporate America." And the instrument by which this sinister

and cunning power-structure perpetuated and spread ignorance and passivity was of course money, that is, by seeing to it that the education bureaucrats were paid too much and the teachers in the trenches too little. Victor was happy with his life at the moment. Also, he doesn't appear to be the sort who takes himself too seriously anymore. But there could be no doubt that he believed this analysis, and that on some primordial level it made him almost as mad as it had when he was young.

"To be a public school teacher is to be a patriot," he said without vanity. "It's to do a service for America. By the same token, anything which tends to weaken the public school system is a disservice. Take the idea of vouchers that you conservatives are so crazy about—'choice' you call it. That's not the solution, because it would only weaken the public schools further, and the public schools are the only institution that gives Americans something in common."

So what was the solution?

"Number one, better pay for teachers. You get what you pay for. Yes, if the only way to raise the money for it is through more taxes, then more taxes. The politicians, the state and national leadership, should explain to the middle class that if you don't save the public schools, you'll have to shell out even more for private schools and security on your house and car. Number two, more autonomy for individual schools, less power for downtown. We ought to have more discretion to tailor our programs and spend money."

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Like many of his colleagues of both genders, Victor came on militant at first, hot to strike. The prospect of half a million kids in the street with nothing to do ought to concentrate a few minds downtown, he intimated. For the truth was, untrained as they were for it, he and his colleagues had generally kept the multicultural, multiracial peace in the year of the riots. For this, their salaries should have been raised by a grateful establishment. Instead, they were being cut! A strike, or the threat of one, was totally in order.

It didn't take much probing, however, not with Victor and not with the others, to discover that these likable, self-sacrificing liberals-to-radicals didn't really have the appetite for a war in 1993 and would be glad for a way out. These are missionaries at best, not martyrs. For one thing, they know very well that their union is weak, nothing like what you still have in New York City. For another, people like Victor, whatever they might have been at Berkeley, have become softies with the passing years. Even if they struck they wouldn't close the schools down and leave the kids to roam the streets—they'd come and show them movies, as they did in '89, as some of the best of them do even when not on strike. For yet another thing, the pay cut and the Board of Ed's refusal to promise not to cut again may have hurt the teachers more in their feelings than their pocketbooks. Victor himself mentioned in passing that the '89 strike had won three straight years of 8 percent pay raises.

Strikes have lives of their own, but with a little good will and budgetary sleight of hand, Jin and Kiva will probably get their diplomas on schedule.The real question is whether, in six years' time, Dan Victor, himself a Fairfax grad, will send his eldest son to public school. "We'll see," he answered. And might *The Seventh Bullet* be optioned by Hollywood? "From your mouth to God's ear."

VI. Tuna Casserole

Because it was exam week, and because exams in this course were over, and because Shirley Cooke, the teacher, is a wise, jolly, tolerant sort of black woman, the Temptations were doing their rendition of Christmas carols at mid-volume on a tape deck someone had brought to Food & Nutrition, formerly home economics. "Sleep in heavenly peee-eace," Charity Hayes chimed in, snapping her fingers. She and her friend Tia Burton, who was also a senior and had once not only been on the cheerleading squad but had actually captained it, had baked some cookies and were now helping Mrs. Cooke with a tuna casserole, sort of.

"It's not just us blacks," Tia was saying to a visitor who had brought up the subject of broken families. "I live with my momma. It's just me and her. But it's not just us."

"I live with my momma and my grandmomma," Charity said cheerfully. "I don't even know my father."

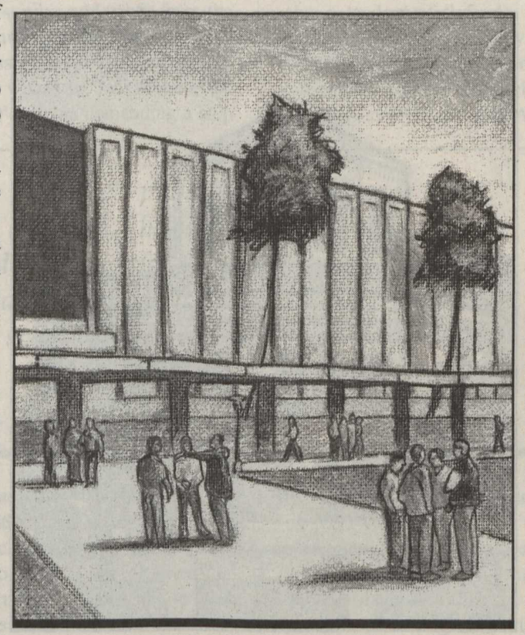
"When I graduate, maybe I'll go to San Diego and live with my grandmomma," Tia said.

These were happy kids—especially Charity, a very cute number in a short flouncy skirt, dredlocks, and a sequined decal in the shape of a heart pasted on her forehead. There was going to be a basketball game later against Gardenia High. Charity was going to cheerlead, the disentitled Tia was going to look on, and Jeff, who was using the Food & Nutrition classroom/kitchen to study math, was going to compete.

It seemed that Tia had been doing so poorly with her schoolwork that she had had to give up her extracurricular activity. She blamed not herself, but the faculty, especially Fairfax's college counselor. It was because of the non-supportive, non-informative, indifferent teachers and counselors that she had failed to take her schooling with enough seriousness in the 10th and 11th grades and now lacked the credits to graduate with her classmates. Only teacher Cathy Head, of the Afro-American history department, escaped Tia's criticisms.

"If it wasn't for my momma," she said, "I wouldn't even know how to write a book report!"

The college counselor, Ginger Emerson, is a white woman who appears somewhat more demoralized than your average Fairfax teacher. Emerson had complained that too many kids in the 10th and 11th grades walked around in a fog, refusing to understand that if they wanted to get into a decent college, they had to jack up their GPAs. The high-fliers were no problem—they possessed something inside driving them to excel, plus their families pressuring them. It was the others who made her job frustrating. Either they refused to be motivated, or their English, never mind the devotion of the ESL staff, was so poor that it was cruel to have them take the Verbal SAT. She had dragged out and recited last year's mean scores: nationwide, 423; California, 416; Fairfax, 364. As a result of their problems with English, most of the one-third of graduating seniors who enroll in two-year community colleges, thinking to transfer to UC, are fated to drop out.



"I'm gonna graduate," Tia said. "I'm gonna walk that stage and get that diploma from Dr. O'Sullivan. I'm gonna go to a community college, and then I'm gonna transfer to Spelman. I'm gonna prove it to everybody who thinks I can't."

Charity served up the cookies. Unlike her friend and ex-co-cheerleader, she had no complaints about Fairfax. In her words, "This school is OK. I don't hate it." True, she said, there was less school spirit than in the past. Buses were no longer laid on for away games. Charity hoped to go on to Santa Monica City College. In a way, she wished that she had remained at the parochial school, Immaculate Heart, where she had been enrolled before, since college is stressed there. On the other hand, Immaculate Heart is all girls, an unhealthy situation—she had left for that reason. Girls who go to school with other girls only, she explained, are liable to become either fast or retarded. Coeducation "balances you out so you don't run wild." On the whole, therefore, she preferred Fairfax, liked it very well, was glad that she had switched despite the tidbits of gossip and information that she provided in hopes of putting a visitor's favorable impressions in perspective: a member of the student council whom she named was supposed to drop acid, there was extensive "ditching" or cutting of class, Mr. Smith wasn't all that tough if you knew how to get on the right side of him, and except during exam week there was always considerable commotion in the halls and sometimes trash cans set afire outside in the yard. Working on that casserole, Shirley Cooke confirmed that exam week was special.

VII. Mugged, Remains a Liberal

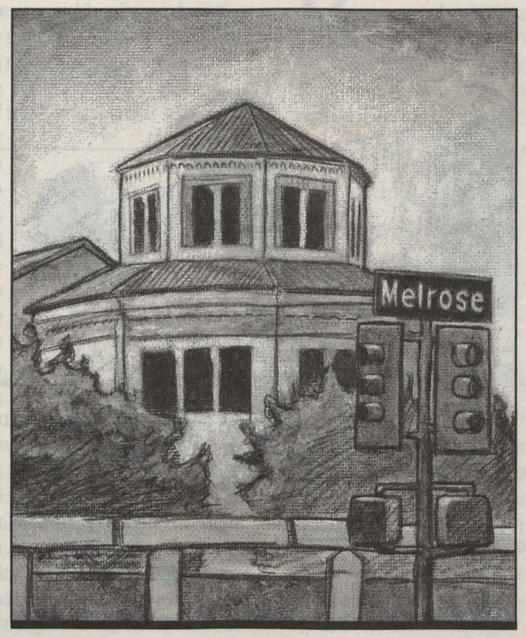
Fairfax High's library is a clean, well-lighted place. It is stocked with an autographed copy of *The Seventh Bullet* and thousands of other volumes, a couple of computer terminals, and thirty magazines on the rack, down from a hundred because of the money crunch. Sherry Miller, the librarian, was pleased to be able to say that when it came time to decide which seventy subscriptions to cancel, she'd been fair and responsible and killed both *The American Spectator* and the *Nation*, leaving *Newsweek*.

Miller is another frank liberal. By which she means that she believes that humans by nature are basically good or potentially good and should be given almost unlimited opportunities to prove it. If an individual behaves destructively, unless he's a physical danger to others, you must think less about restraining or punishing him than about rectifying "the underlying causes." Reason and understanding and love, not discipline, hierarchy, and the threat of pain, will heal us, set us free. Thus, if the JROTC program at Fairfax was valuable, as she agreed it is, this was thanks to the services the cadets perform for their fellow students, certainly not thanks to the guns and uniforms and saluting. Miller, like the rest of her colleagues, is somewhat demoralized, somewhat tired, yet she is sweetly defiant about the difficult, unselfish, comforting faith that she has clung to despite experience. A resident of the neighborhood, she walks to work and has been mugged in broad daylight. Also, her apartment has been burglarized. These undeniably extremely unpleasant experiences have tested, perhaps tempered, not shattered, her faith.

It was the head librarian's impression that even the right-wingers on the faculty had voted Democratic. There was something about being in the trenches that made it impossible for anyone to assent to the government washing its hands of these kids. Miller was referring not to the minority of kids who, thanks to their choice of parents, love to read and learn, and who come on their own to use her facilities. She was talking about the majority of kids nowadays who through no fault of their own "just haven't got it." They hail from too many poor, illiterate countries, and even if American-born, are liable to have grown up in homes where a book is never seen. Foreign-born or native,

their illiterate parents, even if present and well-meaning, are too tired after sweating or hustling all day to take a useful interest, to do the crucial nagging and helping. As terrific as Miller believes the ESL department is, it can't work miracles, and shouldn't be expected to. America simply may not be able to bring so many disadvantaged kids with so many absent parents and varied mother-tongues up to speed.

It was interesting to watch the attractive Miller squirm when asked whether in light of this it wasn't time for immigration from the Third World, especially non-Asian immigration, to be seriously restricted. She couldn't, wouldn't buy such an illiberal idea. By way of an answer, she brought up her own great-grandparents, who had fled the pogroms and beggary of Russia, had been pushed out by circumstances and welcomed, more or less, in the New World—who was she, a grateful descendant who stood in awe of their heroism, to propose that the U.S. now slam the golden door?



And yet, and yet. She understood that if something isn't done to stem the current tide, cities like L.A. risk breaking down. Their infrastructures, their services, above all the beloved public school system into which she has put her life, might well crack. It was interesting to see her writhing between her principles and her appreciation of the situation, and it was interesting to hear her say finally that something had to be done back in the immigrants' home countries to render them more habitable, to reduce the push factor. Vaguely she spoke of improving their economies.

Which wasn't to say that the system was doing all it could. It had gotten its priorities outrageously backwards. Instead of putting what money there was into the schools and the kids and the teachers, into buying the audiovisual materials Miller needs to make her library more seductive, the bureaucrats downtown and the politicians in Sacramento were feathering their nests. This waste and cynicism demoralized the younger teachers, driving some of them right out of the profession, and it made her damned mad. It's not as if she thought unlimited dollars were out there, however, or that she merely felt terrible about the impending cut in her salary. No, she said, she understood that there was a genuine crisis. She'd be ready to live with a pay cut, so long as the people downtown took an even heftier one and the resultant savings were used at the elementary school level to buy expensive professional help for kids at risk. Otherwise, there really ought to be a strike.

VIII. Timeout

Fairfax High squeaked by Gardenia in a home-court thriller witnessed by Dr. O., a number of parents, a clot of obscenely funny, potentially violent non-students rooting for the Mighty Lions, and no more than 200 increasingly rapt sophomores, juniors, and seniors of all the races. Who said there was no school spirit? The game was as fast and physical as perhaps only teenagers who worship Michael Jordan's shoes can be. "That ain't no foul!" yelled one of the musclebound clowns in the stands, a character of voting age if he was a day, at the ref. "Don't you go calling that sissy s--t!" He and his buddies exchanged high-fives. The pacing Dr. O. in his windbreaker saw all, heard all, made sure without appearing to do so that the school cops and JROTC monitors didn't leave. The Gardenia fans who were being taunted on the opposite side jeered and stomped and taunted back. They, their starting team and bench were all black. Fairfax's starters were all black, but a white sub for the home team broke Gardenia's heart with a series of outstanding tip-ins. Explosive cheering in the final, very tense quarter. Throughout the game, cartwheels, splits, and Rockette kicks from Charity and her multiracial friends in their flouncy skirts. "Miss it!" these chicks screamed in unison whenever Gardenia had a shot from the line. The shot would often be missed. "You miss this," one of the hoodlum non-student clowns supporting Fairfax hollered as Jeff stepped to the line, "you don't get no more c--t!" Everyone in the gym heard this, few could help laughing, and Jeff didn't miss. Final score: Fairfax 52, Gardenia 47, and no bloodshed.

IX. Neocon

Your diligent reporter didn't find a single teacher at Fairfax who didn't vote for the Clintons. Even the faculty's most prominent heretic did it.

Howard Safier has long thought of himself as a neoconservative. Yet in all the presidential elections in which he has fulfilled his duty, only in 1972 did he actually not vote Democratic—he sized McGovern up as an isolationist, and that was too much. Among the things Safier, a teacher of American history and Fairfax's cross-country coach, fiercely believes is that the U.S. has been chosen to play a starring role in this world. No less than twenty-eight years he has been teaching in the public schools of L.A., of which twenty-four years at Fairfax. He agreed with Earl Smith that back in the sixties it was still mostly Jewish beavers from the immediate neighborhood. Soon after Safier began teaching, however, the school's attendance boundaries were flung much wider to preempt a busing order, and years of turmoil followed, at the end of which the white flight that it was feared busing would touch off had taken place anyway—most of the white students at Fairfax today, Safier claimed, are Russian immigrants.

One of this neocon's manias, which amuse and scandalize his colleagues, has to do with the English language. He believes that if this country is to survive and profit from the current immigration, schools must become English-only zones. Yes, he'd include ESL classes, especially ESL classes, though he realizes that such a law would be "hell to enforce." Once a year, he writes to Mike O'Sullivan demanding a stop to the practice of using Spanish, etc. for school-wide announcements over the PA system. In vain. But you can bet that in his own classroom, where among the portraits of Washington and Lincoln and a VCR the notice concerning floggings and morale is hung, English only is the enforced rule.

> *"To be a public school teacher is to be a patriot," he said without vanity. "It's to do a service for America. By the same token, anything which tends to weaken the public school system is a disservice. Take the idea of vouchers that you conservatives are so crazy about . . ."*

"My job is to assimilate kids into America," Safier declared. "That's the great historical function of the public schools." So he assigns the Gettysburg Address and parts of the Constitution for memorization and recitation, as if his classroom were in a school in New York City a century ago. It's neither hopeless nor easy. Even the brightest, most nearly literate of the kids have grown up in what appears to Safier to be an MTV lumpen culture. "Would you believe it if I told you that most of the kids in my best class don't know who Cary Grant is? And that most of the black kids today don't know who Duke Ellington is? They're ignorant! Look, when I showed them *It Happened One Night*, they were charmed, but I had to explain the reference to the walls of Jericho. You can't assume that a kid entering high school today knows anything."

The graying history teacher and jazz and black-and-white movie buff admitted that in every generation since the first pharaohs, the middle-aged have said that youth was going to hell, and often they were mistaken. Was his preference for jazz over rap sclerotic? He thought not. He thought there was a genuine culture-war going on now, that Madonna and Michael Jackson are truly inferior, and that it was a teacher's duty to propagandize for the good and against the bad. To do this, he or she must first provide a safe, disciplined classroom.

Safier has earned himself a reputation as something of a disciplinarian. He has also earned himself some grief thereby. Earlier this year, he kicked a disruptive female out of class. She then wrote a letter to O'Sullivan claiming that Safier had said to her, "You blacks are always causing trouble." Worse, she spread the lie around verbally, taking it out of the loop and possibly damaging Safier's reputation. Now he was consulting a lawyer to see whether a minor could be sued for libel or slander. There are kids and kids, according to Safier, and there are black kids and black kids. He showed off a photograph on the wall of Danny Everett, from Watts, who found a way to attend Fairfax and went on to UCLA and a bronze medal in the 400-meters at the 1988 Olympics, and another photograph of a black girl, also a student of Safier's, who went on to get her Ph.D. from Caltech. A good many blacks are intelligent and motivated or motivatable, he said, while too many are intelligent but lazy as a matter of principle, their laziness sanctioned by adults who proclaim that America owes them a break for past and present mistreatment. "I know that there are teachers in this building who break down their white kids, make them confess their racial prejudices in class," Safier disgustedly confided.

And yet, and yet. This man with his possible lawsuit seemed less demoralized than his eternally liberal and radical colleagues, and did not rule out the ability of a smart, motivated kid of any color to obtain an education. It depended on getting the right teachers. Unfortunately, some members of the faculty were lousy but tenured. One of them, a "mini-Robespierre," had actually quoted Mario Savio in the meeting held before the strike vote. Safier was against a strike now. California was in fact broke, so the issue should be not money but the application of race-blind standards and honest grading.

X. Finale, With Excitement

The last day before winter break now rolled around. Elmer and Jaime and a number of the rest of the boy and girl cadets of the school's JROTC unit were in Dr. O.'s office around noon stuffing envelopes. They were in their civvies, as were the luckier cadets practicing with air rifles down at the unit's hut between the teachers' lounge and the baseball diamond. Two other Hispanic cadets, in a short essay they had collaborated on for a mainstream English class in the semester just ended, told what JROTC is about:

> The JROTC storted in 1916 arouned the time of the ferst war World. 332 schools have JROTC and also they have 11 events. These events are rifle team, best platoon, best squat color gured etc. →

The JROTC give you money scholarships advancement in the Armeed force. The JROTC is funded by the school district and the melitery. There are 107 students in JRTOC at this school. JROTC allows students to handle gun and helps them to do malitary drill for the maximum leadership experience.

According to O'Sullivan's fact sheet, Hispanics make up 40 percent of Fairfax students. Your reporter's impression was that they make up 80 percent of both ESL and JROTC, the rest of Don Bishop's troops being Russians, blacks, and Israelis. All kids who take the JROTC elective, besides learning to shoot, drill, read maps, etc., train in first aid against the day when the Big One hits and in fact generally put themselves out to serve others, as the anti-militarist Sherry Miller herself said. Army sergeant-major (ret.) Don Bishop is their C.O. He's a red-cheeked bear of a white man, a high school dropout who served in Korea and Vietnam and has been at Fairfax so long that he can remember when the worst thing that might happen was that someone would put a yarmulke on the bust of Lincoln in the rotunda. Service, according to Bishop, "instills a lot of discipline and citizenship." Elmer and Jaime and the others assigned by him to serve in the principal's office would have preferred to target-shoot, but did as ordered. Chattering peacefully in English and Spanish, they were stuffing into envelopes roughly 2,000 letters concerning the new schedule of longer days and shorter semesters, 60 percent headed "Dear Parents," the rest "Estimados Padres."

What these good kids didn't know, what the restless kids and devotedly scolding teacher in a classroom upstairs where the movie version of *Lord of the Flies* was being run through the VCR didn't know, what the teacher and the two white kids who had shown up for a class on stereotyping, bigotry, and racial harmony didn't know, what the white and black teachers drinking coffee together, griping and wearily joking in the barebones lounge were unaware of, was that a student had just been attacked and beaten up on the street outside.

This boy cultivated a goatee and was now being treated in the office of Margaret Matagna, school nurse. She gets this sort of thing from time to time, yet Fairfax isn't as bad as other schools she could name, knock on wood. Most of her work is arranging dental care for immigrants, distributing free condoms to those kids whose parents haven't specifically demurred, counseling pregnant girls on their educational and other choices. Later, Matagna would drive the bandaged boy home in her own car, to the corner of Slauson and Crenshaw in the barrio, so as to make sure he got into no more trouble that day. In the car, she'd ask him to take off his signature porkpie hat. For as even a visitor could infer from the goatee, from the questions being asked by the school cops and from the answers being given in fair English by this kid as the nurse, wearing rubber gloves, fixed him up, he was not unacquainted with gangs. The four types who he said had poured out of a Toyota on Melrose Avenue and started clubbing him with a metal bar were, he thought, Salvadorans, while as for himself he was from Honduras. No, he had never seen any of them before. No, he had no idea why they should do such a thing. Yes, they had also shown him a gun, either a .38 or .45. The male LAUSD cop scribbled, scribbled.

The incident, about which Dr. O. had been notified over his walkie-talkie, was, in his own words, "nothing to get shook about." Which isn't to say that he wasn't acting slightly disgusted as he stood outside near Melrose.

"Far as I'm concerned," he said, "a kid like that doesn't even belong in school. He's a known gang-banger. He almost had it coming. But what happens if we opportunity-transfer him out of here? He stays in the system, he just lands at another school, like the kids who got opportunity-transferred out of North Hollywood and ended up here. Do you want to hear a shocker? It's just about impossible to get expelled from the public school system. Like I told you—we have to take all comers, and even if we opportunity-transfer them away, we'll be getting somebody else's bad guys in return. The parochial schools like the one I went to have always had it easier. They can pick and choose."

O'Sullivan pounced on a gum wrapper lying on the grass and slam-dunked it into a trash can. Every afternoon when school lets out, he spends an hour outdoors with several of his teaching staff, making sure the kids disperse. Of course, he can't do anything about what he calls the "attractive nuisances" nearby, such as the Retail Slut clothiers and especially a comics store directly opposite the school, which as usual was drawing males with their backwards caps and dragging laces. An LAPD prowl car visited and departed.

Also disgusting in Dr. O.'s eyes were the TBC tags that had appeared overnight over the KGBs on an outside wall—the newly spray-painted letters stood for Too Busy Creating. It would cost, he said disgustedly, a thousand dollars to clean up that mess. And yet, he was probably not as disgusted, not as upset, as he acted. This minor beating and this tagging were small, ordinary events. They were only background noises that he, his teachers, and the mass of good, apathetic, heroic kids starting out in life have learned to put up with. If they were lucky, no strike would keep them from continuing to put up with them, come spring semester.

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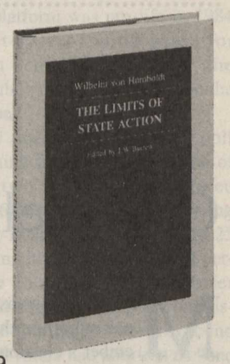
Postscript: During the remedial intersession between the fall and spring semesters, Fairfax High and Los Angeles were jolted when a student fooling around with his .357 Magnum shot and killed a classmate and wounded another. The boy with the Clint Eastwood cannon wasn't a regular Fairfax student. He had come from another school in the city for the remedial English course, and he told police that he had started packing a gun after gang-bangers had robbed and beaten him on the way to school. The dead boy was Demetrius Rice, a sub on the Fairfax varsity football team, by all accounts a sweet kid. His mother, who raised him by herself, asked for donations to enable her to bury him. A crisis counseling team was dispatched by the school district to help Fairfax cope, and a state assemblyman said he was going to introduce a law appropriating to the district $30 million so it could install metal detectors at all its high schools. ❐

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Coverdell's Winning Formula

by Grover Norquist

Many Republicans were quick to ask whether they lost November's election on the explosive social issues, abortion in particular. Maybe the abortion issue helped Reagan in 1980 and 1984, the reasoning went, but now that *Roe* v. *Wade* was cracking up, the pro-choicers were getting as active and agitated as the pro-lifers had been in reaction to *Roe* v. *Wade* itself. Should the party purge Pat Robertson, evangelicals, Phyllis Schlafly and Pat Buchanan? Would the Republican presidential primary contest for 1996 be a civil war?

Mutual suspicion could have continued for years, but the party was quickly put to a real challenge—the November 24 runoff for Georgia's U.S. Senate seat held by Democrat Wyche Fowler and contested by Republican Paul Coverdell. The runoff, made necessary by the failure of either candidate to win an absolute majority on November 3 (Fowler had polled 49 percent, Coverdell 48), was important by any calculation. With only forty-two seats in the Senate and Oregon's Bob Packwood in trouble, the Republicans were in danger of falling below the forty-one votes necessary to maintain a filibuster.

And Georgia had always been a rock-solid exception to the recent history of Republican successes in the South. Georgia is the only state in the nation that has not elected a Republican governor in the last hundred years. Prior to 1992, only one Georgia Republican had been elected U.S. Senator, and that had been under unusual circumstances. (In 1980, Mack Mattingly was swept into office by the Reagan landslide, against an incumbent weakened by alcohol and ethics charges.)

Grover Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.

Coverdell's 17,000-vote victory in the runoff—in the face of visits on Fowler's behalf by Clinton and Gore—was a defining moment for Republicans: it showed that the entire governing Reagan coalition can be reassembled, even as the issues change.

The National Right to Work Committee, with 2 million members nationwide, took out newspaper ads, and sent two mailings to their Georgia membership highlighting the fact that Coverdell supported Right to Work laws, and Fowler did not. The small business community was active for Coverdell. The National Federation of Independent Businesses (NFIB) mailed to its 17,000 Georgia members a piece that contrasted the stands of Coverdell, himself a successful small businessman, and Fowler. NFIB established a phone tree highlighting the importance of this campaign to small businessmen.[1] The U.S. Chamber of Commerce weighed in for Coverdell.



The National Rifle Association mailed three times to its Georgia membership of 90,000 (who also were sent NRA bumper stickers reading "Sportsmen for Coverdell"). The NRA also sent out 250,000 flyers to gun dealers and gun clubs so that they could share factual information on the stands of Coverdell and Fowler the gun-grabber. For the last four days of the runoff, the NRA ran ads on sixty-eight radio stations ten times a day. Six campaign activists came into the state to help thirty volunteer activists run a phone bank for the final six nights that called all 90,000 NRA members in Georgia. Charlton Heston flew into Georgia, his boyhood home, for a day of non-stop campaigning.

Such sustained and targeted professional campaigns were denied to President Bush, whose administration made concessions to union bosses in key cases and banned the importation of some assault rifles. Bush's positions won him neither support nor money nor even civility from the side he was trying to placate. He simply convinced two parts of his natural base—gun owners and union opponents—that he could not be trusted to protect them. On election day they had other things to do.

All the expected organs of Main Street Republicanism did their part in Georgia. Senators Phil Gramm, Bob Dole, Mitch McConnell, and John Warner, along with Jack Kemp and Lynn Martin, all traveled into the state to help Coverdell. Sen. John McCain, a war hero and former North Vietnamese POW, wrote a letter to Georgia veterans, opposing Fowler and endorsing Coverdell. But there were new elements to the coalition as well: term-limit advocates, the Perot state organizers, and the Libertarian party endorsed and campaigned for Coverdell.

[1] Political hacks in Washington foolishly compare the political clout of labor unions and Fortune 500 businesses. The real comparison is between 17 million union members—many of them belonging only because of compulsory union laws—and 11 million small business owners.

Coverdell was a low-tax, small-government traditional Republican who had supported George Bush over Reagan in 1980, over Robertson in 1988, and over Buchanan in 1992. He was also pro-choice on abortion. Very much so. In the 1992 primary, Coverdell ran against and defeated, first John Knox, a pro-life advocate, and next, in another runoff, former U.S. Attorney Bob Barr. How, then, could Coverdell draw on the support of the Christian right, so crucial to Reagan-era candidates?

The pro-life leaders, pro-family groups, and traditional values–supporting evangelicals caucused and came up with a nuanced approach. Coverdell would not vote for the Human Life Amendment to ban almost all abortions—the touchstone of the pro-life community for almost twenty years. But Fowler *would* vote for the Freedom of Choice Act (FOCA), which would forbid any restrictions of abortions at all—even for sex selection, parental notification, or late-term abortions. Coverdell would allow some state restrictions and therefore vote against FOCA.

That was the critical divide that set the stage for a new and welcome departure for Republicans: a moderate's moderate elected with the enthusiastic support of the religious right. The Christian Coalition, the political organization formed in the wake of Pat Robertson's 1988 presidential bid, set up phone banks and delivered 1.2 million nonpartisan "voter guides"—contrasting the candidates' positions on FOCA, Prayer in School, and taxes—to evangelical activists. State Christian Coalition Chairman Pat Garland put 8,000 miles on his van distributing the voter guides. The Committee for a Pro-Life Congress spent some $30,000 in radio advertising highlighting the difference between the candidates on the Freedom of Choice Act. Phyllis Schlafly, the founder and leader of the Republican National Coalition for Life, the group committed to keeping the pro-life language in the Republican platform, pointed to the threat posed by FOCA in the mailing she sent to pro-lifers in support of Coverdell. The Focus on the Family radio news program "Family News in Focus" appeared on fifty-four radio stations with a special on the Coverdell/Fowler face-off that emphasized the abortion difference.

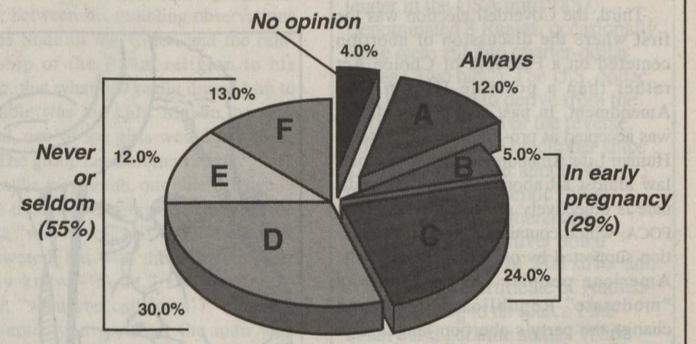
Coverdell, who clashed with evangelicals throughout the years, now praises the "pragmatism" of Christian Coalition leaders like Garland and national Executive Director Ralph Reed. Consultant Roger Stone, an early Reagan backer and ardent pro-choicer who fought to remove anti-abortion language from the Republican platform, also finds the Georgia victory encouraging. "The great war [over abortion] everyone expects doesn't have to happen," he says. Stone thinks, however, that a "perception of an abortion litmus test" in the Republican party hurts the party, while admitting that "the economy was the driving force" in the Bush loss.

But the platform was pro-life in 1984 and 1988, two very good years for Republican candidates. Had the American public changed its mind on the abortion issue?

Probably not. A Wirthlin exit poll (see box) found that abortion was one of the one or two issues that "mattered most" for 16 percent of voters. Among those voters, Bush won, 68 percent to 25 percent, giving him a net gain of 6.9 percent on the abortion issue. A Voter Research and Surveys exit poll commissioned by the four major networks found 13 percent of voters had abortion as "one of the one or two issues that mattered most" and this 13 percent broke for Bush 55 to 36 percent, giving him a net plus of 2.5 percent. The VRS poll also asked the same question on family issues and found a 6.5 percent advantage for Bush there. The argument that the abortion issue hurt Bush appears to come primarily from Democrats and from Republicans who have always been uncomfortable with the anti-abortion position of the rest of the party.

Even if the abortion issue cut for Bush

When should abortions be legal?



A. At any time, for any reason.
B. Not after the second trimester.
C. Not after the first trimester.
D. Only to save the life of the mother or after rape/incest.
E. Only to save the life of the mother.
F. Prohibited in all circumstances.

(*Source*: Wirthlin exit poll, November 5-7, 1992)

in a narrow sense, the establishment press was insistent that the Christian right—particularly its performance at the Houston convention—hurt Republicans overall. Poll numbers tell a different story. The ABC News/Washington Post poll taken on the Sunday before the convention found George Bush trailing Bill Clinton 57 to 36 percent. Seven days later, after Reagan, Buchanan, and Pat Robertson spooked America, the Bush campaign had closed the gap by fifteen points.

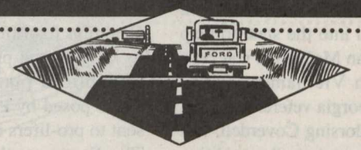
The Coverdell race bodes well for the upcoming Senate race in Texas and the 1994 elections, where the Democrats must defend twenty-two seats to the Republicans' twelve.

First, the conservative coalition of small businesses, taxpayers, gun owners, pro-lifers, right-to-work supporters, and pro-family activists can defeat the get out the vote efforts of politicized black churches and labor unions.

Second, the tax issue is back, and cutting for the Republicans. Coverdell campaign manager Tom Perdue made Fowler's vote in favor of the 1990 budget deal central to the campaign. Fowler tried to point out that the 1990 tax hike was, after all, a Bush proposal, but Coverdell hammered away. If George Bush was Darman's first victim, Wyche Fowler was his second, and Congress is full of such targets.

Third, the Coverdell election was the first where the discussion of abortion centered on a Freedom of Choice Act rather than a possible Human Life Amendment. In past years, a candidate was accepted as pro-life if he supported a Human Life Amendment that would outlaw almost all abortions. Now a candidate is objectively pro-life if he opposes FOCA, which contains a pro-choice position supported by only 12 percent of the American people. The scramble by "moderate" Republicans to try and change the party's abortion language is silly, for the hard-line Democratic language on abortion is now at odds with 88 percent of the electorate. As soon as those Republicans who have always been pro-choice "with exceptions" find themselves on the other side of the barricades from NOW and NARAL, pro-lifers will become willing and welcome allies. Bill Clinton's signing of the FOCA is about to change the entire terrain upon which the abortion wars will be fought. ❐

THE NATION'S PULSE



Cool Diz and Me

by Victor Gold

It wasn't easy being a Dizzy Gillespie fan at the University of Alabama in the late 1940s. Race had nothing to do with it. The problem was getting the records. Be-bop, take my word for it, wasn't a big inventory item at the music store in downtown Tuscaloosa back then. Hank Williams and Frankie Laine were more like it.

In later years, my classmate and fellow Gillespie fan Walter Emmett Perry would make up for our cultural deprivation by traveling to the Newport Jazz Festival, where he would sit on the lawn, soak in the chords, and, on being recognized as a Southern outlander, answer such questions as "No s--t, man, are you *really* a member of the Alabama legislature?"

Victor Gold is The American Spectator's *national correspondent.*



My own chance to make up for lost time came in the autumn of 1951, when, as a member of the 31st Infantry ("Dixie") Division called up for "police action" in Korea, I was happily misplaced for six weeks at Fort Slocum, New York, forty-five minutes from Times Square. Every evening I'd drive into the city, park in the Bronx, and catch the subway into town, where Birdland waited on 52nd Street. It was there, on my twenty-third birthday, that I first met Dizzy; though my introduction, as I recall, was somewhat awkward.

Anyway, Birdland. It was the mecca, if not the cradle, of progressive jazz. And there I was, second row front, thanks not to any lavish gratuity but by the mere circumstance of wearing a uniform. New Yorkers in the forties and fifties were notoriously soft when it came to the "boys in service." Presenting yourself in khaki could bring free entry at the Polo Grounds and choice tables not only at Birdland but also at late-night celebrity hangouts like Sardi's and Lindy's.

Dizzy arrived fifty minutes late, brow arched and beret at a rakish angle—that, not the tilted trumpet bell, was his shtick in those days. Sorry we're late, he said, but it can all be explained. Civic duty. He and the group had been playing a benefit performance in Harlem, co-sponsored by the NAACP, B'nai B'rith (*a beat*), and the Alabama Chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. Another (*beat*) while we waited for the arched brow to drop. "So you see," he added, fingering his trumpet valves, "we're lucky to be here *at all.*"

Now it may be true, as an existential critic once wrote, that what Dizzy, Charlie Parker, J.J. Johnson, and Thelonius Monk were playing in those years drew members of my generation because it was "the music of shattered experience"; but in my case, upscale metaphysics was the last thing I had on my mind. What drew me to progressive jazz was Gillespie's wit and the put-on style of his music. He didn't disappoint that night, opening with a picaresque disquisition on the roots of jazz, how it drew inspiration from the church, etc. About the time I, along with other members of the audience, was looking for a pencil and pad to start taking notes, he broke into an updated version of "Swing Low":

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home.
An El Dorado comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet Cadillac,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet Cadillac,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Then, Henny Youngman–like, he interrupted this neo-Baptist rendition of the old spiritual to take up again the subject of life and labor in the Old South, in some way referring to Alabama and Mississippi; at which mention, one of my jackass friends at the table broke into applause. Actually, only put his hands together once or twice before remembering he wasn't in Tuscaloosa. It was, however, applause enough to attract Dizzy's notice. Looking straight at me (whom he unfortunately mistook for the jackass), he asked, all innocence, "*Ohhh*? Somebody here from Alabama, Mississippi?"

Understand, my father instructed me early on never to run from what you are, so I nodded yes, though hardly as a matter of principle. What was I supposed to do, sitting front-and-center with the Stars and Bars on my khaki sleeve? Tell him, "No, East Passaic"?

"Well, now," said Gillespie, summoning Shorty, Birdland's midget m.c., to his side. "You come to the right place. Shorty here has *the last Confederate flag ever flown.*" The eyebrow arched again. "You want to see it?" I nodded, yes (since it was clear I was going to see it anyway). "Show it to him, Shorty," said the Diz; on which cue Shorty drew out a white pocket handkerchief, almost as long as he was high, and slowly flapped it in my direction. Nothing personal, just a crowd warmer, but happily the lights went down and I disappeared into bop, Bourbon, and New York anonymity.

A dozen years later, at Charley Byrd's jazz mill in suburban Maryland, I reminded Dizzy of the incident. Oddly, although it had been one of the formative moments of my young life, he didn't recall it. "Birdland," he said, stroking his gray-flecked goatee. "A lot of notes have passed over that bridge."

The session at Byrd's was a matinee, one of those rare occasions to catch a jazz giant in daylight, and I'd taken my kids to see, for once in their Washington-bred lives, an American original who wrote and played his own material. We'd arrived an hour early, just as the group was setting up, and the man himself, spotting 6-year-old Stephen's gaze at his upturned trumpet, came down from the stage to ask whether he'd like to "sit in." A little young, I said. Maybe in a few years.

"Never too young," said Dizzy, joining us at the table. And there I was, forty-five minutes with Dizzy Gillespie, one-on-one. Well, not really. It was clear, between his rambling observations on the State of the Union and the relationship of the Bahai religion to his music, that what had really drawn him to the table was the kids. Maybe, he suggested, one of the girls would like to sit in: "The group needs some variety."

On the way home, our oldest, Paige, 9 at the time, had a question. "Daddy," she asked, "was he serious?" I don't think so, I answered, but with the Diz you never really knew. "Is he," she wanted to know, "what you call 'cool'?" Honey, I answered, you just met the man who *invented* cool.

But now, alas, he's gone, and there's one less giant from the golden era of my youth to roam the earth and reassure me, through his music, wit, and warmth, that everything I grew up with in those pre–Baby Boom days isn't going to hell. Most things, maybe, but not the Diz. Not him. He's headed the other way. Carried home, I'm certain, in a sleek, two-toned, long-finned El Dorado. ❐

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Crying Games

by Benjamin J. Stein

Thursday

New Year's Eve at Morton's. I'm there with my new b.f. Maxine, visiting from Portland, Oregon. Tonight, the place is jammed with young rich people and a few middle-aged poor people, or at least one of us. Behind me, there's my co-star from *Honeymoon in Vegas*, Sarah Jessica Parker. She's with a huge table of young, rich-looking kids, all smoking cigarettes as if there were no tomorrow. Smoking is definitely making a comeback among the young in this town.

To my right, there's the staggeringly good-looking girlfriend of Steve Tisch with someone I gather is her hairdresser. Somewhere nearby is Marty Starger.

The people around me look happy, slender, rich, proud, but edgy. That's what's going on here. The recession. People look edgy.

As I ate my fresh tuna fillet and listened to the overpoweringly loud mariachi band, I thought about how I probably should have stayed in bed or at least at my tiny dining table, instead of being here in all of the noise. I feel edgy, too. Especially when I think about how much money I've lost in real estate. It makes my skin crawl.

My aunt Pearl once told me that when my grandfather lost his job during the Great Depression and couldn't get another one, a quiet settled over the house for years. A gloomy quiet. It's noisy at Morton's tonight, but there's an edge. There's still an underlying fear. I don't know. Maybe it's just me.

I slept on my couch in my living room. My neighbor at the Shoreham Towers, the lovely D., who had been extremely sick with what was thought to be an irreversible disease, and has now seemingly completely recovered, went away for Christmas and left me her tree. I bought colored lights for the tree and watched them flicker all night long. As I watched, I fell into a deep and serious fear about providing for my retirement. That's the way it is. It seems only yesterday that I was wondering how I could stretch my allowance to the end of the month in college.

Worry is the constant.

That's got to change.

Friday

New Year's Day. Day of Political Correctness. Day of Reckoning. *Dies Irae*.

I was awakened by a call from a secretary at the *Commercial Appeal* in Memphis. That paper publishes my work frequently. I got to be friends with the editor, a fabulously thoughtful guy named Lionel Linder, at a banquet honoring my father when he won the Seidman Prize in Memphis about three years ago. Lionel and I became fast friends. He was deeply interested in social issues, particularly in how America was ever going to cope with the huge racial problems we faced. "There has to be a way for people to learn to live together," he said. "If we don't, we're in big trouble."



The last time I saw Lionel, in March, in Memphis, we had lunch at the Peabody and talked about race. "I read once that you started that mini-series, 'Amerika,' to show what life in America would be like if the Soviets took over, and why we needed a strong defense program," he said to me, or words to that effect. "Now it's time for you to do something about what's going to happen to us if we can't get along as different races."

"Maybe a movie about a race war in America," I replied. "A sort of Rhodesia/Yugoslavia in America, with actual warfare between and among the races, as the whole dream falls apart and the glue of tolerance and shared beliefs dissolves. A sort of *Christmas Carol*, a man's nightmare of what life in America's going to be if we don't learn to get along."

I can remember Lionel nodding vigorously. He was about to go to South America, he said, to see how countries of many different races were getting along. The goal of a lifetime.

Anyway, I *have* been working on that movie, and it's New Year's Day, and there's a secretary from the *Commercial Appeal* on the line. "You're working awfully hard," I said. "I'm impressed."

"I have some bad news," she said. "Lionel Linder was killed yesterday. In a car accident. A drunken driver crashed into him a few blocks from the paper. Skidded on a wet street, and now we're having a memorial for Lionel . . ."

In my own 48-year-old way, I faded out for a while, and could only see Lionel nodding enthusiastically in that restaurant at the Peabody. Lionel laughing next to me at the dais at the Memphis Country Club. Oh, Lionel, how true it is that the good die young.

Lionel Linder, an editor who sweated and bled over the sorrow he reported, dead at 60 because some fool just had to drive after he was loaded. Lionel Linder, another one who cannot be replaced.

After I lay in bed in shock for a few hours, I got up, and with my new best friend Maxine at my side went off to see a movie. I rarely see movies, but I thought this would distract me. So it did.

At the Beverly Gonnection (sort of like a Connection), we bought tickets for *The Crying Game*. Everyone had raved about it, and I wondered what was going on. It was like, for the first time, every critic in New York and L.A. thought a movie was perfect, and I wanted to know why.

I soon found out. My first clue was that the theater was extremely heavily occupied by gay men and women. My second clue was that the first few scenes were of Miranda Richardson looking like Madonna, or a gay man's idea of what a woman is. My third clue was that the heavy early action in this spy-IRA-twists-and-turns movie had to do with an IRA man fondling a British Jamaican soldier's private parts and then sharing a cigarette with him. My fourth clue was that the shared love object of the IRA man and the Jamaican was a male transvestite.

The Crying Game is the first politically *perfect* movie of the Clinton era. It's the first cross-over homosexual love story to find its way to the big screen. The homosexuals are all great, compassionate, fun-loving guys. The women—woman—is a murderous, square-shouldered, cold-hearted witch. The straight men are bloodless and also murderous. Heterosexual love is sick and twisted—a barely ambulatory British judge with a prostitute, the murderous Miranda Richardson with the hero even as someone is being tortured nearby.

And now we know why the critics loved it so much. Prepare for a lot more of this in the Clinton Nineties. Gay is in, straight is out. Not that it's wrong, of course. It's part of the mosaic of America.

Today happens to be the first anniversary of the death of Maxine's parents. She wanted to go to Friday night Jewish services to say prayers. Luckily, on our way out to the beach, we passed a synagogue in the San Fernando Valley. It was having services, so in we went.

Political correctness has reached far into the guts of *shul*. The congregants were almost all ancient Russian Jewish immigrants, who looked as tormented as people can be. I was touched by their clinging to the synagogue after all they probably went through in Russia.

The service has also changed. Where the prayer book has something like, "We thank God for all of His blessings on us," the Thought Police have altered it to read, "We thank God for all of God's blessings on us." This change crops up over and over, deleting the politically questionable idea, passed on by those well-known sexist pigs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and David, that the Almighty should be thought of in the male, ptooey, gender.

Then there's that old ethnocentric baloney about us Jews being "God's chosen people." That's gone, too, even in the prayer book. The new line, straight from the Ministry of Truth, is that we are chosen to be *witness* to the equal feeling that God has for all of his people, and certainly not singled out for special favors.

Then there's the prayer that commands us to "respect the environment." Somehow I don't recall that one from my youth, either.

My favorite part, though, was the small sermon that the rabbi preached. He reminded us that it was New Year's Day, shabbat, then he told us that governments wanted people to stay in their place, and be slaves forever, but that as Jews, we wanted people to change and grow. Hmmm. What government? Nicholas I's?

Suddenly, a blinding thought came

Benjamin J. Stein, author most recently of A License to Steal: The Untold Story of Michael Milken and the Conspiracy to Bilk the Nation *(Simon & Schuster), is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.*

STUDENTS



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through my head. This is what it's all about—the media's hatred of authority, the media's hatred of the countryside, the media's rage at powerful business. It's all the working out of the fears that arose in the Russian Jewish people over centuries of terror at the hands of the Tsar, the Cossacks, the nobility, the Russian Orthodox Church, the peasants who drowned Jews in wells.

The fear is so deep that it bubbles out as anger even after we've been in America—a totally different animal from Tsarist Russia—for over a century. We (or some of us) equate Nixon with the tsar, equate the Army with the Cossacks, the executives of Du Pont with the Streltsy. Wow. Scary. I'll have to go over this with Irving Kristol.

Off to Hollywood to pick up The Imperial Child, his highness, Master Tommy Stein. He was loaded for bear.

"Daddy," he demanded, "I want a lizard."

"No," I said. "It's New Year's Day. The pet shop will be closed."

"Make them open it up," he said. "You're a movie star."

This kid.

"No, I'm not a movie star," I said. "I am a lowly day player. At best that's what I am. A lowly day player."

"Well, I want my lizard."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I said so," I answered. "And that's that."

"Daddy, can we stop at McDonald's on the way to the beach?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Why can we not stop at McDonald's? Is that your question?"

"Right, Daddy."

"Because the last time we did that, and the ten times before, you ordered food, got a miserable toy of some kind, and then wouldn't eat your food. Does that answer your question?"

"No."

"Well, then because I said so."

We drove through the night. How, I wondered, can Tommy ever be expected to be anything but little Caligula if everyone is always catering to him? He is five and he has his own Nanny who allows him to do anything, his own mother who is his total personality captive, teachers who fall all over him to earn a smile. This is what makes little dictators. No, as I told myself, I will stand up to him.

How can he ever be expected to do any work if no one ever expects him to do anything but be waited upon? How can he ever be expected to show any self-discipline if he's endlessly praised, never criticized, and never expected to do anything but smile?

We got out to Malibu and stopped at the videotape store. He picked out several child's tapes and we went on our way.

Out at my house, it was drizzling. Various columns of ants marched through the house en route to God knows what. No dead rats, though, and that's a blessing.

I listened to my messages and went through my mail. It's become pretty clear that most of my callers are women. It's also clear that I soon won't be able to afford this lavish way of life with houses everywhere I turn. No, the next stop is a little trailer by a lake in Idaho. Yes, just a little trailer where I can read *Barron's* and *TAS*, occasionally stroll into town to play checkers with the boys at the barber shop, and prepare for the High Chaparral.

"Daddy," Tommy called from the bedroom, "I want my lizard."

"I already told you you can't have it tonight."

"I want it tonight and that's that."

"What?"

"Are you saying you're going to get my lizard? Is that what you're saying?" Tommy asked.

"What?" I asked in shock.

"What am I saying? Is that your question?" Tommy asked with a huge smile, as he burst into the living room.

Still, after he fell asleep watching TV, I thought about Lionel Linder. "One of the best. He was one of the best." That's what we say at funerals, and sometimes it's even true.

Wednesday

Ahh, but then there is Pepperdine. I started teaching my class in Advanced Securities Law there two days ago, and *I love it*. My class is in an underground room with no windows, which is a shame, since Pepperdine Law School offers the best views of any law school in the world, from a small mountain overlooking the Santa Monica Bay in Malibu. You can see the sunlight off the waves on most days, and even today, when it's raining, you see a magical haze over the water.

I have only about twenty students, each one a jewel. Alert, polite, thoughtful, they even do their assignments. We talked about leveraged buyouts, about 14-a-9 and 10-b-5, about fiduciary duty, about everything, and then, *gar nichts*, back outside, into the pouring rain. One of my students followed me to my car anyway, talking about Metromedia and Delaware law. I love this job. If anyone would like for me to teach anything like Securities Law or Hollywood Culture, just say so.

Off in the deluge to a meeting with a producer. Through Malibu Canyon, through sheets of water, past a scary rock slide, through a flooded interpass, and then into the San Fernando Valley. It was pouring there, too. Los Angeles has taken on a green, emerald quality that's unusual. I like it. Ireland in Southern California. All that's lacking is the IRA.

Anyway, lunch at Solly's Deli to discuss a project with the producer. He's a likable, intelligent man of about 40, I'd say, with many kids and many ideas. We talked about my plan for a show about a race war, and he liked my pitch a lot. In fact, a great, great deal.

Then, after much chewing by me on a rubbery sandwich, he asked me who, in the race war story, would be the "oppressors."

"No one," I said. "People in this country aren't even slightly oppressed by any group."

"Yes," he said, "I agree, but it makes it better at the network if it's clear who the oppressors are, and preferably the white people." I disagreed.

"All right," he said. "People are sometimes bad, sometimes good. That's all right. The network will take that. But remember it's got to be correct."

I paused and thought for a moment. "Does that mean 'politically correct'?"

"Right," he said tonelessly, "politically correct."

So that's how it is now, Comrade. The commissars at the networks no longer even make any bones about it. A project has to be politically correct. That used to be implicit, and now it's explicit. Well, well, well. At least we know where we are.

Off to my new favorite hangout, The Borderline Cafe, near my home in Malibu. It's Electric Slide Night, and I get to look at the men and women (especially the women) going through their elaborate country routines on the dance floor. The women are generally the better dancers. They strut their stuff in tight jeans and cowgirl boots, and try to look seductive and often succeed.

A middle-aged woman in cowboy clothes came over to flirt with me. She told me she designed plant "environments" by "re-creating gardens indoors." I saw another woman who's a big-time record producer. Yet another is a mortgage loan officer. Then over in the corner are two Pepperdine students, both good friends, and then a beautiful former model, now a waitress. These three are pretty enough to make Clinton sign a tax cut for millionaires.

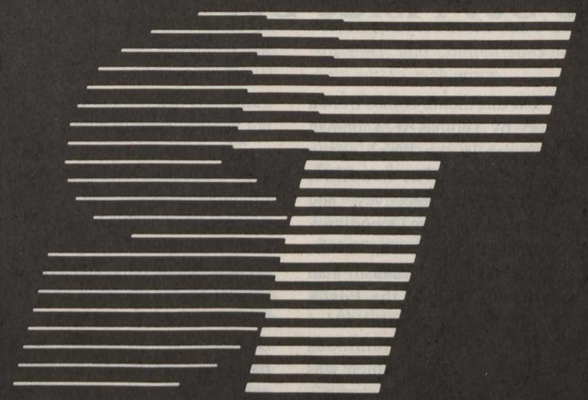
It all reminds me of sock hops at the Silver Spring Armory, circa 1959. There's yours truly, the nerd, sitting on the sidelines watching the pretty girls dance. More important, there are the girls, dancing and smiling. They're not demonstrating in favor of murdering their own children, whining about being exploited, or demanding preferential treatment. They're just having a good time.

Then on home to listen to my Martin Luther King disc. I listen to it every day, and always learn something. For example, I notice that Dr. King in his speeches does not quote African princes of some long-ago imaginary era. He does not claim to be a descendant of Ramses II. No, he quotes Shakespeare: "Love is not love/Which alters when it alteration finds." He quotes Wilhelm Reich and Sigmund Freud. He quotes Aristotle. He must have assumed that as a human he was heir to all that was best about human intelligence, and that all knowledge was his to explore and learn. His was a big view of man.

John Coyne says that we are making a lot of changes to accommodate people who will never be satisfied, and when we're through with the changes, we won't like what we have, but won't be able to go back. He's right, and it scares me.

Thence to sleep, as my TV shows photos of the Clintons. Someday, my TV is going. I have too much to do to watch the Clintons. ❐

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The Set-Aside Set

by Terry Eastland

My text this month comes from a story by Thomas W. Lippman that ran in the *Washington Post* on December 1. The headline, "Energizing Minorities' Objectives," and subhead, "Legislation Offers Opportunity for the Incoming Administration," set the tone. The piece was less journalism than ad copy (indeed, it ran on the *Post*'s "Federal Page"), about a provision added in the final stages to the voluminous Energy Policy Act of 1992, which was signed into law in late October.

The provision, as Lippman summarized it, "requires that at least 10 percent of all federal contracts for energy conservation in government buildings, purchase of natural gas-powered vehicles and energy research and development be awarded to small businesses owned by minorities or women, to historically black colleges or to universities whose student body is more than 20 percent Hispanic or American Indian." What we have here is a perfect example of a policy more commonly called a "set-aside," not that Lippman ever uses the term.

His piece is disturbing in several ways. The first concerns press coverage of government. As the textbooks tell us, Congress makes the law, the executive enforces it. Obviously, the press can't report on every new law or effort at enforcement. Journalists have to pick and choose, and they often are as much in the dark as the public they claim to serve. Still, I would argue that the kind of fishy law-making Lippman reported (I'll give him this much: I saw no other news story on the set-aside) ought routinely to attract press attention, if only because items tacked on late in the legislative game are often ones their sponsors do not want debated in public.

The 10-percent set-aside was just such a debate-avoiding late addition. As Lippman observed, the idea "was hardly mentioned in all the months of hearings and floor debates over nuclear power, offshore oil drilling, and expanded use of natural gas"—the main stuff in the bill. The set-aside was the work of Michigan Democrat John Conyers, who "had no particular interest in energy as such," according to Lippman's congressional sources, and who "kept quiet so as not to



arouse opposition from legislators opposed to affirmative action 'quotas.'" Certainly there's a role for journalism in exposing efforts to make law with no one noticing.

Then there's the question of the press's skimpy coverage of civil rights policies, whether set-aside laws (a congressional staple in recent years) or the executive branch's support for racial and gender preferences. And when the press does cover these issues, it often finds it hard to be timely. (The Labor Department's practice of "race-norming" the results of the General Aptitude Test Battery Examination began in 1981 but was not reported until 1990.) If Bill Clinton further tilts executive-branch enforcement in favor of measures that allocate jobs and other benefits on the basis of race and sex, will the press report it, and before the end of this century?

The open secret, of course, is that the press generally supports such measures and thus in effect colludes with politicians who advance them. Consider Lippman's lead paragraph:

> President-elect Clinton, who has espoused a policy of racial inclusion and said he wants his administration to resemble the ethnic composition of the nation as a whole, may find a useful tool for achieving those objectives in . . . the Department of Energy.

But Candidate Clinton had also espoused an anti-quota view. Thus, the lead just as easily could have been: "President-elect Clinton, who has opposed racial quotas, may find himself at odds with a provision in the recently enacted Energy Policy Act of 1992." Lippman could only have assumed that the set-aside in question was either not a quota or hardly newsworthy even if it was. He withheld pertinent facts, such as that the set-aside does not require proof that its beneficiaries have suffered from past discrimination or that, if they have, it has undermined their ability to compete successfully for federal energy contracts. He also failed to mention that Congress, in passing the Energy Policy Act, didn't find that the legally preferred groups had endured past discrimination in federal procurement contracts. The 10-percent set-aside thus is not a "remedial" provision.

The distinction is important. The main reason the Supreme Court upheld a 1977 minority set-aside law (another Conyers special) was that Congress had made a finding of past discrimination, which served as an adequate remedial "predicate," as the lawyers call it. The set-aside in the new energy bill is therefore ripe for a lawsuit on constitutional grounds. It also merits objection as pure pork, pork dispensed to people on the most objectionable grounds: skin color, ethnicity, and gender. But Lippman doesn't seem remotely aware of these contentious points. To the contrary, let's "energize" minorities' objectives! What a wonderful opportunity for the new administration!

A few days later, the *Post*'s editorial page defended Bill Clinton against Evan Kemp, the outgoing chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Kemp had argued in a speech that Clinton would have a hard if not impossible time reconciling his commitment to "diversity" and his opposition to racial quotas and preferences. The *Post*, hopelessly if willfully confused, said diversity doesn't mean quotas. It simply means you have to pay attention to "forbidden factors," apparently the latest euphemism for aggrieved groups that enjoy official sanction.

Presumably, the model for diversity at the *Post* is the Clinton cabinet. During December and January, just whom Clinton would appoint to what position dominated the news, and dominating those decisions was Clinton's goal of "diversity," defined in terms of those "forbidden factors." Clinton managed to make his diversity mania even more of a story when, on December 21, he accused certain women's groups of being "bean counters" playing "quota games and math games" with his cabinet and subcabinet choices. Clinton's remarks—"his most animated comments since his election," according to one story—led the news. The move was supposedly akin to the one he made against Sister Souljah during the campaign, a signal to anti-quota Americans that he was still against quotas. Meanwhile, he continued to make his picks with diversity foremost in mind.

The press did not question the sincerity of Clinton's bean-counting remarks, if only because it has long played the same two-faced game. Thus, in its Christmas Day coverage of Clinton's final cabinet selections, the *Post* said the President-elect had selected "the most diverse Cabinet in history." There were no quotes around the word "diverse." And there was no definition of "diversity," although diversity can be defined many different ways—in terms of religion, geography, ideology, not just race, ethnicity, and gender. On January 3, Thomas Edsall, another *Post* writer, praised Clinton for trying to change the terms of debate. I'll say. The press was seconding Clinton in his doubletalk while declaring diversity an unproblematic good not requiring definition.

During all the bean counting, reporters ignored the people handling civil rights law for the transition. Granted, it was a busy time, the press can only cover so much, and the actual nominees were the big stories. But few journalists bothered, for example, to check out such figures as Emma Jordan, a law professor assigned to a most critical civil rights spot—the office of attorney general.

Jordan, president of the Association of American Law Schools, has definite views on quotas. In the November AALS newsletter, she defended the University of California at Berkeley's law school admissions policy, which had been criticized by the Bush Education Department. The policy reserved 23-27 percent of the seats in each entering class for "black, Chicano, Asian-American, and Native American" students. The applications of these "minority" students were separated from those of all other students, and comparisons were made only within each group.

I happened to write a column (December 22 for the *Washington Times*) relating Miss Jordan's views. The *Legal Times*'s Stuart Taylor decided to follow up on it, and reported that the American Civil Liberties Union's "Blueprint for Action for the Clinton Administration" even urged Clinton to revive race-norming!

With advocates like Jordan and the ACLU, one can only imagine the shape the new administration's civil rights policies—which will probably affect a majority of Americans—will take. Beware the new math of Bill Clinton! ❐

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Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.



Newport's White Horse Tavern

by M. D. Carnegie

When architectural plans for what became the Rhode Island State House were drafted in the 1730s, Newport officials became embroiled in bitter controversy about the direction the new building should face. The avant-garde thought it should be toward the waterfront and the town's main thoroughfare, a nod to commerce at a time when Newport was one of the most important cities in the colonies. A vocal faction of traditionalists demurred, countering that it should point at the tavern hard by, to which the General Council was in the habit of repairing, and which, at half-a-century-old, was already something of an institution itself.

Well, the old State House is now home to District Court, whence the felonious can barely catch sight of the Atlantic for all the tony harborfront shops, and nowadays Rhode Island pols are more likely to be discovered in the minimum-security wing of the state correctional facility. But the White Horse Tavern still stands, smack where it was built in 1673. It is the oldest continuously operating public house in our United States.

Though the thirsty can no longer fortify themselves with a dram of crank, much of the tavern has remained as it ever was. Outside, a hand-painted wooden sign announces simply: Cocktails. Inside, the floors are still black and unlevel, the enormous central fireplace still roars. There is no piped-in music, no buffalo wings or nachos supreme. Food, of the French variety, is available in helpings inversely proportional to their expense, and the several dining rooms attract a necessarily well-financed crowd, whose cash is largely as *nouvelle* as the cuisine. Newporters like things that are old, however, especially money, and in the town where Cornelius Vanderbilt is still thought a bit of an *arriviste*, it is the bar at the White Horse that is the last refuge of those who make their money the old-fashioned way—by inheriting it.

M.D. Carnegie is a writer living in Rhode Island.

There were at least six licensed taverns operating in the town by 1691, and competition for the tippler's farthing was keen. Location counted for a great deal, as the State House architectural flap showed. And cultivation of the right clientèle, as always, was critical. The Marquis of Granby, a competing pub, was



the favored watering-hole of the Hessian soldiers in the Fusileers. Secret plans were routinely discussed there over a few steins, and the Hessians believed themselves so secure in their native tongue that they never bothered to clear the place out when talking business. Anyhow, they'd never have tossed out the barmaid who served them; young Gertrude had emigrated from Germany at age three, young enough to learn accent-free English. She listened to everything, then passed the information to a patron, a slave named Cudjo, who would then get word to the local patriots. The rest, as they say, is history: the Marquis of Granby closed after the war.

The first owner of the White Horse on record was the lesser-known Willie Mays. He handed it down to his son, but Mays *fils* was already in the midst of a staggeringly successful career as arms-dealer, rum-trader, and at-large privateer. The place was then acquired by Jonathan Nichols, who would become deputy-governor of Rhode Island. The White Horse stayed in the Nichols family for two hundred years. It changed hands several times before being purchased by a group of Texans a decade or so ago. That sale raised a few hackles around town, with some public hand-wringing about selling off a piece of local history, and a good deal of venting of local prejudices against Southerners. Just yards away, after all, Ted Turner had capped off a successful defense of the America's Cup by staggering fifth-in-hand off the side of the dock, and plunging flush into the briny deep. But the gentlemen from Texas took some pains to quell native suspicion, and in fact only two great changes have been made during their tenure. The tavern is now also the titular Atlantic headquarters for the Fort Worth Yacht Club, and it now operates at a profit.

There are guidebooks that will tell you people visit Newport for the fabulous mansions of the swells, but they are also the sorts of books that advise which pricey waterfront café serves the better eggs Florentine, and how your holiday would be incomplete without a stop at the village scrimshoner's. They are not to be trusted. In fact people come to Newport, in the summer at least, because it is full of blonde girls, heartbreakingly beautiful blonde girls. There are German *au pairs* and Grosse Pointe debutantes, Manhattan photo assistants and Aussie round-the-world sailors. There are baronesses, tennis pros, and jewelry-designers here; there are rich heiresses with trust funds. They are all blonde. Of a summer's evening, there are more blondes in this town than in the Swedish Green party.

And, as my Palestinian date remarked on our walk to the White Horse, they are often half in the bag. A beautiful and historic seaport town full of drunken blondes is apt to be popular with *l'homme sportif*, and as we waded through the sea of sweatshirts from colleges I'd never heard of, she allowed as how the forms of courtship in the West appalled her—the drunken whoops, the upsetting of trash receptacles, the public profanity, the puking. It was a warm and typical summer night in Newport. I thought the White Horse would be the perfect antidote.

As always, the patrons, nattily turned out in loafers and cranberry trousers, looked like a Cos Cob alderman's assembly. These were men who had spent their lives sailing and negotiating bond deals, and now they were having a few Scotches with which to wind it down. Life must have seemed very fine to them, and I felt a twinge of nostalgia for the days before the World Wrestling Federation and *Animal House*. We took seats at the bar. On my right sat a woman, fortyish, and to her right was her date, a stout Beau Bridges *manqué* sort of character with that great perturbless visage of the well-to-do. As they were a bit lit up, they broke custom and asked us where we came from. Kuwait, my date responded, to which the man said, "Fine country," sounding as much like a Hemingway safari guide as he could. He had just been to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the UAE working on some large communications deal.

"Too many weeks without a drink, I'll say," he said, grinning warmly and applying the finishing touches to his old-fashioned. My date nodded knowingly, though as a faithful Muslim she has never tasted alcohol. And where was I from? We native Newporters love being asked this question.

"Blumpy's *Mayflower*," his date blurted out as soon as he'd packed off toward the loo. I was so stunned that I wasn't sure I'd heard her properly; maybe it was Bunny, or Bumpy, or Buzzy. This was the very best sort of lineage, of course, but to reveal it thus was a gross error of protocol, and I felt rather ashamed suddenly. Further conversation revealed that she was not married to him. She wasn't even blonde, after all—probably not even Protestant.

Well, there we were at the White Horse Tavern, me and Blumpy and our non-Protestant dates, one an Arab teetotaler and the other a potted Italian Catholic. Blumpy was too civil ever to mention my date's not drinking, which is something of a sin on the seersucker circuit. And for my part I never raised the *Mayflower* issue. We were, after all, two gentlemen who met at a bar, and that is a rare enough thing in our Republic today, indeed. We had a couple more rounds, and talked warmly about the sailing and the business potential in the Arab world and the jazz festival. We shook hands and called it a night, and when my date and I walked outside again, the frat boys had dispersed, and the stars were out. I felt more at peace, as if some of the tranquility of the old geezers had come to me simply by my having shared their space along the bar.

I wanted some more of that tranquility in the winter, when I felt oppressed by the cold and the tinny refrains of the Christmas carols blaring from every speaker, and when I popped into the White Horse on a rainy Thursday in December, the fire was going great blazes. But the place was empty, save a small party who were lunching with the tavern's curator. She was lecturing the guests over their pastas primavera, and straightaway it just didn't feel, well, right. The feeling of warm security had been supplanted by a tense air of guilt. I couldn't figure it out until the curator said, "I want to tell the real story, because the real story is a story of many peoples, and not just one." And then, of course, I knew what was wrong.

But I said nothing, not even when, as an aside at the end of her talk, the curator allowed as how she'd purchased books to be distributed to poor kids at Christmas, and was then returning them in favor of something else. "Imagine," she said, "if I'd given the story of Cinderella to some little black girl." A gentleman would never have pointed out her assumption that all poor kids are black, nor would he have been so crass as to mention that perhaps the timeless romance of a young girl's fantasy come true might actually have a wonderful effect in the child. I didn't either; I only asked what she'd buy instead. "A big Tonka truck," she replied. I walked back out in the rain, dreaming of the blondes of summer. ❐

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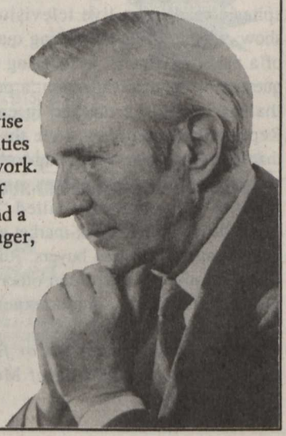
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Horsing Around

by Jonas Bernstein

Moscow, December 23

The mosaic on the side of a building across from Dobrinskaya metro station—where I catch a train each day to my job at *Moscow News*—proclaims "We Are Building Communism" to the oblivious multitudes doing holiday shopping at the kiosks below. In the chaos that is today's Moscow, just who's building what—if anything—is difficult to ascertain.

Gregory Kazankov, a young businessman and political consultant who also teaches chemistry at Moscow State University, is an anomaly in a sea of Russian pessimism. Over dinner at Pizza Hut on Kutuzovsky Prospekt, he shrugs off such seemingly negative indicators as the replacement of Yegor Gaidar with Viktor Chernomyrdin, the former energy sector chief and an old-line nomenklaturist, as prime minister. Kazankov believes the disintegration of the state sector and the concurrent march to the market are accelerating "at the micro level"—that is, in daily life—and are irreversible, with the government more a spectator than a player.

After dinner at the apartment of one of my expat friends, an American metals trader, the TV is giving a different atmospheric reading: a live television talk show, with an audience asking questions of a panel of experts, is focusing on the question of land privatization, a problem that has yet to be tackled in earnest. Repeatedly, questioners state their fear that "the Americans are going to buy up all our land." An hour later, on a "60 Minutes"–like program called "Black Box," the subject is black-market sales of vital organs to Western buyers: Russia, it seems, is joining Brazil and other Third World countries as a major exporter. A crooked doctor is exposed, Mike Wallace–style, on camera. Moments later, a Russian medical specialist opines that the Americans are buying human tissue here in order to study its makeup and to design anti-Russian genetic weapons. This rather astonishing statement passes without commentary.

At midnight, I leave my friend's place for home. At Leninsky Prospekt metro station, a train pulls in. The door of the car opens to reveal a man covered in blood lying on the floor. Another is sitting on the bench clutching his head. Evidently, these two, who seem to be drunk (a very common sight) as well as injured (an increasingly common sight), started a fight with three young guys (two long-hairs and one short-) and lost. The short-hair is alternately kneading his hand, clearly damaged in battle, and ringing the emergency intercom. The train remains motionless except for its doors, which are mindlessly opening and closing. The car, half-full, is completely silent, and no one appears the least bit interested in what's happening; some of the riders are reading newspapers. None of the metro employees or the police are particularly interested, either, so after a few minutes one of the long-hairs simply picks up the beaten-up drunk and deposits him, like a Hefty bag filled with garbage, on the platform. A lone militiaman finally shows up, and as the train pulls away a discussion of who did what to whom begins.

December 24

It's 10 a.m., and I'm chatting with Irina, one of the editors at the *Moscow News* English edition, before I begin my daily routine of editing and hanging out in the magazine's bar. Three gentlemen walk through the door and into the neighboring office; they appear to be of Oriental extraction.

"I think they're Chinese," Irina whispers.

"Maybe Kazakh," I reply, wanting to appear knowledgeable.

Moments later, the three appear before us, led by Natasha, another editor. "Jonas, these men are interested in hiring your services to edit some English translations," she says. "But it's on your own time. They're from Korea."

The apparent spokesman of the troop smiles at me beatifically and holds up a package.

"Okay," I say immediately—South Korean businessmen with contracts written in English. "What is it?" I ask him, pointing to the package.

"It is a chapter from the memoirs of our Leader," he says in English. "There will be 700 pages in all, due by the end of February, 400 rubles a page."

Our Leader? Whoops—wrong Korea.

Realizing that such work doesn't exactly conform to the guidelines of either the National Forum Foundation (from which I am receiving a grant to help build democratic institutions in Russia) or the National Endowment for Democracy, one of its main contributors—nor of the Registration of Foreign Agents Act, for that matter—I improvise: "Thanks very much, but I'm really too busy to take on such a big project." Being thoughtful, I add: "Maybe my colleague is interested; she's also a native English speaker." I run down the hall and quickly tell Lucy, a young British woman right out of journalism school and in search of other media experience and extra money, about this chance for some free-lance editing—nearly 700 bucks at the current exchange rate, I note. "It's the memoirs of Kim Il-Sung, by the way," I feel obliged to add.

Lucy talks to the trio and says maybe, and they leave a chapter with her. "We will return tomorrow at three," says the spoke for his company.

When Kim later has to part with his horse, he cries into its nape. The chapter is also sprinkled with reminiscences about revolutionary comrades. My personal favorite:

> When he was a member of the Children's Vanguard, O Paek Ryong had crossed the Onsong in the homeland with a matchlock pistol he himself had made, and shot a policeman at the custom house and snatched a rifle from him. He was such an audacious boy.

December 25

The day begins with a look at *Moskovsky Komsomolets*, the wildly popular daily that was formerly the organ of the local Young Communist League. These days it's a Russian hybrid of *Spy* magazine and the *National Enquirer*, ideologically all over the map. Russian nationalist, yet it saw its offices attacked by members of the ultra-right Pamyat group (some say as a publicity stunt); pro-gay, yet, in the view of some *Moscow News* staffers, racist (it recently published stories explaining away several racially motivated murders of African students here).

MK reports that earlier in the week several metro drivers were sleeping in an office in one of the city's stations when suddenly one awoke, screaming: "Somebody is crawling on me!" It seems champion who now helps out in the BBC's Moscow bureau. Suddenly there's a knock on the door. It opens, and for a split second it looks as if the Three Kings from the Orient have descended on *Moscow News* to convey season's greetings. It is instead the three three Koreans: Mao two different comthe threesome. One to be Kim Il-Sung's er is about four feet ecurity chief. (I am es of North Koreans eed organized into st be no fewer than imes.) lears her throat and I have to say no . . ." e takes on all the unjom on a bad day. smiling, and terse re flying back and ut being busy is not and booze sitting on eta later swears that y was staring covlies). Finally, Mao d more from you," ished that we did not jump at the chance to help convey the thoughts of the Great Leader to an anxiously awaiting English-speaking world. After a few minutes, Mao snatches his Leader's chapter and they shuffle out. "Merry Christmas," I call after them, not knowing what else to say. ❐

Jonas Bernstein is an editor for the English-language edition of Moscow News.

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Lucy talks to the trio and says maybe, and they leave a chapter with her. "We will return tomorrow at three," says the smiling English-speaker, who, I later learn, is press secretary at the North Korean embassy here. His smile reminds me of Chairman Mao's.

Lucy and I weigh the pros and cons of her accepting the job (i.e., extra money vs. prolonged unwanted proximity to North Korean intelligence). We then move on to the sample chapter, entitled "The Memory of a White Horse." Thirty-three pages long, it is a boy-meets-horse story, a Communist *My Friend Flicka*. "It was in the spring of 1933 that a horse came into my hands," it begins:

> One day officials of the people's revolutionary government in Shiliping and some guerrillas came to see me, driving a horse to me. . . .
>
> "Commander Kim, we wish to present a horse respectfully to you who have to travel many rugged miles. Please accept this," one of the officials spoke for his company.

When Kim later has to part with his horse, he cries into its nape. The chapter is also sprinkled with reminiscences about revolutionary comrades. My personal favorite:

> When he was a member of the Children's Vanguard, O Paek Ryong had crossed the Onsong in the homeland with a matchlock pistol he himself had made, and shot a policeman at the custom house and snatched a rifle from him. He was such an audacious boy.

December 25

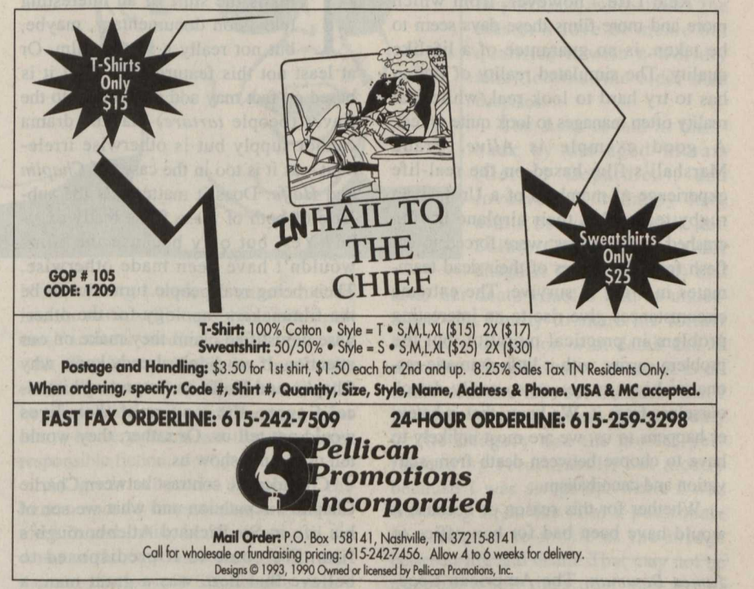
The day begins with a look at *Moskovsky Komsomolets*, the wildly popular daily that was formerly the organ of the local Young Communist League. These days it's a Russian hybrid of *Spy* magazine and the *National Enquirer*, ideologically all over the map. Russian nationalist, yet it saw its offices attacked by members of the ultra-right Pamyat group (some say as a publicity stunt); pro-gay, yet, in the view of some *Moscow News* staffers, racist (it recently published stories explaining away several racially motivated murders of African students here).

MK reports that earlier in the week several metro drivers were sleeping in an office in one of the city's stations when suddenly one awoke, screaming: "Somebody is crawling on me!" It seems a pack of large rats, having consumed the drivers' food, had moved on to their clothes. The rats were driven off, according to the paper, after an hour-long battle.

At the *Moscow News*, we are preparing a small party to celebrate Western Christmas—at the request of the Russian staffers at the English edition, who look for any excuse to party. Lucy has brilliantly improvised a Christmas cake, and I've bought some Spanish wine and Stolichnaya at my neighborhood kiosk. Lucy has decided to blow off the Koreans—for the obvious reasons, as well as the fact that, according to various Russian colleagues, 400 rubles a page for editing is a rip-off. Koreans forgotten, we get on with our usual mix of editing and sitting in the bar.

In the afternoon, Lucy and I are chatting in our office with Sveta, a former Soviet junior and world figure-skating champion who now helps out in the BBC's Moscow bureau. Suddenly there's a knock on the door. It opens, and for a split second it looks as if the Three Kings from the Orient have descended on *Moscow News* to convey season's greetings. It is instead the three Koreans—or rather three Koreans: Mao has returned, but with two different comrades rounding out the threesome. One appears old enough to be Kim Il-Sung's father, while the other is about four feet tall—probably the security chief. (I am later told that the lives of North Koreans in Moscow are indeed organized into "troikas": there must be no fewer than three together at all times.)

Presently, Lucy clears her throat and says, "I'm sorry, but I have to say no . . ." and the atmosphere takes on all the friendliness of Panmunjom on a bad day. Mao is no longer smiling, and terse Korean sentences are flying back and forth. Our excuse about being busy is not bolstered by the cake and booze sitting on the table (though Sveta later swears that the little security guy was staring covetously at the goodies). Finally, Mao speaks: "We expected more from you," he says, clearly astonished that we did not jump at the chance to help convey the thoughts of the Great Leader to an anxiously awaiting English-speaking world. After a few minutes, Mao snatches his Leader's chapter and they shuffle out. "Merry Christmas," I call after them, not knowing what else to say. ❐





Alive and Dead

by James Bowman

One of the simplest ways to judge a film is on the basis of its truth to life. Last month I wrote of Hollywood's neglect, as I see it, of the elementary requirements of verisimilitude in some recent fictional works, and I can only regret that the new Madonna film, *Body of Evidence*, was released too late for inclusion as an example of that neglect. A hypocritical middle-class establishment's putting "a beautiful young woman" on trial for screwing a man to death is obviously a vehicle for the authoress of *Sex*. But in the Madonna world the preposterousness of such a premise might have passed almost unnoticed if it had not been for the preposterousness of everything else about the film—especially the leading lady's performance.

"Real Life," however, from which more and more films these days seem to be taken, is no guarantee of a lifelike quality. The simulated reality of fiction has to try hard to look real, while real reality often manages to look quite unreal. A good example is *Alive*, Frank Marshall's film based on the real-life experience of members of a Uruguayan rugby team who, their airplane having crashed in the Andes, were forced to eat flesh from the bodies of their dead teammates in order to survive. The extreme circumstances give rise to an interesting problem in practical morality, but the problem carries with it little dramatic resonance because we can so easily detach ourselves from it. We know that, whatever happens to us, we are most unlikely to have to choose between death from starvation and cannibalism.

Whether for this reason or because it would have been bad for box office to show the teen heartthrob, Ethan Hawke, tucking into a plate of man-meat, Marshall downplays the cannibalism and makes his film into a story of survival scarcely distinguishable from any other. Oh sure, they eat some guys, but they're very discreet about it. There are a few anonymous stiffs on the ground from whose backs the lads cut their lunch with shards of glass, but it is easy to forget that they were people. We don't even see their faces, just the meat, which looks like any other meat. For the most part we are kept firmly focused on the physical rather than the moral perils that the survivors must confront, and we have to take it on faith that they'll "never be the same again" once they are forced into cannibalism.

This is the stuff of an interesting television documentary, maybe, but not really a feature film. Or at least not this feature film. That it is based on fact may add a piquancy to the flavor (people *tartare*) that the drama cannot supply but is otherwise irrelevant—as it is too in the cases of *Chaplin* and *Hoffa*. Does it matter that the subjects of both of these films really existed? Yes, but only because the films wouldn't have been made otherwise. Their being real people turns out to be the filmmakers' apology for the otherwise unjustified claim they make on our attention. If we didn't already know why Chaplin and Hoffa are important historical figures, the movies of their lives would not tell us. Or rather, they would tell us but not show us.

Consider the contrast between Charlie Chaplin's reputation and what we see of his life in Sir Richard Attenborough's film. We come to it predisposed to believe that here was a great man, a comic genius whose legend still survives. A fictional work could never create such a towering figure, because he would bump his head against history and so call attention to his fictional status. But although he has so much audience good will to draw on, Sir Richard does not take enough trouble to explain what was so great about him. We see too little of him at work, and even his colorful private life comes off looking sketchy compared with the political material. J. Edgar Hoover has a bigger part than those of Chaplin's first three wives put together.

A man from Mars who saw this film might take away with him the impression that Chaplin's greatest achievement was refusing to shake hands with a Nazi or expressing (obliquely) left-wing views in the presence of J. Edgar. It is sad to reflect that, even in Hollywood, where you would expect Chaplin to be remembered for his films, the story of his life is more an occasion for yet another self-congratulation over the "creative community's" resistance to the McCarthyist terror. Of course it all *happened*. Or something like it happened. But a lot of other things happened in Chaplin's life that didn't make it onto the screen, and the audience must be left with the feeling that among those other things was whatever it is that makes Chaplin a great man.

If you admire anybody after seeing the film it is Robert Downey, Jr. for being such a splendid mimic that at times you can scarcely tell him from the real Chaplin. This too is typical of the narcissism of the "creative community": the subject of the film takes a back seat to its star and so is diminished even further in our estimation. Who cares about Chaplin when we've got Robert Downey, Jr.? And who cares about Jimmy Hoffa when we've got Jack Nicholson? Indeed, who cares about Jimmy Hoffa even if we didn't have Jack Nicholson? This is another unimpressive film with an impressive leading man, and Nicholson, with the help of the make-up man, also does a bang-up job of mimicry—though his acting is characteristically hammy.

But if your interest is in Hoffa rather than Nicholson, the film is so sketchy and inaccurate an account of his life and crimes that its "truth" is dissolved in politics: here was a flawed but colorful champion of the working class about whose demise there remains a mystery, so Danny DeVito thought that his life would be a good subject for a movie. It isn't. Hoffa comes across as a nasty piece of work, with the kind of toughness and single-minded devotion to his union that wins him a certain grudging respect, but that's about all there is to it. The mystery of his physical disappearance turns out to be much less mysterious than his reappearance eighteen years later in a major motion picture.

The film's one gesture in the direction of history is to remind us of people, places, clothes, cars, furniture, and attitudes that were once familiar, but it supplies no particular reason for us to remember them. Such aimless nostalgia is another reason—along with instant name recognition, the Hollywood political mythology, and the confusion of mimicry with acting—why bio flicks get made. A less common but perhaps more powerful reason is the inspirational quality of true-life stories like *Lorenzo's Oil*, which, like most inspirational stories, I hated.



Nick Nolte and Susan Sarandon play the parents of a child stricken with a genetically transmitted wasting disease. They transform themselves into biochemists in the space of a few months and manage to invent if not the cure at least a palliative for the disease. Unlike *Hoffa*, this movie has a purpose, which is to persuade people to give money to research on myelin repair—what Lorenzo now needs in order to do anything more than blink his eyes. This makes it a great fund-raising appeal but not much of a movie—if only because it has the desert-island quality of *Alive*. Making our own miracle is not an option available to most of us faced with the death of a loved one.

In fact, I found that kind of medical triumphalism (cleverly masked by the parents' struggles against the medical establishment) very off-putting. This is really a yuppie movie committed to the yuppie idea that death is optional. Given enough "resources"—taken from the things that make life worth living and committed to mere health care—we could perhaps, they seem to say, prolong life indefinitely. That is why the doctor played by the ex-Soviet apologist Peter Ustinov is allowed to make a gratuitous swipe at "the iron hand of Reaganomics," as if the Gipper were personally responsible for young Lorenzo's transformation into the mute, suffering subject of his parents' amateur medical experiments. As with *Chaplin* and *Hoffa*, the "true" story carefully cut and trimmed to reveal a bogus political and moral message turns out to be very much less true than more responsible fiction.

As great art is the record of the human spirit's response to its confinement in and limitation by nature, so the denial of the most fundamental such limitation—death—in a film like *Lorenzo's Oil* is essentially philistine. We may decide that we want the Struldbrugian life lusted after by the health fanatics more than we do any amount of art, but at least let us recognize the ghastly tastelessness of our ambitions.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast than that between such vulgarity and the link forged between art and death in the Movie of the Month, Alain Corneau's *Tous les Matins du Monde*—which is also based on a "true" story. Are you beginning to get the feeling that the word "true" applied to a story is a singularly unhelpful adjective?

To be sure, so little is known about the real lives of the film's subjects, two seventeenth-century French composers called Sainte-Colombe and Marin Marais, that a great many gaps have had to be plugged with fiction. Sainte-Colombe (Jean-Pierre Marielle) is seen as a character obsessed with the death of his wife and with music. The two obsessions are finally fused in an overwhelming passion for the art that transcends language and so offers "refreshment to the dead, who have run out of words." He takes as his pupil the young Marin Marais (Guillaume Depardieu), who shares the master's love of music but qualifies it with a worldly ambition that the older man despises.

The story is told in flashback by the aged Marais (Gérard Depardieu), and involves an unhappy love affair between himself and Sainte-Colombe's elder daughter (Anne Brochet) that after her death enables him to understand and finally to share his former teacher's obsession with death and to echo his romantic view of art. It is all rather over the top, but I confess that I loved it—partly because of the beauty of the imagery and the music, performed by Jordi Savall, but mostly because I was swept up, while I was watching it, in the film's passionate commitment to music as the bridge between life and death. That may not be true, but it still rings truer than any of the other true-life tales now making the rounds. ❐

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

THE RASCAL KING: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY (1874-1958): AN EPIC OF URBAN POLITICS AND IRISH AMERICA

Jack Beatty

Addison-Wesley / 571 pages / $25

reviewed by FRED SIEGEL

Jack Beatty, senior editor of the *Atlantic*, has written the best book on African-American history published in recent years. It is *The Rascal King*, a definitive account of the greatest of Boston's Irish-American political bosses. Beatty, who writes with a pre-postmodern devotion to narrative and factual accuracy, wants to wrest James Michael Curley from the mythology that has obscured him since he was immortalized as the charming rogue Frank Skeffington in Edwin O'Connor's 1957 novel *The Last Hurrah*. (Curley took advantage of O'Connor's novel to embroider his already larger-than-life past.) First elected to Congress in 1911 and to the mayor's office in 1914, Curley dominated local politics—and the political imagination of the Boston Irish—from before the First World War until after the Second, when, again a congressman, he won a fourth and final mayoral term despite having served time for mail fraud.

A man of compelling contradictions, Curley cared for the Irish poor even as he had contempt for their helplessness. He made a career acting out the Irish hatred of the English even as he aped the manners and mores of the British aristocrat. And he made lawlessness almost lovable, explaining that "I never stole from anyone who couldn't afford it."

In the course of saving his scoundrel from the netherworld of nostalgia, Beatty illuminates the compelling parallels between the histories of the Irish and the African in America's cities. It's a comparison that was made by Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Nathan Glazer in *Beyond the Melting Pot*, but it has never been made more effectively than in the course of Beatty's retelling. Occasionally Beatty interrupts the history to point to parallels between Curley and, for instance, Washington's former mayor Marion Barry, but the narrative itself commands the comparisons.

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In the late 1840s, the Boston Yankee Ephraim Peabody called the arrival of the Irish "about the equivalent to a social revolution." The Irish shattered the communal consensus on values and initiated a century of cultural/political conflict. Similarly the African-Americans arriving in the cities en masse from the peasant South, after having been driven off the land by mechanized cotton-picking—the modern equivalent of the enclosure movement that sealed the fate of the Irish peasantry—shattered the urban consensus created by the common experiences of the New Deal and World War II. For both groups, oppression helped produce fatherless families and the associated instability, violence, and escape into chemical intoxication so eloquently chronicled by Moynihan. But most striking among their shared experiences—their misery at the hands of Anglo-Saxons aside—is that they almost alone experienced not only upward but also sharp *downward* mobility in the cities they settled in.

The first generation of prominent Irish politicians were frankly integrationist. In 1876 Patrick Collins, the first Irishman elected to the Massachusetts state senate, denounced

> any man or body of men who seek to perpetuate divisions of race or religions in our midst. . . . I love the land of my birth but in American politics I know neither race, nor color, nor creed. Let me say that there are no Irish voters among us. There are Irish-born citizens . . . but the moment the seal of the court was impressed on our paper we ceased to be foreigners and became Americans.

But this integrationism collapsed at the turn of the century under the burden of a restructuring and deindustrialization similar to the one we're living through today. When Boston's shoe and textile industries moved South, the city went into sharp decline and took the Irish with it for half a century. "One generation after another," Beatty writes, "was being forced by present needs to sacrifice future promise." Stranded, angry, increasingly violent in the years after the depression of the 1890s, "they seemed like a people without ancestry," wrote sociologist Robert Woods. "Each generation stands on its own strength."

The combination of the depression and their new-found political success unleashed the long-held Irish anger at the Yankees who had first disdained and then deserted them; "Curley rose as Boston fell." Delivered from their deference to the Boston Protestants, the Irish turned politics into what Henry Adams had feared: "the systematic organization of hatreds." Quoting Boston's Cardinal O'Connell, Mayor Curley taunted: "The Puritan is passed; the Anglo-Saxon is a joke; a newer and better America is here."

Curley, the best accuser of the Yankee, succeeded in playing both the bully and the victim at a time when the worst of Irish suffering was well past. He became the voice of Irish Power. "[In] Curley's version of historical revisionism there was an Irishman at the bottom of everything American." The Irish, says Beatty, were to be both separate and the *best* Americans. If the Catholics couldn't compete economically with Protestants, cried Bishop O'Connell, they could win politically through sheer numbers. O'Connell even drew on Booker T. Washington to suggest the need for accepting one's limitations. This mix of political assertiveness and economic resignation was a formula for envy and hostility, which expressed itself through Curley's capacity to conjure up anti-Irish and anti-Catholic conspiracies behind every turn of events. There was always someone else to blame.

In the wake of the failed integration, Curley forged a new order in Boston based on the simultaneous distrust of both Protestant legal authority—outcomes, not integrity, were what counted—and dependence on government. Disdainful of the dole, which he saw as dangerous to both discipline and self-respect, he favored a policy of "work and wages"—he would first succor and then snare the Irish with a local welfare state.

Curley was at his best in the early years of the Great Depression, for he saw even before Roosevelt that the main enemy was "the psychology of fear," and fought the Depression with a public works building boom. Sounding like an earlier version of Mickey Kaus and other contemporary proponents of workfare, he said that he'd "rather spend $10 to keep people working than give $2 in the dole." Curley's New Deal *avant la lettre* razed 2,000 tenements, built twelve parks, and added three subway extensions—while cutting the relief budget. His example and ideas influenced national policy. Drawing on his own local brain trust and his election in 1930 as president of the National Conference of Mayors, he proposed hydroelectric and flood-control projects, old-age pensions, and public works that anticipated much of the best of the New Deal.

But Curley, as Beatty puts it, "was a hero to break your heart." He never built a machine because state legislation, aimed directly at him, forbade a mayor from succeeding himself. Instead, playing the "racial" card—"No Irishman worthy of the name can vote for [fill in the opponent]"—the perpetual candidate was elected governor in 1935 and promptly cost Massachusetts substantial sums of federal money by insisting on direct control of the aid. National reporter Louis Lyons characterized Curley's reign as "frankly racial beyond anything known elsewhere in America." Curley attempted to outlaw civil marriage and to ban speech or thought that might be offensive to Irish Catholics, and invariably responded to his critics by accusing them of anti-Irish prejudice. "One set of intolerances," wrote Lyons, "has been replaced by another."

In the late 1930s, Curley's admiration for Mussolini, along with what Beatty calls his "civil authoritarianism," led him into all the excesses that Roosevelt was unjustly accused of. Likened to Huey Long and called "the Codfish Führer" by some of his critics, he was extravagant in his admiration for the Duce, whom he saw as just a New Dealer in a hurry. "Mussolini," he said, "believes in spending public money for public good, offering advantages and opportunities and thereby providing employment." In a parallel to the left-wing argument that "Communism was twentieth-century Americanism," Curley claimed that "the faith of Columbus, of Washington, of Lincoln and Mussolini is now being exemplified by Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Some of this, like giving the



fascist salute, was part of courting the Italian vote, but when Curley roamed the state in his huge touring car, running people off the road, it was clear that the admiration was more than rhetorical.

"Government," claimed Curley, "was not created to save money and to cut debt. But to take care of the people. That's my theory of government." And take care he did, at least in the short run. By 1948, according to the Municipal Research Bureau, Boston had 45 percent more city employees than the average of the eight largest cities. Fifty-five thousand Bostonians lived in public housing—one of every fourteen, the highest proportion in any city. Per capita expenditure for police and fire were the highest in the nation, as were Boston's tax rates.

The consequence, one contemporary noted, was "a creeping paralysis which [was] slowly destroying Boston as a business center." To avoid the crushing weight of Curleyism, downtown property owners sometimes chopped off vacant upper stories to reduce confiscatory assessments, and not a single new "office building was constructed in the downtown area between 1927 and 1958." (In effect, Curley drew on the three centuries of commercial capital built up in Boston, withdrawing the principal without replenishing the capital. Twenty years after Curley's death, New York plowed down the same path, with a predictably parallel result.)

For the Boston Irish, writes Beatty, "like peoples emerging from colonialism around the world, Who governed them would be more important to their group pride than How they were governed." But at what price such pride. On balance, Beatty concludes that "Curley deserves the gratitude of posterity." But, as honest a researcher as he is skillful a stylist, Beatty provides more than enough evidence to undermine his own conclusion. As the city budget swelled, the economy shrunk, and property-owners weren't the only losers. "Many Bostonians," Beatty writes, "were worse off in 1950 than they or their families had been in 1914 and Curley was a major reason why." In the long run, government workfare had—like the dole and other entitlements—produced a people entitled to little but their poverty. Politically, it led to a Peronism that reproduced the resentments that Curley used to cadge votes time and again. Curley "had a stake in leaving basic problems unsolved, the better to manipulate the frustrations that meant votes to him." The sweet salve of righting past injustice foreclosed the future of a people whose leaders were more interested in spite than success. As such, Beatty concludes, Curley "emerges as a contemporary, a prince of our disorder." ❐

EDGAR A. POE: MOURNFUL AND NEVER-ENDING REMEMBRANCE

Kenneth Silverman

HarperCollins / 576 pages / $27.50; $13 paper

EDGAR ALLAN POE: HIS LIFE AND LEGACY

Jeffrey Meyers

Charles Scribner's Sons / 348 pages / $30

reviewed by ERIK RIESELBACH

Only a handful of Edgar Allan Poe's tales maintain a grudging respect on their literary merits—except among adolescents and Frenchmen. Yet Poe's life has always exercised a fascination over the reading public, derived in equal measure from Poe's untruths and foes' slanders—and from the raptures of Baudelaire.

The facts are well known. Born in Boston, Poe had lost his parents, both actors, by the time he was three: his father had abandoned the family and his mother had died. (His brother was a rover and a drunk, his sister apparently retarded.) He was taken in by the Richmond merchant John Allan, who "never allowed him to lose sight of his dependence upon his charity," and sent him to the University of Virginia with too little money to pay for his classes. Poe took to drinking, ran away from home, then joined the army. He negotiated a release in order to attend West Point, but was not happy there either, and deliberately had himself court-martialed and dismissed.



Erik Rieselbach is the poetry editor of Grand Street.

He took refuge with his father's sister, Maria Clemm, who would mother him for the rest of his life, and eventually married her daughter when she was 13. When John Allan died, leaving none of his ample fortune to his former ward, Edgar was 25.

Poe lived fifteen more years of poverty and misery. He worked for a succession of magazines, whose editors were impressed by his brilliance but alienated by his personal habits; he quit or was fired from each of them, working no longer than fourteen months at any one. He wrote and published widely, but was paid next to nothing, even though some of his works—especially "The Raven"—were hugely popular. As a book reviewer, he denounced almost everything that came before him, thus earning him the eternal enmity of that part of the literary world he had not already alienated with his drinking sprees. Poe was a particularly unpleasant drinker: he would gulp down his drinks, driving himself into a state of total intoxication as quickly as possible, and his belligerence would overwhelm his usual studied courtesy. "If he took but one glass of weak wine or beer or cider the Rubicon of the cup was passed with him, and it almost always ended in excess and sickness," noted a friend. Poe's first employer, Thomas Willis White of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, who hoped to rehire Poe after he had quit or been fired, warned him in a letter, "No man is safe who drinks before breakfast!"

For a few months after publishing "The Raven," Poe found himself lionized in literary salons. A number of society ladies, most of whom fancied themselves poetesses (Poe gladly puffed their writings in his reviews), fell under his spell: "I see," wrote one of them to another, "that your beautiful invocation has reached the Raven in his *cote* . . . May Providence protect you . . . for his croak [is] the most eloquent imaginable. He is in truth 'A glorious devil, with large heart and brain.'" But these relationships, which were passionate, if platonic, landed Poe in hot water, and when one of his jealous protégées accused him of slandering her, the salon doors were closed in his face. After his wife died of tuberculosis, Poe carried on intense relationships with four women simultaneously, and thought of at least two of them as possible wives. But his reputation and his own ambivalence made marriage impossible.

Poe died in the course of a protracted alcoholic binge, dressed in clothing that was not his, "bloated and unwashed, his hair unkempt, and his whole physique repulsive." Even though his enemy Rufus Griswold—who described Poe as "exhibit[ing] scarcely any virtue in either his life or his writings"—was given control of his literary estate, Poe's collected works were in their seventeenth edition within nine years of his death.

Kenneth Silverman's book is in many ways a perfect academic biography: Silverman has consulted a vast amount of primary material and assembled it unexceptionably. In the sheer marshaling of details, he succeeds in creating a vivid picture, if not of Poe himself, at least of the world through which Poe's inscrutable figure stalks. Silverman's analysis of the writings is not particularly profound, but he usefully traces the thematic connections among various works. (I'm especially fond of his penchant for revealing the countless names in Poe's writing that include the double *a*'s and *l*'s of "Allan.")

This is Jeffrey Meyers's ninth biography, and Silverman's renders it almost useless. Meyers lays out Poe's life in some detail, but includes almost nothing that can't be found more fully discussed in Silverman. Meyers provides much commentary, but all is on the most superficial plane. He all too frequently tries to illuminate Poe's behavior by adducing parallels from other writers, many of them subjects of previous Meyers biographies: "Like D.H. Lawrence, Poe could say, 'I daren't sit in the world without a woman behind me.' Like George Orwell . . . Poe precipitously proposed to several ladies who rejected him."

Meyers's two final chapters—"Reputation" and "Influence"—have a certain summary usefulness as a catalogue of later writers' responses to Poe, including a nice description of Baudelaire's fascination with him. But many of the supposed influences are tenuous indeed. Poe writes a piece on premature burials; in *Ulysses*, Bloom meditates on the horror of being buried alive. Poe's story "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" describes the mutiny of patients in a lunatic asylum; this "prefigures the ideas of iconoclastic thinkers like R.D. Laing and Thomas Szasz, and the theme of Ken Kesey's novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*."

Poe was clearly a maddening man, "a chaos of deep passion," as he says in the early poem "Dreams." He constantly invented false histories for himself, claimed that various poems had been written much earlier than they really had, misstated his own date of birth to make himself younger than he was, and produced all manner of bizarre rationalizations for his own behavior. A manipulative streak seems to have characterized his relations with virtually all of his friends and employers. He repeatedly turned on those who had tried to help him, and Elizabeth Barrett described the review of one of her books as vacillating between "the two extremes of laudation and reprehension, folded in one another. —You would have thought it had been written by a friend & a foe, each stark mad in love & hate, and writing the alternate paragraphs."

Poe also felt compelled to undermine himself. Late in his life, he seems to have written a pseudonymous letter defending Longfellow against accusations of plagiarism that Poe had made in his own signed articles. Poe then published five rejoinders to his own pseudonymous attack on himself. Poe's idea of plagiarism was obsessive and odd: no actual lines, or even words, had to be purloined; rather it was the general subject that was craftily stolen. The irony is that Poe's own writings are filled with wholesale liftings from other poets, critics, even encyclopedias. The most astounding comes in the "Letter to Mr. —," in which Poe announces that "a poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth." This definition is almost exactly that given in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, down to the italics. Poe's only contribution is the phrase "in my opinion," which it exactly isn't.

But the oddest incident came at a reading Poe gave in Boston in 1845. Poe had always been at odds with the New England transcendentalists—for one thing, they were abolitionists, while Poe thought blacks sub-human. But he was hungry for acclaim in the city of his birth, and he arranged to give a reading at the Boston Lyceum, promising to deliver a new poem. This he was unable to write. On taking the stage, after a fifteen-minute apology for the "indefinitiveness" and "general imbecility . . . so unworthy a *Bostonian* audience," of the poem he was going to read, Poe launched into "Al Aaraaf," an astronomical fantasy almost 300 lines long. The audience—which had already endured a two-and-a-half-hour speech by the American commissioner to China—found it interminable and pointless. Many listeners fled. At a reception afterward, Poe claimed that "Al Aaraaf" had been written when he was 12 (actually, it probably dated from his twentieth year).

On returning to New York, he announced in the *Broadway Journal* that "we have been quizzing the Bostonians, and one or two of the more stupid of their editors and editresses have taken it in high dudgeon." When this provoked further attacks, Poe laid out a full "explanation" of his actions. Beginning by claiming that he had in fact been "cordially received" and that the poem had been read with "many interruptions of applause," he proceeded to attack the dullness of Boston, its bad hotels, its hostility toward himself, and its pathetic duck pond. For such an audience, he could hardly have been expected to waste his time in writing a new poem. Fortunately, he'd had "lying by him" one published when he was *ten*. ❐

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RISING IN THE WEST:
THE TRUE STORY OF AN "OKIE" FAMILY FROM THE GREAT DEPRESSION THROUGH THE REAGAN YEARS

Dan Morgan

Alfred A. Knopf / 532 pages / $25

reviewed by CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

In *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), John Steinbeck portrayed the Oklahomans displaced in the 1930s as radicalized victims of capitalism who would transform California politics—which they were not. In the 1980s, Republicans saw them as forming part of the backbone of a supply-side revolution—which they did not. More recently, their devout religiosity has led some on the left to view them as reactionaries willing to turn back the clock on such issues as racial integration—which they are not.

Washington Post reporter Dan Morgan—who developed a lifelong obsession with the Okies after his own reading of Steinbeck's novel, even spending a college summer picking fruit with them—sets out in *Rising in the West* to discern their motives and measure their impact. He chronicles four generations of one of the most successful Okie families, the Tathams, who left Sallisaw, Oklahoma—hometown of "Pretty Boy" Floyd and starting point for Steinbeck's Joad family—in 1934. (To a much lesser extent, he covers a smaller family, the Tacketts.)

Oca Tatham had been drifting from tent cities to migrant farms to welfare hotels, getting in trouble with women and running afoul of the law, until he married and was "saved." In 1934, he loaded his truck with fifteen others, including his wife and two children and his parents, and set off for California. After several mishaps—including the overturning of his truck—Oca wound up in Delano, just north of the Okie capital of Bakersfield and just south of Fresno, which would be the family's base by the end of the century. Over the years, Oca would take advantage of his horse trader's instincts and lucrative real estate deals to turn himself into a multi-millionaire. His son Bill would multiply Oca's fortune several times by operating nursing homes, leasing firms, and professional sports teams. Ultimately, their plutocratic triumphs led them to a big-time involvement in Republican politics. Morgan tells the story in painstaking detail: while hardly typical in either their ambitions or their fortunes, the Tathams experienced virtually all of Okie migrant life in microcosm.

Christopher Caldwell is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator.

For Morgan, the Okie migration is an immigrant story, and the consequences of the culture of the old country for California were profound. The Okies grew the tobacco they smoked. They gave their children odd nonce names like Brenee and Caprice. They brought with them a cornball sense of humor and an earnest sentimentality that manifested itself not only in Woody Guthrie songs but also in popular California radio shows like "Dog Talk." Importantly, as Morgan notes, they never stayed in any one place long enough to become part of the power structure; in turn, "their suspicions of higher authority meant that they created a patchwork of minimalist authority everywhere they went."

At dead-center of Okies'—at least the Tathams'—cultural life was their religious faith. Drake's Prairie, the broad sweep of foothill farmland around Sallisaw, was known as the "prayin'-est place in all Oklahoma." Through "brush-arbor" revivals, populist religion entered the warp of Oklahoma culture, and the various Pentecostal sects quickly proved not only the most controversial but also the most durable. Pentecostalism modeled itself on Luke's description of the days following the Resurrection, and sought "spiritual gifts" that were evidence of "Baptism in the Holy Spirit"—including prophecy and speaking in tongues. The latter became the trademark of Pentecostalism and almost immediately earned its adherents the opprobrium among Christians that it would later suffer among the public at large. Baptists in particular saw this enthusiasm as leaving ample room for spiritual fraud and "cheap grace." Thus, Pentecostalism became a fringe religion before most Americans had even heard of it.

Influenced by African worship and Wesleyan Methodism, the modern Pentecostal movement was launched by the black Texan William Seymour at the Azusa Street revival in Los Angeles in 1906. (It's an irony worthy of a Richard Rodriguez essay that the religion the Okies "brought" to Southern California was in fact launched there.) Morgan asserts that Pentecostalism, not jazz, was the first major black influence on the white middle class. But Pentecostalism became widespread in California at about the same time as radio, and soon took on many of the "Middle American" trappings by which we recognize it now as the Assemblies of God: televangelists, broadcast faith healings, modern churches in the middle of gigantic parking lots, and Christian spin-offs, from vacation resorts to dating services.

The Okies were beset with slanders and misunderstandings from the first, and it was religion that led to most of them. Even today, the Joad family in *The Grapes of Wrath* is the source of most of the Okie stereotypes, and almost all of them are false. Steinbeck distrusted Pentecostalism, and portrayed it as something smarter Okies considered fanatic and risible, not as the strongest common bond uniting the various Okie subcultures which it so clearly was. "Evidently," Morgan writes, "Pentecostal and other fervent religion was seen by social reformers as standing in the way of molding Okies into a more progressive force in California politics."

Steinbeck had a political axe to grind, portraying the Joads as having been "dusted" off their land by a combination of fluke weather and rapacious bankers. (In fact, of the slightly more than 100,000 Okies who came annually to California in the mid-1930s, only 2-3 percent came from the six panhandle counties of the state's Dust Bowl.) The Joads get involved in radical labor politics as soon as they arrive in California, but Morgan shows that Okies, particularly those from the "Tri-State" area around Sallisaw, were a "fluid proletariat" not only disinclined to stage strikes but renowned for breaking them.

Debates in Congress about how to resolve California's "Okie Problem" centered on two strategies that were equally anti–free market: Democrats favored increasing relief; Republicans favored relief cuts and actual "repatriation." The congressional studies were the most comprehensive done on poverty until the Johnson administration, and it's fortunate that they were shelved by World War II. Those who worry about an American farm policy set by Hollywood actresses testifying before Congress will find an instructive early parallel here—the entire debate was driven by Steinbeck's non-existent Oklahoma. Specifically, the idea on which both poles of the argument rested—that the Okie migration had been driven by drought—was simply not true.

But neither was the competing Okie myth that arose after World War II: that the group had pulled itself up by its own bootstraps. Willy-nilly, the Okies were the beneficiaries, Morgan writes, "of the greatest infrastructure program ever undertaken by the federal government and probably by any government in the history of the world." Federal water projects—starting with the Central Valley Project of 1933—have made California's Central Valley as pork-glutted and government-dependent as any micro-economy in the country, but that was just the beginning. And the Tathams—ironically, considering the role they were to play as bedrock members of the Reagan coalition in the 1980s—took part in every boondoggle and government works project the state pushed their way. They arrived in California when it was still offering the most liberal social payments of any state in the country, and Oca immediately went on the dole. Oca's father Walter Tatham supported Upton Sinclair's End Poverty in California platform in 1934. All the Tathams benefited from the defense buildup that has made California the prime destination of federal largesse for the last half-century. Oca owned a transport truck, which gained him not only a draft deferment but also the most lucrative contract of his life to that point—transporting water to and from the Hanford nuclear site in Oregon, where the Nagasaki bomb was being built.

With a big stake once the war ended, Oca began to profit handsomely from real estate investments. He entered the fledgling nursing home business just before the rash of government legislation—the Public Assistance Medical Care Program (1957), Medical Assistance for the Aged (1960), and Medicaid (1966), to name just the federal programs—that would turn nursing home operators into millionaires at virtually zero risk.

It was at this point that the Tathams crossed the important line between merely taking advantage of laws in place, and trying to influence politics. They ponied up for campaign contributions to House Ways and Means chairman Wilbur Mills after he secured passage of a bill benefiting nursing-home operators. Once Oca's son Bill and grandson Billy began trying to muscle their World Football League franchise, the Memphis Grizzlies, into the NFL in the late seventies, Bill befriended Tony Coelho. Bill and Billy contributed to Al Gore when his interest in an NFL franchise for Memphis dovetailed with theirs; and they courted both Arizona senators—McCain and DeConcini—when they were trying to put an expansion team in Phoenix. Young Billy even supported the daffy "Ev" Mecham during his term as Arizona governor.

For a nursing home magnate with powerful Washington connections to become a Reaganite, i.e. to take part in what most perceived as a small-government revolution, seems to be gall worthy of Ross Perot—peeling millions out of taxpayer contributions and then complaining that the federal government is profligate. And the Tathams don't fit the conservative profile in terms of traditional family values, either—much as the media has cast that most visible Pentecostal Pat Robertson as the point man for that tendency in the Republican party. The nursing home business, of course, is one of those callings—along with divorce law, day care, and the abortion industry—that have as their very *raison d'être* the weakening of familial bonds. And while no one would doubt that the Tatham family is strong and value-soaked, those values are hardly traditional. Oca got remarried seven months after his wife Ruby's death. He is a rich man who put none of his children through college; during one five-year period in the 1940s, he sent his children to eleven different schools in four states. Young Billy's hobby in his twenties was selling—in bulk, without a license—Ingram MAC-10s, the machine pistols designed for, and used almost exclusively by, cocaine dealers. (And this after his little brother has accidentally shot a playmate dead with a target rifle.) The family is riddled with social problems, from the fact that most of Oca's grandchildren's marriages ended in divorce to Ruby's brother's conviction for molesting his thirteen children.

This is not to say that the Tathams are thoroughly hypocritical, or do not recognize their problems as problems. For all their larger-than-life frailties, Morgan is fond of these people, whom he portrays as moderns, not reactionaries. "The same individuals," Morgan writes, "who spoke in tongues, experienced healing, read the signs in a deer crossing a cornfield, and saw flames shooting down from heaven, could jury-rig a truck, fix a motor, and repair a wagon with baling wire." Importantly, they are not—as it has been fashionable to caricature conservative Republicans—casting "coded" votes for a return to an "earlier America," by which liberal commentators most often mean segregation. Aside from the deep black roots of their own church, which repudiated the Ku Klux Klan as "un-Christian and un-American" in 1925—when the Klan was not to be trifled with—Tathams of all generations have not merely tolerated or even befriended blacks: they have *gravitated* to them. Tathams describe their reception in California by saying, "It was sort of like how the colored people felt . . ."

Pentecostal politics is, after all, minority politics. Pentecostals and other Republican fundamentalists are perennially underempowered, for their own party cannot afford to embrace them: As the controversies over last summer's delegate selection at the Republican convention make plain, the Pentecostals are a problem for Republicans much as the black left is a problem for the Democrats: they scare the rest of America to death.

Part of this is the willful stupidity of people who cannot tell a charismatic from an evangelical and cannot distinguish

Jerry Falwell from David Duke. And the "tolerant" objection raised against Okie religion is the same one that foes of immigration often level at newcomers: they have so little historical experience with democratic institutions that they have not yet learned to adjust their political goals to constitutional realities. Specifically, since most Pentecostals do not at any level believe in the separation of religion and politics, they cannot assuage liberal fears that they do not believe in the separation of church and state. Along typical minority-politics lines, the media leads the wider public to feel Okies are arguing for special treatment when *they* feel they're arguing for basic rights.

These Christians are viscerally terrified of government, even if they do see it as a source of economic advancement. Their anti-Communism is really an opposition not so much to an economic system or even to authoritarianism per se as to the religious persecution that always accompanies Communism. Their opposition to federal efforts to end segregation stem primarily from a fear that at some point the federal government will act to dilute the religious—not racial—composition of their own communities. If we give religion its rightful place in the Tathams' political worldview, their voting patterns become more logical: they are part of a conservatism directed more against the Warren Court than against the New Deal.

These are important distinctions for anyone seeking to understand how the huge Reaganite coalition has been reduced to a rump of people more or less like the Tathams. If the book is a bit too long and discursive, if Morgan is occasionally too patient with hokey anecdotes, it is only because he has important sociological work to do here: detailing the position of a major group inside the tribal pluralism that is becoming the *modus vivendi* of California society. Morgan's book does for the Okie migration west what Nicholas Lemann did for the more important Mississippi migration north in *The Promised Land* (1991)—it draws not just comparisons but identities. And just as Lemann showed us that much of the northern underclass is merely Delta sharecropper society bricked in, Morgan gives us a vivid portrait of Midwestern hardscrabble farm society aired out. ❐

PILGRIM IN THE RUINS: A LIFE OF WALKER PERCY

Jay Tolson

Simon & Schuster / 544 pages / $27.50

reviewed by JOHN R. DUNLAP

In a 1983 lecture on Herman Melville, Walker Percy remarked that *Moby Dick* "was a consequence, not merely of great gifts, but also of great good luck"—the luck of a novelist "breaking into the freedom of his art," as happened to Melville when a whaling yarn somehow evolved into "a narrative that unfolds not merely itself but oneself and others' selves." Percy, too, knew the feeling: on many occasions in his life, he enjoyed luck of a variety so decisive that it's hard to come away from Jay Tolson's *Pilgrim in the Ruins* without a sense that Walker Percy's life was charmed.

Consider how Percy's first published novel, *The Moviegoer* (1961), took the 1962 National Book Award. The usual procedure for deciding the award begins with publishers' recommendations, but Percy's publisher, the disagreeable Alfred Knopf, felt no enthusiasm for *The Moviegoer* and was annoyed by its poor sales. As it happened, however, A.J. Liebling had just finished writing a book on Louisiana politics, and his interest was piqued by a review mentioning the New Orleans setting of this first novel by an unknown Southern writer. Liebling bought a copy of *The Moviegoer*, which so enthralled him that he recommended it to his wife, Jean Stafford, one of the judges on the NBA fiction panel. Stafford arranged for the other two judges to receive copies of Percy's novel along with the ten other novels nominated that year. When the judges met in March 1962, their choice was unanimous.

Percy also had the good fortune of superb editors—sympathetic craftsmen like Stanley Kauffmann at Knopf and Robert Giroux at Farrar, Straus. There was, too, the regular correspondence with his lifelong friend Shelby Foote, a major source for Tolson. And there was Percy's apprenticeship under the formidable Caroline Gordon, a close reader who guided Percy through his unpublished *The Charterhouse*. When the novel was rejected by Scribner's in 1953, Gordon's blunt reaction kept Percy's spirits up: "They just don't get it." And the rejection started a chain of circumstances that brought Percy into contact with Elizabeth Otis, whose literary agency served him well for the rest of his career.

Percy was almost 46 when he accepted the National Book Award for *The Moviegoer*, acquiring instant fame and a generous new print run. It is in paperback to this day, and none of his six published novels has gone out of print. But if the serendipity of his rise is something of a legend in American publishing, this and other instances of Percy's good fortune came to him the hard way.

He was born in Birmingham, Alabama, in May 1916, the first of three sons, to LeRoy Pratt Percy and Martha Susan Phinizy. They were not a happy family. Both parents were of the Southern aristocracy, freighted with the artful strategies of *noblesse oblige*, the father's family going back through several generations of stoic achievers given to bouts of melancholy. The year after Percy's birth, his paternal grandfather committed suicide; twelve years later, when Percy was 13, the father took his own life in a grisly repetition of the grandfather's self-inflicted gunshot wound.

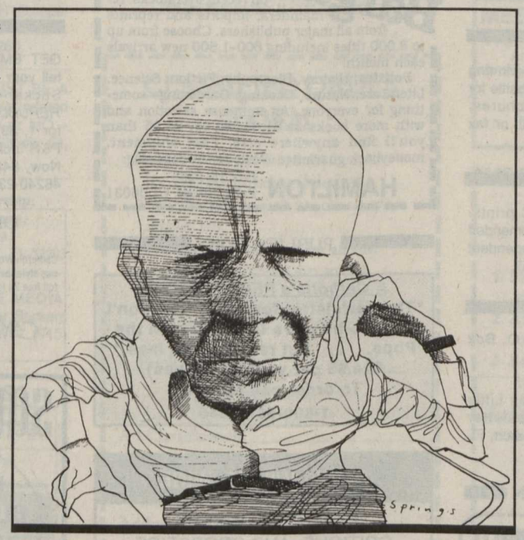
John R. Dunlap teaches English at Santa Clara University.

Tolson recounts a "strangely gratuitous and self-dramatizing" comment Percy made to a student at Louisiana State University almost half a century later, when Percy was on a one-year teaching stint at LSU. Late one afternoon the student, a young man named Wyatt Prunty, happened by the open door of an English department office and stopped when he saw Percy sitting alone in the office, his feet propped up on another chair and "his gaze fixed in the middle distance." Distracted from his reverie and without pausing a beat between sentences, Percy said, "Well, hello, Wyatt. I guess the central mystery of my life will always be why my father killed himself. Come here, have a seat."

In fact, by his own account Percy was neither deeply saddened nor idly fascinated by his father's suicide. He was angered—and taken with a seething determination from the age of 13 "to make damn sure that it didn't happen to me."

After spending a year with the mother's family in Athens, Georgia, Martha Susan Percy and her three sons were invited by the well-to-do "Uncle Will" (William Alexander Percy, first cousin to Walker's father) to stay with him at his home in Greenville, Mississippi. Within a few years of their move to Greenville, Martha Susan—always rather aloof and emotionally distant from her sons—died in a car accident; Will Percy promptly adopted the three boys.

Years later Percy would joke that if it hadn't been for Uncle Will he would have wound up selling cars in Athens. But there was nothing flippant about his closely written tribute in an introductory essay to a 1973 reissue of Will's memoir, *Lanterns on the Levee* (1941). Lawyer, planter, war hero, poet, lifelong bachelor (owing, apparently, to an "extreme idealization of women"), Will Percy had "a complete, articulated view of the world as tragic as it was noble." From Uncle Will, Walker and his brothers learned Shakespeare, Keats, Brahms, Beethoven; they also learned character, and Walker himself gained "a vocation and in a real sense a second self."



Another influence was the Catholicism Percy embraced under the usual conditions of disaster and good fortune. Percy's keen interest in science—to which, as a chemistry major at Chapel Hill, he attached a rather callow hope for a complete worldview—led him to medical school at Columbia. After receiving his M.D. in 1941, he contracted pulmonary tuberculosis during his internship as a pathologist working on the corpses of derelicts at Bellevue. A lengthy period of enforced inactivity at sanatoria in Saranac (New York) and Connecticut gave Percy ample time—four years, all told—to explore his own deepest convictions, while grappling with the awkward discovery that he was now a certified medical doctor with no real interest in being a physician.

Percy had been firmly agnostic since his late childhood. In Birmingham, his parents belonged to a small congregation of progressive Presbyterians whose "diluted religiosity" was taken up with ethics and social action more than with mystery and belief. Uncle Will, the spiritual loner, was himself a lapsed Catholic, without formal religion. Young Percy, a voracious reader, embraced the scientism of Julian Huxley and H.G. Wells.

In Saranac, however, his confidence in science started crumbling, as he waded into extensive readings of Dostoevsky and Camus, Jaspers and Heidegger. He read deeply in Kierkegaard, and in spirited debate with a fellow patient who happened to be a well-informed Catholic, he discovered Marcel and Maritain. He read Aquinas.

At this time in his life, though, Percy was still more of a woolgathering misfit than a serious thinker. When Uncle Will died of a stroke in January 1942, he left a substantial fortune to his three adopted sons. Roy took over the Percy plantation in Greenville, and Phin eventually took up a career in law. (Both the younger brothers served with distinction in the Second World War, which left Walker feeling all the more useless during the stay at Saranac.) It would not have been inconsistent with Walker's depressive temperament if he had taken his inheritance and settled into the life of a genteel bum.

His depression, with the attendant self-disgust, dogged him most of his life, and Percy's keen interest in bourbon would have turned into a problem were it not for the moderation imposed on him by chronic diverticulosis. In a letter to Shelby Foote, written when he was in his early sixties, Percy took exception to his friend Robert Coles's portrait *Walker Percy: An American Search* (1978), which Percy appreciated but thought too generous. "What little I accomplish," he wrote, "seems to get accomplished through a peculiar dialectic of laziness, malice and self-centeredness."

But that is to ignore the immeasurable influence of Mary Bernice (Bunt) Townsend, whom Percy married in 1946, a personal triumph related by Tolson with tenderness and humor. Bunt and Walker took religious instruction together, and were received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1947. In 1948 they settled in the town of Covington ("This is the nonplace for me!" Percy exclaimed when he first saw the town), near the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain, across from New Orleans.

Once settled, Percy was certain he wanted to write, and he had found a theme, which Tolson identifies as "the question of why man feels so sad in the twentieth century." Percy's answer—which he would compose in several

(continued on page 69)

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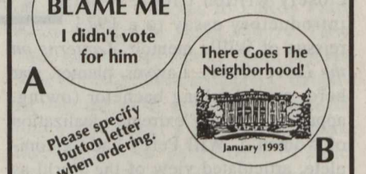
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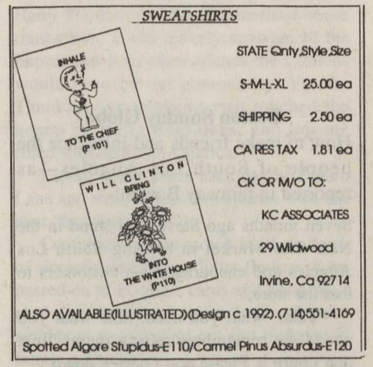


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CURRENT WISDOM



Washington Post

The first balmy paragraph of what the editors of the incomparable *Post* would like to call a news story:

Marshall Hull was too far away from the Capitol grounds yesterday to see Bill Clinton place his hand on the bible and recite the 42-word presidential oath. But from his wheelchair on Pennsylvania Avenue NW, the 52-year-old Hull, who has cerebral palsy, could hear Clinton from a giant, cone-shaped speaker strapped to a light pole—and his eyes filled with tears.

"Bill Clinton, president now. Is he? Is he?" Hull asked.

Yes, finally, he is.

[January 21, 1993]

Newsweek

Another black eye for Eurocentrism, thanks to the spreading enlightenment of multicultural audacity:

. . . to anthropologists, the folks who study manners and mores on faraway shores, until recently it wasn't at all clear that falling in love is a global foible. To them, love seemed a mainly Western thing, an emotion too complex for less sophisticated cultures to grasp. The assumption was that to be moonstruck, you had to have a few centuries of romantic art and literature behind you, plus the leisure of romantic dalliances.

Now it appears that was a strictly Eurocentric view. Over the past few years researchers have been tuning in love's old, sweet song in remote hamlets and time zones. They are encountering it even in so-called primitive societies where prearranged marriage is the rule. One far-ranging 1992 study reported finding evidence of the phenomenon in as many as 147 of 166 different cultures. Its absence in the other 19, say study authors William Jankowiak of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and Edward Fischer of Tulane University, probably reflects a deficiency of their study methods, not of local ardor.

[January 18, 1993]

New York Post

The fey Cindy Adams finds the next Peggy Noonan hyperventilating under a palm at the Beverly Hilton:

Susan Sarandon of "Lorenzo's Oil," known for her political roles as well as her movie roles: "I feel passionately about feeling passionately. More and more, as things get demeaned and deadened, I feel that political commitment is what can save us all."

Bush could've used her as his speechwriter.

[December 17, 1992]

Toledo Blade

Ghastly new perversities being practiced in progressive Toledo and soon to spread to other unchaste regions where unheard of diseases and calamities are as sure to follow as Gore follows Clinton:

As 1993 dawned around the world, circles of dancers moved gently to the strains of ancient religious chants, expressing humanity's deepest desires to peace.

The movements they performed have come to be known as the Dances of Universal Peace, a collection of simple folk dances combined with the singing of sacred phrases from various world religions.

Developed by the late Sufi mystic and teacher Samuel Lewis in the 1960s, the dances are now performed regularly in the Toledo area. . . . Sister Mary Frances Uicker, a Detroit music therapist who leads a monthly group at The Barn, 529 Stewart Rd., Monroe, said Mr. Lewis referred to the dances as movements that taught people how to move peacefully with one another.

"Our physical movements relate to all the ways we need to interact with one another in terms of peacemaking in a more global sense," she explained.

"That's why we're always in a circle. There is no hierarchy and no domination of one by another. It's being part of a whole and breaking off for the individual experience and then coming back into the whole. It's breaking into partnerships, then breaking off and receiving a new partner. You bond with people, let go, form new bonds, receive and welcome new experiences, and reverence experience."

[January 2, 1993]

Boston Sunday Globe

How to make friends and influence the people of South Los Angeles—as reported in faraway Boston:

Seven months ago Steve Lim stood in the New Star Market in blazing South Los Angeles and encouraged his customers to loot the store.

"Take what you need, take what you need," he remembers telling them. "Just don't burn it. Please don't burn it down."

They didn't.

While six Korean-owned markets within a one-mile radius were put to the torch, the New Star Market survived. It is a rarity in its mostly black and Latino neighborhood: A store owned by outsiders that has cultivated relations with the community.

[December 20, 1992]

Harvard Crimson

In the student paper of a once distinguished university, more puerile patter from another of the student body's ponderous mediocrities:

I have a confession to make. I'm in love. But the object of my devotion is pledged to another. In fact, she's been married for nearly 20 years. My prospects don't look good.

Her husband, you see, is the next president of the United States.

I'm in love with Hillary Clinton, fortysomething wife of Bill and soon to be First Lady.

Don't get me wrong—I realize the problems. She'll be in Washington; I'm in Cambridge. She's Protestant; I'm Jewish. She hates Tammy Wynette; I like her.

But in spite of these admittedly daunting obstacles, I plan to proceed. . . . My friends tell me I'm crazy. "You're crazy," they tell me. "You're writing a thesis. You won't have any time for her." . . .

I hope I'm making myself clear. This is more than just another Harvard guy hitting on another Wellesley (class of '69) woman. I've finally found that ideal female, that perfect combination of brains and beauty, warmth and wisdom, legs and leftism. So she's married. Details, details. He travels a lot on business. . . .

[November 17, 1992]

Santa Barbara News-Press

On the pages of a great news organ of the Golden State, poetry, metaphysics, and worse:

As the Realtor representing Linda and Harry Thomason in the Summerland house transaction, I was naively unaware of the impact that their close friends the Clintons would have on our community. Yet the Thanksgiving weekend visit touched the hearts of Santa Barbarans, and left me filled with hope for America.

I spent many hours each day at Padaro Lane and shared special memories with our next "first family."

Continually I was struck by their depth of sincerity and caring. Extra flowers were passed on to invalids; cards and notes were read and saved to be answered; adjacent neighbors were sought out and included in family gatherings.

Some of my fondest recollections will always remain with Chelsea.

She explored the tidepools, sharing her discoveries with the many other children on the beach; she gathered the neighbor's wet puppy in her arms to carry him over the rocky path; she met with strangers and left with friends. . . .

We must now learn from Chelsea. May we draw out the good in others, seek bridges instead of barriers, reach out our hands when someone stumbles, and unite as one nation under God.

America has chosen the Clintons because we want and desperately need change. This change must now begin with you and me. —*Lois Landau*
Santa Barbara

[December 20, 1992]

New Yorker

Some of the lascivious thoughts that Mr. Mark Singer has harbored in his fevered mind practically every day since the greatest moment on earth in 1974:

During my first conversation with William Shawn in 1974, he astonished me by extending an invitation to work for *The New Yorker*. I was twenty-three years old, a bright-green rookie, and far from convinced that I was a writer, much less a writer worthy of Shawn's nurturing indulgence. There have been few, if any, days since when I have not thought of him, always with gratitude and wonder—often with more complicated emotions—and asked myself what the hell this whole thing has been *about*. . . .

He had an oracular presence, and virtually every encounter with him felt loaded, full of intrigue and possibility. Often, seated in his office, studying his impassive expression as I babbled away about this or that, I had to restrain the impulse to blurt "Mr. Shawn, I love you." I did love him and I still do. I loved him, though I never for a moment imagined that in some everyday, familiar sense, we were actually friends.

Occasionally, late on a day when I had submitted a Talk of the Town story, my phone would ring.

"Hello, Mr. Singer."

"Hello, Mr. Shawn."

"That's an ingenious and wonderful piece you wrote."

"Thank you very much."

"Thank you for doing it."

No, please, thank you. Again, though certainly not for the last time, thank you.

[December 27, 1992–January 4, 1993]

Washington Post

Resident hagiographer Miss Martha Sherrill expatiates melodiously on the oratorical prodigies of Mrs. Hillary Clinton in her historic 1969 commencement address to the agog graduates of Wellesley College:

In keeping with the times, she was outspoken. In keeping with her personality, she was balanced, mature—rather thoughtful. Without notes, Hillary addressed her class of graduating seniors. The speech, on paper, nearly 24 years later, is still passionate and eloquent and wise and "full of uncompromising language," as she would say later.

[January 12, 1993]

Wellesley College
(Publicity Office)

And now, through the miracle of modern historical research, we publish choice passages from Hillary's 1969 commencement screed, which is best read aloud while a chorus of hyenas bark lewdly into the sweet night:

Part of the problem with empathy with professed goals is that empathy doesn't do us anything. We've had lots of empathy; we've had lots of sympathy, but we feel that for too long our leaders have used politics as the art of the possible. And the challenge now is to practice politics as the art of making what appears to be impossible, possible. . . .

We are, all of us, exploring a world that none of us understands and attempting to create within that uncertainty. . . . The struggle for an integrated life existing in an atmosphere of communal trust and respect is one with desperately important political and social consequences. And the word "consequences" of course catapults us into the future. One of the most tragic things that happened yesterday, a beautiful day, was that I was talking to a woman who said that she wouldn't want to be me for anything in the world. She wouldn't want to live today and look ahead to what it is she sees because she's afraid. Fear is always with us but we just don't have time for it. Not now.

[May 31, 1969]

GARY SICK'S BALD-FACED LIES

(continued from page 27)

intelligence reports unambiguously showed that there were no secret meetings in Europe between Iranian and Republican campaign operatives and that there were no secret arms deliveries between the United States and Iran. Christopher also read highly classified intelligence reports, according to logs acquired by congressional investigators, that showed that the Ayatollah Khomeini despised Jimmy Carter, that the Ayatollah was determined to do anything to hurt his re-election, and that he would never release the hostages to Carter.

That Sick was asked to provide a paper on Iran for the Clinton transition team and was being seriously considered for a Middle East policy position in the Clinton Administration shows how thoroughly Carterites have taken control of the foreign policy apparatus. It also shows that there is no accountability for committing wholesale fraud.

Not surprisingly, Sick's paper for the incoming Clinton Administration claimed that except for Iranian-directed "political violence" against Iranian dissidents, Iran had essentially dropped "classical terrorism." To the victims of Iranian terrorism in Egypt, Israel, and Argentina, Sick's statements would come as a great surprise. And what would Sick tell the Iranians about the religious death sentence (*fatwa*) issued against author Salman Rushdie? You can keep the *fatwa*, he would advise, but drop the bounty.

By any normal standard of accountability and rationality, the House investigation—on top of other evidence of the man's incompetence—should have terminated the Clinton Administration's interest in Sick. It didn't. In the end, though, we may be thankful to Gary Sick for at least one thing: we now know a little more about why the Carter Administration lost Iran. ❐



The Real Maya Angelou

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Bill Clinton's choice of Hillary-pal Maya Angelou to write a poem to be read at his swearing-in is an ominous harbinger. If Clinton has any acquaintance with Angelou's literary and academic career, then the President has made it abundantly plain that he has no real interest in addressing our current crisis in higher education.

Angelou has gained attention as a columnist for *Playgirl*, a poet (*I Shall Not Be Moved, Just Give Me a Cool Drink of Water 'fore I Diiie*), a screenwriter (*Georgia, Georgia*), and the author of not one but *five* autobiographies (including *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* and *Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas*). Her favorite subjects include life as a single mother, life in Berkeley, her own rape, and traveling to Ghana to "teach African dance and music" to the native Africans. She describes herself in interviews and books as a former madam, prostitute, burlesque stripper, and adviser to Malcolm X.

In 1982, Angelou, whose real name is Marguerite Johnson, was appointed "Professor for Life" by North Carolina's Wake Forest University. Angelou's name and photograph appear year after year—with the title "Distinguished Professor of American Studies"—in Wake Forest's admissions applications, its annual reports to trustees and alumni, and the alumni magazine—but she has no meaningful responsibilities at the university. She collects an annual salary well into the six figures, yet presently teaches no classes and has no on campus office. The office listed for her in the Wake Forest telephone directory is a storage closet in a building far from the main part of campus. Her phone number gives an electronic voice mail recording that announces only the extension number; calls to it are not returned.

The registrar's office says Angelou is offering no courses at all this academic year, and isn't sure when she may be in the classroom again. Her personal secretary, who operates out of Angelou's mammoth colonial mansion in Winston-Salem, unapologetically stresses that the poet is "never on campus," and says she doesn't know whether Angelou will be teaching again in the future. (Imagine the luxury of receiving a salary of well over $100,000 from an employer who doesn't care whether you show up for work and has no idea whether or not you will ever come back.)



In the rare years when Angelou has condescended to offer a course, her lectures have been infrequent and erratic. Angelou herself has said she teaches "whatever comes to mind." Her schedule is sometimes interrupted by appearances on such television programs as "The Arsenio Hall Show" and "The Today Show." And there is even some ambiguity about what Angelou is *supposed* to teach at Wake Forest, for classes with the "American Studies" name or division are non-existent.

Recently, Angelou told me of a class she has been developing for the past few years called "The Philosophy of Liberation." The thesis of the course, she says, is that "most people do not want change—they want *ex*change. By that, I mean they just want what their adversary has. If a person wants freedom, he just wants that freedom to be able to put his foot on the neck of the person who gave him his freedom."

When I asked her about her salary in proportion to the time she spends in the classroom, she replied that those who raise such questions "don't understand the politics of a university." Angelou does: Wake Forest could hire four real professors with the money they're paying her! Students are not even permitted to select her courses. Pursuant to special authority granted by the Wake Forest administration, Angelou's classes are *by invitation only*. The registrar informs students that they must "audition" with Professor Angelou for the rare openings.

Three decades ago, President Kennedy, at his inaugural, treated America to the genius of Robert Frost, whose life was one gigantic poetic achievement after another. Where JFK offered us genius, Clinton gave us a phantom professor with a broom-closet office and an assumed name. More than that, he gave us a clear message that the White House has no interest in facing the problems that are destroying our universities.

Meanwhile, Thomas K. Hearn, Wake Forest's president, had arranged for a large-screen TV to be placed in the student center so Angelou's appearance at the ceremony could be seen on campus. One student remarked that, in fact, this was one of the rare times Angelou had ever been seen on campus at all.

—John Meroney

(Mr. Meroney is a senior at Wake Forest and editor of the Wake Forest Critic.)

Grits and Glitz

Historians will record that the 1993 Clinton inauguration actually began the year before in early November. Scarcely had the votes been counted when lobbyists, pitchmen, political groupies, and Democratic hopefuls began to flood Washington, D.C. Suddenly the capital's fashionable hotel lounges and watering holes were crammed with overweight, backslapping, pinkie-ringed redneck hustlers from Southern and border states and some of the more remote backwaters of the Midwest, all with something to buy from or sell to the incoming administration.

Hard on the heels of the slick-hick brigade came the bi-coastal limousine liberal set. Film stars, record and studio executives, media moguls and Wall Street operators, they all shared two things in common: conspicuous consumption and conspicuous unction, their minks, diamonds, stretch limos, flaunted riches and appalling manners apparently rendered politically correct by their willingness to call for more middle-class sacrifice. Bringing up the rear came the special interest groups. At least this bunch was sincere; they had worked hard to elect Bill Clinton and he had bent over backwards to accommodate their desires. Agree with them or not, they *really* had something to celebrate.

But there is something sad and ridiculous about the milling mobs of shrill ultra-feminists, in-your-face gay militants, well-heeled homeless advocates, designer-attired environmentalists, and self-serving ethnic hucksters. As I mentioned to a lesbian on her way to an unofficial gay inaugural ball being held in—of all places—the National Press Club, "I'm an Armenian myself, but I don't think I'd be particularly thrilled to spend an entire inaugural night in a ballroom crammed full of nothing but other Armenians."

The administration that had boasted of fielding a cabinet that "looked like America" had produced an inaugural turnout that looked as if it had been recruited exclusively from Hollywood, Manhattan, Cambridge, and Dogpatch. The middle had dropped out of Bill Clinton's inaugural America. But then what should we have expected from a President who looks like a cross between the young W.C. Fields and a dissipated version of the Pillsbury Doughboy, and a Vice President so wooden he may be the first official in the history of the Republic to die in office of Dutch Elm Disease?

Minding my own business and heading for a stirrup cup in the Fairfax Bar at the Ritz Carlton—the Vice President's boyhood home—I nearly collided with a dumpy little figure encased in a dark hood and cape. Emerging from the shadows under the hood was the unmistakable Streisand honker. Elsewhere in the lobby, Lauren Bacall was being rude to someone and Warren Beatty was doing his pathetic best to look intelligent while carrying on a political conversation.

Fortunately, the Dewar's and soda flowed freely, the music was mellow, and, being on friendly terms with the beleaguered barmaids, I was given splendid service and soon was dreamily looking forward to four years of exuberant attack journalism. Between the pudgy First Pol, his contentious consort Hurricane Hillary, and the vice-presidential First Tree, there should be no end of fun.

Every twelve years or so, I reckoned, people need to be reminded of just how awful Democratic administrations can be, and Republicans need a sabbatical to shed deadwood, recharge their batteries, and draw a fresh bead on their old, eternal enemy, Big Brother. As the night of the living white trash turned to dawn, I edged past a carping middle-aged couple who had misplaced their stretch limo, spotted a familiar Pakistani cab driver—a fellow admirer of the late, great Mohammed Ali Jinnah—and reached home just as the sun was rising on the first day of Bill Clinton's decline.

—Aram Bakshian, Jr.

(Mr. Bakshian is editor-in-chief of American Speaker.)

PILGRIM IN THE RUINS
(continued from page 63)

forms, including six tightly crafted novels and a sophisticated theory of language elaborated in two books of philosophical nonfiction and assorted posthumously published lectures—is that the contemporary, "postmodern" mishmash of residual Christian ethics and regnant scientific methodology leaves us without a coherent theory of man. There is no consensus to animate the culture and give meaning to life, certainly no consensus of the sort Percy uncovered at Saranac:

> the belief that man was created in the image of God with an immortal soul, that he occupied a place in nature somewhere between the beasts and the angels, that he suffered an aboriginal catastrophe, the Fall, in consequence of which he lost his way and, unlike the beasts, became capable of sin and therefore became a pilgrim or seeker of his own salvation . . .

At about the time Percy was writing that spare description of his adopted worldview (1974), he was entering the worst spiritual crisis of his own pilgrimage, one that would culminate in the publication of his fourth novel, *Lancelot* (1977), a bitter yet faintly hopeful rant about the reality and presence of evil. Although never precisely autobiographical, Percy's novels, as Tolson shows, "grew out of states of mind—psychological, moral, and spiritual predicaments—through which he himself had passed." After *Lancelot*, he referred to himself obliquely as "an ex-suicide."

Percy's deeply conservative vision always got mixed reviews, and he usually had mixed feelings about the many critics who, as Caroline Gordon had said, "just don't get it"—even if their obtuseness gave an ironically gratifying vindication of his theory about the "postmodern predicament." Nonetheless, by the time he died, at his home in Covington on May 10, 1990 (of the "metastases from prostate carcinoma" that he blandly reported to Shelby Foote the previous year), Walker Percy knew that his life had been favored with great good luck. Except that by then he had every reason to call it by a different name: grace. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 10)

my article, I'm not the person asking whether Ms. Hunt is related to the H.L. Hunt family; the question is posed by one of the conspiracy-minded "newspaper" hawkers in Dealey Plaza. I included it as an index of his paranoia. As I believe the context makes clear, the answer to the question was a matter of indifference to me.

As for depictions of the fatal shot: all I said is that the museum does not show frame 313 of the Zapruder film. And it doesn't. The Polaroid and film clip that Ms. Hunt is talking about, which "correspond to" and "embrace" the horrific portions of the Zapruder film, are still not the Zapruder film; they were taken from the other side of Elm Street, on Mrs. Kennedy's side of the limousine. The essential point, on which I think Ms. Hunt and I agree, is that the exhibit properly avoids any conspicuous display of gore.

I don't believe I am confused about the motorcade route. I am aware that it was described in the newspaper on November 19, and I never say otherwise. Again, it is not I who say the route was changed at the last minute: Bob Kintzle, the tour-bus operator, says that. I do call the route through the Plaza "curious," even while I'm aware that it is the normal way to access the Stemmons Freeway. I think the hairpin turn probably seems curious to most out-of-town motorists, regardless of its historical associations.

As for the barrier: I have always assumed it was a "permanent divider." But as a resident of midtown Manhattan accustomed to seeing heaven and earth moved for frequent presidential visits, I doubt that the divider's temporary removal would have been prohibitive if presidential convenience were at stake.

I never state that there was anything unusually dangerous in deciding to ride past Dealey Plaza's tall buildings, and I am of course aware that the earlier blocks on the route contained many taller ones; my point was only that one of the buildings in the Plaza happened to have an assassin waiting in it, and so, perforce, any decision to drive past it, for whatever reason, ended up endangering the President.

Doing Something Right

I have greatly appreciated *The American Spectator* over the years, but never more than the last year when you published the desperately needed articles about Anita Hill, Magic Johnson, and Hillary Clinton. I realize the Dominent Media Elites' curious aversion to exploring the histories of these people left the field wide open to your investigations. I conclude the partisan agenda of the major media will continually require their voluntary neglect of all sorts of choice information. What an entrepreneurial opportunity!

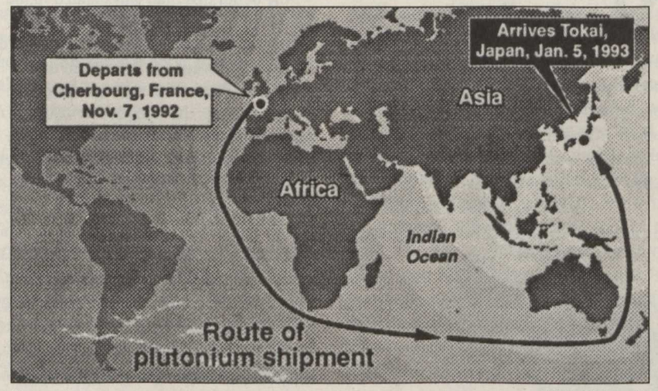
The approaching Billary Clinton administration is always a grim thought these winter evenings, until I recall that the *Spectator* is in Washington, D.C.

—Susan Loeffel
Hastings, Nebraska

Greenpeace: Lost at Sea

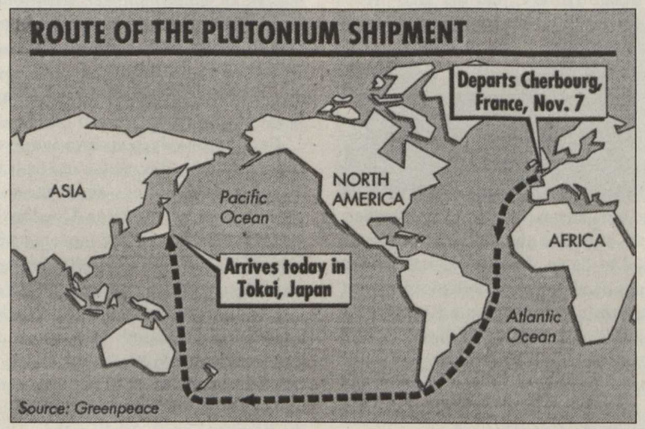
Plutonium ship reaches destination

Akatsuiki Maru arrives in Japan from France with 1.7 tons of plutonium for fast-breeder reactors.



Source: Greenpeace — AP/Wm. J. Castello

The Times
San Mateo, California, Tuesday, January 5, 1993



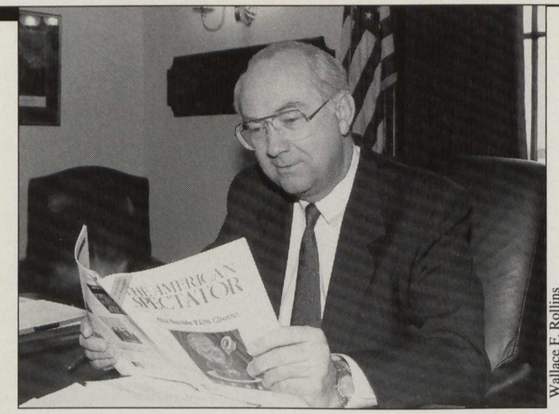
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San Francisco Chronicle
Tuesday, January 5, 1993

(Special thanks to Stan Langland of Belmont, California.)

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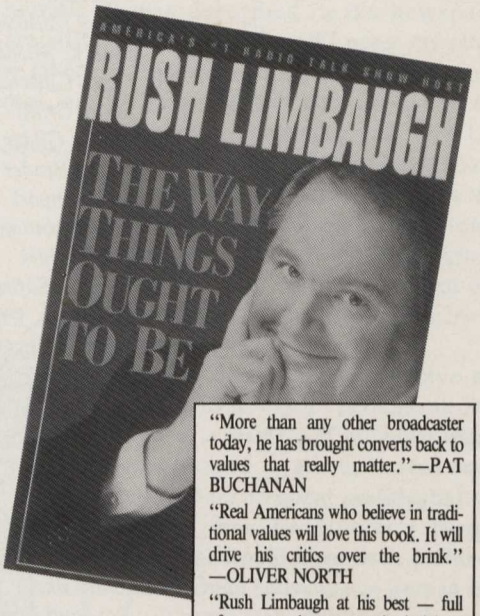
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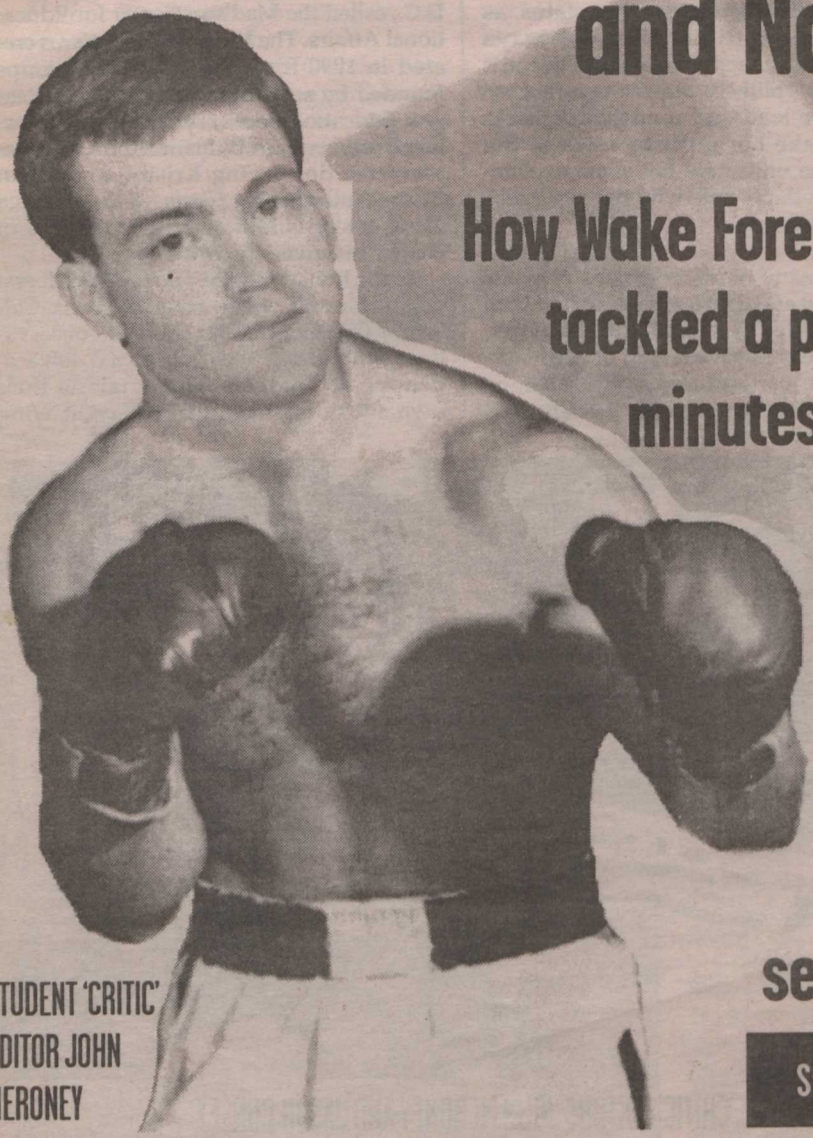
WAKE FOREST PROFESSOR AND POET MAYA ANGELOU

GOD AND MAN AT WAKE FOREST

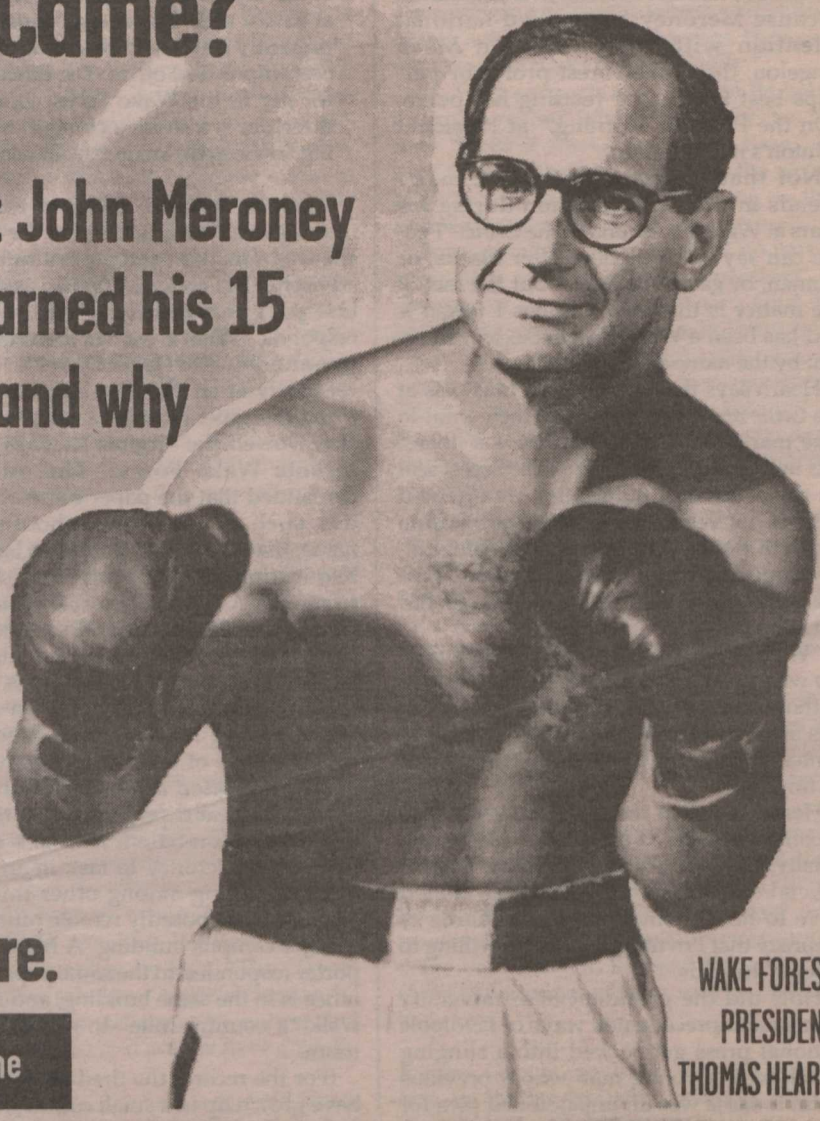
or, What If You Threw a Counterrevolution and Nobody Came?

or

How Wake Forest student John Meroney tackled a poet and earned his 15 minutes of fame, and why virtually no one at Wake Forest seems to care.



STUDENT 'CRITIC' EDITOR JOHN MERONEY



WAKE FOREST PRESIDENT THOMAS HEARN

Story by Edward Cone

MAYAGATE'S WAKE

John Meroney leans forward over his uneaten pizza and speaks with the cocksure intensity of an undergraduate who has discovered The Truth. "Papers like ours are the last, best hope of higher education in this country," he says, modestly describing his role in the grim twilight struggle against radicalism and political correctness.

If the other students gathered for lunch in Wake Forest's Benson Center are worried about much beyond Rodney Rogers' career decisions and maybe some upcoming exams, they do a good job of hiding it. For John Meroney, though, nothing less than Western Culture is under siege, and he's not about to sit still for that. Particularly when one of the chief antagonists to what he calls "the natural order of things" is living large on the university payroll.

Meroney is the editor of a conservative journal called *The Wake Forest Critic*. At least that's what it's called today. If the university administration has its way, the student-run publication will have to change its name. Lawyers for the school are pressing the *Critic* to stop using the university seal and to drop or de-emphasize the words "Wake Forest" in its title.

Meroney and his backers, including several prominent newspaper editorialists around the state and the nation, say this is censorship. They charge that Wake Forest president Thomas K. Hearn Jr. is just miffed because Meroney has gained national attention with his attacks on Maya Angelou, the Wake Forest professor perhaps best known for reading her poem, "On the Pulse of Morning," at President Clinton's inauguration.

Not that Meroney had made many friends in the administration during his years at Wake Forest and at the *Critic*. "People can say we are going after blacks, or women, or gays," he says. "But the fact of the matter is that our Number 1 target is and has been a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant by the name of Thomas Hearn."

Hearn says that Meroney and his pals at the *Critic* are free to say what they want in "the marketplace of ideas that is a liberal arts university." Using the Wake Forest seal on the cover of a publication unaffiliated with the university, especially a publication prone to stunts like printing an ideologically charged listing of "best and worst" professors for incoming freshmen, though, has got to be a no-no.

"We have to protect ourselves from people who want to use the name and the logo without our permission," says Hearn. "In this area of the law, you lose your right to contest such usage if you don't contest it at all times."

Hearn says that the *Critic* is welcome to become a registered publication at the university, like *The Old Gold & Black*, Wake's official student paper. "But then they'd have to hold themselves to standards of accuracy that I'm not sure they're willing to accept," he adds.

How did the president of a university riding an unprecedented wave of favorable national press get sucked into a slinging match with a young man whose previous claim to fame was an impassioned plea for more reruns of *The Andy Griffith Show*? Hearn would prefer to let the whole thing die a quiet death. Meroney would like to build a career on it. And most of the people at Wake Forest don't seem to care much one way or the other.

All of the sound and fury generated by John Meroney in his career at the *Critic* — from his constant bashing of the women's studies department to the critiques of affirmative action and the infamous "Ten Best and Worst" list — was just an overture to the cacophony he created with the story he calls "Mayagate."

In an article titled "The Real Maya Angelou," which ran in the March 1993 issue of the pit-bull conservative magazine *The American Spectator* and subsequently in *The Wake Forest Critic*, Meroney uses Angelou as a metaphor for "our current crisis in higher education":

> She has no meaningful responsibilities at the university. She collects an annual salary well into the six figures, yet presently teaches no classes and has no on campus (sic) office. The office listed for her in the Wake Forest telephone directory is a storage closet in a building far from the main part of campus.

Also, as he takes pains to remind an interviewer, "She celebrates the fact that she was a madam and a prostitute, and an adviser to Malcolm X." (When asked if this last part is necessarily bad, Meroney responds, "What if we had a professor who was an adviser to David Duke?")

Shortly after the story appeared in the *Critic*, the paper received a letter from Dowell & Dowell, the Virginia law firm that represents Wake Forest. The university demanded that the paper cease any activities, such as use of the school seal and name, that could lead people to believe the two institutions have any kind of formal relationship. Newspapers from Charlotte to Detroit decided it was a First Amendment issue, and chastised Hearn for his heavy-handed treatment of the free press.

By then the contest between allies of Meroney and Angelou had degenerated into the kind of does-not, does-too argument most often associated with 8-year-olds on long car trips. John Gates, the editor of the Winston-Salem *Journal*'s editorial page, took Meroney to task in an opinion column, noting among other things that Angelou's supposedly remote office was in a major campus building. A Meroney supporter responded in the same paper that his office is in the same building, and he has to walk "a country mile" to get to his classroom.

(For the record, the tired professor must have grown up in a small country; Wingate Hall, where both offices are located, is about two-tenths of a mile from the mythical center of campus, as measured by the semiofficial TRIAD*style* 1987 Mercury Sable odometer.)

It is true that Angelou is employed by Wake Forest at least in part for her celebrity status. That a university would employ a well-known scholar or artist more for her reflected glory than her performance as a classroom workhorse, especially in an endowed chair of the type Angelou holds, should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the academic scene in the United States.

Yes, Angelou keeps the schedule of a Personality, not a professor. And yes, she is on leave this semester, and neither of her off-campus secretaries could produce her for an interview. But this reporter had no trouble finding students who had been touched and taught by Angelou. Much less common, in our random poll, were students who professed any great loyalty to or interest in the *Critic*.

"I've heard her speak three times," Ann Moyer, a sophomore history major, says of Angelou. "And it has always meant something to me. I'm glad she's here."

Still, why pay someone to teach such a small course-load? Sandra Boyette, a spokesperson for the university, said, "Through her public speaking and high visibility — and she is always identified as a professor at Wake Forest — she attracts students and faculty who wouldn't otherwise be here, and brings in speakers of international caliber like Coretta Scott King."

Adds Hearn, "The same principle applies to a research professor — this gives them a place to do what they do."

Even Meroney admits that he chose to attack Angelou because of her status, as well as her politics. "I picked Maya Angelou because she was Bill Clinton's poet," he says blithely. Still, he says that her light course-load and unorthodox background make her unfit to teach at the school. "The university has some explaining to do to the people who pay the bills," he says.

Like many of his criticisms of Wake Forest and the Hearn administration, Meroney's allegations against Angelou seem to have less to do with academics than partisan argument. When he complains that the university is overpriced yet still strapped for cash, he ignores the fact that it is one of the cheapest private schools of its class, and among the best endowed financially. When he rails against its "trendy" curriculum, he is focusing on a handful of classes and turning a blind eye to the school's tradition-heavy core requirements. The conservative *Common-Sense Guide to American Colleges*, which Meroney himself recommends, describes the Wake Forest curriculum as "old-fashioned." Meroney responds that Wake Forest professors are prone to interrupting lectures on Shakespeare with reminders on how poorly the 17th century treated its women and minorities.

Perhaps it is this habit of exaggeration and tendentiousness that accounts for the limited attention Meroney garners at Wake, which he admits is one of "the more moderate" schools in the country.

So why is he kicking up such a fuss? To understand Meroney, you have to understand the philosophy behind him. Meroney and Co. like to say that it's politics, not scholarship, that motivates their PC opposition. They may even be right in some cases. But in this game, it takes one to know one. Take a look at these ideologues posing as innocents, and their agenda becomes a bit clearer.

The Wake Forest Critic began life as a spin-off of the *Carolina Critic*, a conservative newspaper published at the University of North Carolina. Duke and N.C. State have alternative papers of the same ilk. Around the country, some 70 conservative journals have sprung up on college campuses since the dawn of the Reagan era.

Funding and support for these publications, including the *Critic*, comes in large part from an organization in Washington, D.C., called the Madison Center for Educational Affairs. The Madison Center was created in 1990 from the merger of groups founded by such right-wing icons as Reagan Education Secretary Bill Bennett, former Treasury boss William Simon, neoconservative don Irving Kristol, and Allan Bloom, author of *The Closing of the American Mind*, a sky-is-falling primer for foes of change in university curricula.

(Critic Robert Hughes, no fount of liberal dogma himself, writes in his new book, *Culture of Complaint*, "The choir of conservatives denouncing 'well-subsidized, left academics' as bludgers, whilst taking their own subsidies from various right-wing foundations, is truly one of the wonders of American intellectual life.")



'CRITIC' EDITORS JOHN MERONEY AND JASON CONLEY

The prototype for conservative campus papers is the *Dartmouth Review*, a journal made famous by staffer Ben Hart, who wrote about the liberal claptrap he endured as an Ivy League undergraduate in the 1984 book, *Poisoned Ivy*. Hart's *Review* colleagues Gregory Fossedal and Dinesh D'Souza have gone on to successful careers in the clubby world of conservative think-tanks and journalism, and Hart got to enjoy a moment in the literary limelight.

Providing inspiration, and some seed money, for these intrepid lib-bashers was none other than William F. Buckley Jr., who burst onto the national scene by writing about the liberal claptrap he endured as an Ivy League undergraduate in the 1951 book *God and Man at Yale*. Buckley, of course, went on to fame as the man who shepherded American conservatism from its years in the desert into the Promised Land of the Reagan ascension, pausing only to write books about his seasons at sea and in Switzerland, and to enlist Magnum, P.I. to do TV commercials for his *National Review* magazine.

Meroney, a short, bespectacled fellow with close-cropped hair and an intelligent, likable air, seems intent on following the model established by these latter-day Founding Fathers. He is obviously enjoying the notoriety that has come from the Angelou article, and subsequent mentions in *National Review* and *Insight*.

The senior from the Davie County town of Advance broke into the publishing business as a teen-ager with something called *The Mayberry Gazette*, a journal devoted to keeping the flame of Barney, Goober, Andy and Aunt Bee burning brightly in the bosom of American youth.

Since folding that noble endeavor, Meroney has assiduously plugged himself into the conservative network, working as a speechwriter for Ronald Reagan (after he retired) and gaining a national forum for his Angelou-bashing in *The American Spectator*. Next year Meroney will go to Southern California, where he has a fellowship at the Claremont Institute, a conservative think-tank, and will write about the virtues of papers like the one he now runs.

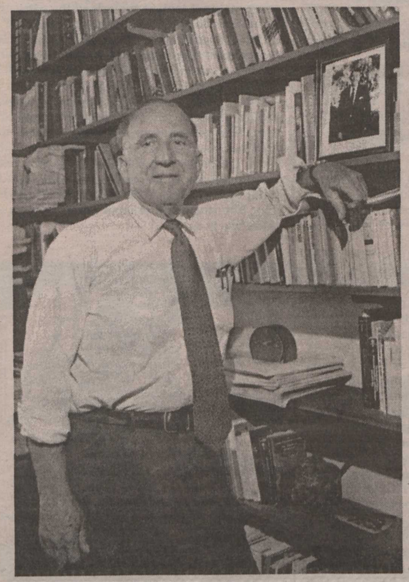
The conservative campus press exists to counter what it considers the dominant liberal ethos in The Academy. This is done by exposing the politically correct pieties of the opposition, not an objectionable sport in and of itself.

Unfortunately, when practiced by 19-year-old boys it can turn ugly in a hurry. Alternative papers from the *Dartmouth Review* on down have been accused of racism, sexism, anti-Semitism, and other bad-isms too numerous to catalogue, for their ham-handed versions of rapier intellect and satire.

Much of the writing in the *Critic* starts with the conceit that its authors are somewhat smarter and more cultured than their peers, who are after all being led like sheep by the nefarious administration and bomb-throwing faculty. The tone varies from condescending to waggish, and is always self-consciously virile, a frat house version of the kind of thing George Will does so unconvincingly when he writes about baseball. No sprinkling of Latin *bon mots* and aphorisms from Winston Churchill can remedy that.

In person, Meroney's delivery is earnest and declamatory. Get him going on his favorite subjects, and he's hard to slow down. Scratch the surface, and you discover the kind of Movement Republican who created the boom market in Adam Smith neckties and supported Jack Kemp. Meroney even has Ronald Reagan's "shining city on a hill" speech playing in the background of his answering-machine message.

But Meroney isn't just concerned with the economy, stupid. He's a full-blooded culture warrior, fighting the fight of Pat Buchanan and Bill Bennett.


WAKE PROFESSOR DAVID BROYLES

"Political correctness and multiculturalism are opposed to natural law, to the laws of nature and nature's God," says Meroney, still ignoring his pizza. "It's inherently flawed. We are fighting a philosophy that wants to overturn Western Culture."

Meroney claims that the Academy has been body-snatched by a generation of radicals who want to destroy the things that made America great. "They saw the '80s as a decade of greed," he says of his professors. "The facts show us clearly they were not. We hear speeches on how the evils of the world come from racism, sexism, homophobia. They require sensitivity training. Coeds must subject themselves to lectures from feminists who tell them they'll be discriminated against, that one in four of them will be raped."

> *'Political correctness and multiculturalism are opposed to natural law, to the laws of nature and nature's God. It's inherently flawed.' — John Meroney*

Worst of all, perhaps, is the advent of a course in Gay and Lesbian Literature. "What is it that we're teaching?" Meroney asks. "We're celebrating the idea that this lifestyle has been a perversion, and now it's not? They are teaching error. It violates morality."

Much of the rhetoric put forth by Meroney and his paper comes straight from his mentor at Wake Forest, professor David Broyles. Echoes of the older man's thought sound through his protege's mouth and in his written words. A couple of years back the *Critic* acknowledged its intellectual debt to Broyles (and its literary debt to Sir Walter Scott) by running a photograph of Broyles in beatific pose on its cover, accompanied by a headline reading, "He is vilified by the faculty...He is venerated by the students."

Pleasant and soft-spoken, Broyles is unabashed in his strong beliefs. A signed photograph of Ronald Reagan decorates his book-jammed office. He mentions without prompting that he was "fired" as the chairman of the North Carolina Civil Rights Commission, explaining, "Reagan caved in to Bush, who caved in to the civil rights extremists."

The son of a Methodist minister, Broyles, 63, grew up in Florida. After graduating from the University of Chicago, he served in the Army and logged 10 years with Hughes Aircraft before earning his Ph.D. in political science from U.C.L.A. He arrived at Wake Forest in 1966. "It was a teaching college with some good students," he recalls. "Some people called it the best high school in the state, and they weren't too far off."

Looking back on the progress of the university in his almost 30 years there, Broyles is gloomy. "It's all been downhill — I haven't seen anything good done since I got here."

He is harsh in his criticism of Hearn. Of all the bad things that have happened to Wake Forest, none is worse than Thomas Hearn, according to Broyles. He even implies that the university president is in the business at least in part for material gain, a fairly rare motive among academics. "I think Hearn has taken Wake Forest for a ride," says Broyles. "He lives very well."

(Broyles dares go where even the *Critic* fears to tread, attacking big-time athletics. "It's very damaging, he says. "The players are very poor scholars." Upon reflection, he amends this last statement by noting that the tennis players and golfers have actually done quite well.)

One of Broyles' most strongly held tenets is that education at Wake Forest, and at American universities in general, deteriorated as God was taken out of the curriculum. Acknowledging the conflict between old-time religion and newfangled notions of academic freedom and personal liberty that marked Wake's history until its separation from the North Carolina Baptist Convention six and a half years ago — the cries for the head of president William Louis Poteat when he argued for the teaching of evolution in the era of the Scopes trial, the rule against dancing on campus that survived into the '60s — Broyles still thinks things are worse now.

"The Baptist Convention might not be my first choice," he says, "but they'd certainly be better than the present administration."

Broyles lists among his goals for an academic revival the requirement of courses in religion. "And not comparative religion, either, taught without any effort to say one religion is better than the others," he says. "That leaves you no basis to objectively rank religions. We should teach rigorously the doctrines of Christianity." He quotes approvingly a colleague who says that Buddhists hold their beliefs because they cannot take "the rigors of Christianity."

He fully supports the *Critic* in its battle against Angelou, whom he says he has not met. "Even if she was here full time," he says, "I think that she represents the wrong approach to learning and teaching — that knowledge can't be absolute and true."

Broyles and his acolytes want no part of competing in "a marketplace of ideas" — they want a monopoly. If you find his beliefs compelling, and see an important place for them in intellectual life, well, he wants no part of that. He demands everything. "We're not one of the camps," he says. "We believe in an objective standard. That's part of the tradition that we want to survive."

Even if their antagonists reveal themselves to be more concerned with expanding the canon than in trashing it — arguing not against the commonality of human experience, but for a broader view of what that experience has been and continues to be — it's not good enough.

Can the *Critic* survive the graduation of Meroney, its co-founder and editor for the three last years? Meroney says yes. "We're riding a groundswell of support from Mayagate," he says.

But one issue does not a revolution make. One professor, no matter how well compensated or infrequently sighted, won't hold people's attention forever. And with no successor of comparable energy and drive yet visible to succeed Meroney, the *Critic*'s 15 minutes of fame may be drawing to a close.

Edward Cone, a free-lancer based in Greensboro, has written for Forbes, Mirabella, Playboy and other national publications.

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Previews

Festival will raise money for CD of Winston bands

Live Music
Eddie Huffman



Let's see: The new set from Greensboro's D-Tox Records, *Pyloric Waves*, is the latest compilation of North Carolina bands. Crisis Discs' *Starter* CD immediately preceded it, even if it's not devoted exclusively to North Carolina acts. The N.C.-only *Self-Recognition* followed Mammoth Records' *frequeNCy* collection by about a year. I could start listing the three or four compilations of North Carolina bands released during the mid-to-late '80s, but I think you get the point. Releasing a various-artists compilation of North Carolina bands is hardly a new idea.

So why try a new one? Why attempt one more trek down a well-traveled path when your predecessors left no definite signs of progress? How do you keep your compilation from being just one more CD that fades into obscurity shortly after release?

The Winston-Salem Music Festival will take place at Ziggy's May 1. It will feature Winston-Salem bands divided between an early-evening all-ages show and a later set for the legals.

"That's a tough question," says Seth Khan. "And it's one I don't have an answer for." Then again, Khan, an organizer of the Winston-Salem Music Festival at Ziggy's Saturday night, doesn't necessarily think he has to have an answer. After all, the show will be its own reward, signaling the clear arrival of the local rock scene. Although the final lineup wasn't set at press time, the festival will feature local stalwarts Two Pound Planet, the Gathering, and Speck, along with several other bands divided between an early-evening all-ages show and a later set for the legals. It will give local fans who've been meaning to check out a particular band a chance to do that and get several others in the bargain.

The festival will raise money for a record of Winston-Salem bands that is intended for release this summer. "Basically the reason it's gonna happen is that we're gonna take all the money and make a compilation CD," Khan says. "It will include all the Winston bands we think people need to hear. This is something that we'd bounced around among a lot of us for about a year."

"We" includes several people in the Winston-Salem scene, in which Khan has played several roles. He used to manage the now-defunct thrash band Soda Can, and he played in a group called Three Chicks and a Jew, since renamed Squatweiler and scheduled for inclusion in the festival. Lately he's been doing occasional publicity work for rock shows at Ziggy's, including the Winston-Salem Music Festival. "An outsider called and said, 'Hey, we need to do this,'" Khan says. "I think that was the real catalyst, that it came from somebody outside the group."

The outsider was Randy Johnson, who plays in Speck. He's been instrumental in organizing the festival and planned compilation CD, along with Jason Buss of Two Pound Planet and Trip Costner of Squatweiler. "There are a lot of people in town in the right age group who would love these bands, but they just haven't seen them," Khan says. "They just need some catalyst. That was the original thrust of it."

Then came the idea for the CD. It may end up being just one more compilation, but the recent flurry of attention that *Details*, *Entertainment Weekly* and signings (the Veldt, Queen Sarah Saturday, Cry of Love) focused on the Triangle's music scene makes it look as though all the compilations might be starting to have a cumulative effect. The effect of a Winston compilation CD might not be felt for six months or six years, but it's a step toward putting a burgeoning scene on the map.

"As long as we have to live here, we should make something happen," Khan says. "The other important thing is to try to show people that 'local' isn't a bad word. I was out at a show in Greensboro and heard a couple of people talking about Speck and Two Pound Planet. They said, 'Oh, they're just local bands.' That galled me to no end."



Previews

N.C. Music Showcase brings labels to bands

Records
Parke Puterbaugh



As a member of the board of directors of the North Carolina Music Showcase (NCMS), I am one of a group of six people assigned the privilege and task of sorting through taped submissions from around the state. The idea of the showcase is to present the best unsigned bands in a live setting to record-industry personnel whose job it is to sign bands to their respective labels. Across the country, there are various regional music showcases — the New Music Seminar (in New York City), South by Southwest (in Austin, Texas) and the New South music convention (in Atlanta).

Very few states, however, have their own annual showcase as an ongoing concern. As a measure of its success, three of 15 bands landed major-label contracts as a result of last year's NCMS. While a batting average of .200 would be on the low side in baseball, it's astronomical in the music biz.

This year's NCMS will be the fifth. It will be held in Wilmington on June 4, 5 and 6 at the Mad Monk nightclub. Five bands will play nightly, and there will be a singer/songwriter showcase at a yet unspecified place and time. The event is open to the public.

Culling the artist roster down to 15 or 20 finalists is no easy task for the committee. The sheer fecundity of the North Carolina scene is impressive in its numbers. While some might feel that Chapel Hill and its array of alternative bands form the core of the scene, the truth is that musical acts have been submitting from every corner of the state, including rural towns I've never heard of and could not find on the map.

This year, as has been the case for the past few years, the showcase committee received in excess of 200 submissions. Every band or individual that did so accomplished something simply by getting that far: they wrote and recorded three original songs, managed to assemble a biography of themselves, and proved that they have performed in front of people by providing a list of actual gigs. In these tough times, with clubs closing all over while more and more people opt to commune at home with their VCRs, the mere act of making music and trying to reach people with it is commendable.

In North Carolina, making music appears to be not a hobby but a compulsion. While not all the music proffered is of a level warranting national exposure, there's a great deal of competence and spirit amid glimmers of brilliance. Encouragingly, a lot of bands are young and none seems particularly intent on chasing and cloning the latest trend.

And the variety of submissions is daunting: from power pop to death metal to grunge to free jazz to bar-band rock, this scene has got more flavors that Ben and Jerry. From an initial survey of the tapes, based on a marathon listening session, there appears to be more geographical parity this year, as far as the talent pool is concerned. Charlotte and the Triad are weighing in as heavily as Chapel Hill and the Triangle, it seems to me, which is all to the good.

The North Carolina Music Showcase will take place in Wilmington June 4-6.

By the time this is published, the NCMS committee will be close to announcing its final list of entrants. At that point, our ears will be throbbing like civil air-raid sirens and our brains will be stultified by the job of weighing the comparative merits of different acts, all of whom have talent and probably deserve a shot in a more perfect world. May the best hands win. And if you didn't make the cut, there's always next year.

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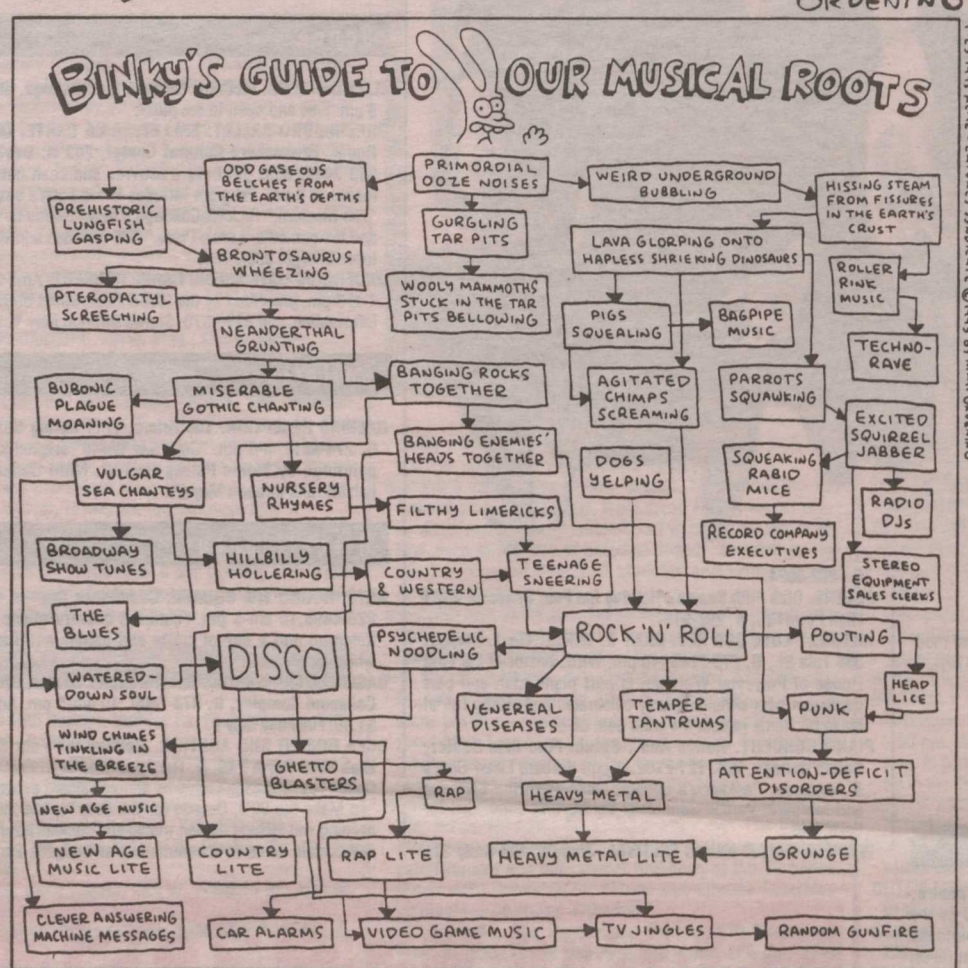


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Calendar



tions, call the chapter office at 854-5454.

COMEDY ZONE. The Exchange Lounge at The Hotel Greensborough, 200 E. Market St., G. 333-1034 or 275-0811; or at the Sheraton Hotel, University Parkway at Rte. 52, WS. 631-6010. Friday and Saturday nights; two shows, 8:30 and 10:30 pm. All seats $7; get there early for a stage-front seat. Greensboro: Real John King, Ray Thomas & Jonh James. Winston-Salem: Bill Tucker & J. Scott Homan.

GREATER GREENSBORO SENIOR GAMES. 373-2283. Activities ongoing in Greensboro through the week, ending May 7.

GREEK FESTIVAL. 435 Keating Dr., off Country Club Rd., Silas Creek Pkwy. 765-7145. 10 am-10 pm. Featuring Greek food, shopping, music, dancing and other cultural attractions. Admission $1. Partial proceeds go to Brenner Children's Hospital. Runs through May 2.

HOME & GARDEN TOUR: GREENSBORO IN FULL BLOOM. 10 am-4 pm. Featuring five different homes and two gardens. Benefits local educational and beautification projects. Tickets: $8 advance, $10 at the door. For tickets call 647-6394. Luncheon and fashion show (by Gin-Ettes) from 11:30-2 for $6; at the Greek Orthodox Church, 800 Westridge Rd., G. For fashion info call 855-1352.

HOUSE & GARDEN TOUR OF WINSTON-SALEM. 722-5640. 10 am-4 pm. Tickets: $8 advanced, $10 at the door, $3 one house. Lunch available: $7.50. April 28, 7:30 pm. Lecture by noted garden writer and author, Sandra Ladendorf, Wake Forest U. Scales Fine Arts Center. Admission: $10. Final day.

HOUSE PARTY BENEFIT. The Trim Shop Warehouse, S. Church & E. Market, G. 855-5851. 11 pm until the fun stops. Refreshments will be sold; BYOB. Portion of the proceeds will help people living with AIDS. Two DJs will be present. $8 before 12:30 am, $9 afterwards. A Badboy production.

LAW DAY FORUM. East Winston Branch Library, 1110 E. Seventh St., WS. 10 am-2 pm. Sponsored by the Winston-Salem Bar Association. Panel discussions on the topics of criminal law and consumer law. Members of the Bar Association will answer general questions.

NEW GARDEN FRIENDS SCHOOL YARD SALE. New Garden Friends Meeting, corner of Friendly Ave. & Guilford College Rd. 8 am-2 pm. Many items for sale, including baked goods.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOMEN. Four Seasons Town Centre, G. 292-0171. April 29-May 2. Ideas about educational opportunities, career programs and more. Ends May 2.

2 Sunday

Theater

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 8 pm. Presented by the North Carolina Black Repertory Company, this spiritually uplifting musical has a theme of hope and songs that reveal precious Black American history. A journey through daily traumas to the vibrations of faith, with sky-reaching Gospel tunes. Tickets: $15, $10 students & seniors. Final showing.

LETTICE AND LOVAGE. Augsburg Community Center, Broad and 6th Sts., WS. 725-7181. 2 pm. Comedy following the friendship of a British tour guide, who gives her lectures extra theatricality and romance, and a woman who is not impressed by her "history lesson." They awaken people to the dreariness of their mediocre modern lives. Tickets: $10 adults, $8 students & seniors. Today only: English tea at Michael's restaurant after the play; combination tickets $20, or $18 students & seniors (call ahead!). Through May 8.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Taylor Bldg., UNCG campus. 334-5546. 2 pm. Tickets: $8, $7 seniors, $3 UNCG students. UNCG Theatre production. Runs through May 2.

SESAME STREET LIVE: LET'S PLAY SCHOOL. Greensboro War Memorial Aud., G. 373-7400. 2 pm. The Sesame Street gang will share a school day with children. The show keeps the entertainment and educational traditions of the TV series. Tickets $10 and $9; children 2-12 get $1.50 off. Final show.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. The Community Theatre of Greensboro, 200 N. Davie St., G. 333-SHOW. 2 pm. Tickets available through the Community Theatre of Greensboro Box Office. Tickets: $5. Group rates available. Seating limited, reservations recommended. Final show.

Music

WINSTON-SALEM PIEDMONT TRIAD SYMPHONY. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. WS. 725-1035. 8 pm. This final program in the Classical Series will include Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano & Orchestra and the popular Symphony No. 9. Tickets: $11-$18. Through May 4.

Galleries

OPENING RECEPTION. Art Gallery Originals. 120 Reynolda Village, WS. 723-9075. 2-5 pm. Paintings by Alice Murdoch & Muir Stewart. Exhibit runs through May 22.

Miscellaneous

BASEBALL CARD SHOW. Special Events Center, Greensboro Coliseum Complex, G. 373-7400. 10 am-4 pm. Admission: $1.50. Final day.

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GREEK FESTIVAL. 435 Keating Dr., off Country Club Rd., Silas Creek Pkwy. 765-7145. 11 am-8 pm. Featuring Greek food, shopping, music, dancing and other cultural attractions. Admission $1. 10% proceeds go to Brenner Children's Hospital. Final day.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOMEN. Four Seasons Town Centre, G. 292-0171. April 29-May 2. Ideas about educational opportunities, career programs and more. Final day.

3 Monday

Music

OUTTA THE BAG NOON-TIME CONCERT. Winston Square Park, 226 N. Marshall St., WS. 722-2585. 12:15-1:15 pm. Livengood & Chaplin Country Rock. Concerts take place Mon.-Fri. through the end of Sept. Free.

UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA STUDENT CONCERTO CONCERT. Aycock Aud., UNCG campus. 8:15 pm. Free. Robert Gutter, conductor. For information, call 334-5789.

Miscellaneous

GREATER GREENSBORO SENIOR GAMES. 373-2283. Activities ongoing in Greensboro through the week, ending May 7.

HELPING YOUR CHILD COPE WITH DIVORCE. Ireland House, 602 W. Friendly Ave., G. 7-9:30 pm. Social Outreach and Renewal, (S.O.A.R.) workshop for parents.$10.

4 Tuesday

Theater

HAMLET. Paul Green Theatre, Country Club Rd., UNC-Chapel Hill. 962-7529. Community Night: 8 pm. Shakespeare play presented by PlayMakers Repertory Company. A powerful tale of murder, love and revenge. Tickets: $8. Through May 16.

Music

OUTTA THE BAG NOON-TIME CONCERT. Winston Square Park, 226 N. Marshall St., WS. 722-2585. 12:15-1:15 pm. Zeke Saunders Bluegrass. Concerts take place Mon.-Fri. through the end of Sept. Free. Sponsored by the Arts Council of WS/FC and the City of Winston-Salem.

WINSTON-SALEM PIEDMONT TRIAD SYMPHONY. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. WS. 725-1035. 8 pm. This final program in the Classical Series will include Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano & Orchestra and the popular Symphony No. 9. Tickets: $11-$18. Final night.

Miscellaneous

GREATER GREENSBORO SENIOR GAMES. 373-2283. Activities ongoing in Greensboro through the week, ending May 7.

Plan Ahead

Theater

ABUNDANCE. Business Careers Auditorium, GTCC Jamestown Campus. 334-4822 (ext. 2310). May 5-8, 12-15. 8 pm. Presented by the GTCC Theatre. This two-act Beth Henley play is about two mail-order brides who attempt to conquer the American West. Tickets: $9, $7 seniors and GTCC employees, $4 students.

THE BAKKHAI. Proscenium Thrust Performance Place, North Carolina School of the Arts, 200 Waughtown St., WS. 770-3342. May 6-8, 13-15; 8 pm, May 9; 2 pm. Tickets: $7, $5 students & seniors.

MAN OF LA MANCHA. Theatre Charlotte, 501 Queens Rd., Charlotte. 704-376-3777. May 6-8, 13-15, 20-22, 27-30, 8:15 pm. Tickets: $10-$15.

FOLLIES. Carolina Theatre, 310 S. Greene St., G. 333-2600. May 7-9, 14-16 at 8 pm; May 9 & 16 at 3 pm. Presented by the Community Theatre of Greensboro, featuring great musical tunes. The setting is a showgirl reunion. Tickets: $10, $9 students and seniors, $5 children 12 and under. Group rates available. May 7, "Standing Ovation," opening night cocktail party, silent auction,dessert and raffle. Tickets: $25, $35 non-season ticket holders. Call for reservations. May 9, 3 pm: Mother's Day Treat. With the purchase of one regular admission, your Senior Mom will see the show free.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. High Point Theatre. May 13-15, 17:8 pm; 3 pm, 17th, Tennessee Williams' play presented by the High Point Community Theatre. For ticket information, call 882-2542.

CATS. War Memorial Auditorium, Greensboro Coliseum Complex, G. 373-7474. May 18-20. Tickets on sale now through Ticketmaster at 852-1101 or at the box office on S. Chapman St. Ticket prices range form $26.50-$35.50.

ROBIN HOOD. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. May 19 at 7 pm. Musical presented by the N.C. School of the Arts. For information, call 721-1945.

Music

TICKETMASTER TICKETS NOW ON SALE: 919-852-1100. May 1: **Bryan Adams,** Paladium at Carowinds, Charlotte. May 1: **George Jones,** Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte. May 7: **Paul McCartney,** Williams-Brice Stadium, Columbia SC. May 7: **Elton John,** Dean Smith Center, Chapel Hill. May 13: **Clint Black/Wynonna,** LJVM Coliseum WS. May 29: **Sting,** Paladium at Carowinds, Charlotte. May 29: **Beach Blast,** Fayetteville Street Mall, Raleigh. July 13-18: **Peter Pan,** Raleigh Memorial Aud., Raleigh. Sept. 21-26: **Evita,** Raleigh Memorial Aud., Raleigh. Nov. 2-7: **Grand Hotel,** Raleigh Memorial Aud., Raleigh.

WALNUT CREEK AMPHITHEATRE CONCERTS. 3801 Rock Quarry Rd., Raleigh. May 1: **Lovin' Feelings II** (starring: Spinners, Three Dog Night, Mamas & Papas, Gary Puckett & BJ Thomas.) May 2: **Bryan Adams.** May15: **Hank Williams, Jr.** May 23: **Lynyrd Skynyrd.** May 28-31: **Rib Cook-Off & Music Festival.** June 8: **Lyle Lovett and His Large Band.** Tickets: $18.75-$26.75. June 18, 8 pm: **Moody Blues with Symphony Orchestra.** June 19, 6 pm: **Spin Doctors, Soul Asylum & Screaming Trees.** July 21: **Van Halen with Vince Neil.** Tickets: $19.75-$28.75. Call for listing of entertainment for those days. Tickets: $5. Tickets available through Ticketmaster at 919-834-4000.

BLOCKBUSTER PAVILION CONCERTS. 707 Blockbuster Blvd., Charlotte. 704-549-5555. May 23, 7:30 pm: **Dwight Yoakam with Suzy Boggus.** June 4, 8 pm. **Dolly Parton.** Lawn tickets are $5 with discount 2 for one coupons available from Blockbuster Video Stores, redeemable at Ticketmaster outlets. June 11-13: **Charlotte Folk Music Society Festival.** July 20, 8 pm. **Van Halen** — Right Here Right Now. Tickets: Reserved seats, $25; lawn, $20. Aug. 14: **Lynyrd Skynyrd.** Tickets: $14-$10. Tickets available through Ticketmaster or by phone at 919-852-1100. Charge by phone: Charlotte: 704-522-6500, Greensboro: 852-1100 and Raleigh: 834-4000.

GREENSBORO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SEASON FINALE: BEETHOVEN. War Memorial Auditorium, G. 333-7490. May 8 & 10, 8:15 pm. Guest musician is 22 yr. old Soviet violinist Vadim Repin. Tickets: $10, $16, $18, & $24.

NORTH CAROLINA SYMPHONY. • May 6 & 7, 8 pm: Classical Concert. Free pre-concert lecture in Lower Level-Memorial Aud. at 7 pm. Raleigh Memorial Aud., Raleigh. Tickets: $18-$25, 919-831-6060 or 1-800-292-7469. Tickets at the door subject to availability. • May 14 & 15, 8 pm: Pops Concert. Tickets: Tickets: $18-$26, 919-831-6060 or 1-800-292-7469. Tickets at the door subject to availability.

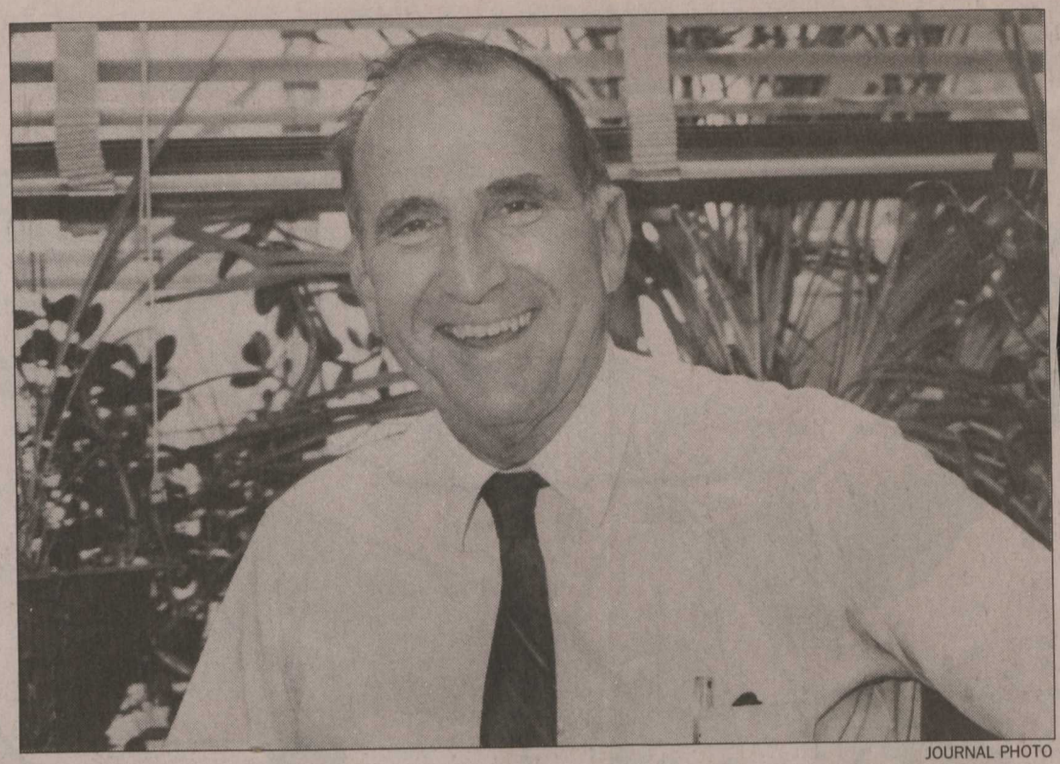
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY SINGERS. Wake Forest University, Wait Chapel, WS. 777-0076. May 7, 8 pm. This performance will benefit the Enrichment Center. Tickets: $3. Call for advanced tickets and info.

NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL OF THE ARTS. 200 Waughtown St., WS. 770-3342. May 8, 8 pm. Crawford Hall. "The Local Turf: Music by North Carolina Composers American Music Festival." Tickets: $7, $5 students & seniors. • May 13-15; 8 pm, 16; 2 pm. Stevens Center. NCSA Spring Dance. The World Premiere of "The Scarlet Letter," "Paquita," & "Changing Steps." Tickets: $10, $8 students & seniors.

Before criticizing 'Critic' how about checking to see whether it's right?

FACING FACTS

By David Broyles
GUEST COLUMNIST



JOURNAL PHOTO

DAVID BROYLES: "Facts seem to make no difference."

John Gates, the editorial page editor, does a disservice to journalism and also to truth when he attacks John Meroney, a Wake Forest student and the editor of *The Wake Forest Critic*, as he did in his March 21 column. Meroney has his facts straight when he criticizes Professor Maya Angelou's influence on Wake Forest education. Gates doesn't.

Speaking of facts, Meroney's article for *The American Spectator* magazine, reprinted in the *Critic* and on op-ed pages across the nation, describes Angelou's so-called office as a "storage closet." Gates says, repeating the language of a form letter put out by the Wake Forest administration's public-affairs department, that it's a "campus office."

Meroney's description is, in fact, the accurate one. The place that the administration says is Angelou's office is in a building far from the main part of campus — I know, because my office is in the same building and I have to walk a country mile to get to my classroom. What the administration calls Angelou's office is an obscure, tiny room that serves as a storage place for books (and probably after all the publicity has a few potted plants placed in it, too). According to Angelou's secretary, it *never* houses a professor.

But never mind mentioning other facts. Gates is sure that Meroney's views are listened to "because Angelou is who she is" and not because "Meroney has uncovered any scandal." Gates goes on to muse about what he calls Meroney's "warped" facts and what they might be covering up. Darkly, Gates suggests that "Angelou is black, and some people believe that there is more than coincidence at work in . . . Meroney's choice of targets." So much for innuendo and calumny — and who would have thought of such a thing! Who's the racist, Meroney or Gates?

What it amounts to is this: Gates is sure that Angelou is like all other professors, except for a few little characteristics not worth mentioning. Well, I've been a professor at Wake Forest for over a quarter-century, and I can say she's not anything like the others. Most professors have never had the privilege, like Angelou, of having semesters that last for two weeks and then calling it quits. Most professors have never been able, like Angelou, to have students *audition* for them. And most professors wouldn't be satisfied to teach, the way Angelou has said she teaches, "whatever comes to mind."

Gates is sure Meroney is motivated to attack Angelou because of racism or some other self-serving purpose. But it makes no difference to Gates that Angelou's autobiographies celebrate her careers as prostitute, madam and stripper and that she's paid over $100,000 a year by the administration. Did someone say something about "role models"? It makes no difference that Angelou has no academic degrees from any college or university, yet is referred to as "doctor." What makes little impression on Gates is, however, what's at the heart of education. Angelou's peculiar stories about overcoming difficulties in a racist society are glorified by the administration because they set the pattern for what is "politically correct" education. That pattern is disastrous.

The administration wants to use Angelou not as a representative of the real grievances of minorities but as a vehicle for establishing a politically correct liberal-arts curriculum. Wake Forest's president, Thomas K. Hearn Jr., elaborates his understanding of this teaching in his many speeches on education. After returning from an excursion to Vienna, Hearn told freshmen that Wake Forest is "Vienna in all but name." Vienna has changed, though, said Hearn. What it now tells us is that education owes no indebtedness to our priceless and irreplaceable Western heritage. Rather, we must "peel away the layers" of that heritage to reveal a "human truth" beneath it, that truth being a Freudian thicket of savage drives.

The impact of such thinking on the Wake Forest curriculum was predictable — and saddening: Traditional teachings have been placed under the ban of official disgrace, replaced increasingly by a mad abandonment to studying variety for its own sake. Gone from dear old Wake Forest are the Declaration of Independence's laws of nature and of nature's God. Gone is any serious attention to the institutions that Americans have relied upon to pursue the happiness promised by those laws. Gone, even, is the Constitution.

American political institutions are outmoded for the problems we confront, Hearn tells us. Lack of guidance and discipline in moral matters, things we deplore and are terrified by when our children encounter them in public schools, are right at home at Angelou's Wake Forest. Students are said not to need guidance in choosing what are irrational and subconscious preferences. How can we wonder why crime, suicide, divorce, drug use, racism and child abuse continue to escalate in our society? Would you want your daughter to go to college?

Gates accepts the tired assertion of the administration that problems arose with the *Critic* because people were unclear about the administration's involvement with the magazine. This is "fact" for Gates. Never mind that the *Critic* is written by undergraduates, law students and recent alumni. It seems further to cut no ice with administrators that Wake Forest is an institution of higher learning. With shocking vulgarity they argue that the university is threatened with an "image problem," just like Ivory soap, if students make "unauthorized use" of the words "Wake Forest." Never mind the fact that universities are showered with support from taxpayers and private foudnations. Those facts seem to make no difference.

In the end, we have the judgment of Gates, a writer who was once on the university's payroll, that writers for the *Critic* are "fanatics" but ones who must be "tolerated." Meroney is one of those students of whom the press can say that he will "try the patience of even the most serene among us." How delicately put! But Meroney must be tolerated, Gates condescends, because he is one of those who "keep us on our toes." What Gates fumbles for but drops is that it is for those with the intelligence and integrity to seek truth and fight for it, students of Meroney's high caliber, that universities are founded. No student who tries earnestly to assess what's happening in today's academia deserves the kind of contemptuous dismissal that Gates serves up to Meroney and his fellow student writers.

■ *Broyles is a professor of political philosophy at Wake Forest University and faculty adviser to* **The Wake Forest Critic**.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

April 28 – May 4, 1993

28 Wednesday

Theater

HAMLET. Paul Green Theatre, Country Club Rd., UNC-Chapel Hill. 962-7529. 8 pm. Shakespeare play presented by Play-Makers Repertory Company. Directed by David Hammond. Prince Hamlet of Denmark mourns the recent death of his father and is disturbed by the hasty marriage of his mother to his father's brother. The ghost of his father appears and urges Hamlet to seek vengeance. A powerful tale of murder, love and revenge. Tickets: $16.50. Discounts available for seniors, students and groups. Through May 16.

MARVIN'S ROOM. The Broach Theatre, 520 S. Elm St., Old Greensborough. 378-9300. 8 pm. Scott McPherson's comedy about one woman's commitment to caring for her family first, even in the face of personal tragedy. Directed by Hall Parrish. Tickets: $12, $10 students and seniors. Runs through May 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Taylor Bldg., UNCG campus. 334-5546. 8 pm. Tickets: $8, $7 seniors, $3 UNCG students. UNCG Theatre production. Runs through May 2.

THE SECRET GARDEN. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 10 am & 1 pm. Theatreworks USA music show based on Frances Hodgson Burness's classic book about Mary Lennox, a young girl who comes to live on the estate of her mysterious uncle after the death of her parents. Ages 7 and up. Tickets $3. Runs through May 1.

WALLY'S CAFE. The Barn Dinner Theatre, 120 Stagecoach Trail, G. 292-2211 or 883-7914. Bar opens at 6 pm, buffet served 6:30-7:45 pm. Show time: 8 pm. Comedy chronicling forty years in the lives of three lovable and eccentric people. Call for reservations. Runs through May 23.

Music

CHEERS. Club Fifth Season, Holiday Inn Four Seasons, 3121 High Point Rd., G. 292-9161.

CHRIS STAMEY with BRENT LAMBERT. Rainbow News & Cafe, 712 Brookstown Ave. 723-0858. 7 pm. Rare Triad appearance by the former dB's guitarist.

CLU BU CLAM. Ziggy's, 433 Baily St., WS. 748-1064.

DAVE SPENCER. The Cave, 452 1/2 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill. 968-9308.

DILLON FENCE. Cat's Cradle, 206 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill. 967-9053.

KOUNTRY KARAOKE. Santa Fe Rose, 3222 High Point Rd., G. 292-0024.

NERVOUS WRECKS and FIDO WENT TO HEAVEN. Infiniti, 411 N. Eugene St., G. 574-1844.

ROCKIN' HORSE. Santa Fe Rose, 3222 High Point Rd., G. 292-0024.

TINA LOVINGS with SUNDOWNERS and SNÜZZ BAND. Somewhere Else Tavern, 2017 Freeman Mill Rd., G. 273-7532. Bring a can of food for donation to Urban Ministry.

Miscellaneous

FILM: GRANT WOOD'S AMERICA. Reynolda House Museum of Art, WS. 725-5325. 9:30 am & 3:30 pm.

G.A.I.N. MEETING. Elm Street Cafe, 223 S. Elm St., G. 288-5143. 5:30-8 pm. Kitty Rankin will speak on "Managing Conflict in Fun and Relaxing Ways." GAIN is the local affiliate of the National Association of Female Executives; open to professional women.

HOME & GARDEN GALA COCKTAIL BUFFET. Barbara & Michael Bruce's house, 111 Arden Pl., G. 855-1352. 6-8:30 pm. Celebrating the opening of the Greensboro in Full Bloom tour. Tickets: $12.50. The Home & Garden tour runs April 28-May 1, 10 am-4 pm.

ST. FRANCIS EPISCOPAL CHURCH BOOK SALE. 3506 Lawndale Dr., G. 10 am-8 pm. Thousands of novels, paperbacks, magazines, records, cookbooks, art prints and magazines. April 30, 10 am-1 pm: half-price. Proceeds benefits the church's outreach programs, including Greensboro Urban Ministry.

TRAVELOGS FILM: A BRITISH SUMMER. Carolina Theatre, 310 S. Greene St., G. 333-2605. 7:30 pm. Tickets: $6.50, $5.50 students and seniors.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT CAR SERVICE AND WERE AFRAID TO ASK. Spencer Love Room, First Presbyterian Church, 615 N. Elm St., G. 373-0445. 6:15-7:30 pm. Presented by The Family Ministry Committee.

29 Thursday

Theater

HAMLET. Paul Green Theatre, Country Club Rd., UNC-Chapel Hill. 962-7529. 8 pm. Shakespeare play presented by Play-Makers Repertory Company. A powerful tale of murder, love and revenge. Tickets: $16.50. Through May 16.

INTO THE WOODS. Carolina Theatre, 310 S. Greene St., G. 373-2974 or 333-2605. 8 pm. Presented by the Livestock Players Musical Theatre. Play featuring Cinderella, a Baker and his Wife, Jack and the Beanstalk, and a fairy tale witch, giving old stories a new twist with a great musical plot. Tickets: $10, $8 seniors and students. Through May 1.

MARVIN'S ROOM. The Broach Theatre, 520 S. Elm St., Old Greensborough. 378-9300. 8 pm. Scott McPherson's comedy about one woman's commitment to caring for her family first, even in the face of personal tragedy. Directed by Hall Parrish. Tickets: $12, $10 students and seniors. Runs through May 1.

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SESAME STREET LIVE: LET'S PLAY SCHOOL. Greensboro War Memorial Aud., G. 10:30 am & 7 pm. The Sesame Street gang will share a school day. This show holds up the entertainment and educational traditions of the TV series. Family night tickets: $6.50. Tickets sold through TicketMaster outlets or by phone: 373-7400.

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Music

BAND OF OZ. The Guard, 4019 Country Club Rd., WS. 765-2157.

BAROQUE MUSIC & DANCE. The Vintage Theatre, 7 Vintage Ave., WS. 750-0000. 8 pm. Rare performance of Beethoven Violin Sonatas Op 12 Nos 1, 2, 3 on period instruments, followed by Baroque dances in period costume. Following the performance, simple Renaissance dances will be taught to the audience. Tickets: $8, $5 students, seniors, F&B members. Highly recommended for all ages.

CHEERS. Club Fifth Season, Holiday Inn Four Seasons, 3121 High Point Rd., G. 292-9161.

FESTIVAL OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS: PAST & PRESENT. High Point Theatre, 220 E. Commerce Ave., HP. 887-3001. 8 pm. This OPUS Concert of traditional African-American songs will feature the 150-voice Choral Society of Greensboro along with guest soloists Barbara Hill Moore; Rubey Hebert; G. Carlton Hines; Louis Nabors; and Danny Kelley on the piano. Conductor: Maestro William P. Carroll. Tickets: $7.

GRAVITY'S PULL. Charlie Goodnight's, Raleigh.

HILLBILLY LOVE GOD REV. BILLY C. WIRTZ. Skylight Exchange, 405 1/2 W. Rosemary St., Chapel Hill. 933-5550. 9:30 pm. Wirtz, pastor of the First House of Polyester Worship, is part piano man and part comedian who pokes fun at life in the Bible Belt.

HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH. Ziggy's, 433 Baily St., WS. 748-1064.

MIND CONTROL, KUOZU GANJA and THE FATHE. Somewhere Else Tavern, 2017 Freeman Mill Rd., G. 273-7532.

OUTER LIMITS and PSYCHO ACOUSTIC RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. Infiniti, 411 N. Eugene St., G. 574-1844.

ROCKIN' HORSE. Santa Fe Rose, 3222 High Point Rd., G. 292-0024.

SIDECAR JONES AND PERUSING THE BUKOWSKI. The Cave, 452 1/2 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill. 968-9308.

Dance

UNDERGRADUATE THESIS DANCE CONCERT. April 29 - May 1 at 8 pm, presented by the UNCG Department of Dance. For information, call 334-5570. Runs through May 1.

Galleries

OPENING RECEPTION. Theatre Art Galleries, 220 E. Commerce Ave., HP. 887-3415. 5 pm. Main Gallery: paintings and drawings by Michael Klauke. Gallery B; Merrill Shatzman's prints and drawings. Gallery C; High Point Fine Art Guid's "Kaleidoscope," an open show. Exhibit runs through June 20.

Miscellaneous

ESPECIALLY FOR SENIORS' PROGRAM. The Science Center and Environmental Park, 400 Hanes Mill Rd., WS. 767-6730. 2-5 pm.

GREATER GREENSBORO SENIOR GAMES. 373-2283. Activities ongoing in Greensboro throughout the week, ending May 7.

HOME & GARDEN TOUR: GREENSBORO IN FULL BLOOM. Tour hours 10 am-4 pm. Featuring five distinctive homes and two gardens. Benefits local education and beautification projects. $8 advance, $10 at the door. Ticket info. call: 647-6394. Luncheon and fashion show 11:30 am-2 pm each day of the tours, presented by Gin-Ettes, Inc. ($6) will be served by at the Greek Orthodox Church, 800 Westridge Rd., G. Fashion info call 855-1352.

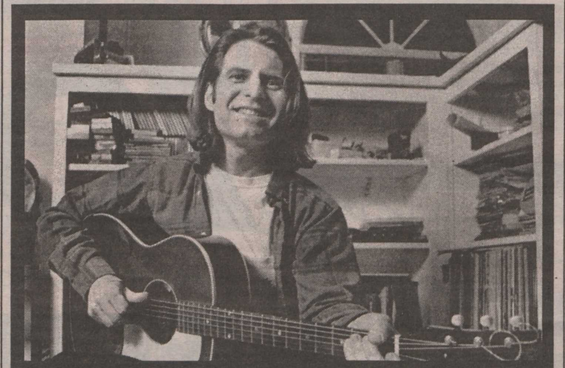
HOUSE & GARDEN TOUR OF WINSTON-SALEM. 722-5640. 10 am-4 pm. Tickets: $8 advance, $10 at the door, $3 for one house. Lunch available for $7.50. Tours through May 1.

OPERA: PUCCINI & OFFENBACH. Jones Aud., Meridith College, Raleigh. 8 pm. Presented by the National opera Company. Free. Also April 30 & May 1.

PEKING ACROBATS. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. 4 & 8 pm. Presented by the N.C. School of the Arts. 4 pm; performance tickets: $10, $8 kids & seniors. 8 pm; Reserved tickets: $18, $16. For information, call 721-1945.

ST. FRANCIS EPISCOPAL CHURCH BOOK SALE. 3506 Lawndale Dr., G. 10 am-8 pm. Thousands of novels, paperbacks, magazines, records, cookbooks, art prints and magazines. April 30, 10 am-1 pm: half-price. Proceeds benefits the church's outreach programs, including Greensboro Urban Ministry.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOMEN. Four Seasons Town Centre, G. 292-0171. Ideas about educational opportunities, career programs and more. Ends May 2.



CHRIS STAMEY
appears with Brent Lambert at the Rainbow News & Café in Winston-Salem Wednesday, April 28. Call for details.

30 Friday

Theater

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 8 pm. Presented by the North Carolina Black Repertory Company, this spiritually uplifting musical has a theme of hope and songs that reveal precious Black American history. A journey through daily traumas to the vibrations of faith, with sky-reaching Gospel tunes. Tickets: $15, $10 students & seniors. Through May 2.

HAMLET. Paul Green Theatre, Country Club Rd., UNC-Chapel Hill. 962-7529. 8 pm. Shakespeare play presented by Play-Makers Repertory Company. A powerful tale of murder, love and revenge. Tickets: $19.50. Through May 16.

LETTICE AND LOVAGE. Augsburg Community Center, Broad and 6th St., WS. 725-7181. 8 pm. Comedy following the friendship of a British tour guide, who gives her lectures extra theatricality and romance, and a woman who is not impressed by her "history lesson." They awaken people to the dreariness of their mediocre modern lives. Tickets: $10 adults, $8 students & seniors. Through May 8.

MARVIN'S ROOM. The Broach Theatre, 520 S. Elm St., Old Greensborough. 378-9300. 8 pm. Scott McPherson's comedy about one woman's commitment to caring for her family first, even in the face of personal tragedy. Directed by Hall Parrish. Tickets: $12, $10 students and seniors. Runs through May 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Taylor Bldg., UNCG campus. 334-5546. 8 pm. Tickets: $8, $7 seniors, $3 UNCG students. UNCG Theatre production. Runs through May 2.

OPERA: NORTH CAROLINA SYMPHONY. Jones Aud., Meredith College, Raleigh. 890-6082. 8 pm. Performed by the National Opera Company, 2 one-act operas: Puccini: Gianni Schicci, and Offenbach, M. Choufleuri. Free. Final evening, May 1.

THE SECRET GARDEN. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 10 am & noon Theatreworks USA music show based on Frances Hodgson Burness's classic book about Mary Lennox, a young girl who comes to live on the estate of her mysterious uncle after the death of her parents. Ages 7 and up. Tickets $3. Runs through May 1.

SESAME STREET LIVE: LET'S PLAY SCHOOL. Greensboro War Memorial Aud., G. 10:30 am & 7 pm. The Sesame Street gang will share a school day. This show holds up the entertainment and educational traditions of the TV series. Tickets: $10 and $9; children 2-12, $1.50 off. Tickets sold through TicketMaster outlets or by phone: 373-7400.

WALLY'S CAFE. The Barn Dinner Theatre, 120 Stagecoach Trail, G. 292-2211 or 883-7914. Bar opens at 6 pm, buffet served 6:30-7:45 pm. Show time: 8 pm. Comedy chronicling forty years in the lives of three lovable and eccentric people. Call for reservations. Runs through May 23.

Music

BASS HEAD. Ziggy's, 433 Baily St., WS. 748-1064.

BLACK & BLUE. The Guard, 4019 Country Club Rd., WS. 765-2157.

BO. T & THE SPURS. Santa Fe Rose, 3222 High Point Rd., G. 292-0024.

CHEERS. Club Fifth Season, Holiday Inn Four Seasons, 3121 High Point Rd., G. 292-9161.

FESTIVAL OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS: PAST & PRESENT. Guilford College campus, Dana Auditorium, G. 373-25498:15 pm. This OPUS Concert of traditional African-American songs will feature the 150-voice Choral Society of Greensboro along with guest soloists Barbara Hill Moore; Rubey Hebert; G. Carlton Hines; Louis Nabors; and Danny Kelley on the piano. Conductor: Maestro William P. Carroll. Tickets: $8 Greensboro concert. Call for more info.

GEEZER LAKE, BIG HAT, BABE THE BLUE OX and SPONGEHEAD. Somewhere Else Tavern, 2017 Freeman Mill Rd., G. 273-7532.

GRAVITY'S PULL. The Cave, 452 1/2 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill. 968-9308.

HARD SOUL POETS. Kilroy's. 708 W. Market St., G. 274-2166.

HUNTER MOORE. Rose & Thistle, 107 Lockland Ave., WS. 725-6444. 8 pm. Fiddle & Bow Triad's Folk Music Society. Cover: $7, $5 F&B members.

JOHN McCUTCHEON. Arts & Science Center, 1335 Museum Rd., Statesville. 704-873-4734. 7:30 pm. Concert for Habitat for Humanity.

NCSA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. 8 pm. Tickets: $10, $8 students & seniors. Presented by the NC School of the Arts.

TRUE & TRUE. The Exchange, 340 S. Tate St., G. 273-2243. 10:30 pm. $2 cover.

Dance

ELON DANCERS. McCrary Theatre, Elon College. 584-2243. 8 pm. Free and open to the public. Performance also May 1.

UNDERGRADUATE THESIS DANCE CONCERT. April 29 - May 1 at 8 pm, presented by the UNCG Department of Dance. For information, call 334-5570. Shows through May 1.

Galleries

OPENING RECEPTION. Center For Creative Leadership, One Leadership Place, off Rt. 220 N., G. 288-7210. 7-9 pm. "Celebrating North Carolina Landscape Artists," including works by Marcia Ann McDade McMann, Elsie Dinsmore Popkin, Virginia Wright-Frierson, Richard Fennel, Mark Gottsegen, Philip A. Link & Robb Wilkinson Prichard. Exhibit runs through June 3.

Miscellaneous

COMEDY ZONE. The Exchange Lounge at The Hotel Greensborough, 200 E. Market St., G. 333-1034 or 275-0811; or at the Sheraton Hotel, University Parkway at Rte. 52, WS. 631-6010. Friday and Saturday nights; two shows, 8:30 and 10:30 pm. All seats $7; get there early for a stage-front seat.

Greensboro: Real John King, Ray Thomas & John James. Winston-Salem: Bill Tucker & J. Scott Homan.

GREEK FESTIVAL. 435 Keating Dr., off Country Club Rd., Silas Creek Pkwy. 765-7145. 10 am-10 pm. Featuring Greek food, shopping, music, dancing and other cultural attractions. Admission $1. 10% proceeds go to Brenner Children's Hospital. Runs through May 2.

HOME & GARDEN TOUR: GREENSBORO IN FULL BLOOM. Tour hours 10 am-4 pm. Featuring five distinctive and different homes, and two gardens. Profits will benefit local educational and beautification projects. Tickets: $8 advanced, $10 at the door. Ticket info. call: 647-6394. Luncheon and fashion show 11:30 am-2 pm each day of the tours, presented by Gin-Ettes, Inc. ($6) will be served by Ladies Philoptochos Society at the Greek Orthodox Church, 800 Westridge Rd., G. Fashion show. Call for more info: 855-1352.

HOUSE & GARDEN TOUR OF WINSTON-SALEM. 722-5640. 10 am-4 pm. Tickets: $8 advanced, $10 at the door, $3 one house. Lunch available: $7.50. April 28, 7:30 pm. Lecture by noted garden writer and author, Sandra Ladendorf, Wake Forest U. Scales Fine Arts Center. Admission: $10. Tours through May 1.

LOVE...WHERE ARE YOU? Farlow Fellowship Hall, First Wesley Church, 1915 N. Centennial St., HP. 282-1575. Singles seminar, with dinner at 7 pm and discussion from 8-10 pm. Learn about choosing the right life partner and building long and meaningful relationships. Register on-site April 30 after 6:30 pm. Led by Sherry Pallay of Professional Singles.

OPERA: PUCCINI & OFFENBACH. Jones Aud., Meridith College, Raleigh. 8 pm. Presented by the National opera Company. Free. Plays April 30 & May 1.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER IN OLD GREENSBOROUGH. One 92 E. Lewis St.-Rock 92, G. 272-6817. 6:30 & 8:30 pm. Enjoy a four course meal, each served in a different historic site. Tickets: $27, $50 couple. Advanced tickets in OGPS Downtowners Office, 500 S. Elm St., G.

ST. FRANCIS EPISCOPAL CHURCH BOOK SALE. 3506 Lawndale Dr., G. 10 am-1 pm: half-price. Thousands of novels, paperbacks, magazines, records, cookbooks, art prints and magazines. Proceeds benefits the church's outreach programs, including Greensboro Urban Ministry.

TRAVELOGS FILM: A BRITISH SUMMER. High Point Theatre, 220 E. Commerce Ave., HP. 887-3001. 7:30 pm. Narrator James Cole escorts you on a holiday excursion to places long frequented by vacationing Britons. Call for ticket info.

VERY SPECIAL ARTS FESTIVAL. Greensboro Cultural Center, 200 N. Davie St., G. 333-7475. 9 am-2 pm. Day-long cultural event for children who are physically and mentally challenged. Presented by the Center for Creative Arts.



CLU BU CLAM
lights up Ziggy's in Winston-Salem Wednesday, April 28

1 Saturday

Theater

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 8 pm. Presented by the North Carolina Black Repertory Company, this spiritually uplifting musical has a theme of hope and songs that reveal precious Black American history. A journey through daily traumas to the vibrations of faith, with sky-reaching Gospel tunes. Tickets $15, $10 students & seniors. Through May 2.

INTO THE WOODS. Carolina Theatre, 310 S. Greene St., G. 373-2974 or 333-2605. 8 pm. Presented by the Livestock Players Musical Theatre. Play featuring Cinderella, a Baker and his Wife, Jack and the Beanstalk, and a fairy tale witch, giving old stories a new twist with a great musical plot. Tickets: $10, $8 seniors and students. Through May 1.

LETTICE AND LOVAGE. Augsburg Community Center, Broad and 6th St., WS. 725-7181. 8 pm. Comedy following the friendship of a British tour guide, who gives her lectures extra theatricality and romance, and a woman who is not impressed by her "history lesson." They awaken people to the dreariness of their mediocre modern lives. Tickets: $10 adults, $8 students & seniors. Through May 8.

MARVIN'S ROOM. The Broach Theatre, 520 S. Elm St., Old Greensborough. 378-9300. 8 pm. Scott McPherson's comedy about one woman's commitment to caring for her family first, even in the face of personal tragedy. Directed by Hall Parrish. Tickets: $12, $10 students and seniors. Final showing.

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SESAME STREET LIVE: LET'S PLAY SCHOOL. Greensboro War Memorial Aud., G. 373-7400. 10:30 am & 2 pm. The Sesame Street gang will share a school day with children 2-12. The show keeps the entertainment and educational traditions of the TV series. Tickets $10 and $9; children 2-12 get $1.50 off. Runs through May 2.

THE SECRET GARDEN. Arts Council Theatre, 610 Coliseum Dr., WS. 725-1711. 10:30 am. Theatreworks USA music show based on Frances Hodgson Burness's classic book about Mary Lennox, a young girl who comes to live on the estate of her mysterious uncle after the death of her parents. Ages 7 and up. Tickets: $5. Final show.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. The Community Theatre of Greensboro, 200 N. Davie St., G. 333-SHOW. 2 pm & 7 pm. Tickets available through the Community Theatre of Greensboro Box Office. Tickets: $5. Group rates available. Seating limited, reservations recommended. Show runs through May 2.

Music

BO. T & THE SPURS. Santa Fe Rose, 3222 High Point Rd., G. 292-0024.

CHEERS. Club Fifth Season, Holiday Inn Four Seasons, 3121 High Point Rd., G. 292-9161.

HILLBILLY LOVE GOD REV. BILLY C. WIRTZ. The Exchange, 338 Tate St., G. 273-2243. 10 pm: Wirtz, pastor of the First House of Polyester Worship, is part piano man and part comedian who simultaneously celebrates and pokes fun at life in his home region, the bible Belt. $6 cover.

PIANO CONCERT. Hanes Aud., Salem Fine Arts Center, Salem College, WS. 721-2702. 8 pm. Barbara Lister-Sink's & Alexander Peskanov's concert will benefit the Clemens and Margaret Vardell Sandresky Scholarship fund. Call for ticket info.

WINSTON-SALEM MUSIC FESTIVAL. Ziggy's, 433 Baily St., WS. 748-1064. All darn night: Come down to see all the fabulous bands from good ol' Winston-Salem. The evening will include performances by 2 Lb. Planet, Speck, The Face of Change and more.

WINSTON-SALEM PIEDMONT TRIAD SYMPHONY. Stevens Center, 405 W. Fourth St., WS. WS. 725-1035. 3 pm. This final program in the Classical Series will include Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano & Orchestra and the popular Symphony No. 9. Tickets: $11-$18. Also May 2&4.

Dance

ELON DANCERS. McCrary Theatre, Elon College. 584-2243. 8 pm. Free and open to the public.

GREENSBORO BALLET: BALLET...A LA CARTE. Orchestra Room, Greensboro Cultural Center, 200 N. Davie St. G. 333-7480. 6:30 pm hors d'oeuvres and cash bar; performance at 8 pm. Program includes Elissa Fuch's suspenseful "The Medium," Rick McCullough's new "Ladies in Waiting," and the comedic "Lulu's Place." $25 includes admission and food. Charge: 333-7481.

UNDERGRADUATE THESIS DANCE CONCERT. April 29 - May 1 at 8 pm, presented by the UNCG Department of Dance. For information, call 334-5570. Shows through May 1.

Galleries

OPENING RECEPTION. The Artery. 1711 Spring Garden St., G. 274-9814. 3-6 pm. "Color My World" original landscape paintings by Elaine Pelkey-Herrick. Main Gallery. Free. Exhibit runs through May 31.

Miscellaneous

ARTS 'ROUND THE SQUARE. Courthouse Square, Graham. 226-4495.10 am-5 pm. Featuring country music star Hal Ketchum and a day of crafts and games and fun for the whole family.

BASEBALL CARD SHOW. Special Events Center, Greensboro Coliseum Complex, G. 373-7400. 10 am-5 pm. Admission: $1.50. Final day May 2.

CCFA DINNER AND AUCTION. Holiday Inn Four Seasons, High Point Rd. & I-40, G. The Triad chapter of the Crohn's & Colitis Foundation presents its annual elegant event at 7 pm. "To Make the 90's, Decade for the Cure" is the theme. The evening will include dinner, music and cocktail hour. Auction will contain items to accommodate all budgets. For reserva-

SANTA FÈ ROSE
Santa Fe Rose is a private club for members only & their guests! ID Required

The Triad's ONLY KOUNTRY KARAOKE Every Tuesday

ROCKIN' HORSE
Featured April 28th & 29th

BO 'T' AND THE SPURS
Featured April 30th & May 1st

Date	Open	Featured	Charge
Tues. April 27th	7:00 pm	Line Dance Lessons	KOUNTRY KARAOKE — $2.00 Members $5.00 Guests
Wed. April 28th	7:00 pm	Couples Dance Lessons	ROCKIN' HORSE — $2.00 Members $5.00 Guests
Thurs. April 29th	7:00 pm	FREE Two Step Dance Lessons 7:30	ROCKIN' HORSE — Members FREE $6.00 Guests
Fri. April 30th	8:00 pm	All Lady Members FREE Til 10pm	BO 'T' AND THE SPURS — $4.00 Members $6.00 Guests
Sat. May 1st	8:00 pm		BO 'T' AND THE SPURS — $4.00 Members $6.00 Guests
Sun. May 2nd	7:00 pm	Line Dance Lessons	BODACIOUS — $3.00 Members $5.00 Guests

All ABC Permits
No One Under 21 Admitted (except Sundays)

Live DJ Plays Your Favorite Music Between Sets
• Proper Dress Required • Membership Application Available

3222 High Point Rd. · Phone (919) 292-0024

Reporting on our children's education

Letter From the Editor



Frank Sutherland

DEAR Reader,
Good Morning!

For seven years, from 1967 to 1974, I reported on education news for this newspaper. As I reporter I watched the tumultuous changes taking place in our schools.

In the 1960s, I watched major experiments with ourcurriculum. In the uproar following the Soviets beating us in the space race, we studied, debated and revised what we required our children to learn in school. Many teachers and administrators during those years actually discouraged parental participation in schools, saying educators knew best what to teach. For example, they knew it was OK to allow a high school student to substitute an elective for fourth-year English.

Now we seem to be unhappy once again with our curriculum, prompted by the Japanese beating us in the technology race in the '80s. We have to teach our children better, demand parents — and just about everybody else.

In the 1970s, we desegregated our schools in a meaningful way, but the tool we used, cross-town busing, infuriated many parents. Some of them left the school system for private schools. Others could not afford to leave, but harbored lingering resentment at sending three siblings off to school on three different buses, to three different schools, at three different times of day. Parental support for schools diminished.

In the 1990s, we are about to revisit cross-town busing, with leadership not opposed to desegregated schools but looking for ways to offer integrated, quality education with shorter bus rides.

With the development of urban areas in the South in the '80s, discipline problems in schools created new problems for teachers and new concerns for parents. Discipline has been a concern since the early 1960s when that generation of students rebelled against authority, including schools.

Discipline problems reached new levels, however, when guns and other weapons started showing up in students' pockets and purses. Students got killed. Outrage was and is the appropriate first response, but the appropraite second response — to the question, "What do we do about it?" — is more difficult to determine.

It's clear in the 1990s that most of our society is ready to make changes in the way we educate our children, transport them to school and discipline them when they are bad.

That's why *The Tennessean* has committed major resources to covering education for the rest of the year. Reagan Walker, former education writer for *The Clarion-Ledger* in Jackson, Miss., has joined Dorren Klausnitzer as a second full-time reporter covering education.

To augment that coverage, we have formed a special team consisting of former education reporter Sheila Wissner, reporters Joe Rogers and Kevin Pollard, photographers Kats Barry and Freeman Ramsey, designer Susan Holloway, graphics coordinator Kent Travis and photo projects coordinator Nancy Rhoda. Special reporting editor Lisa Green heads the team which will bring you a series of special reports during the next several weeks.

Today, we offer you a look at alternative schools that provide a place for students who have no other place to go because of their behavior. These students' discipline records put them at risk of dropping out or being expelled, and the legislature, realizing the ultimate cost of letting this happen — paying for their time in prison — has told local school systems to provide alternative ways of dealing with these students.

The report on alternative schools begins on page 1A today. In June, we will present a series of in-depth reports on what may happen with busing and with curriculum changes such as magnet schools. It's must reading for parents and for all citizens who pay taxes to support schools.

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At the Three-Star Forum banquet last week, Forum Editor Princess Patton made her last appearance as a *Tennessean* employee. Other obligations force her to leave us, although she will continue to write columns for us on occasion.

Marnie Feree takes her place as Forum editor, compiling letters to the editor each day and choosing the best letter of the day to receive three stars.

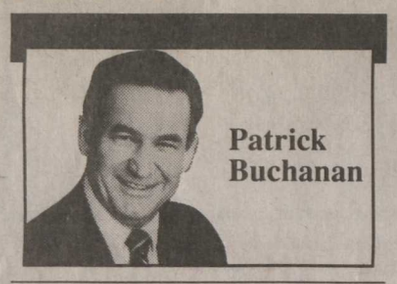
Regional Editor Dwight Lewis will join the editorial board, while retaining most of his current duties. He will also write a new column about minority affairs in Nashville.

●●●

For many years, section B of *The Tennessean* has borne the nameplate "Metro/State" to denote the local news section. Readers have told us that it's not a very helpful name for such a section.

We considered many fancy names for the section, but in the end we opted for simplicity and clarity: "Local News." You'll see that name daily on section B.

Good reading,
Frank ■



Patrick Buchanan

The double standard is alive, well

IT was near midnight, in January. Eden Jacobowitz, a freshman at Penn, was working on a term paper. Below his sixth-floor dorm window, five black sorority sisters all began "shouting, stomping, singing and screaming things like 'woo, woo,'" says Jacobowitz. The racket went on for 20 minutes.

Exasperated, Eden Jacobowitz opened his window and yelled, "Shut up, you water buffalo ... If you're looking for a party, there's a zoo a mile from here."

"Did Eden Jacobowitz utter a racial slur?" That question is now being debated at Penn, on America's op-ed pages, even beyond the nation's borders. "Exactly What Race is a Water Buffalo?" asks the *Toronto Star*.

Jacobowitz is also under interrogation by the Judicial Inquiry Office at Penn, to determine if he violated school policy forbidding racial harassment. The JIO Thought Police want to know exactly what was in Eden's mind when he used that term, "water buffalo."

Several weeks after this incident, black students confiscated and trashed 14,000 copies of the school paper, to protest the writings of a conservative columnist who criticized Martin Luther King Jr.

Are the Thought Police investigating this incident? Nope.

Instead, Penn President Sheldon Hackney (Mr. Clinton's nominee to head the National Endowment for the Humanities), asks us to be understanding of the "grievances" that caused the black students to destroy the press run. "Two important university values, diversity and open expression, appear to be in conflict," Hackney declared.

Had those papers been confiscated by conservative students, the deed would have been decried as neo-fascist.

At Dartmouth black students pulled a similar stunt, collecting and destroying copies of the conservative *Dartmouth Review*, using racist insults on the white female *Review* staffer who protested.

Nothing is being done in that case either.

At Wake Forest, student editor John Meroney wrote a piece for a national magazine noting that faculty member Maya Angelou, who read the poem at Clinton's Inaugural, takes home over $100,000 a year, but is not teaching this semester and is rarely seen on campus. Angelou, Meroney suggested, is an academic freeloader.

The university response: Threaten a civil suit against Meroney, to force him to drop "Wake Forest" from the title of his little campus magazine.

Each of these incidents is a telling commentary on the nation's academic community.

The campus revolt of 30 years ago, that began with the riots at Berkeley demanding the freedom to use "filthy speech" on campus, has taken power, and revealed itself to be even more cowardly and corrupt than the wimpish establishment it replaced.

Utterly lacking in backbone, in standing up to the depredations of black students, the Sheldon Hackneys compensate by the severity with which they punish the unacceptable speech of white students.

The loss of moral authority by the Academy, however, is not altogether a bad thing. After all, universities that celebrate Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week, provide abortions for coeds, and hand out condoms to freshmen, deserve ridicule, not respect, when they mount their moral high horses to hunt down the tellers of ethnic jokes.



But, in a sense, what is going on on America's campuses is both sobering and portentous.

Segregation is back. This time, however, it is self-segregation. Black students are demanding their own fraternity houses, cultural centers, and dormitories, where whites need not apply. When black protests become threatening, campus authorities cave in.

The double standard on America's campuses is adding to a sense of resentment among white students, already cynical at seeing blacks with lower test scores being admitted to better schools.

Again, history repeats itself. Liberals who came to power on the campus turn out to be intolerant of free speech. The children of the civil rights leaders who marched for equal rights appear in the vanguard of those clamoring for special privilege.

And as we abandon the principles of justice, the goal for which we abandoned them, equality, recedes ever further into the future. ■

(Buchanan is a syndicated columnist and TV commentator.)

The cry is once again 'tax revolt'



Chris Matthews

ONCE again, the right-wing bugle boys are sounding "tax revolt." From Sacramento to Washington, every far-out outfit with a letterhead is asking Americans to "Join the revolution, circle the wagons, send money!"

To potential recruits, I offer this all-American admonition: Keep in mind precisely who were the prime beneficiaries of the last "tax revolt."

Who was it that gained 12 years ago when Congress was dragooned by Ronald Reagan into cutting the income taxes of the better-off, hiking Pentagon spending through the roof and launching the country on a $3 trillion tidal wave of red ink?

Let me count the winners for you:

1. **T-Bond Holders.** When government borrows $400 billion a year, that's how much government paper needs to be sold. It's no surprise, given all the borrowing the past decade, that the biggest growth item in government spending is "interest."

Who gets all these hundreds of billions in interest? The people with money to stack up in federal bonds, notes and bills. Who pays those interest payments? The people punching a clock 40-plus hours a week.

2. **Foreign Investors.** I don't mean to sound overly nationalistic, but from 1981 right through today, the "tax revolt" made hundreds of billions of dollars for folks in foreign countries: folks who love to buy our bonds, love those fat U.S. trade deficits we sustain to offset the interest payments we electronically mail day after day across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

3. **The Rich.** After all the smoke cleared from the '80s, the real winners weren't the American middle class or even the upper-middle class. (They were socked with higher Social Security payroll taxes.) No. The real Daddy Warbuckses of the tax revolt were those at the top who received the lion's share both of the tax relief and the tax dodges that remained in the system.

4. **The Far Right.** Just as it took Richard Nixon, a famous anti-communist, to convince America to open relations with China, it took, Ronald Reagan, a famous conservative, to sell us on the idea that $400 billion deficits are "big enough to take care of themselves."

The truth is, no group in America benifitted more from the budgetary nuttiness of the past decade than those partisans of the right. Think of it: What better way to turn voters off to government than by demonstrating its fiscal irresponsibility for all to see? What better way to kill every proposal for public action than to rub a $300 billion deficit in the voter's face day after day after day?

So here we go again. From little Ross Perot to big Bill Bennett, the right is once again clutching the tattered flag of "tax revolt."

And the questions everyone has to ask seem obvious: Who won the last time? Who lost?

The winners know who they are. They are the folks now recruiting us to fight the Clinton economic program; the wealthy, the oil industry, the ideologues of the right who despise any form of government regulation. ■

(Matthews is a syndicated columnist.)

Nashville Eye

Suggestion for Clinton

How about appointing the Rev. Will Campbell as U.S. Ambassador-at-Large for Human Rights?

By BEVERLY CONEY HEIRICH

WHEN President John F. Kennedy created a special ambassadorship-at-large for an extraordinarily gifted middle-aged singer with tired feet, he conferred on Pearl Bailey the official title "United States Ambassador of Love."

For the rest of her life, Pearly Mae was an internationally acclaimed symbol of our young President's belief in the power of good to transcend evil. She was a constant reminder to the whole world that President Kennedy believed love allows the human spirit to soar and triumph.



BEVERLY HEIRICH and WILL CAMPBELL

Pearl Bailey's wondrous voice and presence are gone now, and of course so is President Kennedy. But we have another young man in the White House whose style reminds a lot of the world of JFK.

Like Kennedy, Bill Clinton understands the importance of symbols. He appears to recognize that human beings experience events on two levels, physical and spiritual, and that symbols properly used are incredibly powerful communication tools.

So will someone who knows Bill Clinton please tell him that on a small farm out in Mt. Juliet there's a living, breathing symbol of human rights called Will Campbell? And if ever America and the world needed to stop hiding its treasures, it's now.

The Rev. Will D. Campbell is a fascinating fellow. A prominent and influential civil rights activist from Mississippi, he worked in the trenches during the dangerous 1960's. Some people say he's the paradigm for a wry poet, prophet, hellfire-and-brimstone preacher in a comic strip called *Kudzu*.

Eleven years ago in a story in *The Tennessean*, Campbell admitted that he had heard rumors that the comic strip preacher was based on himself. He stoutly deined the connection, but said he would be flattered to be so honored. After all, he pointed out, "a number of famous people have inspired comic strips, from Hunter Thompson and David Halberstam to Howard Cosell and Phyllis George."



But, Campbell declared emphatically, "The Rev. Will B. Dunn is definitely not me. He is — as you can see — a rather attractive, imposing character with considerable theological insight and perception. There is, indeed, about the Reverend Dunn an almost angelic quality. Now, nobody ever accused me of being an angel."

Whether he ever inspired a comic strip or not, some things about the Rev. Will D. Campbell are not arguable. He is a distinguished scholar with a national reputation, an ordained Baptist minister, and a renowned speaker. His best-selling books are often found in the hands of people who gather in all kinds of church basements and community halls to study important human issues, including Campbell's unorthodox ministry of reconciliation.

His fame as an eloquent defender of human rights has spread far beyond the small farm where he lives, but wherever the celebrated Rev. Will D. Campbell goes, everybody calls him Will. Everybody.

On the outskirts of Nashville, a country singer named Jim Janosky sits on the porch of a small yellow farm house on a grassy slope overlooking a cow pasture. He sings a haunting bluegrass song he has written, *Will Campbell was a Preacher Man*.

President Clinton has surely heard of Will, too. For all I know, they've met. And I'm sure Will's books are in the White House library.

If we can only catch the President's attention, maybe (like John F. Kennedy) he'll see the importance of creating a special ambassadorship-at-large as a dramatic symbol of his respect and concern for all people.

Will D. Campbell, United States Ambassador of Human Rights.

Doesn't it sound exactly right — as if it has always been? So will someone please tell Bill Clinton? ■

(Heirich, of Franklin, is a well-known writer/speaker. She suggests readers send copies of this article to the White House for President Clinton's attention. Will Campbell can be contacted through his agent, Judi Marshall, at 615-790-1131.)

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Editor of Conservative Magazine Planning to Fight WFU

■ Attorney calls effort to have university name taken off magazine an 'apparent attempt to chill free speech'

By Will Lingo
JOURNAL REPORTER

The Wake Forest Critic will not remove Wake Forest from its name, and the magazine's attorney and editor say they will oppose any efforts to restrict its freedom of expression.

Hamilton C. Horton Jr., an attorney representing the *Critic*, said in a letter to Wake Forest University's attorneys that the magazine will make a minor change in its subtitle but will vigorously oppose any other changes.

Dowell & Dowell, a Virginia law firm that represents the university, wrote a letter to the *Critic*'s editors earlier this month asking the magazine to stop using the university's name and seal.

The letter apparently was triggered by recent criticisms of Maya Angelou by John Meroney, the editor and a co-founder of the conservative campus magazine. Angelou was portrayed as an overpaid figurehead who seldom teaches and is inaccessible to students.

Horton's letter called the university's efforts "an attempt by certain elements in the Wake Forest Administration to suppress freedom of expression on that campus."

Meroney said yesterday that he hopes the university will drop its fight against the *Critic*. "This is a clear attempt to try to intimidate the editors and have the university distance themselves from what we're saying," he said. "I hope they have no response and we can leave it at this.

"This is an outgrowth of four years of the *Critic* printing information the administration doesn't want people to know about," he said. "It's amazing the university will go to these lengths to obscure this issue.

"If they were able to do this in any more covert fashion, they would."

Wake Forest's attorneys say that the *Critic*'s use of the university's name and symbols causes confusion about whether the school sponsors the magazine.

Horton's letter says that the *Critic* has no intention of creating that impression. The magazine runs a disclaimer of any sponsorship in every issue, the letter says.

The letter also says that the seal was used once as an illustration and has never been part of the magazine's masthead.

Wake Forest's attorneys referred questions about the *Critic*'s response to the university's public-information office. A spokesman there said yesterday that they had not yet received the letter and could not respond to it.

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Horton says he will advise the *Critic*'s publishers to change its subtitle from "The Independent Journal *of* Wake Forest University" to "The Independent Journal *at* Wake Forest University."

Horton says in his letter that Wake Forest has no exclusive claim to its name.

"Wake Forest is the name of a Baptist church, a local hairdresser, a town in eastern Carolina, and several other entities besides," the letter says.

The letter says that universities should encourage open discussion.

"And I suggest that many of the Wake Forest faculty, even those who may disagree with the Wake Forest *Critic*'s stands, are appalled at this apparent attempt to chill free speech by the threat of legal action against an underfunded band of students who simply seek to have their views heard."

Meroney said that the university's attorneys may want to continue their effort to quiet the *Critic*.

"We stand ready, and we'll fight it all the way," he said.

"We're willing to take this to whatever level Wake Forest wants to push it to."