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Series: Snow, Tony, Files
Subseries: Subject File, 1988-1993

OA/ID Number: 13895
Folder ID Number: 13895-009

Folder Title:
[Robert H. Knight Resume, 9/13/91]

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MEMO

To: Joe Duggan
From: David M. Mason
Director of Executive Branch Liaison
Date: 9/13/91
Subject: Bob Knight

Ed Feulner met Snow for breakfast Tuesday. Tony said he still had two openings, and Ed said he'd have me pass along some resume's. This is a top recommendation. We really like the work Knight has done, but he'll probably be leaving with Bennett's hiring (this is not announced yet).

Feulner personally wanted this one passed along. I'd appreciate it if you would get it to Snow.

Thanks
DM

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet (George Bush Library)

Document No. and Type	Subject/Title of Document	Date	Restriction	Class.
01. Resume	Re: Robert H. Knight; contains personal information. (1 pp.)	n.d.	P-6, (b)(6)	

Collection:

Record Group: Bush Presidential Records
Office: Speechwriting, White House Office of
Series: Snow, Robert Anthony (Tony)
Subseries: Subject File
WHORM Cat.:
File Location: [Robert H. Knight Resume] [9/13/91]

Date Closed: 12/22/2004
FOIA/SYS Case #:
Re-review Case #: 2005-0485-S
P-2/P-5 Review Case #:

OA/ID Number: 08678

MR Case #:
MR Disposition:
Disposition Date:

Appeal Case #:
Appeal Disposition:
Disposition Date:

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P-1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P-2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P-3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
- P-4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
- P-5 Release would disclose confidential advise between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
- P-6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

- (b)(1) National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
- (b)(2) Release would disclose internal personnel rules and practices of an agency [(b)(2) of the FOIA]
- (b)(3) Release would violate a Federal statute [(b)(3) of the FOIA]
- (b)(4) Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential or financial information [(b)(4) of the FOIA]
- (b)(6) Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(b)(6) of the FOIA]
- (b)(7) Release would disclose information compiled for law enforcement purposes [(b)(7) of the FOIA]
- (b)(8) Release would disclose information concerning the regulation of financial institutions [(b)(8) of the FOIA]
- (b)(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

(George Bush Library)

Document No. and Type	Subject/Title of Document	Date	Restriction	Class.
02. Letter	David Harrison to Thomas H. Henriksen, re: Robert H. Knight. (1 pp.)	03/30/89	P-6, (b)(6)	

Collection:

Record Group: Bush Presidential Records
Office: Speechwriting, White House Office of
Series: Snow, Robert Anthony (Tony)
Subseries: Subject File
WHORM Cat.:
File Location: [Robert H. Knight Resume] [9/13/91]

Date Closed: 12/22/2004	OA/ID Number: 08678
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Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

(George Bush Library)

Document No. and Type	Subject/Title of Document	Date	Restriction	Class.
03. Letter	From Gene Beauchamp, re: Robert H. Knight. (1 pp.)	n.d.	P-6, (b)(6)	

Collection:

Record Group: Bush Presidential Records
Office: Speechwriting, White House Office of
Series: Snow, Robert Anthony (Tony)
Subseries: Subject File
WHORM Cat.:
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ROBERT H. KNIGHT

206 Markwood Drive
Sterling, VA 22170

WORK EXPERIENCE

Heritage Foundation

1990 - Present Senior Fellow, Cultural Policy Studies.

Primary responsibility is to research, write and edit studies on federal policies and programs that affect American culture and cultural values. I also chair Heritage working groups, do interviews for newspapers, radio and television, arrange Heritage lectures and represent Heritage at conferences.

Hoover Institution, Stanford University

1989 - 1990 Media Fellow, National Fellows Program.

Researched and began writing a book about American values to be titled "Killing the Culture, Softly."

Los Angeles Times

1982 - 1989

News Editor, Copy Editor, Writer for Metro, View and Calendar. Wrote articles for all of the above plus Orange County Life, Business and op-ed.

Fort Lauderdale News/Sun-Sentinel

1980 - 1982

Weekend Projects Coordinator, News Editor. Directed Metro projects for Page 1, Part I Sunday display.

Maryland Gazette/Annapolis Evening Capital

1978 - 1980

Assistant Editor for the Gazette, in charge of weekend edition. Police beat and general assignment reporter for Capital.

Maryland Coast Press, Ocean City

1975 - 1978

Editor, Editorial Writer, Reporter. I also created and performed radio spots doing various impressions and sound effects.

Robert H. Knight
Page Two

PUBLISHED WORK

Heritage Backgrounders

"Women in Combat: Why Rush to Judgment?," "Federal Support for Early Childhood Programs: Caution is Needed," and "The National Endowment for the Arts: Misusing Taxpayers' Money."

Freelance Articles

National Review, the Wall Street Journal, Los Angeles Times, Chicago Tribune, Philadelphia Inquirer, San Francisco Chronicle, Dallas Morning News, San Jose Mercury-News, Baltimore Sun, San Diego Union, Orange County Register, Cleveland Plain Dealer and other publications.

EDUCATION

- 1975 **American University, Washington, D.C.** Master of Science in Political Science (3.9 GPA).
- 1973 **American University, Washington, D.C.** Bachelor of Science in Political Science, cum laude.
- 1972 Internship in the Capitol Hill office of Rep. Peter Kyros (D-Maine).

References available upon request

Robert Knight composed this article for Mr. Bennett, writing about half of it and gleaming the rest from a Bennett speech.

Battle for the U.S. culture looms as the '90s issue

By William J. Bennett
SPECIAL TO THE WASHINGTON TIMES

During the last 25 years, many of America's intellectual elite have perpetrated a doctrine of nihilism and moral relativism whose purpose has been to undermine traditional American values and beliefs.

Unfortunately, these elites made significant inroads: For a time, America lost her cultural immune system. We allowed the public square to become, in Richard John Neuhaus' term, "naked." We allowed our social and cultural institutions to drift from their moorings. We ceased being clear about the principles we hold and the standards by which we judge.

As a result, we suffered a cultural breakdown of sorts — in areas such as education, art, family life, crime and drug abuse, as well as in our attitudes toward sex, individual responsibility and concepts such as civic duty and public service.

Our children have borne the brunt of this cultural breakdown.

The good news is that our cultural virus has created its own antibodies. Having seen the consequences of these disastrous social experiments, we are engaged in what Tom Wolfe has called "the great relearning." We have begun once again to pay attention to the cultural environment in which we raise our children. Culture will be a central — perhaps the cen-

■ The good news is that our cultural virus has created its own antibodies.

tral — political issue of the 1990s.

The new emphasis on recovery of traditional values is showing up on several fronts. During the past year, numerous books have been published dealing with childbearing, family life and cultural values. Newspapers are carrying more articles with cultural themes. Influential new magazines are being published that deal explicitly with religious and cultural issues. A New York Times poll reveals that many Americans are rediscovering religious faith as a foundation for making decisions about daily living. The TV networks have unveiled a number of programs for the fall season that are set in the post-World War II years and reflect a time when Americans were secure in their values. Attitudes about traditional values have improved.

At the same time, polls show that Americans have lost faith in some of their major elite-run institutions — government, the mainline churches, the media and the legal system. There is a growing sense that people

fare best when they are able to guide their own destinies and handle their own problems in their own neighborhoods.

Cynics dismiss this resurgence of interest in American values as mere "nostalgia." There is a grain of truth in that. The "good old days" always look better in retrospect. Minority Americans and women only recently acquired equal rights after some hard-fought battles. But Americans are not nostalgic for everything in their past, only the parts that worked and are worth conserving. They are not eager to embrace a new definition of civil rights, for instance, that jettisons the core concept of individual protection and instead champions a government-administered spoils system based on race or sex. Resistance runs deep to perverting the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's dream of a colorblind America, showing that most Americans have not lost their commitment to justice.

Our task as parents and citizens is to build on the "great relearning" that is under way. First, we need to speak openly, seriously and candidly about the moral good as an essential part of our life together. And we need to do so in a direct, succinct, understandable way. Too often, people with traditional values have hurt the cause by coming across publicly as uptight scolds, too moralistic, too preachy. We need to speak in a comfortable common language; upbeat and confident and assertively af-



Photo by Willard Volz. The Washington Times

William J. Bennett: "And we should talk about the many ways in which people who are employing traditional virtues succeed when others don't."

firming the common sense and common beliefs of the American people.

Second, we need to make clear the link between the condition of our culture and the well-being of our children. The battle for our culture is too often presented as an abstract debate among academics and public policy experts in Washington; the American people (and American parents especially) need to see the consequences — both good and bad — that culture has on their everyday life. They need to see that if the right

moral lessons are taught to our children, we will have a better society. We will experience greater and broader well-being, fewer personal catastrophes, less social violence and fewer wasted and lost lives. At the same time, it's important to demonstrate the bankruptcy and human cost of contemporary liberalism, whose driving force is envy, not opportunity.

Finally, we need to draw attention to success stories. As secretary of education and "drug czar," I put out

a series of "what works" publications that profiled the inspired efforts of adults who adhere to certain bedrock principles.

We should praise what is praiseworthy in the arts, rewarding true virtuosity and creativity with our attendance and our patronage. If we want more of what is beautiful and noble in the arts, then we must provide more than lip service.

We should talk about abstinence-based sex education programs that reduce teen pregnancies. Teen-ager should get the facts but they also should get sound guidance. They should be told the larger truth — that sexual relations are a wonderful gift, but only in the context of commitment and marriage.

We should talk about why Asian-American schoolchildren excel in academics: lots of hard work and homework, combined with support from close families who believe in the value of education.

We should talk about the community leaders who reduce crime and drug use in their cities by fostering a sense of civic pride and civic resolve.

And we should talk about the many ways in which people who are employing traditional virtues succeed when others don't.

The success stories are out there; they need to be told. It is not enough to lament the tearing down of America's traditional values. Without embarrassment we must reaffirm them in public forums, in the public square and in our public schools.

We owe it to ourselves. But we owe it even more to our children.

William Bennett, former secretary of education, is the Heritage Foundation's Distinguished Fellow in Cultural Policy Studies and a Senior Fellow at the Hudson Institute.

CARLOS

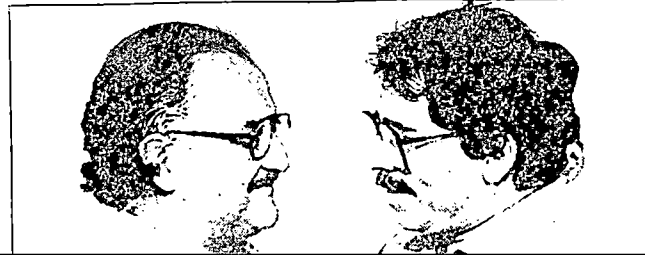
From page D1

Europeans unwittingly killed native people. We cannot read our post-Freudian, violent 20th century into the past."

A book based on the series will be published next year by Houghton Mifflin. Unlike the TV program, the

Smithsonian's backing has been questioned in the press and elsewhere by those who are reluctant to view 1492 as a misstep of history.

Critics also question the appropriateness of supporting the personal and political visions of Carlos Fuentes. Here is a man, they say, whose life has been spent as a virtual obsession with his love-hate relationship with the United States — a nation that has both rewarded Mr. Fuentes with financial and profes-



ceives as this nation's moral and political shortcomings. Madly charming, claim his friends. A truly brilliant novelist, according to many critics here and abroad. Others see him as a provocateur, a Maserati Marxist who's not quite caught up with all that's been happening since the Berlin Wall fell. And then there are those who call him simply a fatuous poseur. Friend and foe alike agree he is a self-promoter in spades.

bot followed the writer around for a year to make a documentary. It portrays the author in all his conflicting facets, charming and infuriating.

See Mr. Fuentes radiate self-confidence into the camera while speaking of having his critics for breakfast — critics who have become somewhat less enamored of him since the time of "The Death of Artemio Cruz" because of books like the surreal Gothic romance "Aura" and the almost unreadable word

ROBERT KNIGHT

As the holidays approach, the Salvation Army is doing what it has done for more than 100 years: setting up its collection kettles, aiding the down-and-out and providing a shining example of real compassion.

This season, however, a Grinch is rattling the kettles. More than a few of those nickels, dimes and quarters are disappearing down a legal black hole to fend off the federal bureaucracy.

The struggle already has cost the army more than \$20,000 in legal fees and other expenses, says Col. Kenneth Hood, national chief secretary. Costs vary from region to region, but the Washington division of the army reports that meals for the homeless cost about \$1.50 each, which means the legal battle has already eaten up the equivalent of 13,000 meals.

In September, the Labor Department ordered the Salvation Army to pay the minimum wage to more than 50,000 people enrolled in work-therapy programs. Labor officials contend the derelicts and drug addicts in the program are "employees" covered by the 52-year-old Fair Labor Standards Act. Salvation Army officials say the people are "beneficiaries" in need of spiritual counseling, food and shelter, and that obeying the order would cripple the program.

The army filed a lawsuit against Labor but U.S. District Judge Albert Bryan of Alexandria dismissed the case. The lawsuit was premature, the judge ruled, because the Labor Department had not actually moved against the Salvation Army, just threatened it.

This leaves the army with little but professed good intentions. Labor Secretary Elizabeth Dole, who recently resigned her post to take the top job at the Red Cross, informally suspended Labor's minimum-wage order for 120 days with a promise that Labor would give 20 days notice of any attempt to enforce the order. Labor officials were supposed to be negotiating with the Salvation Army, but army attorney William J. Moss

Robert Knight is senior fellow for cultural policy studies at the Heritage Foundation. Distributed by Scripps Howard News Service.

Grinch rattling the kettle

says he has had no contact with Labor since Mrs. Dole's action in late September. "They haven't responded to anything we've sent them," he says.

Rep. Marge Roukema, New Jersey Republican, who criticized the initial Labor action as "mindless bureaucracy at its worst" and lobbied Mrs. Dole to suspend the order, plans to introduce corrective legislation when the 102nd Congress convenes in January. Meanwhile, the Salvation Army has until tomorrow to decide whether to file an appeal of the judge's ruling.

The problem could be solved immediately if Labor officials were to obtain a ruling from the solicitor general's office on whether the clients are covered by the law. The Salvation Army's attorney Mr. Moss says he doubts this will happen because Mrs. Dole left "this little can of worms to her successor." Mr. Moss says regardless of who the president appoints to take Mrs. Dole's place, he hopes the Roukema bill will end the matter by exempting organizations such as the Salvation Army from the Fair Labor Standards act.

By holding fast against the Labor Department's bullying, the Salvation Army is doing more than fighting red tape; it is making a stand for religious freedom by saying to the federal government: "You do not have sovereignty in this area. Back off, Caesar."

The army could have taken the easy way out, acknowledging federal authority in return for "help" from Labor officials in finding loopholes in the law. More than 100 other charities are in compliance, says retired Adm. David Cooney, chairman of the Advisory Committee to the Secretary of Labor on Special Minimum Wages. Adm. Cooney, chairman of Goodwill Industries, has lobbied for legal action against the Salvation Army, arguing that "every-

one else" is obeying the law.

But the salient issue, the army contends, is religious freedom, not the benefits of the go-along-to-get-along philosophy. Unlike Goodwill Industries, which is solely concerned with job training, the army's program is a religious mission to reclaim the unemployable. The minimum-wage requirement would gut the program, Col. Hood says, and lead to the layoffs of 7,000 regular employees already covered by labor laws.

Conceding government authority in areas in which it has none opens the way for further infringement on the freedom of private institutions. Army capitulation to the notion that down-and-outers are "employees" would open the door, for example, to a host of other labor laws and more expensive legal battles.

In many ways, the Salvation Army's principled stand resembles the lonely battle for educational and religious freedom waged by Grove City College in Pennsylvania and Hillsdale College in Michigan. Both colleges are independent Christian schools that do not accept federal funds precisely because they wish to remain free of federal regulation. Although neither school has been accused of discrimination, both have been besieged by federal officials wielding civil rights laws. The issue, much as in the Salvation Army case (which stems from a single complaint filed in 1985), is not whether the schools have actually done anything wrong but whether they will knuckle under to federal power.

Hillside President George Roche sums up his institution's stance this way: "We will defend ourselves, as best we can, by distancing ourselves from governmental reach, whether that is intended to harm or [God forbid] help us."

Whenever a private institution fights bureaucratic encroachment, it is a reminder that America's freedoms rest on restraint of government power.

In its battle to preserve the traditional values of compassion and mercy in the face of federal bureaucrats expanding their power base, the Salvation Army deserves support. It also deserves a clear, written declaration from Mrs. Dole's successor or the solicitor general for the Labor Grinch to leave the Salvation Army alone once and for all.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

October 5, 1989

Hollywood, You Slay Me

By ROBERT H. KNIGHT

A good laugh isn't what it used to be. At least not at the movies. More and more, comedy is keeping company with murder, torture and other violence.

It's not that comedies have not had violent scenes; many of them have. What is new is that violence and comedy are woven into the same scenes in quality, mainstream films.

We are not talking here about the Three Stooges, but realistic portrayals of violence, the kind that should make us cringe. As with any dilution of the moral code, it is happening at an almost imperceptible rate, sneaking in here and there. What shocks at first becomes routine the fourth time, and "normal" the 14th.

The line in mainstream films was crossed in 1976 in "Silver Streak," a successful comedy with gratuitous violence spicing up the slapstick. It was not generally thought of as a black comedy, and the genres began to be blurred.

The next breach was in 1978's "Foul Play," in which a senile pope applauds at a theater as the curtain comes down, upon which are dead security guards, festooned like shells and buoys in a net at a seaside bar. The joke is on the pope, who is so out of touch that he doesn't notice the dead people. Or maybe he does. Ha ha, gosh, what will that zany pontiff do next? As comedy, it is sophomoric; as religious satire, it is less than sophomoric. We are not supposed to worry about whether the guards had families; they are merely props not accorded the dignity of their own deaths.

In "Prizzi's Honor" (1985), the slyly

wrought tale of a hitman and hitwoman who fall in love, innocent folks are once again caught in the crossfire. This doesn't slow down the madcap antics of these evil-but-cute killers. An innocent woman is gunned down by mistake in an elevator as she arrives with an armload of groceries. The killers see this as an inconvenience. Oops. Shrug. Ha ha.

Audience: Oops. Hmm. Well, shrug, Ha ha. We are supposed to be laughing, right? The reviews said this was a comedy, right? No sense spoiling a good flick with concern over a graphic random killing!

Likewise, in last year's "A Fish Called Wanda," we are not supposed to be disturbed when an inept killer is crushing a woman's pet dogs to death; we are supposed to laugh at his inability to kill the woman herself, which he finally does when she has a heart attack over the carnage. Are you laughing yet? The people at the theater I went to were howling. A couple of viewers cocked their heads as if they sensed something out of balance, but then succumbed to the good humor around them. Who wants to be a wet blanket?

Perhaps the most disturbing mix of violence and comedy was in the biggest hit of this summer. In "Batman," innocent people die grotesque, agonizing deaths while "Joker" Jack Nicholson cracks one-liners. The result is an audience uneasily laughing at ghoulish depictions of human suffering. But laugh they do.

In a class by themselves are the slasher films, in which young people lose their lives in varied ways, often inventively and with much loss of blood and limbs. Ask the fans—usually teens—why they aren't repulsed and they remind you that you

aren't supposed to take it seriously. It's a kick. That's all.

And, perhaps, so it is. But as you look around the theaters and hear people guffawing at less cartoonish horrors, you will notice young people laughing the heartiest. You could conclude that the young have always been more callous than their elders. After all, they have no sense of their own mortality and little acquaintance with real-life tragedy to temper their indiscriminate exuberance. You could also say they have been "dulled down" by watching 10,000 killings on television. But you might also wonder about the impact of slasher films, where violence is the comedy, and mainstream films that use killings as a comic device.

Not so many years ago, a little comedy called "King of Hearts" was a cult favorite of college students. It is the tale of a first world war soldier's reactions to French villagers, who unknown to him are escaped inmates from an asylum. They have taken the roles—baker, ballerina—of the former inhabitants of the deserted town. The soldier is captivated by their sweet goofiness. But before he can rejoin his outfit, his comrades enter the town and encounter enemy soldiers. As the two sides slaughter each other, the lunatics soberly slip back into the asylum, a "saner" world. Contrasted with the preceding levity, it is a powerful message.

If "King of Hearts" were filmed today by some other filmmakers, they might not resist going for one more big laugh at the end. Right after the killings. Or better yet, during.

Mr. Knight is a media fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Relativism is the last refuge of old leftists

Pierre Trudeau, others won't face the truth about the horrors of communism

By Robert H. Knight

As the moral high ground in international politics shifts with earthquake intensity, socialist intellectuals are scrambling to stay on their feet.

At Stanford University last week, former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau demonstrated the left's breathtaking inability to learn from history as he blamed the West for all the world's ills.

Even as horror stories about life under communism proliferate in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, Trudeau proclaimed that "the containment of communism was only a gambit in the policy of empire." Western empire, that is, not the empire of gulags, Berlin walls, and psychiatric torture wards.

"If ideas are the stuff of which history is made," Trudeau said, "governments in the western world seem singularly unprepared to shape their own destinies."

What Trudeau and other socialists fail to understand is that ideas do not come from governments but from people — free people.

Trudeau called on the newly liberated Eastern European nations to embrace "the egalitarian aspirations of collectivism" by retaining a large measure of "democratic planning." Likewise, the West, whose comparatively free economies left the communist world in the dust, should "return to a more regulated economy, where the public interest would have priority over private profit."

In a free society, the public interest is determined, mainly by free decisions made by free men and women. In Trudeau's vision, social planners dictate what is best. The same social planners, no doubt, who brought us the utopian delights of America's inner cities.

After his speech, Trudeau was awarded the Stanford Law School's Jackson H. Ralston Prize in international law for "original and distinguished contribution to the development of the role of law in international relations."

This honor was given to a man who favored unilateral disarmament in the face of the Soviet military build-up, a man who cannot differentiate between Soviet-sponsored brutality in Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and Angola and America's support of the Afghan rebels, the

Nicaraguan resistance, and the forces that oppose Fidel Castro.

The invasions of Panama and Grenada — supported overwhelmingly by the people in both nations, a fact he did not mention — are proof the United States is an international hypocrite, Trudeau said. So was the US effort in Southeast Asia, where America tried to stop a foe that eventually butchered thousands, operated "reeducation" camps, and produced nearly a million "boat people" who continue to risk their lives rather than live under communism.

Perhaps Trudeau might ask the Cambodians if it was a good thing that the communists prevailed in their country, where 2 million people — a third of the population — were slaughtered to create a "new society."

The old line of the left has always been that the United States was the problem in international affairs, that if we would only relax our opposition to communism, the world would know peace. The excesses of communism, the left intellectuals said, were the results of the United States' stubborn resolve to continue the Cold War.

In other words, for opposing the ideology that leads to mass murder and the abrogation of all basic human rights, including freedom of the press, speech, religion, and property ownership, the United States is guilty of having, as former President Jimmy Carter said, "an inordinate fear of communism."

For years, people like Dwight McDougal, Mary McCarthy, Alfred Kazin, Edmund Wilson, Jean-Paul Sartre, Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, and Trudeau tried to persuade us that socialism was the only acceptable political stance. They criticized the West for not being perfect while glossing over atrocities in the East. They equated justice with unlimited state power, and some declared terrorism to be merely a "different" form of struggle.

Doing his own part for socialism, Trudeau left Canada with a huge deficit, an unwieldy welfare state, confiscatory taxes, a revitalized separatist movement in the French-speaking provinces, and a neutralist (when not actually pro-communist) foreign policy. Under Prime Minister Brian Mulrooney, Canada is still trying to dig out from under Trudeau's edenic sludge.

Like Trudeau, many intellectuals cling



Pierre Trudeau

Ranan Lurie for the Register

to their collectivist views despite overwhelming evidence of that philosophy's propensity to cause human misery.

Alexander Cockburn, the *Wall Street Journal's* token Marxist and a columnist for *The Nation*, has complained bitterly of Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms, saying they undermine the Stalinist, er, communist ideal.

In a front-page article for the *New York Times Book Review* last July, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. declared that relativism — the belief that all values are merely relative to time, space, and place — was "the American Way." He proceeded to show how his own relativism breeds Trudeau-like moral equivalence. Describing conflicts between "absolutists," Schlesinger noted that "Buddhists and communists are killing each other in Tibet."

This is like saying that Jews and Nazis were killing each other in the Warsaw ghetto. Inability to tell victim from killer is the most crippling kind of moral blindness.

The moral high ground is now occupied — as it always was — by those who oppose totalitarianism, not those who seek to appease it. It took an enormous amount of intellectual dishonesty for the latter to appear to hold the high ground for so long.

From Armando Valladares, who spent two decades in Castro's prisons, to Soviet gulag prisoner Natan Sharansky, dissidents say that they lived on the hope that the West would resist — not accommodate — communism. Whenever the West alleviated the pressure through moral equivocation and financial assistance, it postponed the day of reckoning.

As unswerving apologists like Pierre Trudeau try to take credit for developments that they helped delay, they should be held accountable, not awarded prizes.

Mr. Knight, a media fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, is writing a book about relativism.

The land of warm sun seethes with discontent

By ROBERT H. KNIGHT

Before Great Britain squeezed off the flow from its former colonies, most Jamaican emigrants set their sights on London. Now the United States and Canada beckon with proximity and easier access.

Because the usual immigration channels are filled by the families of Jamaican-Americans, the only legitimate way to get into the United States is with a visitor's visa. Once here, the visitor can try to wrangle a change in status from the Immigration Bureau, or simply go "illegal" and disappear.

Of 49,000 visitor's visas issued between September, 1978, and September, 1979, 10 percent to 20 percent of the holders will fail to return to the island, according to U.S. Consular General Thomas Davis.

Many are doctors, managers, skilled workers and technicians: in short, what's left of the island's middle class. Some are clerical workers who feel the economic pinch and see no room for advancement in a deteriorating economy.

Others are domestics who would rather take their chances in a Miami restaurant kitchen than wait to see what their place will be in the new social order.

In Kingston, a city of 600,000, of whom 40 percent are unemployed, 300 to 350 people line up each weekday to apply for visas to the United States.

"That's actually a low figure," Mr. Davis said. During the peak period, from June through August, as many as 600 applicants are processed daily.

Consulate officials reject about one-third of the requests, largely because those people can't convince them they will return to the island when the visas expire.

Although it may help to know an American, unofficial rules require showing a financial interest in returning.

"We don't like to put it that way, that they've got to have the bucks here before we let them go there, but that's about the way it breaks down," said a consulate official. "Instead of 'give us your poor, your teeming masses, etc.' it's more like 'give us your middle class, your technicians, your brains.'"

The policy may be sound from the U.S. point of view, but it is likely exacerbating Jamaica's economic woes. Even before independence came in 1962, Jamaicans showed a remarkable penchant for emigration. But with increasing political instability and an economy often described as a "basket case," Jamaica's outflow is now of epidemic proportion.

Of four million Jamaicans, only 2.1 million reside on the island. The rest are scattered around Britain and North America. Conservative estimates place more than 350,000 in New York, 150,000 in Miami and increasing numbers in Baltimore, Washington and other Eastern cities.

With the middle class leaving in droves, its absence is being felt all over the island. Only 10 specialized dentists (such as orthodontists) are said still to be practicing, a ratio of one for every 200,000 prospective patients.

Mr. Knight is a political scientist who writes frequently on foreign affairs.

Small factories are closing for lack of spare parts, and automobiles are rusting in driveways for the same reason.

A burgeoning black market for parts has emerged, fed by very professional thieves. Recently, an American Embassy official awoke to find his car on blocks, all four radial tires missing.

In an effort to conserve foreign exchange, the government has fashioned a labyrinthine system of import rules. One Kingston businessman said he had tried to comply with the law when ordering parts for his machines, but had waited as long as three months before requests were cleared.

"Now," he said, "I just send one of my people to Miami to buy it and put it in his pocket. It's ridiculous to wait three months; I could be out of business because of one small bolt."

Coffee plantation owners complain they can't find foremen or reliable field workers. While vast areas of the Blue Mountains lie uncultivated, Jamaicans are booking charters to harvest sugar cane in the Gulf states and apples in New York.

The island they leave behind, 90 miles south of Cuba and growing closer to the Castro ideology, is caught in the swirl of an economic crisis with no immediately foreseeable solutions.

On paper, at least, it seems preposterous. Jamaica is blessed with white, sandy beaches, crystal clear waters, a perfect year-round climate, a formidable mountain range, a variety of crops that even grow on trees in downtown Kingston, and the world's biggest, richest market less than 200 miles away.

The economy should be booming. Instead, it is reeling from steady decreases in production, an unemployment rate estimated last year at 42 percent, a severe foreign exchange imbalance, periodic power blackouts, consumer-goods shortages, a per capita annual income of \$1,100 (second only to Haiti as the lowest in the Caribbean) and a depressed tourist industry.

In a country with a 70 percent literacy rate, there is no shortage of citizens willing to debate what is wrong. Thanks to the outpouring of its managerial and technically skilled classes, Jamaica has few people able to do something about it.

At the center of the debate is Prime Minister Michael Manley, the handsome, charismatic "democratic socialist" elected in 1972.

To his opponents, Mr. Manley is responsible for everything from the gang wars in the Kingston waterfront to the sharp drop in tourism on the north coast.

To his supporters, Mr. Manley is a champion of the people, and the only Jamaican strong enough to stand up to the U.S. colossus that likes to think of the Caribbean as its private lake.

Of his persuasive powers, there is absolute consensus. "If Michael Manley gets up and wants you to believe that Hell is the best place on earth, by the time he's finished, you'll believe it. He's that good," says Jennifer French, a reporter for the government-owned Kingston Daily News. "When Michael talks, everybody listens."

And when Michael makes a political move, everybody watches. Following the nonaligned nations conference in Havana in September where he gave a pro-Castro speech, Mr. Manley moved his People's National Party sharply

leftward. He has also welcomed more Cuban advisers (most recent estimate, about 500), who have built some schools and small dams and provided medical assistance.

Trade deals with the Soviet Union have been negotiated, and Mr. Manley has visited Moscow.

Some Jamaicans say they fear Mr. Manley's moves will speed up the already brisk exodus, and force Mr. Manley to go further left. Others see support building for the opposition leader, Edward Seaga, who, according to the latest polls, could oust Mr. Manley if an election were held now.

But the next election is not scheduled until 1981, and a continued decline could change the political puzzle, since Mr. Manley's enemies keep leaving the country.

A growing number of Jamaicans have bought property in the United States and are developing ties on which they can fall back if the system collapses.

"Of course I think about leaving," said a Kingston art dealer. "Many of my friends have already gone. If you don't hear from them for two or three weeks, you know they've gone."

The exodus, which had been fairly steady through the 1950s and 1960s, took a jump when Mr. Manley made his famous reelection speech in 1976. Buoyed by his new mandate, Mr. Manley noted that anyone who didn't like his policies could catch any of "five planes a day" leaving the nation's airports.

Taking his advice, 12,779 persons applied for immigrant visas in 1977, an increase of more than 5,000 from 1976. In 1978, 14,999 visas were issued, and about the same number are expected to be issued this year.

Because of strict new currency regulations, visitor's visas actually dropped in 1977 by almost 20,000 applications, to 46,239. They rose to 65,211 in 1978 and to 77,000 in 1979.

Today, Jamaica is desperately trying to live within its means and what it has borrowed from the rest of the world, while Mr. Manley continues to rise as a Third World spokesman.

He blames much of the economic problem on multinational corporations, who, he says, are "punishing" Jamaica for drifting leftward. He is less articulate when trying to explain why production has fallen off in government-controlled commodities, such as bananas and sugar.

Since the bauxite industry remains in the hands of a consortium of American and Canadian firms, it is an enduring symbol of the bad old days.

Before Mr. Manley introduced a minimum wage and raised export levies, wages were pitifully low and resources were being pumped out with little compensation. White men called all the shots in a nation 95 percent black.

Something had to be done to redress the imbalance, but some Jamaicans feel Mr. Manley went too far, too fast. Many, including Mr. Manley's supporters, say things are likely to get worse, despite the infusion of \$30 million in annual U.S. grants, the highest per capita aid program in the Caribbean.

While the prime minister makes up his mind which way he's going, his country's brains and capital continue to flow north, over an island where a similar process occurred two decades ago.

BYE BYE BIRDIE

A LOS ANGELES radio broadcaster probably put it best when he reported on Democratic Mayor Tom Bradley's long-awaited decision on whether to support California Chief Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird in her reconfirmation bid: "Tom Bradley has come down firmly on the side of neutrality." The mayor, who is running for governor against popular Republican incumbent George Deukmejian, had been badgered for months on the question. Forging his own path in a swamp explored by few other ranking Democrats, Bradley transformed the art of waffling into a profile in courage, albeit a low profile.

Bradley has good reason to keep his head down. Recent polls by the *Los Angeles Times* and by Mervin Field show Justice Bird steadily ceding ground and eventually losing by twenty points or more. The Field poll shows her losing even among Democrats.

The consensus among political observers is that Justice Bird will hurt her party in the November elections; the only question is how much. This leaves Democrats with a painful dilemma.

Bradley's ringing non-position, while not ranking with his flip-flops on gun control and offshore drilling, was probably the best he could do to minimize the damage. If Bradley had come out against her he would have been accused of abandoning his principles and turning his back on an ally.

WHY ALL this fuss over a judicial campaign, usually one of the more boring exercises endured by the electorate?

For starters, both parties rightly see the composition of the seven-member State Supreme Court as pivotal to California's political evolution. Depending on which side of the aisle you are on, Justice Bird and her allies on the bench are either the last hope of humane, responsive government or the tool of liberal ideologues bent on institutionalizing egalitarian values.

But it's not her court's social engineering that has got the public's dander up. It is the death penalty—or, more precisely, the refusal to apply it.

The State Supreme Court has upheld

only three death sentences since California reinstated capital punishment in 1977. Those cases are now winding their way through the federal courts, and, at last count, California's Death Row, which has not had an execution since 1967, hosted a population of more than 160. In none of the nearly sixty murder cases appealed to the Bird Court has the Chief Justice voted to affirm a death sentence. The public has begun to suspect that she has a soft spot for convicted murderers.

According to the latest polls, support for capital punishment has reached 83 per cent among Californians, the highest ever. Even many who had considered opposition to the death penalty an integral part of the civil-rights movement have swallowed hard and reassessed. Cases such as that of Theodore Frank, convicted of murdering a two-year-old girl in 1978, help explain why.

Frank's crime was particularly gruesome: After kidnapping the toddler from the backyard of her babysitter's home, Frank proceeded to bind, rape, and torture her with a pair of pliers before strangling her and dumping her body in a canyon. A jury found Frank guilty of first-degree murder and recommended the death penalty after reviewing evidence seized during a court-sanctioned search of his home, including a pair of pliers that matched the wounds on the girl, and his diaries, full of passages like this: "Children, made-to-order outlet for my anger and sex. Innocent, trusting, scared, vulnerable, and submissive. . . . I want to give pain to these little children. I want to molest them. I want to be sadistic. I want to harm them."

The Bird Court, concluding that the warrant used by the police had been too broad, threw out the death sentence. Justice Bird herself went further,



Mr. Knight is a news editor for the Los Angeles Times.

favoring reversal of not only the death penalty but the conviction. She said that Frank was denied a fair trial because potential jurors who were philosophically opposed to capital punishment were excluded. In other words, in a system in which unanimity is required for the death penalty to be applied, Justice Bird wanted to require the seating of jurors who had made it clear that they would not uphold the law under any circumstances.

The outcome of Frank's appeal was not a surprise. For the past several years, the court has shown itself willing to employ the most farfetched legal rationalizations to void death sentences. Its latest contribution to jurisprudence has been to rewrite the legal definition of "intent" in such a way as to make it almost impossible to sentence anyone to death. To the rest of the legal world, "intent" is determined by asking: Would the reasonable man expect a given action, such as shooting someone in the head, to produce a particular result, such as death? But for Rose Bird, intent means a state of mind that the prosecution can never prove existed. Take three recent death-penalty cases decided by the court:

A student from a Christian college

who stopped to ask directions on a street corner was told to hand over all his money and was shot to death after he refused and tried to flee; a fast-food-store manager was told to kneel, then shot at close range through the head by a robber; a couple who owned a grocery store were shot to death by a robber as their eight-year-old son watched. In all three instances, the court ruled that although the prosecution proved the defendants had killed the victims in the course of robberies, it hadn't proved that they had actually intended to kill. The death sentences were thrown out and new trials ordered. Case after case is now being tossed out on the intent rule, and dozens more that were considered "safe" are slated for review.

All this has predictably evoked outrage from law-enforcement authorities and victims' families. More surprisingly, the dissatisfaction has spilled over into the media. Many articles and TV segments about murder-case appeals have been decidedly unsympathetic toward the killers, who used to be cast as Dickensian dregs of a failed social system. For a time, articles on this issue went into great detail over procedural duels between attorneys, men-

tioning the crime and the victim only in passing as if to avoid arousing a populace poised at the jailhouse door with a rope. Now grisly deeds are recounted in the stories' leads, and the Bird Court's record in death-penalty cases is trotted out repeatedly, hammering home the message that the court may be out of step with the public. But the public may soon get a court more to its liking.

CALIFORNIA justices do not run against an opponent but are merely yea'd or nay'd by the voters periodically. In theory, a justice disapproved by the voters leaves office and the governor appoints a replacement. In practice, no justice has been defeated since the system was instituted in 1934. Yet at this writing, Chief Justice Bird and two of her colleagues—Cruz Reynoso and Joseph Grodin—are in jeopardy. (Last December another liberal, anti-death-penalty judge, Otto Kaus, retired and was replaced by Edward Panelli, a conservative Deukmejian appointee.)

Now even Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, a Bird ally, has taken note of
(Continues on page 59)

KNIGHT

(Continued from page 44)

the political fallout from the death-penalty issue and has advised Democrats not to take a stand on the Bird reconfirmation. Of the death penalty itself, he has merely noted that "there are some people that obviously ought to go on and meet their Maker." More and more Democrats seem to feel just that way about Justice Bird. She has received little support from the state Democratic Party, which is still reeling from the 1984 election and continuing growth in Republican voter registrations. Liberal Democrats would like to see her retain her seat so she could continue to construct legal scaffolding for progressive causes (such as voiding initiative measures to undo the Democrats' gerrymandering of Assembly districts, or giving blessings to a Democratic challenge to the legitimacy of new registrations because of errors such as typos). But most Democratic leaders seem unwilling to take the risks that might save her.

At a fundraiser last year in San Francisco keyed by Warren Beatty, Justice Bird tried to rally the troops. As the *Los Angeles Times* noted, "The dinner attracted interest as much for who didn't attend as for who did." San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein, "who was sworn into office by Bird and listed as honorary chair of the dinner, declined" to speak or appear. Jerry Brown also skipped the event, as did Democratic Congressman Tony Coelho, who, according to reports, was across the street at another hotel and "didn't walk over."

So who was wining and dining Justice Bird? Some foes of the death penalty, some party activists, but mostly lawyers who specialize in personal-injury cases. For, although the death-penalty cases have been drawing the most publicity, the court's decisions on damage recovery in personal-injury

suits have changed the face of public liability. The lawyers say they support Justice Bird because they believe in an "independent judiciary." But they also believe in contingency fees, and they have benefited greatly from the Bird Court's record in tort law.

In California under Justice Bird, suing municipalities and government agencies has become ever easier and more attractive. A number of California towns have been socked with multimillion-dollar liability judgments for injuries for which they are not conceivably to blame. A jury recently awarded \$6 million against the city of Newport Beach, for example, to a young man who paralyzed himself by diving into the ocean near the shore.

The trial lawyers, not surprisingly, are delighted with this trend. Some big firms have ponied up for Justice Bird's war chest, and the largest single contribution to her campaign—\$110,000—was supplied by the California Trial Lawyers Association.

In addition to the financial and legal difficulties spawned by the court's tort decisions, some observers are concerned that the rulings are having an even more profound political effect. "What they are trying to do is to convert the tort system into a system of social welfare," Berkeley law professor John G. Fleming told the *California Journal*. By siding with the plaintiff in personal-injury suits against a government agency, the court creates legal obligations for the agency, thus expanding the agency's role without legislative sanction. Following the Bird Court's lead, lower courts have mandated expenditures for abortions and other services that were not specifically funded by the legislature.

Still, though tort law may be a sexy issue for lawyers and insurance companies, the November election is more

likely to turn on the death-penalty issue. There's something about child murderers getting off on technicalities that motivates even the most bored constituents.

Should the critics knock off Justices Bird, Reynoso, and Grodin, only one radical opponent of the death penalty would remain on the seven-member court. There would be at least two Deukmejian nominees remaining and, if the Duke is re-elected, there would be five. In the current climate, such an opportunity might just be enough to draw out the great numbers of California voters enraged by crime and radicalized by Rose Bird. □

Samuel Beckett: A small dissent

By Robert H. Knight

The death of playwright Samuel Beckett occasioned an outpouring of tributes focusing on the revolutionary impact he had on modern theater. In the midst of the accolades, I would like to add this small dissent.

Beckett was modern, all right, in the worst sense: His virtuosity became more important than the use to which it was put. Like the generation of soulless writers he influenced, his works rattled with pithy dialogue, bursts of humor and irony, and ultimately added up to nothing.

Beckett was an impoverisher of the spirit, a writer who gave bad directions to wayfarers of the soul. Drowning in a sea of despair, he used his considerable wit and imagination to reach out and pull others into his nightmare.

In "Waiting for Godot," the 1952 Beckett play that profoundly influenced theater and literature, two hapless tramps wait without relief for someone named "Godot." Their hope is portrayed as a useful lie, a denial of reality. Despair is seen as a heroic embrace of realism. Happy people are fools who are happy only because they do not know any better. Godot, that is, God—and God's grace—will never come. Only the wait is real.

Beckett's milieu was the abyss—the unchecked absurdity that sensible people reject merely by the act of favoring something rather than nothing. Reflective people take furtive glances into the abyss, renewing their commitment to living as they retreat from its edge. They know that a long look might cost them their sanity, or even their lives.

Those who linger too long without the lifeline of beliefs to tug them back watch their moral center disappear into the fathomless depths. They are left only with vague concepts of survival, which they arrange haphazardly in an effort to construct a series of temporary meanings to life.

Such joylessness should be seen for the waste it is. As the joyless abuse their talents, they plunge further into the abyss, drifting ever farther from life's light while erecting the armor of intellect around their sadness. Human salvation, they are told by the Becketts of the world, is to be found only in the search for—not in the finding—of truth.

In his own unrelenting pessimism, Beckett was the Book of Ecclesiastes without the promise of God's salvation. He was "The Church of Christ Without Christ," Flannery O'Connor's comment in "Wise

Blood," on the meanness of a life with metaphysical knowledge of man's imperfection—but no spiritual joy, no promise of redemption.

An insidious destroyer, the abyss of pessimism has a whirlpool effect, sucking the life out of any person preoccupied with its imponderable depths. It is insanity incognito, clothed with intellect and insight, yet lacking in both. By replacing meaning with cleverness, it leaves only the ruinous philosophy of relativism, the view that all beliefs are relative.

When one is left only with one's own perceptions as a guide to reality, there is little to justify existence except the surrender to the senses, the self-worship of hedonism. Beckett assaulted traditional values, helping to damage a culture already drifting from its moorings. Whatever his intentions, he helped spawn mindless materialism by discrediting any other human motivations.

Beckett was not alone in the assault on traditional values. Some of the most highly touted recent literature focuses on the aimlessness of the aloof generation. Art has also degenerated into a sad carnival of the pointless.

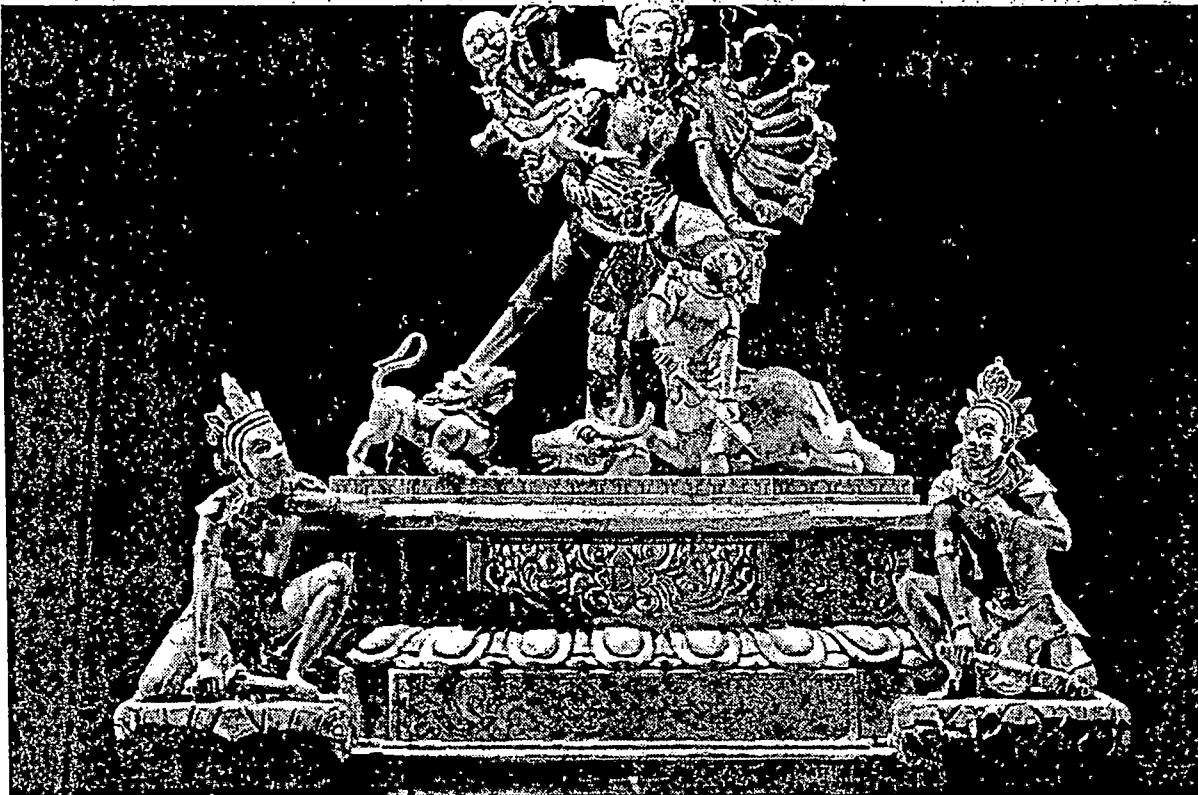
In the cinema, technique is increasingly triumphing over content; Sam Peckinpah's slow-motion splashing of blood across the screen in his '70s films is more memorable than any of the plots, and the gore level has continued to rise. In many movies, the technique is dazzling but the moral sensibilities are warped. Sex, violence, bright colors and a loud rock score are wrapped around the remnants of a moral tradition that is no longer understood and is used only as a weak platform for the real show—sensations.

Audiences are showing signs of tiring of this trend and are beginning to tune out. According to the New York Times, television producers facing declining ratings are increasingly turning to the past for inspiration, resurrecting old scripts and scavenging the film vaults. They are looking for works that touch the heart—works that were conceived before the wrecking ball of relativism swung through the writers' ranks.

Critics who dismiss such efforts as an exercise in nostalgia are missing the point. Recovery, not nostalgia, better describes the cultural revolution that is gaining strength amid the decadence. People want plays and movies with a moral, art that reflects beauty or at least meaning, and literature that addresses the struggles of the human soul without amputating hope.

To the extent that Samuel Beckett opened the way for experimental theater, he was a genius. To the extent that he helped discredit the values that keep barbarians from achieving respectability, he was an architect of madness. May he rest in peace, away from the abyss of his own making.

Robert H. Knight, a media fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, is writing a book on relativism.



Scene depicts "Durga Slaying the Demon," a Nepalese bronze.

GLENN KOENIG
Los Angeles Times

PAGEANT REVIEW

A Celebration of the Human Element in Art

Laguna Beach's Pageant of the Masters has always taken the long view, delighting its adherents and annoying those who decry the event's lack of contemporary relevance.

In the pageant's 56th year, the grounds for the debate were never so clear as during the narration for the showing of "Spirits of the Chinese Pagoda," sculptures of legendary beings that watch over the rooftops of Chinese villages.

No mention is made of the current repression in China, in which the Communist leadership is carrying out mass arrests of artists and film makers along with the usual political suspects. Instead, the Chinese art is presented in nearly timeless fashion, with narrator Thurl Ravenscroft noting, "As this Eastern land opens its doors to the West," the spirit-statues "bid welcome and offer their blessings to all."

The brief historical reference is to China's previous opening to the West at the turn of the century. But given current events, the irony of that hopeful view is inescapable.

Over the years, the pageant has either avoided the temptation to comment or—as detractors have charged—lacked the courage or imagination to do so. Its milieu is human diversity as recorded by the Monets; the Van Goghs; the Renoirs; the ancient Greek, Roman and Hindu sculptors, the "masters" whose works outlived the immediate. The thrust seems to be of eternal consequences, the things of the soul. The thread connecting all these, we are told by the narrator, is beauty, which requires of the viewer the ability to appreciate.

Because of the pageant's nature—the posing of live models for a minute or so in re-creations of artworks—people are essential to the enterprise. You will not see a modern work on the order of "White Dot on Black Background" because it does not meet the pageant's twin

By ROBERT KNIGHT, *Times Staff Writer*

criteria: It does not have people in it, nor is it beautiful to more than a handful of people who must explain why it is beautiful.

In this sense, the pageant is a bald-faced thumb of the nose at the current art world, and at current philosophies that, in ratchet-like fashion, relegate human beings a notch lower every year in the cosmic scheme of things.

Within the context of the pageant's history and mission, one would have to conclude that director Glen Eytchison succeeded this year as well as in any in conveying an appreciation of human diversity and beauty—without controversy, or at least current controversy.

The pageant opens with a nostalgic look at Laguna Beach's founding through a series of sepia-toned photos tracing the city's beginnings from a patchwork collection of shacks by the seaside in the 1880s to an artists' colony confident enough to put on its first Festival of Arts in the summer of 1933. The first pageant artwork ever presented was "Girl of the Golden West," in which Josie Durkem Rice, the original model for the 1914 Louis Betts painting, reprised her role. This was re-enacted this year, as were James McNeil Whistler's "My Mother," followed by Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie" and Sir Thomas Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," also mainstays of the early pageants.

Then it is on to the current offerings, starting with Donna Schuster's sunshine-dappled "On the Veranda," followed by the guardian Chinese spirits, the Currier & Ives' skating-pond paean "Winter Pastime," Maxfield Parrish's lush "Garden of Allah," Gaston Doin's lively "Carnival" and several other works before the first-act finale, a multiscene presentation and history of Hopi kachina dolls.

The crowd-pleasing Hopi exhibit, which takes place on

several spots on the hillsides around the Irvine Bowl as well as on the stage, employs a historical narrative and sound and lighting effects simulating a thunderstorm to tell the story of how the kachina dolls are used as spirit surrogates to ward off evil and to chastise wayward children. It all hangs together nicely.

Other works presented range from an Etruscan fresco circa 480 BC to an ancient Egyptian necklace to Ken Auster's "Pier Shot," a 1988 watercolor depicting two surfers approaching the moment of truth in front of pilings at the Huntington Beach Pier. This last was not quite as well received as some of the others, perhaps because it lacks the detail characteristic of the early masters' works. It doesn't look as if it was as hard to bring off, and difficulty of execution is a criterion for eliciting oohs and ahs.

Despite the pageant's overall lightness of mood, some of the works conceivably could be controversial, or thought-provoking, depending on the viewer's ideology. Louis Maurer's 1895 oil, "Great Royal Buffalo Hunt," depicts an Indian slaying a buffalo as Buffalo Bill Cody looks on as a co-conspirator. Animal-rights activists can't be happy about such a work presented in nonjudgmental or even approving fashion.

Women are sent a mixed message at one point in the program. A Nepalese bronze, "Durga Slaying the Demon," recounts the epic battle when the Hindu goddess drives out an evil demon lord by magically changing her shape. In the incarnation at hand, she sports 18 arms. It is a stirring sight, and it could be a fitting symbol for the modern woman who is supposed to—and often does—do it all. But just as the females in the audience might be starting to hum "I am woman, hear me roar," the next work presented is "Conversation Plaisir," a 19th-Century painting by Victor Gabriel Gilbert that depicts a group of women quietly enjoying a day by the river—doing laundry.

Please see PAGEANT, Page 9

PAGEANT

Continued from Page 8.

Well, at least women are anything but under-represented in the pageant's works; And women get a break two presentations later with a male nude under glass, George Thompson and Tom Vincent's 1961 "Orpheus." This acts as a counterbalance for Robert Krantz's "Fantasy of Wings" earlier in the program, which features a naked young woman surrounded, but not obscured, by sea gulls.

During the entire pageant, an orchestra fronted by music director-composer-conductor Richard Henn showed sprightly versatility in as eclectic a program of accompaniment as one could imagine.

Also adding to the mood—or, more appropriately, moods—were anecdotes and quotes in the narration from commentators as disparate as Mark Twain ("I don't like work—even if someone else does it"), James McNeil Whistler (who, when confronted by a student who had announced "I paint what I see," answered, "Yes, but the tragedy of this is when you see what you have painted") and current humorist Dave Barry (New York "is the only city in the country with an official arm gesture").

Lighthearted moments in the program were provided by the Tiffany Circus Collection, a colorful group of figurines of circus performers, and by the Victorian Valentines, a series of lacy, ornate paper cutouts that celebrate romantic love.

Oops, there they go, trumpeting traditional values again. No wonder the cynics hate this pageant. Chaste romantic love is so uncool, don't you know, in an age of herpes, AIDS and palimony suits. And, of course, unrealistic.

Well, they haven't seen anything yet.

The pageant delivers a *coup de grâce* to cynicism in a finale that, while infused with Christian symbolism, transcends religious doctrines through a careful narrative.

Since 1936, every pageant but one has ended with Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." This year, the presentation is preceded by a quote from da Vinci, who explained his quest in painting Jesus' disciples this way: "There could be no greater challenge than to reflect the intent of a man's soul."

At this point, confirmed cynics might be advised to close not only their eyes but also their ears, for the narration ends with the words of Saint Paul, who declared that the way of the righteous is to cling to "faith, hope and love."

No, the pageant will probably never include "White Dot on Black Background," or "Keg O' Plastic Inner Tubes."

But then, that's not what it's all about.

The Pageant of the Masters continues through Aug. 27 at the Irvine Bowl, 650 Laguna Canyon Road, Laguna Beach. Show time: 8:30 nightly. Tickets: \$9 to \$35, including admission to the Laguna Beach Festival of Arts, an exhibition by local artists and crafts people that is running concurrently on the festival grounds. Admission to the festival only is \$1 to \$2. Information: (714) 494-1145.

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Dr. Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., President, The Heritage Foundation.
(202) 546-4400.

Mr. Gary Bauer, President, Family Research Council. (202) 393-2100.

Mrs. Kate Walsh O'Beirne, Vice President for Government Relations,
The Heritage Foundation. (202) 546-4400.

Dr. Thomas Henriksen, Associate Director, The Hoover Institution,
Stanford University. (415) 723-4255.

Dr. Helen DesFosses, Associate Provost, State University of New York at Albany.
(518) 442-5254.

David Galloway, News Editor, Los Angeles Times. (714) 966-5805.