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--- THE DAILY BRIEFING ON AMERICAN POLITICS ---

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L.A. SUPERVISOR ELECTION TODAY
Four vie to become county board's first Hispanic, with the winner to be "catapulted into stardom." (#21)

KEATING 5: CAN MCCAIN RECOVER?
AZ REPUBLIC poll shows McCain recovering but DeConcini net disapproval growing. 47% want McCain to resign or not run in '92; 65% say DeConcini should resign or not run in '94. (#8)

CHICAGO: DALEY HOLDS 57% (#23)
Davis "still a long way from" liberal-minorities coalition.

ARAB-AMERICAN POLITICAL POWER
AAI's James Zogby says census data show the 2.5M-strong Arab-American constituency outpaces all ethnic groups in income and education. Will its growing politicization move votes in Congress? (#9)

IS CNN WAR'S FIRST WINNER? (#5)
"New heavyweight on the block" ... Is the change in viewing habits permanent?
ALSO: Old Generals Network; and comebacks, from Secord to Cronkite to Fonda. (#6)

SPOTLIGHT

BLACKS AND WAR

Coretta Scott King calls for cease-fire. Jackson complains that deadline was King birthday. 10 of 12 NO or "present" votes on House resolution of support were blacks. Urban League sees disproportionate number of blacks in combat. Poll says whites think blacks are less patriotic. Other polls show blacks less supportive than whites of decision to attack rather than continue sanctions:

	USA	CBS/
	TODAY	NYTIMES
	WHT BLK	WHT BLK
Attack	83% 43%	80% 47%
Sanctions		16 43

(See #7 & Polls #27, #25)

IRONY: War's first folk hero -- CNN's Bernard Shaw. (See CNN success story, #5)
ALSO: Arab-American Institute's Zogby describes Arab-American political alliance with blacks. (#9)

===== QUOTE OF THE DAY =====
"The danger is that we as a nation will begin to turn against the war not because of any lucid and coherent arguments ... but simply because we no longer find it entertaining."
-- TV critic Michael Hill, Baltimore EVENING SUN 1/21, #5

HOTLINE/DATABASE INDEX

WHITE HOUSE '92

- BUSH: Reviews from print and TV -- so far, so good. (#1)
- CONSERVATIVES: The jury's not out yet. (#2)
- DEMS '92: The party of a hawk and doves. (#3)
- JACKSON: Pushes for MLK day, voter registration on NH trip. (#4)

FOCUS

- CNN: First winner in "the real-time war"? (#5)
- OLD GENERALS NETWORK: Comeback time at OGN-TV (Ret.). (#6)
- BLACKS: The war. (#7)
- KEATING 5: DeConcini disapproval grows; McCain better. (#8)
- ARAB-AMERICANS: An emerging political constituency. (#9)
- PROTEST: Signs and chants. (#10)

HOTSPOTS

- FL: Hialeah mayor awaits trial. (#11)
- IA: Grassley's Gulf vote may make him 'unbeatable.' (#12)
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- MD: Rep. Gilchrest mugged in nation's capital. (#14)
- MA: Where are they now. (#15)
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- PA: Philadelphia freedom -- temporary anyway. (#18)
- TX: Speaker pro tem appointment sparks TX house. (#19)
- WA: Gorton aide moves on. (#20)

CALIFORNIA CABLE

- L.A. COUNTY SUPERVISOR: Election today. (#21)

CAMPAIGNS '91

- KENTUCKY GOVERNOR: Poore stars in own TV show. (#22)
- CHICAGO MAYOR: Daley's lead/approval solid in poll. (#23)

POLL UPDATE

- ABC/WASH. POST: Some support for talks, most say not now. (#24)
- N.Y. TIMES/CBS: Bush, country moving in right direction. (#25)
- CNN/GALLUP: Optimism on rise. (#26)
- USA TODAY: Racial differences on Gulf action. (#27)

TV MONITOR (#28)

Killing Saddam ... coalition update ... Israel ... Palestine.
O say can you CNN?

???? OVERLOOKED ????

The 3 states without a King holiday are AZ, MT and NH.
In which one was Jesse Jackson on Sunday? (See #4, #7)

*1 BUSH: REVIEWS FROM PRINT AND TV -- SO FAR, SO GOOD
FROM THE TUBE:

JEANE KIRKPATRICK: "I think the president's handled this brilliantly ... Brilliant is the word I use, brilliant" ("Larry King Live," CNN, 1/19).

L.A. TIMES' JACK NELSON: "One thing I think you have to give Bush an A-plus for, and that's consistency. ... This is the make or break thing of his presidency. Let's face it, if this war is over in a relatively short period of time, and the casualties are relatively light, he's almost a cinch for re-election. But if it drags on for a long time, and if there are a lot of casualties, my guess is his presidency could turn out to be a one-term presidency" ("Washington Week," PBS, 1/18).

JEFF GREENFIELD: "History says presidents often face intense domestic opposition, even in times of war." Citing Lincoln, FDR, Truman, and Johnson, he noted, "Bush seems very aware of this history. [Bush clip: "This will not be another Vietnam."] At this point, President Bush has much to gain from a quick, decisive victory, and he would probably retain support even for a long war if the cause appeared clear. But history does show that a protracted war with an uncertain purpose is as heavy a political burden as a president has to bear" (ABC, 1/18).

MCLAUGHLIN GROUP: Buchanan said a year from now this successful coalition/battle plan will be considered a great victory for Bush. Kondracke: "If George Bush tells Colin Powell, 'maximum air and only ground forces at the end of the game' and doesn't get a lot of American kids killed, then he will be a great hero." McLaughlin, worried about the aftermath in the "seething Arab cauldron," said U.S. collective wisdom "will be that George Bush did the right thing; in fact, I see George Bush as invincible in 1992." Barnes: "George Bush, by doing so well in this war, which he's going to win quickly, will reelect himself; he will not have a Republican challenger -- Pat's [Buchanan] not going to run." Germond: "A year from now, about the time of the first caucuses and primaries, the Middle East and this war are going to be no more than a tenth on the list of chief concerns of Americans" (1/20).

FROM THE PRESSES:

NEWSWEEK: "Bush wants to show self-control. ... [He] doesn't really need to be an inspirational spokesman as long as the war seems to be proceeding with push-button efficiency. But if the military bogs down in the desert, Bush will have to summon up more than his personal stoicism to call on the nation for sacrifice" (Thomas/DeFeane/McDaniel, 1/28 issue).

MORT ZUCKERMAN: "If ever a political leader had gone down the list of preconditions for a just war, seeking alternatives short of rewarding the aggressor, it was George Bush. ... In the end President Bush has managed this whole complicated process brilliantly" (BUSINESS WEEK editorial, 1/28 issue).

TIME: "The normally cautious Bush has gambled his presidency -- and his place in history -- on the liberation of Kuwait. And, for the moment at least, he looks like a winner.

Bush is too well bred -- and too aware of the setbacks that could lie ahead -- to put it that crassly" (Dan Goodgame, 1/28 issue).

HUGH SIDNEY, under the headline, "Washington's Calmest Man": "In these days when quiet determination and thoroughness are larger virtues than brilliance or eloquence, Bush was at his best" (TIME, 1/28 issue).

TIMOTHY MCNULTY: "Bush has taken on the familiar mantle of his wartime predecessors and is visibly more at ease now that the battle has been joined" (CHICAGO TRIBUNE, 1/20).

W.S. JOURNAL headline: "Bush, in Holding Coalition Together So Far, Apparently Has Passed His Biggest Personal Test" (1/21).

BUSINESS WEEK: "Bush has made the call that will make or break his Presidency. ... For a man who came to office tarred by opponents as a wimp, Bush has shown remarkable audacity" (Harbrecht/Dwyer, 1/28 issue).

ALAN BERNSTEIN, citing TX "political experts": "Bush's 1992 re-election bid easily could become a casualty of the Persian Gulf War. While Bush's political image would be polished only temporarily by a quick military victory, it would be tarnished permanently if the war drags on with frustrating results" (HOUSTON CHRONICLE, 1/20).

*2 CONSERVATIVES: THE JURY'S NOT OUT YET

BOSTON GLOBE's Robert Turner, under the headline, "Buchanan looks at Bush ... and '92," covers Buchanan's speech before NH GOPers on the night war broke out. "Buchanan acknowledged the awkward timing. ... Buchanan's rhetorical impression of a contortionist was a compressed symbol of the problems conservative Republicans face in attempting to challenge Bush." Turner quotes Tom Rath, "one of the state's most influential [GOPers]," as saying "just before Buchanan's speech that Bush might rally so much support in a successful war effort that a Democratic challenge could be extremely difficult, and a Republican one absurd. But the impact will be different if the results in the Mideast are seen as less than optimal. Rath mentioned [retired] Sen. William Armstrong [R-CO] as a conservative who might be able to show some strength against Bush" (1/20).

TWO YEARS AFTER: WASH. TIMES' Frank Murray writes, "On the second anniversary of an Inaugural speech promising peace, President Bush today has achieved few domestic goals and governs a restive nation in war and recession. ... Bush attacked the scourge of cocaine, the plight of hostages, the budget deficit, partisanship in Congress, rising taxes, violent crime, education problems, the foundering banking system, absence of an energy policy and declining confidence in government. He hasn't won those wars, and he's retreated on the deficit and taxes. ... The potential still is there because he's achieved so little" (1/20).

*3 DEMS '92: THE PARTY OF A HAWK AND DOVES

NUNN: "Among [Dem] strategists, the most commonly held view was that Nunn had improved his ['92] prospects because his stand against Bush gave him more legitimacy among generally liberal Democratic primary voters" (Edsall/Ifill, WASH. POST). Dem



John Gardner (right) with Paul Piazza, the teacher who made him a wordsmith.

John Gardner, White House Aide

For those who too often stare at a blank page waiting for the right words to come, White House aide John Gardner must seem blessed.

In 1986, when he was named speech writer for the administrator of the federal Health Care Financing Administration, he had two weeks to absorb issues in the unfamiliar field of health economics and write four speeches for physician audiences. He did it.

During the 1988 Bush Presidential campaign, he often had only 15 minutes to write concise "talking points" for the Presidential candidate on subjects as varied as the environment and crime. He never missed his deadline.

Gardner says his ability to write good, clear prose under that kind of pressure did not come naturally. He learned it from one of his high school English teachers, Paul Piazza.

"He taught me how to write," says Gardner. "Some people can write quickly, some can write clearly, but I learned the combination from him. I developed the ability to go into an area cold and write well."

Those skills have played an important part in his professional success, he says. "I could not have been a speech

writer without the skills I gained from Dr. Piazza," Gardner asserts. He says these skills also enabled him to write a 250-page graduate school thesis. And he thinks his writing ability gave him the visibility and opportunities that helped him land his current plum assignment: special assistant to President Bush. At age 27, he is the youngest person to hold the title.

Gardner reviews all paperwork destined for the Oval Office, everything from congratulatory letters for the President's signature to policy statements. His job is to make sure that they are not in conflict with official Administration policy and to see that the views of all relevant officials have been considered. He flags potential problems for his immediate supervisor, the director of the White House Office of the Staff Secretary.

Both teacher and student say that repeated writing assignments helped Gardner grow as a writer. Gardner recalls Piazza often assigning in-class themes and reviewing students' work carefully. "He took pains to point out where a student did well and where he did poorly," the former student recalls. "He liked to see his students

grasp what he was teaching."

"I hope [students] come out of my class with respect for clear writing," says Piazza, who teaches English and chairs the English department at St. Albans School for Boys, the private school in Washington, D.C., that Gardner attended. "I want them to be thoughtful writers, not fall into what Orwell called 'prefabricated English.' I don't want them to be merely facile."

Piazza says there is no "secret formula" to teaching that kind of writing. "I try to give students some general principles and then have them write a great deal," he says. "It's like a tennis coach who can show you all the steps, but if he is a great coach, he lets you develop your own style."

Sometimes trying someone else's style can help students find their own, Piazza says. Gardner recalls the time that Piazza had students imitate the writing of humorist James Thurber. It was his first try at writing humor and it came in handy, he says, when those political speeches needed a little levity.

Gardner expects his writing to be an important asset throughout his career. "It's one of the most valuable skills I have," he says.

Traveller's Tales

Change:
For your next foreign
trips ... & our special
writers.
Choko

Schoolboy howlers and the sort of hotel notices which once attracted the attention of that idiosyncratic genius, Gerald Hoffnung ("Every room is fitted with a French widow."), have long given grist to the mill of this column. Carl Nielsen, whose wife teaches in Geneva, sends in the following collection — as supplied by his wife's students. They deserve publication.

In a Bucharest hotel lobby: The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable.

In a Leipzig elevator: Do not enter the lift backwards, and only when lit up.

In a Belgrade hotel elevator: To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.

In a Paris hotel elevator: Please leave your values at the front desk.

In a hotel in Athens: Visitors are expected to complain at the office between the hours of 9 and 11 a.m. daily.

In a Yugoslavian hotel: The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid.

In a Japanese hotel: You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.

In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from a Russian Orthodox monastery: You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists, and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

In an Austrian hotel catering to skiers: Not to perambulate the corridors in the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant: Our wines leave you nothing to hope for.

On the menu of a Polish hotel: Salad a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; roasted duck let loose; beef rashers beaten up in the country people's fashion.

In a Hongkong supermarket: For your convenience, we recommend courteous, efficient self-service.

In a Bangkok dry cleaner's: Drop your trousers here for best results.

Outside a Paris dress shop: Dresses for street walking.

Outside a Hongkong dress shop: Ladies have fits upstairs.

In a Rhodes tailor shop: Order your summers suit. Because is big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.

From the Soviet Weekly: There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years.

In an East African newspaper: A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers.

In a Vienna hotel: In case of fire, do your utmost to alarm the hotel porter.

A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest: It is strictly forbidden on our black forest camping site that people of different sex, for instance, men and women, live together in one tent unless they are married with each other for that purpose.

In a Zurich hotel: Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.

In an advertisement by a Hongkong dentist: Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.

A translated sentence from a Russian chess book: A lot of water has been passed under the bridge since this variation has been played.

In a Rome laundry: Ladies, leave your clothes here and spend the afternoon having a good time.

In a Czechoslovakian tourist agency: Take one of our horse-driven city tours — we guarantee no miscarriages.

Advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand: Would you like to ride on your own ass?

On the faucet in a Finnish washroom: To stop the drip, turn cock to right.

In the window of a Swedish furrier: Fur coats made for ladies from their own skin.

On the box of a clockwork toy made in Hongkong: Guaranteed to work throughout its useful life.

Detour sign in Kyushi, Japan: Stop: Drive Sideways.

In a Swiss mountain inn: Special today — no ice cream.

In a Bangkok temple: It is forbidden to enter a woman even a foreigner if dressed as a man.

In a Tokyo bar: Special cocktails for the ladies with nuts.

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office: We take your bags and send them in all directions.

On the door of a Moscow hotel room: If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.

In a Norwegian cocktail lounge: Ladies are requested not to have children in the bar.

At a Budapest zoo: Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.

In the office of a Roman doctor: Specialist in women and other diseases.

In an Acapulco hotel: The manager has personally passed all the water served here.

In a Tokyo shop: Our nylons cost more than common, but you'll find they are best in the long run.

From a Japanese information booklet about using a hotel air conditioner: Cools and Heats: If you want just condition of warm in your room, please control yourself.

From a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo: When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstructs your passage then tootle him with vigor.

Two signs from a Majorcan shop entrance:
— English well talking.
— Here speaking American.

a report today that a Soviet army captain wounded a Lithuanian worker during a confrontation at a military checkpoint.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND AROUND THE ADMINISTRATION:

- o **Parts of the President's spellbinding speech to members of the Republican National Committee Friday morning, which provided anecdotes of Saddam Hussein's butchery, may be used in tomorrow's State of the Union speech**, according to two White House officials. According to the officials, who were present during Friday's off-the-cuff remarks, the President talked about the morality of going to war with Iraq. The President told a few anecdotes which helped him make his decision, including one in which Bush referred to a conversation he had with Edmond Browning, the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, of which Bush is a member. Bush said that, after he had finished answering the Bishop's questions, he offered the Bishop some questions of his own. Bush said he asked Browning what he should tell Kuwaiti parents who were forced to watch as Iraqi soldiers tied their children to a tree and shot them after catching them handing out literature critical of Iraq. Bush also asked Browning if we had the military ability in 1939 to stop Hitler from killing millions of Poles and Jews, would it have been moral to do so? "I've never seen the President have that kind of an effect on a group of people before," one of the officials said.
- o **Press reports stating the State of the Union will focus on the Persian Gulf**, with the domestic policy side being mostly thematic, appear to be accurate, according to White House officials this morning.
- o **The White House verdict on the Republican National Committee meeting held at the end of last week is that it was a complete success.** According to one White House official, "There were three dynamics that emerged from the meeting. One, there was overwhelming support for the President on the Iraq situation. Two, there was an instant and growing fondness shown for Clayton [Yeutter]. And three, a bittersweet feeling about Lee [Atwater]." The official said members were shown a "memory lane" video of Atwater's tenure.
- o **The Vice President's chief political advisor, Spence Abraham, reportedly is still considering an offer to head up the National Republican Congressional Committee.** A significant factor in Abraham's decision, according to one Republican official familiar with his thinking, will be the question of "how will this position help or hurt his chances of running for Senate in '92." Senator Don Riegle (D-MI), one of the Keating Five, is up for re-election in 1992, and Abraham is said to be interested in the seat.
- o **This afternoon, President Bush** will meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Alexander Bessmertnykh, and later with Defense Secretary Dick Cheney.
- o **Vice President Quayle will leave for Oslo, Norway** after tomorrow's State of the Union Address to attend the funeral of King Olav V. On Thursday, Quayle will travel to Lakenheath Airbase in England to meet with the families of American service men and women who have been deployed to the Persian Gulf. Quayle will then travel to London, where he will meet with Prime Minister Major and

REMARKS BY AMBASSADOR EDWARD L. ROWNY
SPECIAL ADVISOR TO THE PRESIDENT
AND SECRETARY OF STATE FOR ARMS CONTROL MATTERS

SOLEMN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ATTACK ON POLAND: THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II

POLISH HERITAGE ASSOCIATION OF MARYLAND
HOLY ROSARY CHURCH, BALTIMORE - SEPTEMBER 3, 1989

The eyes of all the world are fixed on Poland today, as they were exactly 50 years ago.

Half a century ago, on August 23, 1939, Hitler and Stalin consummated their non-aggression pact with its secret and illegal protocols for dividing and conquering Europe. The systems of Communism and Nazism from their beginnings had shared the traits of totalitarianism: insatiable thirst for power, desire to remake the world according to a particular design, and deep contempt for human beings. Now the totalitarian powers were allies.

On September 1 Hitler began his Blitzkrieg, invading Poland from the West. Two weeks after the Nazi assault, Stalin's forces attacked Poland from the East.

Brave Poland was the first country in Europe to offer armed resistance to totalitarian aggression: Poland fought alone that tragic September of 1939. As the war worked its destruction, Hitler's Nazis and Stalin's Communists made Auschwitz and Katyn synonymous with unfathomable crimes. Of a population numbering some 30 million, six million Poles, including nearly three million Jews, died during the war.

While the war clouds were gathering, the generosity of organized Polish-Americans helped bring about a turning point in my life and career.

I grew up in Baltimore, the son of a Polish immigrant. I went to Johns Hopkins to study engineering. Just before my senior year I was fortunate in being nominated by the Polish Students Association of Baltimore for a Kosciuszko Foundation scholarship to Poland.

Thus it was possible for me to spend the summer of 1936 in Europe. I stayed in Krakow and took courses from the Jagiellonian University. I also did a good bit of traveling around the continent, visiting Czechoslovakia, Austria, Italy and Germany.

While in Berlin, I was present at the 1936 Olympics. What I witnessed there made me decide to change my career plans. When I heard the fanatic cheering and saw the goose-stepping of the Nazi youth, it was crystal clear to me that war was coming. I came home, finished my studies in engineering at Johns Hopkins and immediately after graduation entered West Point.

I was a cadet at West Point that infamous First of September, 1939, when World War II broke out.

We are assembled here today at an exciting time in Polish history. Today Poland is a living symbol of hope for all who cherish freedom. After forty years of Communist rule, Poland is the first East European country to be headed by a non-Communist. We can hope, but must also pray, that Tadeusz Mazowiecki and his new Solidarity government succeed in their difficult task of bringing about economic recovery. A successful transition to democracy and national self-determination in Poland will help not only the Poles. Solidarity's success will hasten the day when all the peoples of Europe will live in freedom.

-2-

The emerging freedom of Poland can be attributed to at least three reasons:

First, Divine Providence. Without the intervention of our Maker, nothing happens. It may be more than a coincidence that we are witnessing a freer Poland at the completion of the Marian year, a year of prayer decreed by a Polish Pope, John Paul II.

Second, the indomitable will and courage of the Polish people. Without these virtues Poland, three times partitioned and for the past four decades under the Communist yoke, could never have survived.

Third, the policies of the United States and its allies. Without strong backing and support from a succession of U.S. Presidents and other Free World leaders, Poland might never have progressed to her present position.

While President Carter was a strong champion of human rights, it was President Reagan who made the most progress in this field. By rebuilding our economic and military strength, Reagan put us in a good posture to insist that the Soviet Union and other nations relax their strangleholds on freedom and democracy. At the beginning of his Administration, President Reagan expressed a vision that now is starting to be realized. The West must not simply contain Communism, he said, it must transcend Communism. He insisted that the cause of world freedom and peace requires action on a broad East-West agenda -- not just arms control but also human rights, regional issues, bilateral affairs, and transnational issues.

It was fortunate that at the same time we were regaining our strength and sense of direction Gorbachev came to power and began a course of internal reform and external responsiveness. Since Gorbachev came to power in the Soviet Union in 1985, I have taken part in some two dozen foreign ministers' meetings and four summits. The contrast between four years ago and now is dramatic.

In the beginning, Gorbachev and Shevardnadze refused to discuss any matter other than arms control. We persisted, and now the Soviets engage us on all five points of the broad agenda. This more balanced approach, addressing all the causes of tension and not just the symptoms, has borne fruit for arms control.

The Reagan approach produced the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF) Treaty, which now is bringing about the elimination of an entire class of nuclear missiles. The Treaty's unprecedented, intrusive verification measures, moreover, are giving us valuable field experience toward the much more difficult tasks of effectively verifying a Strategic Arms Reduction (START) Treaty or a Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) Treaty.

During his last year in office, President Reagan made a historic visit to Moscow. Lecturing at Moscow State University, he gave young Russians a powerful civics lesson on American habits and institutions of democracy, civil rights and economic freedom. Visiting the monks at one of Russia's holy shrines, he challenged the Soviets to move beyond Gorbachev's perestroika (restructuring) to metanoia -- the biblical concept of a change of heart.

Reagan's successor as leader of the Free World, George Bush, has continued to press such challenges. President Bush is determined to help shape the dramatic changes that now are transforming East-West relations. The Cold War began with the division of Europe. President Bush has observed. He insists that it end in reconciliation based on shared values where East meets West in a commonwealth of free nations. The goal for which we work and pray is a Europe where Pole and German and Russian can live in freedom and harmony.

-3-

The President has pushed to the top of his arms control agenda the core security problem of Europe – the conventional imbalance. He has challenged NATO and Warsaw Pact negotiators to complete a CFE treaty within one year. Before the CFE talks went into recess in July, NATO presented its framework agreement two months ahead of schedule. When the talks reconvene on September 7, we are hoping the Warsaw Pact will join us to work constructively and with a sense of urgency. If the Soviets truly exhibit "new thinking," we can change the military map of Europe.

For Poland, and for all the nations held captive these past four decades, President Bush wants self-determination. That is why he demands that Gorbachev explicitly renounce the infamous Brezhnev Doctrine which claimed the Soviet Union's "right" to employ force in other countries in order to prevent the people from moving away from Communism.

President Bush has pledged United States support for freedom, democracy, and the dignity of the human being in Poland. He is committed to providing U.S. financial support to help establish U.S.-Polish joint ventures and other private enterprises to turn the ailing Polish economy around.

However much help we may offer, one must always recognize that the lion's share of the credit for what is occurring in Poland must go to the Polish people.

During World War II, after the Polish Army was attacked first from the West and then from the East, they formed active units and an underground to fight against Nazi tyranny. I know from personal observation what the Polish Corps did in Italy. The Poles fought ably and with valor at Monte Cassino and Bologna. Not only did the Poles fight in Army units in Africa, Italy, France, Norway and Germany, but they fought with Naval units as well. And we must not forget that every eighth pilot in the Battle of Britain was a Pole. Churchill did not forget. He said, "Never have so many owed so much to so few."

Let me also not underestimate the value of the support of groups such as yours. Voluntary community organizations have formed a great bulwark of American freedom since our Republic was young, as Alexis de Toqueville observed a century and a half ago. For a long time, too, American voluntary organizations have been helping the cause of freedom in other lands. Your efforts to keep the spirit of Poland alive in the United States has not only influenced our Presidents, Senators and Congressmen. Your support also has given great encouragement to Poles during their long period of political suppression and economic privation.

Like Yellowstone, which seemed burned beyond recovery, Poland is beginning to bloom again. The great sadness and doom which have pervaded over forty years is changing into a realistic and restrained hopefulness. There is still a long, hard journey ahead. But everywhere Poles are again proudly singing the words of their national anthem: "Poland will not be lost so long as we live."

Relationship of Arms Control to Events in Eastern Europe
Remarks to the Brent Society, Arlington, Virginia, 17 January 1990
by Edward L. Rowny,
Special Adviser to the President
and Secretary of State for Arms Control Matters

In the past three months we have been witnessing a profound and for the most part bloodless revolution in Eastern and Central Europe. Since early October we have seen events occur which have overturned 40 years of tight Soviet control over six countries.

In early October we saw the demonstrations in East Germany which resulted in the ouster of Honecker. Later, we saw Hungary declared a free republic.

In November, the Berlin wall was breached, Zhivkov was ousted in Bulgaria and Jakes resigned in Czechoslovakia. In December the revolution spread to Romania where Ceausescu was first ousted and then on Christmas day executed. And on December 29th Vaclav Havel became president of Czechoslovakia.

Just last week we saw Gorbachev go to Vilnius to try to convince the Lithuanians not to secede. No sooner did he get back to Moscow than riots broke out between Christians and Moslems in Azerbaijan.

Yes, we are living in heady and eventful days. But let me try to put the events in broader perspective from my own vantage point.

In 1981 I came back into Government after an absence of two years. I was brought back by President Reagan who had the same philosophy about arms control that I did. That philosophy, most succinctly stated, is that we and the Soviets do not mistrust one another because we have arms, we have arms because we mistrust one another. President Reagan did two things. First, he rebuilt our weakened arms posture. He recognized what I had come to witness at the negotiating table, namely that the Soviets respect strength and take advantage of weakness. Secondly, President Reagan adopted a broad agenda for U.S.-Soviet relations. Instead of making arms control the centerpiece of our relations with the Soviets he began to stress three other items: human rights, regional issues, and bilateral issues.

During his first term, while he was rebuilding United States strength, Reagan attempted to involve the Soviets in the broader issues of US/USSR relations. Brezhnev was still pronouncing the Brezhnev Doctrine -- the "right" of the USSR to intervene internally in other states to promote Communism and prevent its rollback. And he and Gromyko insisted that human rights was an internal matter to be left to states to resolve. Reagan said just the opposite: human rights are universal rights and we can't deal with leaders who don't trust their people or are not trusted by them.

However, things were beginning to change in Eastern Europe. In 1980 a Polish electrician, Lech Walesa, jumped the wall in a shipyard in Gdansk and proclaimed the birth of an independent trade union -- Solidarity. He was supported by the AFL/CIO in the United States. Martial law put a temporary stop to his vision of freedom in the workplace. Catholic priests supporting Solidarity were harassed and one priest, Father Jerzy Popieleszko, was murdered.

In Poland, where the moves to freedom started, we must give particular recognition to the role of the Catholic church. The strong support of the church for the freedom and dignity of the individual gave faith to the Poles throughout their long dark period of suppression.

In 1985 Gorbachev came to power in the USSR. With his proclamation of perestroika and glasnost things began to change.

-2-

At the 1985 summit, when Reagan and Gorbachev met for the first time, Reagan tried to advance human rights and regional issues. But Gorbachev would have nothing to do with that agenda; he wanted to concentrate only on arms control. By the time of their final summit, in the summer of 1988, Reagan's steady pressure on Gorbachev was beginning to pay off. The Soviets were letting more dissidents emigrate and allowing more divided families to reunite. And regional issues were being resolved with promises by Gorbachev that he would withdraw Soviet troops from Afghanistan. A treaty was worked out on intermediate range nuclear weapons and today an entire class of nuclear weapons is not only being eliminated but the weapons are being destroyed in a verifiable manner.

After the first Reagan-Gorbachev summit in 1985 I was sent to the capitals of East Europe to explain our arms control policies. I was warmly received in Poland and Hungary, and less warmly but still correctly received in Czechoslovakia and East Germany. I was subsequently sent back several times. It gave me an insight into the changing events in Eastern Europe and a chance to meet old friends and make new ones. I got to see Bronislaw Geremek on several occasions. I had first met Geremek at the Wilson Center in 1979 where we were both fellows. I got to meet, through him, Lech Walesa and other future Polish leaders. I also got to know Vaclav Havel, Jiri Dienstbier and Rita Klimova in Czechoslovakia. I sensed that these persons would rise to power in their respective countries, but I had no idea it would happen so soon.

President Bush came into office determined to continue Reagan's policies. Last spring in Brussels, Bush proposed a bold plan to reduce conventional arms and called for the reduction, to lower equal levels, of tanks, armored personnel carriers, artillery pieces, helicopters and planes in Europe. He also called for the US and USSR to reduce their troops in Europe to new lower levels. NATO accepted this plan and called upon the Warsaw Pact to negotiate a treaty on conventional forces (CFE) by the end of 1990. President Bush also called upon Gorbachev to accelerate the talks in strategic arms and to try to resolve all outstanding issues by June 1990, at the Washington Summit.

What prospects, then do I give the events in Eastern and Central Europe. First, will Gorbachev survive? Yes, I think he will. He is not only an able politician but the people and leaders in the Soviet Union sense they need him to lead them.

Why has he allowed events to happen so rapidly in Eastern Europe? In my opinion, Gorbachev realized that he needed to relax tensions in Europe if he was to attract Western investments and technology transfers to the USSR. In my view he felt he could let off some of the pressure gradually and still keep the lid from blowing off. I think he underestimated the deep-seated longing for freedom of peoples in countries the USSR had taken over. Eager to grant them several inches of progress, they each took a mile. Gorbachev has made it clear, however, that he will not tolerate their breaking away from the Warsaw Pact. In other words, they can enjoy a certain amount of internal freedom and economic independence, but they must not alter the military situation. And I think the East European leaders, happy with their new democratic processes and chance to reform economically are not going to risk these advances by breaking from the Warsaw Pact. However, leaders in the West as well as the East see a danger in a rapid re-unification of West and East Germany; they are happy that Chancellor Kohl is proceeding slowly and cautiously.

Where will this all end? It is, of course, hard to predict. But I think we can safely assume that economic dynamism will take hold in the countries of Eastern Europe. Whether economic reforms will also take hold in the USSR, we cannot be certain. So far, Gorbachev's perestroika has not permitted freer markets and a convertible currency within the USSR. Unless and until these things happen, Gorbachev will continue to tinker with the economy, which so far has been getting worse and not better.

And what about political events within the USSR? In my view, Gorbachev will continue to issue promises that the Baltic states can secede, but will be slow and careful in letting it happen. It is not that Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia are in themselves so important, but because of the domino effect which could take place in the other 15 republics. Events in Azerbaijan could spread to Georgia, Moldavia and finally into the Ukraine. And then the USSR would really be in trouble.

What should be our policies? In my view we should encourage and help the Eastern Europe states to restructure and rebuild their economies. We should do this not by making loans and giving money, but by giving technical assistance and encouraging the flow of capital to sound economic enterprises. And while we should offer technical assistance to the Soviet Union, I believe we should neither give loans nor encourage investments until we see changes in the USSR which show a prospect of success. As for arms control, we should do all we can to bring about a CFE Treaty in 1990 and should enter into an agreement on strategic nuclear weapons only if we can do so without making undue concessions.

Meanwhile, we should keep our powder dry and not assume that all of the events which have transpired are irreversible. While I believe many are, I do not rule out a regression to repressive acts. Seventy years of totalitarianism is not changed overnight. We should take heart and renew our confidence in our democratic way of life.

Through a lot of hard work, sacrifices and some good luck we have moved into a decade where we can be more confident and more optimistic about changes in the world and our place in it. We need to ensure that the great experiment of democratic reform from communism in Eastern Europe does succeed. A future U.S. role in Europe as a stabilizing factor is recognized by countries in both Western and Eastern Europe.

Finally, let me stress a factor that a distinguished group of Catholic laymen such as yourselves should appreciate. I refer to Divine Providence. Saint Ignatius of Loyola said, "Work as though all depended on yourself; pray in recognition that all depends on God."

Years before Gorbachev emerged from the anonymity of the Soviet bureaucracy, two robust men of deep religious faith stood up to lead the peaceful revolution that now is transforming Eastern Europe: I refer to Pope John Paul II (Karol Wojtyla) and Lech Walesa. Both are supreme exemplars of Saint Ignatius' motto.

All of us should pray that the historic meeting between the Holy Father and Gorbachev last November signals the beginning of something: the beginning of a spiritual healing process reaching to the highest levels of the Soviet empire.

My friend Jerzy Turowicz of Krakow, who was Karol Wojtyla's first editor more than four decades ago, believes that Gorbachev's Vatican visit signalled the end of something. Turowicz writes this is the end of "the gargantuan project of building a society without God and religion. This project has failed. It has proved impossible to cut the bridge between man and God; Marxist ideology is ineffective and dead; and Christianity has defended itself from atheism's attack, despite the latter's vast arsenal of weapons."

But let me return finally to the worldly side of Saint Ignatius' motto: "Work as though all depended on yourself; pray in recognition that all depends on God."

<DIST>SIT: VAX

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<SUBJ>SUBJECT: CSCE PREPCOM: SUGGESTED PUBLIC AFFAIRS THEMES
- FOR THE NEW YORK FOREIGN MINISTERS' MEETING
REF VIENNA 9189

<TEXT>

UNCLAS SECTION 01 OF 02 VIENNA 10640
USIA FOR EU/GAWRONSKI, P/PACO, P/G - JMC GREGOR
FROM USDEL CSCE PREPCOM

E.O. 12356: N/A

TAGS: CSCE, NATO, KSUM, PREL

SUBJECT: CSCE PREPCOM: SUGGESTED PUBLIC AFFAIRS THEMES
- FOR THE NEW YORK FOREIGN MINISTERS' MEETING

REF VIENNA 9189

~BEGIN SUMMARY~

1. SUMMARY: AS REQUESTED, POST HERewith SUBMITS SUGGESTED PUBLIC AFFAIRS THEMES TO BE USED BY MISSIONS IN PUBLIC STATEMENTS AND WITH THE MEDIA AS WELL AS BY THE DEPARTMENT IN U.S. PUBLIC INFORMATION EFFORTS. WE RECOMMEND THAT THESE THEMES BE PROVIDED TO THE CSCE COLLECTIVE, USIA AND OTHER INTERESTED WASHINGTON AGENCIES NLT SEPTEMBER 26, IN ORDER TO FACILITATE THEIR EFFECTIVE PUBLIC AFFAIRS PROGRAMS. END SUMMARY.

~END SUMMARY~

2. BEGIN THEMES:

1. THE NEW YORK MINISTERIAL IS A WORKING MEETING WHICH WILL ALLOW THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE THIRTY-FIVE CSCE PARTICIPATING STATES TO PROVIDE DIRECT IMPETUS TOT HE NEXT CRUCIAL STEPS IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE CSCE PROCESS. THE PARTICIPANTS WILL DISCUSS THE PROGRESS OF THE CSCE PREPARATORY COMMITTEE, WHICH HAS BEEN MEETING IN VIENNA SINCE JULY 10 TO PLAN THE PARIS SUMMIT. THAT SUMMIT WILL ENDORSE A CFE AGREEMENT, WHICH IS ESSENTIAL IF A SUMMIT IS TO BE CONVENED. IT WILL ALSO APPROVE A PACKAGE OF CONFIDENCE AND SECURITY-BUILDING MEASURES (CSBMS) AND A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT PROPOSALS FOR INSTITUTIONALIZING THE CSCE PROCESS.

2. THE CSCE PROCESS HAS PLAYED A SIGNIFICANT ROLE IN THE LIBERATION OF EASTERN EUROPE THROUGH THE PROMOTION OF HUMAN RIGHTS AND EAST-WEST COMMITMENTS WHICH HAVE HELPED TO REUNIFY THE CONTINENT. THE LEADERS OF THE NEW EASTERN EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS HAVE WIDELY ACKNOWLEDGED THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CSCE PROCESS IN PROVIDING AN INTERNATIONAL FRAMEWORK FOR HUMAN RIGHTS WHICH BOTH INSPIRED THEM IN THEIR PARTICULAR STRUGGLES AND PROVIDED LEGAL JUSTIFICATION FOR THEIR HUMAN RIGHTS DEMANDS.

3. CSCE HAS, FROM THE BEGINNING, BEEN A TRANS-ATLANTIC PROCESS -- ONE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES PLAYED A LEADERSHIP ROLE, AND WHICH CONTINUES TO OFFER THE U.S. A VITAL ROLE IN POST-COLD WAR EUROPE. THE U.S. IS COMMITTED TO ADAPTING THE CSCE PROCESS AND CAPITALIZING ON NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONSTRUCTIVE CHANGE THROUGH CREATIVE, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, RESPONSIBLE AND REALISTIC POLICIES. A SIGN OF THIS U.S. COMMITMENT IS ITS ROLE AS HOST OF THE NY MINISTERIAL MEETING, THE FIRST CSCE MEETING TO BE HELD ON U.S. SOIL, AND THE FACT THAT THE MEETING WILL BE OPENED BY THE PRESIDENT.

4. THE CSCE PROCESS IS A THOROUGHLY WESTERN INSTITUTION, BUILT ON WESTERN VALUES OF FREEDOM, COOPERATION AND OPENNESS, NOW ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT EUROPE, BUT LONG

cc: Chris
Winston
w/red dot



SUPPORTED BY NATO ALLIANCE. IT IS COMPLEMENTARY TO NATO AND HAS PROVIDED THE KEY EAST-WEST FORUM THROUGH WHICH ALLIANCE OBJECTIVES HAVE BEEN -- AND CONTINUE TO BE -- NEGOTIATED AND IMPLEMENTED. CSCE HAS HISTORICALLY STRENGTHENED NATO COHESION BY ARTICULATING AND PUTTING ON THE EAST-WEST AGENDA THE CORE WESTERN VALUES WHICH NATO REPRESENTS AND WHICH HAVE SUCCESSFULLY CONTRIBUTED TO A EUROPE WHOLE AND FREE.

5. THE DISCUSSION AT THE NEW YORK MINISTERIAL ARE BASED ON THE LONDON NATO SUMMIT DECLARATION, WHICH DEMONSTRATES A FORWARD-LOOKING APPROACH TO CSCE AND TO A RESPONSIBLE INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF SOME OF THE CSCE FUNCTION -- SPECIFICALLY IN THE FIELDS OF POLITICAL CONSULTATION, SECURITY, FREE ELECTIONS AND PARLIAMENTARY COOPERATION. THESE INNOVATIONS, HOWEVER, MUST BE IMPLEMENTED GRADUALLY AND FROM THE GROUND UP TO AVOID THE BUREAUCRATIZATION OF WHAT IS INHERENTLY A DYNAMIC PROCESS.

6. SINCE THE NEW YORK MINISTERIAL WILL BE ABOVE ALL A WORKING MEETING, THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE VIENNA PREPARATORY COMMITTEE HAVE INCLUDED ON THE AGENDA A SESSION IN WHICH THE MINISTERS CAN WORK TOGETHER ON SPECIFIC ISSUES WITHOUT THE GLARE OF PUBLICITY. THIS INNOVATION REFLECTS THE SERIOUS DESIRE OF ALL DELEGATIONS TO MAKE CONCRETE PROGRESS ON SUBSTANTIVE MATTERS AND WILL BE AN IMPORTANT PRECEDENT FOR FUTURE SENIOR-LEVEL CSCE MEETINGS.

UNCLAS SECTION 02 OF 02 VIENNA 10640
USIA FOR EU/GAWRONSKI, P/PACO, P/G - JMC GREGOR
FROM USDEL CSCE PREPCOM
E.O. 12356: N/A

TAGS: CSCE, NATO, KSUM, PREL

SUBJECT: CSCE PREPCOM: SUGGESTED PUBLIC AFFAIRS THEMES

7. THE NEW YORK MINISTERIAL WILL DISCUSS SIX SPECIFIC PROPOSALS, PUT FORWARD IN THE LONDON NATO DECLARATION, TO STRUCTURE THE CSCE PROCESS:

- A PROGRAM FOR REGULAR CONSULTATIONS AT THE SUMMIT, MINISTERIAL, OFFICIAL AND EXPERT LEVELS;
- SCHEDULED FOLLOW-UP MEETINGS EVERY TWO YEARS TO TAKE STOCK OF DEVELOPMENTS;
- A SMALL SECRETARIAT TO MANAGE THIS ENHANCED CONSULTATIVE SCHEDULE;
- A MECHANISM TO OBSERVE ELECTIONS;
- A CENTER FOR THE PREVENTION OF CONFLICT;
- A CSCE PARLIAMENTARY ASSEMBLY.

PRODUCTIVE DELIBERATIONS IN NEW YORK WILL ENSURE THAT THE PARIS SUMMIT WILL SUCCEED IN CREATING A SOLID, WORKABLE STRUCTURE FOR AN ENHANCED CSCE PROCESS.

END THEMES.

MARESCA

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NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL

17-Sep-1990 18:25 EDT

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

MEMORANDUM FOR:

Florence E. Gantt (GANTT)
Diane L. Edwards (EDWARDS)
Dona F. Proctor (PROCTOR)

FROM: Robert L. Hutchings
(HUTCHINGS)

SUBJECT: President's Remarks at CSCE Ministerial

Please pass to the General and Bob Gates.

We envision brief remarks of five to seven minutes, built around the following themes. (The President's being there is most important thing.)

- First CSCE meeting ever held in the United States: a further symbol of the linkage of America's future and Europe's.
- Unique forum for bringing together the countries of North America and Europe, as well as the Soviet Union.
- Vital role CSCE has played in supporting human rights in eastern Europe -- vindicated by the "revolutions of '89."
- The President's call for CSCE to take on the new missions of helping the victorious forces of democracy in eastern Europe secure their revolutions and assuring them a strong voice in the new Europe. (Elaborated on in the Stillwater speech.)
- U.S. support for strengthening the CSCE, including through the creation of new institutions, to provide a wider political dialogue in a more united Europe. (Elaborated on in the London Summit Declaration.)

CC: Condoleezza Rice

(RICE)

DECLASSIFIED
PER NSC WAIVER,
By 1+ NARA, Date 06/13/23

The Reported \$180B DoD Budget Cut

1. The \$180B cut came from an internal DoD budget planning exercise initiated by Secretary Cheney. It is not incorporated into the President's FY91 budget submission and associated out-year topline.
2. The \$180B cut applied to FY92-94 and was arrived at by first adding to the Spring 1989 five-year program the effects of OMB's revised price deflators, more robust pay raise assumptions, and elimination of out-year wedges for anticipated program savings generated during DoD's budget scrubs as the out-years became budget years. Adjusting this revised DoD program downward to achieve a flat DoD budget of \$300B IN CURRENT DOLLARS would then require cuts of \$43.5B, \$59.5B, and \$76.6B in FY 92, 93, and 94, respectively. The sum of these adjustments is \$179.6B.

Material prepared by: M.L. Dominguez, OASD(PA&E), 695-0749 and

R. Davidson, Office of the DoD Comptroller, 695-9252



NEWS RELEASE

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
(PUBLIC AFFAIRS)

WASHINGTON, D.C. - 20301

PLEASE NOTE DATE

IMMEDIATE RELEASE

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REMARKS PREPARED FOR DELIVERY BY
THE HONORABLE DICK CHENEY
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
NATIONAL LEAGUE OF FAMILIES OF
PRISONERS OF WAR AND MISSING IN ACTION
WASHINGTON, D.C.
SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1989

Thank you all very much, it's a pleasure to join you. I'm especially pleased to be here for your 20th annual meeting. Although there is much that still has to be done, I want to begin tonight by recognizing the League's contribution to the progress we've made so far in this critically important effort.

With your meetings and briefings completed, I hope you found your trip to Washington fruitful. We profit from these meetings as well. In fact, we all profit when information is shared and resources pooled.

Let me start by acknowledging the enormous contribution of your Executive Director, Ann Mills Griffiths and your Chairman George Brooks. Ann shared her thoughts with me very early in my tenure as Secretary, and I want you to know Ann that I appreciate the invaluable help you've already given me and the guidance you've given the Department for many years. George Brooks is what this organization is all about -- dedication. Even after he and his wife Gladys received final word on their son in 1982, their interest in America's missing and unaccounted for has never flagged. In George and Gladys' dictionary, the word "self-interest" doesn't even appear.

I want to give you my own perspective tonight on our continuing efforts to gain the fullest possible accounting of your family members missing in Indochina. Over the last two days of your meetings, you've had a host of detailed briefings and discussions, so there is no need for me to cover ground with which you are already quite familiar. What I can do is address a few other issues that must certainly be on your mind. With any new Administration, questions arise about our future efforts to resolve every possible case of servicemen missing or unaccounted for. Let me discuss that future, and let me also discuss my own personal commitment to this issue.

MORE

I can't move from my home to my office, or from my office to a meeting, without seeing and feeling the graphic reminders of the strength and sacrifice that come with military service. From the POW/MIA corridor on the fourth floor of the Pentagon, with its list of Americans who are still unaccounted for, to Arlington National Cemetery and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, that lies just to the west of the Pentagon and sweeps below me every time I take the Marine helicopter, I cannot escape the feelings of loss and uncertainty that surround war. The monuments and symbols that are so much a part of this capital city remind us of our obligation to the memory of those killed in battle and those whose fate we have yet to discover. But we are also reminded that there is more to the sacrifice of war than the courage and strength of our soldiers.

Fathers, wives, sons, mothers, and daughters stand behind our military -- families contribute quietly, but fundamentally, to national security. They serve no less than the men and women in uniform. We understand that, and that is why I've put people first in our budget. Military families and quality of life programs will not be ignored, no matter how tightly our budget is squeezed.

No families, however, have a greater claim to our attention than you do. While all families make sacrifices, yours is different. Your service to America, and the uncertainties you have been forced to live with, are both immeasurable and unrelenting. I want to assure you that I will never lose sight of that fact.

As a member of the House Intelligence Committee, I was able to participate in hearings and briefings on our efforts to achieve the fullest possible accounting of our POWs and MIAs. In many ways, this was a privileged position. Committee members could follow in detail our intelligence collection efforts, and come to understand how we cope with the roadblocks and complexities that are so much a part of this important effort. Two things always impressed me: First, that we have an enormous task before us made more difficult by the political realities of southeast Asia, and second, that no matter how difficult, our dedication to this search must not wane. And, of course, our dedication to this cause includes our continuing efforts to free Col. Rich Higgins, the prisoner of a different kind of war -- a war in which his sole purpose was keeping the peace.

As Secretary of Defense, I have gained a keener appreciation of our quest for accurate information. In my earliest days in office, I met with General Vessey, the President's Special Emissary for POW/MIA Affairs and assured him of my personal support for his efforts. The General briefed me on his current efforts and we talked about our hopes for the future. We are blessed to have a man of this caliber leading our negotiations with the Vietnamese. I think they see in Jack Vessey the same thing we see -- a man of unimpeachable integrity and honesty. He has done an extraordinary job and that's why President Bush has asked him to remain in his post.

There's no question that Jack Vessey has made a difference. Let me just note a few of the activities that have taken place since his first mission to Hanoi in August 1987.

- Our numerous technical level meetings with the Vietnamese have succeeded in hammering out important details permitting us to expand both the scope and effectiveness of our joint investigations and other POW/MIA related activities with the Vietnamese.

MORE

- The Vietnamese have repatriated 212 remains, 74 of them since the first of this year. Of the overall total, 62 have thus far been identified as those of missing Americans, bringing long awaited answers to their families. Many of the remains are still undergoing analysis by the Central Identification Laboratory. While many may prove to be unidentifiable or not those of Americans, we welcome the opportunity to examine for ourselves any remains thought to be those of our missing servicemen. We look forward to the next repatriation that will take place Monday.
- As you know, the seventh iteration of joint investigations will begin in just two days. These investigations have given us important insights into some of the most compelling discrepancy cases. We have much more to do, and we will continue to press the Vietnamese to make witnesses available and to share whatever information they have concerning those missing and unaccounted for.
- In Laos, we reached important agreements early this year for a year-round program to accelerate resolving the fate of over 500 missing or unaccounted for in that country. We are now working to build on that development. Since the beginning of this year, we've undertaken two crash site excavations, including the first rainy season effort. Cooperation from the Lao has been good and we look forward to this increasing.

Of course, it's doubtful we would have these opportunities today were it not for President Reagan's and Vice President Bush's decision back in 1981 to elevate the POW/MIA issue to a matter of the highest national priority.

Tonight, I join President Bush in assuring you that our efforts to account for all missing Americans in Indochina remains just that -- an issue of the highest national priority.

Just this week, I spoke to the President about this issue and reviewed for him some of the steps we've been taking and some of the progress we've made. The President could not be more determined to see to it that we achieve the fullest possible accounting. He told me to make certain that the Department commits the resources required to get the job done.

The accelerated rate of progress -- the site surveys, crash site excavations, field investigations, identification activities and technical discussions with the Vietnamese and Lao -- all these have increased our own workload. We have responded accordingly by increasing resources and full-time staff at the Defense Intelligence Agency, the U.S. Army Central Identification Laboratory, the Joint Casualty Resolution Center.

I am ready to expand these specialized units whenever the need dictates. Indeed, nothing would please me more than to have greater progress create a need for more manpower, equipment, and funds. Like you, I am acutely aware that there are still 2,347 Americans unaccounted for in Indochina.

Moreover, we continue to take very seriously all reports of live prisoners in this region. As always, the answers to this most vexing issue lie with the Indochinese governments, not here in Washington. The burden is on them to supply satisfactory answers to this sensitive question.

When such reports come to us we investigate them as thoroughly, completely, and expeditiously as possible. The recent case of the elderly Japanese Monk, Ganshin Yoshida, is a good example. I know that you have received detailed briefings on this case from the Defense Intelligence Agency. Let me stress that prior to Yoshida's release in January, our Government contacted his family to arrange interviews with him. Regrettably, his very poor health precluded our talking with him at that time.

Since then, we have interviewed him twice, and as you are aware, we have discovered that his mental and physical ailments make his recollections cloudy.

I share your disappointment that thus far this source has not proven as useful as we had hoped. We will continue to pursue this case and the information attributed to the Monk by his daughter. Moreover, it is incumbent on the Vietnamese to give us details of Yoshida's captivity. The Vietnamese must recognize that these questions are not going to go away.

I have made certain that DIA's special office for POW/MIA affairs, and the DIA collection team in southeast Asia will stay on this, as well as other cases, and keep me fully informed.

In this regard, it is essential that the Secretary of Defense maintain the closest possible connection to this issue, that he be informed and up to date. I have therefore appointed my Assistant Secretary for International Security Affairs, Henry Rowen to be my special advisor on the POW/MIA issues. In addition to seeing that I receive all relevant intelligence, Henry Rowen is charged with being my direct link to the League. He will be open to your specific concerns and continue the long, close working relationship with Ann to make sure you remain fully informed. Just as important, Assistant Secretary Rowen will ensure that there are no bureaucratic bottlenecks to our resolving these issues. If we ever hear the sound of dragging feet, we'll administer the kick where it's needed.

Still, no matter how much we do here in Washington to resolve the questions surrounding our missing and unaccounted for, we must look to Hanoi, Phnom Penh, and Vientiane for final answers. The complex politics of this region, our own historical involvement, and our current diplomatic efforts all play a role in our future efforts on the POW/MIA issue.

Much interest, of course, focuses on Cambodia. Here we have heard claims that the Cambodian regime currently holds American remains. We have made clear to Phnom Penh that we are prepared immediately to dispatch an Air Force plane and an official repatriation team to pick up these remains. Regrettably, we have had no response.

Regarding the conflict in Cambodia, the United States has consistently called for a complete, and internationally verified withdrawal of all Vietnamese troops, effective measures to prevent the return to power of the Khmer Rouge, and a free and fair election to reestablish a truly sovereign and independent country. The Khmer Rouge are responsible for the death of some million-and-a-half persons -- that awesome figure represents 20% of Cambodia's 1975 population. They must not be allowed to return to dominance.

MORE

Our position on normalization of relations is well understood by that government. Normalization is possible only in the context of a comprehensive Cambodian settlement which provides for a genuine withdrawal of all Vietnamese troops from Cambodia, and a real opportunity for the Cambodian people to determine their own fate, free from either Vietnamese domination, or Khmer Rouge terror. As a practical matter, of course, the pace and scope of the normalization process will be directly affected by the seriousness of Vietnam's cooperation with us on the POW/MIA issue as well as other humanitarian concerns.

Vietnam has pledged to withdraw from Cambodia by the end of September, and as we speak, meetings involving the four Cambodian factions, Vietnam and Laos, the countries of the association of southeast Asia nations, and the U.S. government are taking place in Paris. We cannot know for sure, however, whether these, and other positive developments, will lead to a negotiated settlement in Cambodia, or whether they promise greater progress as we try to gain the fullest possible accounting of our missing men.

With regard to the POW/MIA issue, I can do no better than to repeat the President's words from his inaugural address: "Good will begets good will. Good faith can be a spiral that endlessly moves on."

Only you can truly understand what it is like to wait for answers over so many years, living with painful uncertainty and always being asked to trust in the efforts of a sometimes secretive and cumbersome bureaucracy in Washington. I do not claim to know what it is like to stand in your shoes. What I can say is that I am now a partner in this task. I will miss no reasonable chance to resolve the terrible burden you and all the families have endured.

If nothing else, I want you to leave here tonight knowing that your mission is my mission.

How could it be otherwise? A nation that will not care for those fallen in battle, a nation that will not seek freedom for those held captive, a nation that forgets its missing in action, such a nation has lost its soul. That will not be the final legacy of Vietnam.

Every step forward tells us that answers are not beyond our reach. Every case resolved gives us hope that others will soon follow. I join you tonight in the hope that some day meetings such as this may not be necessary.

Thank you all very much.

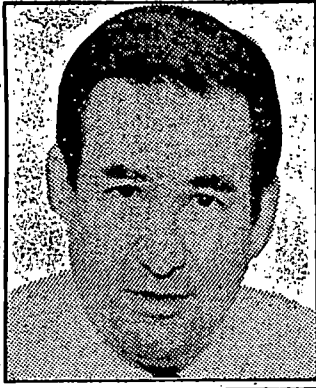
DIVIDING LINE

LET GERMANY BE ONE AGAIN

THE headline read: "U.S. Anger Rising Against Germans Over NATO Stand"; it sat atop a New York Times story about Washington's disgust with Chancellor Kohl's call for negotiations with Moscow on removal of all nuclear weapons from German soil. The anger is understandable. Those weapons are not only NATO's deterrent, they are NATO's defense. Absent nuclear weapons, 200,000 American troops in Germany become hostage to the 20 Soviet divisions across the Iron Curtain.

But we had best recognize there is something deeper here than German arbitrariness; rather than dismissing German sentiments as pacifist, naive, America should try to see the German point of view.

Ask ourselves: If the United States were divided for half a century along the Mississippi River, with Soviets on the west bank, and British and French occupying the east, would we



PATRICK J. BUCHANAN

be enthusiastic to learn that more accurate nuclear missiles, which could hit Kansas City and Denver, would be deployed in Illinois?

The hard truth is that NATO has very probably deployed its last nuclear weapon. Left and right, Germans believe that bringing in new Lance missiles would polarize their country, enrage Moscow, undermine Mikhail Gorbachev and make Ger-

many more, not less, likely to serve one day as theater for a NATO-Warsaw Pact conflict that would mean national destruction.

Given massive Soviet superiority in tanks, artillery and attack aircraft, Washington and London argue, the only way Germany can be defended is with nuclear weapons. But to German ears, that sounds like the "Anglo-Saxons" being prepared to destroy Germany in order to save her. Every short-range weapon fired, American or Russian, would land on German soil.

Forty-four years after Hitler's suicide, West Germany is a new nation. Prosperous and free, West Germans are fed up having their noses rubbed in the half-century-old horrors of a dead dictator, by allies who never rub Russian noses in the atrocities of J.V. Stalin.

They want an end to foreign troops on German soil, an end to the Cold War.

Not sharing America's fear of Soviet invasion, Ger-

mans, rightly or wrongly, see in Gorbachev a new, different Soviet leader who holds the key to what Germans think of always and speak of never: National reunification, the dream of a united Germany taking her place as dominant power in Central Europe.

We Americans are rightfully proud of the NATO alliance; it was an historic

NATO's job is done; it's time for Bush to call Gorby's bluff

achievement of American diplomacy and American arms. We rescued, and defended, Europe from Stalinism. But NATO was never an end in itself; it was always a means to an end: defense of Europe.

The challenge for U.S. di-

plomacy today is to lead the alliance that withstood the Soviet Empire during the Cold War into negotiations to end that Cold War. The German crisis is forcing NATO to debate the terms of its own dissolution.

Nor can we long avoid the final question: Do we support German reunification, or do we share the hidden agenda of many Europeans, East and West, to keep Germany divided?

America has nothing to fear from a united Germany. But if we seek permanent American presence in a divided Germany, we may expect, soon, from our German allies a long goodbye as they seek their new destiny in the East.

Gorbachev's failures at home have been matched by striking successes on the world stage. West Germany is persuaded he wants a new Europe, demilitarized and at peace, that he harbors no hidden dream of dominating a divided Germany from which NATO

has been expelled.

We have no alternative now but to call his bluff.

On his trip to NATO for its 40th anniversary, President Bush should say out loud what Germans whisper: that reunification is right and just, an idea whose time has come again, that we are prepared to negotiate total withdrawal of U.S. troops from German soil if Gorbachev will take his Red Army back home to the Soviet Union.

If Moscow balks, Gorbachev's hand will have been exposed; if he accepts, the Cold War could end on terms some of us never dreamed possible.

Then it will indeed be time to come home, time to let 320 million rich Europeans decide themselves how to cope with 270 million impoverished Soviets. NATO is the most successful alliance in modern history; but there comes a time when nations must stand on their own, when the children have to leave home.

"Explosion in Ukraine could trigger harshest crackdown

truth about themselves — and about the outside world — Radio Liberty.

pressure on local Communist bosses are most effective, how to recruit beyond students and intellectuals. Science from Moscow

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Washington Talk

Remorseless Dozing Gets Presidential Nod

By MAUREEN DOWD

Special to The New York Times



WASHINGTON, Nov. 9 — Sometimes, even with all that adrenaline and power pulsating

through the White House, you have to close your eyes and grab a few winks. Just for a minute. Just until you catch yourself crashing head-first into the bowl of flowers on the President's coffee table in the Oval Office.

Because the sad truth is, even the nerve center of the Western world can get a little tedious sometimes. So many charts and statistics. So many foreign visitors talking stiffly about good relations. So many bureaucrats droning on about the structural impediments initiative with Japan or the fine print in the Pentagon budget or Representative Dingell's latest reaction to Representative Waxman's latest counterproposal based on Senator Chafee's ideas about the clean air bill. Zzzzzzzzzzz.

That's why President Bush has created the annual Brent Scowcroft Award, named for the courtly national security adviser who likes his catnaps.

Marlin Fitzwater, the President's press secretary, is the second winner following Mr. Scowcroft himself. In their offices both display photographs of themselves, sprawled in sleep on Air Force One, with inscriptions from Mr. Bush congratulating them on their awards. "The award," Mr. Fitzwater explained, "is given to the person who can go to sleep in the most obvious and seemingly embarrassing of situations without any remorse whatsoever."

Mr. Fitzwater prefers planes or the office couch. The 64-year-old Mr. Scowcroft, who works 14 hours a day and often jogs at midnight because it is the only time he has free, is a master of public naps.

He can fall asleep anywhere from the Oval Office to state dinners, cleverly masking the respite by striking the pose of "The Thinker," with chin in hand and eyes downcast. But he always wakes up before he topples off the couch and in good time to answer a query from the President.

The only two officials who say they never conk out are the President and the Secretary of State.

Jim Baker glazes, a condition once described by a colleague as "his eyes

coming up peaches and oranges, like a slot machine." Mr. Bush does not. His metabolism is on such overdrive that he reminds old Washington hands of President Lyndon B. Johnson, who put on his pajamas every day at 4 P.M. for a nap, but ended up frantically working the phone in his bedroom for an hour.

Mr. Bush genially keeps track of everyone else who nods off. "He passes out notes that say 'Throw a spitball at the general and wake him up,'" said one senior adviser.

President Reagan was ribbed for dozing off during a 1982 Vatican meeting with the Pope. White House staff members recall clustering around the television back home, cheering him on to win one for the Napper: "Hang in there, Dutch, you can do it! Just a few more minutes!"

Military briefers are considered the hardest on those prone to nod off. "The repetition that is a strength when you are indoctrinating 19-year-olds is a weakness when you're trying to keep 50-year-olds awake," says one Administration official.

Once, after some military aides briefed Mr. Reagan and a group of aides with a slide show, the lights came up to find five out of the six, including the President, fast asleep.

The biggest group nap came at the 1987 economic summit meeting in Venice. As the Italian leader read the long final communiqué, all the other heads of state in the Group of Seven, except Prime Minister Brian Mulroney of Canada, snoozed on stage.

Mr. Reagan was admired for his surreptitious nap style. When he awoke midmeeting, he would roll up his eyes, as though he might have had them down on purpose.

One Bush official makes it a habit to turn his desk chair away from the door and toward the window, thus giving the impression to anyone who interrupts that he is perusing papers.

But the most skilled in soporific secrecy was the late spymaster William J. Casey, who napped without letting his head fall forward onto his chest or backwards into that most risky of all positions, "the whiplash."

The only faux pas is snoring. "It's like a Mafioso code of honor," explained one Bush adviser. "We all wake each other up when the snore occurs. We never let things deteriorate to that stage."

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SDI acted as deterrent, Thatcher says

By Sue McMullen
Gazette Telegraph

The "Star Wars" research program led to the breakdown of communism and the lessening of superpower tensions, and proved the strength of technology in preserving freedom and peace, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said Friday in Colorado Springs.

"I firmly believe that it was the determination to embark upon the SDI program and to continue, that eventually convinced the Soviet Union that they could never, never, never achieve their aim by military might, because they would never succeed," Thatcher said as an appreciative audience of about 800 people at Falcon Air Force Base responded with thunderous applause.

The Soviets' reassessment of their system and emphasis on military strength led to enormous change there and in Eastern Europe, Thatcher said.

But, she warned, those successes could be lost quickly if free countries fail to continue their pursuit of new technologies, including those associated with the Strategic Defense Initiative, known as Star Wars.

"There is evil in human nature and we never know where the next threat will come from," she said. "Even in the last two days we've had vivid evidence of that. So we must always keep our defenses sharp, and we must always keep our technology well ahead."

Thatcher, a staunch SDI supporter since the program was announced in 1983, made

her remarks after a 3½-hour tour of the SDI National Test Facility at Falcon AFB. The NTF runs computer simulations and war games to determine the effectiveness of SDI technologies.

Her tour was interrupted when President Bush telephoned and the two conversed for 20 minutes. The two leaders met Thursday in Aspen, but Bush cut his visit short to return to Washington to deal with the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

Earlier Friday, Thatcher spent 1½ hours touring the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder and discussing global warming with scientists. Later Friday, she toured the North American Aerospace Defense Command's Cheyenne Mountain complex before returning to Aspen, where she will speak Sunday at the Aspen Institute's symposium and accept an award.

During her NORAD tour, Thatcher viewed the missile warning, space surveillance and command center. She also visited the Air Defense Operations Center, where she was briefed on NORAD's involvement in the drug war.

Thatcher was flown from Boulder to Falcon AFB aboard an Army Blackhawk helicopter, and was greeted by the new SDI director, Henry Cooper, and Gen. Donald J. Kutyna, commander in chief of the U.S. Space Command and NORAD.

The hosts whisked her into a waiting sedan and off to the not-quite-finished test facility and a waiting group of scientists, engineers and program managers.

Thatcher is the first head of state to visit the facility and Falcon AFB. Her tour was deemed "significant" by Cooper and other officials.

But it was not surprising that she arranged her schedule to include the NTF tour because of her long-standing support for the program.

Thatcher has been briefed several times on SDI projects by former directors Lt. Gen. James Abrahamson and Lt. Gen. George Monahan. She also met to discuss the program with former President Ronald Reagan.

"She's been an understander of the pro-

gram," said Stanley Orman, who until recently headed the British SDI Participation Office in Washington. "She thoroughly understands the concepts."

"She's very interested in technology and likes to get out and see it."

Orman said he believes this is Thatcher's first visit to an SDI facility, although she has toured companies that are doing SDI research. Nevertheless, Friday's visit was important because it publicly affirms her support for SDI.

Britain signed a memorandum of understanding with the United States about SDI in December 1985 — making it the first U.S. ally to do so. The United States has invited North Atlantic Treaty Organization nations and Israel, Japan, South Korea and Australia to join in SDI work.

SDI officials said Friday that British companies and agencies have 108 SDI contracts worth about \$80 million. They include experiments on neutral particle beams, which have the power to burn through metal. It also includes work to protect visual sensors in space from enemy jamming.

Thatcher's Friday visit to the NTF came after she accepted an offer by Monahan earlier this year to visit any SDI facility. Thatcher told Monahan she planned to be in Aspen and asked if a tour at a nearby facility was possible.

SDIO officials brought in displays of rockets, computer chips, lasers and even full-scale mock-up of a space shuttle bay so they could explain various projects to Thatcher.

Air Force Maj. Maureen LaComb, the mission specialist for a 1992 SDI shuttle mission, told Thatcher about that project. Scientist Lowell Wood came from Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in California to tell Thatcher about Brilliant Pebbles, a controversial concept hatched at the lab.

SDIO recently began moving into the huge NTF, and much of the building is vacant. Officials took advantage of that by using two large rooms on the third floor to set up the special displays for Thatcher.

Staff writer Erin Emery contributed to this report.

BUSH...CONTINUED

came through with a boycott. So did the United Nations, which voted sanctions. But the biggest move of all—cutting off the Kuwaiti and Iraq pipelines that run through Saudi Arabia and Turkey—is in some question.

Saudi Arabia is in imminent danger of being invaded by Saddam, and Turkey is supposedly our faithful NATO ally. But both countries are being hard to get. The Saudis are cowering in their tents, apparently not wishing to be saved if it means accepting American help against Arab brothers.

Defense Secretary Richard B. Cheney is on his way to Riyadh, hoping to talk real world to the House of Fahd. Secretary of State James A. Baker III is tackling Turkey. But even success could mean failure, in that shutting off the oil could raise prices further here and set off inflation.

At the heart of the problem is the character of Saddam Hussein. He grew up mean, with a gun in his hand. He rules through repression and torture. Last spring, he had an inquiring reporter for the London Observer hanged.

He used poison gas against the Kurds, a minority of his own people. He used poison gas against thousands of Iranians in the eight-year war he started. He is capable of anything.

Bush has already, correctly, ordered plans for covert action to destabilize the regime in Baghdad. It's more notice to Saddam that the Munich analogy, inappropriately invoked during the Vietnam War, really applies here, and that the West won't have it.

What about bombing Baghdad? It would be a sharp expression of world displeasure and cut into Saddam's image of invincibility. But what about the retaliation? Would Saddam move up

his timetable on the invasion of Saudi Arabia? Would he arrange the seizure of hundreds of hostages among the Americans working in the oil fields of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia?

The fact that the two superpowers are standing shoulder to shoulder, that the Soviets have offered a warship for joint maneuvers in the Persian Gulf, is a wonderful post-Cold War show of solidarity, but it is a sideshow.

They are both well-represented in the arsenals of Kuwait and Iraq. Kuwait has billions of dollars of U.S. weapons, which haven't done it much good. Saddam is lavishly equipped with the best that Soviet defense factories can turn out. He also has a pretty good supply of American hardware. It was captured on the battlefields of the Iran-Iraq war.

The best thing Bush has going for him is the just about unanimous approval to do whatever is necessary.

WASHINGTON POST

August 7, 1990

Pg. 18

Resistance and Appeasement

PRESIDENT BUSH is helping see to it that the United States provides leadership in the pressing international project of containing and isolating Iraq and inducing this aggressor state to disgorge its conquest of Kuwait. Just as an earlier president, Jimmy Carter, understood that the United States and its allies could not allow a hostile Soviet Union to get a grip on crucial world oil supplies in the Persian Gulf, so Mr. Bush realizes that a hostile Iraq poses a similar threat. This is the geopolitical source of his policy, and the understanding of it promises to draw broad domestic and international support to a range of diplomatic, economic and, if necessary, military initiatives intended to reduce the threat.

It was particularly encouraging, for instance, that a quick consensus formed at the United Nations, where the Soviet Union showed itself commendably ready to rebuff its traditional client state, Iraq. Whether great-power agreement can force a rollback is so far unproven, but in the old bipolar world of Soviet-American global rivalry such a mission could not even have been considered. Japan, heretofore largely an international free rider, has also seen fit this time to acknowl-

edge publicly its obligation to stand with its natural friends. Others are also coming along, some moved by the evident advantages of making economic common cause, others stirred by the flagrancy of Iraq's aggression and fear of the consequences of letting it pass with no more than a rhetorical blast.

There is but one area of major concern as international actors start positioning themselves for the formidable challenge that the arrogant and unprincipled yet shrewd Saddam Hussein has posed them. Some of the Arab governments that have the most to lose to Iraq are tending to appeasement. One especially painful form their policy takes is to shy away from direct association with the steps that their friends, including the United States, are preparing to take in their behalf. One understands their fears—they live next to the dragon, permanently, and they wonder about the constancy and cleverness of their would-be rescuers. But for them to appear more frightened to cooperate with their friends, who are trying to arrange suitable guarantees, than to stand up to the dictator menacing them is grotesque.

An End to the Great Escape

GEORGE

F. WILL

Just when you thought it was safe to pick the morning paper off the stoop . . .

Gazing upon one of those martial piles of marble, a multiple statue of soldiers, a wit said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of the sculptor." Until Americans plucked last Thursday's morning paper off their stoops, they were relishing the luxury of speaking about military matters in a similarly lighthearted, even retrospective manner. How good it had been to escape the nagging troubles and expensive trappings of a superpower.

But not everyone had been an escapist.

One morning last month Sam Nunn, the Georgia Democrat, was in the Senate dining room, enjoying, sort of, a spartan, almost Gramm-Rudmanized, breakfast prior to delivering one of the "speechlets" by which he continues to sketch his thinking about defense needs. That morning, about a week before Iraq attacked, Nunn was thinking about the future, if it has one, of the B-2 bomber.

Rep. Les Aspin, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, will next month probably lead a House vote to all but kill the B-2 program. Nunn believes the argument for the Stealth bomber is, in some ways, stronger now than it was before the changes inside B-2's primary target—the Soviet Union. Continuing the B-2 program can force the pace of wholesome change in the Soviet Union. And the B-2 can be particularly useful, even indispensable, in some crises that may be more likely because of the East-West thaw and the resulting inward turning of the United States and the Soviet Union. Building a fleet of B-2s, which are capable of penetrating Soviet air defenses, would radically degrade a huge Soviet investment (2,200 interceptor aircraft, 7,000 surface-to-air missile launchers, 9,000 defense radars). This would force a Kremlin choice. It could further thicken air defenses (which already employ almost as many people as there are in the entire U.S. Air Force). Or it could throw in another towel, concede permanent vulnerability and redirect resources to productive civilian uses. But suppose the Soviet Union, under the pressure of the B-2, decided to do the right thing. There is an argument for building the B-2 fleet with the rest of the world (Iraq, for starters) in mind.

Nunn sees a future in which the United States has fewer bases abroad and its forces at sea are more vulnerable. The B-2, with its long reach and large payload and invisibility, would be particularly suited to any president's need to be able to project force with low risk of casualties. By reminding a relaxed America that the world remains a danger, Hussein's aggression helped Nunn and a narrow majority of

senators sustain the B-2. Bismarck, or whoever said it, was right: God really does look out for the welfare of drunks, children and the United States.

(And of Israel. Perhaps Hussein has silenced Israel's critics who, from the security of a safe distance, hector Israel to "take a risk for peace"—as though existing in that region were not risky enough. Critics constantly tell Israel that "security does not depend on territory" or "strategic depth" because massed tanks are no longer instruments of nations' policies. Critics castigate Israel for not being more trusting of "moderate" Arab states like Jordan, which cannot bring itself to criticize Iraq.)

Many Americans think: The world is 75 percent safer than it recently was, so why are we talking about cutting defense only 25 percent? They think: Until recently 50 percent of defense was directed to the defense of Europe, against a Warsaw Pact that no longer really exists, so let's cut defense by, well, 50 percent sounds nice. The political problem for leaders like Nunn is to explain the following.

The projection of power to, say, the Persian Gulf requires much of the military infrastructure (men, material, training, reinforcement, command, control) that has been required for containing the Soviet Union. Furthermore, Nunn says that if in the recent past there had been crises engaging U.S. forces in Europe and the Middle East simultaneously, "the Pentagon computers would have exploded" because there was so much double-counting—so many military assets assigned to two incompatible missions.

Is Nunn like Northrop or Grumman, a national asset that faces a wrenching readjustment now that peace has broken out? Not really. It will take a large senator to temper the impulse to shrink defense too much. And, anyway, Nunn is not a one-note singer.

Back to defense: Like Scoop Jackson, he has been conspicuous among Democrats for taking national security seriously. But also like Jackson he has other interests. Like Jackson he is chairman of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of Governmental Affairs. It has a broad license and so is an efficient instrument for rooting around in the underbrush of subjects such as organized crime, corruption in government and the savings and loan debacle. These and other issues touch what Nunn believes is today's most politically important mood—the sense that the nation has "lost its moral bearings."

Nunn seems slightly less diffident about discussing presidential politics than he was four years ago. He says Bush is not providing adequate leadership on a range of issues. And he says too many Democrats are content to be mere mechanics of policy implementation rather than architects of policy. But try as he might to change the subject, from defense to various domestic matters that interest him as much and interest presidential voters more, the turbulent world keeps tugging him back to defense.

One year ago this month the eyes of the world were on the Austro-Hungarian border, through which East Germans flowed, creating the suction effect that pulled down the Berlin Wall. One month ago Kohl and Gorbachev, representing the two nations that 49 summers ago were involved in the greatest collision of military forces in history, met in Russia, in sweaters, quite relaxed. They tidied up one of the last questions (Germany's status) remaining from the European crackup that began 76 Augusts ago.

Then last week, just when you thought it was safe to pick the morning paper off the stoop, Saddam Hussein showed that the world can still impinge militarily on American interests. That morning in America Americans were called back to the uncongenial grindstone of their duties as citizens of a—no, the—superpower.

SUPERPOWERS... CONTINUED

Shevardnadze made it clear to Baker that the Soviets "did not want to see a quick resort to military force," a senior official said.

This official added that the talks could help set a pattern for further cooperation on regional conflicts in the years ahead. "Something broader is going on in the changing pattern of U.S.-Soviet relations," the official said, as both nations position themselves to focus on the "threats of the '90s," such as Saddam.

According to U.S. officials, the U.S.-Soviet cooperation has been evident in more routine ways, as well. When two rebel groups began closing in on President Samuel Doe of Liberia recently after a bloody seven-month offensive, Moscow discovered that a group of Soviet diplomats had been cut off in Monrovia and could not be reached. The Soviets turned to the United States for help, and American officials helped reestablish contact with the stranded delegation.

But many government officials and private analysts acknowledge that there are limits to how far Washington and Moscow can go in changing the behavior of others. "The world's trouble spots don't seem to be Soviet and American," said Michael Mandelbaum of the Council on Foreign Relations.

At the Washington summit, for example, President Bush and Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev announced a joint effort to rush food relief to starving Ethiopians trapped in a civil war.

Despite the military might of both nations, however, the planned air and sea lifts of food have been frustrated by refusal of rebels fighting the government to allow planes and ships to arrive.

The United States and Soviet Union have vital interests in the Persian Gulf. But in the first days after the invasion, neither seemed in position to change the behavior of Saddam.

Short of an attack on Saudi Arabia by Iraq, the two superpowers and their allies are instead trying to squeeze the Iraqi president by shutting down his oil flow—an economic response that may take some time to have an impact.

"Making a statement in Moscow is good to start, but what do you do

WASHINGTON POST

August 7, 1990

Pg. 5

Atomic Bombing Commemorated

Thousands of Americans marked the 45th anniversary of the dropping of an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, with vigils, proclamations of peace and protests outside the nation's nuclear weapons plants.

Police arrested 25 people for trespassing and obstructing traffic at Rocky Flats, the Colorado plant that produces plutonium triggers for nuclear weapons. About 100 activists also gathered at the plant's west gate Sunday for a prayer vigil.

A Los Angeles ceremony drew about 700 people, and Mayor Tom Bradley said city officials were searching for a permanent place for the "Hiroshima Eternal Flame for Peace," a gift from the mayor of Hiroshima. It is supposed to burn until nuclear weapons are eliminated.

About 140,000 people died in the Aug. 6, 1945, blast, the world's first atomic bombing. Three days later, in the last nuclear attack, the United States dropped an A-bomb on Nagasaki, killing 70,000. Japan, which provoked U.S. entry into World War II by attacking Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, surrendered Aug. 15.

tomorrow?" said Judith Kipper, a Middle East analyst at the Brookings Institution. "The United States and the Soviet Union are in the same little boat in this tumultuous sea. Neither of us has very much influence. The possibility of influencing the situation is extremely limited after the fact" of the invasion.

A danger in the new post-Cold War climate is that the absence of Washington and Moscow as active players may contribute to a power vacuum like the one that Saddam suddenly has tried to fill in the Persian Gulf, Kipper said.

"The smaller powers, the regional powers like Iraq no longer have to look over their shoulder" at the United States and Soviet Union, she added. "They can no longer turn to Washington or Moscow with the blackmail politics that 'you have to help us.' They can act with impunity to arrange their own little problems—regional powers that are non-democratic, that are desperate, that have their own view of how things should work in their area."

Nonetheless, the regional conflicts that flared in the last decade

with support from the Soviet Union and the United States are winding down, with both superpowers trying to disengage.

For the United States, these conflicts were viewed as a way to respond to Soviet expansion in the Third World during the 1970s and 1980s without directly committing U.S. forces—a policy called the "Reagan Doctrine" by conservative activists. But according to officials, both superpowers were reaching the exhaustion point when Bush took office.

For the Soviets, it was economic exhaustion, while for the Americans it was primarily political, as constant White House-Congress battles over places like Nicaragua took their toll.

But while the Nicaraguan war ended with an election in which the Soviet-backed Sandinista regime was dumped by the voters, officials said it is likely that the conflicts in Afghanistan, Cambodia and Angola will end less neatly. "All the rest are going to be us pushing back and saying, 'You guys figure it out,'" a senior policy-maker said. "In neither Afghanistan, Cambodia or Angola are we going to be able to engineer an outcome. It is much less clear."

August 5, 1990

Pg. D-1

WASHINGTON POST

Defense Dilemma

Do We Have the Wrong Forces for Today's World?

By Patrick E. Tyler

MOST PEOPLE, relieved that the Cold War is over, may now worry that a military conflagration awaits the world in the Kuwaiti desert. It is all too easy to envision battling Saddam Hussein's million-man army—perhaps with the Soviet Union fighting on the American side.

The admirals and generals of the Pentagon are delighted that Americans are getting such a timely exhibition of how dangerous the world remains, even after the collapse of the Berlin Wall. It helps them make the case for spending more than \$300 billion a year on Stealth bombers, fighters, tanks and aircraft carriers—in short, perpetuating the massive U.S. defense establishment built with \$10 trillion since the Cold War began.

But this is a new era. The United States, after 40 years of containing an aggressive and expansionist Soviet Union with what is now a 2.1-million-member military spread over 1,400 bases worldwide, is looking for a new role in the world. In what has suddenly become an age of declining militarism between East and West, some will inevitably try to transfer the military-industrial combine to a confrontation between North and South. It is time for Americans to question, relentlessly, such strategies.

With Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, the first post-Cold War military crisis, a new battle has begun.

In part, it is a battle to cut the defense budget. That is being done in the political chaos that has seized the congressional budget process as it stares down the barrel of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings howitzer of deficit reduction. But whatever cut for the coming budget year finally emerges will reflect the parochial struggle by Democrats and Republicans to protect jobs and favored hometown weapons industries. Even the major weapons cuts voted last week by the House Armed Services Committee—including cancellation of the B-2 Stealth bomber and the rejection of two new strategic missiles—are not the product of a coherent new definition of the nation's security needs.

"The budget negotiations are going to come up with a number for defense that is not in any way related to the threat but is related to the politics of the budget resolution," laments Rep. Les Aspin (D-Wis.), the committee's chairman.

Budget dollars are becoming too scarce to spend for threats that are no longer real in a world in which Germany and Europe are united, the Soviet Union is self-absorbed with restructuring, Asia continues to boom economically and the Third World continues to founder. What comes after "containment," the doctrine that organized our Western security strategy to protect the world from an expansionist and hostile Soviet Bloc? What does it mean to go from a bipolar world of East-West rivalry to a multi-polar world of—what?

The Pentagon's answer to these questions is that the world will be a very dangerous place, full of threats to justify a military establishment that looks the same as the one we have today, only marginally smaller, say 20-25 percent.

Gen. Colin L. Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, argues that when the dust of the Cold War settles, the United States must still be able to hang out a shingle that says, "A superpower lives here."

But many once-staunch cold warriors see a considerably different role for even a superpower. Earlier this year, for example, Paul H. Nitze, career defense strategist and diplomat, told the Council on Foreign Relations that it is obvious that 40 years of strategic thinking "are no longer pertinent to the problems of the future." A new strategic concept may take several years to emerge, said Nitze, noting that after World War II it took a few years for the realities of an aggressive Soviet Union and exhausted Great Britain to crystallize U.S. postwar imperatives. But he took a stab at what a new concept might look like.

"I think the central theme the U.S. should support in the long-range future is the accommodation of diversity—a world climate in which a large array of political groupings can emerge each in its own individual, and perhaps eccentric way."

"In such a world," Nitze continued, "the United States, with first-class military potential, political, economic and cultural strengths, and no territorial or ideological

ambitions, can play a unique role in throwing its latent power in the direction of preserving order and diversity among diffuse and varied groupings."

Such a revised concept means, simply, this: We may need to put a fence around Saddam Hussein, but this will not require the bulky Cold War military we have today.

The Cold War made two significant contributions to U.S. defense planning. One is the military's current system of "threat analysis," and the other is the military system of using "war scenarios" as a planning tool to determine the size of the military, its weaponry and spending levels.

Both of these contributions have conspired to drive up defense spending over the decades; to support large peacetime armies, navies and air forces based on the most advanced technologies and ready for action on short notice. This enormous investment, nearly \$10 trillion over four decades, has sat frozen in immense, costly and static confrontation against the forces of the now defunct Soviet-led Warsaw Pact.

The "threat analysis" used by the Pentagon to establish requirements for new weapons system, for example, assumes that: if the Soviets *could* deploy a better bomber, missile or submarine, it is therefore valid to assume they *will* deploy it. This equation has driven the military to set "requirements" to build new weapons to meet future threats so defined.

This is the system that produced the Air Force's plan to spend \$75 billion for a fleet of Stealth bombers based on CIA and DIA projections that by the end of the century, Soviet air defenses, improving at a Cold War pace, will be able to shoot down the 97 B1 bombers authorized by President Carter, as well as all of the B-52s converted to the "low-level penetration" mission.

Defense Secretary Richard B. Cheney recently decided to go ahead with a new generation of Stealth fighters, again at tremendous cost, because the CIA and DIA estimates predict that the Soviet Union *could* produce its own version of Stealth in the next century.

The same threat analysis is driving the Navy's bid to build a \$30 billion fleet of nuclear attack submarines that will be far quieter than the current Los Angeles class attack boats.

In a recent interview, Vice Adm. Daniel Cooper acknowledged that well into the next century, the Soviets will not have deployed an attack submarine superior to the Los Angeles class. "Possibly equal," he said, arguing nonetheless that the United States must maintain a distinct technological advantage against this postulated threat.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

DILEMMA... CONTINUED

Army Secretary Michael P.W. Stone has postulated a new and improved Soviet tank by the end of the century. There is no evidence that the Soviets can afford to build a new generation tank, but the Army believes such a tank might be on the drawing board. So the Army is working with defense contractors and foreign governments to drum up foreign business for the M1 Tank factories in Michigan and Ohio so those plants will be available later in the decade to build a new American Super Tank.

The Navy is fighting to keep all 14 of its aircraft carriers based on a maritime strategy that calls for U.S. naval air power to attack the Soviet Union in the forward areas such as Vladivostok in the event of global war. With such justification on the wane, the Navy has fallen back to a position that 14 carriers are essential for the "presence" mission, which simply argues that if enough U.S. carrier battle groups are deployed around the world, there will be no trouble.

Outside defense experts, while recognizing that America may face a host of new challenges, say the defense establishment's threat assumptions must change.

"Military power is only one index and I think one of lesser and lesser importance in the future as an index of our overall power," said William W. Kaufmann, professor emeritus at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Kaufmann, who has advised a succession of U.S. defense secretaries on strategy, has become a pariah in the Cheney Pentagon for advocating a halving of defense spending by the end of the decade.

The arms race of the Cold War may have made a worst-case threat analysis valid, Kaufmann argues, but the crushing weight of Soviet economic and ethnic problems should force the United States to question whether the Soviets will apply their scarce resources to new technology weapons, or whether they are looking for an opportunity to opt out of the race. Far more likely, in Kaufmann's view, is that they will seek to preserve their superpower status by maintaining strategic nuclear weapons and adequate conventional forces to provide stability at home and security on their borders.

Rep. Aspin agrees. "The cost to the Soviet Union in moving to higher technology in the military area is staggering," said Aspin. "Do we think they are going to be putting their best engineers into making quieter submarines when they have a total collapse in the energy program and their transportation and distribution system is

suffering a massive breakdown? No way."

The other Cold War institution ripe for questioning is "contingency planning," the process of erecting war scenarios to determine the sizes of the armed forces.

War scenarios were formalized during the Kennedy Administration under Robert S. McNamara, who postulated that America should have a military capable of fighting 2½ wars at once: one in Europe, one in Korea or Vietnam and a half-war against Fidel Castro or some other Soviet puppet. At the height of the Cold War, it was easy to erect such scenarios.

Now in the aftermath of the Berlin Wall Revolution, Powell has been busy in making the case for a U.S. military that retains robust capabilities to project substantial power around the globe, operates at a high tempo of training and exercise, and pursues exotic new weapons technologies as part of the Strategic Defense Initiative.

He has reminded audiences how dangerous the world can be even without the Soviets and the demands it can place on U.S. forces: the Persian Gulf deployment of 1987, the Panama invasion of 1989 and the Liberian "presence" of 1990.

But in the cases Powell cites, as Kaufmann points out, the United States committed no more than one division of ground forces.

The U.S. military, cut roughly in half, Kaufmann says, would be able to field four to five divisions anywhere in the Third World while keeping in reserve one active and seven reserve divisions for some unforeseen crisis in Europe. To Kaufmann this is a conservative approach, but it is heresy in the Pentagon.

President Bush has defined the immediate enemy as "instability" and it is true that in the future the threats to U.S. security will be more difficult to discern. But where they pop up, they will be unhinged from the East-West rivalry of the past and often of less direct concern.

"If we no longer look at some of these regional disputes in the East-West context, the first question then is: do we care?" said Aspin. "I would guess a lot of places would just drop off the list because they really were just trumped up East-West conflicts."

To this, Kaufmann, who speaks of "direct U.S.-Soviet cooperation in some of these regional disputes, adds: "We've got to specify what we expect forces to do and stop talking about presence, and being a superpower and hanging out a shingle."

Meanwhile the military is planning war scenarios to deal with ballistic missile attacks by Iraq or perhaps an Iraqi invasion of the entire Saudi Arabian peninsula.

Are these new contingencies realistic? Do they compete with the traditional Soviet threat? Many experts say no. Even in Iraq's massive move into Kuwait this week, the United States could find no direct threat to U.S. interests that warranted any military intervention.

If Israel attacked Iraq's chemical weapons factories and missile industry and Iraq responded by firing ballistic missiles into Israel, would the United States respond? Yes, but probably in a limited way. Would American ground forces be committed to the region? Probably not.

On Oct. 24, 1973, after Egyptian forces crossed the Suez Canal to attack Israeli troops dug in there since 1967, the United States put the 82nd Airborne infantry division on alert, increased the readiness of U.S. nuclear forces and deployed three aircraft carrier battle groups to the Mediterranean to support the resupply of Israel and counter a Soviet naval buildup.

If a general war broke out in the Middle East among Iraq, Syria, Jordan and Israel, the United States, as it did in 1967 and 1973, would mobilize militarily and diplomatically to terminate the conflict quickly, most experts agree, and would not commit U.S. ground forces.

If that is the case, the planning for war contingencies in the future ought to deal with the realities of the new era and the removal of the East-West rivalry from regional conflicts. Certainly the United States will want to retain a military force sufficient to assure its own superpower status in a post-Cold War world. But retaining that status may actually depend on our willingness to adapt our military thinking to a new definition of national security—one that emphasizes moral leadership, economic strength, environmental and educational health—secured by ample volunteer military forces to respond to crises that warrant our intervention.

If war comes, many experts agree, the United States has the "latent potential" that Nitze cited to mobilize its industry and population to respond.

"We never did seriously plan for the Vietnam War," said Kaufmann, "but we had the forces to put in there and whatever it was—Korea or Vietnam—the demand ended up at about eight divisions."

Patrick Tyler covers defense for The Washington Post.

Naval Blockade Option Is Readied

■ **Sanctions:** The move would involve halting cargoes at the ports of three nations. Planners say it's a most difficult exercise.

By MELISSA HEALY
TIMES STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON—The Pentagon's war planners Monday offered the White House the option of an unprecedented allied naval blockade of Iraq's oil trade if necessary to enforce sanctions voted by the United Nations.

But even as the United States and allied navies drafted plans for such an operation, they said their recent experience in the Persian Gulf has not prepared them well for this more difficult task. Stop-

ping cargoes from a nation whose exports leave through three ports in three different nations is trickier, they said, than escorting ships through a single channel in wartime.

"Denying freedom on the high seas is a business we haven't been in for a long time," one knowledgeable naval officer said. "I don't think there's anyone around here that knows exactly how to plan it."

As they consider a blockade—in international law an act of war—naval officers pointed out it would require a large numbers of warships in the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and the gulf.

Pentagon officials have told the President that the operation would be too large for the U.S. Navy to enforce alone. That fact, sources said, underlined the importance of President Bush's meeting Monday with NATO Secretary General

Manfred Woerner and with British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, whose naval forces have cooperated with the U.S. Navy before in the gulf.

Unless allied navies would join in the effort, a blockade would likely be too costly and difficult to conduct effectively.

Pentagon officials said Monday that a blockade is just one of many military options the United States is considering to bring Iraqi President Saddam Hussein to his knees. Meanwhile, American warplanes available from bases throughout Western Europe and the southeastern United States are "spring-loaded" for deployment to Saudi Arabia.

Whether they go will depend on the outcome of meetings that took place Monday between U.S. Defense Secretary Dick Cheney and Saudi Arabia's King Fahd. Cheney left Sunday night for Ri-

yadh, where American officials said he would press the Saudis to take action against Iraq and to allow U.S. forces access to Saudi bases to lead the effort.

The officials said Cheney was expected to press the Saudi leader for a rapid decision, because it could take days or weeks for U.S. forces to arrive in numbers with equipment sufficient to fight.

"If Saudi Arabia waits until the 11th hour, it may be too late," said one Administration official. "Among the things Cheney is explaining is what that means. Fahd and Saudi Arabian civilians have to know how much the United States will do, what it will take from them and what [timetables are required for making the decision]."

"Implicitly, when you explain the time lines, you tell them. If you call too late, you can't expect us to get there," the official added.

By attempting to deny the passage of Iraqi oil from those three ports, naval forces could face some of the same problems that bedeviled navies during the much-simpler Persian Gulf escort operation. Iraq could seed the gulf with mines. U.S. carriers cannot operate within the constrained waters of the gulf, and thus aircraft intended to protect navy ships against attacking Iraqi warplanes are operating at the outer limits of their range.

And Iran and Iraq's Chinese-made Silkworm missiles, possibly tipped with chemical weap-

OPTION...Pg. 18

Build two flight wings of B-2s

If George Bush were to deploy the whole U.S. Army against the forces of Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi despot would outman the president by a few hundred thousand troops. But if Mr. Bush one night were to dispatch a flight wing of stealth bombers to Baghdad, the Iraqis would never know what hit them. In minutes their ability to sustain a war would be reduced to cinders.

In the world emerging from the Europe-centered standoff of the Cold War, the B-2 bomber, killed by the House Armed Services Committee but approved by the Senate, may be more strategically valuable than a standing army. The B-2 is a symbol of what U.S. security policy should be. While deterring the Soviet nuclear threat, it provides needed flexibility in responding to regional conflicts.

As an airborne tool for projecting power across the globe, the B-2 has a range and stealthiness that could put U.S. troops on the front lines without subjecting them to the risk our ships now face as they ride like ducks in the Persian Gulf. With a single in-flight refueling, the B-2 can strike any target on the planet with conventional or nuclear warheads. Preliminary wind-tunnel tests and computer modeling have demonstrated that it is virtually undetectable, while similar stealth technology has already been proven on the F-117A, a shorter-range attack fighter secretly deployed in 1983. By December, the B-2's stealth capabilities should be fully demonstrated in flight.

The awesome advantage this new technology gives our airmen in battle is often not understood. Detectability itself is only the first step toward actually knocking the stealth out of the sky. To shoot down a B-2, an enemy must develop the technology not only to detect the plane but also to track, vector and target it. According to Pentagon sources, the Soviets have at least a decade of technological homework to do before they can simply detect the B-2, and present technologies that theoretically may detect the craft cannot track it. Having already invested \$400 billion in an air defense system to counter non-stealth aircraft, it is questionable Mikhail Gorbachev would be willing to compromise his reforms by investing similar billions to defeat stealth.

Thus, with an unimpeded path to virtually any So-

viet target, the stealth restores an equilibrium to the U.S.-Soviet strategic equation. That balance has eroded in the face of a Soviet nuclear buildup that has continued even in the Gorbachev years. Although Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze promised last week (just as the B-2 went to a vote in the Senate) that the Soviets would, in two years, stop deploying mobile missiles (which the United States has never built), his promise should be viewed in light of earlier Soviet promises that haven't panned out. These include commitments to withdraw all intermediate-range missiles from Europe and tear down the treaty-busting Krasnoyarsk radar.

Whether the Soviets eventually cheat on the impending START Treaty or adhere to it, the B-2 is a plane that will serve to deter a nuclear exchange. Indeed, the craft was designed with START in mind. Under rules adopted by both sides in the START talks, the B-2 bomber would give the United States the capability of delivering 1,100 more warheads than before to Soviet targets, a capability that ought to have significant deterrent potential.

Finally, despite its lethal potential, the stealth bomber is an instrument of war that values human life. By evading detection, it not only preserves its crew but also offers the chance to discriminate in choosing a target—even to the point of choosing no target at all.

House Armed Services Chairman Les Aspin, who led his committee in killing the B-2, has made no strategic argument against the plane and concedes its stealth capabilities. What he and other congressional critics argue is that 75 planes (two operational flight wings, plus 15 spares) are not worth \$800 million apiece. Perversely, they advocate buying only 15 planes (the spares) for \$2.4 billion apiece, which is like dropping \$36 billion through the bomb-bay doors. The history of U.S. bomber programs shows that at any one time you need eight planes to train pilots, while seven are being refitted at the factory: That is, 15 = 0. The Pentagon for strategic and financial reasons wants two flight wings, and its argument makes sense. The cost differential between one wing and two is negligible.

When Congress makes the final cuts in the defense budget, it should slice programs that were needed to fight the war in Europe that never happened. And it should retain plans for two full flight wings of B-2 bombers, for the conflicts we may yet face.

Voice of experience

Jimmy Carter, who sent a secret military hostage-rescue force to Iran that failed when several of the rescue aircraft crashed and burned, said yesterday it would be a mistake to send U.S. troops to retaliate against the Iraqis unless they go on into Saudi Arabia.

Mr. Carter told reporters in Plains, Ga., that he believes President Bush and other U.S. leaders have taken the right economic and political steps to address last week's invasion. "I don't have any criticism to make of what President Bush and our leaders have done," he said. "I think they have taken very strong economic and political action—the condemnations of Iraq in the United Nations. The marshaling of economic punishments for deprivation of Iraq in Japan and Europe have been a pleasant surprise for me."

"It would be a mistake at this point, obviously, to deploy any American troops halfway around the world in an area that's almost totally inaccessible to us," he said. But, Mr. Carter said, if Iraq crosses the border of Saudi Arabia, it is "inevitable that our nation would respond militarily."

And Now: The War of the Future

With the news that Iraqi troops had advanced to within a mile of Saudi Arabia, the scenario that weighed heavily on the minds of Western military planners last weekend was nothing short of a nightmare: how to defend Saudi Arabia, with its 19 percent share of the world's proven oil reserves, from invasion

by Saddam Hussein. News accounts of frantic preparations by U.S. commanders were utterly beside the point, for knowledgeable military analysts agreed that no combination of rapidly deployable U.S. land or naval forces could defend the desert kingdom from Iraq's huge Army. The Saudi scenario, in short, raised not only the possibility of war in a very far place, it was depressing proof that the United States, after 40 years

of planning for the Big One in Central Europe, is largely unprepared for conflict in other parts of the world.

It may well be that the relaxation of superpower tensions has made such regional conflicts more likely. Like other Third World strongmen, Saddam Hussein can see that the Soviet Union's zeal for

keeping its client states in line has dwindled to the vanishing point, and he may now sense that he has a free hand to pursue his longstanding grudge with OPEC and the oil-rich sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf. An aggressive gambler made confident by victory in the war against Iran, Saddam now has other uses for one of the

best-trained and best-equipped armies in the region. For worried U.S. strategists, the underlying message is that this may be the model for wars to come.

Leave aside for the moment unresolved questions of U.S. strategic interests in the post-cold-war era—the debate over where and why, in a less structured and perennially conflictual world, America and its allies must be prepared to fight. The military's job is to prepare for the full range of eventualities—a Kuwait, a Panama, or even a Vietnam. But even on that simpler level, the debate has a staggering complexity. The end of the cold war left Congress determined to chop billions from the defense budget, as recent debates on Capitol Hill demonstrate all too well. The Pentagon, meanwhile, is groping for a workable plan to downsize its budget without gutting its real-world capabilities. "It is a very difficult proposition to look 20 years ahead and say, 'I know with absolute certainty what the world's going to look like,'" Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney told NEWSWEEK recently. "I can't find anybody who knew 18 months ago what was going to happen over the past 18 months."

The Iraqi invasion shows that Cheney, along with George Bush and all other world leaders, won't get even one month to plan the defense of the status quo. And the undoubted effectiveness of the Iraqi Army underscores another deeply disturbing fact. Year by year and nation by nation, Third World governments like Saddam Hussein's have begun to achieve levels of military power that can realistically confront any conventional force the West can muster. This creeping escalation of military capability is due in part to wide-open arms sales by the United States, the Soviet Union and other developed countries. It is also due to the advent of high-tech weapons like the Exocet missile, which offer highly effective and relatively cheap (about \$250,000, in the case of the Exocet) offensive power to any nation that chooses to buy them. That Exocets in the hands of Iraqi pilots pose a distinct threat to U.S. forces is beyond dispute, as the crew of the USS Stark can attest to. Finally, it is an effect of two of the soldier's oldest enemies: time and distance. The United States is too far away to respond quickly to the regional conflicts of the post-cold-war era.

One consequence of the shifting rules of world order is that the United States must begin to compare itself militarily with Third World powers like Iraq. That comparison is sobering. Saddam Hussein has an Army of between 650,000 and 1 million—the U.S. Army numbers only 700,000—led by the battle-hardened victors of the long war against Iran. He has more than 500 combat aircraft, about 5,500 Soviet- and Chinese-built main battle tanks, more than



A Pentagon official said the strike under discussion would include British Tornado attack jets, American F-111s and carrier-based U.S. aircraft hitting targets in Iraq. To be most effective, landing arrangements must be made in the region, possibly at British bases in Cyprus and a French outpost in Djibouti, to reduce the time needed for planes to return for reloading and fuel before making another sortie.

Mrs. Thatcher, en route home after a visit to Aspen, Colo., stopped in Washington for less than four hours. NATO Secretary-General Woerner broke off a Canadian vacation to come to the White House.

"My impression is that this is the moment for the West to show cohesion, determination, and to make it clear what cannot be accepted in this world, and to safeguard its own security interests," Mr. Woerner said.

Virtually all of Mr. Bush's activity yesterday involved NATO members. He spoke three times with Turkish President Turgut Ozal and telephoned West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, French President Francois Mitterrand and Italian Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti. Last night Mr. Bush dined with Canadian Prime Minister Mulroney.

Among developments that led allies to postpone direct military action:

- Iraq's decision to cut off one pipeline through Turkey and sharply reduce the flow in the second. That move came only hours after warning Turkish President Ozal not to comply with Mr. Bush's request to stop the flow of oil.

- The absence of any Iraqi move into Saudi Arabia despite reports an invasion of the second country was imminent.

- Concern for the safety of 28 Americans taken from their hotels in Kuwait and 11 others taken to Baghdad over the weekend.

Defense Secretary Richard Cheney arrived yesterday morning in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, and Secretary of State James A. Baker III will go to Turkey later in the week.

A U.S. official said Mr. Baker is considering other stops after visiting Turkey, including Saudi Arabia, but has ruled out a trip to Egypt, although that nation has generally taken a hard stance against Iraq's invasion of Kuwait.

• Rowan Scarborough, Andrew Borowiec and Warren Strobel contributed to this report.

Most back armed reply if Iraq goes any further

Gallup Organization

PRINCETON, N.J. — In the two days immediately after the invasion of Kuwait by Iraqi troops, a majority of Americans said they favored direct U.S. military intervention if Iraq invaded Saudi Arabia or if Americans were held prisoners or hostage. Significantly less than a majority of Americans, however, favored immediate intervention.

At the same time, Americans strongly favored economic sanctions against Iraq, including an embargo on oil imports. About four out of 10 Americans favored direct U.S. military involvement if a gasoline crisis were created.

These results are based on a Gallup Poll of 810 Americans conducted on Aug. 3 and 4. Only about six out of 10 Americans said they had been following the situation in Kuwait closely.

Asked to make a spontaneous

suggestion about what the United States should do, a majority of Americans either said they didn't know (35 percent) or that nothing should be done now and/or that the United States should wait and see (27 percent). Only 8 percent spontaneously recommended active U.S. military intervention, while another 3 percent said the United States should send troops to the area as a show of force.

When direct military intervention was posed as an option, the responses were conditional.

When asked whether the United States should respond militarily to any Iraqi invasion of Saudi Arabia, 60 percent favored such action, 26 opposed it, and 14 had no opinion or refused to answer.

If the Iraqis were to take U.S. citizens as hostages or prisoners, 77 percent favored direct U.S. military action, 16 percent opposed it, and 7 percent had no opinion or refused to answer.

VII of the U.N. Charter, which calls for collective action to maintain international peace and security, "has an awful lot of muscle."

"One of the consultations that's going on right now in the Oval Office is just exactly how we go about encouraging others to [implement sanctions] and what we ourselves should be doing," Mr. Bush said at a rain-drenched news conference in the Rose Garden.

Mr. Bush cited the heavy rain in cutting short the news conference, but not before he was asked if Iraq's president had given assurances he wouldn't invade Saudi Arabia.

"I've had no such assurances directly to me," he said.

Iraq itself may have delayed NATO action by backing off from warning Turkey, a NATO member, against reducing oil flow in two pipelines through that country. Instead Iraq shut down one of its own pipelines and sharply reduced the flow in the other.

On Sunday, U.S. officials anticipated that Iraq would provoke NATO reaction by threats to Turkey. Yesterday, the plan was being called a contingency.

NATO...from Pg. 1

Thatcher, Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and NATO Secretary-General Manfred Woerner.

Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Bush ended their meeting — the third in four days — by praising the unanimity of a United Nations Security Council vote for sanctions against Iraq.

Both Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Mulroney spoke of the possibility of a naval blockade if U.N. sanctions are not effective. Mrs. Thatcher ordered two additional frigates to join the British warship already in the Persian Gulf. France earlier dispatched a frigate to join two French warships there.

Senior White House officials focused on the worldwide economic impact of the Iraqi aggression and the fate of 28 Americans taken from their hotels yesterday in Kuwait.

"We just know that they've been taken away. We don't know where or under what conditions or for what purpose," said Mr. Fitzwater.

Mr. Bush emphasized that the 13-0 Security Council vote under Chapter

Washington Identity Crisis: How to Be Important Again

■ **Politics:** Increasingly, our capital is bypassed by global dynamics and by states enjoying decentralized government.

LAT 6-15-90 87

By ELAINE CIULLA KAMARCK

Washington, D.C., once the center of everything important that happened in the world, no longer is. This is the cause of a permanent state of depression that can't be lifted by a summit with Gorbachev, or by the wedding of a Cuomo and a Kennedy.

The feeling that official Washington is "losing it" is reflected by journalists. Time magazine ran a cover story last October titled "The Can't Do Government." Columnist Hodding Carter III says of Washington that "intellectual and political arteriosclerosis seems to have set in. . . ." Conservative author Kevin Phillips wrote an article called "America's Brain Dead Politics." Warren Brookes of the Washington Times says that the press corps is "mired in malaise over what it believes to be Washington's increasing irrelevance in a world racing to democracy and free markets."

While the most obvious reason for Washington's slippage from center stage is the unprecedented rate of change in the world, that does not explain its irrelevance in domestic politics. The Reagan years saw innovation slip back to the statehouses, leaving a national politics that is best characterized by uncertainty, stasis and boredom—all of which leads to an apathy among average Americans that parallels the depression among those who inhabit official Washington.

What's happening here? Are our politicians worse than they used to be? Is the public dumber? Of course not. We are, however, in the midst of a period in which all the old paradigms that used to govern our political world have collapsed and we are left with no clear, opposing visions with which to organize political reality.

For 40 years, our foreign policy was governed by the existence of the Cold War and defined by the vigor with which each party pursued that war. The collapse of communism leaves everyone looking for a new way to understand the world and our place in it. For nearly half a century, our domestic politics was governed by the New Deal approach to government and by opposition to the New Deal approach.

These days, all the old assumptions are obsolete. The centralized welfare-state bureaucracies of the New Deal and the Great Society have failed at dealing with poverty and a host of other human needs, and the free-market, deregulation mania of

the Reagan era has also failed—just look at the enormous losses of the savings-and-loan scandals.

The collapse of the old models of government means that elected officials now govern without ideological compasses; the Democratic Party's failure to cut regressive payroll taxes is the clearest example.

Some Democrats sound like Republicans and some Republicans sound like Democrats. Confusion reigns, fear of doing the wrong thing abounds, stasis is the order of the day; not surprisingly, voters drop out.

Politicians know that this cannot go on, and they are searching for new models, as is evident in two little-noticed political speeches.

President Bush went before conservative leaders meeting in the White House in April to talk about a new paradigm for government—a government that, "like the spirit of '76, gives power back to localities and states, and most important, to the people." Empowerment of poor people through government is a new theme for a Republican.

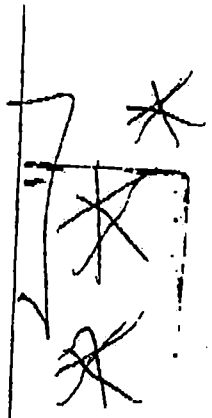
The other speech was by Sen. Charles Robb (D-Va.), who urged the Democratic Party to rethink its historic support for "the vigorous and expansive use of federal power. Our fundamental and enduring goal" said Robb, "should be to expand opportunity, not government."

Each party is trying to see what the new paradigm in domestic politics looks like. Bush urged basing it on what works; Robb urged Democrats to return to innovation by challenging some of the old assumptions. Both criticized centralized government—exactly the kind of government that used to make Washington important.

One thing is clear: Washington is not going to be as important as it once was. As economist Richard McKenzie argues, the globalization of almost every aspect of the economy, including the "growing mobility of people, capital and goods and services" decreases the ability of any one national government to control the economy. And the failures of centralization will continue to empower states and localities at the expense of Washington.

Thus Washington will continue to be a pretty dismal place until a leader comes along who can articulate the new paradigm in a way that is compelling to average voters (and in a way that doesn't use words like paradigm). When this happens, our politics will seem relevant again and Washington will come—kicking, screaming and chastened—into the new world.

Elaine Ciulla Kamarck is a senior fellow at the Progressive Policy Institute in Washington.



An Image Polisher Leaves Nevada Neon to Sharpen a 'Beige' White House

By MAUREEN DOWD

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2 — He is a friend of Wayne Newton. His clients have included Frank Sinatra and Donald Trump. He wears well-cut Italian suits, Hermes ties, Bally loafers and a \$3,000 Bertolucci watch. He drives a Mercedes sedan with a cellular phone.

Just when you thought the Bush White House was hopelessly beige and bland, a spritz of glitz has been added. Meet Sig Rogich, the wealthy Las Vegas advertising and public relations executive who is the President's new image-maker.

"I'm friends with Wayne Newton," the soft-spoken Mr. Rogich (pronounced ROGUE-ish) conceded, when asked about his acquaintances from the Las Vegas casino world. "Even though I don't happen to like his song 'Danke Schön.'"

Mr. Rogich, who helped produce the Bush campaign's controversial commercials battering Gov. Michael S. Dukakis on prison furloughs and Boston Harbor, starts Wednesday as the new special assistant to the President for activities and initiatives. The job, raised to a cynical art form in the Reagan years by Michael K. Deaver, entails shaping the President's message and themes, planning his travel schedule and crafting the way his events should look for television.

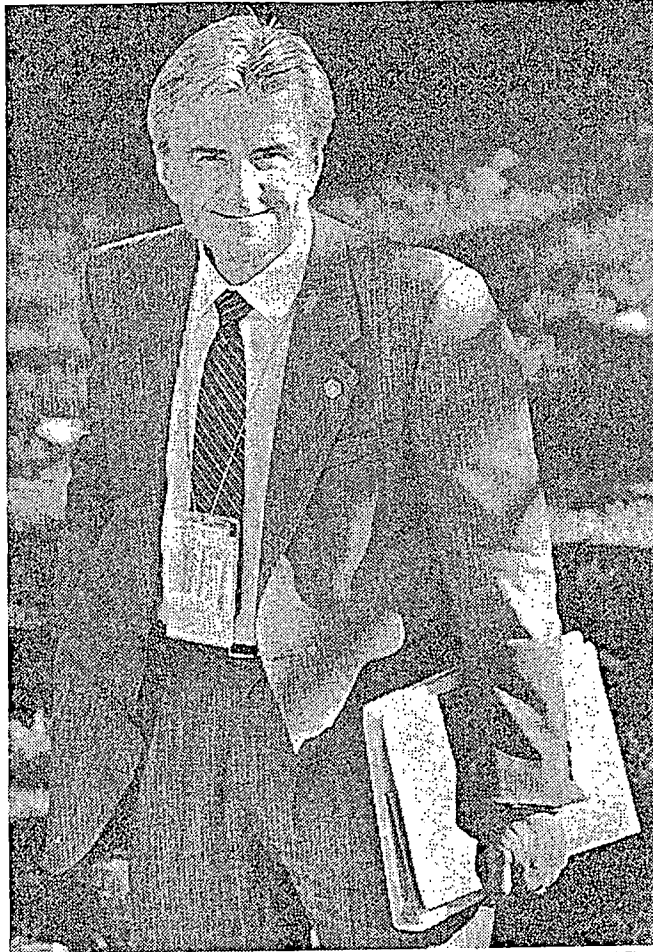
Perspective of History

"I look at everything from an historical point of view because I think that gives greater impact to the message," said Mr. Rogich, who collects first-edition books, papers and photographs involving his two heroes, Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt. "It's important to look for the unusual setting that will be memorable. The Camp David accords wouldn't have been the same if they were the Washington accords."

His predecessor, Stephen Studdert is returning to his home state of Utah, where he may run for office. In the official version, Mr. Studdert, who was accused inside the White House of being a self-promoter and outside the White House of arranging scattershot trips that garnered little national press coverage, was not asked to leave. But there was a feeling in the inner circle that it might be best if he headed West a little early.

In the beginning, Mr. Bush and his advisers tried so hard to shed the image of a stage-managed President that they ignored criticism that Mr. Bush was dissolving in a fuzzy video collage of puppies and horseshoes. Knowing that President Bush was not as telegenic as his predecessor, his advisers wanted to downgrade the importance of television and national news coverage.

But now officials concede that the big picture is blurry. They say they



Sig Rogich, who is to take over as President Bush's new image maker.

want to fix the problem while the President's popularity is high, before he runs into a crisis.

"This was one area where folks had suggested we needed a little bit of an extra dimension," said John H. Sununu, the White House chief of staff. "We needed a pro who understands how to emphasize what the President wants to convey without doing things that would make the President uncomfortable. We don't want anything ostentatious or over-orchestrated."

A Formidable Footnote

In other words, while Mr. Bush still cringes at the term "handler," he is willing to sit still for a glossier approach to showcasing his Presidency.

Enter Mr. Rogich, a man who has been so self-effacing in the last two Republican Presidential campaigns

that he is missing from most Washington Rolodexes and mentioned only as a footnote in most campaign books. Like Mr. Bush, Mr. Rogich does not like turf battles or fighting for credit.

But insiders value him highly. In 1984, he was one of three directors of the "Tuesday Team" that orchestrated the slick \$20 million advertising campaign for Ronald Reagan's landslide, and in 1988 he worked on Mr. Bush's team as the quiet partner of the garrulous Roger Ailes.

Since Mr. Ailes likes to take credit for clever work, and Mr. Rogich likes to give it, the two got along famously. "We had a special relationship," Mr. Rogich recalled. "I liked the way Roger allowed me to be creative, and he liked the way I did his shirts."

Although he supervised the making

of some of Mr. Bush's negative commercials, Mr. Rogich insists he preferred the softer advertisements, like the one of Mr. Bush's granddaughter running into his arms. He wrote one Republican Party spot that harkened back to tough economic times in the late 1970's under Jimmy Carter as the song "I Remember You" played.

Mr. Rogich is touchy about the aura that automatically clings to someone who has become one of the most powerful people in Nevada. He plans to sell his Mercedes and get a more modest four-wheel drive vehicle, and he is putting his advertising firm, which he has built into the largest in Nevada, in a blind trust.

Mr. Rogich, who once served as a boxing commissioner of Nevada and once owned a slot machine company, resigned from the board of Bally's casino in Las Vegas and sold his partnership in two small casinos in Fallon, Nev.

A Call From the Car

"Please don't portray me as some flashy Vegas gambler who's plopping into the White House in Italian suits and expensive watches," Mr. Rogich pleaded, calling a reporter from his car phone.

Indeed, while Mr. Rogich disdains the Brooks Brothers uniform favored by most White House officials, he does not gamble. "I keep thinking I should be able to play baccarat because James Bond did," he said. "I've always wanted to walk through a casino one day and say 'Banco!' just to be cool."

In 1984, The Wall Street Journal wrote a story raising eyebrows over the presence of a Las Vegas public relations and advertising man as a Reagan campaign official. Hadn't Mr. Rogich helped Frank Sinatra get a gambling license? Hadn't he done public relations work for the casino operator Allan Sachs when Mr. Sachs wanted to improve the image of the Stardust Hotel after it had been linked to organized crime?

Mr. Rogich's wide circle of loyal friends in high places say that any criticism was merely a matter of prejudice against the image of Las Vegas as a neon Sodom and Gomorrah.

Angered Liberals on Campus

"There's an anti-Las Vegas bias in this town," said Paul Laxalt, the former Nevada Senator who filed and then later dropped a \$250 million libel suit against the McClatchey papers over an article alleging skimming at a casino that his family once owned, "and that attitude has a healthy dose of hypocrisy in it."

Mr. Rogich got his start in politics as a Laxalt volunteer.

"He may have come from Las Vegas, but Sig is more rugged Western than glitzy Western," Mr. Sununu said, putting a positive spin on Mr.

While ratings are high, Bush tries for a better focus.

Rogich's roots.

The White House officials who have been getting to know Mr. Rogich are still getting used to his manner, which everyone concedes is "different" from conventional Washington fare.

Mr. Rogich has told people here that he is looking forward to working with the Cabinet because they are such "beautiful people."

Mr. Rogich may have helped produce some of the most notorious ads even in a Presidential campaign, but he has the soft, considerate, intensely sincere manner of the lead in a Frank Capra movie. He would rather talk about the plight of the Indians than the capital gains tax cut bill, and he would rather talk about helping the environment than about Wayne Newton.

A Wide-Ranging Mind

Indeed; unlike that of most Washington political types, Mr. Rogich's conversation jumps like a Renaissance grasshopper, from Basque restaurants to Puccini operas to vampire novels to Jackie Robinson and the old Brooklyn Dodgers.

Those who have worked with him in campaigns say he has an idealistic side uncommon either in a hard-bitten town like Las Vegas or a cynical business like political advertising. "He really believes all that stuff," said Tom Messner, a Madison Avenue advertising executive who worked on the Reagan Tuesday Team.

Just as President Bush can get choked up when he stands on the Truman Balcony and talks about how

special the White House is, Mr. Rogich can get overwhelmed when he sees the President in a historically steeped setting such as Monticello. "It was awesome," he said quietly after watching the President at Thomas Jefferson's home last week during the education summit.

The 45-year-old Mr. Rogich, a divorced father of two daughters whose hobbies include camping, collecting duck stamps, playing the guitar and reading about Indians, concedes he can sound hokey. "I know it sounds corny for someone to tell you that they're patriotic and that they feel honored to do something like this," he said, "but I believe deeply in this President because he's a good guy."

His friends suggest that his idealism may stem from the fact that Mr. Rogich has lived the American dream. Born in Iceland, he started "dirt poor," as his mother, Ranny puts it, when the family lived in public housing and his father worked in a metals factory outside Las Vegas. His father went on to be a foreman at a company that made neon casino signs, and his sister was a dancer in a review that toured with Sammy Davis Jr.

Sig Rogich worked odd jobs from the time he was small, and as he got older toiled as a busboy at casinos in Las Vegas, a bellboy in Lake Tahoe hotels and a folk singer in San Francisco bistros. He changed his name in college, from Sigfus to the less exotic Sigmund, although everyone calls him "Sig" anyway. By the time he turned 40, he was a multimillionaire, and one who quietly sends money to children in need of operations when he reads about them in newspapers.

His friends also say that he is more "touchy-feely" than most politicians and sometimes offers a hug in expressing emotion. As one Bush official explains, "He's just very West Coast."

Higher Benefits for Some Veterans Backed

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2 (AP) — The House of Representatives approved a 4.9 percent cost-of-living increase in benefits today for some 2.5 million disabled veterans and their survivors.

The increase, effective Dec. 1, would raise to \$1,539 a month, from \$1,468, the basic benefit payment for a veteran with 100 percent disability resulting from military service. Maximum monthly benefits would rise to \$2,684, from \$2,559, under the legislation, which was approved without opposition on a voice vote.

The increases will raise the annual cost of veterans' disability and survivor benefits, now estimated at \$10.2 bil-

lion, by \$398 million in the fiscal year 1990, which began Sunday, and by \$525 million in the next fiscal year, the Congressional Budget Office said.

Also approved was legislation extending education benefits for veterans of the Vietnam War era to 1977 and 1978 graduates of the military academies and 1978 graduates of Reserve Officer and Training Corps programs. In addition, education benefits for members of the military reserves, now limited to undergraduate college courses, would be expanded to cover graduate school courses, technical schools, correspondence courses and on-the-job training.

Warren Is Dead

trial of Jeremy Beauchamp, whose case Mr. Warren had read about in a penny pamphlet. The heart of "Brother to Dragons," a lengthy narrative poem, is about the brutal killing of a slave by the nephews of Thomas Jefferson for what they considered a slight to the family. And for "Audubon: A Vision" he found a threatening and sinister incident that he put to his own use.

The Nature of Honor

All these works, sometimes melodramatic in character, served a larger purpose: Mr. Warren's investigation of the nature of honor and justice, of truth and freedom, responsibility and guilt. It was because these inquiries impeded the flow of the story, some readers were critical of the "underdone philosophizing" that they felt marred his books.

Even those who admired him complained of the obduracy of his style. Reviewing "Brother to Dragons," Randall Jarrell wrote that Mr. Warren's "grand, massive, rather oratorical rhetoric is sometimes miraculous, sometimes effective and sometimes too noble to bear."

Arthur Mizener praised him for getting to the telling of a story "the penetrating and most beautifully planned historical imagination we have." But in reviewing "Band of Angels," Mr. Mizener wrote that the author's "brilliant and subtle arguments and speculations... over the imaginative life of 'Band of Angels' like a... critics felt that these characters of his work had a more natural life in his poetry. In "The Ballad of Potts," for example, many said the apostrophes slowed down the poem but that the delays added to the sense of the poem.

Born in Kentucky

Robert Penn Warren was born on Sept. 27, 1905, in Guthrie, a small southern Kentucky town that was part of the Highland Valley. It was a beautiful area, Warren recalled, "a country adapted to the proper pursuit of... from a literate family; his father, a Confederate veteran, had a habit of quoting from Scott and such verses as "The Turkey Garden Tent." Mr. Warren's preferred history when he read to his children.

In his youth, Mr. Warren went to the University of Tennessee and then entered the University of Wisconsin. It was the decision of his life. There he encountered, Tate, Donald Davidson, and others — "poets and he called them — who turned the study of engineering to the study of literature. He later did his work at the University of Oxford and at Yale, and went to Oxbridge as a Rhodes Scholar. He returned to the United States, where he taught for a while at South-



Robert Penn Warren, at rear, in Nashville in May of 1956 with, from left, Allen Tate, Merrill Moore, John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson.

be considered a defense of segregation. But in the 1950's and 60's he published two books, "Segregation" and "Who Speaks for the Negro?" that gave expression to the whole spectrum of thought and feeling and the reflections of all kinds of people over the race problem. And he conceded once, rather ruefully, that he could not really return home again.

Fierce Demeanor, Soft Voice

Mr. Warren made his home in a pair of converted barns surrounded by fields he loved to walk.

To his friends he was "Red," from the color of his hair. He was a burly man with a face that seemed carved from stone. It was said he looked like a man who was about to throw you off his land. But his voice, soft with pronounced Southern intonation, belied his fierce demeanor.

As the years passed, Mr. Warren kept on writing. A collection, "New and Selected Poetry," came out in 1985. New work took up roughly one-fourth of the book's 322 pages, and won particular praise from William H. Pritchard of Amherst College, who wrote in The New York Times Book Review that Mr. Warren was "no one-note dweller on remembrance."

Professor Pritchard wrote that his favorite poem in all of Mr. Warren's oeuvre was one of the new ones, "After the Dinner Party," about a couple tar-

Randall Jarrell called his rhetoric 'sometimes miraculous.'

rying at the dinner table after the guests have gone, drinking the last of the wine and holding hands. It ends with these lines:

*The last log is black, white ash beneath displays
No last glow. You snuff candles. Soon the old stairs
Will creak with your grave and synchronized tread as each mounts
To a briefness of light, then true weight of darkness, and then
That heart-dimness in which neither joy nor sorrow counts.
Even so, one hand gropes out for another, again.*

Many Awards and Degrees

In 1986, Mr. Warren's complete papers were purchased, for an undisclosed sum, by Yale University's Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library. This year another collection of his writings, "New and Selected Essays," was published by Random House.

Mr. Warren was the recipient of many honors. In addition to his Pulitzer Prize for fiction for "All the King's Men," he won two for his poetry, in 1957 and 1979. He received a National Book Award, the Copernicus Award for poetry, the Bollingen Prize for poetry, the National Medal for Literature and, in 1981, a John D. and Catherine MacArthur Foundation award of \$60,000 a year for five years, one of a score of awards made by the foundation to what it termed "exceptionally talented individuals." He was awarded a National Medal of Arts in 1987.

He was also granted a number of honorary degrees, and was elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, which in May 1985 gave him its Gold Medal for Poetry.

"My notion," he once told the teacher and critic Benjamin De Mott, "is to try to live — live life now... and bear an honest witness to my time." Future generations are likely to attest that he did both.

Mr. Warren's first marriage, to Emma Brescia, ended in divorce.

He is survived by his wife, the author Eleanor Clark; a sister, Mary Barber of Maysville, Ky.; a daughter, Rosanna Scully of Needham, Mass.; a son, Gabriel, of Washington County, R.I., and three grandchildren.

Dámaso Pérez Prado Dies at 72

By Daniel F. M...

Robert Penn Warren

APPRECIATION, From C1

*In the inland glen wakes the dawn-dove.
We must try
To love so well the world that we may
believe, in the end, in God.*
—from "Masts at Dawn"

Warren wrote more than 50 books—novels and poetry, essays and children's stories and, with critic Cleanth Brooks, two influential textbooks called "Understanding Poetry" and "Understanding Fiction." If the game of naming the Great American Novel is still being played anywhere, Warren's "All the King's Men" would easily make the final rounds.

An exploration of what Warren called "the myth" of populist politician Huey Long, the novel is the story of Willie Stark, an idealistic Louisiana lawyer who lives through disillusionment to become a passionate, charismatic leader. It is also, and perhaps more importantly, the story of the book's narrator, Jack Burden, the press aide, who, through a tumultuous relationship with Stark, comes to terms with his own failures and those of the patrician class from which he fell.

"If you could not accept the past and its burden," Warren wrote, "there was no future, for without one there cannot be the other. . . . if you could accept the past you might hope for the future, for only out of the past can you make the future."

For that book Warren won the 1947 Pulitzer Prize, and won it twice more for poetry as well.

He was a student of time and power, responsibility and dreams, an explorer who treasured the will to question more than anything else. But his search for knowledge was never purely abstract, and that is one reason his poetry is so readable, so easily made a part of one's existence. He lived very much in the real world and wrote of it, whether Louisiana in the Depression or the 18th-century frontier or his own life as a man searching for meaning.

Warren was born in Guthrie, Ky., and although he lived much of his life far from the South in such surroundings as Yale, Oxford University, Vermont and Fairfield, Conn., he was a creature of his native region. His passion for history, he said, began early, fed by grandfathers' tales of the Civil War and a childhood of reading. All that he read and lived melts together in his writing: The lyricism and drama of his beloved Elizabethan poets, the accents and phrases of poor men and women met in Louisiana.

His manner was courteous, gracious in a way that clearly had little to do with New England. But there was also an astringent quality, and that's what a friend of mine saw when Warren gave a reading at Drew University some years ago.

During the question session, one of the solemn admirers in the audience asked Warren why he thought it was so hard for good young poets to be published. The poet responded he didn't think it was hard at all. The next ques-

tion was so obtuse Warren could not answer it, and eventually the questioner gave up. Hoping to salvage the situation, a professor asked that old reliable "What are you reading these days?"

"Around our house," Warren intoned slowly, "we are reading Milton."

That was part of what you looked for in Warren: something unyielding, something challenging. And in his poetry you found it, along with a loving respect for nature, an eye that saw traces of the past in every landscape, a questioning voice that hoped the act of exploring everyday life was the path to faith.

It is to that questioning, human voice that my friends and I turn to mark the events of our lives. One writer who interviewed the author at home included a Warren poem in his son's christening. An "All the King's Men" passage about the transforming power of love was read at my wedding.

One of the obvious advantages of being a journalist is the brazen notion that it gives you the right to meet people you've always admired. For an hour at least, you can sit beside the author, visit the actress in her dressing room, follow the activist through the streets. Robert Penn Warren was not one to encourage such instant coziness. He chafed at safe and obvious questions, offered no easy epiphanies, reminded you that your love for his work had damn well better be accompanied with the same energy and hunger he demanded of himself.

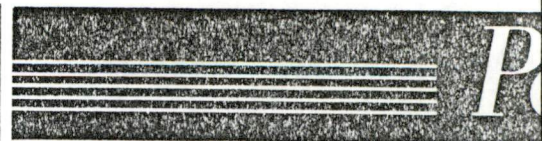
So at his press conference three years ago, I asked nothing large. Better not to seek revelation, not to pretend that this encounter was anything more than a press conference before a jostling crowd in a too-small room. Better to watch him, then leave and read his written words with the deep and sweeping rhythm of his spoken voice still in my ears.

Over the next few weeks, people who knew Warren, who met him for more than a couple of hours, will reminisce, tell anecdotes in which they figure as more than a member of an audience. His wife, Eleanor Clark, the writer and fellow lover of Milton, will return to Connecticut. There will be a funeral and probably a memorial service studded with gleaming literary names.

They are his friends, or at least acquaintances. I was an observer—just a reader. But perhaps I should not say "just" a reader, because this is how readers will mourn Robert Penn Warren's passing: We will go home and, today or tomorrow, pick up a book.

*Long ago, in Kentucky, I, a boy, stood
By a dirt road, in first dark, and heard
The great geese hoot northward.
I could not see them, there being no moon
And the stars sparse. I heard them.
I did not know what was happening in
my heart.
It was the season before the elderberry
blooms,
Therefore they were going north.
The sound was passing northward.*

—from "Tell Me a Story"



Former president Ronald Reagan checked out of St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minn., yesterday and boarded a private plane for Los Angeles. Reagan sported a Minnesota Twins baseball cap, which he tipped to reveal the shaved spot on his head where Mayo Clinic doctors performed surgery a week ago to drain fluid that had built up on his brain.

The ever-alert Nancy Reagan tried to cover the bald side of her husband's head with her hand.

According to Reagan spokesman Mark Weinberg, doctors are "completely satisfied" with the 78-year-old former president's recovery.

On Thursday, Soviet parliament member Boris Yeltsin, in Minnesota on his current U.S. tour, stopped by to visit Reagan.

Pageant Injury

Miss Oklahoma, Tamara Denise Toshiko Marler, who won a preliminary talent competition in the Miss America Pageant Wednesday night, was hit on the head with a beer bottle flung by a spectator during the Miss America Pageant Parade last night. She was taken to Atlantic City Medical Center, where she was treated for a superficial cut on her forehead and remained overnight for observation. Leonard Horn, executive pageant director, said Miss Oklahoma was expected to return to the competition tonight.

Aflutter About Stuffed Birds

The Sierra Club is shocked to see the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service making such a fuss over the stuffed migratory birds perched over the bar at the club's favorite watering hole, the Tune Inn. It seems that private ownership of five of the 30-year-old stuffed birds at the Capitol Hillbilly bar is illegal under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1916, and the service says that seeing these five may cause patrons to hunt other birds.

"It's so frivolous, like they are missing the

By G.B. Trudeau



YEAH, FINE. I JUST GOT WORD I'VE GOT TO DO A STOP NEW YORK, S THOUGHT I'D STAY WITH YOU GUYS.

critic...

teacher...

3 times winner of The P.P.

author of All King's Men

Galleries: Nan Montgomery's
sculptural paintings

2

Personalities: Reagan leaves
the hospital after surgery

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Style

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on telemarketing



ROBERT PENN WARREN

Appreciation

Robert Penn Warren: A Voyage to the Heart

By Elizabeth Kastor
Washington Post Staff Writer

By the time Robert Penn Warren came to Washington as the nation's first Poet Laureate three years ago, he was an old man, frail, the hair that gave "Red" Warren his nickname faded to the color of ground ginger. But he was still fierce and courteous and absolutely unwilling to play the prescribed role of comfortably inspirational icon.

He gave a peppery press conference, easily scattering reporters' flaccid questions, sat stolid on stage

while a friend read his poems.

When it came time the following year for him to visit Washington again for a gathering of poets, he was too sick to travel. Early Friday morning in Vermont, Warren died, 84 years old, his wife and daughter with him.

That day three years ago at the Library of Congress was the only time I met him. But, like thousands of readers over the last 50 years, I lived with his poetry and novels, felt them to be an essential part of my life and my country. When I heard of his death, I remembered a college English professor saying that over the

last 25 years, Warren's poetry had become something transcendent. "He is," said the professor, "writing his way into heaven."

The masts go white slow, as light, like dew, from darkness

Condensed on them, on oiled wood, on metal. Dew whitens in darkness.

I lie in my bed and think how, in darkness, the masts go white.

The sound of the engine of the first fishing dory dies seaward. Soon

See APPRECIATION, C3, Col. 1

TV Previews

Nun
So
Rare

NBC's 'Sister Kate'
And 3 Other Debuts



Lights! Glory! In the Eye of the Pageant



Author-Poet Robert Penn Warren,

WARREN, From A1

rupted. It was inspired by the life and violent death of Huey P. Long of Louisiana.

A Southerner by birth and tradition, Warren drew heavily on the stories and folklore of the South for his work, although some of his poems were set in such diverse places as Crete, Italy, France and Vermont.

The novel "Band of Angels," for example, was based on a partly true story of a rich planter in pre-Civil War Kentucky who has two daughters by a mistress of mixed blood. The daughters are brought up thinking they are white, but when their father dies heavily in debt they are discovered to be part black. They are sold into slavery to help satisfy his creditors.

A long narrative poem, "The Ballad of Billy Potts," was based on a Kentucky folk story about an innkeeper who regularly robbed and murdered his guests. When his grown son comes home after a long absence, the innkeeper, failing to recognize him, robs and kills him. Another long poem, "Brother to Dragons," was a story in verse about the murder of a black youth by a nephew of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1958, Warren won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry for "Promises," a book that he described as being "half about the Mediterranean and half about the South." In 1979, he won a second Pulitzer prize for poetry for "Now and Then," which included poems about his childhood, vignettes of life in the country and small towns, the elusiveness of truth, man's place in nature and various interpretations of God. In 1986, Daniel J. Boorstin, the librarian of Congress, named Warren the country's first poet laureate.

As a student at Vanderbilt University during the 1920s, Warren was one of the "Fugitives," a group of writers and intellectuals that included Allen Tate and Warren's Vanderbilt teachers John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson. They took their name from a line in an editorial in the first issue of their magazine: "We fly from nothing so much as the South of the Magnolia."

They were essentially rebels against apologetic Southern literature and the Magnolia stereotype of the American South. The group is generally considered to have been central to the Southern literary renaissance of the 1920s and 1930s and to have had a marked influence on 20th century American literature.

In 1930, after returning to the United States from two years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, Warren became part of another group that later was to be known as "The Agrarians." Its members, some of them Fugitives, published a collection of essays called "I'll Take My Stand" that defended the Southern way of life and an agrarian economy against what they perceived to be the ills of industrialism.

Warren's contribution was an essay called "The Briar Patch," which amounted to a defense and explanation of racial segregation in the South. In subsequent years, he reversed his position on the issue of segregation.

Later, while teaching at Louisiana State University, Warren was instrumental in founding the Southern Review, one of the most respected literary journals of the time, and he was its editor from 1935 to 1942. Contributors included such names as Aldous Huxley, Katherine Anne Porter and T.S. Eliot.

It was also while on the faculty at Louisiana State that Warren and a colleague, Cleanth Brooks, collaborated on "Understanding Poetry," which became one of the most widely used textbooks in college English courses. In 1943, they wrote "Understanding Fiction," also a widely used textbook.

Robert Penn Warren was born April 24, 1905, in Guthrie, Ky., a tobacco market town in the southwestern part of the state. Both his grandfathers had fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War, and he acquired from them a sense of the American South as a place with its own particular history and identity.

The boy finished high school when he was 15. Initially he intended to become a naval officer, and he won an appointment to the U.S.



Robert Penn Warren began writing care

Naval Academy at Annapolis. But he suffered an eye injury when he was struck by a stone, and he failed the physical examination.

At Vanderbilt, Warren had planned to study chemical engineering, but he found the freshman courses in that field dull. Simultaneously he was studying English under John Crowe Ransom.

At the end of the first semester, Ransom moved him into his advanced writing class, and Warren became a writer. "Once the bug bites it's hard to dig it out. It's worse than a chigger," Warren said years later of his love of writing.

Graduating summa cum laude from Vanderbilt, he earned a master's degree at the University of California at Berkeley, then studied English literature at Yale for a year before going to England on a Rhodes scholarship.

In 1929, while still in England, Warren published his first book, "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr." Years later critics would detect a resemblance between Warren's portrayal of the militant abolitionist who was hanged for treason after leading a raid in 1859 on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, in what then was still Virginia, and

At right, thousands in Johannesburg march to police headquarters, where officers, above, watch from behind high iron fence surrounding the station.

Thousands March Peacefully In 3 South African Cities

Government Allows Anti-Apartheid Protests

By William Claiborne
Washington Post Foreign Service

JOHANNESBURG, Sept. 15—A small part of South Africa's 23 million-strong black majority tasted freedom today and vowed to come back for more in greater numbers.

Thousands of cheering, singing and placard-waving anti-government protesters brought downtown Johannesburg to a standstill as they marched behind the outlawed African National Congress flag to police

headquarters at John Vorster Square, the citadel of white Afrikaner authority, and demanded an end to police brutality and the imprisonment of political dissenters.

In Pretoria, chanting and ululating black protesters danced around the statue of former prime minister John Vorster as scores of white policemen looked on impassively. In Port Elizabeth, placard-bearing anti-apartheid lawyers gathered at the Indian Ocean city's main square to protest police violence.



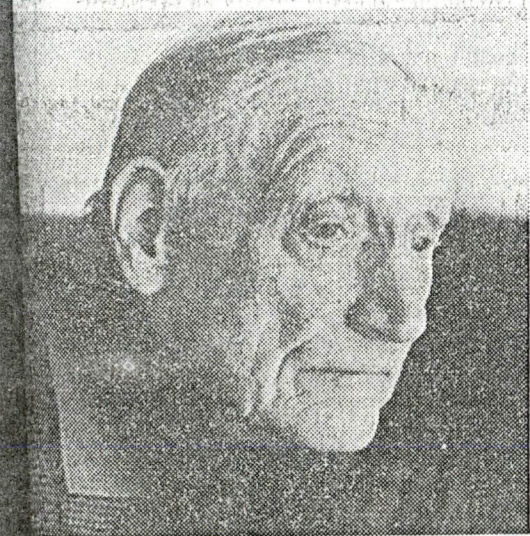
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Anti-apartheid campaigners have long argued that if the three-year-old emergency prohibitions against peaceful protest were lifted, blacks would give expression to their political aspirations without jeopardizing the security of the state.

Like Wednesday's protest in Cape Town by more than 10,000 marchers of all races, today's

march through Johannesburg was remarkable not for its size, but simply because it happened in a country that has become accustomed to swift—and often violent—response by armed riot policemen when even a handful of blacks express political dissent in violation of draconian emergency regulations.

See SOUTH AFRICA, A18, Col. 1



Robert Penn Warren, the nation's most honored poet, also won Pulitzer Prizes in 1958 and 1979.

Author-Poet Robert Penn Warren Dies

'All the King's Men' Won Him First Pulitzer Prize in 1947

By Bart Barnes
Washington Post Staff Writer

Robert Penn Warren, 84, one of America's premier poets and novelists and the winner of three Pulitzer Prizes, died yesterday at his summer residence in Stratton, Vt. He had cancer.

Warren wrote about guilt and self-discovery, history and fate, injustice and love, and of dreams, memories and phenomena of nature. In addition to his work as poet and novelist, he was widely respected as an essayist, dramatist, lit-

erary critic, editor and university professor.

He was best known for his 1946 novel, "All the King's Men," which won a Pulitzer Prize for fiction the following year and was made into a motion picture starring Broderick Crawford that won three Academy Awards. The novel, which was translated into 20 languages and sold 3 million copies, told the story of a southern political demagogue who achieves almost dictatorial power with the intent of doing good, but in the process of ascendancy becomes defiled and cor-

See WARREN, A14, Col. 1

■ Robert Penn Warren: An appreciation of America's first poet laureate.

racketeering scheme that destroyed a California savings association and cost the taxpayers \$1.1 billion.

The lawsuit charged that Keating's group set out to buy a savings and loan association so they could use its deposits to finance their real estate speculation, and then drained off hundreds of millions of dollars by manipulating deals, concocting phony land sales, making loans to insiders and other violations of federal banking regulations.

The Keating group "conceived a fraudulent scheme to divert funds from a federally insured thrift to their own use," the government charged, alleging a dozen types of "illegal fraudulent and imprudent" actions that it said add up to a "racketeering influenced corrupt organization," or RICO.

The lawsuit was filed under bank fraud statutes by the Resolution Trust Corp., the new agency set up by Congress to clean up the S&L crisis. The agency does not have the authority to bring criminal charges, but a federal grand jury in Los Angeles is investigating Keating and his companies.

A spokesman for Keating denied the charges in the RTC suit.

Keating's thrift, Lincoln Savings and Loan of Irvine, Calif., was seized by regulators earlier this year. When all its losses are added up and depositors are paid off, Lincoln is expected to be the biggest S&L failure ever, costing the taxpayers as much as \$2.5 billion.

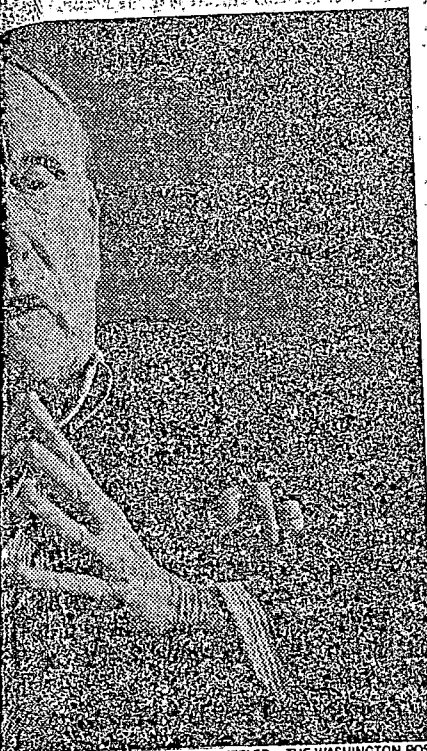
Fraud caused at least \$1.1 billion of that loss, the government charged in the lawsuit filed in U.S. District Court in Phoenix. Besides Keating, there are 36 defendants in the suit, including Keating's children and 17 companies.

Some of the charges are violations of the RICO law, for which triple damages are permitted. If the gov-

See THRIFT, A13, Col. 1

■ Two officers of First Maryland S&L sentenced to prison. Page B1

Winner of 3 Pulitzer Prizes, Dies



1977 PHOTO BY LINDA WHEELER—THE WASHINGTON POST
career as a rebel at Vanderbilt University.

some of the characters that figured in Warren's later works.

In 1935, when Warren was on the faculty at LSU in Baton Rouge, Sen. Huey Long, a former governor of the state, was assassinated in the state capitol. Sometime during the winter of 1937-38 Warren got an idea about doing a play in verse about a Southern politician who achieved the powers of a virtual dictator in his home state.

"My politician," Warren recalled in an introduction to "All the King's Men," written seven years after the book was published, would be "a man whose personal motivation had been in one sense idealistic, who in many ways was to serve the cause of social betterment, but who was corrupted by power, even by the power exercised against corruption . . . he was to be a man whose power was based on the fact that somehow he could vicariously fulfill some secret needs of the people about him."

He wrote a draft of the play the following winter while on leave from LSU in Rome, "with the boot-heels of Mussolini's legionnaires clanging on the stones," then put it aside, wrote another novel, "At Heaven's Gate," and then took up

the project again while on the faculty at the University of Minnesota and later while serving as consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress in 1945.

By then the form of the story had been changed from a play into a novel, and Warren had introduced the character of Jack Burden, a former newspaperman and aide to the politician hero, Willie Stark, as the narrator. The publication of "All the King's Men" in 1946 led almost immediately to the widespread popular equation of Stark with Long.

In his introduction to the book, Warren rejected the notion that it was an apologia for Long, as some argued, or a call for the assassination of dictators, as others claimed.

"For better or worse," he said, "Willie Stark was not Huey Long. Willie was only himself, whatever that turned out to be . . . Certainly, it was the career of Long and the atmosphere of Louisiana that suggested the play that was to become the novel."

Although "All the King's Men," has often been called the best American political novel ever written, Warren always said that it was "never intended to be a book about politics. Politics merely provided the framework story in which the deeper concerns, whatever their final-significance, might work themselves out."

If that is true, it is also a fact that the novel remains one of the clearest and most eloquent discriptions ever written of the art of practical politics as it existed in a predominantly rural state in the American South. Willie Stark learns quickly that he can do no good without power and that to gain power he must make alliances he might not otherwise consider and do things he might not otherwise dream of, but ultimately that process becomes his undoing and his end becomes corrupted by his means.

Rich in detail and atmosphere, the book is said by critics to contain some of Warren's finest writing. Moreover, it is full of illustrations of an almost uncanny ability to catch the cadences of southern speech. When Willie Stark tells Jack Burden to dig up some dirt to use against a judge who is being uncooperative,

Burden answers that the judge is plainly above reproach. Stark replies:

"Listen, Jack. Man is conceived in sin and born in corruption, and he passeth from the stink of the didie to the stench of the shroud. There is always something."

By the time "All the King's Men," was published, Warren had returned to the English faculty at the University of Minnesota after his year at the Library of Congress. During subsequent decades he continued a varied career as poet, novelist, editor, critic, social commentator and teacher. From 1950 until he retired in 1973 he taught at Yale. He lived in Fairfield, Conn.

In 1954, when the Supreme Court found racial segregation in public schools unconstitutional, Warren returned to the South for an extended visit "to listen to the voices in my blood." From that trip came the book, "Segregation: The Inner Conflict of the South," published in 1956. The problem for many whites, he wrote, was not learning to live with blacks: ". . . it is learning to live with ourselves . . . I don't think you can live with yourself when you are humiliating the man next to you."

Almost 10 years later he wrote, "Who Speaks for the Negro?" based on tape-recorded interviews with black leaders. He warned in that book that Southern whites had to overcome their fear of other whites, including, presumably, members of the Ku Klux Klan, who would try to block blacks from attaining full rights of citizenship.

In 1977 Mr. Warren wrote "A Place to Come To," a partly autobiographical novel. It was about a man from a small town in the South who becomes a respected scholar of classical and medieval languages at a northern university but who nevertheless remains enticed and fascinated by his Southern origins all his life.

Warren's marriage to Emma Brescia ended in divorce after 20 years.

Survivors include his wife, the former Eleanor Clark, whom he married in 1952 and who is also an author, of Fairfield. They had two children, Rosanna Phelps and Gabriel Penn.

The Writer Robert Penn Warren Is Dead

Continued From Page 1

tion how to read a work of literature and helped make the New Criticism dominant in the decade surrounding World War II. It was an approach to criticism that regarded the work at hand as autonomous, as an artifact whose structure and substance could be analyzed without respect to social, biographical and political details.

In an essay on John Crowe Ransom, who was his most important influence, Mr. Warren wrote, "The problem at the center of Ransom's work is especially modern — but it implies some history." The same sentence could be applied to Mr. Warren himself, for in his fiction, as in a good deal of his poetry, historical elements served as the imaginative springboard for the work.

Used Fact and Anecdote

Ransom once pointed out the impoverishment of modern life and the handicap to a writer in the destruction of commonly held myths that had been

Two of his books taught an entire generation how to read literature.

the heritage of the Western world.

Mr. Warren made up for that lack by searching out and finding historical incidents, folk tales and community anecdotes that he exploited and expanded in his fiction. Willie Stark, the protagonist of "All the King's Men," is based on the character and career of Huey Long, the populist politician of Louisiana. "Without Long," Mr. Warren once said, "I wouldn't have written it."

"Night Rider," an early novel, used the tobacco war of 1906 in his native Kentucky, when farmers fought the tobacco trust. "World Enough and Time" centered on the 19th-century murder

trial of Jeremy Beauchamp, whose case Mr. Warren had read about in a penny pamphlet. The heart of "Brother to Dragons," a lengthy narrative poem, is about the brutal killing of a slave by the nephews of Thomas Jefferson for what they considered a slight to the family. And for "Audubon: A Vision" he found a threatening and sinister incident that he put to his own use.

The Nature of Honor

All these works, sometimes melodramatic in character, served a larger purpose: Mr. Warren's investigation of the nature of honor and justice, of truth and freedom, responsibility and guilt. But because these inquiries impeded the flow of the story, some readers were critical of the "underdone philosophizing" that they felt marred his books.

Even those who admired him complained of the obduracy of his style. Reviewing "Brother to Dragons," Randall Jarrell wrote that Mr. Warren's "florid, massive, rather oratorical rhetoric is sometimes miraculous, often effective and sometimes too noticeable to bear."

Arthur Mizener praised him for bringing to the telling of a story "the most penetrating and most beautifully disciplined historical imagination we have." But in reviewing "Band of Angels," Mr. Mizener wrote that the author's "brilliant and subtle arguments spread speculations . . . over the imaginative life of 'Band of Angels' like a blight."

Many critics felt that these characteristics of his work had a more natural place in his poetry. In "The Ballad of Billie Potts," for example, many said that the apostrophes slowed down the story, but that the delays added to the suspense of the poem.

Born in Kentucky

Robert Penn Warren was born on April 24, 1905, in Guthrie, a small southern Kentucky town that was part of the Cumberland Valley. It was a beautiful spot, Mr. Warren recalled, "a country well adapted to the proper pursuit of boyhood."

He came from a literate family; his grandfather, a Confederate veteran, was fond of quoting from Scott and Byron and such verses as "The Turk Lay in the Garden Tent." Mr. Warren's father preferred history when he read aloud to his children.

As a youth, Mr. Warren went to school in Guthrie and then entered Vanderbilt University. It was the decisive act of his life. There he encountered Ransom, Tate, Donald Davidson, Merrill Moore and others — "poets and arguers," he called them — who turned him from the study of engineering to the study of literature. He later did graduate work at the University of California and at Yale, and went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar.

On his return to the United States, Mr. Warren taught for a while at Southwestern College in Memphis and at Vanderbilt, then moved on to Louisiana



Robert Penn Warren, John Crowe Ransom and Dámaso Pérez Prado.

be considered a defense of the Negro. But in the 1950's and 60's two books, "Segregation Speaks for the Negro?" and "Thought and Feeling and the Problem of All Kinds of People," were published. And he conceded ruefully, that he could not come home again.

Fierce Demeanor, Soft Heart

Mr. Warren made his home of converted barns surrounded by fields he loved to walk.

To his friends he was "a man with a face that seemed to be made of stone. It was said he was a man who was about to throw a punch. But his voice, soft and low, pronounced Southern intonation, was a fierce demeanor.

As the years passed, Mr. Warren kept on writing. A collection of "Selected Poetry," came out in 1960. New work took up roughly half of the book's 322 pages, and drew praise from William H. Auden, of Amherst College, who wrote in the New York Times Book Review that Warren was "no one-note writer of remembrance."

Professor Pritchard wrote that his favorite poem in all of Mr. Warren's oeuvre was one of the new ones, "The Dinner Party," about a

Dámaso Pérez Prado

Dámaso Pérez Prado, the Cuban bandleader, died at his home in Havana, Cuba, on Saturday, April 24, 1992, at the age of 77.

From Prose and Poetry Of Robert Penn Warren

I got to Mason City early in the afternoon and went to the Mason City Cafe, Home-Cooked Meals for Ladies and Gents, facing the square, and sampled the mashed potatoes and fried ham and greens with pot-licker with one hand while with the other I competed with seven or eight flies for the possession of a piece of custard pie.

I went out into the street, where the dogs lay on the shady side under the corrugated iron awnings, and walked down the block till I came to the harness shop. There was one vacant seat out front, so I said howdy-do, and joined the club. I was the junior member by 40 years, but I thought I was going to have liver spots on my swollen old hands crooked on the head of the hickory stick like the rest of them before anybody was going to say anything. In a town like Mason City the bench in front of the harness shop is — or was 20 years ago before the concrete slab got laid down — the place where Time gets tangled in its own feet and lies down like an old hound and gives up the struggle.

— "All the King's Men," Harcourt, Brace, 1946.

The nurse is still here. Then
She is not here. You

When only in memory I might
Repeat this last tramp up the
shadowy gorge

In the mountains, cabinward,
the fall

Coming on, the aspen leaf gold,
sun low

At the western end of the gun-
barrel passage

Waiting, waiting the trigger-
touch

And the blast of darkness — the
target me.

I said, "I'll try to remember as
much

As a man caught in Time can-
not forget,"

For I carried a headful of sum-
mer, and knew

That I'd never again, in the
gloaming, walk

Up that trail, now lulled by the
stone-song of waters;

Nor again on path pebbles,
noon-plain, see

The old rattler's fat belly twist
and distend

As it coiled, and the rattles up
from dust rise

To vibrate mica-bright, in the
sun's beam;

Nor again, from below, on the
cliff's over-thrust,

Catch a glimpse of the night-
crouching cougar's eyes

That, in my flashlight's strong
beam, had burned

Coal-bright as they swung,
Detached, contemptuous, and

cap to a writer in the destruction of commonly held myths that had been

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Robert Penn Warren, at rear, Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson

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The nurse is still here. Then she is not here. You are here but are not sure it is you in the sudden darkness. No matter.

A damned nuisance, but trivial — The surgeon has just said that. A dress rehearsal, you tell yourself, for the real thing. Later. Ten years? Fifteen?

Tomorrow, only a dry run. At 5 A.M. they will come. Your hand reaches out in darkness

To the TV button. It is an old-fashioned western. Winchester fire flicks white in the dream-night.

It has something to do with vice and virtue, and the vastness of moonlit desert. A stallion, white and flashing, slips, like spilled quicksilver, across the vastness of moonlight.

Black Stalks of cacti, like remnants of forgotten nightmares, loom near at hand. Action fades into distance, but you are not sure that virtue will triumph. Far beyond

All the world, the mountains lift. The snow peaks float into moonlight. They float in that unnamable altitude of white light. God Loves the world. For what it is.

From "Three Darknesses, III," New and Selected Poems (1923-1985), Random House, 1985.

I saw the hawk ride updraft in the sunset over Wyoming. It rose from coniferous darkness, past gray jags of mercilessness, past whiteness, into the gloaming of dream-spectral light above the last purity of snow-snags.

There — west — were the Tetons. Snow-peaks would soon be in dark profile to break constellations. Beyond what height. Hangs now the black speck? Beyond what range will gold

When only in memory I might Repeat this last tramp up the shadowy gorge In the mountains, cabinward, the fall Coming on, the aspen leaf gold, sun low At the western end of the gun-barrel passage Waiting, waiting the trigger-touch And the blast of darkness — the target me.

I said, "I'll try to remember as much As a man caught in Time cannot forget," For I carried a headful of summer, and knew That I'd never again, in the gloaming, walk Up that trail, now lulled by the stone-song of waters; Nor again on path pebbles, noon-plain, see The old rattler's fat belly twist and distend

As it coiled, and the rattles up from dust rise To vibrate mica-bright, in the sun's beam; Nor again, from below, on the cliff's over-thrust, Catch a glimpse of the night-crouching cougar's eyes That, in my flashlight's strong beam, had burned Coal-bright as they swung, Detached, contemptuous, and slow,

Into the pine woods' mounting mass Of darkness that, eventually, Ahead, would blot out, star by star, The slot of the sky-slice that now I Moved under, and on to dinner and bed.

And to sleep — and even in sleep to feel The nag and pretensions of day dissolve And flow away in the musical murmur Of water; then to wake in dark with some strange Heart-hope, undefinable, verging to tears Of happiness and the soul's calm.

How long ago! But in years since, On other trails, in the shadow of What other cliffs, in lands with names

Crank on the tongue, I have felt my boots Crush gravel, or press the soundlessness Of detritus of pine or fir, and heard Movement of water, far, how far —

Or waking under nameless stars, Have heard such redemptive music, from Distance to distance threading starlight,

Able yet, as long ago, Despite scum of wastage and scab of years, to touch again the heart, as though at a dawn Of dew-bright Edenic promise, with, Far off, far off, in verdurous shade, first birdsong.

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Unprovincial Provincial Review

There, in 1935, he founded and edited, with Mr. Brooks and Charles W. Pipkin, The Southern Review, one of the noteworthy and substantive magazines of its time. Though it claimed to express "the regional and sectional piety" of the editors, it was far from a provincial effort and was read eagerly throughout the country.

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be considered a defense of segregation. But in the 1950's and 60's he published two books, "Segregation" and "Speaks for the Negro?" that gave expression to the whole spectrum of thought and feeling and the reflect of all kinds of people over the problem. And he conceded once, ruefully, that he could not really return home again.

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Dámaso Pérez

Dámaso Pérez Prado, the bandleader who helped start a North American mambo craze in the 1950's, died Thursday at his home in Mexico City after a stroke. He was 72 years old.

Mr. Pérez Prado was born in Cuba and studied classical piano. He performed in the early 40's with a well-known Cuban group, Casino de la Playa, and in 1948 he moved to Mexico and began recording mambos.

After Sonny Burke, the American band leader, released a version of Mr. Pérez Prado's "Qué Rico el Mambo" as "More Mambo," RCA Records began releasing Mr. Pérez Prado's own recordings to the pop market. With such recordings as "Mambo No. 8" and "Patricia," he became the first big band mambo player to reach non-Latin audiences in the United States. In his first West Coast tour, in 1951, he played for mixed audiences in the thousands.

According to John Storm Roberts' "Latin Tinge," a history of Latin American music, Mr. Pérez Prado "developed a bright octave sound with a ingenious and fairly simple use of contrasts between brass and reeds, and punchy rhythm sections based on suc-

Deaths

BEN-ISRAEL—Shelomo, of Hollis, N.Y., age 82. On September 15, 1989. Survived by his wife Tina, brother David, of Israel, two daughters, Batseva, of Israel, Shulamith, of New York, eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren in Israel and the United States. He was a journalist for the Boston Globe and The Jewish Daily Forward and a radio commentator on station WEVD for 38 years. Funeral services at Parkside Memorial, Rego Park, Queens, Sunday, September 17, 10:30am.

BEN-ISRAEL—Shlomo. We deeply mourn the passing of our esteemed Vice President, lifelong distinguished Jewish journalist and radio commentator, whose friendship and services to the Jewish community will always be remembered with pride. We express our sympathy to the bereaved family. Federation of Polish Jews Kalman Sultanik, President

BERMAN—Tillie. Bar-Ilan University in Israel extends its sincerest condolences to Mr. Jacob Berman, a member of our American Board of Overseers, on the loss of his beloved mother. We pray that he will not only derive solace from inspiring memories but also from his continuing commitment to the service of our people and our

Deaths

FABRICANT—Bessie and Solomon Beloved parents of Ruth Lowell, Peter J. Fabricant and Sarah Corbin. Cherished grandparents of Rebecca. Service Sunday, 2PM at "The Riverside" 76 St and Amsterdam Ave NYC. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to St Luke's School, 487 Hudson St, NYC 10014 or NYU Medical Center, Faculty Friends Campaign, 550 First Ave, NY 10016

FABRICANT—Solomon & Bessie The Department of Economics of New York University deeply mourns the passing of their esteemed colleague and friend, Professor Solomon Fabricant and his wife Bessie.

GOLDBERG—Morris Jacob, August 20, 1901 to September 14, 1989. Beloved husband of Elsie Hirsch Goldberg. Father of Caryl Kolkin, Bernard Goldberg and Helene Spielman Torker. Father-in-law of Marvin Kolkin, Marvin Torker, the late Monica Dennis Goldberg and the late Marvin Spielman. Grandfather of Mitchell and Kathy Kolkin, Jon and Cee Kolkin, Seth and Anne Kolkin, Steven and Jimmy Spielman, Sharon and Kenneth Levitsky, Pamela and Teri Goldberg. Great grandfather of Zolckery, Thomas, Charles, Melanie and Laura Kolkin. Brother of Gertrude Sheff and Barnett H. and Samuel J. Goldberg. Services at Riverside Chapel, 76 St and Amsterdam Ave, Friday, September 15th, 10 AM. In

Ben-Israel, Shelomo Joyce Berman, Tillie Kleinman Coleman, Richard Kwint Douglas, R. Leibs Fabricant, Bessie Mans Fabricant, Solomon Maste Goldberg, Morris Matlin Hohenwald, Richard McCa

HOHENWALD—Richard Ke Beloved nephew of Rosen Galway Neal and her husband Frank. He will be sadly missed

JOYCE—Morton Dean. Beloved husband of Betty J. Boyle. Father of Ann Joyce Wyman Lucy Curley Joyce Brennan adored grandfather of Joyce Larence Brennan, Anne Lind Brennan and Anne Berrien man. Funeral service will be at Frank E. Campbell Funeral Home, 81st St and Madison A 10AM, Monday, Sept 18, 1989. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital Center, Amsterdam and 114th St.

JOYCE—Morton D., died September 12, in Maine. He is survived by his wife, Betty J. Boyle; daughters, Mrs. Anne Wyman Mrs. Lucy Curley Brennan,

The surgeon has just said that.
A dress rehearsal,
You tell yourself, for
The real thing. Later. Ten
years? Fifteen?
Tomorrow, only a dry run. At
5 A.M. they will come. Your
hand reaches out in dark-
ness
To the TV button. It is an old-
fashioned western.
Winchester fire flicks white in
the dream-night.
It has something to do with vice
and virtue, and the vastness
Of moonlit desert. A stallion,
white and flashing, slips,
Like spilled quicksilver, across
The vastness of moonlight.
Black
Stalks of cacti, like remnants of
forgotten nightmares, loom
Near at hand. Action fades into
distance, but
You are not sure that virtue will
triumph. Far beyond
All the world, the mountains lift.
The snow peaks
Float into moonlight. They float
In that unnamable altitude of
white light. God
Loves the world. For what it is.
From "Three Darknesses, III,"
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I saw the hawk ride updraft in
the sunset over Wyoming.
It rose from coniferous dark-
ness, past gray jags
Of mercilessness, past white-
ness, into the gloaming
Of dream-spectral light above.
The last purity of snow-
snags.

There — west — were the
Tetons. Snow-peaks would
soon be
In dark profile to break constel-
lations. Beyond what height.
Hangs now the black speck? Be-
yond what range will gold
eyes see
New ranges rise to mark a last
scrawl of light?

Or, having tasted that atmos-
phere's thinness, does it
Having motionless in dying vi-
sion before
It knows it will accept the mor-
tal limit,
And swing into the great circu-
lar downwardness that will
restore
Items, and the darkness of
whatever dream we clutch?
From "Mortal Limit," "New
and Selected Poems (1923-1985),"
Random House, 1985.

Aloud, I said, with a slight stir of
heart,
"The last time" — and thought,
years thence, to a time

Ahead, would blot out, star by
star,
The slot of the sky-slice that
now I
Moved under, and on to dinner
and bed.

And to sleep — and even in
sleep to feel
The nag and pretensions of day
dissolve
And flow away in the musical
murmur
Of water; then to wake in dark
with some strange
Heart-hope, undefinable, verg-
ing to tears
Of happiness and the soul's
calm.

How long ago! But in years
since,
On other trails, in the shadow of
What other cliffs, in lands with
names
Crank on the tongue, I have felt
my boots
Crush gravel, or press the
soundlessness
Of detritus of pine or fir, and
heard
Movement of water, far, how
far —

Or waking under nameless
stars,
Have heard such redemptive
music, from
Distance to distance threading
starlight,
Able yet, as long ago,
Despite scum of wastage and
scab of years,
to touch again the heart, as
though at a dawn
Of dew-bright Edenic promise,
with,
Far off, far off, in verdurous
shade, first birdsong.

"Far West Once," "New and
Selected Poems (1923-1985),"
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Long ago, in Kentucky, I, a boy,
stood
By a dirt road in first dark, and
heard
The great geese hoot north-
ward.

I could not see them, there
being no moon
And the stars sparse. I heard
them.

I did not know what was hap-
pening in my heart.

It was the season before the
elderberry blooms,
Therefore they were going
north.

The sound was passing north-
ward.

From "Tell Me a Story," "New
and Selected Poems (1923-1985),"
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Federation of Polish Jews
Kalman Sultanik, President

BERMAN—Tillie. Bar-Ilan University in Israel extends its sincerest condolences to Mr. Jacob Berman, a member of our American Board of Overseers, on the loss of his beloved mother. We pray that he will not only derive solace from inspiring memories but also from his continuing commitment to the service of our people and our heritage.
Rabbi Emanuel Rackman,
Chancellor
Ludwig Jesselson, Chairman,
Global Board of Trustees
Belda Lindenbaum, President,
American Board of Overseers

COLEMAN—Richard J. On September 14. Dear son of Marie Coleman and the late Daniel Coleman; brother of Donna Faulkner; beloved friend of William Hogan. Funeral mass Sunday, September 17 at 2 PM, Christ and St Stephen's Episcopal Church, 120 West 69 St. in lieu of flowers, donations to Christ and St Stephen's Church in Richard's memory would be greatly appreciated. Burial will be private and at a later date.

DOUGLAS—R. Gordon. The Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of The New York Hospital Cornell Medical Center notes with deep regret the passing of R. Gordon Douglas, M.D., Emeritus Professor of OB/GYN, Cornell Medical Center and retired Director of The Living-In Hospital. We extend our condolences to the family. We will remember Dr. Douglas forever as an outstanding teacher, friend, and mentor.
Department OB/GYN
William J. Ledger, Chairman

Deaths

FABRICANT—Bessie and Solomon Beloved parents of Ruth Lowell, Peter J. Fabricant and Sarah Corbin. Cherished grandparents of Rebecca. Service Sunday, 2PM at "The Riverside" 76 St and Amsterdam Ave NYC. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to St Luke's School, 487 Hudson St., NYC 10014 or NYU Medical Center, Faculty Friends Campaign, 550 First Ave, NY 10016

FABRICANT—Solomon & Bessie The Department of Economics of New York University deeply mourns the passing of their esteemed colleague and friend, Professor Solomon Fabricant and his wife Bessie.

GOLDBERG—Morris Jacob, August 20, 1901 to September 14, 1989. Beloved husband of Elsie Hirsch Goldberg. Father of Caryl Kolklin, Bernard Goldberg and Helene Spielman Torker. Father-in-law of Marvin Kolklin, Marvin Torker, the late Monica Dennis Goldberg and the late Marvin Spielman. Grandfather of Mitchell and Kathy Kolklin, Jon and Cec Kolklin, Seth and Anne Kolklin, Steven and Jimmy Spielman, Sharon and Kenneth Levitsky, Pamela and Teri Goldberg. Great grandfather of Zackery, Thomas, Charles, Melanie and Laira Kolklin. Brother of Gertrude Sheff and Barnett H. and Samuel J. Goldberg. Services at Riverside Chapel, 76 St and Amsterdam Ave, Friday, September 15th, 10 AM. In lieu of flowers please send contributions to charity of choice. Shiva will be observed at 1067 5th Ave.

GOLDBERG—Morris J. The Board of Trustees and the Staff of The Jewish Museum extend their deepest sympathy to their dedicated Trustee, Mr. Bernard Goldberg on the passing of his father Morris J. Goldberg, a friend of the Jewish Museum. Our condolences to Bernard, Mrs. Elsie Goldberg and all their family.
Morris W. Offit,
Chairman of the Board
Joan Rosenbaum, Director

HOHENWALD—Richard Keller. Suddenly in his 49th year, of New York City. Devoted son of Alice, (nee Galway) Hohenwald of E. Quogue, LI. Predeceased by his father, Heinz Hohenwald, on September 25, 1988. Also survived by numerous cousins of the Littlefield, Galway, Cosgrove-Galway, Neill, Kelly-Ibe, and Kelly-Hamilton families and countless loving friends. Visiting at O'Shea's Funeral Home, Hampton Bays, LI, on Saturday and Sunday, Mass at St. Rosalie's R.C. Church, Monday, 9:45AM Hampton Bays. Interment E. Quogue cemetery, LI.

HOHENWALD—Richard Keller. Friends of Richard's invite all to a memorial service Monday, September 25, 1989, at the Church of the Epiphany, York Ave. and 74th St., NYC, at 8 PM.

BEN-ISRAEL, Shelomo
Berman, Tillie
Coleman, Richard
Douglas, R.
Fabricant, Bessie
Goldberg, Solomon
Goldberg, Morris
Hohenwald, Richard

HOHENWALD — R.
Beloved nephew of
Galway Neall and
Frank. He will be sad

JOYCE—Morton D.
husband of Betty J.
father of Ann Joyce
Lucy Curley Joyce
adored grandfather of
rence Brennan, An-
Brennan and Anne
man. Funeral service
at Frank E. Camp-
Home, 81st St and
10AM, Monday, Sept
lieu of flowers, contri-
butions to St. Luke
Hospital Center, Am-
and 114th St.

JOYCE—Morton D., d.
ber 12, in Maine. He is
his wife, Betty J.,
daughters, Mrs. Anne
Mrs. Lucy Curley B.
three granddaughters
services to be held at
day, September 18 at
Cambell Funeral Home
dison Ave at 81 St. In-
ers, donations to the
Roosevelt Hospital C-
sterdam Ave and 1-
10027 would be apprec

KLEINMAN—Jacob. T.
Trustees and admin-
Westchester Day Sch-
the loss of Jacob Klein-
father of the school's
honorary president Be-
Kleinman and extend
deepest sympathies an-
ces to the family.
Gary Fragile
Stephanie Trump
Board
Rabbi Chaim H.

KWINT—Frank. On Sep-
1989. Beloved husband
Frances Kwint. Devot-
of Alvin Kwint. Service
12 Noon, at Frank E.
1076 Madison Avenue a

LEIBSON—Lillian. On
15, 1989. Beloved wife
Sidney, loving mother
and Bill, dear sister
Schwartz. Service of
12:30PM, at "The Riv-
Street and Amsterdam

crouching cougar's eyes
That, in my flashlight's strong
beam, had burned
Coal-bright as they swung,
Detached, contemptuous, and
slow,
Into the pine woods' mounting
mass
Of darkness that, eventually,
Ahead, would blot out, star by
star,
The slot of the sky-slice that
now I
Moved under, and on to dinner
and bed.

And to sleep — and even in
sleep to feel
The nag and pretensions of day
dissolve
And flow away in the musical
murmur
Of water; then to wake in dark
with some strange
Heart-hope, undefinable, verg-
ing to tears
Of happiness and the soul's
calm.

How long ago! But in years
since,
On other trails, in the shadow of
What other cliffs, in lands with
names
Crank on the tongue, I have felt
my boots
Crush gravel, or press the
soundlessness
Of detritus of pine or fir, and
heard
Movement of water, far, how
far —

Or waking under nameless
stars,
Have heard such redemptive
music, from
Distance to distance threading
starlight,
Able yet, as long ago,
Despite scum of wastage and
scab of years,
to touch again the heart, as
though at a dawn
Of dew-bright Edenic promise,
with,
Far off, far off, in verdurous
shade, first birdsong.

"Far West Once," "New and
Selected Poems (1923-1985),"
Random House, 1985.

Long ago, in Kentucky, I, a boy,
stood
By a dirt road in first dark, and
heard
The great geese hoot north-
ward.

I could not see them, there
being no moon
And the stars sparse. I heard
them.

I did not know what was hap-
pening in my heart.

It was the season before the
elderberry blooms,
Therefore they were going
north.

The sound was passing north-
ward.

From "Tell Me a Story," "New
and Selected Poems (1923-1985),"
Random House, 1985.

On his return to the United States,
Mr. Warren taught for a while at South-
western College in Memphis and at
Vanderbilt, then moved on to Louisiana
State University at Baton Rouge.

Unprovincial Provincial Review

There, in 1935, he founded and edited,
with Mr. Brooks and Charles W. Pipkin,
The Southern Review, one of the note-
worthy and substantive magazines of
its time. Though it claimed to express
"the regional and sectional piety" of
the editors, it was far from a provincial
effort, and was read eagerly throughout
the country.

In 1942, in another major move, Mr.
Warren accepted a professorship at the
University of Minnesota. In 1950 he
moved to Yale, where he became a pro-
fessor of English in 1961.

Although he never returned to live in
the South, he remained the essential
Southerner, and all his fiction is built
on Southern life. But his attitude to-
ward the region changed. Early in his
career he had contributed to the fa-
mous "I'll Take My Stand," a volume
that opposed the coming of industrial-
ism to the South and argued for an al-
most antebellum structure of society.

Mr. Warren's essay in the book could

Dámaso Pérez Prado, the band
leader who helped start a North Amer-
ican mambo craze in the 1950's, died
Thursday at his home in Mexico City
after a stroke. He was 72 years old.

Mr. Pérez Prado was born in Cuba
and studied classical piano. He per-
formed in the early 40's with a well-
known Cuban group, Casino de la
Playa, and in 1948 he moved to Mexico
and began recording mambos.

After Sonny Burke, the American
band leader, released a version of Mr.
Pérez Prado's "Qué Rico el Mambo"
as "More Mambo," RCA Records
began releasing Mr. Pérez Prado's
own recordings to the pop market. With
such recordings as "Mambo No. 8" and
"Patricia," he became the first big-
band mambo player to reach non-Latin
audiences in the United States. In his
first West Coast tour, in 1951, he played
for mixed audiences in the thousands.

According to John Storm Roberts's
"Latin Tinge," a history of Latin
American music, Mr. Pérez Prado "de-
veloped a bright octave sound with an
ingenious and fairly simple use of con-
trasts between brass and reeds, and
punchy rhythm sections based on such

fine percussionists as
maria." Some of his
songs, like "Moliendo C
simplified and diluted C
but Mr. Pérez Prado
mented with jazz and r
extended compositions li
Para Bongó." His popula
peak in the mid-1950's
and the cha-cha "Cher
Apple-Blossom White," a
in 1955.

Stuart P. Gassel
Financial Planner

Stuart P. Gassel, a finan-
executive with the Tra-
nies of Hartford, died o
Wednesday in Chicago
years old and lived in C
Chappaquiddick Island,

He is survived by his w
Virginia Stearns; a daug
and a son, James, both o
mother, Lillian, of Wync
sister, Marsha Potchtar

Deaths

BEN-ISRAEL—Shelomo, of Hollis,
NY, age 82. On September 15, 1989.
Survived by his wife Tina, brother
David, of Israel, two daughters,
Batsheva, of Israel, Shulamith, of
New York, eight grandchildren
and four great-grandchildren in Is-
rael and the United States. He was
a journalist for the Boston Globe
and The Jewish Daily Forward
and a radio commentator on sta-
tion WEVD for 38 years. Funeral
services at Parkside Memorial,
Rego Park, Queens, Sunday, Sep-
tember 17, 10:30am.

BEN-ISRAEL—Shlomo. We deeply
mourn the passing of our es-
teemed Vice President, lifelong
distinguished Jewish journalist and
radio commentator, whose friend-
ship and services to the Jewish
community will always be re-
membered with pride. We express
our sympathy to the bereaved
family.
Federation of Polish Jews
Kalman Sultanik, President

BERMAN—Tillie. Bar-Ilan Universi-
ty in Israel extends its sincerest
condolences to Mr. Jacob Ber-
man, a member of our American
Board of Overseers, on the loss of
his beloved mother. We pray that
he will not only derive solace from
inspiring memories but also from
his continuing commitment to the
service of our people and our
heritage.
Rabbi Emanuel Rackman,
Chancellor
Ludwig Jesselson, Chairman,
Global Board of Trustees
Belda Lindenbaum, President,
American Board of Overseers

COLEMAN—Richard J. On Sep-
tember 14. Dear son of Marie
Coleman and the late Daniel Cole-
man; brother of Donna Faulkner;
beloved friend of William Hogan.
Funeral mass Sunday, September
17 at 2 PM, Christ and St Stephen's
Episcopal Church, 120 West 69 St.
In lieu of flowers, donations to
Christ and St Stephen's Church in
Richard's memory would be
greatly appreciated. Burial will be
private and at a later date.

DOUGLAS—R. Gordon. The De-
partment of Obstetrics and Gynec-
ology of The New York Hospital
Cornell Medical Center notes with
deep regret the passing of R. Gor-
don Douglas, M.D., Emeritus
Professor of OB/GYN, Cornell Med-
ical Center and retired Director
of The Living-In Hospital. We ex-
tend our condolences to the fami-
ly. We will remember Dr. Douglas
forever as an outstanding teacher,
friend, and mentor.
Department OB/GYN
William J. Ledger, Chairman

Deaths

FABRICANT—Bessie and Solomon
Beloved parents of Ruth Lowell,
Peter J. Fabricant and Sarah Cor-
bin. Cherished grandparents of
Rebecca. Service Sunday, 2PM at
"The Riverside" 76 St and Amster-
dam Ave NYC. In lieu of flowers,
contributions may be made to St
Luke's School, 487 Hudson St,
NYC 10014 or NYU Medical Cen-
ter, Faculty Friends Campaign, 550
First Ave, NY 10016

FABRICANT—Solomon & Bessie
The Department of Economics of
New York University deeply
mourns the passing of their es-
teemed colleague and friend,
Professor Solomon Fabricant and
his wife Bessie.

GOLDBERG—Morris Jacob, Au-
gust 20, 1901 to September 14, 1989.
Beloved husband of Elsie Hirsch
Goldberg. Father of Caryl Kolkin,
Bernard Goldberg and Helene
Spleiman Torker. Father-in-law of
Marvin Kolkin, Marvin Torker, the
late Monica Dennis Goldberg and
the late Marvin Spleiman. Grand-
father of Mitchell and Kathy Kolk-
in, Jon and Cee Kolkin, Seth and
Anne Kolkin, Steven and Jimmy
Spleiman, Sharon and Kenneth
Levitky, Pamela and Teri Gold-
berg. Great grandfather of Zacke-
ry, Thomas, Charles, Melanie and
Laura Kolkin. Brother of Gertrude
Sheff and Barnett H. and Samuel
J. Goldberg. Services at Riverside
Chapel, 76 St and Amsterdam Ave,
Friday, September 15th, 10 AM. In
lieu of flowers please send con-
tributions to charity of choice. Shiva
will be observed at 1067 5th Ave.

GOLDBERG—Morris J. The Board
of Trustees and the Staff of The
Jewish Museum extend their
deepest sympathy to their dedica-
ted Trustee, Mr. Bernard Goldberg
on the passing of his father Morris
J. Goldberg, a friend of the Jewish
Museum. Our condolences to
Bernard, Mrs. Elsie Goldberg and
all their family.

Morris W. Offit,
Chairman of the Board
Joan Rosenbaum, Director

HOHENWALD — Richard Keller.
Suddenly in his 49th year, of New
York City. Devoted son of Alice
(nee Galway) Hohenwald of E.
Quogue, LI. Predeceased by his
father, Heinz Hohenwald, on Sep-
tember 25, 1988. Also survived by
numerous cousins of the Little-
field, Galway, Cosgrove-Galway,
Neali, Kelly-Ibe, and Kelly-Hamilton
families and countless loving
friends. Visiting at O'Shea's Funer-
al Home, Hampton Bays, LI, on
Saturday and Sunday. Mass at St.
Rosalie's R.C. Church, Monday,
9:45AM Hampton Bays. Interment
E. Quogue cemetery, LI.

HOHENWALD — Richard Keller.
Friends of Richard's invite all to a
memorial service Monday, Sep-
tember 25, 1989, at the Church of
the Epiphany, York Ave. and 74th
St., NYC, at 8 PM.

Deaths

Ben-Israel, Shelomo Joyce, Morton
Berman, Tillie Kleinman, Jacob
Coleman, Richard Kwint, Frank
Douglas, R. Leibson, Lillian
Fabricant, Bessie Mansbach, Fred
Fabricant, Solomon Master, Arthur
Goldberg, Morris Matlin, David
Hohenwald, Richard McCarthy, Jane

McGowan, John
Reinert, Robert
Russo, Julia
Scarpali, Vittorio
Selchow, Richard
Wilson, Anthony
Wurmfeld, Charles

HOHENWALD — Richard Keller.
Beloved nephew of Rosemary
Galway Neall and her husband
Frank. He will be sadly missed.

JOYCE—Morton Dean. Beloved
husband of Betty J. Boyle; loving
father of Ann Joyce Wyman and
Lucy Curley Joyce Brennan;
adored grandfather of Joyce Law-
rence Brennan, Anne Lindsay
Brennan and Anne Berrien Wy-
man. Funeral service will be held
at Frank E. Campbell Funeral
Home, 81st St and Madison Ave.,
10AM, Monday, Sept 18, 1989, in
lieu of flowers, contributions may
be made to St. Luke's Roosevelt
Hospital Center, Amsterdam Ave
and 114th St.

JOYCE—Morton D. died Septem-
ber 12, in Maine. He is survived by
his wife, Betty J. Boyle; two
daughters, Mrs. Anne Wyman and
Mrs. Lucy Curley Brennan; and
three granddaughters. Funeral
services to be held at 10 AM, Mon-
day, September 18 at the Frank E.
Campbell Funeral Home, 1076 Ma-
dison Ave at 81 St. In lieu of flow-
ers, donations to the St. Luke's
Roosevelt Hospital Center, Am-
sterdam Ave and 114 St, NYC
10027 would be appreciated.

KLEINMAN—Jacob. The Board of
trustees and administration of
Westchester Day School mourn
the loss of Jacob Kleinman,
father of the school's esteemed
honorary president Bernard
Kleinman and extend their
deepest sympathies and condolen-
ces to the family.

Gary Frajin, President
Stephanie Trump, Chairman
Board of Trustees
Rabbi Chaim Feuerman,
Headmaster

KWINT—Frank. On September 15,
1989. Beloved husband of the late
Frances Kwint. Devoted brother
of Alvin Kwint. Service Monday,
12 Noon, at Frank E. Campbell,
1076 Madison Avenue at 81 Street.

LEIBSON—Lillian. On September
15, 1989. Beloved wife of the late
Sidney, loving mother of Paula
and Bill, dear sister of Rose
Schwartz. Service on Sunday,
12:30PM, at "The Riverside", 76
Street and Amsterdam Ave., NYC

MANSBACH—Fred S. Age 84.
voted husband of Gerda, to
father of Evy Tishelman-Ka-
belas. Dear brother-in-law of
dia Mansbach. Funeral ser-
vice Sunday, 1:30 at Schwartz Brot-
"Forest Park Chapel" Queens
at 76 Rd, Forest Hills.

MASTER—Arthur M. Physicis-
vestor, entrepreneur and ama-
pilot, died after a long fight
cancer on Sept 12, 1989 at the
cal Center of the National
futes of Health in Bethesda.
He is survived by his sisters
milla Rosenfeld, and Edith
Master, his nephews,
Arthur, Herbert, and Dr. Ste-
Rosenfeld, niece Hildi Silber-
brother-in-law, Dr. Isadore
Rosenfeld and a host of de-
friends and relatives. He w
graduate of Horace Mann '49,
Harvard College '53, and Har-
Business School '55. Interment
private. Memorial service
Sept 17, 2:30pm, at the home o
Rosenfelds. Contributions in
memory to the National Ca-
Institute, Directors Gift Fund,
9000 Rockville Pike, Bethesda,
20892, would be appreciated.

MATLIN—David. Beloved hus-
of Violet, dear father of Rod
Dean, Jeffrey, Steven
Charles. Loving brother
Martha. Adored grandfather
vices Sun, Garlick Funeral H-
1091 Yonkers Ave, 12:30 PM.

MCCARTHY—Jane V. (Jean)
Harvey. On Sept. 15, 1989. Fo-
resident of Breezy Point. Be-
wife of the late John I. Dev-
mother of Joan T. Burns; Ju-
Rogers and the late Jane A. S-
er. Loving grandmother of
teen and great-grandmoth-
nine. Reposing at Denis S. O-
nor Funeral Home, 91-05 B-
Channel Drive, Rockaway B-
Funeral Tuesday. Mass of f-
tion burial 10 AM at St. Edm-
Church, Breezy Point. Inter-
ing of Heaven Cemetery.
Ing Sunday and Monday 2-5 o-
9 PM. In lieu of flowers, dona-
may be made to the Jane V.
Souther Memorial Fund, c/o
Cove Community Hospital,
Cove, LI, NY.

...s said Doug... intended to pre-empt... Government action... fears about the DC-10... with difficulties. The... Administration will... airlines to install the... Robert Buckhorn, an... man.

...sire for what he calls evolutionary... change in South Africa.
While it is still unclear what political... steps the new President contemplates... in such negotiations, the change in the

...the marchers, as it had in Cape Town.
In Port Elizabeth, the city on the Indian... Ocean, about 100 lawyers held placards... during lunch hour to express solidarity

Softer Soviet Tone on Baltics
After weeks of official criticism of... Baltic nationalism, President Gorba-... chev called for compromise with... leaders of the three republics. Page 6.

working... stores.
The fina... ny, which... the huge... acquisition... Campeau... suggest th... will chang... shifting fr... either Am... ership. Su... lead to co... and less ap... Olympia... oper own... already ha... stock and... number of... loan.
Campeau...
Continu...

...Transportation Safety... investigating the July 19... on the tail engine that... investigators suspect... 's "rotor disk," is still... apparently fallen

Agree to Talk
...representatives of... government and left... agreed to monthly... negotiations to end the... civil war. Page 3.

Rocky Flats
...Rocky Flats weap-... rado threatened to... they were guaran-... m prosecution for... posal. Page 9.

Savings Unit
...d owners and some... d Lincoln Savings... cketeering, fraud... their personal use... nds. Page 33.

Readers
...nday, the sug-... price of The... days within 75... k City, and on... d, will be in-... s. The change... ising produc-... on costs. The... ay price will... ll its weekday... 5-mile area.

Robert Penn Warren, Poet and Author, Dies

Robert Penn Warren, a three-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the first Poet Laureate of the United States, died of cancer yesterday at his summer home in Stratton, Vt. He was 84 years old and lived in Fairfield County, Conn.

Mr. Warren, whose best-known work was the novel "All the King's Men," was a writer who enjoyed popular favor without sacrificing the respect of the Academy of Arts and Letters. His novels were on best-seller lists, were chosen by book clubs and were made into successful motion pictures.

After the publication in 1946 of "All the King's Men," Sinclair Lewis hailed Mr. Warren as "the most talented writer of the South and one of the most important writers of the country." The novel brought Mr. Warren his first Pulitzer Prize, and the 1949 film version won the Academy Award for best picture of the year.

'A Valiant Warrior'

He was also a poet of complex and intricate works dotted with philosophical reflections — poetry he knew would appeal to a small group of readers.

His old friend, the educator and writer Cleanth Brooks, said yesterday, "He was a gentle and fine spirit, a valiant warrior for the truth, and one of our very finest poets."

It was in 1986 and 1987 that Mr. Warren served as Poet Laureate.

The current laureate, Howard Nemerov, said yesterday: "All the King's Men' is certainly one of the great American novels." He also praised Mr. Warren's poetry.

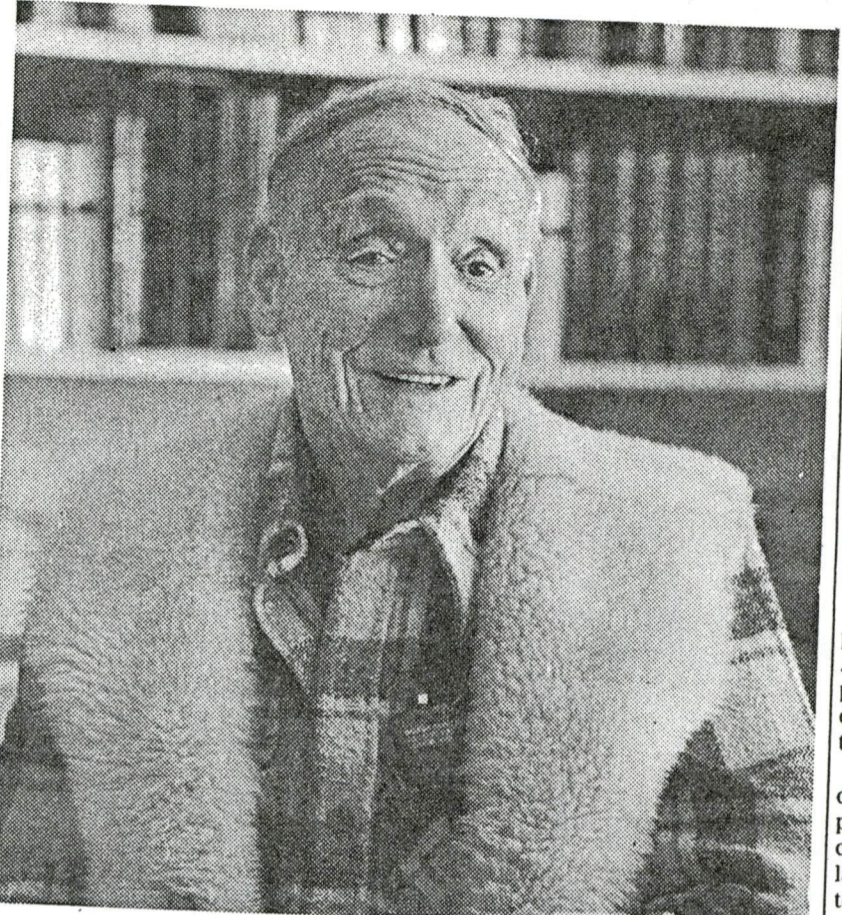
Influential Teaching Figure

During his long career, Mr. Warren wrote learned articles for the little magazines — one of which, The Southern Review, he co-edited — on such writers as William Faulkner and Katherine Anne Porter, and he made a textual analysis of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

It was with a great deal of justice that the poet and critic Allen Tate, who knew him well, called him "a true man of letters in the modern world."

For Mr. Warren was also one of the most influential figures in the teaching of English literature. His books "Understanding Poetry" and "Understanding Fiction," which he wrote with Mr. Brooks, taught an entire genera-

Continued on Page 11, Column 1



Robert Penn Warren was the first Poet Laureate of the United States. The New York Times

Fear Grows Over Effects of a New Smoke

By KATHERINE BISHOP
Special to The New York Times

HONOLULU, Sept. 13 — The use of smokable methamphetamine, which produces a much longer period of euphoria than crack and is followed by a more disturbing psychological reaction, has reached major proportions here and has begun to appear in several cities on the mainland as well.

Experts on substance abuse fear that use of the drug, called ice, could grow to devastating proportions among many of the nation's addicts, especially if efforts are successful to halt the smuggling of cocaine from abroad. The drug can be made cheaply and easily in this country in the same clandestine laboratories that are now used to make speed, the powdered form of metham-

phetamine, a synthetic stimulant of the nervous system that is a form of amphetamine.

"There is an urgent need to stop the flow of cocaine from overseas, but there are plenty of dangerous drugs that are made in the U.S.A.," said Donald Hamilton, a spokesman for William

J. Bennett, the rector. "Exper... smokable met... the drug plague... And James N... rector of Up F... Center in Mian... foundation, ag... from clandest... tion because... becoming a big... the 1990's, most... will be made in... At present, m... crystals of m... made in Hong... Philippines and... Asian drug gang... Law-enforcem...

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✓

*with wife,
poet, teacher critic.*

*Spoke to us
in the accents
of the American
of the South
of further —*

May 24, 1989

REVIEW & OUTLOOK

~ JJ 5-24 A14 Bulletin: We Won!

The Free World is reeling from too much success. Students in China carry around a replica of the Statue of Liberty and sound like Patrick Henry. The Polish regime sits down with Lech Walesa and recognizes Solidarity. The Baltics agitate for independence from Moscow, while Mikhail Gorbachev proposes unilateral arms cuts in Europe.

And in Washington, there's . . . dismay. All of these happy developments are beside the point, moans the nation's political community, because George Bush somehow isn't "doing something" to win "the public-relations" war. Bring back Mike Deaver!

The moans are heard from all political sides, left and right, though they may have been captured best by columnist David Broder, who this week compared Mr. Gorbachev to Gandhi and JFK. By contrast, he added, President Bush seems "rooted in the past," clinging to old "ideologies."

Perhaps Mr. Broder thinks one of those outmoded "ideologies" is the democratization that Mr. Gorbachev keeps endorsing. Or maybe he's referring to the free press and free speech that the Chinese demonstrators demand. The last time we checked, the man repudiating 70 years of his nation's history was Mr. Gorbachev, not George Bush. Perhaps it simply would be easier to say that Mr. Gorbachev is now following in the footsteps of Ronald Reagan.

Washington's problem is that it won't claim victory. While the late 1970s saw U.S. setbacks from Afghanistan to Angola to Central America, the late 1980s have brought reversals on nearly every front. Ronald Reagan rebuilt U.S. defenses, gave Stingers to the Afghans, heralded free markets, and unleashed Western science upon space-based defenses in a technological race the Soviets couldn't possibly win. Despite a setback or two when Congress resisted, containment plus the Reagan Doctrine worked. If the Cold War is over, the West has won.

Yet now the same people who fought Ronald Reagan want George Bush to embark on a new (if ambiguous) global strategy. Little wonder that he's cautious, favoring what he called in a speech on Sunday "a deliberate, step-by-step approach to East-West relations."

Mr. Bush's task is to consolidate and extend the Reagan victory, to

make sure the Soviets understand that the costs of backsliding will be high. As the President put it in Texas two weeks ago, the U.S. task is now "to convince the Soviet Union that there can be no reward in pursuing expansionism; that reward lies in . . . the evolution of the Soviet Union toward an open society."

Nowhere is this clearer than in Europe, where the critics want Mr. Bush to "respond" to every new Soviet initiative. Mr. Bush is urged to negotiate away NATO's last nuclear weapons; instead he's keeping his eye on the Warsaw Pact's dominance in conventional forces. On Sunday, he cited the pact's nearly 12-to-1 advantage in short-range missile and rocket launchers, and more than 2-to-1 advantage in main battle tanks.

While much of Washington swoons at Mr. Gorbachev's nuclear gambits, in Geneva the Soviets recently proposed conventional-arms reductions that aren't very far from NATO proposals. Mr. Bush may want to explore these ideas before he removes the last nuclear weapons that protect U.S. troops from surprise attack.

Others—even conservatives—want Mr. Bush to propose some grand deal that would pull U.S. troops back from NATO in return for Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe. Of course, once the U.S. withdraws, it is probably gone for good. Mr. Gorbachev, or his successor, can return in a few months—at a cost in Western opinion, to be sure, but he can still return. Mr. Bush's task would be to ensure that Soviet withdrawals are permanent, which means that troops also are demobilized back in the U.S.S.R.

As for political imagery, the one thing Mr. Bush might profitably do more of is talk about the yearning for freedom sweeping through the Communist world. His remarks about China's demonstrations have seemed pinched for such a mammoth cry for freedom. He could do worse than repeat every week or so Ronald Reagan's clarion call for liberty at Moscow University last year.

It is Mr. Gorbachev who is moving our way and the Communist system that is failing rather than our own. If the Soviets tear down the Berlin Wall, why should the West feel compelled to respond? We didn't want it built in the first place. The Soviets have to move or stagnate; George Bush can stand pat, resist complacency, and welcome defecting communists to the West.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date: _____

TO: *Dan McGroarty*

FROM: **CHRISS WINSTON**
Deputy Assistant to the President
for Communications
Room 122, OEOB, Ext. 2930

The attached is for:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Per our conversation | <input type="checkbox"/> Per your request |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Information | <input type="checkbox"/> Review & Comment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Direct Response | <input type="checkbox"/> Appropriate Action |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Draft Reply | <input type="checkbox"/> Signature |
| <input type="checkbox"/> File | <input type="checkbox"/> Other |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Please Return By _____ | |

Comments:

*Thought you might
enjoy this.*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date: 8/22

TO: *Chriss Winston*

FROM: **JAMES P. PINKERTON**
Deputy Assistant to the President
for Policy Planning

*See what can
happen when we
stifle opportunity?*

WHO WAS HITLER?

Hitler by origin was a nobody, the orphan of a minor customs official, a failed art student, a dropout, a drifter. He was not even, though German-speaking, a German. Born in 1889 at Braunau in the Austrian part of Franz Josef's Austro-Hungarian Empire, he spent his childhood at Linz and an aimless youth in Vienna. Failure took him to Vienna and failure kept him there, from 1906 to 1913. He had failed at school because he failed to apply himself to the academic subjects that would have gained him a leaving certificate, the passport to a career in bureaucratic Austria. He failed in Vienna because he lacked the aptitude for the artistic career he had decided was his métier.

The trial sketches that he produced to secure an entry to Vienna's Academy of Fine Arts were judged too wooden to give any promise of improvement through training. When Hitler transferred his application to the school of architecture, he found that his lack of a school leaving certificate barred him from entry. This refusal planted in him a fierce resentment of experts, professionals and men with paper qualifications that was to dominate his outlook throughout his life. It was not, however, to deter him in his belief that he was an "artist," gifted with a higher understanding than that of ordinary mortals. He had already lost his religious faith and had begun to feel that hatred for the Roman Catholic Church that he would express again and again in his private conversations and writings. Now, he began to transfer his deepest feelings to ideology, through which he could indulge his "artistic" dreaming and imagine a role for himself as thinker and leader.

Vienna hatreds

The ideology that gripped Hitler in his Vienna years was that of Pan-Germanism, the belief that all the Germans of Europe should form one nation. Hitler detested the Hapsburg Empire, of which he was a subject, because its rulers, Germans though they were, had accorded political equality to the empire's non-Germans—Poles, Serbs, Croats, Hungarians, Italians, Slovenes and Czechs—whom the German Austrians had once dominated. Hitler conceived a particular hatred for



THE SCOURGE *No man in history brought about more suffering than Hitler. This is how the Führer looked as a piece of British propaganda after an artist retouched a German postage stamp*

the Czechs, commercially and intellectually the most successful of the empire's minorities. When he came to inquire why the non-Germans had displaced the Germans from dominance, however, he identified none of the minorities as the villains of the piece but another people altogether—the Jews.

The Hapsburg Empire was not European Jewry's main homeland. That lay in Russia. But Jews were an important minority and in Vienna formed 10 percent of the population. Most were recent immigrants to the city, and poor. It was their poverty that cast Hitler among them, for his determination to lead an "artistic" life meant that he, too, lived without security or fixed abode. By refusing to settle into regular work, and because he eked out a living painting postcards and tepid watercolors, he was reduced to wearing secondhand clothes, acquired from Jewish rag dealers, and sleeping in night shelters while outside poor Jews walked the streets.

He was repelled by their appearance. "One day . . . I suddenly encountered a phenomenon in the long caftan and wearing black sidelocks. My first thought was: Is this a Jew? They certainly did not

have this appearance in Linz. I watched the man stealthily and cautiously, but the longer I gazed at this strange countenance and examined it section by section, the more the question shaped itself in my brain: Is this a German? I turned to books for help in removing my doubts. For the first time in my life I bought myself some anti-Semitic pamphlets for a few pence."

There was no shortage of anti-Semitic literature in prewar Vienna, for it was the center of European anti-Semitism. Poor Jews aroused the radical and social contempt of the Viennese. Rich Jews provoked their resentment. Vienna was the center of Jewish success. The great Jewish financiers, the Rothschilds, Warburgs and Bleichroeders, operated elsewhere. But the cultural, literary and philosophical life of Vienna, after Paris, then the principal intellectual center of Europe, was dominated by Jews, who remained Jewish in Austrian eyes even if, like Gustav Mahler, some had converted to Catholicism. The Jews were an unsettling influence, challenging established ideas and proposing new and disturbing philosophies. Prewar 1914 Vienna was the city of Freud, of Trotsky,

Give the Bush-Bashing Reflex a Rest

LAT 11-5
By CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Today's conventional wisdom, repeated daily by the nation's herd of independent minds, is that the Bush Administration has been timid, slow, entirely inadequate in responding to the Gorbachev challenge. The cry, left, right and center, is for a foreign policy of boldness and vision.

The complaint starts with the Bush style: In the face of a virtuoso performance by the traveling Gorbo circus—like the wholly insignificant and breathlessly received SNF (short-range nuclear forces) cuts he announced last week—the President's PR has been woeful.

Sure, he unveiled a carrot-and-stick policy toward Eastern Europe. Sure, he has advanced proposals for drastic asymmetrical cuts in conventional arms in Europe. Sure, at Texas A&M he outlined a new post-Cold War vision of the "integration of the Soviet Union into the community of nations." But the perception, you see, is that he is foot-dragging, and perceptions are ultimately what count in the politics game.

Savor the irony. After eight years of caterwauling about Ronald Reagan's Wizard of Oz, perception-is-reality and media manipulation, the press is now demanding it, in the name of national security, no less. Without a blush or a memory, the press is now on Bush's tail for poor Deaverism: no stage presence, weak backdrops, lousy scheduling.

Bush goes to Texas and gives one of the most important foreign-policy speeches of the decade, and the host of one political talk show is obsessed with the fact that he gave it at 4 p.m. Friday, bad for sound-bite coverage.

When the complainers get around to substance, the charge is timidity: Bush is not advancing bold and decisive enough negotiating positions. Translated, this gen-

erally means that Bush has adopted an incorrect position on the short-range nuclear force (SNF) in Europe. The Bush (and British) policy is that so long as the Soviets maintain a vastly superior conventional force in Europe, we need to modernize our few remaining nuclear weapons there. The Germans, who inhabit the battlefield for these nukes (that is the price a nation pays for starting World War II), are naturally anxious to get rid of them. They are, therefore, pushing hard for immediate SNF negotiations with the Soviets.

That is not surprising. What is surprising is that so many Americans, from Paul Nitze to Joe Biden, take their view. It is a prescription for political grief. We know exactly what the Soviets want from any SNF negotiations: elimination. After all, the Soviets, being a continental European power and conventionally superior, do not need short-range nukes to deter war in Europe. We do. Which is why they are the last thing that we should be trading away.

A cave-in to the German position will be the first. SNF negotiations will be short, much shorter than the negotiations on conventional arms, which are immensely complicated (they involve 23 countries rather than two) and harder to verify. With an SNF agreement in hand, and conventional talks dragging on, Joe Biden's next op-ed piece will write itself: "The intransigence of the Bush Administration, niggling over details of conventional arms reduction, is today holding up the promise of a Central Europe entirely free from the nuclear nightmare. How long can we tolerate. . . ."

The other conventional wisdom complaint against Bush is his failure to respond to Gorbachev's (announced) unilateral concessions—troop and nuke reductions in Europe—with unilateral concessions of his own.

But doing so would be strategically stupid. Russia is a European power. Only by accident, not by nature, is the United States a European power. When we pack to go home, we will not be coming back, absent a Pearl Harbor II. The Soviets can come back with little effort.

Soviet concessions may be unilaterally undone. Not so American concessions. Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard A. Shevardnadze offered proof of that last week when, in a crude effort to bully Bush, he threatened to violate the INF treaty and stop dismantling Soviet missiles. It is inconceivable that an American secretary of state could ever make such a threat or ever carry it out.

But the best reason for not making unilateral American concessions is that we do not have to. We are not in economic crisis. We are not reeling from the ruin of a newly acquired external empire of Afghanistan, Angola, Cambodia, Ethiopia, Mozambique and Vietnam. We are not spending 13% to 19% of gross national product on defense. (We spend 6.7%.) We have not by foolish over-militarization (which the Soviets explicitly admit to in their own press) created an opposing alliance that includes all the great powers of the world. We are winning. It is the Soviets who are suing for peace in the Cold War. It is for suers to make unilateral concessions.

Bush has allowed his foreign policy to be called "status quo plus." It is the right idea (when the other guy is committing suicide, stand aside) but a tough sell. He should send for the genius who invented the term "affirmative action" and get him to think up a virile, New Frontier-like name to embellish the Bush foreign policy. Washington—pinning for Reagan, learning for show—will hail him a statesman.

Charles Krauthammer writes a syndicated column in Washington.

DATE: 5/11/91

PAGE: 8

Focusing on Welfare

Bush Plays Private Acts of Decency Against the Government as a Helper

By ROBERT PEAR
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 10 — President Bush has struck a partisan blow against critics who accuse him of having no domestic policy: He has denounced Lyndon B. Johnson's Great Society. By doing so he also invigorated a national debate about what type of social welfare programs the nation needs, and how effective other Presidents have been in combating poverty and racial bias.

The heart of the debate is political. Mr. Bush delivered his rebuff in a speech at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor last Saturday, laying a foundation for domestic policy debate in the 1992 Presidential campaign. He knows that many voters share his opposition to racial quotas, and he knows there are few votes to be had in defending welfare recipients.

Mr. Bush's comments on the Great Society came in an address in which he warned that free speech rights were under assault on many college campuses. The President defended both free speech and "freedom of spirit," saying the Great Society had discour-

Bush had attacked the Great Society. Mr. Bush conceded that "the ideals behind the Great Society were noble," but he said the programs were not "up to the task," and he concluded that "we need to rethink our approach" to poverty and discrimination.

Mr. Bush, in his speech, sought to lay the groundwork for the Republican domestic agenda in the 1992 Presidential campaign, a campaign in which Republicans will assail Democrats as members of the party of old ideas.

Mr. Bush's indictment of the Great Society surprised some experts. Joseph A. Califano Jr., for instance, who worked for Johnson at the White House from 1965 through 1968, said, "Mr. Bush doesn't know his history."

'Redistribute Opportunity'

In a telephone interview from London, Mr. Califano said, "The goal of the Great Society was to redistribute opportunity and wealth and to empower poor people."

Empowerment is a theme in vogue among Bush appointees like Housing Secretary Jack F. Kemp and James P. Pinkerton, a White House policy planner. And Bush has often alluded to the notion that poor people should have more control over public housing and other government benefits.

Mr. Bush delivered his speech at the site where Johnson articulated his vision of the Great Society 27 years ago. Speaking in a time of prosperity and economic growth, Johnson said, "We have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society," and he declared his commitment to end poverty and racial injustice "in our time."

What Johnson did not envision was that the Vietnam War would eat up so much of the nation's resources.

Nonetheless, by virtually all accounts, the Great Society helped improve the lives and financial security of the elderly, in part through a big increase in Social Security benefits. By most accounts, Medicare and Medicaid have succeeded in providing health care for the elderly and the poor, though at far greater cost than Johnson could ever have imagined.

A Question of Dependency

But there has been bitter debate over whether the Great Society's main cash welfare program, Aid to Families With Dependent Children, tends to foster dependency. Timothy M. Smeeding, a professor of economics at Syracuse University, is among those who say it does.

But Greg J. Duncan, a professor of economics at the University of Michigan who has followed the income of 7,500 families for two decades, said: "There is no evidence from our data that dependency is any greater problem now than in the early 1970's, when Great Society programs reached their peak. There is no evidence of an increase in the proportion of children dependent on welfare."

In the speech, Mr. Bush proposed to replace the Great Society with a "good society," in which individuals perform private acts of common decency, becoming "points of light." Mr. Bush's speech and his domestic policy indicate that his vision of Government's role in fighting poverty is much more modest than Johnson's; it omits the idea of the Government as helper and savior that inspired Johnson.

Bush, saying the Great Society backfired, wants a good society.

aged individuals from performing good works by overemphasizing the role of Government in social policy.

Mr. Bush said Johnson's crusade against poverty had backfired, saying its civil rights programs had "generated animosity" and its welfare programs had made poor people dependent on Government.

Embedded in Social Fabric

In his remarks, Mr. Bush ignored the fact that much of the Great Society has been accepted and embedded in the nation's social fabric: Federal aid for elementary and secondary schools, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the Fair Housing Act of 1968, Medicare for the elderly, Medicaid for the poor, a nationwide food stamp program, automobile safety and consumer protection laws.

The President's speech pointedly omitted any praise for Great Society programs that Mr. Bush has lauded, like Head Start and a number of environmental laws. Perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Bush's comments revived debate over the merit of those programs. Supporters of the Great Society say it drastically reduced the number of poor people. Critics insist that it fostered a culture of dependency.

The President's criticism of the Great Society was sweeping and unqualified. But Mr. Bush's main speechwriter, Tony Snow, who drafted the address, acknowledged in an interview that the Bush Administration's judgment of the Great Society was actually more complex and nuanced than the speech suggested.

Mr. Snow, 35 years old, a former editor of the editorial page at The Washington Times, said he had been troubled to hear radio reports that Mr.

*Recipe for Success!
Great Society
needs more resources*

biggest came under Nixon

?? does this prove too much?

After the Party's Over

They say that communism as an ideology is dead. If so, the Communist Party is on a respirator and the question is, Will anyone ever pull the plug? The future of Communist parties sits at the center of the bloody events in Tiananmen Square, in the Kremlin, and in voting booths across Poland this past weekend. It's entirely possible that for a regime dominated by Marxist theology, or for that matter by the Ayatollah's rantings in Iran, there can be no soft landing.

Most of the people still living under communism know where they want to go. They want to move toward a system at least resembling capitalism, with its promise of a material life better than the subsistence communism has produced. And the people under communism want a system that permits them to express opinions without fear of retribution, on the manifestly sensible grounds that a closed system promotes stupidity. We have no less an authority on this than Mikhail Gorbachev, who on Sunday described the destruction of hundreds of train passengers in a gas explosion as another example of the system's incompetence.

Past a certain point of incompetence or corruption, a government loses its legitimacy—the consent of the governed. Most of the time, “legitimacy” is a somewhat dry and academic notion, insofar as even illegitimate governments often manage to maintain their authority merely because they have more guns and tanks than the people they rule. Communism's mistake, and now its dilemma, was in so thoroughly binding up its governing legitimacy in the party's existence. Eliminate the Communist Party, and you're left with a government that has no authority to govern. The result can be chaos. In two words, Tiananmen Square.

China yet may devolve into civil war; there were wire-service reports yesterday of fighting among army units. Eastern Europe has seen plenty of hopeful springs crushed in the past. And Mikhail Gorbachev's political instincts and all the might of the Red Army and the KGB may in the end be unable to stand against a tidal wave of ethnic animosity and resentment.

If that is so, there will be little the West can do to contain these forces. And given the horrors that communism has visited on formerly free people in Eastern Europe and Asia, many would consider a cataclysmic upheaval to be the ideology's just deserts. Be that as it may, this would be

a bad time to have such large numbers of the world's people hurtling toward civil war.

One also must add Iran to this mix. The rest of the world can't escape the fact that the Ayatollah in his madness also presided over one of the world's most geostrategically-important, oil-producing nations. The odds are that Iran's future includes the potential for mass upheaval, which is likely to reverberate through an already volatile region.

The Free World, ironically, is at the very same time undergoing a positive cataclysm—the continuing integration of the world economy. People in many developing nations are benefiting from trade and the freer movement of capital around the world. Some of these countries are also new and fragile democracies, notably Mexico, Taiwan, South Korea, Turkey and Brazil. This progress, however, is already under the threat of a protectionist trade war triggered by the American Congress. Congress may be too myopic to care about the ripple effects of its bad ideas, but there is no reason why other leaders should add this burden to a world absorbing the collapse of communism.

As always, of course, we should hope there is indeed a soft landing for the nations tossed most directly by the world's current turbulence. In this respect, there are encouraging signs. At almost the same hour as Chinese people were crushed beneath the tank treads of the Peoples' Liberation Army, the Polish people got a chance to elect some of their own leaders. As in the Soviet Union, Poland's voters seem to be thrashing communism's candidates. And when Andrei Sakharov was denounced in the Congress of People's Deputies for criticizing the brutality of the Soviet army's tactics in Afghanistan, we could remind ourselves that not long ago he'd have been arrested, tortured, exiled or shot.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Gorbachev or General Jaruzelski are acting in good faith or merely are trying to depressurize their restless populations for a while. If in fact they are feeling their way toward representative government, it is at least conceivable that their countries will be able over time to disengage themselves from the Communist Party system. But in this struggle the possibility of shocking violence is never far away, as we see in the Chinese blood running off the stones in Tiananmen Square.

WST

6/6/89

To: Dan
From: MKG

AUGUST 28, 1989

Educ.

strange - emphasis here would have to be on written, not practical.

T he New Class

Almost everyone agrees that the quality of teaching in America's public schools is often deplorable, but ideas about how to attract better people into teaching fall into two conflicting categories. One set of ideas, promoted by the teachers' unions, is to make teaching as a career path more appealing, through more prestige, higher pay, and so on. In other words, make it more professional. Another set of ideas is to get smart people into teaching who don't necessarily think of it as a career path—young college graduates looking for a worthy life experience before graduate school, bored midcareer executives, early retirees. This involves creating incentives, such as contingent student loans, and breaking down disincentives, most notably the gatekeeper role of education schools. In short, make teaching less professional.

The education establishment has come up with an idea, intended to serve the first vision, that could actually—with minor emendation—serve the second one. That idea is board certification. As in the various specialties of medicine, certification by a "National Board for Professional Teaching Standards" would be a badge of honor within the profession, not a minimum requirement to enter it. But if it became an acceptable substitute for a teaching degree, it could bust open the profession.

Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, has been pushing the board certification scheme since 1985. In 1987 the Carnegie Corporation supplied seed money for the 64-member independent board, which recently announced its plan. Starting in 1993, any teacher with a B.A. degree and three years' experience will be eligible for a battery of difficult pedagogical and subject-matter tests—such as videotaped simulations and written exams—to become "board-certified."

What makes national certification more than just another self-congratulatory piece of paper is what progressive states and school districts can do with it. First, they can use the tangible credential as a basis for vital reforms like "merit pay." Teachers' unions have opposed such reforms, arguing that invidious distinctions

between teachers would be inherently unfair and subjective. A case in point: the 1986 teacher of the year in Florida did not qualify for a bonus under that state's now-defunct but then-innovative merit pay program.

Second, because the board rejected calls to make state licensure a prerequisite, progressive states can also use the credential to allow talented out-of-state and private school teachers immediate entry into their public schools. Already Iowa has passed legislation granting automatic licensure to teachers in these categories who pass the boards.

The board has asked the federal government for \$25 million, half the estimated cost of developing the certification program. Congress is favorably inclined, but Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos has spoken out against it. Federal funding would give the government an opportunity to attach a couple of useful strings. One is to make sure the tests are tough enough, and emphasize knowledge of subject matter over teaching technique. Otherwise, all the pressures on the board will be the other way.

More important, the government should insist that the catch-22 requirement of three years' teaching experience be removed. The whole idea is, or ought to be, to create a way for people with a yen to teach to prove their bona fides while sidestepping the requirement of a teaching degree and other entry-level bureaucracy. Without the three-year rule, states could accept national certification as an alternative entry-level licensing credential for anyone who could pass the tests (not just people who are teaching already in other states or private schools). States like New Jersey have made some progress over the last five years in establishing their own alternative licensing systems. Board certification should quicken that development. What's more, by holding alternative-licensure applicants to a higher standard than ordinary applicants, board certification will eliminate any controversy over whether teachers licensed outside the established system are as qualified as those who went through it.

The board claims its proposed three-year rule is in-



tended to spare novices the embarrassment of failing the test. It could be that the real purpose is to spare current teachers the embarrassment of seeing so many fresh faces pass it.

NOTEBOOK

KIDNAPPING AND DOUBLE STANDARDS: American officials who have criticized the Israeli seizure of Sheik Obeid ("I don't think kidnapping and violence helps [sic] the cause of peace"—President Bush) have short memories. They should recall the case of Fawaz Yunis. Yunis was a small-time operative who often crossed the thin line between criminality and politics in Lebanon. In September 1987 an elaborate covert operation orchestrated by the CIA lured Yunis from Beirut to Cyprus, and from there to the high seas, where he was abducted by American intelligence and brought to the United States. In short, he was kidnapped. (To do this, the United States employed one Jamal Hamdan, well known in Beirut as an extortionist and murderer, who promised the small-fry Yunis big bucks from a drug deal.) Yunis was held in solitary confinement for 18 months before he was even brought to trial this past February. He still languishes in jail while the legal system deals with his case. Yunis is charged with being among five men who hijacked a Royal Jordanian Airlines flight in June 1985 and took it on one of those Middle Eastern multicapital excursions that the Palestinians have made famous. But nothing much happened to passengers or staff, and certainly nothing happened at all to the two Americans on board. The presence of these Americans, however, was the pretext for what was presented as a triumph over terrorism. Now that U.S. emissaries are negotiating with certified murderers of American diplomats, the entire enterprise against this bit player seems pathetic. It also puts into perspective all the huffing and puffing about the seizure of Sheik Obeid. Obeid, unlike Yunis, is not a bit player in the terror network, but a central figure responsible for the torment of many innocent Israelis, Americans, and other Westerners, not to mention the Lebanese victims of his armed doctrine in action. In the meantime, the U.N. Mideast envoy, Marrack Goulding, added to the hypocrisy by offering also his opinion "that the kidnapping of Sheik Obeid does not help." This is strange commentary from the utterly helpless United Nations. As we read the papers, the abduction seems at least to have started off a process that might get some hostages released, who only weeks ago were barely in people's memories.

FREE WUER KAIXI: Oh, no! Wuer Kaixi, the student hero of Tiananmen Square, who escaped to America, spent the first weekend in August sailing with the Kennedys in Hyannis Port. Next, Vegas with Sina-

tra? Wuer understands and courageously opposed the corruptions of his country's system. But who will protect him from the more subtle corruptions of our country's system? In China he used celebrity (with that natural p.r. sense inherent in all great leaders, martyrs, and saints). In America celebrity will use him if he's not careful. In China the Kennedys are probably up there with Miss Liberty herself as icons of freedom and democracy. In America, by now, the resonance is somewhat different. Someone please wise this kid up, before it's too late.

MIXED REVIEW:

Exxon Valdez Limpers In as San Diego Cheers
—*New York Times*, July 31

Spectators quietly watch ship pass by
—*San Diego Union*, same day
(thanks to Ralph Leighton, Coronado, California)

MEASURING TOOLS:

June Machine Tool Orders Declined 38%
—*Wall Street Journal*, July 31

Tool Orders Rose 16% In June
—*New York Times*, same day
(thanks to John Schmid, New York, New York)

IS BUSH BURNING?

Bush Scorches Hill Democrats Over Agenda
—*Washington Post*, July 29

Bush to stay low-key with Congress
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, same day
(thanks to Philip Eberle, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania)

SAME PAPER, SAME DAY, SAME PAGE, SAME HEADLINE:

**India-Sri Lanka Crisis Eases;
69 Are Killed in Ethnic Strife**
—*New York Times*, July 29
(thanks to Tamara Glenny, Brooklyn, New York)

CORRECTION: "The prescription-drug benefit alone will easily cost \$6.8 million a year . . ."—TNR, August 21, referring to the new Medicare catastrophic health care program. That, of course, should be \$6.8 billion. In future, all references to health care costs should be assumed to mean billions. It's a safe bet.

film.

white shoelaces / 4 eyelets.
+ paper / paper towels.
→ poster tape.

New diplomacy by Fax Americana

Technology can win friends and influence people



George Bush is learning the limits of presidential power in the global village. As he gropes for responses to the upheavals in the Communist world, he has to admit that his options are few. "We aren't going to remake the world," he said at his news conference last week, "but we should stand for something."

New communications technology has enhanced the pressure on the President to do just that—stand up for American values. Direct-dial telephones and satellite uplinks carry information into countries like China, and they also carry it out. Those images and ideas appear instantly on American television, engaging voters and altering the environment of formal diplomacy.

Bush failed to grasp the nature of this new environment when he waited more than a day to condemn the savagery in Beijing. Prudence and caution have their place, as always, but their exercise must take into account the power of the kind of compelling images that emerged from China. A President must function as the nation's chief spokesman and conscience. It is a role Ronald Reagan often played well, except in Nicaragua and South Africa, but one Bush is only now learning.



Bush. Weighing every word

Spectator sport

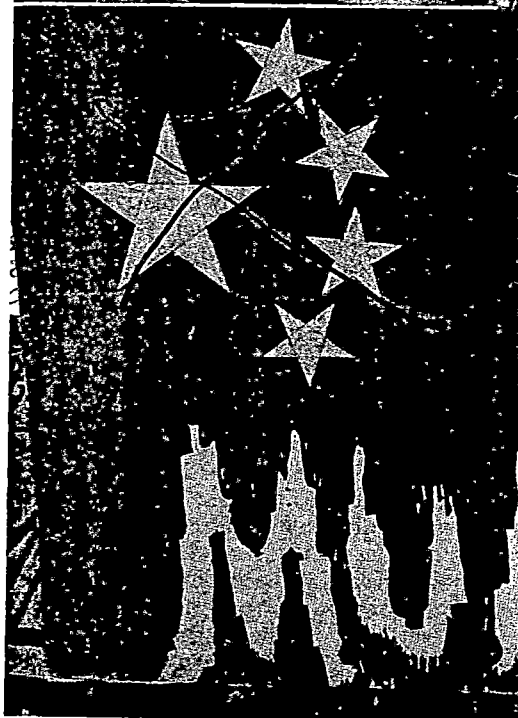
Bush also is learning that the same technology that has turned foreign affairs into a spectator sport for many Americans has turned others into active participants. The crisis in China, as well as the elections in Poland, have focused attention on a vast network of people and ideas—a Fax Americana—that can penetrate even the darkest corners of the Middle Kingdom. Just at the moment when Bush has had trouble exerting his influence, this network has stepped into the vacuum. America's power in the world now exists on two levels, the official and the unofficial, and, as a result, traditional diplomacy represents only a

part, an ever smaller part, of the ways the U.S. can influence other nations.

From the Oval Office, George Bush calls the leaders of the Chinese government and cannot get through. From Liang Heng's tiny, cluttered apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, the foreign editor of a Chinese-language journal organizes a campaign to flood China with news of the massacre in Tienanmen Square. He does get through. "The government doesn't control all the fax machines yet," Liang insists. It doesn't in Poland, either, thanks partly to Jarek Cholodecki. A political émigré who spent a year in a Polish jail, Cholodecki arrived at Solidarity headquarters in Warsaw six weeks ago bearing a fax machine, donated by Chicago's Polish community. "I was concerned because the mood was down," the courier recalled, "but when I arrived with the machine, they were very excited."

If traditional diplomacy can do relatively little to affect events in China directly, the current turmoil demonstrates that many foreigners still look to the United States for moral leadership, or at least are eager to appropriate its symbols. "What we say and do does have significance and importance abroad," says Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois, a senior Republican on the Foreign Affairs Committee. Indeed, the signs and symbols of the Chinese students—particularly their makeshift version of the Statue of Liberty—were clearly designed to catch the attention of American TV cameras and the American public, who would then bring pressure on the White House to back their movement.

There is always a tension, however, between the impulse to support democratic dissent and the need to maintain ties with nondemocratic governments. It is easy for congressmen of both right and left to call for drastic action when they are free of responsibility for sweeping up the shards of a shattered relationship. The President does have that responsibility, which is why Bush has moved so cau-



Moral support. A protest at the U.N. was no

iously, inching across the shaky tightrope that connects purity and practicality.

At his press conference last week, Bush condemned the repression in China but repeatedly brushed aside chances to excoriate the leadership, saying his aim was to "preserve the relationship as best I can." One of the President's first goals is to avoid turning the United States into a foreign devil again and giving the hard-

Communism turned upside down



Marx and Lenin had it partly right. "Ideas, once they capture the minds of the people, become a material force," proclaimed Karl Marx, the patron saint of Communism. Lenin, the creator of the Soviet state, prescribed an alliance in which the intelligentsia would implant the revolutionary faith in the proletariat. The inevitable result, they were certain, would be a Communist world.

But the ideas that have become a "material force" in Poland and the Soviet Union and are seething beneath the renewed repression in China are not those of class warfare and conquest, but of democracy. In all three nations, Lenin's expanding alliance of intellectuals and workers, not Communism, holds the greatest promise for democracy. The intelligentsia alone are a highly vulnerable target for repression. Only in a compact with workers can the promise be fulfilled.

In China, the developing sympathy and mutual respect between students demonstrating for democracy and workers were the key reason for the massacre in Tienanmen Square. Party leaders could have used troops to disperse students without mass murder. The premeditated savagery was designed to intimidate, to teach an unforgettable lesson not only to students and intellectuals but also—perhaps primarily—to the workers who joined them. If the repression succeeds, the alliance will not reappear. The old Communist hard-liners know from their own experience how potentially explosive is the mixture of their opponents.

In Poland, the alliance between striking workers and their mostly young, intellectual advisers was forged in the crucial years 1980-81. There were no guarantees. Earlier attempts to merge workers' unrest and intellectual ferment—in 1956, 1970 and 1976—failed. This time, thanks to the tenacity of Solidarity's leaders, most notably Lech Walesa, and the failures of the regime, the momentum grew. Outlawed in 1981, Solidarity was legalized this spring and now is the dominant social and political force in the nation. The Communist authorities tacitly acknowledge that, for them, Poland is ungovernable and that economic catastrophe is unavoidable without the organization to which a majority of workers and intellectuals are committed. The sweeping electoral victory of Solidarity last week legitimized this opposition alliance beyond the dreams of even its most committed leaders.

A new relationship

In the Soviet case, generalizations about relations between workers and intellectuals are likely to be misleading. The Soviet intelligentsia did not display in recent years the populist tendencies of their 19th-century predecessors. Soviet workers showed little fondness or respect for the intelligentsia. Yet it has become increasingly clear that a new, complex relationship is developing.

The ties are visible and well advanced in the non-Slavic republics and autonomous areas—in Georgia, Armenia, Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia, and among Tartars and Abkhazians. The growing national struggle for greater local auto-

BY SEWERYN BIALER

my and eventual independence is intertwined with the growing thirst for democracy in the Soviet Union as a whole.

In Russia itself, the elections to the new supreme legislative body produced many surprises. One was the extent of the anti-elite, populist mobilization of urban workers. For example, 35 top regional party secretaries in single-candidate districts were rejected by the voters, who by majorities of 60 to 70 percent crossed out their names. The other surprise was the victories by big majorities of a few dozen intellectuals and dissidents. Large groups of workers clearly are deciding that they have much in common with the populist and democratic goals of the intelligentsia's candidates.

The 2,250 members of the Congress of People's Deputies and, even more, the smaller Supreme Soviet they have elected are dominated by centrists or by conformists who, under Mikhail Gorbachev's guidance, rejected almost every proposal submitted by the liberal and dissenting minority. But the obvious fact misses the main point: Weeks of unhampered discussion in the Congress, where no subject was immune to passionate, angry or cold analysis, had no precedent in almost 72 years of Soviet power.

The debates, 8 hours or longer almost every day, were televised live throughout the Soviet Union. By official measure, daily audiences of at least 150 million watched the breathtaking exercise of free speech. The Soviet people—workers, intelligentsia, nationalities—got for the first time ever a foretaste of their potential power through their ballots and through parliamentary debate. The Soviet Union will never be the same again. Next year, local and regional elections are scheduled to be held throughout the nation. Barring the cancellation of democratic reforms

or, even less likely, renewed repression, the outcome of these next elections will be determined by the extent of mutual ties between the workers and the intelligentsia.

Their interests—economic, social and political—may not always coincide. What increasingly unites them is the idea of liberty, which can accommodate lesser differences between competing interest groups. It is an idea absent from the old (that is, Marxist-Leninist) Communist vision. In all three nations, the system has failed because of that crucial weakness. Gorbachev recognized it first in the Soviet Union, and the tumultuous scenes in the Congress over the past two weeks are one consequence. In Poland, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski tried every alternative to genuine reform before running out of ideas and embracing change.

China has now turned its back on reform, at least temporarily. But the passion of recent weeks is not dead; it is merely subdued. China, too, will never be the same again. But what happens next depends on the durability of the growing popular alliance between the two critical groups. If the workers and intelligentsia forget the central idea, they will fail. If they are true to it, they cannot be defeated. ■



Comparing notes. As Gorbachev and Deng met in Beijing, both were being tested

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RFK was behind the move. Corbin may be the only national committee staffer ever fired by direct order of a President. As Arthur Schlesinger Jr. tells it, Johnson told Bobby Kennedy, "If Corbin's such a good fellow, you pay him. He's been around town for three years knocking my head off and I've never met the bum."

After 1968, devastated by the death of Robert Kennedy, Corbin moved to Nashville for a short time, where he became curator of the Country Music Wax Museum and famous for his fine collection of cowboy boots. Corbin habitually borrowed the boots off the wax dummies, one day wearing Johnny Cash's, the next Hank Williams's.

Corbin returned to Washington, where he operated successfully for many years (even after being fired by LBJ), and the legends grew of a premier political fixer able to work both sides of the aisle. In his eulogy, which had the entire funeral congregation roaring with laughter, Siegenthaler told how his friend managed an encounter with George McGovern the day after McGovern's nomination in 1972: "You don't have to make me an acceptance speech, George," growled Corbin. "Just tap your tambourine and sing three verses of 'Blowing in the Wind.'"

In 1980 the ubiquitous Corbin wrangled a private meeting with Jim Baker, then campaign chairman for Presidential candidate George Bush. Baker had never encountered this gravelly voiced package of effrontery, and he listened wide-eyed as Corbin explained that Bush was looking agitated and jittery on the campaign trail. "Put a couple of pretty secretaries on the campaign plane to keep him relaxed in the off-hours," Corbin advised, adding, "That's what we did with JFK in 1960."

Nineteen-eighty was perhaps Corbin's most active Presidential year. Detesting the pious, ineffectual President Jimmy Carter, he served as a behind-the-scenes adviser in Edward Kennedy's effort to topple Carter. When that failed and Carter won renomination, Corbin told friends on the floor of the Democratic convention that he intended to work for Reagan. Soon he was providing intelligence on the Democrats directly to William Casey, Reagan's campaign manager, who recognized a kindred spirit. When Republican John Anderson decided to run as an Independent, Corbin worked that precinct too, helping to convince Anderson's managers that they needed a clearly identified Kennedy Democrat on their ticket as Vice President to give liberals a guilt-free reason to vote against Carter. The man chosen was Corbin's old pal, former Wisconsin Governor Pat Lucey.

Then, of course, there was President Carter's debate briefing book, which turned up in the hands of the Reagan campaign. When the "Debategate" scandal broke two years later, White House chief of staff Jim Baker claimed he'd been given the book by Bill Casey. But Casey, then CIA director, said he had no such recollection. Then came reports that Corbin had admitted to a reporter that he'd smuggled the book to Casey. The CIA director telephoned his friend Corbin. "Did I get that book from you?" he asked.

"No," Corbin replied, thereby protecting Casey's

cover and leaving everyone else thoroughly confused. At his funeral mourners were evenly divided over whether Corbin was guilty.

Paul Corbin might have functioned better in the days of Plunkitt or Tweed or Pendergast. With him gone, the League of Women Voters has less to worry over. But in a profession with little enough to laugh about, Corbin lived to have some fun, and to his brand of politics, he left no heirs.

Wherever he is, you may be sure the erring boy is assembling his pals: "Bob Kennedy, meet Bill Casey."

KEN BODE, formerly politics editor of TNR, is director of the Center for Contemporary Media at DePauw University.

Homage to Vaclav Havel.

A LIFE LIKE A WORK OF ART

By Milan Kundera

I have always been especially allergic to the remark attributed (wrongly, I think) to Goethe: "a life should resemble a work of art." It is because life is formless and does not resemble a work of art that man needs art. Yet in these great days for my old homeland, Central Europe, I learned with enormous joy that Vaclav Havel would soon become president of the Czechoslovak Republic. I think about him and say to myself: there are cases (very rare) where comparing a life to a work of art is justified.

Havel's entire life is in fact built on a single great theme; there is nothing random about it, there are no shifts in direction (Havel was never touched by the lyrical illusions of communism and thus had no need to rid himself of them, as have many of his elders); this life is one gradual, continuous process, and it gives the impression of a perfect compositional unity. Moreover, it seems to me that Havel himself shapes his life with an artist's pleasure, as a sculptor does his stone, progressively giving it an ever greater clarity of meaning and form. The way he led the struggle of the past weeks ("a kind of peaceable revolution," he told me in a letter) was fascinating not only from the political standpoint but also from the aesthetic. It was like the *prestissimo* finale of a sonata by a very great master.

A work of art is meant to be perceived by others. Making one's life a work of art immediately exposes it to scrutiny, to the flood of light. It is unavoidable. But if the man thus illuminated is an artist as well, he takes a

risk: his life become work of art can cause his works of art to be forgotten. In Havel's case, this would be a pity. He was under thirty when his first plays were performed in Prague: *The Garden Party* and *The Memorandum*. They were intelligent, provocative, unlike anything else (I once discussed this in the preface to a volume of his plays: they could be placed if need be, but only approximately, within the context of the theater of the absurd), and had an irresistible humor. In fact, if these two plays are my favorites among all his work, it is because I was still able to see them in Prague, in superb productions that were entirely faithful to the author's spirit. And because I was able to see them at the Theater on the Balustrade, where Havel was working at the time and which, for Czech intellectuals, will always remain the symbol of the sixties and of their impudently free spirit. The later works (for instance, the excellent one-act *Audience*) are no less fine; if there still existed in the world companies that consider an author's text to be the foundation of theater art, these plays would be in the repertory everywhere.

Even though Havel is known to the world primarily (and justly) as a founder of Charter 77, as a dissident who has spent years in prison, as the prime moral representative of his country, at heart he will always be a

dramatist, a poet of the theater. To ignore this is to fail to understand him. It means failing to understand, first of all, how deeply he is rooted in the specificity of the national tradition: the nineteenth-century movement of Czech renewal was organized not around the Church, not around an army, not around a political party, but around culture in general and the theaters in particular. The greatest Czech political figures of the time were writers: Frantisek Palacky, a historian; Karel Havlicek (curiously, his name is the diminutive form of Havel), a satiric poet; and then Tomas Masaryk, a philosopher.

His dimension as an artist will make Havel different from today's other great political personages. We

should not forget that his earliest plays put his audiences into a state of perpetual laughter. Yes, at the start of Havel's career, there was laughter. Humor. And humor means skepticism. And skepticism in turn means self-irony. Two years ago, in Paris, I saw his play *Largo Desolato*. In it, Havel ironically considers his own situation: that of a man who devotes himself to political struggle and thus is no longer master of a life—his own—that everyone else seeks to appropriate. When, in the last act, the police come to arrest the protagonist, he is almost happy with the opportunity finally to be alone, to belong to no one but himself. The dissident, this

modern hero, bears his fate not as an exhilarating glory but rather as a burden that is almost absurd. He would prefer to do other things (write plays, for instance, or poetry), to be rid of his destiny, but he cannot. For meanwhile, something mightier than he has seized hold of him, something that goes beyond him, something that Havel calls *responsibility*.

To him this is the ethic of dissidence. Havel discusses it in an essay (on *A Czech Dreambook* by Ludvik Vaculik, a magnificent work that springs from the same "skeptical dissidence"). Underlying this ethic is the skeptical certainty (which only a dramatic author or a novelist can arrive at) that there is no unity between a man's character

and his destiny, that the one is always victim of the other. (The work of art that a life becomes is not identical with that life; it may even be hostile to it.) This capacity to take an ironic view of one's own situation, to guard one's life against any melodramatic interpretation (kitsch interpretation, we would say in Central Europe), can be called a kind of wisdom. Among the great political figures of our time, I see no other who possesses that wisdom. For it is the wisdom of a poet.

—Translated from the French original by Linda Asher

MILAN KUNDERA has lived in Paris since 1975. His most recent novel is *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*.



VACLAV HAVEL BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The flickering beacon

ON APRIL 19 1775, at Lexington, Massachusetts, the first shots of the American revolutionary war were fired. A column of British troops had left Boston to secure an ammunition store when they met a party of minutemen. The British drew first blood—eight Americans were killed—but after more fighting at Concord, a few miles away, the redcoats were harried back to Boston. Everybody knows who won in the end.

So good American consequences can follow foolhardy British actions—which, in our worse moments, is something we might take as a watchword for this page, henceforth named after that skirmish long ago, and dedicated to American politics and current affairs. It makes sense, moreover, to start the new page with an occasion whose essentials many of those who fought at Lexington would recognise today.

The president, says article II of the constitution, adopted just 11 years after Lexington, "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the union". On January 31st President George Bush did so. The speech was heard in that uniquely American atmosphere that hangs round the president like a fog in a Dickens novel—part reverence, part sycophancy, but not quite either. It was 34 minutes long, and interrupted by applause 35 times—applause with which, at one time or another, everyone present joined in.

Well, not quite everyone. Sitting directly in front of the president, resolutely refusing to clap at the sound-bites, were Chief Justice Rehnquist and other members of the Supreme Court. Their presence, and their independence, would likewise have been familiar to veterans of Lexington, as they are to all Americans. To everyone else, however, they are a mystery. No other nation has ever dared to invent anything quite like America's Supreme Court—an unelected body, applying doctrine based not on political whim, to reshape social and economic policy.

Uniqueness can fade

It is in the Supreme Court's role, above all, that the exhilarating muddle of American democracy is made flesh—that muddle which stops a majority from doing whatever it wants, and which forces a chief executive to persuade others of the wisdom of his desires. But it is not just the Supreme Court that does this. Congress, too, has played its part; it is good to remember, in these times, that Truman's containment of Russia after 1945 would not have been possible but for the support of congressional leaders such as Senator Arthur Vandenberg.

For most of the years since 1945, and for most democrats elsewhere, the American model of democracy has been a beacon. It has shone the more brightly because that democracy has seemed to go hand in hand with a prosperity of which others could only dream. That is changing. America acknowledges that the world has changed; this was the theme of President Bush's

speech. It knows that other countries are prosperous, that Mr Lech Walesa and President Vaclav Havel may become heroes of democracy as authentic as were Lincoln or Jefferson. But America has perhaps not yet divined that in a world where democracy and prosperity are more evenly spread, it will not stand as tall as it once did. When other countries approach America's heights, they are better able to examine the quality of the fabric from which it is made.

That, too often, is now not exhilarating but just a muddle, a state where checks and balances are an excuse for bickering and irresponsibility. There is, for example, something deeply unlovable about today's Congress, riddled with corruption and with three sex scandals on the boil. When Mr Dick Cheney, the defence secretary, announced on January 29th the list of 35 bases he was thinking of closing, congressmen comically rushed to defend their own slice of pork.

Yet it takes two to tango, and those who condemn the Congress out of hand should spread

the blame more fairly. The pork would not have been there to defend had not the Reagan administration managed its defence build-up so that every region of the country had a stake in its survival. There are other ways in which the administration is cynical. It is cynical to claim you wish to be something you cannot be. President Bush made much of his education plans in the State of the Union speech; yet the federal government is responsible for just 6% (and dropping) of the cash spent on education. Whoever is able to improve the quality of American education, it will not be President Bush—though he will no doubt accept any credit that may be going.

Perhaps above all, the world's new democrats will ask

if their once-admired America is avoiding the really difficult dilemmas. They will wonder how someone who calls himself the "environment president" can seem so uninterested (though so is the Congress) in containing the urban sprawl that is disfiguring this most beautiful of continents.

They will wonder about crime. In the first 30 days of January, 46 people were murdered in Washington, DC (four were murdered in Belfast). Yet America's only contribution to penal reform is to incarcerate and execute men and women in numbers that would shame any other democracy. Granted, on the day of the State of the Union address, Mr Dick Thornburgh, the attorney-general, did deprecate the unconscionably long time that people can stay on Death Row, though his solution, to dispatch them more quickly, owed more to a Chinese model of human rights than a Czech one.

The message is simple. Of the world's new democrats, many really do think of America—as President Bush said—as "not just a nation but an idea alive in the minds of people everywhere". But when criticism comes, America will demean itself if it acts defensively. That was what the British did in Massachusetts.



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Richard Kowalski was one of the greatest black marketeers in the history of modern Poland. He was a totally illiterate poor Jew whose wife, mother, and three children had been slaughtered by the Germans. He blamed his fate on poverty. In the 1960s he sold to the state 26 million zlotys' worth of water, a remarkable coup in view of the fact that the contract called for wine. When his increasing wealth could no longer be ignored, the militia called him in for interrogation. The interrogator said, "Mr. Kowalski, do us a favor. Stop making money. Don't you understand our economic system?" Kowalski reflected sadly, then said, "I never learned to read and I never learned to write. What else is there left for me to do but make money?"

— from Stewart Steven, *The Poles*

KEMBLE, Fanny [Frances Anne] (1809–93), British actress. She played many of the principal women's roles in Shakespearean and later English drama. Having married an American, she lived between 1832 and 1877 in the United States.

1 Wishing to explore the countryside of Massachusetts, where she was spending a summer vacation, Miss Kemble hired a local farmer to drive her around. As they set off on their first excursion, the farmer embarked on a detailed description of the area. Fanny brusquely interrupted him: "I hired you to drive me, not talk to me." The farmer said no more until the end of the holiday, when he presented his bill. Miss Kemble studied it for a moment or two. Pointing to one entry, she asked: "What is this item?"

"Sass, five dollars," drawled the farmer. "I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

2 The Swedish novelist Fredrika Bremer had suffered a heavy cold, and the versatile Miss Kemble, then at the height of her many-faceted fame, came to call on her. "I hope you are feeling sufficiently recovered to see people," said the actress as she entered. "Oh, yes,

certainly," said Miss Bremer, "though I am not sure that I ought to see as many people as you are."

☪ ☪

KEMBLE, John Philip (1757–1823), British tragic actor and theatrical manager, brother of Sarah Siddons and uncle of Fanny Kemble.

1 Playing one of his celebrated roles in a country theater, Kemble was constantly interrupted by the crying of a young child. Finally Kemble came to the front of the stage and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

2 Kemble was once in conversation with a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to Sydney, Australia, and who spoke of the flourishing condition of the theater there. "Yes," remarked Kemble, "the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected and sent to that situation by very excellent judges."

☪ ☪

KEMBLE, Stephen (1758–1822), British actor and theatrical manager; brother of John Philip Kemble.

1 As an actor Stephen Kemble was eclipsed by other members of his illustrious clan. His main claim to fame was his huge bulk, which enabled him to play Falstaff without any padding. One night, Kemble awoke early at the country inn at which he was staying to find a diminutive figure standing at his bedside. Raising his massive body to a sitting position, Kemble asked for an explanation. "I am a dwarf come to exhibit at the fair tomorrow, and I have mistaken the bedchamber," replied the intruder. "I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

☪ ☪

KENNEDY, John Fitzgerald (1917–63), 35th president of the United States (1961–63). The first Roman Catholic to become president, Kennedy made a great impact on the nation before he was assassinated in 1963.

1 During World War II Kennedy held a commission in the US navy and served in the Pacific. In August 1943 in Blackett Strait in the

Our misguided speech police

Reformers have just unfurled a sweeping plan to eliminate all expressions of prejudice among California's 128,000 lawyers: a ban on words or conduct reflecting any bias in race, sex, religion, national origin, disability, age, sexual orientation or socioeconomic status.

Does this sound familiar?

It should. It is an off-campus version of the now notorious college speech codes. Muzzlers are on the march. Just when we thought we had the speech police pinned down on the college campuses, they have broken out into the real world, moving down into the high schools and up into the professions.

We are living in the golden age of censorship. The right wants to censor pornography, rap and rock singers, military news, J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," photos showing Robert Mapplethorpe's idea of a good time and the burning of the American flag. The left wants to censor tobacco ads, girlie calendars and sex jokes in the workplace, Saturday morning TV, Eurocentric schoolbooks, Andy Rooney, many college newspapers, all sorts of speech and the waving of the Confederate flag. (Sometimes the American flag too. During the gulf war, the sensitivity-prone University of Maryland briefly ruled that students would not be permitted to hang American flags from dorm windows because they might offend antiwar people. Though the flag is always burnable, it is not always waveable.)

Modern methods. The itch to censor will always be with us, but has the urge to control the speech of ordinary Americans ever been so popular? By examining the college codes, we can see the modern method for achieving this control. First, skip over any attempt to appeal to decency, leadership or nonpunitive community standards that might moderate conflict or bring touchy groups together. Instead, adopt the victimization model, portraying the client groups as amazingly weak, resourceless and fragile students in a sea of permanently hostile bigots. This will justify very serious penalties, including expulsion. (It will also enrage those depicted as permanently hostile bigots.) Combine these harsh and very specific penalties with a list of offenses kept as generic and misty as possible. The vagueness of the offenses and the possibility of ominous, complicated proceedings will create the desired air of uncertainty and intimidation, even in private conversation with another student who might report to the speech police.

Note how the California plan follows the campus ones. Penalties are very clear, ranging from public reprimand to disbarment. Offenses are vague. No one knows which remarks are trouble or whether the program covers private as well as professional speech. Would a lawyer's over-

heard comment in a restaurant count? Perhaps "He's too old for her" (age bias) or "The rich are too greedy" (socioeconomic bias)? How about an off-color joke, or criticism of a church for its abortion policy? The California code piously exempts "legitimate advocacy" from its new surveillance; but then, what is "legitimate"?

The state bar association should look at what the codes have done to colleges where authorities monitor dormitory posters, wisecracks, comments on physical appearance and such forbidden classroom opinions as "I think

men are better than women in this field." To its credit, the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California, which had waffled on college codes, came out instantly against this speech-control plan. But it is still alive, and doubtless we will see many more like it before the fever of censorship passes.

Why does the left behave this way? Because it has only one model for coping with prejudice and group conflict: Emphasize victimization, cite a "hostile environment" and follow with litigation and punishment. This approach clearly doesn't work. It seems spectacularly counterproductive, increasing antagonism, splitting campuses apart and crippling academic freedom. Now similar ruin will apparently be sought in the non-academic world.

In a different but related context (feminist antipornography laws), political scientist Jean Bethke Elshain of Vanderbilt University argued that liberalism is locked into this losing strategy. Lacking any language of public morality, she says, and equipped only with a pinched view of society as a set of rights-bearing individuals, liberals must use overinflated rhetoric, unrelenting victimization and a parade of aggrieved litigants having to prove damages to make anything happen.

Of all the campus speech-code incidents, the only one in which I thought a fairly strong case could have been made for the college's restrictive policy was the recent one at Brown. The university expelled a student accused of shouting antiblack, antigay and antisemitic slurs during a drunken late-night stroll across campus. The case could have been made that as a repeat offender on probation, the student had failed to observe minimum community standards of decency at a private university. But the university president, Vartan Gregorian, chose not to go that route. Instead he argued that although the student was entitled to free speech, his epithets had constituted harmful action. This was universally known to be preposterous. The bigoted midnight musings of a largely unheard drunk had harmed no one at all. But locked into the language of victimization, what else could Gregorian have done? ■

BONNIE TIMMONS FOR USNEWS&WR



BUSH'S WAR

BY ERNEST B. FERGURSON

The rush of wind revived the skinny young Navy pilot. He realized he was falling fast toward the sea. He looked up. Several torn panels streamed up from his parachute, ripped out of the canopy like slices from a pie.

As he plunged toward the water, he could see the bomb-pitted Japanese installations on Chichi-jima, one of the Bonin Islands. The wind blew him in that direction. He slipped out of his parachute harness just before he hit the sea, but after the impact he was pulled under by his heavy flying gear. Gasping, he fought to the surface. Blood streamed down his face as he began to tread water.

Above him, a friendly fighter swooped down, then pulled up, pointing him toward the yellow one-man life raft that had broken free of his parachute harness as he fell. Struggling through the chop stirred by the onshore wind, he swam slowly toward the raft. As he stroked, the tentacle of a floating jellyfish raked across his arm, stinging it.

When he finally reached the inflatable raft, he threw himself across it, then climbed in. His heart pounding, he sat with his six-foot, three-inch frame folded awkwardly into the tiny raft. Still running on adrenaline, not knowing how



15 when the war started,
17 when Pearl Harbor.

~~20/46~~

45 yrs. this December.

close the enemy was, he pulled out the .38 pistol he carried on every combat flight and checked it. He could not tell how badly his head was injured: he could only judge by the broad streak of blood. He splashed Mercurochrome from his survival kit across his face.

Nothing in his carefree days at Andover, nothing in the years before he enlisted in the Navy on his eighteenth birthday, nothing even in the emergency drills in flight training had prepared him for this. Alone on the sea, he had to reach deep inside himself to stay calm, to assess his predicament.

His first thought was of the steady wind pushing against the little raft, driving him toward the enemy island he had just bombed. Desperately, he started paddling with both hands, leaning forward, reaching into the sea, pumping hard in hopes of at least holding his own rather than be pushed onto the enemy beach.

As he paddled, the salt water he had swallowed combined with his fear and the chop of the sea to make him violently ill. Throwing up as he paddled, hardly daring to look back, he worried about his two crewmen. He had seen nothing of them since he had dived out of the plane.

And then he remembered what he had been told on that September morning in 1944 before his flight took off from the USS *San Jacinto*: His ship, in Task Force 58, the fast carrier group headed by Admiral Marc Mitscher, would turn south that day to join Admiral Bull Halsey's task force to begin the pre-landing attack on the Palau Islands. If Lieutenant (j.g.) George H. W. Bush was not picked up that morning, he was unlikely to be picked up at all.

George Bush today is reluctant to talk publicly about all this.

To do the natural thing—to bring it up in routine conversation—would be for him like putting on an American Legion cap and flaunting his wartime service. Critics would call such behavior a political effort to assert his manhood, as they did some of the wisecracks for which he was derided during last fall's campaign.

Somehow it is more becoming for Ronald Reagan, who fought World War II on movie lots in Culver City, to wave the flag and talk about the war than it is for Vice President Bush, who was nearly killed in combat. But the World War II experience is an essential part of George Bush, and no one can understand him who does not know about it. When he finally is cajoled into opening up, it all comes out in a flood of detail, as if he has wanted to talk about it for a long time.

He leans back in his White House office and begins the combat pilot's typical gesturing with his hands about how

he banked this way and dived that way. He is frank about the terror that enveloped him after his plane was shot down, and frank, too, about his determination to survive. And he speaks candidly of the long Pacific nights when what had happened helped him put his life into perspective.

He was only seventeen, a senior at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. His father, Prescott Bush, had been a World War I officer in France.

Smoke pouring out of the engine, flames sweeping back along his wings, Bush continued his bomb run.

later a partner in the Wall Street banking house of Brown Brothers, Harriman—a stylish man and a moderate Republican. I remember him best for the bow ties and two-tone summer shoes he wore with his crisply tailored suits as I looked down on him from the press gallery years later, during his two terms in the United States Senate. George Bush's mother, Dorothy Walker, was the daughter of a St. Louis banker. Young Bush, brought up in comfort in Greenwich, Connecticut, had no great career ambitions. He was clean-cut, a good athlete, a boy fascinated by airplanes and the Navy.

Then came Pearl Harbor.

"The whole country was so together, so unified, that I was swept up in it; I became determined that very day; I made up my mind to go into the service and be a naval aviator. My parents persuaded me to wait till I graduated that spring, on June 4 or 5. And then, on my eighteenth birthday, June 12, I was sworn in, in Boston, as a seaman second class, which was what you did to become an aviation cadet. I knew I wanted to be a pilot. I don't know why, because I'd never flown."

"My dad put me on the train at Penn Station in New York. I was admittedly somewhat nervous at going off like that, although I'd been away from home at boarding school for about five years. I didn't know a soul. We were all crowded on the train, and off we went to Chapel Hill, North Carolina."

Among the cadets with him at pre-flight school was Ted Williams, the Red Sox slugger, who would become a Marine fighter pilot. He and most of the other students in the program were in awe of the famous hitter. But for Bush,

"the main thing was the people," in a variety he had never known before. "different people from different parts of the country, from all walks of life."

He entered the Navy the week after the Battle of Midway, the first decisive naval battle in history in which surface ships played no combat role at all. It confirmed the age of the aircraft carrier. The Navy wanted more pilots, and it wanted them quickly.

Bush's class was rushed through pre-flight, and then he was sent to Wold Chamberlain Naval Air Station at Minneapolis for primary flight training. There he learned to fly in the "Yellow Peril," the Stearman biplane that looked like a survivor of the Lafayette Escadrille but was beloved by a generation of military student pilots. In its open cockpit, students and instructors had to wear masks against the bitter Minnesota cold. Some got frostbitten faces. Bush was delighted to pass the course and head next for Gulf sunshine at Corpus Christi.

"Until I got there I don't think I'd ever landed except on snow or ice," he remembers. From basic he went to advance training in the SNJ—North America's AT-6 Texan in Army nomenclature—a plane later familiar to four decades of moviegoers because producers so often use it to simulate Japanese Zero fighters.

Bush earned his Navy wings and his gold ensign's bars at the same time, in early June of 1943. He was still eighteen—the youngest commissioned pilot in the Navy. Assigned to torpedo bombers, he took training flights out of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Chincoteague, Virginia. Then he was assigned to a ship, the USS *San Jacinto*, and from her deck made practice raids on targets up and down the East Coast. After a shake-down cruise to Trinidad, she sailed through the Panama Canal for the Pacific war.

On May 3, 1944, the *San Jacinto* eased through the dawn mists and headed west out of Pearl Harbor. She was a converted cruiser—her keel had been laid to be that of the cruiser *Newark*. But after Pearl Harbor and Midway the Navy set its course toward carrier war, and she rose from the ways as a 10,000-ton light carrier instead. She flew the Lone Star flag from her masthead below the Stars and Stripes; after the sinking of the USS *Houston* the citizens of that city had doubled their bond-drive quota to replace the missing cruiser. The leftover funds went into another ship, and for it Houstonians chose the name *San Jacinto*. She was top-heavy, thin-skinned, and lightly armed, but fast, carrying 34 planes at a top speed of 34 knots. Now, heading west, she joined Task Force 58.

Ensign George Bush was aboard as pilot of a TBM, the General Motors-built version of the Grumman Avenger. It was an awkward-looking, barrel-like bomber, the biggest carrier-based plane in the Navy. Behind its single, radial engine sat the pilot, behind him a rear gunner, and below, armed with a machine gun angled downward to the rear, was the radioman. The Avenger was stable, rugged, versatile—and slow until it nosed over into a dive. Bush learned to love it. He remembers it as a forgiving plane to fly, and the easiest in his experience to bring aboard a carrier, because it was not as hard to hold down on a bouncing deck as some of the hotter, lighter planes.

His first combat was a May 23 raid on Japanese-held Wake Island, where US Marines had created a legend in fighting off the enemy fleet in the dark days shortly after Pearl Harbor. As the American amphibious thrust across the central Pacific gathered momentum, he flew low-level cover through heavy anti-aircraft fire for landings at Guam and Saipan. His roommate failed to return from one of those sorties.

Rarely were the missions of VT-51, the *San Jacinto's* torpedo squadron, torpedo runs; almost all were either anti-submarine patrols or glide-bombing raids on land targets. Occasionally, as at Saipan, the squadron would roar over enemy forces and towns, strafing.

"We could see those troops going ashore and the big guns firing over them from the battleships," Bush says, "and all I could do was count my blessings I was up there instead of down below."

Bush and his crew were like a trio cast for a wartime movie—the well-to-do young pilot from Connecticut; the dark, cocky Leo Nadeau, from Massachusetts, in the gun turret behind him; and the all-Irish radioman, John Delaney, from Rhode Island, in the belly. Each had his girlfriend's name painted on the plane beside his station: Bush's read BARBIE (for Barbara Pierce, his wife-to-be), and he carried a photo of her to show his friends.

On the little carrier, pilot officers and enlisted air crewmen shared the same ready room, and there was a lot of camaraderie among them. Bush won his crew's respect as a steady-nerved flier—"We took very few wave-offs," Nadeau remembers, "and those were because of equipment on deck or something."

The Bush crew passed a test together when the Japanese struck during the battle for the Marianas. More than 300 enemy aircraft attacked the American fleet on June 19 in what the ship's diary called "one of the biggest air battles of the war." While the *San Jacinto's* fighters

scrambled to engage the incoming aircraft, Bush and other bomber pilots took off to protect their precious planes. Poised on the catapult, he looked down again at his instruments and realized that he had engine trouble: There was no oil pressure. Bush waved to abort his launch, but it was too late—his Avenger was catapulted into the air. After he was aloft a few minutes, the engine sputtered. He flew back along the starboard side of the ship; during radio silence, that was the way to signal the need to make an emergency landing. But the

He started paddling hard with both hands, in hopes of at least holding his own rather than be pushed onto the enemy beach.

deck officer waved him off, and "I had to go land the damn thing" in the sea.

"I went up ahead of the fleet and brought it down. That wasn't a big, heroic thing, [but] I never had done it before. It was a little scary." He tells why: "I was concerned the depth charges inside might jar loose, or a ship might come up behind me and get hurt. But I didn't have time to go out somewhere and dump them." And so, sitting atop four 500-pound depth charges, he set the big plane down on the calm sea. As Bush tells it, he and his crew hardly got their feet wet before being picked up by a destroyer.

But his gunner, Nadeau, now of Ramona, California, says: "I was scared as hell riding on 2,000 pounds of TNT, but Bush made a beautiful landing. We skidded along until the nose dropped. Then it was like hitting a stone wall." Nadeau remembers that he and Bush made it to their life raft without incident but that the radioman, Delaney, who was injured, couldn't climb out of the plane. Nadeau went back across the wing, crawled over the fuselage, and pulled Delaney up through the gunner's turret.

When they got back to the raft, its line was tangled, so they cut their survival kit loose and Bush rowed as hard as he could to get them away from the sinking plane. When it sank out of sight, the depth charges exploded.

Nadeau remembers that the three men had no radio and could not use their signaling mirror for fear the Japanese would spot them. But soon they were picked up by a destroyer, the USS *Bronson*, and after two days were put aboard a carrier via breeches buoy and rope line. Bush then flew a brand-new

Avenger back to the *San Jacinto*.

For George Bush, that was only the faintest foreshadowing of what was to come.

Even on days when the carrier had no contact with the enemy, violent death was near at hand. On one occasion a pilot came in to land, missed, and crashed into a gun mount a few feet from Bush. The pilot's leg suddenly fell in front of Bush—"quivering, separated," he recalls. "The guy got cut in half, and we young guys were standing there, stunned, when this big chief came along yelling to the crew, 'All right, clean this mess up,' and everybody snapped back."

Uneventful antisubmarine patrols, occasionally varied by swooping attacks against heavily defended enemy islands, occupied the *San Jacinto* through that summer. On September 1, squadron VT-51 hit Japanese radio stations on Chichi-jima in the Bonin Islands, attempting to cut off communications for the forthcoming invasion of the Palau Islands.

Bush's wing man, Milton Moore, remembers that "they had a lot of anti-aircraft there, in a situation where they could get you in a crossfire whichever way you came in." One of their companions was shot down that day, but the enemy radio stations were still functioning. VT-51 would have to return the next day.

In the ready room on the morning of September 2, the fliers were told that after the day's operation their force would turn south for a rendezvous hundreds of miles away with Admiral Halsey's unit, to assemble for the next amphibious assault on Peleliu, one of the Palau Islands. A family friend of Bush's—a Yale graduate and ship's gunnery officer from St. Paul, Minnesota, named William G. (Ted) White—asked if he could go along with Bush that day. He never had been on a raid, he said, and he would like to take Nadeau's spot as gunner. Bush said it was supposed to be a tough mission, but if the commanding officer approved, it was all right with him. Approval was granted, so White was strapped into the seat behind Bush when four Avengers from the *San Jacinto*, working with eight Helldivers and a dozen Hellcat fighters off the USS *Enterprise*, took off at 7:15 AM. Each of the Avengers carried four 500-pound bombs.

The defensive fire at Chichi-jima was intense. Don Melvin, VT-51 squadron commander, led the first pair of bombers in. They destroyed a radio tower and damaged the surrounding buildings. Bush then came in, with Milt Moore

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Bush's War

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following. By this time, enemy fire was focused on the Avengers as they approached their target. Bush nosed over into a 30-degree glide, straight on course—"and then all hell broke loose." Antiaircraft fire hit his engine.

"You could see all this stuff all around, these black explosions," Bush says. "I saw quite a few around me. And then it was like somebody had just taken this chair and lifted it up with a jolt," he recalls, slamming his hands against the seat of his chair. "Smoke started pouring out of the damn thing. It's hard to remember the details. I looked at the instruments, and we were going down fast. I pulled out over the island and realized I was in trouble."

Others in his flight can picture it still. "He was unlucky," says Don Melvin. "He was in the wrong spot at the wrong instant." Melvin thinks the shell must have hit an oil line. "You could have seen that smoke for 100 miles."

Smoke pouring out of the engine, flames sweeping back along his wings, Bush continued his bomb run. He does not elaborate on that part. The citation accompanying his Distinguished Flying Cross is only a little less laconic:

"Opposed by intense antiaircraft fire, his plane was hit and set afire as he commenced his dive. In spite of smoke and flames from the fire in his plane, he continued in his dive and scored damaging bomb hits on the radio station before bailing out of his plane. His courage and complete disregard for his own safety, both in pressing home his attack in the face of intense and accurate antiaircraft fire and in continuing in his dive on the target after being hit and his plane on fire, were at all times in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

That is accurate as far as it goes, but it was more complicated than that. "I realized I was in serious trouble," Bush recalls, "when I saw the flames moving back along the crease in the wing, where it folds aboard ship. That's where the fuel tanks were. I figured, 'Well, I've just had this thing now.' . . . I couldn't see the instruments for the smoke. There was a procedure to get on the radio to notify any submarine in the area, or hope you're notifying them; you just go to a certain frequency. But I didn't know whether I was transmitting or not."

Milt Moore, directly behind Bush, says: "He got hit and went on in, smoking. I pulled up to him, then he lost power and I went sailing by him. My gunner was the only one who could see



George Bush was seventeen, a senior at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Here he poses for a rugby team photo; less than a week after graduation he was sworn

into the Navy.

behind us, and he called, 'Chutes!' "

After heading back out to sea, Bush leveled the plane to give his crew time to bail out. When Bush himself plunged over the side, he banged his head on the tail and jerked his parachute ripcord too soon. The chute caught on the tail, but by pure luck tore free. He fell, too fast. Although stunned by the blow to his head, he managed to slip his harness before he hit the water. The chute blew off toward the island. His seat-pack life raft had fallen free. When a Hellcat swooped and drew his attention to the raft, he swam for it. After pulling himself aboard, his first reflex was to check his pistol. "I pulled that thing out to see if it was working. I didn't know what in hell I was going to do with it."

He did not know that the Japanese had put out two boats from shore, less than two miles away, and were heading out to pick him up. Don Melvin and Milt Moore flew overhead briefly, but after radioing Bush's position moved off so they would not give it away to the watching enemy. Doug West, the fourth Avenger pilot, and some of the escorting Hellcats strafed the Japanese boats and drove them away. Then it was Bush, alone, on the ocean.

He paddled steadily with his hands to keep the raft away from the enemy island. He worked at it an hour, two hours—sick, fatigued, vomiting. He grieved, wondering what had happened to his crewmen. "It seemed . . . just the end of the world," he recalls. He wondered whether he or his men would ever be found.

And then, out of the depths, barely 100 yards away, poked a periscope, followed by a shiny black tower. For a moment Bush feared it was Japanese. Then suddenly there was a hull, and American sailors running on the submarine's deck. Within minutes he was aboard, and then the ship slid silently back below.

Only then, aboard the USS *Finback*, did Bush learn that only one other parachute had emerged from his plane—and that it had streamed out, never opening. The third crewman had gone into the sea with the plane. Whether this crewman was hit by gunfire and unable to get out, Bush still does not know. He still does not know whether it was family friend Ted White or radioman John Delaney whose parachute never opened.

He did not learn till much later that Japanese officers on Chichi-jima were accused in postwar trials of executing American fliers captured in the Bonin Islands and even of practicing cannibalism on them. *Life* magazine reported after the armistice that the tribunal was told that US airmen were clubbed, bayoneted, and beheaded, that their livers were served in sukiyaki and strips of their flesh used to flavor soup.

Bush can joke now that, skinny as he was then, he would have made no more than an hors d'oeuvre. But there was no joking then. His joy over being picked up faded when he realized that he was going to learn something new about the war. The *Finback* was beginning an extended combat patrol in enemy waters.

Aviator Bush had many hours of combat experience—before the war was over he would log 1,228 hours of flying time, 126 carrier landings, 58 combat missions—but he was not trained for the claustrophobic life of the submariner.

"We got depth-charged; we got bombed by a Nell bomber while we were running on the surface," he recalls. "We sank a lot of enemy tonnage, and the skipper got a Silver Star for the sub's performance on that patrol. But that depth-charging got to me. It just shook the boat, you know, and those guys would say, 'Oh, that wasn't close.' It didn't bother them, but it bothered me.

"It was funny; they'd say it must be awful flying a plane, but I thought it was awful just sitting in this one place. On a plane you can do something, move the stick, but down there. . . .

"They were all doing something, running around to battle stations. It was a team; everybody had something to do, but I didn't." Living at close quarters, wanting to feel a part of the team, he volunteered for the duty of censoring outgoing mail. "You were together and shared the other fellow's joys and sor-

rows, you saw what the crewmen were thinking. Human friendships came through. That's always been important to me, making and keeping friends, understanding people. It was all put in bright colors by that experience."

Bush also took his turn standing watch—at night, when the sub ran quietly on the surface to recharge its batteries. He says one of the most vivid recollections of his life is of standing watch on the conning tower. "The stars were so close you could just touch them, the sky was so clear, and the waves breaking over the bow of that sub. . . ."

It was there that he had time to think. And it was there, during those long hours of Pacific darkness, that twenty-year-old George Bush first got a bearing on his own place beneath the stars.

Now, after two decades as politician and diplomat, he can elaborate fluently on strategic-arms policy and tax reform, but he still has trouble spelling out things so intensely personal. Prodded about it, he muses, groping: "It was a maturing experience. . . . Things just took on a better perspective. There never was any question for me about why are we doing this; there was never any doubt about our cause in the war. All that was crystal-clear.

"But I had vivid recollections about what my mother and dad meant to me, and Barbara. We were engaged at the time. I thought about the people around me, the differences in our experiences, our backgrounds. There wasn't a sudden revelation of what I wanted to do with the rest of my life, but there was an awakening.

"There's no question that underlying all that were my own religious beliefs," he says. "In my own view there's got to be some kind of destiny or something, [and] I'm being spared for something on earth. . . . We hear about foxhole Christians and praying, but there's no question that I was thanking the Lord for saving my life out there. It's all mixed in."

Mixed in, too, were nights below deck when he dreamed about being shot down again, woke up in fear that his plane was blazing around him. This went on for weeks, and then the battered submarine returned triumphantly to Pearl Harbor. Bush had the option of rotating home after his experience, but after a rest-and-recuperation break in Hawaii he chose to island-hop back to Guam and then fly southwest to the fleet anchorage at Ulithi, rejoining his comrades aboard the *San Jacinto* eight weeks from the day he was shot down.

Subsequently, he flew bombing strikes with VT-51 against enemy shipping in Manila Bay and land targets in the Philippines. And then, just before



George Bush's homecoming was joyful for more reasons than survival: He and Barbara Pierce, daughter of the publisher of *McCall's* magazine, were married in Rye, New York. Bush wore his blue uniform and wings.

Christmas, he was ordered back to the States.

The Christmas season of 1944 was one of the most sentimental times in American history. People were not ashamed to show emotions. Strangers could act as if they loved each other. Popular songs like "Sentimental Journey" and "I'll Walk Alone" said what people thought. It was in December of '44 that orchestra leader Glenn Miller, traveling in a small plane from England en route to France, disappeared without a trace. December saw the Germans launch the Battle of the Bulge. Telegrams with news of the killed and missing in action poured into American homes. The end of the war seemed far away.

To all this George Bush now returned, leapfrogging back across the Pacific, across the country to Connecticut. He arrived home on Christmas Eve. He still gets a bit misty remembering it. "There was just joy, the combination of Christmas plus all that had happened. There were a lot of tears, and a lot of hugging"—and for further good reason. He and Barbara Pierce, daughter of the publisher of *McCall's* magazine, were married on that home leave. His wingman, Milt Moore, was there as a groomsman. Bush wore his blue uniform and wings and stood beside the dark-haired, elegantly gowned Barbara at the First Presbyterian Church in her hometown of Rye, New York.

Now they were a Navy couple, like millions of other service couples dragging themselves on and off trains and

buses across America. Bush was sent to Florida, then Michigan, retraining for assignment to another carrier for the final assault on Japan. Leaving Michigan, he bought his first car, a 1940 Plymouth.

He left the Naval Auxiliary Airfield in Lewiston, Maine, a few days before the war in Europe ended. He remembers little about that day except "feeling relief that the killing in Europe was over. But my war was still very active, and I expected to go back to the Pacific."

Although eager for an end to the war, the whole country dreaded what was yet to come, the final assault on Japan. But before Bush received orders to return to combat, atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. On V-J Day, he and Barbara were at Virginia Beach, where he was flying out of Oceana Naval Air Station. After Harry Truman's announcement at 7 in the evening, they joined the thousands of sailors and girls who streamed into the streets of Virginia Beach, partying unto exhaustion.

"It was unbelievable joy, rejoicing with our fellow pilots down the street, with this tremendous outpouring of emotion. We were free to live normal lives. The killing would be stopped—nine or ten of the fourteen original pilots of our squadron had been lost. . . .

"I remember laughing, yelling—crying, too. The impact of the announcement was unbelievable. We jumped and yelled and cried like kids. We were kids—seasoned by war, but kids."

After the first burst of joy, the Bushes went to church before returning home to bed. It had been a serious war. □

Born June 1924
20



Forward march. Gen. Colin Powell rides taller as he reviews the troops at Fort McPherson, Ga., his command before his new job

Breaking barriers in the barracks

A black man and a white woman show that the armed forces still lead the pack in promoting social change

When it comes to social progress, the warrior-dominated, tradition-oriented, rigidly ruled armed services are among the best places to find enlightenment. That was dramatically demonstrated last week when a black man and a white woman were appointed to high-prestige, high-visibility posts never held before by persons of their race or gender. The black man is Army Gen. Colin Powell, a 52-year-old son of Jamaican immigrants who was named by President Bush to be the next chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the top job in the uniformed military. The white woman is Kristin Baker, a 20-year-old self-described "Army brat" who was chosen First Captain of the Corps of Cadets at West Point. Baker says that she was chosen to oversee her 4,400 fellow cadets purely for her abilities and by an Army that doesn't discriminate. "I really think it's an individual thing. A good woman is going to go places. Just as a good male is," she told *U.S. News*.

To many who serve in the military and study the institution, Baker's words ring true. But that was not always the case. Blacks held a disproportionate

share of the most dangerous and dirty jobs until President Harry Truman desegregated the armed forces in 1948. "Since that time, the opportunities for blacks in the military have been better than in civilian life," says David C. Ruffin of the Joint Center for Political Studies in Washington. "You could make general or admiral, whereas you couldn't rise to become CEO of a corporation."

Minority advancement has continued to grow steadily, especially since the Vietnam War. In 1969, only 2.1 percent of officers in all services were black. Ten years later, the proportion had doubled, and by 1989 it had tripled to 6.6 percent. While the representation of all minority races in the officer corps had risen to 11.2 percent. To be sure, reports of racist

incidents and harassment in the services still surface from time to time. And, notes Ruffin, "the promotion process is not totally free of racial subjectivity. But it's a lot less of a factor in the military."

A "sea change." Indeed, today, blacks hold more management positions in the military than they do in any other sector of American society. In the Army, long in the forefront of minority recruiting and advancement, blacks have risen from constituting 3.3 percent of the officer corps in 1968 to 10.7 percent last year—twice the proportion in the Air Force and Marines and three times that of the Navy. Eighteen years ago, there were only two black generals. Now, there are 37. "It's really been a sea change since the days when I came in," Powell said recently. But it may

well be the enlisted ranks that have provided the biggest lift for minorities and the underprivileged. The chance for a steady job, generous health and education benefits and the opportunity to compete fairly and command others regardless of race have given many minority youngsters the self-respect they could not find in the outside world.

Powell knew this when he left his South Bronx melting-pot neighborhood in 1958 to join the Army.



Captain their captain. Kristin Baker leads at West Point

A criminal lack of common sense

The life story of Warren Bland is one of those tales evenly divided between the viciousness of the criminal and the folly of the criminal-justice system. Consider this career:

In 1958, Bland stuck a knife in the stomach of a man in a Los Angeles bar and got off with probation. In 1960, he was arrested in a series of sexual assaults on women in Los Angeles County. Three women fought back and avoided rape. One had her jaw broken in the process. Originally charged with one rape, three attempted rapes, a kidnapping and a robbery, he plea-bargained down to one rape and one kidnapping and was sent to a state mental hospital under the state's "mentally disordered sex offender" program, which has since been abandoned. The hospital warned that Bland was a sexual psychopath who would be "assaultive and/or homicidal toward women" if released.

For seven years, Bland was studied, interviewed, counseled, psychoanalyzed and "treated." In the process, the hospital disregarded its own warning. Always expert at simulating rehabilitation, Bland was hailed in a probation report for his "complete change and attitude toward his problem," and the hospital set him free.

Within months, he was back at his chosen life's work, violent sexual attacks. He was convicted of two more rapes. At his sentencing, another dark report announced that Bland was "clearly a dangerous individual who warrants segregation from society for the longest time that is possible under existing laws."

Existing laws being what they are, Bland served just seven years. Shortly after his release, he kidnapped an 11-year-old girl and her mother. The mother was molested. The girl was sexually assaulted and tortured.

In yet another of those compassionate criminal-justice breaks that kept coming his way, Bland plea-bargained and served only three years for those crimes. The crimes were growing more violent; the jail terms were getting shorter.

Lethal habits. Eight months after his release, Bland was back in jail, this time for sodomizing and torturing a small boy. At this point, in any sensible society, Bland would have been tossed into a dungeon for the rest of his life, but in California he plea-bargained for 9 years and served only 4½ years.

Bland got out again in early 1986. In December, Phoebe Ho, age 7, disappeared while walking to school in South Pasadena. She was found dead in a ditch in Riverside County, mutilated with the kind of instruments Bland had used before. A 14-year-old girl in Orange County died the same way, and an 81-year-old San Diego woman was found bound, nude and choked to death, with Bland as the chief suspect.

Sought in the Ho murder, Bland fled and was found by police—working under an alias in a McDonald's in Pacific Beach. He was wounded in the buttocks while trying to escape. In his car, police found a gun and

BY JOHN LEO

evidence linking him to Ho. He was charged with her murder.

Enter the Feds. Larry Burns, an assistant U.S. Attorney in San Diego, filed federal charges against Bland under the Armed Career Criminal Act, the brainchild of Senator Arlen Specter (R-Pa.). This fairly new, fairly obscure legislation was passed in 1984. As originally written, it provided that anyone caught with a gun after three burglaries or robbery felonies will go to jail for a minimum of 15 years to a maximum of life imprisonment, with no possibility of parole. The act was amended and enlarged in 1986 to apply to anyone who had committed three crimes of violence or serious drug offenses.

In his brief to the court, Burns noted dryly that "a public perception has arisen, in California in particular, that the stewards of our criminal-justice system have

failed to come to grips in a realistic and common-sense manner with the mounting crime wave." This is lawyerly understatement. What he might have said is that the state of California botched the Bland case for three decades and is implicated by its incompetence in the savage murder of little Phoebe Ho. It has known for 29 years that Bland is a violent sexual psychopath, yet it let him go five times.

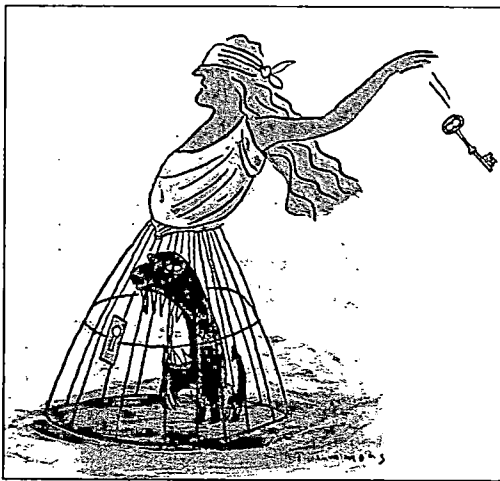
This casual approach did not end with Bland's latest arrest in Pacific Beach. Nearly three years after Ho's death, the Riverside County prosecutor still has not managed to hold even a preliminary hearing in the case. If it

continues at its current pace, the case could easily drag on for another three to five years.

As Burns notes, if the criminal-justice system fails to protect the citizens, the public will lose confidence and turn to vigilantism. Yes. And if the nation is serious about crime, it will not release sexual monsters like Bland every few years and simply let victims pay the price for the next brief round of confinement.

The lack of seriousness about violence was the real source of the outrage over Willie Horton, just as it was in the outrage over the misguided policies at the Patuxent Institution in Maryland, where a triple-murderer serving a life sentence was allowed unsupervised furloughs. The Patuxent program is being revamped, a straw in the wind. Another such straw is the announcement by New York Governor Mario Cuomo that he now favors a lifetime sentence without parole for some hardened criminals, a position he adopted when opponents of his seventh annual veto of the death penalty appeared to have enough votes to override.

The Armed Career Criminal Act also fits this new realism. Under this act, it took only 30 minutes in court for Larry Burns to accomplish what the state of California failed to do for 30 years—take Bland off the streets permanently. With no fanfare at all, the sentencing came last week. Warren Bland will stay in federal prison for the rest of his life. ■



BONNIE TIMMONS FOR USNEWS

Essay

Charles Krauthammer

How the War Can Change America

In the great debate leading up to the gulf war, the real issue was whether this fight was about Kuwait or about Iraq. For those who opposed the war, it was about Kuwait—and restoring the Emir to his throne, as many Senators argued, is not exactly the stuff that moral crusades are made of. For those prepared to risk war, the real issue at stake was Iraq. It was not that one small innocent country had been violated but that one large criminal country was on the march and had to be stopped.

That is how the issue looked until Jan. 16. But war is an exercise in surprise, and the real surprise of this one may be that it was not about Kuwait, not about Iraq, not even about the future of the Middle East, however much all of these will be shaped by the outcome. It may turn out to have been a war about America.

Except for revolution, nothing changes a country more than war. Indeed, the very definition of a people often revolves around a reference to war. We speak of the antebellum South, prewar Germany, post-Vietnam America. If the war in the gulf ends the way it began—with a dazzling display of American technological superiority, individual grit and, most unexpectedly for Saddam, national resolve—we will no longer speak of post-Vietnam America. A new, post-gulf America will emerge, its self-image, sense of history, even its political discourse transformed.

The most extreme example of such a transformative war is the Six-Day War. It changed Israel from a weak, marginal refuge for refugees, clinging to the shores of the Mediterranean, to the very symbol of self-reliance, power and valor. (An image subsequently transformed, of course, by ensuing violent upheavals, namely the Yom Kippur War, Lebanon and the *intifadeh*.) It is too early to assume that America will enjoy a similar triumph in the gulf war. But if this war should conclude half as decisively as the Six-Day War, America will not be the same.

The cliché that generals are always fighting the last war is far less true than the notion that a nation is always reliving it. Great wars define the psyche and sensibilities of a people for decades—until the next one rewrites memories and reshapes character. The legacy of World War I defined the Western peoples for 20 years. The sense of order, optimism and patriotism that marked the Edwardian age died in the trenches of Verdun. In their place arose the pacifism, the nihilism, the psychic cubism of the '20s and '30s.

These were in turn overthrown by World War II, which, in America in particular, produced a hunger for normalcy in domestic life and a self-confident sense of mission (captured by J.F.K.'s "We shall bear any burden" Inaugural Address) in international life. The long twilight struggle of the cold war could have been sustained only by a people that had lived through World War II.

Then came Vietnam. The residue of World War II was Bretton Woods, NATO, the free world. All that is left of Vietnam is the Vietnam Memorial. The confidence in America's right and trust in America's power that were the legacy of World War II collapsed in the face of ambiguity and defeat in

Vietnam. Vietnam became a metaphor for futility, a symptom of the corrosion and corruption of the American dream. The notion of American decline, prefigured in Jimmy Carter's idea of national limits, could exist only in a people still demoralized by defeat in Vietnam.

Vietnam was not just a feeling. It became an argument. It became the touchstone of every subsequent national debate: Lebanon, Panama and, most recently, the gulf. The subtext of every debate became, Is this or is this not another Vietnam? Indeed, in order to take the country with him into the gulf, President Bush had to promise explicitly that "this will not be another Vietnam." If the gulf war turns out well, such assurances will no longer be necessary. Vietnam will be retired as the defining American experience of this age.

What is at stake in the gulf war is the Vietnam legacy, whether it should be seen as a historical aberration or the historical norm. In Vietnam, was America defeated by a constellation of contingencies, or was character destiny? Did it succumb to an unfavorable local topography (that neutralized American technological superiority), a misapprehension of the enemy and an undermining cultural revolution at home? Or did it succumb to itself, to overweening ambition and moral blindness, to a refusal to acknowledge its own mortality and limits?

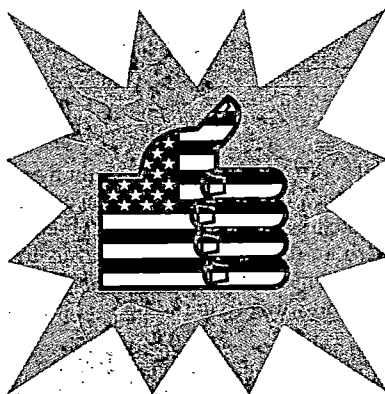
For 20 years this debate has been replayed endlessly, often in microcosm. Take the most recent gulf debate about America's forte, air power. In Congress one heard time and again that air power cannot win wars: Vietnam proved that.

Did it, or did it prove that air power cannot win wars in dense jungle against irregular units on bicycles? In the next such debate about the adequacy of air power, the "lessons of the gulf" will be the new reference point.

The larger question, of course, is the adequacy—moral, material and martial—of America. A month ago, conventional wisdom had the U.S. being overtaken as a great power by Japan. Perhaps. But is making a superior Walkman a better index of technological sophistication than making laser bombs that enter hangars through the front door? Is a nation's ability to make VCRs a better index of power than the ability to defeat aggression?

A post-gulf America might see its economic problems in perspective: not as a metaphor for corruption and decline, not as an indictment of a society's health and vitality, not as a crisis of the soul but simply as economic problems—a product of mistaken policies and misaligned resources. A post-gulf America might even see itself in perspective: as the planet's dominant power, afflicted with problems but able nonetheless, by prodigious acts of will, to turn history.

Of course, if the war turns out badly, this new American self-image will turn into a desert mirage. And a historic opportunity for the self-transformation of America will have been missed. Even if the war does turn out well, the postwar euphoria will eventually fade too. But it will leave something behind: a renewed America, self-confident and assured. That was the legacy of the last good war, World War II, a legacy lost in the jungles of Vietnam. ■



WHAT BUSH COULD SAY TO US

To: The President

From: Chief speechwriter

You asked me how you might respond to the confusion over our aims in the Gulf. Here is a draft of the key points you might now make to the American people.

I speak to you tonight not about war, but about peace. Thousands of you yearn for the return of your loved ones from the desert. Some of you may wonder how I can talk about peace when as Commander in Chief I have increased our forces in the Gulf. Many people have said this must mean that we are intent on war. But we are doing what we said we would do when Saddam Hussein first seized Kuwait, and when the overwhelming reaction of Americans was that something had to be done. We are making it clear we mean business, that the moral outrage of the world is not hot air.

We have sought peace for four months. The message of the reinforcements is first to the Iraqi military men who have so far done the bidding of their master. They will know what we can do, if the occasion arises, with our increased power. They have a duty to their soldiers and to their countrymen not to risk them in a gamble by a greedy, ambitious man who has blundered in his attempt to defy the civilized world. So we are providing yet another chance for peace.

The United States has worked with the United Nations for justice in the Gulf, for it is an international as well as a national interest—for reasons I will set out. We are especially heartened by the response of an old adversary, the Soviet Union. We have supported the efforts of President Gorbachev's special envoy Yevgeny Primakov, Saddam Hussein's longtime friend and patron. But Mr. Primakov has just returned from yet another visit to Iraq. And Saddam Hussein, despite Mr. Primakov's blunt but sympathetic entreaties, is still in Kuwait, terrorizing its population. He is still seeking a solution that will leave him a victor. He is still armed to the teeth. Still able to menace his neighbors, including a restored Kuwait. Still determined to embroil them all in the destruction of the democratic state of Israel.

None of these "solutions" is acceptable to the United

States and its many allies. It was right to send a clear signal by the use of sanctions. But how long shall we wait when that signal and every effort by Arab intermediaries and others is ignored? Another four months? Six months? A year? It is not a solution to prolong sanctions into some hazy future. Such a policy would punish the young, the old, the weak, the sick and the Kuwaitis more than it would punish the robber and his men. Delay does not buy peace. It buys fear—the fear that aggression has paid and will pay again.

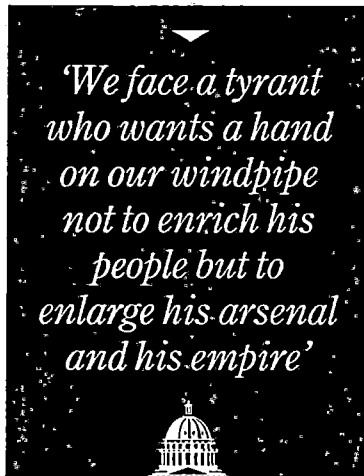
Our aims are both moral and material, just as they were in World War II. We fought then for survival, for civilized values. It is said that we are in the Gulf simply to secure access to cheap oil. It is a half truth, the half acknowledged by Secretary of State Baker when he said the issue was "jobs." Yes, we have a material interest in securing oil at reasonable prices. But the issue is much more than jobs. The West did not go to war when OPEC quadrupled oil prices in 1973 or more than doubled them in 1979, costing millions of jobs. Nobody would have talked of war had OPEC, by peaceful means, raised oil by \$15 a barrel in 1990.

But what we face today is not a tough bargainer. We face a tyrant who wants a hand on our windpipe, not to enrich his people and to help poorer countries but to enlarge his arsenal and his empire. He would use them to acquire

deadlier weapons, including a nuclear missile. Would that be a just peace? He would be able to intimidate or destabilize the whole region. Would that be a just peace? I believe him when he says "the seizing of Kuwait is but the first step in erasing the artificial post-imperial frontiers of the Middle East." Would that be a just peace?

So we are engaged not simply in rebuffing a simple act of aggression but in a long-term challenge to our societies, to our children. It is not a threat that will go away if Saddam Hussein retreats into Iraq with his war machine intact. The British Prime Minister is right when she puts it as Winston Churchill might have put it: "You get him out. You make him pay and see that he is never in a position to do these things again."

Saddam Hussein has told his troops in Kuwait, "Bush can't do it." He is right. Bush cannot do it—alone. But the United Nations can do it. The American people can do it. And will. ■



FRANK NICH ON HOLLYWOODS SCHMUCKS

MAY 8, 1989

NEW REPP

Buying and Nothingness • Ed Koch Self-Destructs • A Poverty Program That Works

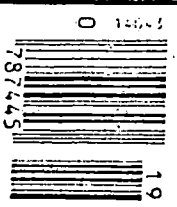
HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME

Plus: How George Bush
Ruined My Job—Fred Barnes



BUSH'S FIRST 100 DAYS

Hendrik Hertzberg
Henry Fairlie
Morton Kondracke



readers that "if you're not approved" for registration, "your gun becomes contraband and you become subject to federal felony prosecution." Yes, if you've ever been convicted of a felony or treated for drug addiction or mental illness, you probably should take the NRA's advice and "act before you become a criminal" (or at least even more of one). Never mind the facts, though. As of this writing, the NRA's ad campaign has succeeded in whipping up enough hysteria to pressure Metzenbaum to weaken his bill significantly. It now exempts current owners of AK-47s and other assault rifles from the registration procedures, and settles for merely stopping their proliferation. That's a small step, but a worthwhile one.

STAR WARS:

Gorbachev upstaged and outshouted by Castro during Cuban visit

—*The (Raleigh) News and Observer*, April 7

New star Gorbachev steals Castro's show

—same paper, same day
(thanks to David S. Fischler, Faison, North Carolina)

SPLIT DECISION:

Bush and Mubarak agree on need for wide approach

—*London Independent*, April 4

Bush and Mubarak Split on Peace Talks

—*International Herald Tribune*, same day

THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAL:

ENOUGH ALREADY

"Kinder and gentler"-ing of anything and everything by everyone these days. We know what the President meant. And he means it.

—*Forbes*, April 17, page 21

Has a kinder, gentler spirit suddenly possessed the folks at 11th and Constitution Avenue?

—same issue, page 104
(thanks to Marc Glenetto, Sea Cliff, New York)

MY BROTHER, MY KEEPER: The Israeli security zone in southern Lebanon, a swath of territory roughly five miles in depth, was intended by the Jerusalem government to provide a margin of safety against bombardment and random terror for the population of northern Israel. Right now it is also providing safety for more than 20,000 Lebanese refugees from the fratricidal Arab wars in and around Beirut.

Most American media have seen fit to ignore this phenomenon, as well as the irony that the uprooted and besieged people seeking refuge under Israel's protection are Muslims. The Christian population of East Beirut is ringed by Muslim militias and the Syrian army, and is locked into a cordon of death and destruction. But the Christian forces are also raining indiscriminate devastation on their Muslim neighbors. A "CBS Evening News" telecast of April 18 focused on the helpless rage of one innocent victim, a Muslim woman in West Beirut. She was screaming her cry of the heart in Arabic, of course, and the network's correspondent did not (and perhaps could not) translate her message: "*Hatta al'israeliyya ma amlu fina hik.*" Here's the translation CBS didn't provide: "Even the Israelis have never done this to us."

WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE: When Father Timothy Healy of Georgetown University was appointed president of the New York Public Library, he was quickly attacked by such luminaries of the high culture as Gay Talese for having insufficient credentials as an intellectual and civil libertarian. In fact, these attacks have little to do with Healy's own record, with the position of the Jesuit order, or with the present-day historic transformation of the Catholic Church itself. Rather, they seem to be one of those recurrent instances of know-nothing anti-Catholicism, once known, and justifiably so, as the anti-Semitism of the liberals.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HARDSHIP POST

By Fred Barnes

Roger Ailes, President Bush's media consultant, has an "orchestra pit theory" of what gets covered by the press. "If you have two guys and one's got a solution to the Middle East and the other guy falls in the orchestra pit, who do you think's going to make the evening news and the front page of newspapers all over the country?" The klutz who hurtles into the orchestra pit, that's who. On the basis of his first 100 days as president, that guy isn't Bush.

This is deeply disappointing to reporters. Sure, Bush has made a mistake or two. He let a nutty idea about charging a fee on bank deposits leak, and he invited a Chinese dissident to a barbecue at the American Embassy in Peking, only to have Chinese officials seize the fellow before he got there. But the blunders weren't world-class. They didn't linger as stories day after day. What's worse for reporters, Bush has a dirty little secret. He doesn't have terribly newsworthy ideas about the Middle East, or anything else, either. Au contraire. The

Bush White House is becoming the dry hole of Washington journalism.

This hasn't made my life any easier. Most weeks I write under the banner "White House Watch," and these days there's not as much worth watching as I'd come to expect after LBJ, Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan. There's no drama or tension; there are puppies. At first I managed well enough. In February I wrote a story saying that Bush lacked an agenda. He'd settled on "themes" for each week—education week, invest in our children week, drug-free America week. Fine. Then the ugly truth dawned on me: once you've written the "no agenda" story, you have to spend the next four years (maybe eight) living it.

A few weeks later I embroidered on the "no agenda" idea by labeling Bush a "caretaker president"—not a bad thing for the nation, necessarily, but death for the press corps. That amounted to coping with the absence of a gripping story line in the Bush presidency by writing about the absence of a gripping story line. For that matter, that's what this story amounts to. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this up. And if it's bad for me, think of the poor TV reporters who struggle vainly to get on the half-hour network news shows.

Bush couldn't be happier with the White House as a hardship post for journalists. He's the least interesting person to be president since Calvin Coolidge, and he's adjusted his media style accordingly. He's not magnetic, eloquent, driven, ideological, zany, vindictive, unprepared, neurotic, quarrelsome, testy, cracked, or funny. So why flaunt what you haven't got? Bush doesn't. Ailes, refining his theory, says the press is interested in three things: mistakes, attacks, and pictures. Mistakes are what Bush strives to avoid. Attacks are banned because there's only one real target for them, Congress, and Bush's tack is to love-bomb Capitol Hill and make accommodations. Reporters hate this. "Accommodations are boring," says Brit Hume, the White House correspondent for ABC News. That leaves pictures—television. Bush has decided to stay off the tube as much as possible because he just doesn't come off well. He lacks what a White House official calls "visual impact," which was Ronald Reagan's strength. Bush figures he comes across better in print.

Television has gotten the message. In the post-inaugural days of January, Bush-related stories averaged eight minutes, 45 seconds on the three network evening news shows. In February it dipped to six minutes, six seconds. In March to five minutes, 25 seconds. "He's down to just over one story a night," says Robert Lichter, whose Center for Media and Public Affairs tracks the TV shows. "And a lot of those are ones in which he's responding—to the oil spill, automatic rifles." Both Carter and Reagan got more airtime. In the first 60 days of Carter's presidency, the network news shows spent 520 minutes on him, 832 minutes on his administration. For Reagan in the comparable period, it was 399 minutes for himself, 1,030 for his administration. For Bush, it's a measly 265 and 505.

A pleasant consequence of media inattention for

Bush is that jokes about him, once a staple for Johnny Carson and Jay Leno, are disappearing. Carson's last good shot was on March 17. "You don't see [Bush] much on television," Carson deadpanned. "I think he's getting desperate. I was watching 'Hollywood Squares' earlier today, and . . ." Leno took note on March 30 that Bush had visited Madison High School in Vienna, Virginia. "He spoke to the students about the importance of education, and he gave them a dramatic demonstration," Leno said. "He said if you studied hard and got good grades, you could grow up to be president of the United States. But if you didn't study and you goofed off—well, Dan, you wanna come in here, please."

Bush is a dazzling performer with small, private groups. But that doesn't do reporters any good because they aren't around. He invited Representatives Newt Gingrich, the new House Republican whip, and Vin Weber for a chat in his private office in the White House living quarters on April 11. They drank beer. Afterward, he gave them a tour of the bedrooms, a viewing of his dogs, a chance to greet Barbara Bush, and a few moments on the Truman Balcony overlooking the South Lawn. They were mesmerized, but reporters didn't even know the president had invited them. Bush did well a week later in wooing AFL-CIO building and construction trades officials with a speech in Washington. He spoke chiefly to the labor leaders on the dais ("dias" he called it). Reporters covered the speech, but there was nothing fresh or of interest to the general public in his remarks—no news. That didn't matter to Bush. The ostensible reason for the speech, ingratiating himself with AFL-CIO honchos, was the real reason.

For Reagan, speeches were a chance to reach the American people and make news. So were responses to questions at photo opportunities and press conferences. Bush practically never addresses the American people. He won't answer questions at photo ops, and he's yet to conduct a prime-time session with the press. Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater insists Bush will soon give a TV speech to the nation and also have a nighttime press conference, but don't hold your breath. Summoning the American people to action is not Bush's forte. "I'm not Ronald Reagan," he declared at a staff meeting. "I couldn't be if I wanted to. There's only one Ronald Reagan." Nobody argued the point with Bush. In his speeches, Reagan stressed soaring rhetoric. "Bush isn't comfortable with that," says a speechwriter. He likes speeches that are "unadorned, plain, unembellished." And that's what he gets from his speechwriters, flat speeches.

When a speech text is distributed at the White House, panic erupts. Reporters madly hunt for a lead, a new twist on a running story, a zippy quote. More often than not, they come up empty-handed. That means no story, the journalistic equivalent of capital punishment. Richard Nixon never did this to reporters. He required speechwriters to attach a cover letter to a speech they'd drafted. In the letter, they listed three potential leads and the three most quotable quotes from the text. The high school speech Bush gave on April 13 in Union,

New Jersey, wouldn't have passed the one lead, one quote test. The *New York Times* story began by quoting a placard in the crowd ("President Bush. Read my lips. Don't nickel-and-dime education"), not Bush. According to the White House news summary, the *Washington Post* ignored the story, as did two TV networks. Peter Jennings on ABC-TV kissed off the speech in a single sentence.

Bush's public appearances are frequently unconnected to anything that's happening in the world, which diminishes their news value. In late March the White House was looking for ways to play up the president's education proposals. That's when Bush was booked at Madison High, which isn't a merit school or a magnet school or anything else the president is promoting. So why'd he go there? The son of Stephen Studdert, Bush's assistant for "special activities and initiatives," is a Madison student. Even Bush expressed doubt about the visit. But he went anyway and ate a lunch of pizza, french fries, and milk at the school and talked to students in the library. Again, TV coverage was skimpy, which was good for Bush. He was goofy. He talked about his travels, and said, "Who knows where we'll be next week?" He asked how many students "do the computer stuff?" He mentioned "automated" weapons when he meant "automatic."

No coverage, or limited coverage, is good coverage at the Bush White House. Bush and his aides would rather have the American people see Bush in 30-second sound bites. He's better in small doses. He's good at small press conferences, especially when there are few TV cameras in the room. Fitzwater plans to schedule more Q-and-A sessions with two or three reporters. With no cameras around, Bush got off several snappy jokes at the Gridiron Club dinner on April 1. "People say I'm indecisive, but I don't know about that," he said. "Let's face it," he confessed, "if I was funnier than Ronald Reagan, I would have won in 1980. And he'd be up here tonight trying to laugh away the Bush deficit."

Fitzwater, for one, takes Bush's extraordinary showing in polls as proof the president is getting all the press attention he needs. In April, the *Washington Post* put Bush's favorable rating at 71 percent, against Reagan's 62 percent at a comparable period in 1981. Gallup in late February had Bush at 63 percent, eight points higher than Reagan. Other Bush advisers fear it's risky to anger the TV networks by giving them so little to cover. "Bush places theatricality at a minimum," says a Bush speechwriter admiringly. But Ailes, who talks to Bush twice a week and sat at his table at the state dinner for Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak, thinks the president could use a bit more of stagecraft.

On March 22 Bush went to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for a meeting in an old schoolroom with Amish and Mennonite community leaders. They were dressed in their quaint clothes. It was a well-planned ceremonial event, the best visual of Bush's presidency aside from his throwing out the first ball on Opening Day in Baltimore ten days later. Trouble was, TV cameras weren't allowed. The Amish and Mennonites didn't want them, and Bush went along willingly. If Ailes had been there, he'd have cried.

The Bush approach to foreign policy.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

By Morton M. Kondracke

In spite of criticism from Congress, allies, Soviets, and the press that the Bush administration is visionless and overly cautious in foreign policy, creative action has taken place on a number of fronts during Bush's first 90-odd days in office. More is promised when Secretary of State James Baker goes to Moscow in early May, possibly including the scheduling of a Bush-Gorbachev summit this fall and the resumption of strategic arms talks. And in late May, probably in Germany, Bush is expected to deliver a major speech setting forth an American vision of Europe's future to compete with Gorbachev's concept of a "common European home" that extends from the Urals to the Atlantic and leaves the United States (not accidentally) out.

One idea being worked on by Bush aides has real promise. It is to declare that Gorbachev's "house of Europe" vision is too narrowly geographic, to hold up instead the "community of values" or "House of Freedom" already inhabited by Western Europe and the United States—in fact, by free nations everywhere—and to invite Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union to join. The price of admission for them would be to establish (on a permanent, legally codified basis) the kind of free institutions that now exist in the West and are responsible for its prosperity and relative tranquillity: contested elections, an uncensored press, market economics, independent trade unions, unhindered travel and immigration, an independent judiciary, and free-flowing information.

Whether or not he puts it this way (and, probably, he won't), Bush would be calling for a community of freedom that extends not just from the Atlantic to the Urals, but from the Pacific to the Pacific—from Kamchatka in the Soviet Far East to Leningrad, across Eastern Europe to Berlin, across Western Europe to Dublin, across the Atlantic and across the American continent to San Francisco. For that matter, it would include Japan, much of Latin America—and any other country that wanted to join.

In this or another speech to be delivered on his trip to celebrate the 40th anniversary of NATO, aides say, Bush will probably also call for an end to the Soviet-imposed division of Europe that made NATO's formation necessary in the first place. That is, he'd repeat earlier calls for tearing down the Berlin Wall, permitting self-determination for Eastern Europe, and renouncing the Brezhnev Doctrine—but put them in a larger context. "The cold war started with the division of Europe," one administration official said. "The way to really end it is to eliminate the cause."

A SPORTSMAN *Born and Bred*

ENRICO FERRELLI





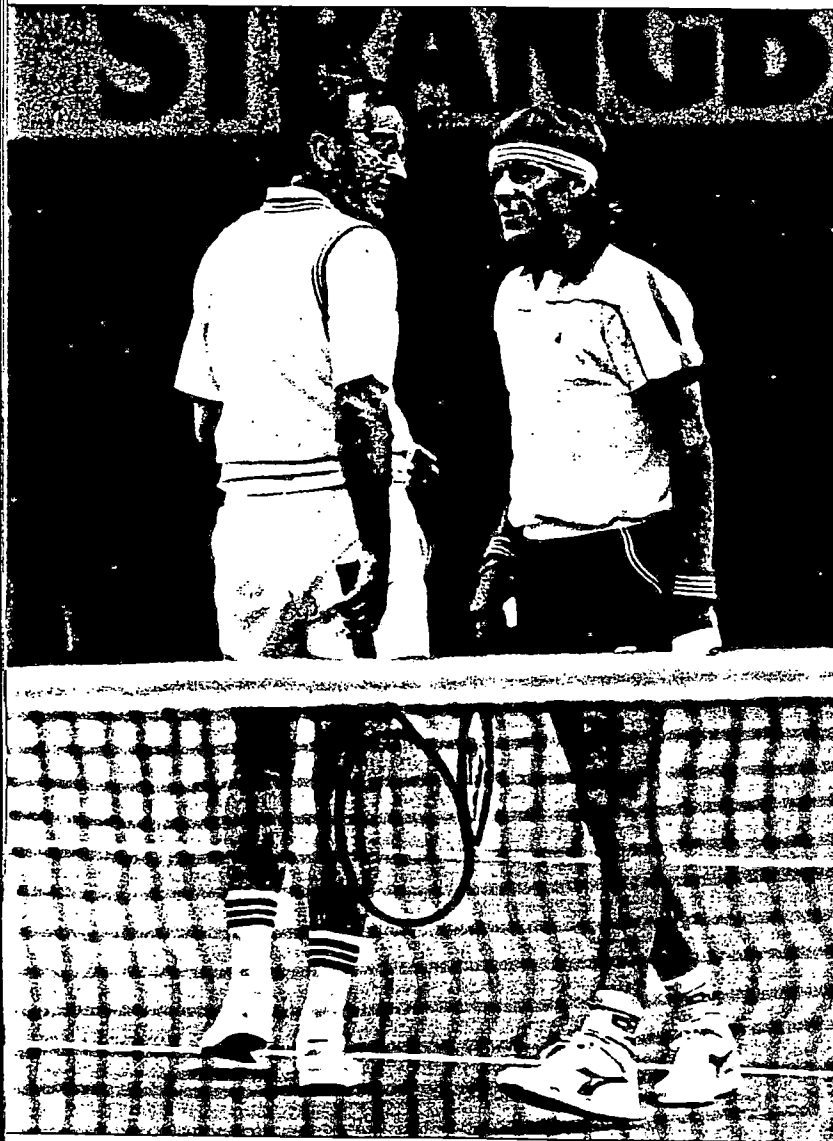
MAN *Bred*

AFTER PITCHING A RINGER IN
NOVEMBER'S ELECTION,
GEORGE BUSH WILL BRING TO
THE WHITE HOUSE A
RICH ATHLETIC HERITAGE.



BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

Thomas Jefferson would not understand. He once wrote:



"Games played with the ball . . . are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind." Of course, Jefferson could not have anticipated the gentleman coming into the White House this January. Besides being an avid fisherman and bird shot and having wrestled during his Navy days, George Bush has played soccer, tennis, baseball, squash, golf and, most recently, horseshoes (*see box, page 146*)—all with considerable skill and, above all, enormous enthusiasm.

Many of our Presidents have had athletic specialties. Abraham Lincoln was described by one historian as "hard as nails, a good horseman, swimmer, crowbar heaver, and master jumper." He reportedly could hold a heavy ax out at arm's length for an astonishing length of time, which he did as a kind of parlor trick. Teddy Roosevelt enjoyed hunting and collecting game, and came back from one of his African safaris with some 4,800 hides, heads and horns. Harry Truman, who was ambidextrous, pitched horseshoes lefthanded and threw out Opening Day baseballs righthanded one year, lefthanded the next—with the puzzling explanation that it was for the benefit of photographers. The Kennedy era is often remembered for its touch football games, though JFK himself, because he had a bad back, was restricted to sailing and an occasional game of tennis or golf.

Nixon enjoyed bowling on the lanes in the basement of the Executive Office Building, very often alone, in shirt and tie, watched by a coterie of Secret Service men. He once rolled 20 games in a row; his average score was 152, and his high game was a formidable 232. Gerald Ford's game was golf, and his rounds were distinguished by errant shots, which more than once conked a spectator. Bob Hope has remarked that his partners in his favorite foursome were Ford, a faith-healer and a paramedic. Jimmy Carter jogged, played softball and tennis, fished and hunted quail. Ronald Reagan rides horses, and was miffed when he discovered that the riding trails at Camp David had been paved over during the Nixon Administration.

★

IN '83, BORG PLAYED DOUBLES WITH THE VEEP



DAVE VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE

WHETHER HOOKING A HOOP OR A FISH, THE BUSH FAMILY MAINTAINS A STRONG SPORTING TRADITION

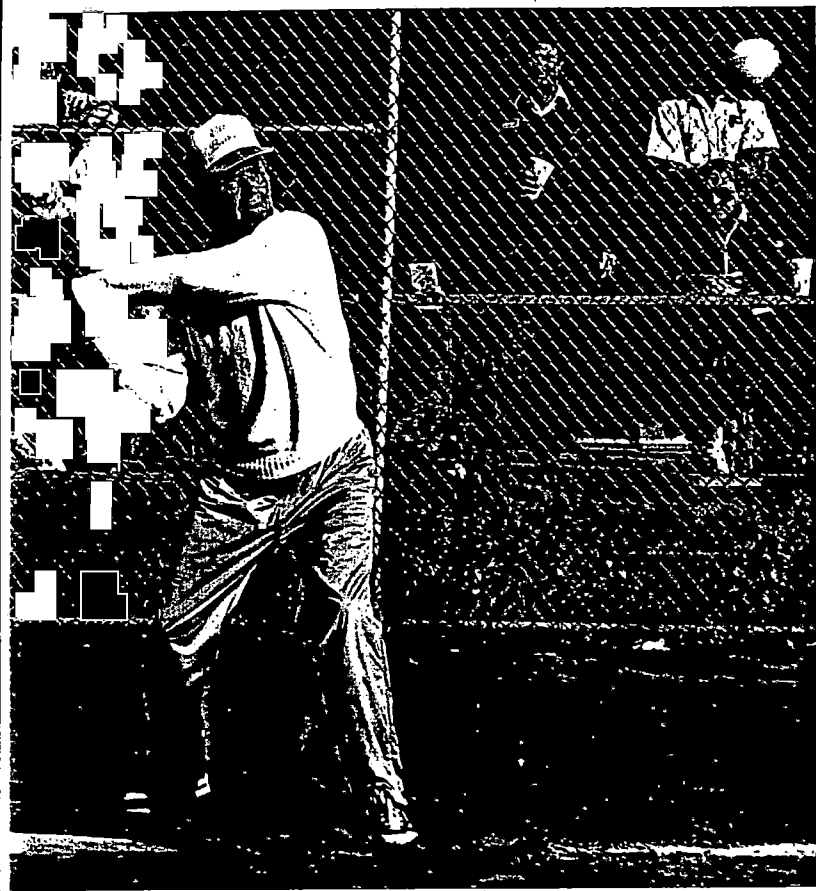


No President, however, can match Bush's absorption in sports, not to mention his sporting heritage. His mother, Dorothy, was a fine tennis player and a fierce competitor; his father, Prescott, who represented Connecticut in the U.S. Senate from 1952 to '63, hit cleanup on the 1917 Yale baseball team and played on the golf team. According to family legend, Prescott sometimes played a golf match in the morning and a baseball game the same afternoon. "The baseball players would stand around and worry that he wouldn't finish his golf round in time for the game," says Nancy Ellis, the President-elect's sister. Bush's four maternal uncles all played for Yale: Herbert Walker was a member of the '25-27 baseball teams; Louis pitched on the '36 team; John played both golf and baseball in '30; and James ran track in '31. Bush's grandfather, George Herbert Walker, was president of the U.S. Golf Association, and upon leaving office in 1921, he donated the Walker Cup, the trophy given in the biennial competition between British and American amateur teams.

The President-elect even married into a family of athletes.



DAVE VALDEZ/THE WHITE HOUSE



BUSH THE BALLPLAYER WAS NEVER A BIG HITTER

Barbara Bush's uncle Joseph Wear won the U.S. court tennis doubles championship with Jay Gould six times. Her father, Marvin Pierce, was a standout running back at Miami of Ohio from 1913 to '15. "Everyone called him Monk," says Jonathan Bush, the third of the four Bush brothers. "By the time we get through glorifying Monk Pierce's career, he'll be the greatest back who ever played there, if not in the entire Midwest!"

According to Nancy Ellis, athletic education in the Bush family begins "at birth." Intrafamily competitions have included not only the obvious ones, like touch football, tennis and Ping-Pong, but also tiddledywinks, fishing tournaments, indoor putting (with plastic cups set about the house) and knee football (played, as the name implies, on one's knees). A prime knee-football performer was Bucky, the youngest Bush brother, who at Hotchkiss School weighed more than 250 pounds. Standing lamps were forever being toppled. It's a wonder, says Jonathan, that the family's houses in Greenwich, Conn., and Kennebunkport, Maine, stood up under all the punishment.

In the forefront of this athletic commotion was George, a Pied Piper figure in those early days, according to Jonathan: "He was a queen bee around which everything revolved." Jonathan recalls a famous tennis match between George, then 16, and his mother, who had offered \$5 to any of her sons who could beat her. "You must remember that she was a remarkable athlete," says Jonathan. "The day her first son, Prescott, was born, she hit a home run in a softball game at Kennebunkport, and after she circled the bases she announced it

was time to go to the hospital. Pressy weighed 10 pounds."

Asked if the children had rooted for their mother at the tennis match, Jonathan says, "Actually, they rooted for George. Everyone wanted him to win, and he finally did. She was at the top of her form. It was a brutal match, both of them wringing wet when they finished."

Sometimes the competitiveness was tempered with puckish good humor. One Kennebunkport legend involves Bill Truesdale, who was as competitive a youngster as the Bush kids, and the best sailor in the 11-footer class. "That's a small catboat," Jonathan says. "Two sides, a bottom, a mast, and a centerboard. Truesdale was the perennial winner. One night George went down and tied a bucket to Truesdale's centerboard. The next day the boats, about 15 of them, were towed out the Kennebunk River to the starting line offshore. The warning gun went off, and everyone put up his sail.

"There was a light breeze, and Truesdale's boat barely moved," Jonathan continues. "At first he thought something was wrong with the boat, and in frustration he began to beat it with a paddle. *Whack! Whack!* When he got ashore he found out what George had done. He chased him for days. George would be sitting on the porch, and we'd hear, 'Here comes Truesdale!' and off he'd go. That was a shout we heard all summer: 'Here comes Truesdale!'"

These idyllic years ended with Pearl Harbor. Fresh out of Andover, George entered the Navy. After distinguished service in the Pacific, flying bombers all christened Barbara after Barbara Pierce, whom he met at a wartime dance and subsequently married, he returned to the states and entered Yale in '45. He played one year of soccer (the team won the New England collegiate championship) and then decided to concentrate on baseball. With veterans returning to college, the competition was fierce in those postwar years. Major league scouts hung around college ballparks. Several players from Bush's Yale teams went on to play professional baseball, three of them in the big leagues: shortstop Artie Moher, who signed with the Tigers; pitcher Frank Quinn, who signed with the Red Sox and then hurt his arm; and pitcher Dick Manville, who played for the Braves and the Cubs and whose particular distinction in college was that he played for both Yale and Harvard.

Playing first base, Bush found his forte was his fielding. As Junie O'Brien, a teammate at Yale, recalls, "The key thing about Poppy—as everyone called him—was that he was so sure-gloved. All the infielders knew that if they threw the ball anywhere near him, he was going to pull it in."

Bush's hitting was another matter. In 1947 his average was .239, and the next year he raised it to .264. He usually hit seventh or eighth but jokes that he batted "second cleanup."

For his leadership qualities, Bush was elected captain in his senior year. Both seasons he played, in 1947 and '48, the Elis won the eastern championship and went to Kalamazoo, Mich., to play in the NCAA finals. Both times they lost, first to California and then to Southern California. Bush remembers the Yale coach, Ethan Allen, ordering an intentional walk to get to the Cal pitcher, who turned out to be Jackie Jensen, later an outfielder for the Red Sox. "He hit a ball that is still rolling around out there somewhere," Bush says.

Had he ever wanted to join those teammates who went on into the professional leagues?

"Well, one day I went three for five in a game against North



PLIMPTON'S PANACHE WAS EVIDENT AS THE TWO GEORGE BUSHES LOOKED ON



to contend with! The President-elect stared briefly at my hat. His was decorated with a braided Indian cord that supplemented the hatband. He held out some horseshoes.

"You got a choice," he said. "The drop-forged eight or the 10."

"I'll take the . . . ah."

The President-elect laughed. He looked down at the horseshoes, hefting them to judge their weight. "I don't know the difference myself," he said. "They tell me the harder the metal the more it tends to be rejected by the stake."

Then he explained the rules—one point for the shoe closest to the stake and three for a ringer; the winner would be the first among us to reach 15. We took some practice throws. I threw my shoes so that they revolved, parallel to the ground, toward the opposite stake. This somewhat startled the President-elect since that is the style (though I was unaware) used by most topflight pitchers.

"Hey, what have we got here?" he asked. He prefers to hold the shoe at its closed end and toss it so that it turns once, ass over teakettle, as it goes down the pitch.

"You played this game before?"

"Not for 30 years," I said truthfully.

The game began. The two Bushes were supported loudly by the President-elect's granddaughter Jenna, 7, who sat at pit-side bundled up in a bright orange parka. There was considerable chatter during play—needling and a plethora of home-grown expressions, such as "power outage" for a halfhearted toss, "SDI" for a throw with a higher arc than usual and "it's an ugly pit" for those times when no one's shoe was close to the stake. Once, when it was impossible to tell which of two shoes had landed closer, the President-elect shouted, "The tool! Get the tool!"—a request that was echoed by those standing around watching.

The tool, which George Jr. fetched from the gardening shed, turned out to be oversized navigator's dividers. The President-elect knelt in the pit and brushed away the dirt from the two horseshoes. He handled the gadget with great relish. In fact, all aspects of the game were carried on with great élan. On occasion he would turn to me and pose the rhetorical question: "Isn't this game great? Have you ever had a better time? Isn't this just *great*?"

I was having a good time. The iron felt cool and comfortable to the grip. I peered out from under the brim of my hat and, suddenly, after a number of one-pointers, threw a ringer. I

Showdown in the Pits

BARBARA BUSH SAID, "YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR A COWBOY hat. No one with any self-respect plays horseshoes without a cowboy hat." She rummaged around in a closet just inside the front door of the Vice-President's official residence in Washington. On a top shelf sat an assortment of George Bush's hats. I tried on a few of the Western variety. His hat size is a lot larger than mine, so the hats tended to slide down my forehead nearly to my eyes. Was I being handicapped before going out to the horseshoe pits?

"These hats all seem to be the same size," I remarked, a somewhat lunatic observation because it suggested surprise that my host's head measurements don't vary.

I finally picked a tall-crowned model with the President-elect's name stamped in gold on the inside. I wore it out to the horseshoe pit at a curious, rakish angle so that I could see where I was going.

The Vice-President was waiting there with his oldest son, George Jr., who would also be playing. Two George Bushes

EMICO FERRELLI/JOE

found myself with 14 points and only one to go for the win. The President-elect had 13; his son, 12. Cries of alarm rose from Jenna's chair.

I began to worry about winning. What would it do to the President-elect's confidence to lose to someone who hadn't thrown a horseshoe in 30 years? Would he brood? Slam the heel of his hand against his forehead? Stumble into the bushes in the Rose Garden? Talk out loud to himself at state dinners? Snap at Sununu?

I decided I would credit my victory to the hat. "Beginner's luck," I was going to say. "And this hat of yours. If it hadn't been for this cowboy hat. . . ."

It seemed the perfect solution. Gracious. Self-effacing. Just the thing to say.

"Listen, we can't let this happen," the President-elect was saying as he stepped up to throw. He sighted down the pitch. "Remember Iowa!" he called out, in reference to his recovery from political adversity there. We watched the red horseshoe leave his hand, turn over once in flight, drop toward the pit with its prongs forward and, with a dreadful clang, collect itself around the stake. A ringer! Sixteen points and the victory for the President-elect. He flung his arms straight up in triumph, a tremendous smile on his face. From her chair Jenna began yelping pleasantly.

I said as follows: "Nerts."

I can't recall the last time I had used that antique expression. The President-elect came toward me, his hand outstretched. "Isn't that great!" he said as I congratulated him. He wasn't talking about his win but the fact that the game had been so much fun. I agreed with him. Then I told him that the next time I was going to bring my own hat. —G.P.



ONLY "THE TOOL" CAN SETTLE THE CLOSE CALLS



Carolina State," Bush remembers. "A triple, a double—and the scouts came running up to Ethan Allen. 'Hey, who is this kid?' Then they looked at my averages and went away in a hurry." The President-elect laughs. "Oh yes, I used to imagine how great it would be to stride up to the plate in a major league ballpark. But by then my sights were set on doing something else. Still, baseball has always been a great love. When I was a kid we followed the game very closely. Read the sports pages. I was a big Red Sox fan—Jimmie Foxx, Bobby Doerr. I could recite the averages of the top 20 hitters in both leagues. Caught a foul ball in Yankee Stadium. I loved *all* that."

Lou Gehrig was his childhood hero. One of his plans was to write Gehrig a letter to ask him for his first baseman's mitt. "Never did it," he says, "but I remembered that daydream in the Dodger locker room this year when Orel Hershiser showed me his glove. It had Orel's name stitched along the thumb. I suddenly remembered Lou Gehrig's glove and how much I had wanted it."

The Bushes still play ball at Kennebunkport in the summertime, but the area around the house on Walker Point is so limited that a ball hit into the water (unless it goes over the seawall) is an automatic out. These days the President-elect is infatuated with fishing, as he has been since he was a boy and caught mackerel off the rocks. "Sometimes we caught small pollock—horrible brown-colored things with a spine down the back," Bush says. "The bluefish hadn't come that far up the coast back then. They didn't turn up around Kennebunkport until the 1970s—brought up by the warming trend, they say."

Bush has fished for white marlin, tarpon and sailfish, but bluefish is his particular fancy: "I don't like the big stuff as much." Nor does he go in much for fly-fishing: "I've got all the equipment, and this year Jim Baker and I went fishing on the Shoshone River in Wyoming. I'm not a good fly caster, but I got better. Very small fish, but I liked it. It was totally relaxing. The fact is I don't care if I catch anything."

As if to prove his point, Bush went down to Gulf Stream, Fla., after the November election to stay with his friends Will and Sarah Farish. After four days of fishing in the surf, casting a spinner for whiting or barracuda, he had one bite but no fish for his efforts. "Great time down there!" Bush says. "Just great! The combination of the sea and casting into it—it's heaven!"

When he is in Kennebunkport the President-elect gets out to the fishing areas in a Cigarette boat called *Fidelity*, named after the Fidelity Printing Corp., whose stock he sold to purchase her. *Fidelity* has been modified for fishing. The cockpit has been moved up to the bow, so that a racing boat designed to hold two or three people can now handle six or seven, usually family members. The boat gives him not only the pleasure of driving a powerful machine but also a practical way of getting out to the fishing grounds. "You go fast out to where the fish are," he says, "or you think they are, stop and fish for an hour and then run for the 20 minutes back. If the sea is up a little, and you're cutting through the waves, well, the combination is just heaven for me."

As the years have gone by, Barbara Bush has grown less enthusiastic about "cutting through the waves." Still, she often goes out on the fishing expeditions, sitting up on the padded engine cover Indian-style with a book. The President-elect's favorite nonfamily fishing companion is a retired naval-yard

CAPTAIN BUSH TO EXETER:
(IN '42): "READ MY LIPS"



employee named Bob Boilard. They met in the summer of 1982 on Saco Bay, near the Wood Island Lighthouse on the Maine coast.

"I was in my boat fishing for blues with my back to the bay," Boilard remembers. "I heard this voice snap out behind me. I turned around, and there was the Vice-President looking over from his Cigarette boat, with the Secret Service boat beyond and a Coast Guard cutter farther out. It was quite a sight. He called out and asked me what I was catching them on. I said I was using a Rebel popping plug, which has a blunt nose that resists the water with a kind of *ploop* sound and looks like a blue

minnow. He said he was using a Rebel swimming plug—a trolling plug—which has a lip on the front that makes the plug dart around in the water. I told him to turn his boat around and follow me. By the time we'd trolled 150 feet, he had two bluefish on, and I had one. He called me up the next day. "Yes sir?" I said.

"Any fish out there?"

"Of course there are. But they're not in my kitchen!"

"So out we went."

Boilard, as they say in those parts, is his own man (he once turned down a chance to take Paul Newman out for blues, for which his daughters never forgave him), and he certainly does not stand on ceremony. He refers to Bush as Mister Vice or the Vice, as in "the Vice and I are going out to Wood Island Light." When Bush hooks on to something unwanted, like a dogfish, Boilard barks happily at him and suggests that the next time he lets out a line he should spit on it for luck.

When they first fished together, Bush used a light bass-casting rod and eight-pound test line. "Heck," says Boilard, "that buggy whip of his was fit for tapping a horse on the rump and not much else, certainly not for catching bluefish. I told him so. I said, 'Mister Vice, if you're going out for a whale you got to use whale equipment. You're the Vice-President, but I'd sure change that rod, and that line to 14-pound test.'"

The bluefish they catch—the President-elect now dutifully on 14-pound test—average about 10 pounds, but much larger blues run in those North Atlantic waters. The biggest one Boilard has caught was 23½ pounds. "The Vice is raving mad about a 17-pounder he got off Boon Island, 20 miles or so down the coast off Portsmouth, New Hampshire," he says.

Most of the blues Bush and Boilard catch are released. The President-elect is not as fond of fish on the table as on the end of a line. Of those kept, Secret Service men get the largest allotment. "They microwave 'em," Boilard says. "Those guys go through the fish like ice cream.

"It's a shame," Boilard goes on, "that the Vice can't spend more time on the water. When he's got a rod in one hand, the steering wheel in the other and everything under control, there's not a happier man anywhere."

The President-elect also likes to fish Islamorada, Fla., which is halfway down the chain of islands between Miami and Key West and calls itself the Sport Fishing Capital of the World. Bush was introduced to the area—a fishing paradise of hard-bottom and grass flats famous for bonefish, permit, tarpon and snook—by Nicholas Brady, a long-time friend and the man he will retain as secretary of the treasury. George Hommell, a local guide with a string of distinguished clients, takes Bush out. Hommell has "fished," as guides often put it, Jack Nicklaus and Ted Williams, among others.

He and the President-elect generally set out for the flats of Florida Bay at 6:30 a.m. in a 17-foot skiff that's powered by an 110-horsepower outboard engine and is equipped with a poling platform in the stern. Wearing shorts and a T-shirt, Bush fishes from the bow, casting toward the tailing bonefish. Using 10-pound test line, the President-elect takes 10 minutes or so to land an eight- or nine-pound bonefish that in one tearing run can take out 200 yards of line across the flats—and then do it again. With the exception of his first bonefish which is mounted and hangs on his office wall, the President-elect has released every one he has ever caught, holding it by the tail and moving the fish back and forth in the water so that the gill plates open and the exhausted fish can recover.

"He really loves it out there," Hommell says. "He talks a lot about his concern for places like Florida Bay—keeping the water clear so our kids and their kids can enjoy it."

As a rule, Hommell and Bush stay out on the flats—along



THE BABE GAVE BUSH HIS AUTOBIO AT YALE IN '48



POPPY BUSH

"Watch out, Exeter, we're going to win!"

PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDERS



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

★ An avid hunter, Roosevelt (above) bagged a rhino in '09 on safari in Kenya; Eisenhower's bag was for clubs, his shots on the links.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

★ Johnson's Texas roots were on display when he climbed aboard a cutting horse during a barbecue at his LBJ Ranch in 1964.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

with a Secret Service passenger—until 3:30 in the afternoon. "Eight hours he spends out there," Hommell says, "and when he gets back he'll have a game of tennis with Ted Williams and a couple of others. Then after that he goes jogging! When we get off the water I'm pooped enough to go to bed!"

The President-elect, who is fond of quoting Izaak Walton's line about how the days a man spends fishing ought not to be deducted from his time on earth, has had to endure only one long spell without fishing. That was during his tour of duty in China, where he served as chief of the U.S. Liaison Office in Peking from 1974 to '75. With diplomatic travel restricted, his only opportunity to fish came during a party at the Soviet Embassy, where he was invited to sit in a boat at one end of a ceremonial pool. At the other, an army of beaters got into the water and started driving a school of large carp toward him. "Scary," Bush says. "Damndest thing. Hundreds of these gigantic carp leaping out of the water. We waited for them with nets on the ends of sticks."

There was other entertainment at the Russian complex in Peking. "Hockey games," Bush remembers. "On the lake at the embassy. I was never much of a skater, so I didn't go out on the ice. I don't like to do things I can't do well. I don't dance well, so I don't dance."

The President-elect often speaks of fishing giving him time to relax and think. Many have remarked how quiet he is on the water, particularly for a man who's so energetic and voluble. When he takes over the Oval Office, he will join quite a list of Presidents, including Cleveland, Hoover, Eisenhower and Carter, who fished for this kind of contemplative relaxation.

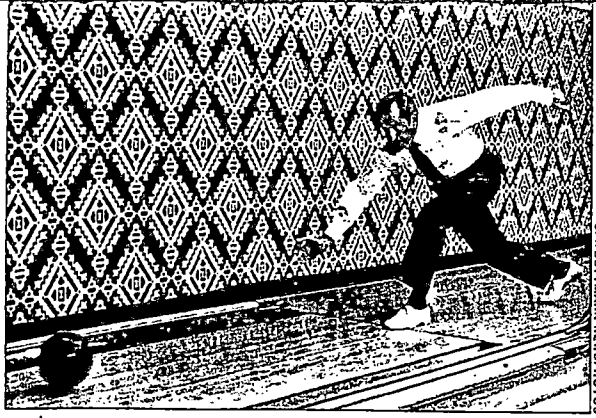
Carter, as might be expected of someone who grew up in Georgia's pine-woods country, was raised not only with guns (he once shot his sister in the rear end with a BB for throwing a wrench at him) but also as a fisherman, pulling catfish and eels out of the Choctawhatchee and the Kinchafoonee creeks with a cane pole. With more sophisticated equipment, he kept up his fishing during his Presidency at Camp David (where, without his knowledge, wildlife officials restocked the facility's streams) and near his hometown of Plains.

It was in Plains, while sitting placidly in his boat, that Carter caught sight of the famous "attack rabbit" swimming toward him—a kind of furry torpedo, he must have thought it—and fended off with his paddle what was very likely a swamp rabbit (*Sylvilagus aquaticus*) that the Secret Service had spooked from the swampside bushes.

Bush has also been attacked, in his case by a six-pound bluefish (*Pomatomus saltatrix*), which he boated off Florida and which nipped him in the back of the hand. "See this scar here. Just call me Lyndon," he says, referring to Lyndon Johnson, who once pulled up his shirt to show off his gallbladder scar to the press. "Then I've got a scar up here close to my eyebrow from a collision I had when I was trying to head a ball playing soccer at Andover. Can't see it? Well, how about *this* one?" He pulls his shirt away from his neck to reveal a prominent knob on his right shoulder blade. "Got that one playing mixed doubles with Barbara at Kennebunkport. Ran into a porch."

"His mother said it was my ball to hit, and it happened because I didn't run for it," Barbara says. "She was probably right."

The President-elect is noncommittal. "Popped the shoulder out," he says. "Separated it."



★ Nixon's athletic passion was bowling, which he often did alone and almost always wearing a tie; his average was over 150.



★ An ardent outdoorsman, Carter also jogged—but could not finish a 10K race in '79 (above). Reagan was always at home on a horse.



G E O R G E B U S H

"After that they moved the porch," Barbara says.

Bush has been playing tennis since he was about five, which is hardly surprising considering the tennis heritage in the family. His mother, who is now 87 and living in Hobe Sound, Fla., was a national caliber junior player—Bush describes her as very much a "scrapper"—more than 70 years ago. Her uncle Joe Wear, the court-tennis champion, was the nonplaying captain of the 1928 and 1935 U.S. Davis Cup teams. At home in Greenwich, Bush had early lessons—as did other members of his family—with the Czech-born club pro, Karel Kozeluh, whose standard advice, as Nancy Ellis recalls, was "bend ze knees, move ze feet, keep ze ball in play and in doubles hit ze ball down ze middle." Often Kozeluh would establish his authority by announcing mysteriously, "I beat Budge."

Bush's mother, though, was the prime influence. "Sportsmanship was a big part of what she taught us," the President-elect says. "'Boys! Boys!' she'd call out if someone got out of hand. If you scaled your racket across the court, you were history. Once, playing in the finals of a Kennebunkport tournament when I was about 10, my uncle Herbert Walker and his wife, my Aunt Mary, came to watch. At one point Aunt Mary started laughing at something. I turned and ordered her off the premises: 'Out!' Mother was very upset when she heard about it. I had to go and tell Aunt Mary how sorry I was that I had done such a thing."

And did Aunt Mary leave the premises?
 "Yes, certainly," Bush says. "She got up and left. It must have bothered my conscience because I didn't win the match—beaten by a kid named Squash Collins."

Squash?
 "Yes. I wonder what's ever happened to Squash Collins."

Bush stopped playing singles not long after grade school and concentrated on doubles, largely because his ground strokes were "terrible." Today, his backhand is almost nonexistent, except for a chip return of service that drops at the feet of the oncoming server and that he refers to as the "falling leaf." The net is where the President-elect is utterly at home. fast of reflex and aggressive, and he will come in at every opportunity, even behind a second serve or a falling-leaf return.

A number of other homegrown phrases have developed in the family over the years. A weak shot will elicit a disdainful cry of "power outage!" Perhaps the most esoteric words heard on the family courts are "Unleash Chiang!" which was initiated back when there was a hue and cry in government circles to allow Chiang Kai-shek to invade the Chinese mainland from Taiwan. On the Bush court, "Unleash Chiang" refers to a potential source of power, such as a strong serve. The President-elect will look over his shoulder and urge his partner to "unleash Chiang!"

"The interesting thing about these phrases," Barbara says, "is that they get exported; people take them with them, and off in the distance, from someone else's court, you'll suddenly hear, 'All right now, unleash Chiang!'"

Barbara Bush now plays doubles with her husband only on the most informal occasions. She gave up serious doubles with him after a match in China in 1975. "We were playing a Pakistani man, who wasn't very good, and an East German woman, who was very good," Barbara Bush says with a chuckle. "In fact, it's always been my contention that she was a heavy user of steroids! That's a terrible thing to say, but there has to be

some reason they were whipping us. In any event, I clutched, and George was so disappointed, especially to be beaten by the East German, that afterward I told him that I knew he preferred men's doubles and that was perfectly all right with me."

The President-elect usually plays with whichever of his four sons are available. All are fine players, especially Marvin, the youngest. Indeed, when the President-elect, who has slowed down a bit, offers to play in their games, he notices a certain reluctance and much tying of shoelaces. He says he doesn't mind. He was always taught to "challenge up," which is why he often has the likes of Ivan Lendl and Bjorn Borg for a doubles partner.

On his travels the President-elect packs his tennis racket, along with his jogging gear. Because of longtime friendships with a number of big-name tennis players, he can arrange some pretty high-level games wherever he goes. In 1982 he alerted John Newcombe and Tony Roche that he was on his way to Australia. "They're very nice about suffering fools gladly on the tennis court," Bush says.

The only woman player who joins the Bushes regularly is Pam Shriver, who, although ranked No. 5 in the world, enjoys their games. "It's refreshing to play with the Bush family," says Shriver. "Being a professional, my tennis is 99.9 percent serious. So matches with the Bushes are fun, and the standard is good enough so that it's not a chore."

The President-elect inevitably picks Shriver as his partner. During a phone conversation one afternoon in the middle of the campaign, Bush told his sister, Nancy, "I had a terrible day." She braced herself for the worst. "George Jr. and Marv just beat Pam Shriver and me. Terrible!"

Tennis will undoubtedly be a popular sport at the White House during the Bush era, as it has been at various times in the past. Teddy Roosevelt reportedly played an aggressive, Bushlike game. He wore a flannel shirt and



BUSH AND DAUGHTER DOROTHY HAVE COMPANY WHEN THEY GO FOR A JOG IN THE MAINE WOODS



secret Service disguised rather haphazardly as caddies, their clubs in canvas golf bags clinking against the stocks of carbines. When he felt up to playing, Kennedy usually shot in the high 80's. Golf's slow pace irritated him, and he often picked up before finishing 18 holes.

Golf has always been part of the Bush tradition. The President-elect played in Midland, Texas, during his days in the oil business. In Maine, the family has played the Kennebunkport course, which is called Cape Arundel, for almost as long as it has been there. Built at the turn of the century, the club-

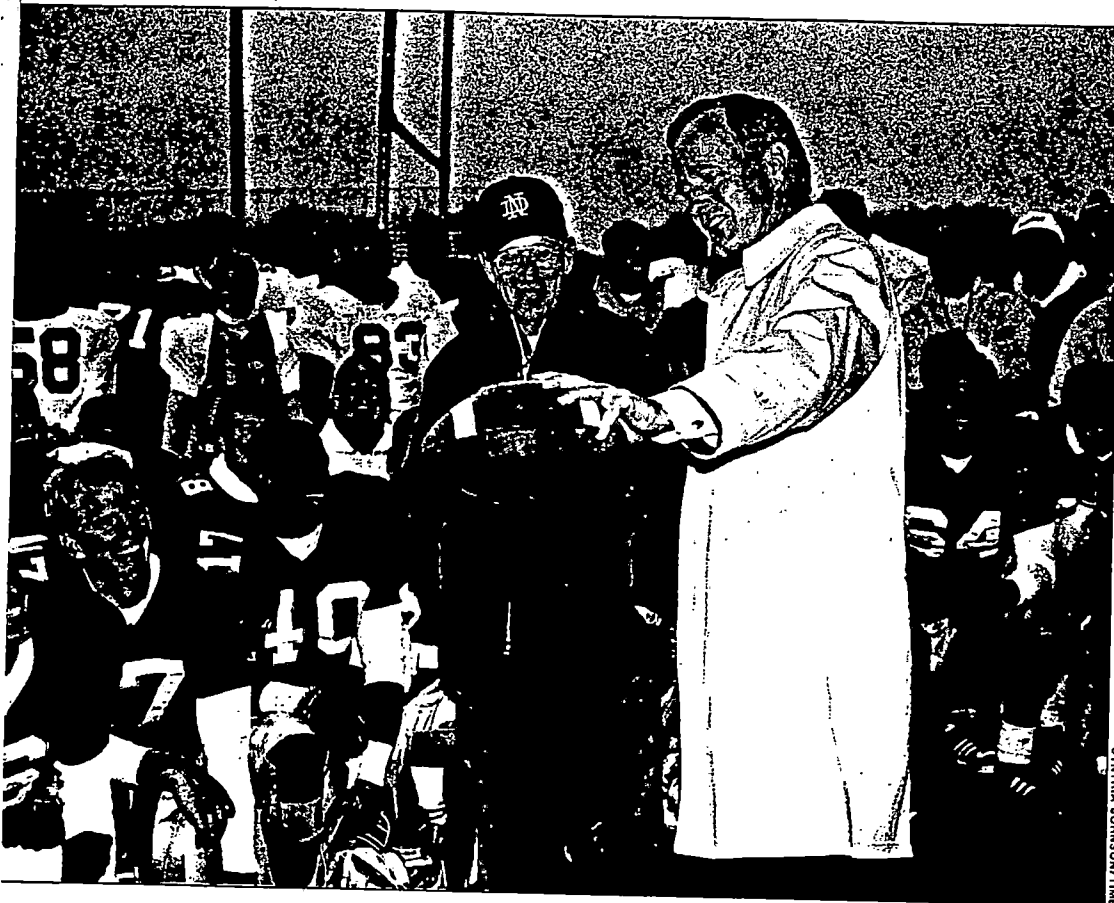
house is typical Kennebunkport—unpretentious, slightly quaint and functional. The clapboard structure includes neither a bar nor a restaurant. The Kennebunk River winds through the links-style course, with water and tidal flats coming into play on 11 holes. For years the President-elect's father held the course record of 66; Prescott's son does not do as well. The club professional, Ken Raynor, who has been at Cape Arundel for 15 years, reports that the President-elect's problem is his short game, especially his putting.

Woodrow Wilson is said to have waved off a messenger bringing the news that he had secured the Democratic nomination for President until he could sink a putt. Harding, who turned the South Lawn into a practice fairway, trained his dog, Laddie Boy, to shag golf balls for him. Eisenhower played daily at the summer White House in Newport, R.I., with the Se-

cret Service disguised rather haphazardly as caddies, their clubs in canvas golf bags clinking against the stocks of carbines. When he felt up to playing, Kennedy usually shot in the high 80's. Golf's slow pace irritated him, and he often picked up before finishing 18 holes.

"He begs for a gimme," Raynor says. "He'd rather face Congress than a three-foot putt. Sometimes on the





WINNING CAMPAIGNS CONVERGED THIS FALL WHEN BUSH VISITED NOTRE DAME

green with the ball near the pin he calls out, 'In respect for the high office of the Vice-Presidency, isn't that putt good?' I'm usually his partner, so I stay mum, but his opponents seem to get pleasure out of seeing him sweat it out. It's amazing. Usually if the ball's within the length of the leather grip, it's a gimme, but for him within the *blade* is a challenge."

According to Raynor, Bush had tried every conceivable stroke to try to cure himself of the spasms or yips that take over when he addresses a putt. "He's even tried putting one-handed!" says Raynor. "The rest of his game is very strong. His best score on the course is 76. He'd be an easy 11 handicap if he could get his putting under control."

To the Bushes, the score seems less important than the time it takes to get around the course. "It's not what you make on a hole but how many ticks on the stopwatch it's taken you to hole out," Raynor says. "Cart polo we call it. We've done 18 holes in two hours and 20 minutes."

Is there any wagering?

"Absolutely not," he says. "It's all for respect—bragging rights. On the first tee the Vice-President often tells everybody, 'All right now, it's dog-eat-dog. No favors. No friends.' And that's what his opponents bring up when he's faced with a one-foot putt and wants a gimme!"

If golf outings are likely to be sporadic, other sporting pursuits will be more regularly scheduled. Almost certainly the new President will travel every winter between Christmas and New Year's to Farish's cattle ranch, the Lazy F, which is

south of Houston, to hunt through the rolling hills of mesquite and huisache for quail and turkey. Farish, an investment counselor and horse breeder (he manages the syndicate that recently purchased Alysheba, who will stand at Farish's farm in Versailles, Ky.), says Bush prefers stalking quail. "He'll walk for hours behind the dogs," Farish says. "But waiting down in the creek beds for turkey, that's a little confining."

Keeping on the move has been a near obsession for Bush. During his stint in China, he rode a bicycle everywhere. "Instead of getting into a big limo, I'd arrive at a diplomatic function on a bike," he says. "It didn't surprise the Chinese, though sometimes they were startled to see my mother, who was in her seventies, arrive with me."

The President-elect took up jogging in 1976, after he returned from China and took over the CIA. "Unlike many who say they've never seen a happy jogger, I really enjoy it," he says. "It gives me time to reflect, to clear the head. Before the debates in 1984, I practiced my answers on a track that took two minutes to go around—the same amount of time you're given to reply."

Bush runs about three miles a day when time permits—substantially less than Carter, a very serious jogger who ran as many as seven miles when he stayed at Camp David. In 1979, Carter considered himself fit enough to enter the Catoctin Mountain 10K race, in Maryland. Running in a field of 750, wearing number 39, black socks and a yellow headband, Carter dropped out of the race after 3½ miles, ashen-faced, and was helped into a Secret Service car. He recovered in time to present prizes to the winners at the finish line—to which he was driven.

Bush has also run a 10K, but under far less conspicuous circumstances than Carter. At the Secret Service facility at Annapolis in 1981, he dawdled along, outpaced by agents trying to make an impression. He says he needed just about an hour to finish, which is a fairly respectable time.

The usual procedure when he is done with his day's jogging is to pitch a game or two of horseshoes. His interest in the sport began a few years ago, when a court was installed at Kennebunkport to provide a diversion for the Secret Service and other members of his entourage. Bush tried it and was entranced: "Heaven!" He has joined the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association, which has a membership of 15,000—all of whom are surely stirred by the prospect of their sport ranking high in the athletic hierarchy at the White House.

The Bushes have not yet decided where to put the Presidential horseshoe court. Barbara Bush feels that sizing up the Rose Garden now would be like measuring for drapes before

the Reagans have moved out of the White House. When they decide, the President-elect intends to bring some of the country's best horseshoe pitchers to the White House for exhibitions. He undoubtedly will team up with the best of them to take on all comers.

Bush is in awe of horseshoe champions, just as he is of any athlete who performs extremely well. He describes a horseshoe exhibition he once saw in which the pit and the stake were hidden from the throwers by a high partition: "Clunk! Clunk! That's all you heard. Didn't faze these guys a bit. They don't even have to see the stake."

At the moment three horseshoe pits are at Bush's service—one at the Vice-President's residence in Washington, and two in Kennebunkport—and they are focal points of social activity. An annual event in Kennebunkport over the past seven years has been a get-together of those in the area who are responsible for the President-elect's well-being—the Coast Guard, personnel from Otis Air Base on Cape Cod, the Secret Service and so forth. On these occasions, with more than 300 guests milling about on Walker Point, the day is highlighted by competition on the tennis and horseshoe courts between the Agent Busters and Bush Whackers.

The festivities start with a parade. The Bush clan carries various flags brought back from international travels in somewhat haphazard fashion up the driveway, to the beating of pails and tin pans. The Bush Whackers do not march in the parade. "We observe," says Secret Service agent Tom Clark, who heads the Whacker team. His squad members are from the midnight detail; those on duty during the festivities keep their backs to the goings-on, staring into the sea roses or out at the water for unfriendlies. But they can tell from the needling and the shouts of encouragement—most of it from the Agent Busters—how things are going. The competition is stiff. Over the years the Agent Busters have held the edge. As Clark says of the President-elect, "He's a good loser, but he's a much better winner."

The results of all Bush family competitions are passed on to a mysterious organization known as the Ranking Committee. The Bushes talk a great deal about the Ranking Committee—a mystical, fictitious family body with what Jonathan Bush describes as "enormous power." No one is quite sure who is in

charge of the Ranking Committee, and its findings are rarely divulged, because hardly anyone in the family will admit that someone is better than someone else. Yet all matches reported to the Ranking Committee are considered upsets by the victors, which tends to confuse matters.

For all his competitiveness the President-elect seems to take little interest in its tangible rewards. His mounted bonefish (TEN POUNDS, EIGHT OUNCES, reads the plaque under it) has a little rubber bathtub shark riding its back, tossed up there by a grandchild. The closest thing to a trophy case in the Bush household is a cluttered shelf in a dormitorylike room on the third floor of the Washington residence. The jumble includes 22 autographed baseballs, one of which was signed by Joe DiMaggio, who added the comment, "You make the office look

great." There also is a football autographed by Roger Staubach, who wrote, "Thanks for giving a darn about friends"; a Keith Hernandez-model first baseman's mitt; a Chicago Cubs pennant; a 1988 Dodgers World Series baseball cap; an NASL soccer ball; two hard hats (Brookfield Fire Dept.); and a blood-red Arkansas Razorback novelty hat.

The President-elect tried it on, the hog's snout poking out over his forehead, and then put it back on the shelf and started talking about throwing out ceremonial first balls. One of his most embarrassing moments occurred in Houston two years ago, when he bounced a baseball halfway to the Astros'

catcher. "You tend to forget the distance," Bush said, not mentioning the fact that his motion had been hampered by a bullet-proof vest. "It's a question of raising your sights. You learn. Next time it's going to be right on target."

He stepped over a sleeping bag and looked out the window at the panorama of the city. Through the trees he could see the Washington Monument and the Capitol.

Did he think his duties in the White House would curtail his athletic activities?

No, he said. He didn't think so. They are such an important part of his life. The Ranking Committee will be working full-force in the White House. And of course the next generation will leave its mark. The children. They will bring their enthusiasms.

"Whatever, it'll be lively," he said.



EVEN WHEN HE FAILS TO LAND ONE, BUSH LOVES FISHING

