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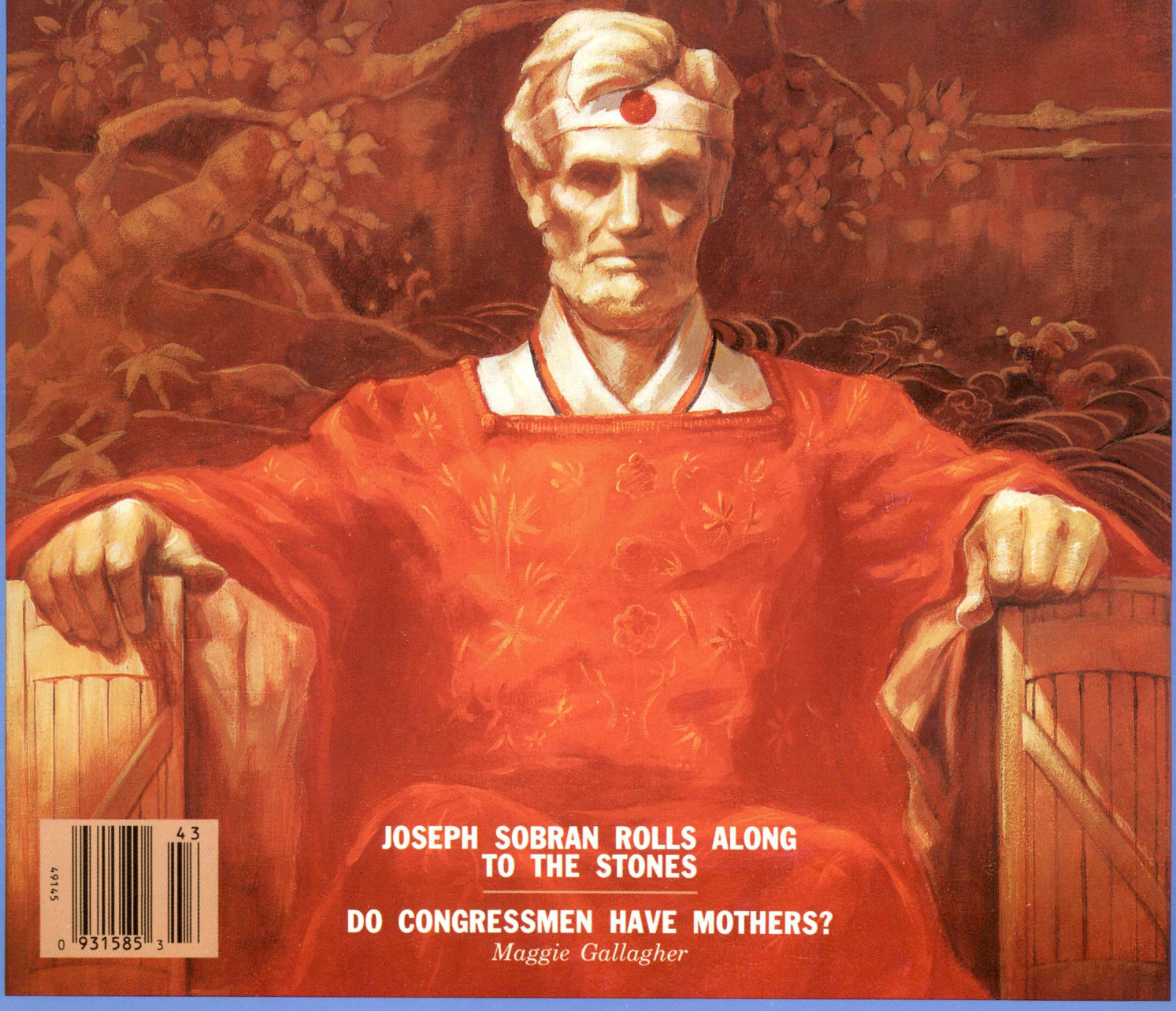
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The End of History—or of Liberalism? See p. 33

NATIONAL REVIEW

MUST WE BECOME JAPANESE?

David D. Hale



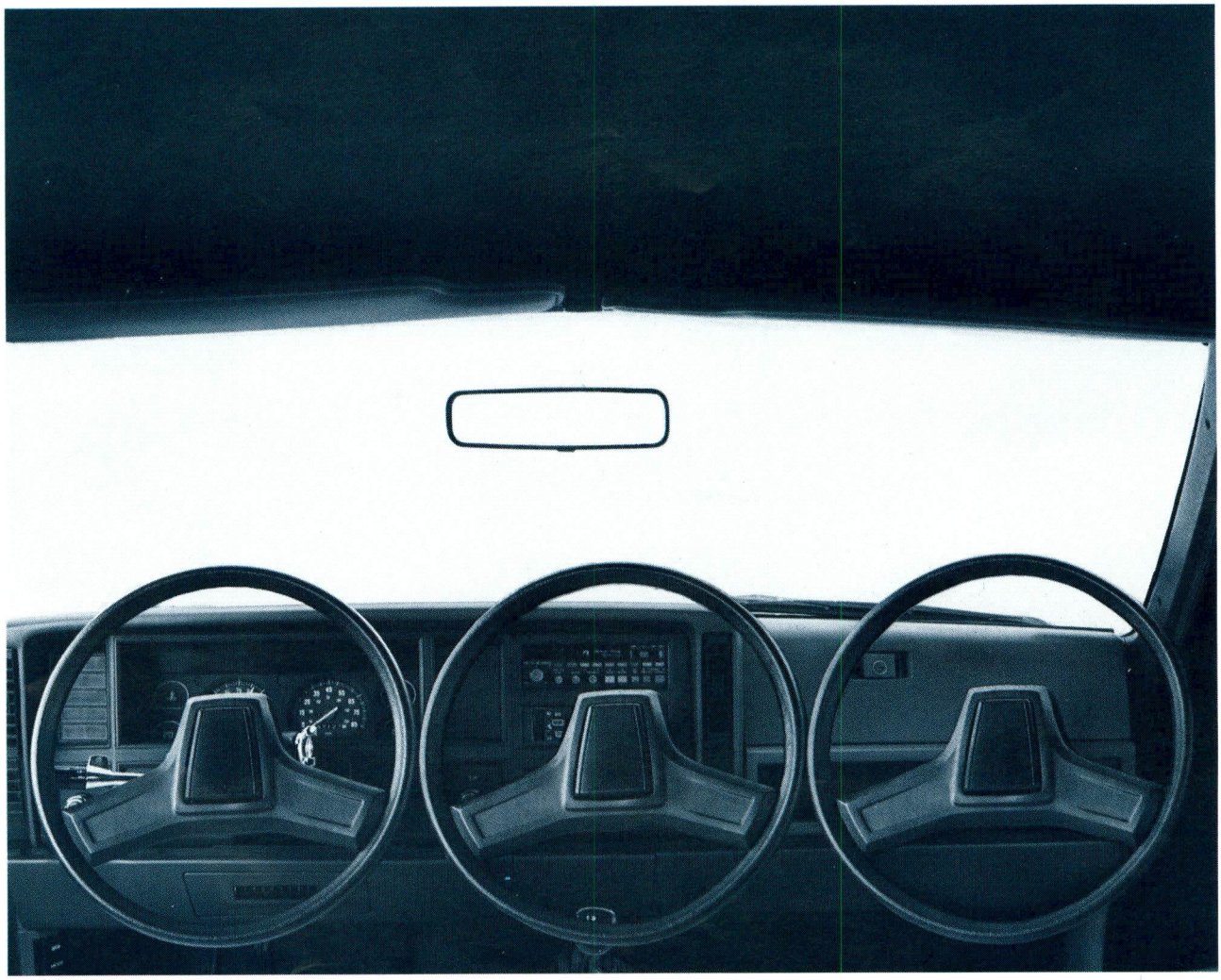
JOSEPH SOBRAN ROLLS ALONG TO THE STONES

DO CONGRESSMEN HAVE MOTHERS?

Maggie Gallagher

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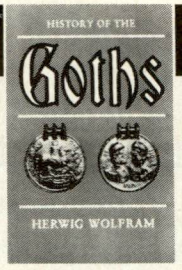
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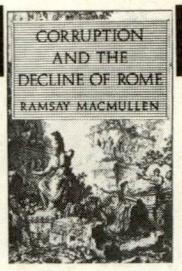
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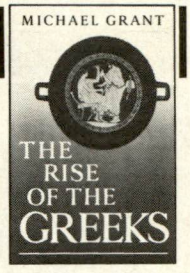
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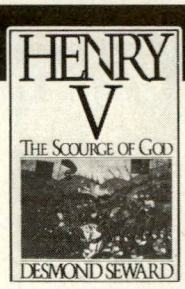
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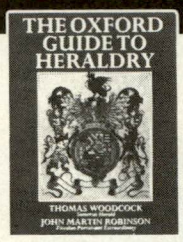
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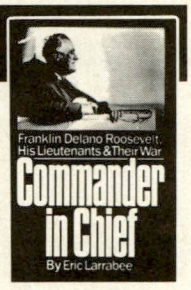
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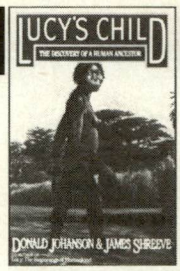
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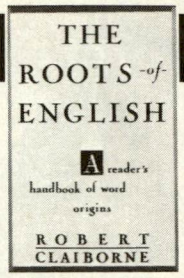
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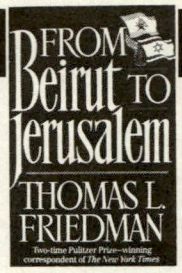
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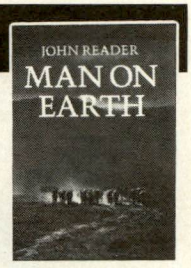
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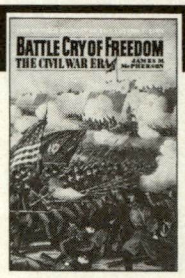
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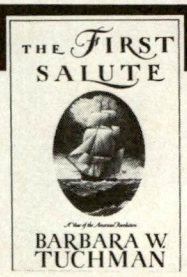
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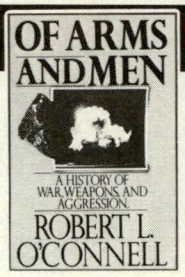
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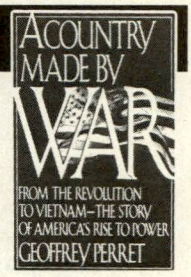
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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 27, 1989 VOL. XLI, NO. 20

COVER STORY

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LETTERS

The Ghosts of Malthus

Ray Percival's muzzling of Malthus and his pro-population-control pit bulls, the neo-Malthusians ["Malthus and His Ghost," Aug. 18], was masterly. Paul Ehrlich and the doom-and-gloom crowd depict man as a voracious consumer. Yet every stomach comes with two hands attached. As Percival points out, by producing more than he consumes man has worked his way up from the near-universal poverty that was his lot two short centuries ago.

Percival's argument needs emendation at only one point. In his refutation of Ehrlich's simplistic formulation that "more people = more famine," he proposes that there have been "at most 15 million famine deaths" in this century. In fact, there have been nearly twice that in China alone. Most of which occurred from 1959 to 1962, following the Great Leap Forward.

It was the calculations of men, not the vagaries of nature, that led to mass starvation after the Great Leap Forward. Mao Tse-tung had organized the countryside into huge agricultural collectives, only to neglect farming. Food production plummeted as peasants in vast numbers were dispatched to mine coal, smelt iron, and build public works. When food shortages threatened the cities, Mao ordered grain collection to be stepped up, feeding the urban population by beggaring the rural. Peking's ruling group chose, in effect, to sacrifice millions of their countrymen, rather than reveal their own incompetence. Altogether, in what may be the worst famine of the century, between twenty and thirty million peasants died.

This, of course, is a familiar story, told in the Ukrainian famine, the Cambodian famine, and the ongoing Ethiopian famine. We live in an age in which governments, more specifically one-party Marxist dictatorships, deliberately cause famines. Percival's optimism about the ability of unfettered human populations to feed themselves is perfectly on the mark: it takes considerable evil genius to create economic systems and policies which render people incapable of providing for their basic needs.

The population-control zealots have come to treat their corpus of belief more like a religious system than a scientific theory. Precisely as philosophers of science like Thomas Kuhn and Paul Feyerabend predicted, it is impossible to convince anyone operating within neo-Malthusian constraints of its falsity by rational or empirical argument. They are immeasurably fortified in their intransigence by the ample funds to which they have access, since they have managed to convince many governments and foundations that they hold the key to mankind's success as a species: reducing the numbers of living, breathing, emoting, and loving human beings.

Steven W. Mosher
Director of Asian Studies
Claremont Institute
Montclair, Calif.

Batman: Our Hero?

If NATIONAL REVIEW intends to investigate pop culture, could it at least do so intelligently and without the breathless, hyperbolic enthusiasm Martin Sieff exhibits in his review of *Batman* ["Books, Arts & Manners," Sept 15]? The success of *Batman* is a tribute to the success of marketing hype, not some primeval urge among the American people to reinstate the death penalty. Batman is not the hero of the film that bears his name. The most popular character, the one people come to see, the one who dominates the screen, is Jack Nicholson's Joker. However sick, perverted, and obscene he is, we are invited to laugh with him, not at him. Though we all expect him to be bested by Batman—who is a pretty uninspiring hero—I doubt if the audiences are much overjoyed or feel any cathartic release in the Joker's destruction. What humor there is in the film comes entirely from the Joker's sensibility. And how Martin Sieff comes up with the idea that Batman is "an unrepentant, unashamed, pre–Vatican II Roman Catholic" is beyond me. Surely, being a fornicator—which Batman is in the film—can't be sufficient cause to justify that assertion.

H. W. Crocker III
Arlington, Va.

Mr. Crocker finds my comments →

The 1957 Chevrolet Bel Air

Chevrolet



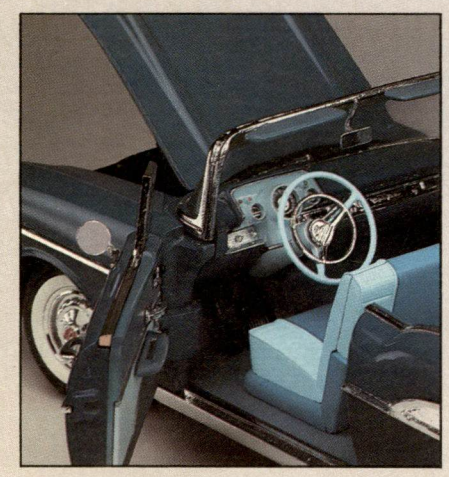
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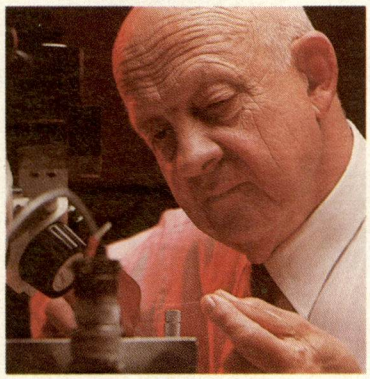
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→ *"breathless" and "hyperbolic." I find his humorless, raving, and rabid. They are also wrong. The streets of America are not filled with children wearing Joker masks, but rather Batman T-shirts. Nor can that be put down to big, bad marketing masterminds. Mr. Crocker should remember the Edsel.*

Since Mr. Crocker appears unfamiliar with the Biblical references I quoted, the symbolism of the Joker's defeat and death comes straight from Chapter 14 of Isaiah. The symbolism of the movie reflects Biblical morality. But, from Gotham Cathedral and its gargoyles to the Joker's fate, it reflects Catholic or high-church semiotics, not fundamentalist ones.

Batman is not portrayed as promiscuous, but as sexually reticent. He has an affair with one woman, whom he deeply loves; they will marry. In Mr. Crocker's view, such conduct bars a man from being a Catholic. One can see why he is not a theologian of the Church. —MS

Poison Pens

According to Richard Brookhiser's essay about political cartooning ["Poison Pens," Sept. 1], "When [Jimmy] Carter departed, [Jeff] MacNelly lost a beat. All conservatives, in their various ways, did. He began a comic strip, *Shoe*, and for a time devoted himself wholly to it." Not so. *Shoe* made its debut on September 12, 1977, more than three years before Carter left the Presidency. Moreover, the comic strip had been in preparation for about two years prior to Carter's inauguration.

Brookhiser says that "The man who boosted MacNelly to stardom was James Earl Carter." Although stardom lacks a precise definition, Jeff won his first Pulitzer in 1972 (for cartoons drawn in 1971), five years before Carter went to Washington. He was a star during the Nixon–Ford years (his cartoons of the 1976 Republican primaries are priceless) and throughout his ten years at the *Richmond News Leader*.

And finally, Brookhiser writes, "During the Carter years the *New York Times* began running roundups of the week's best political cartoons in The Week in Review. I turned to it each Sunday in suspense, to see how they would manage yet again to omit MacNelly."

Perhaps one reason MacNelly did not appear in the *Times* during those halcyon days was that his cartoon then was distributed by the Chicago Tribune–New York (Daily) News Syndicate, which today is simply the *Tribune*–owned Tribune Media Services. During the Carter years, the *New York Daily News* ran his cartoons. The *Times* is not the only newspaper reluctant to run the competition's stuff. (Although I cannot say so with certainty, I believe that the *Times* did not start running its Sunday roundup regularly until 1980.)

Todd A. Culbertson
Richmond News Leader
Richmond, Va.

Internalizing Deterrence

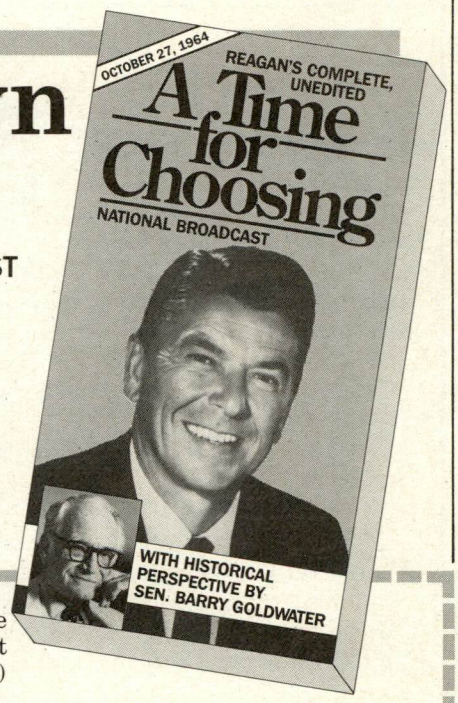
Nearly all of the points raised and questions asked about my piece on deterrence and the death penalty ["So What if the Death Penalty Deters?" June 30] can be answered if I can make two additional points.

1. *You can't do anything about crime until you do something about the causes of crime.* This argument is as silly as it is ubiquitous. Now, it is, of course, true that you can't do anything about an effect (in this case, crime) unless you

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alter one necessary condition—or reduce one predisposing factor—of the cause. But this one factor can be the punishment factor in the causal formula of crime. In medicine it is often the case that a disease can be prevented by our blocking one necessary condition for the disease when we otherwise understand it not at all.

To argue that you can't do anything about crime until you do something about poverty is—to use Ernest van den Haag's devastating analogy—to play the fireman who refuses to turn on the hose because "you can't do anything about fire until you do something about the cause of the fire." To put out a fire you need merely remove one necessary element of the causation—oxygen. To the extent that the death penalty deters (if it does deter), it works even better than water on a fire: it prevents the effect from occurring in the first place.

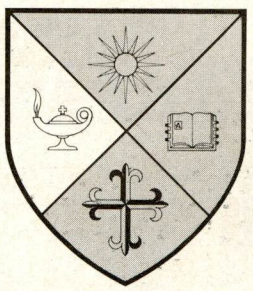
Poverty is a cause of murder only in that it is a facilitating factor that must be complemented by other factors if the effect (murder) is to occur; the vast majority of poor people do not, after all, murder anyone. But, to the extent that it is a facilitating factor, alteration of one of the complementing factors (the severity of punishment) can certainly reduce the frequency of the effect without altering the degree of poverty.

2. It seems likely, though not demonstrated, that throughout life we internalize society's view of the relative wrongness of acts—and develop a relatively stronger or weaker resistance to such acts—in part on the basis of the relative strengths of the punishments that the acts elicit. It seems likely, though not demonstrated, that the death penalty engenders—in most people, most of the time—a stronger resistance to an act than does life imprisonment. In other words, it seems reasonable to suppose that for some marginal groups of people the difference between the death penalty and life imprisonment will determine whether they do or do not murder when they encounter an emotional or a practical situation in which murder is an option.

This process occurs long before the act itself, however; there is no issue of calculation at the time of the act of the difference between punishments; there is, therefore, no reason to believe that acts of passion are inherently immune to the ability of the internalized resistance to murdering to prevent the act. Some people who yell or sulk, rather than murder, would murder if their internalized resistance were nurtured by perception of a weaker punishment. To be sure, for most people most of the time, punishment of a crime by life imprisonment is more than enough to engender an internal resistance sufficient to prevent the crime. And, to be sure, other factors (social frustration, the absence of a father, the likelihood of being caught, etc.) are more strongly related to crime than is the difference between the death penalty and life imprisonment (though most frustrated individuals, fatherless sons, etc. do not commit crimes). But these factors are irrelevant to the question of whether the death penalty deters and will be unless alteration of these other factors can reduce the murder rate to zero. The question regarding the death penalty is whether the presence of the death penalty renders the murder rate lower than it would be when the other factors are at any given levels.

Steven Goldberg
New York, N.Y.

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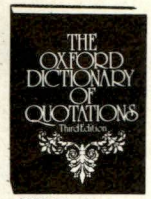
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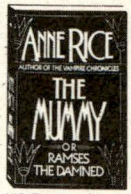
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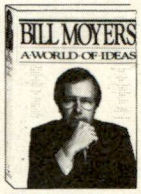
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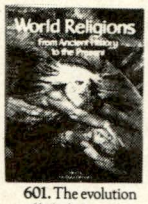
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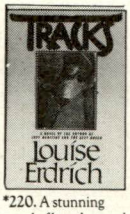
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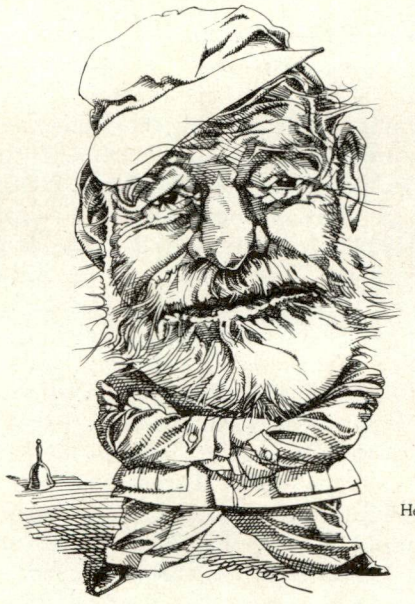
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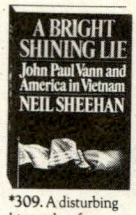
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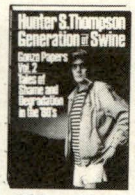
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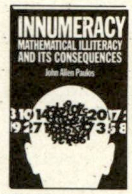
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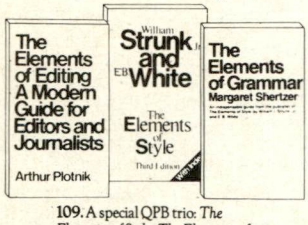
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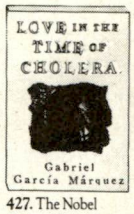
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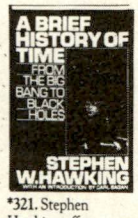
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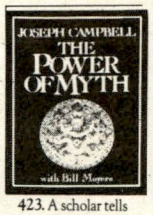
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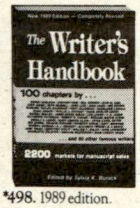
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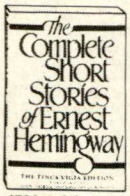
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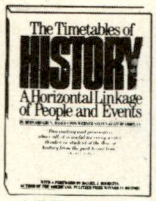
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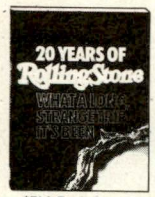
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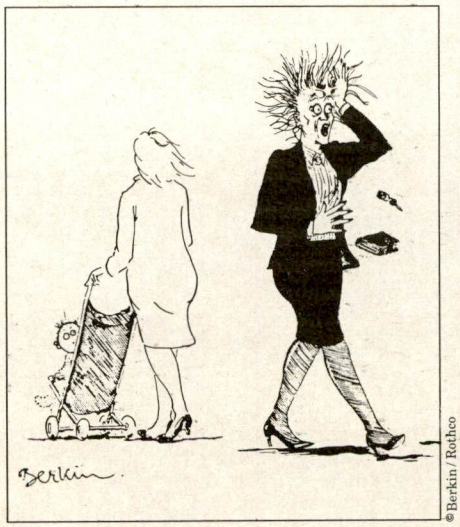
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ON THE RECORD

■ Does the crack-up of Communism mean the end of a superpower? Defense Department's annual report, *Soviet Military Power 1989*, illustrates that, despite all the talk of economic collapse in Soviet Union, Moscow has made modest reductions in the size of forces, and the drive to modernize and improve quality overshadows any prospects of reduced threat. Soviets, the report says, still hold superior technology in surface-to-air and anti-satellite missiles and in high-technology defense: lasers, electromagnetic rail guns, high-power microwave weapons, and more. President **Mikhail Gorbachev** has promised 14 per cent reduction in Soviet military budget, but Pentagon report says USSR has increased spending on defense at annual rate of 3 per cent over last five years. Defense Secretary **Dick Cheney** stated, "We now find a Soviet Union which retains enormous military power, the only nation still capable of threatening the very survival of the United States . . . the West may face a Soviet leadership disillusioned with new ways and willing to return to the old, familiar policies of repression at home and confrontation abroad." . . . *Jane's Underwater Warfare Systems 1989–1990* reveals that Moscow launches a nuclear submarine every seven weeks and a conventional submarine every ten weeks. *Jane's* says Soviet Union has 350 active submarines and one hundred in reserve, more than double all of NATO nations' forces combined. Soviets have seven thousand merchant ships and growing, while the U.S. has a declining and ill-outfitted 360. . . . In Afghanistan, U.S. estimates are that Soviets are pumping in $300 million monthly to boost the Communist regime of President **Najibullah**. In Ethiopia, Soviets are sending $1 billion annually to dictator **Mengistu Haile Mariam**, who has been funding policies leading to more than a million deaths through man-made famine.

■ **Bob Santamaria**, in Australian news magazine *News Weekly*, reports on likelihood that Japan's Liberal Party may lose both the Upper and Lower Houses of parliament to the Socialist Party led by Miss Takako Doi, who has long advocated breaking Japan's commitment to U.S.–Japan Security Treaty. Santamaria writes that the treaty "has provided for 13 Japanese divisions plus significant air and naval power as well as forward bases for U.S. nuclear and naval forces across the Soviets' eastern coastline, paralleling the role of NATO in Europe." Miss Doi has said that a condition of her support for the treaty would be for United States to declare if ships are or are not carrying nuclear weapons—an identical stance to the one taken by New Zealand, which led to its withdrawal from the ANZUS treaty.

■ ELECTION WATCH: **Jim Courter**, GOP's high hope to keep the statehouse in New Jersey, has been fumbling since winning nomination in June. Courter reversed his pro-life stance following *Webster* decision; never managed to take the offensive in defining his opponent, **Jim Florio**, as present Gov. **Tom Kean** did eight years ago as a tax-and-spend, party-boss congressman from Camden. Some one hundred state Republicans came out for Florio—including four ex-assemblymen. And, in act of desperation, Courter canned campaign manager and named replacement who did not want the job. . . . In Virginia, **Marshall Coleman** (R.) appears likely to hold slight lead in race for statehouse against Lt. Gov. **Douglas Wilder**. Virginia Beach race riots enabled Coleman to paint Wilder as soft on crime. . . . In New York City, nobody is betting on former U.S. Attorney **Rudolph Giuliani** in bid to succeed **Ed Koch** as city's mayor against liberal Democrat **David Dinkins**. Giuliani has been hurt by "insensitive" remarks by supporter, comedian **Jackie Mason**. As one wit remarked when asked Giuliani's chances, "Well—he's lost the Jews, the blacks, the Catholics—Wall Street . . ."



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"Oh, God—I forgot to have any babies!"

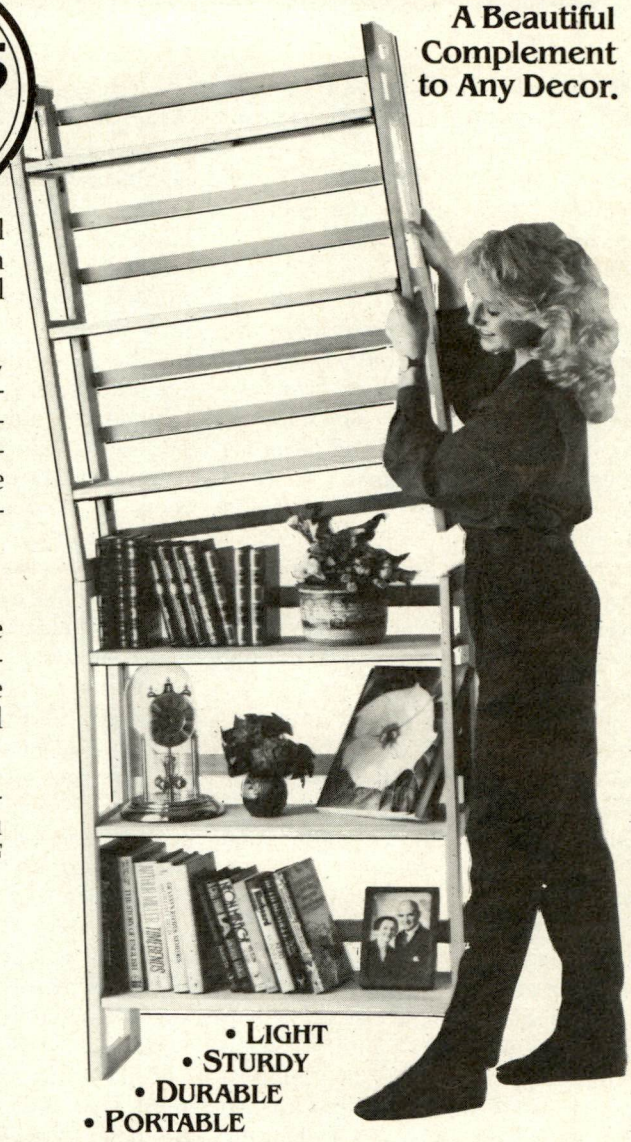
■ When Moscow Book Fair opened last month, booth of the Evangelical Christian Publishers Group was mobbed with interested readers, whereas booth representing **Madalyn Murray O'Hair**'s American Atheist Press went virtually unnoticed. . . . Yorba Linda, Calif., the official birthplace of **Richard M. Nixon**, is now proposing to make the former President's birthday a city holiday. . . . **Beverly LaHaye**'s Concerned Women for America is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a conference in Washington, D.C., November 4. Speakers include **William Bennett**, **Patrick Buchanan**, and Focus on the Family president **James Dobson**. Theme of conference is "1990–2000: The Decade of Destiny for America's Children." For info, call Karen Randau at 800-552-6404.

■ Had enough of Vietnam War films—*Apocalypse Now*, *Platoon*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *Uncommon Valor*, *Casualties of War*, etc.? You may be, like thousands of others, contracting what **Greg Gutfeld** in the *San Francisco Chronicle* calls Videonam, or the Video Film Stress Syndrome. Gutfeld describes the illness as "video-related battle stress, interwined with a mania concerning the 1960s. It's not just the war they are living, it's the entire decade . . . the general atmosphere of discontent and rage."

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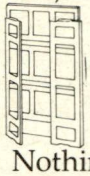
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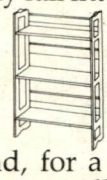
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FROM THE EDITOR

O'Sullivan's First Law

ROBERT MICHELS—as any reader of James Burnham's finest book, *The Machiavellians*, knows—was the author of the Iron Law of Oligarchy. This states that *in any organization the permanent officials will gradually obtain such influence that its day-to-day program will increasingly reflect their interests rather than its own stated philosophy*. To take a homely example, congressmen from egalitarian parties somehow end up voting for higher pay and generous expenses for congressmen. We can also catch an ironic echo of Michels's law in Stalin's title of General Secretary, as well as in the fact that powerful mandarins in the British government creep about under such deceptive pseudonyms as "Permanent Under-Secretary."

All of which is by way of introducing a new law of my own. My copy of the current *Mother Jones* (well, it's my job to read that sort of thing—I take no pleasure in it) contains an advertisement for Amnesty International. Now, AI used to be a perfectly serviceable single-issue pressure group which drew the world's attention to the plight of political prisoners around the globe. Many people owe their lives and liberty to it. But that good work depended greatly on AI's being a single-issue organization that helped victims of both left- and right-wing regimes and was careful to remain politically neutral in other respects. Its advertisement in *Mother Jones*, however, abandons this tradition by calling for an end to the death penalty.

The ad itself, needless to say, is the usual liberal rhubarb. "In American courtrooms," it intones, "some have a better chance of being sentenced to death." That is true: the people in question are called murderers. But AI naturally means something different and more sinister—namely that poor, black, and retarded people are more likely to face the electric chair than other murderers.

Let us suppose this to be the case. What follows? A mentally retarded person incapable of understanding the significance of his actions cannot be guilty of murder or of any other crime. A law that punishes him (as opposed to one that confines him for his own and society's safety) is unjust and should be changed—whether or not he faces the death penalty. On the other hand, someone who *is* guilty of murder may be executed with perfect justice. His race or economic circumstances do not affect the matter at all. The fact that other murderers may obtain lesser sentences does not in any way detract from the justice of his own punishment. After all, some murderers have always escaped scot-free. Would Amnesty have us release the rest on the grounds of equality of treatment? Finally, Amnesty's argument from discrimination could be met just as well by executing more rich, white murderers (which would be fine with me) as by executing no murderers at all.

Significantly, Amnesty's list of death-penalty "victims" does not include political prisoners. America does not have political prisoners, let alone execute them. Why, then, Amnesty's campaign on the issue?

That is explained by O'Sullivan's First Law: *All organizations that are not actually right-wing will over time become left-wing*. I cite as supporting evidence the ACLU, the Ford Foundation, and the Episcopal Church. The reason is, of course, that people who staff such bodies tend to be the sort who don't like private profit, business, making money, the current organization of society, and, by extension, the Western world. At which point Michels's Iron Law of Oligarchy takes over—and the rest follows.

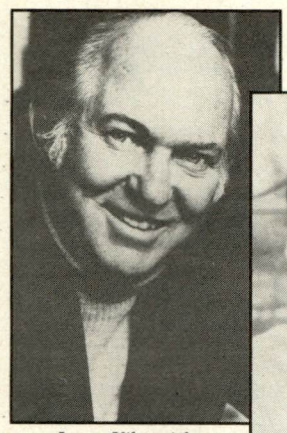
■ Is there any law which enables us to predict the behavior of right-wing organizations? As it happens, there is: Conquest's Second Law (formulated by the Sovietologist Robert Conquest): *The behavior of an organization can best be predicted by assuming it to be controlled by a secret cabal of its enemies*. Examples: virtually any conservative party anywhere, the Ronald Lauder for Mayor campaign, and the British secret service. That last example is, however, flawed, since the British secret service actually *was* controlled by a secret cabal of its enemies in the form of Kim Philby, Anthony Blunt, et al. In which case, Conquest's Law should have operated to make MI-6 a crack anti-Soviet intelligence service of James Bond proportions. But these are deep waters.

■ Incidentally, Bob Conquest, who also doubles as a poet and literary critic, presciently commented ten years ago on the recent controversy over the Mapplethorpe exhibition. His 1979 collection of essays, *The Abomination of Moab* (not, alas, published in this country), coined the term Moabites to describe the false friends of art as opposed to its open enemies, the Philistines: "The characteristic of modern methods of destroying art is that they are carried out by those who, far from being indifferent or hostile, are deeply concerned." The Biblical Moabites were the insidious enemies of Israel "who, from their capital at Shittim, infiltrated temple and harem and set the children of light whoring after strange doctrines."

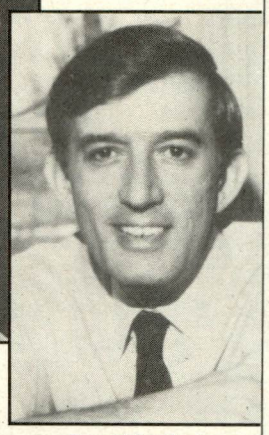
Today's Moabites have been out in force to defend both Mapplethorpe and a strange doctrine of unrestrained government funding of the arts. The falseness of their friendship consists of their denial of any distinctions, moral or artistic or political, where Art is concerned. Morally, they argue that if Mapplethorpe's pornographic photographs are banned today, the Venus de Milo will have to wear a bra tomorrow. Artistically, they discern no distinctions between different works of art which would offer a general basis for providing or withholding subsidy. And, politically, they obliterate any distinction between the absence of a subsidy and outright censorship.

Once something is called Art, Bob told me over the phone, Moabites take it to be transcendental and beyond human criticism: "In which case it is, in effect, a religion and thus debarred from federal funding under the First Amendment." —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

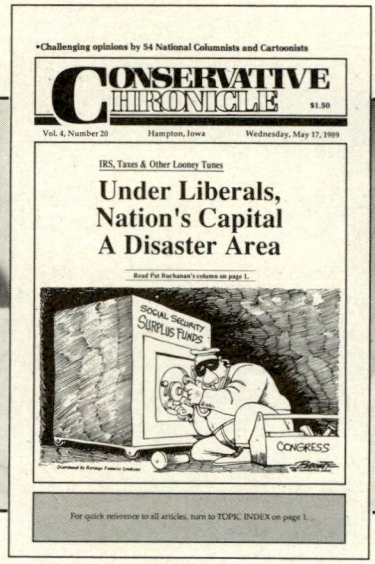
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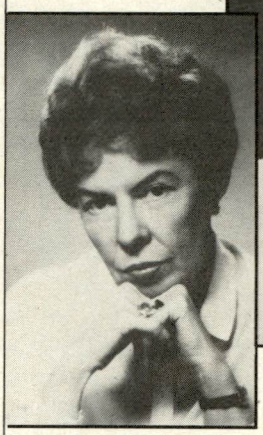
Vol. 4, Number 20 Hampton, Iowa Wednesday, May 17, 1989

IRS, Taxes & Other Looney Tunes

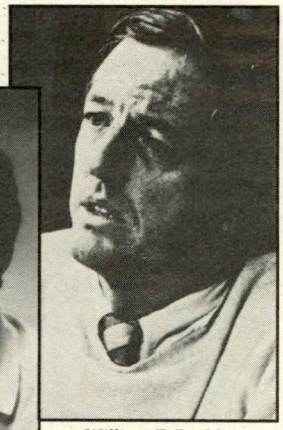
Under Liberals, Nation's Capital A Disaster Area

Read Pat Buchanan's column on page 1.

For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 1.



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THE WEEK

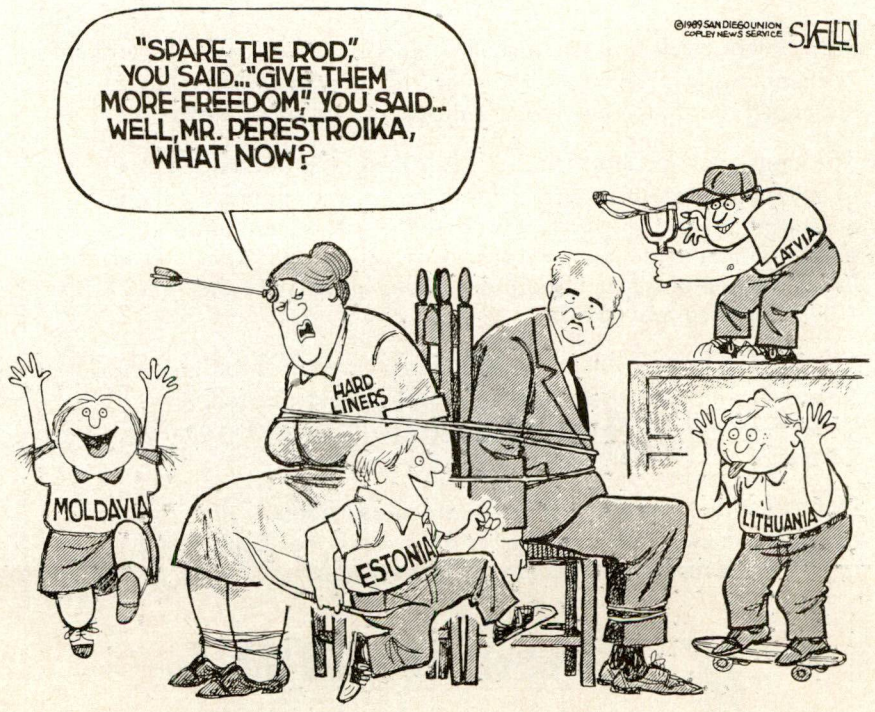
■ "Say what you like about negative political campaigning," a prominent New York Democrat whispers, "it's a helluva lot more honest than positive campaigning."

■ Reagan may be gone, but the forces of greed are still out of control. Lamenting the House vote in favor of reducing the capital-gains tax, *Time* moans that Congress has indulged in a "politically irresistible orgy of tax cutting. . . . Washington cannot say no to any kind of giveback." The cut only feeds "the nation's hunger for immediate gratification." Ah, the rapacity of these people who want to keep their own money! What's happening to the national fiber?

■ Angola's Marxist government launched a preemptive strike against Jonas Savimbi just before his Washington visit by taking out ads on various Op-Ed pages across the nation. "Here's what William F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW is saying about Savimbi's U.S.-backed UNITA group," ran the ads, going on to quote unfavorable judgments of Mr. Savimbi taken selectively from an article by *NR*'s roving correspondent, Radek Sikorski. Yes, Mr. Sikorski did reach the judgments quoted, and we are delighted that the Marxist MPLA accepts him as an unbiased observer. A pity, therefore, that its ads did not have space for what Mr. Sikorski said about *it*, viz: "The MPLA is in a league of its own when it comes to doctrinaire policies, collectivist mismanagement, and mindless propaganda. . . . the Angolan economy has sunk into oblivion . . . black marketeering, smuggling, and extortion flourish in MPLA-run Angola . . . Party hacks are the only thing in over-supply. . . . Luanda National Radio sounds like Radio Tirana on a bad day . . . MPLA officers tell their soldiers, in all seriousness, that if captured by UNITA they may fall into the clutches of its fearsome allies, a vicious white tribe called 'Americans,' who will cook and eat them." All of which perhaps explains why Mr. Sikorski also concluded that, by comparison with the MPLA, UNITA is "by far the lesser evil for Angola."

■ It took guns and tanks in Tiananmen Square to force a change in British policy toward Hong Kong. Deng's cracking down on the dissidents and his subsequent bland denial that he had done so made a mockery of the assurance in the 1984 treaty that Hong Kong would be permitted to live in freedom for fifty years after the takeover in 1997. Last week British Foreign Secretary John Major outlined at the United Nations his government's decision to grant asylum to people "deemed essential to Hong Kong's future stability and prosperity," in the hope that giving them a safety net should the gamble fail would encourage these people to stay on. What will happen to the millions of non-"essential" Hong Kong residents is anyone's guess; Britain has offered them nothing. Still, this is a major step forward, and a warning to Deng that unless he abides by the spirit of the 1984 treaty, he could inherit in Hong Kong a lifeless shell and not a functioning, hard-currency-producing, major financial center. A start, but one that the Thatcher government might more honorably have made five years ago when the treaty of cession was originally signed.

■ Federal officials have begun a study to determine how many Americans are infected with the AIDS virus, but they're meeting resistance in Dallas: gay-rights groups oppose cooperation. They argue that the study is intrusive, flawed in methodology, and dangerous to privacy, all of which may well be the case. But is that the real reason they oppose it?





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Grim as it is for its victims, AIDS has been a distinct disappointment for those of all moral and sexual persuasions who were looking forward to a holocaust: it hasn't spread outside the high-risk groups in which it was concentrated at first, and there has been no exponential increase of sufferers. It may be that the gay-rights lobby fears that a study would reveal the number of homosexuals to be only a small fraction of the 10 to 20 per cent of the population it's been claiming.

■ The Reverend Ian Paisley, Ulster's turbulent non-priest, once intimidated a television interviewer by leaning forward suspiciously at his first question and demanding: "Young man, let me smell your breath." He is likely to have less success denouncing the Archbishop of Canterbury as "an ecclesiastical Judas Iscariot" for his willingness to accept a limited and largely symbolic primacy for the Pope among Christian churches. Episcopalians *like* being attacked by fundamentalists; it testifies to their progressive virtue. Dr. Paisley's ferocity will tend to offset any liberal disquiet that the Archbishop should be cozying up to a conservative Pope in the first place. Obstacles to Christian ecumenism come today not from militant Protestantism, which is declining in the "mainstream" churches (though flourishing outside them), but from the vulnerability of those churches to every secular fashion from Nicaraguaphilia to feminism, which, once adopted, then distances them from orthodox Catholicism. Dr. Runcie seemed to recognize this when he declared that "there must be bounds to legitimate diversity." Women priests, of whom the Archbishop has been a cautious supporter, remain a stumbling block. Otherwise, he may have stopped being an ecclesiastical doubting Thomas.

■ The press has gone into a thick lather over the charge that CBS News ran faked Afghan battle footage. It wouldn't be the first time. In 1986, ABC and NBC broadcast film of a cement factory in Trieste as a hot glimpse of the disabled Chernobyl reactor. Back during the oil crisis, it was common for background shots of tankers steaming "through the Straits of Hormuz" to be filmed off hotel balconies in Muscat, two hundred miles away. And so on. The Afghan charges are as yet unproven, and even if true would not implicate CBS's face card, Dan Rather, but only the freelance cameraman who took the shots. Still, it serves as a useful reminder to treat the press with at least as many grains of salt as it commonly reserves for corporations, the Pentagon, or non-liberation theologians.

■ The Beef Committee of the Ohio Expositions Commission suspects that Hank, a grand-champion steer at the state fair, was in fact none other than Carl, a winning steer in Illinois, who had had his hair dyed. Hank, or Carl, cannot be reached for comment, having been sold for $21 a pound.

Capitol Gains

REASON prevailed over egalitarian rhetoric as 64 House Democrats defected from the McGovernite leadership, voting to reduce the onerous tax on capital gains. The benefits of a less punitive tax are well understood. High taxes have discouraged investors from selling assets, resulting in a loss of tax receipts. With tax rates on the immediate income from junk bonds now identical to those on the uncertain *future* gains from stocks in new companies, investors have begun preferring debt to equity. In response, companies have taken on dangerously heavy debts and retired equity through leveraged buyouts, thus reducing taxable profits as well as taxable capital gains.

Against all this, the McGovernites had only two answers, neither of which could even persuade their own party. The first was that those who sell over $200,000 worth of assets in any given year are likely to have an "income" above $200,000, since the one-time capital gain was counted as regular income. In reality, the truly affluent are never compelled to liquidate their wealth, and can benefit from postponing the tax as much as from a lower rate. Those with modest incomes, on the other hand, often sell their stocks and their homes in order to acquire cash for retirement, or to put children through college. The "soak the rich" Democrats somehow continue to be amazed that hard-working voters are not delighted to see their life savings confiscated by a deadly combination of taxes and inflation.

A second line of defense, popularized by *The New*

Tiptoeing Eastward

As Mr. Genscher's song is sung
  And Mr. Kohl suggests
A chicken eyeing errant young
  Returning to their nests,
The aviary shared among
  All European birds
Grows raucous as, in every tongue,
  The birds are having words.

W. H. VON DREELE

Republic, was that genuine fidelity to the principles of laissez-faire should require conservatives to keep tax rates equal on all sources of income. While we are always eager to hear liberals' ideas regarding the proper interpretation of conservative economics, the idea is preposterous. For example, treating capital gains like any other income would require that capital *losses* be fully deductible from *any* sort of income. But liberal advocates of tax "neutrality" are certainly not demanding such even-handed treatment.

The proposed legislation is far from perfect. It would exclude 30 per cent of capital gains from taxation, but only through 1991, resulting only temporarily in a top tax rate below 20 per cent. Yet letting the tax rate jump back to 28 per cent in 1992 would both crash financial markets and slash tax receipts. The Senate should instead put a permanent 20 per cent ceiling on the capital-gains tax, even for those in a 33 per cent tax bracket, *and* index future gains against inflation. Once that is done, soaring tax receipts from soaring stock and bond markets will once again surprise the liberal editorialists, as has happened with every cut in marginal tax rates.

Pap Talk

WHILE THE White House and the governors wished William Bennett had joined in their orgy of mutual praise rather than speaking the truth, the former Education Secretary gave the most accurate account of the "education summit" in Charlottesville, Virginia: "the standard Democratic and Republican pap," quoth the drug czar, "and something that rhymes with pap."

That's not to say the assembled multitude didn't try to do something useful. Their main accomplishment was the adumbration of seven broad "national education goals." This was not a bad idea, but they wound up with items of the how-could-anyone-disagree genre, couched in that vague language that committees of disparate views are apt to call "consensus." The "readiness of all children to start school," for example, could mean just about anything, as might the "functional literacy of adult Americans." The one that promises an adequate supply of "qualified teachers" may even turn out to be pernicious, depending on whether the qualifications are taken to mean paper credentials conferred by colleges of education or concrete evidence of mastery of the subject matter.

The task of getting more specific about these platitudes has been entrusted to the National Governors' Association in hazy alliance with the White House staff. They say they'll be back in a few months with particulars. How this comes out will depend on whether those busy folks take on the hard work and tough choices themselves or—far more likely—leave the heavy lifting to the self-same "experts" and interest groups that brought us the education system we now need to replace.

Missing from the goal statement (though in some cases mentioned elsewhere in the summit "communiqué") are the sorts of heroic structural changes that make the education establishment truly queasy, such as choice among schools, rethinking what we mean by "compulsory attendance," merit pay, and rigorous accountability measures, including an end to the absurd tenure system that protects incompetent teachers and principals from dismissal. If we don't rewrite the system's basic rules, no goals—however lofty—will produce better results.

Were there any welcome developments? One was a decision to start judging our schools against "an internationally competitive standard." This is long overdue. Most states and localities judge their education progress only in relation to domestic norms and averages, seemingly blind to the sad reality that these are much lower than the standards of our allies, competitors, and enemies.

President Bush's own address was not carried on the networks, which was a pity. It was well crafted, shrewd, and showed that he and his staff now realize that the solution to our grave national problem in education does not lie in incremental changes in federal aid programs. But as for his education secretary, the main contributions of Dr. Lauro Cavazos were to smile benignly and murmur banalities. The "education President" has finally begun to get his own mind around this issue, but he still does not employ competent help.

Sam Stays Silent

FORMER HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce finally appeared before his congressional tormentors, only to take the Fifth—the first time, the historians of the press breathlessly informed us, that a veteran of the Cabinet had done so since Albert Fall of Teapot Dome fame. Clio can work both sides of the street, if it comes to that: it could be said of Tom Lantos and Barney Frank that they are congressional bullies in a class with Joe McCarthy. It is more profitable, however, to understand why Pierce has been so coy.

A congressional committee with its blood up almost always poses a no-win situation—for

everyone except the committee. Once in a long while, someone with perfect histrionic pitch—a Joe Welch, or an Oliver North—can turn the wrath of the inquisitors back on themselves. But if you are not so gifted, you do best to keep your head down.

The proof that Congress has its blood up is to be found in the glaring imbalance and insubstantiality of its charges. *NR* has already noted (see "The Week," Oct. 13) the HUDscams of the Carter years. Throughout late 1979, while the Carter–Kennedy battle for the Democratic nomination looked to be a near-run thing, a blizzard of federal largesse fell on Iowa, New Hampshire, and other critically deprived states. No one made a peep of complaint then.

What are they complaining of now? In every thorough story of Pierce's derelictions, about twenty paragraphs past the Fall reference, there will appear the admission that no one has as yet been accused of any crimes. The consultants' fees, the efforts to drop a word in the right ear—these may be reprehensible, but they are not illegal. They are scarcely avoidable where a honeypot like HUD is concerned. They are business as usual.

Scandal, in Washington terms, is when Republicans are caught in the act of imitating Democrats. This being the case, Pierce is well advised to keep his mouth shut unless and until the innuendoes against him coalesce into the clear and definite form of indictments.

Our Object All Sublime

AT LONG LAST we can say something good about our nation's criminal-justice system: Year One in the federal experiment with "sentencing guidelines" has been a clear success. In lieu of the previous practice of simply setting maximum sentences for federal crimes and allowing judges unlimited discretion in sentencing convicted criminals to terms anywhere up to those limits (e.g., zero to twenty years), the guidelines set narrow ranges within which judges must sentence (e.g., ten to 12 years). Such ranges are based upon the nature of the offense and the criminal history of the offender. Only under extraordinary circumstances can judges disregard these guidelines.

The new system's theoretical advantages have been borne out thus far in practice. First, the guidelines have prompted uniformity of sentencing. Felons committing essentially the same offense are no longer being sentenced to terms that can vary four- or five-fold depending upon the judges involved. Second, implementation of the guidelines has been accompanied by the abolition of parole. Eight years under the guidelines means eight—yes eight—years in prison, not some lower figure determined by a Parole Board long after the details of the crime and its victims have been largely forgotten.

Third, federal judges and prosecutors are remarking on the guidelines' severity for the most serious offenses. Drug traffickers and armed criminals, for example, are being sentenced to terms far in excess of what they received prior to the guidelines—without parole. All this is heartening. But, for our part, virtually anything that reduces the unchecked discretion of federal judges enhances the rule of law and ought to be encouraged. Let the states now emulate these reforms in their own criminal-justice systems.

Bush's Folly

LAST WEEK at the United Nations, President Bush passionately urged his audience to attach the same extraordinary priority that he does to the completion of a treaty banning chemical weapons (CW). It should have told him something that his remarks received only polite applause.

Prohibiting the production and stockpiling of chemical weapons is like trying to prohibit crime: saying the activity is illegal will not keep people from engaging in it. Indeed, making chemical weapons and concealing them is so easy as to defy any system of verification yet devised. As a result, the only nations certain to give up chemical arms as the accord proposed are those, like the United States, that obey the law and honor their treaty commitments. In other words, it would be as if, crime having been banned, the only people we made sure to disarm were the police.

This prospect is the more troubling for two reasons. First, a growing number of countries are

The Capital-Gains Trap

Discreetly camouflaged, the hole,
Though smaller than the Cotton Bowl,
Is big by Beltway standards; so
When Democrats fell in below
The sidewalk level, where the ooze
Seeps into pumps and business shoes,
The outcry could be heard beyond
The hall and its reflecting pond.

W. H. VON DREELE

obtaining the capability to produce chemical weapons. Such capabilities range from dedicated facilities like the one being built in Libya to less obvious assets such as fertilizer, petrochemical, and pharmaceutical plants being built in many other places around the world. The latter can be converted to do what the former is designed to do—namely, produce large quantities of toxic chemical agents—in very short order.

Second, countries like Iraq have greatly eroded the inhibition that supposedly exists against the first use of chemical weapons. Iraq's successful and cost-free use of chemical warfare against Iran and against its own Kurdish citizens impressed many a Third World nation with the value of this inexpensive and potent weapon of mass destruction.

Of course, it is precisely these developments that have given great impetus to President Bush's personal crusade to prohibit chemical weapons. At the same time, these factors ensure that, even if a new CW treaty can be negotiated and signed, it will be neither comprehensive nor verifiable.

Under these circumstances, simple prudence dictates that President Bush should abandon his quixotic pursuit of a CW ban. Instead, the United States should adopt a simple but realistic formula: This country will retain a modest, but effective, ability to retaliate in kind—the only proven deterrent—so long as any other nation is able to produce lethal chemical agents.

Where's Dan Quayle?

RECENT polling indicates that a) people have received a good deal of information about Vice President Quayle, but b) they have no sense of who he is or what he stands for politically. Indeed, the more people learn about him, the less sense of him they seem to have.

Of course, this has in part to do with the nature of the Vice Presidency, not worth a bowl of warm whatever it was John Nance Garner specified. This is the reason, no doubt, that George Bush is the first Vice President since Martin Van Buren in 1836 to win the Presidency in his own right.

Dan Quayle's political identity problems surely also owe something to the unexpectedness of his selection. A second-term senator from Indiana, little known outside the Beltway, Quayle came before us as a complete surprise. When he was nominated, the unlamented Tony Coelho quipped that the two most feared words in the language were "President Quayle."

NR does not regard the Vice President as a joke or a fool; far from it. Those who have spent time with him find him remarkably well-informed. But both the 1992 and, believe it or not, the 1996 presidential campaigns are now stirring, with such potential Republican candidates as Jack Kemp, Bill Bennett, Phil Gramm, Dick Thornburgh, and no doubt others waiting in the wings. Even at this supposedly early date Mr. Quayle needs a political identity with much sharper edges—in a word, authority—if he is to be the one to continue and expand the conservative legacy, or even stay on the ticket in 1992. It may well be that his boyish good looks weaken the impact of his sensible speeches. If so, time will heal that particular wound.

Artistic Freedom For Taxpayers

A HOUSE–SENATE conference committee has adopted an amendment forbidding federal funding of "obscene" art, though falling short of the restrictions proposed by Senator Jesse Helms. Those would have banned funding of art that either was "indecent" or "denigrated" a religion or race.

Granted that any such guidelines are bound to be more or less vague, Helms has earned the gratitude of voters, not the derision of liberals that has been heaped on him. Anyone who can appreciate Jefferson's argument that it's tyrannical to force a man to subsidize beliefs he opposes should at least be able to manage empathy for people who don't want to subsidize art that offends them (and is often intended to). The general principle is that Jews and Poles shouldn't have to pay for swastikas.

The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* argue that art should be insulated from politics and its independence maintained. In this context, that's flagrant nonsense. He who pays the piper has the right to call the tune, especially if his right *not* to pay the piper is denied. Compelling people to support what they are not allowed to control doesn't mean "independence" but irresponsibility, akin to taxation without representation.

It's particularly hypocritical for publications to demand the compulsory subsidization of art they aren't willing to describe in detail, let alone reproduce graphically, in their own pages. It's also tiresome to hear the "artistic community," as it calls itself, complain that everyone else's freedom depends on its own privileged status, which inverts the truth. As with any form of commerce, freedom in the arts belongs as much to consumers as to producers. Freedom of speech doesn't require that every crank orator be provided with a captive

audience. The right *not* to participate is precious too.

Ferdinand Marcos, RIP

He was more of a democrat than Indira Gandhi and no less ethical than Jim Wright, but somehow Ferdinand Marcos became a comic-book villain, identified in the liberal mind as the archetypal U.S.-supported tinpot dictator, mouthing anti-Communism to keep the aid coming and Imelda in shoes. He was in fact a classic Filipino pol: boisterous, flashy, sentimental; his hand in the till, doling out funds to his supporters in a fashion any Chicagoan will recognize; less anxious to build an efficient military that could properly fight an insurgency than to secure his own power against a Diem-style coup. But throughout his twenty years in power, he was a staunch U.S. ally and a genuine anti-Communist.

Finally, though, after an election that failed to meet U.S. standards (though it was honest by Philippine ones), the Reagan Administration gave the nod for a military switch of loyalties and Senator Laxalt's famous telephone call. Mrs. Aquino's faction of aristocrats got their turn to show their incompetence, and the Marcoses moved to Hawaii, to intrigue there as the Aquinos had done in Massachusetts, though rather more hemmed in by U.S. Government harassment.

It is doubtful that a healthy Marcos would have been chased from power; his illness rendered his final days more pathetic, for those who looked past headlines. (Even William Shawcross was moved by the last days of the Shah, victim of another triumph for democracy and human rights.) Marcos's warning, in a piece for *NR* (January 22, 1988) that Mrs. Aquino could betray the U.S. as the U.S. betrayed him, has proved prescient: her government is blackmailing us for our bases at Clark and Subic, fumbling the counterinsurgency and the economy, and so on. Democracy does not cure all ills.

Irving Berlin, RIP

The Tin Pan Alley tunes of the first half of this century conformed to a model as strict as the sestina. The model resembled a romantic opera, compressed to a miniature. The dramatic situation was set forth in a few stanzas of three or four lines each, after which came the romantic and lyrical part, which most people considered the "song." Thus the aria followed the recitative. "*The girl that I will marry will have to be / As soft and as pink as a nursery.*" The Tin Pan Alley composers also ransacked the classical music of the nineteenth century for adaptable melodies.

Irving Berlin was at the pinnacle of that golden phase of popular music, golden because it so powerfully expressed our ideal and romantic aspirations, in a world very much before the Grateful Dead, before safe sex, before whining about Vietnam. Berlin may have been the best of them all, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Cole Porter, and many others notwithstanding.

This *NR* senior editor's mother had minor parts in many of the great *revues* of the 1920s. She rode singing on a swing in the *Ziegfeld Follies*, played in *Showboat* and *Poppy*, and for several years figured in *The Music Box Review* in the Music Box Theater, built by Irving Berlin and Sam Harris. During the 1930s, when I was too young to know who he was, Irving Berlin a few times dropped in at our apartment for a cup of tea, a rather sallow and gentle genius, as I remember him.

Beginning in 1911 with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," he delivered to Americans a remarkable bagful of tunes. Like traditional heroic literature, his songs were almost always a celebration of "the best." Alexander's band was "the best band in the land." "White Christmas" and "God Bless America" and "Easter Parade" celebrated the ideal potentiality of their subject matter. Irving Berlin *believed* those lyrics, and I judge that with the patriotism and romanticism of the immigrant he believed every line he ever wrote—"A Pretty Girl Is like a Melody," "There's No Business like Show Business," "Cheek to Cheek," and a thousand others.

Though Irving Berlin has died at 101, he had long since made certain that his ideals would haunt our best selves in tunes that live in the mind even in this cultural moment. —J. Hart

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Memo to: WFB
From: Bill Finucane

Dear Bill: Thought you'd like to see this letter published in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*. You will see it is written by one of your fans. XXX B.

I dislike William F. Buckley as much as it is humanly possible without hating him. But, he often speaks of profound truths as in his June 16 Op-Ed column, "Speaking of Sleaze." He stated that the poor are hurt

more by the increasing of minimum wages because of inflation. My hat is off to him. He hit the nail on the head. Briefly stated: I'm a resident of L.A.'s Skid Row. In early 1988, I was left with $18 weekly; after rent, tithe and bus tokens. Over a seven-day period of budgeting, I was able to get one "hot" chicken dinner for $2.65. When the minimum wage went up, the establishment from which I purchased this "hot dinner" increased the salary of its employees and the cost of that dinner became $3.20, thereby relegating me to cold-cuts all week long.

John W. Bonapart
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Aunt Bill: I'm not sure M. Bonapart deserves anything more than cold-cuts. XXX B.

☐ Dear Bill:

Since your readers, or at least one of them, is so exercised by your occasional use of the word "velleity," I pass along a poem I stumbled across—or rather, a copy of said poem. I don't know who the author was, but must suppose it was Ogden Nash. Anyway, it is great fun and it seems to me you are now absolutely in the clear with that word.

Aff.
Reid [Buckley]
Camden, S.C

Where There's a Will, There's Velleity

Seated one day at the dictionary I was pretty weary and also pretty ill at ease,
Because a word I had always liked turned out not to be a word at all, and suddenly I found myself among the v's,
And suddenly among the v's I came across a new word which was a word called velleity,
So the new word I found was better than the old word I lost, for which I thank my tutelary deity,
Because velleity is a word which gives me great satisfaction,
Because do you know what it means, it means low degree of volition not prompting to action,
And I always knew I had something holding me back but I didn't know what,
And it's quite a relief to know it isn't a conspiracy, it's only velleity that I've got,
Because to be wonderful at everything has always been my ambition,
Yes indeed, I am simply teeming with volition,
So why I never was wonderful at anything was something I couldn't see,
While all the time, of course, my volition was merely volition of a low degree,
Which is the kind of volition that you are better off without it,
Because it puts an idea in your head but doesn't prompt you to do anything about it.
So you think it would be nice to be a great pianist but why bother with practicing for hours at the keyboard,
Or you would like to be the romantic captain of a romantic ship but can't find time to study navigation or charts of the ocean or the seaboard;
You want a lot of money but you are not prepared to work for it,
Or a book to read in bed but you do not care to go into the nocturnal cold and murk for it;
And now if you have any such symptoms you can identify your malady with accurate spontaneity:
It's velleity,
So don't forget to remember that you're velleitous, and if anybody says you're just lazy,
Why, they're crazy.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Notes & Asides" [Aug. 4] you wrote, ''They [words] came into being because there was . . . a 'felt need.'"

That summarizes my long-endured frustration of explaining the hours I have worked for a number of years: midafternoon to about midnight. It was not lexically correct to say I worked days, afternoons, evenings, or nights. To say I worked P.M. was so, but hardly satisfying. On June 29, 1989, I settled on my newly invented word. It is *afeni*.

afeni (af'e-ni). A period of time or course of action beginning in the afternoon and extending into night.

Its spelling (AFternoon, Evening, NIght), like its meaning, encompasses in part three time frames. Any of your readers who feel an attraction or interest toward *afeni* are welcome to copy and use it. If there is ensconced in the twenty volumes of the new second edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary* an established word with the same meaning, I welcome information.

Sincerely yours,
Raymond Vaughn Banner
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear Mr. Banner: Hm. Don't like it, to tell the truth. For one thing, said quickly it sounds like *haffthenite*, and that exactly is what you do not mean to communicate. I'd try again. Cordially,

—WFB

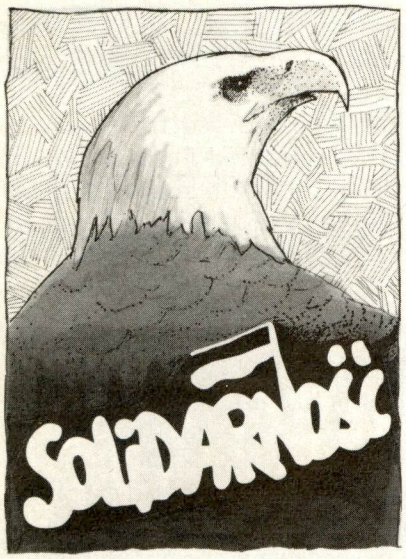


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"Equal Rights for queens is all well and good. But we kings have our Divine Rights!"

Washington Shows Solidarity

WILLIAM McGURN



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.—On a clear, cool day last April, George Bush addressed a small but enthusiastic crowd of Polish-Americans from the steps of city hall in Hamtramck, Michigan. With Edmund Cardinal Szoka at his side, the President pledged U.S. backing for the Solidarity-inspired reforms beginning to take root in Warsaw and outlined a number of specific actions the U.S. could take: reducing tariffs, renegotiating Poland's foreign debt, clearing the way for joint ventures, loaning money to the private sector, arranging debt-for-equity swaps, and increasing U.S. technical and educational assistance. President Bush ended his speech with the words *Nieck zyje Polska*—"Let Poland live."

Things have changed; the question of Poland's survival is no longer just rhetorical. Obviously the most significant change has been the emergence of a Solidarity government, led by Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowjecki. This government has inherited an economy in shambles and a Communist faction (not to mention the Soviet Union) with a vested interest in seeing it fail. With a crushing $39-billion debt, an industrial sector with lower productivity now than in 1982, and signs of incipient hyperinflation, the outlook is bleak. Undaunted, Warsaw's first non-Communist government since World War II has boldly announced its intention to "transform the Polish economy into a market economy."

"Poland is full of human potential and dynamism," says Mark Michalski, an émigré Polish economist who works at the Australian Embassy here. "They have the will—many Poles work two or three jobs just to make ends meet—but they need to be retrained and redirected. That's where the U.S. can really help. Money is not the main thing."

You wouldn't know that from the check-writing contest on Capitol Hill. The original White House package of $100 million was offered by President Bush in Warsaw this July, when Poland still had a Communist government. The Democratic alternative, introduced by Senator Paul Simon (D., Ill.) and reported out of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, would raise that to $300 million for the next three years.

"The only difference between our bill and the Administration's [original proposal] is that we are adding more money to the enterprise fund," says Simon aide John Stein. "We're talking about supporting the Solidarity government by trying to create a middle class." Mr. Stein argues that the bill is directed toward the private sector, and thus bears no resemblance to the 1970s loan policies which left a $39-billion debt in their wake.

But the GOP isn't buying. "Sure—they are just spending more money and changing the funding," says Al Lehn, an aide to Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.). "But these are huge differences. The Simon bill would spend a lot more money in areas where the Polish government is not asking for it, and the Democrats would fund this by taking the money from U.S. defense, primarily SDI."

Even so, it's a neat trick. Senator Simon and his colleagues are positioning themselves to attack the President for "not doing enough" for Poland; their ideal scenario would be to force President Bush to veto their package, thus making him appear too cheap to help Solidarity in its time of need. So far it seems to be working.

"We're in support of the Simon bill," says the executive director of the D.C. office of the Polish-American Congress, Myra Leonard. "We're shooting for as much American support for Poland as we can get."

But another member of the Polish-American Congress says its support was only a tactic to pressure the Administration. So things may change now that the President has come up with a more comprehensive package, which corresponds to the reform program Finance Minister Leszek Balcerowicz put on the table at the IMF–World Bank annual meeting here late last month. Mr. Balcerowicz called for a $1-billion loan to stabilize the all-but-worthless *zloty*, along with $500 million in immediate short-term assistance to pay for goods like spare parts and fertilizer.

The impression that the Democrats' plan is more generous is misleading, because the money would go into long-term loans rather than the short-term fix the new government says it desperately needs. Nevertheless the Democrats will argue that the Administration's new package is a grudging concession, and that their willingness to spend is a sign of their greater sincerity. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (D., Me.), for example, has called President Bush too "timid" in his responses to changes in the USSR and Eastern Europe, and his colleagues appear ready to ride this horse for all it's worth.

A taste of this came during a Senate debate on an amendment offered by Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) to ensure that any U.S. assistance for Poland not go to help the Communists. Democrat after Democrat rose to counterattack. Barbara Mikulski

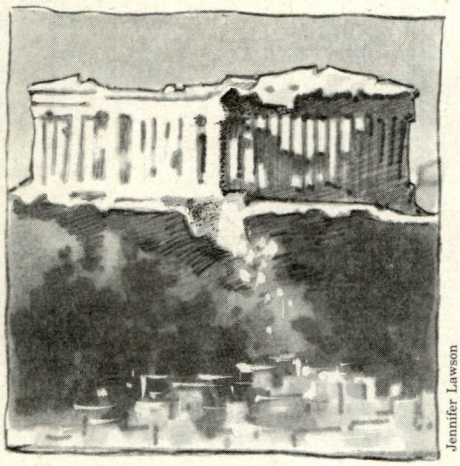
(D., Md.), the first Polish-American woman elected to Congress, took the lead, invoking her pious, immigrant great-grandmother and declaiming that "no one can be as fiercely anti-Communist or militarily anti-Communist as someone of Polish extraction." This fierce anti-Communism was conspicuous by its absence when support for the democratic resistance in Nicaragua has been at stake, with Miss Mikulski giving the Contras not a farthing.

She's not alone. According to an American Conservative Union legislative analysis, the co-sponsors of the Simon bill—Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), Alan Cranston (D., Calif.), Tom Harkin (D., Iowa), Charles Robb (D., Va.), Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio), Alfonse D'Amato (R., N.Y.), Donald Riegle (D., Mich.), Joseph Biden (D., Del.); Bob Graham (D., Fla.), Paul Sarbanes (D., Md.), and Frank Lautenberg (D., N.J.)—all have unblemished anti-Contra voting records, with the exception of the lone Republican (D'Amato), the new member (Robb), and a member who voted for Contra aid once, three years ago (Lautenberg). As for Simon, his seriousness can be judged from a $25-million telecommunications provision inserted because of his pique at having to wait several hours to get a phone call through to the U.S. during his own recent trip to Poland. In short, Congress remains committed to the idea that aid is the solution to development, an idea as discredited as the Jaruzelski government.

"The Polish economy is like a rusted old car with a dead battery," says Fred M. Zedar, president of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, which has already identified 274 Polish firms that might be matched up with U.S. partners. "What we're hoping to do is give it a jump start to get it going. In that regard, it's not a matter of money—it's moxie." □

Greek Farce

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS



Jennifer Lawson

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright
may live,
All earth can take and
Heaven can give . . .

ATHENS—Poor Shelley. After eight years of Andreas Papandreou's socialist rule it is impossible to read this now without a twinge of sadness that such exalted expectations should turn into such a farce—or tragedy, for that matter. Which was the case last week.

Pavlos Bakoyannis, member of Parliament, press officer for the New Democracy Party, and son-in-law of party leader Constantine Mitsotakis, was shot dead by the November 17 terrorist group on Tuesday, September 26, and Greece has been in an uproar ever since. Bakoyannis was one of the most intelligent and capable of the conservative parliamentarians; indeed, he was the architect of the historic compromise between the conservative and Communist parties, which forty years ago fought a bloody civil war.

This temporary coalition, arranged in June, booted out of office the Socialist Party (Pasok) of Andreas Papandreou, the greatest America-hater west of Teheran, replaced it with a caretaker government of Left and Right, and indicted the former prime minister on four major counts: looting the Bank of Crete (with Papandreou receiving $6 million in stolen funds); abusing public office (by forcing public agencies to deposit millions in the Bank of Crete although the institution was failing); unlawfully tapping telephones of opposition leaders and of his own cabinet ministers; and forgiving a $6-million debt, owed by a friend to the government, in return for the use of the friend's villa, where the prime minister lived with his airline-hostess mistress, now his wife. To think that Nixon was forced out of office for destroying a few tapes! But for those of you more familiar with Grecian 2000 than with Greece 1989, I should perhaps explain how the rot set in.

In 1981, Pasok, with Andreas Papandreou at its head, won a landslide victory on an anti-America, get-out-of-NATO-and-out-of-the-Common-Market platform. Needless to say, he did nothing of the sort. Rather, he created a state machinery rivaling that of a Third World potentate. He began a propaganda program of hate, with an aggressive, anti-democratic purging of civil servants, police, judges, and members of the military.

Worse, he abolished the anti-terrorist laws as soon as he came into power, and throughout his rule refused to sign an international agreement of cooperation with his European allies. In the run-up to the 1989 election he appointed 96,000 civil servants and promised them tenure if Pasok won. He raised wages, forgave various agricultural debts ($2 billion worth), and gave 200,000 civil servants a 20 per cent raise.

Even by Greek standards, this public spending spree was outrageous, and yet Papandreou came in second in the polls. The center–right New Democracy Party came in first but failed by a few thousand votes to capture the necessary majority, for Papandreou, seeing the likelihood of defeat, had switched from the previous electoral system to an extreme version of proportional representation that ensures that every party has a say and no one can govern. The caretaker coalition—created by Bakoyannis's patient political skill—has been running the nation since June 18, and a successor caretaker government will oversee the elections scheduled for November 5.

Mr. Theodoracopulos is the author, with Jeffrey Bernard, of High Life, Low Life *and a regular columnist for the London* Spectator.

In the circumstances, Constantine Mitsotakis, a man of immense strength, honesty, and resilience, is favored to be the next premier once the results of the new election are in. Though extremely close to his son-in-law, he went straight from the morgue to Parliament and asked for national unity. Papandreou did not even bother to attend the special session honoring the victim, nor did he attend the funeral.

Perhaps he did well to stay away. Since the murder, a former Greek ambassador to Libya has revealed how he received orders from Athens to prevent a Greek anti-terrorist unit from making inquiries in Tripoli after the murder of a publisher of an anti-Pasok newspaper. Significantly, during the long string of assassinations since 1974 not a single terrorist has been caught. And all of the murders have been committed against Pasok's enemies. There have even been public allegations that Pasok and Papandreou prevented the discovery and punishment of the killers. When Papandreou appears in public today, he is greeted by cries of "murderer" and "thief."

But Greek democracy has had more obituaries than Ernest Hemingway, Mark Twain, and Queen Anne laid end to end. Since the murder and the prosecution of Papandreou, a new climate reigns in Greece. The rumors that Pasok spread after Bakoyannis's death—that he was involved in the Papandreou scandals—have been mostly ignored—as if Joe Biden called Neil Kinnock a plagiarist: laughable if it weren't for the tragedy of it all. It is a tragedy for Greece, but given Papandreou's character—all flaws, no heroism—it is *not* a Greek tragedy. □

Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Furor

BRIAN CROZIER



Jennifer Lawson

BONN—The German Democratic Republic has even less claim to legitimacy than Stalin's other Eastern European satellites: it is the rump of an artificially divided country. But it may not be with us forever. Today, in the wake of collapse and bankruptcy in the USSR, talk of German reunification sounds less unrealistic than even a few weeks ago.

The spectacle of East Germans—mostly young, active, and successful families—fleeing to the German Federal Republic is intoxicating. But let us not forget that the root of that word means poison. In small doses, they say, cocaine makes you feel good; in large, euphoria takes over.

I confess that I would feel easier than I do about the prospect of a united Germany if the politicians in Bonn were more impressive. Chancellor Kohl doesn't seem to mind when he is described as a "populist"; and he is not the only pragmatist in high office in the West. As for the Social Democratic opposition (SPD), frankly, it scares me.

For some years, when Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was running the SPD, the FRG seemed sound and staunch. One could even develop temporary amnesia over Willy Brandt and his *Ostpolitik*, which, among other things, had given the Soviet Union formal recognition of the East German regime. Yet even Schmidt—who, after all, had been the first West German leader to take public note of the deadly threat of the Soviet SS-20s—was powerless to halt the drift toward neutralism in his own party. As if to celebrate his impending retirement, the SPD decided, at its party congress in April 1982, to adopt a new policy of "security partnership with the States of the East." Nor was this a timid change of course: support was overwhelming.

Surprising? Not really. The rebellious students of the 1960s, products of the "long march through the institutions," now run the SPD. The new policy translated as a commitment to quit NATO.

That is bad enough. But when Chancellor Kohl came back late last year from his trip to Moscow, he advocated support for key Soviet proposals, such as meetings between the ministers of the EEC and the Comecon countries, and of NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Schmidt's successor as SPD chairman, Hans-Jochen Vogel, congratulated Kohl for adopting the SPD's own policy toward the USSR. The hysterically enthusiastic public welcome for President Gorbachev on his West German visit in June underlined the euphoric angle.

The all-German perspective, however, changes as fast as the pace of the amazing events in the USSR and Eastern Europe. The weakening of the Soviet power center brings two contradictory consequences: it makes the prospect of One Germany more concrete, and the danger of Soviet military intervention less likely.

Although Mikhail Gorbachev has not formally renounced the Brezhnev Doctrine, he is tacitly conceding that it no longer has compulsive force. Under any of his predecessors the Red Army would long since have stepped in to prevent the Poles from giving themselves a Solidarity government and the Hungarians from tolerating non-Communist parties and sabotaging the Berlin Wall. The key, as ever, is still in Moscow, but in quite a different sense from the familiar one of the past 45 years.

Let us look at a possible scenario. The wave of discontent in the USSR has already reached such a pitch that the possibility of uncontrollable chaos and even of civil war can no longer be discounted. The ruling party is losing its grip. It would no longer be unthinkable for the Red Prussians of

East Germany to drift with the Polish/Hungarian tide. German reunification would then be a possible option, in conditions of maximum advantage to the West.

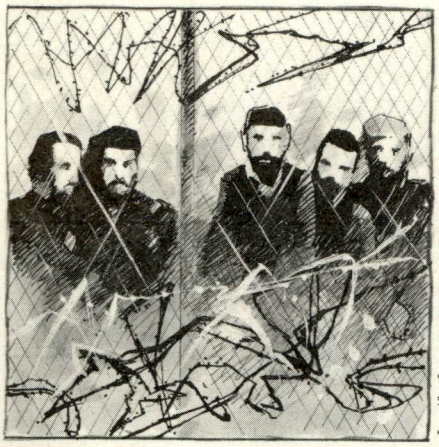
In such conditions, NATO would lose its meaning and purpose. Similarly, the SPD policy of a "security partnership with the States of the East" would become irrelevant.

The Russians and Ukrainians, the Georgians and Azerbaidzhanis, the Uzbeks and Kazakhs, etc., would be sorting out their own allegiances, probably with the shedding of much blood. As for President Gorbachev's "common European home," it would acquire a new meaning. I, for one, do not find it an intellectual strain to envision an enlarged European Community including the unified Germany, Poland, and Hungary, for a start.

For the West the strategic priority is a wider vision of Europe: wider than the petty commercial Europe of the Brussels bureaucrats; and geographically wider, too. Let the Europe of 1992 find room for Moscow's collapsing satrapies. But let the West Germans calm down. Euphoria is an enemy. The contemporary equivalent of Cromwell's "keep your powder dry" is a firm and united commitment to NATO. The scenario hasn't happened yet. □

Polish Memories

JACOB NEUSNER



Jennifer Lawson

WARSAW—A trip to Poland, such as I took as part of a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of World War II, brings unfamiliar experiences, which challenge you to confront the unprecedented. How, for instance, do you deal with a woman who sees you on the street, asks whether you are Jewish, and when you say: "Yes, I am," proceeds to tell you "During the war, I saved two Jews in my home"? What do you say to that?

On the spur of the moment, I said, "God sent me to you to say thank you. May you live to 120 years."

She cried. I cried.

What do you do, as a guest of the Vatican, when at the advent of the Sabbath, on Friday evening, just at sunset, in front of 500,000 people in the middle of a square in the newly constructed old town of Warsaw, they ask you to light a candle? Seeing the sun set, I said, ". . . Who has sanctified us by His commandments and commanded us to kindle the Sabbath light." My light—blessed for the Sabbath—joined the lights kindled by the faithful of every other religion, East and West, but it sanctified the Sabbath.

This meeting of religious groups was assembled by a community organized by the Vatican to do good works, called "the community of Saint Egidio," a collection of genuinely lovely young Italians and other Europeans. Each of the groups was to conduct a prayer service as part of the on-going rites.

Forewarned, I had brought with me the JWB Prayerbook for the Armed Services. There were only three of us, each there for his own reasons: a Jew, now head of the World Interfaith Council, who was saved in Warsaw through the war by a Christian family; a French Jewish resistance hero; and I. We had three young Polish Jews (one, Matteusz/Matti, six foot three, blond, blue-eyed, who wants only to go to Israel, get himself circumcised, and become a real Jew), but no *minyan* (quorum of ten for religious worship). I said: "Friends, in Poland there is always a *minyan* of ghosts."

I recited the prayers for vespers, then the survivor of Warsaw said Kaddish, then the French Resistance leader said the prayer in memory of the deceased, but, instead of a name or two, he said, "All those who died in this land." Jews know what to do, when they have to. And we all cried.

All this we did facing a white wall, in a grotto-like room, knowing nothing of what was round about. When I turned around, I found the room filled with reporters and photographers, waiting for a sermon or a message on the Auschwitz controversy. Being the rabbi, I was expected to speak.

My message was to the Polish people: "Poland is a land that many peoples have loved and called home: Germans, Lithuanians, Latvians, Ruthenians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Jews. Poles were a minority in the borders of pre-1939 Poland. We are here to stand on this occasion for our people—in our own names alone, to be sure—and there is a reason and a message we want to bring.

"We Jews loved this country too. Every town has its Jewish memories. This morning I went to my father-in-law's hometown of Ostrolenka, to find some sort of past for my children. It was on the road to Lomza, where was a great yeshiva, en route to Bialystok, a home to Jewry for half an eternity. To us Poland is *poh lin*, stay here, and while to us only the Land of Israel can be holy intrinsically, this country has been made holy to us by our centuries of love and loyalty. To us it is now no more: we ask only that you respect the bones of our ancestors. Allow us our sacred memories, and let them be holy to us."

I added: "And God does not want this fight: it is not a dispute 'for the sake of Heaven,' and it cannot endure and will produce no good and must end." A Communist reporter laughed out loud at the statement that God had a stake in what was then at issue. But my companions of the community of Saint Egidio understood, and the Polish people who had come to join us Jews in our commemoration understood.

This was my message in Poland. I think it was a Jewish message, and I think that, in my way, I said what Rabbi Avi Weiss said in his.

Whether or not I was heard as he was heard I do not know. The commemoration was complex, with

Mr. Neusner is a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

RIGHT DATA

A Nation of Savers?

The notion that the deficit is sopping up an ever-larger share of our personal savings, seemingly valid for most of the Seventies and Eighties, is seriously threatened by the savings surge of the past few years:

THE DEFICIT AND PERSONAL SAVINGS
($ Billions)

Calendar Year	Federal Deficit	Personal Savings	Deficit as % of Savings
1973	5.6	89.0	6.3
1980	61.3	136.9	44.8
1986	206.9	124.9	165.7
1987	161.4	101.8	158.5
1988	145.8	144.7	100.8
1989	146.5(a)	201.5(a)	72.7

a. Annualized rate based on first six months.

In 1973 the deficit absorbed only 6.3 per cent of personal savings, leaving more than $80 billion to finance private-sector investment. The savings rate (savings as a percentage of disposable personal income) took a dive after 1973, falling from 9.4 per cent that year to 3.2 per cent in 1987, and the deficit / savings ratio deteriorated to the point that in 1983, for the first time since 1945, the federal deficit exceeded total personal savings. By 1986 the deficit was $80 billion larger than personal savings, creating what many, but by no means all, see as a dangerous reliance on foreign capital to finance the deficit.

Things have improved over the past two years, however. The savings rate increased one full percentage point in 1988, to 4.2 per cent, making for the largest year-to-year increase since 1973, and during the first six months of 1989 Americans saved a robust 5.6 per cent of disposable income, a rate which if continued for the rest of the year will generate a record $202 billion of personal savings.

Why the resurgence? The reduction in the top personal-income-tax rate to 28 per cent undoubtedly played a part, as does our aging population. A Bureau of Labor Statistics survey found that households headed by individuals under 25 years of age had negative savings rates, spending nearly 20 per cent more than they earned, but those headed by people between 35 and 44 (the largest baby-boomer contingent) saved, on average, 5.0 per cent of their income. Those with incomes $40,000 and over saved an enviable 20.1 per cent of income.

The reduction in international tensions may also have contributed to our improved savings performance. University of Michigan economist Joel Slemrod finds a strong negative relationship between the perceived likelihood of nuclear war and a country's rate of private saving: an increase of 10 per cent in the fraction of the population that believes a world war likely is associated with a 4.1-percentage-point drop in the savings rate. In a Gallup Poll released in January 1987 49 per cent of the respondents in the U.S. indicated they thought there was at least a 50–50 chance of a world war occurring within the next ten years. In Japan, where personal savings rates are consistently in the 16 to 18 per cent range, only 15 per cent expressed a high fear of world war.

A higher savings rate is not an unmitigated economic blessing. But in economics, as in sex, gratification is often greater for being delayed. —ED RUBENSTEIN

the Communists, Solidarity, the Polish Church through Cardinal Glemp, the international Church through the Vatican, not to mention Leonard Bernstein at the Opera House, all participating, each running its own celebration. So who heard what message, I cannot say.

But mine was a message, delivered in my person, I hope of Jewish dignity, self-respect, persistence and stubbornness: we call it *akshanut*.

It was the message that we have our claim and our right and our sense of what is appropriate; and, with respect for the other, we ask that the other respect us, meaning, the wish and will of our survivors, the Jewish People, so far as Poland is concerned.

Three nights running I met Cardinal Glemp at one affair or another, and, being the only rabbi present (with a *kippah* on my head), I found he knew who I was, as much as I knew who he was (or rather, each knew what the other represented). Each night he said to me, "I am very glad you came. Do come with me to Cracow" (and he meant, of course, Auschwitz/Oswiecim).

I said: "I will come with you, Cardinal Glemp, and will do so with good will, when and if the day comes that you can go with honor and I can go with honor. But that is not today."

We had that exchange three nights running. Happily, we now can go with honor.

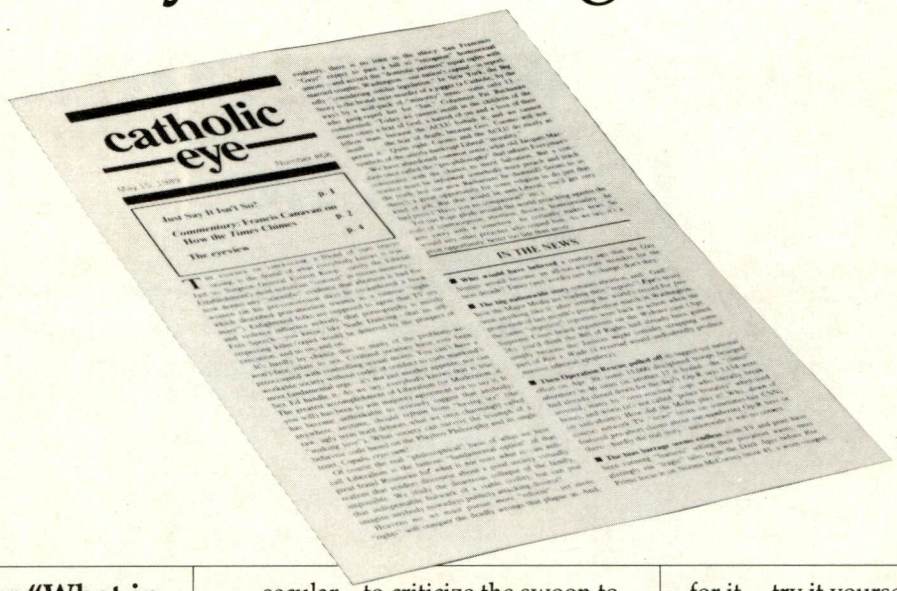
Religions have yet to learn to think religiously about the other, the outsider. We differentiate within and homogenize the stranger. That eventful week in Warsaw, so it seems to me in retrospect, that was the right thing to which to call attention. But, like all truth, it also scarcely needed saying: there were plenty of people out there ready to prove I was right in saying the obvious.

One other memory came home with me: gas lines, such as we had 15 years ago, and empty shops, except for people with dollars to spend.

Poland's economy has been wrecked by the Communists. The people have voted out Communism, the first country in history lost to Communism by free action of its own population. Poland now needs billions of dollars for the reconstruction of its economy.

All who care for freedom will support this country's doing its fair share in the reconstruction of a free Poland. We Jews cannot and will not hold hostage to our concerns, sacred though they are and unanimous though we are, a nation ridding itself of a political system as evil as Nazism, as capable of mass murder of its citizens as Nazism. In the scale of priorities, tomorrow matters more than today, and today more than yesterday. Poland must not default to Communism by any action we take or fail to take. □

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Must We Become Japanese?

Japan's indisputable economic success evokes envy—and tempts us toward imitation. But we need to know more about the reasons for that success before we try to adapt Japanese policies to our own circumstances.

DAVID D. HALE

WILL REVISIONIST HISTORIANS someday reclassify the American defeat in Vietnam as a strategic victory for trade policy? If the U.S. had vanquished the Communist insurgency twenty years ago, South Vietnam probably would have joined the ranks of Asia's newly industrializing countries during the 1980s. Assuming its bilateral per-capita trade surplus with the U.S. was mid-way between Taiwan's $650 and South Korea's $250, Vietnam's 35 million people would now be adding $10 to $15 billion per annum to America's trade deficit. Because of its trade surplus, Saigon would now be under constant pressure from the U.S. Treasury to revalue its exchange rate. As the exchange rate appreciated, Vietnamese insurance companies would inevitably have started gobbling up chunks of downtown Los Angeles and Seattle. The *Harvard Business Review* would now be publishing articles about how Vietnam had prospered by developing a unique export-oriented industrial policy blending elements of Confucianism with a *dirigiste* style of economic management inherited from the French.

It is doubtful that such a radically revisionist view of America's experience in Indochina will become popular until the Iowa Democratic caucuses of the early twenty-first century. But Japan's emergence as a major industrial power and the rise of other Asian nations as trade competitors have set in motion a revolution in the way Americans think about free trade, industrial policy, and the economic role of government.

The Reagan Administration itself signaled the start of the transformation. Ronald Reagan was the most protectionist President in modern American history, pushing the share of total imports subject to quota or official restraint from 12 per cent to 23 per cent. He also signed a trade bill in 1988 that authorized the U.S. Government to pursue trade retaliation policies unilaterally rather than through GATT; the U.S. itself pursues trade practices that would require retaliation by other countries if their parliaments enacted similar laws. (Admittedly, President Reagan vetoed congressional efforts to increase import protection for textiles, but the disagreement with Congress was not over principle, but merely over whether the U.S. textile industry deserved even more protection than it already enjoyed under the multilateral fiber agreement.) Finally, the Reagan Administration laid the foundation for a *de-facto* industrial policy through a number of initiatives designed to bolster the competitiveness of America's high-technology industries, including the creation of a federally funded semiconductor consortium (Sematech). The Bush Administration appears likely to maintain the trend toward more interventionist microeconomic policies—as the decisions to extend steel quotas, renegotiate the FSX deal with Japan, and relax antitrust barriers to U.S. consortiums all demonstrate.

WHAT UNDERLIES this transformation? First, there is the sheer size of the U.S. trade deficit. By the mid 1980s, as the dollar rose and the trade deficit grew to 4 per cent of GNP, the political balance of power shifted toward protectionism. Secondly, the emergence of a trade deficit in high-technology products has stirred fears that America is suffering from competitiveness problems that extend beyond the exchange rate. The third factor is the emergence of a new economics literature arguing that governments can enhance national welfare by targeting investment on sectors capable of achieving oligopoly profits in the long term.

America is falling behind other countries, say the advocates of more aggressive trade and industrial policies, because the U.S. Government does not systematically guide macro and microeconomic policy in directions that enhance America's comparative advantage as an industrial power. These arguments are, of course, not totally new. Books praising Japanese experiments in industrial policy and export promotion began appearing eighty years

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ago. By the late 1970s, there was another flurry of books heralding the emergence of a Japanese superstate. All of these books suggested that Japanese success resulted from an economic model quite different from the one familiar in America and other Anglo-Saxon societies. As Chalmers Johnson of the University of California explained in a major historical study of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI):

> Japan's political economy can be located precisely in the line of descent from the German Historical School—sometimes labeled "economic nationalism," *Handelspolitik*, or neomercantilism . . . In states that were late to industrialize, the state itself led the industrialization drive—that is, it took on developmental functions. These two differing orientations toward private economic activities, the regulatory orientation and the developmental orientation, produced two different kinds of government–business relationships. The United States is a good example of a state in which the regulatory orientation predominates, whereas Japan is a good example of a state in which the developmental orientation predominates . . .

Until recently, such arguments were considered to be of merely academic interest. But today Japan accounts for nearly 20 per cent of industrial-world GNP, compared to less than 1 per cent in the 1950s. The nominal dollar value of Japan's capital investment exceeds America's in absolute terms and is twice as high per capita. And Japan's external assets are likely to exceed $500 billion by the early 1990s, more than half of which will probably be invested in the United States. Americans are now either so alarmed or so awed by the scope of Japan's economic power that they increasingly regard her achievements as a challenge to their traditional assumptions about the role of markets, the government, and the private sector in shaping a country's economic destiny.

BUT IT IS FAR from clear that the Japanese experience is either properly understood or readily transferrable to a society such as the United States. In the first place, analysts disagree about whether the decisive contribution to Japan's success was made by macroeconomic policies such as low taxation of savings, or by microeconomic intervention such as industrial targeting. In the aftermath of World War II, for example, Japan had a skilled population, an undervalued exchange rate, a mixture of tax and financial regulatory policies that encouraged thrift, and restrictions on land use that forced families to save by inflating the cost of housing. Such macro- and microeconomic characteristics might well have produced rapid economic growth even if Japan had not pursued mercantilist trade policies and channeled credit to favored manufacturing sectors.

It is also important to remember that Japan's economic success has been very lopsided. She has a highly efficient manufacturing sector, but productivity for the economy as a whole is abysmal because of massive overemployment in the service industries. Japan might well have achieved a superior rate of economic growth and higher living standards if investment had not been concentrated in the manufacturing sector at the expense of services, residential construction, and other sectors oriented toward domestic consumption.

Indeed, one of the major problems in this debate is the increasing tendency of Americans and Europeans to redefine the objectives of economic policy in mercantilist terms without acknowledging the fact. Although Japan is worthy of much applause, her triumphs still leave important questions unanswered about what constitutes economic success. In the 1960s, most economists made fun of Portugal because the Salazar government ran trade surpluses and accumulated a huge stock of gold while presiding over a country that was often referred to as "Africa's last colony in Europe." Japan seems more threatening because her trade surpluses reflect export success, not just import repression, and she is using her cash hoard to buy a large portfolio of foreign assets. But is a growth strategy so dependent on high productivity in one sector of the economy truly beneficial if the overall level of productivity and living standards remains low? Indeed, is such a growth strategy even viable once a nation's share of world GNP exceeds 10 per cent and its large external surpluses encourage protectionism among trading partners?

Is a growth strategy like Japan's even viable once a nation's share of world GNP exceeds 10 per cent and its large external surpluses encourage protectionism among trading partners?

The other great question posed by its history is whether the Japanese policy experience can be transferred elsewhere. For Japan's economic miracle is underpinned by social and political features that would be difficult to duplicate in the United States.

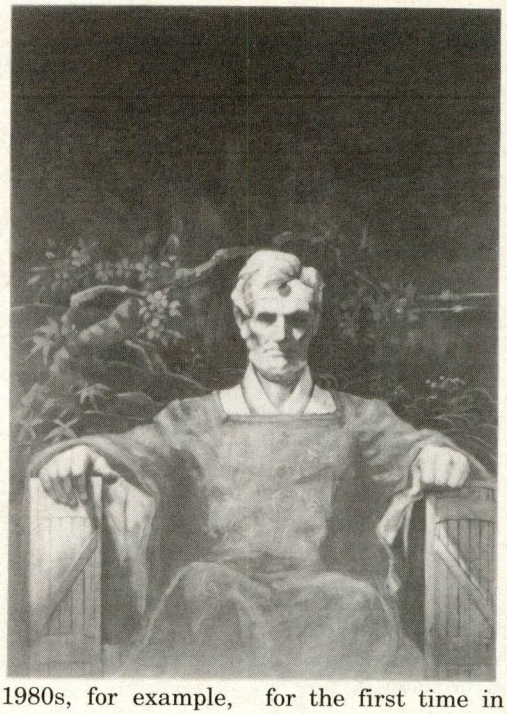
First, the Japanese policy process is highly elitist, more democratic in form than in substance. One party has ruled for the entire postwar period; power is rotated between factions based on personality rather than ideology; and cabinet ministers usually serve as front-men for senior civil servants rather than initiating reforms in their own right. The civil service is powerful and attracts many of the nation's best minds. They in turn command the respect of the private sector and sometimes even finish their careers in top corporate jobs. They provide a mixture of quality, continuity, and consistency in public policy, which can serve as a catalyst for motivating private-sector decision-makers without excessive coercion. Administrative guidance of the financial system, not state ownership, has been the primary instrument for steering investment.

Secondly, because of Japan's tribal character and sense of insecurity about her place in the world, the Japanese people have been prepared to subordinate consumer to producer interests in order to generate the resources needed to sustain high value-added export industries. According to research by DB capital markets, a German brokerage firm in Tokyo, the rise in Japan's terms of trade during the period 1985–1988 produced an income gain of

35 trillion yen. Yet DB estimates that 18 trillion yen of this income shift stayed in corporate profits and that only five trillion yen was passed on to Japanese consumers.

Ironically, the strength of the yen in London and New York actually depressed the value of the yen in Tokyo by causing Japanese firms to penalize domestic consumers through high prices in order to subsidize export prices. MITI itself recently admitted that Japanese consumers have had to pay 50 per cent more than foreign consumers for identical products. This tolerance for noncompetitive pricing may erode, but in 1989 it is one of those special cultural factors that distinguish Japan from other industrial societies.

Can Washington duplicate Japanese success by adopting similar corporatist and mercantilist economic policies? That must be very doubtful because of America's own political traditions and social values. When a new American President takes office, he makes over three thousand appointments to the executive branch, compared to 150 for the British prime minister, sixty for the German chancellor, and practically none for the Japanese prime minister. In addition, the average tenure of an American deputy Cabinet secretary tends to be only about two years and four months, compared to lifetime career tracks for the deputy ministers in most other industrialized countries. As a result, the American government suffers from a weak institutional conscience (and memory), poor co-ordination of macro and micro objectives, and widespread amateurism in policy implementation.



In turn, the American private sector finds Washington's policy formulation to be contradictory, confusing, and a poor basis for long-term investment decision-making. In the 1980s, for example, there were two far-reaching overhauls of the federal tax code, three major cycles in the dollar exchange rate, a poorly supervised deregulation of the thrift industry, and a proliferation of protectionist actions in trade policy that totally contradicted the White House's ideological rhetoric about free trade.

Another danger posed by industrial policy is that many American politicians regard it as an alternative to coherent macroeconomic policy rather than as a complement. Indeed, the most distressing aspect of the current American debate about competitiveness is the unwillingness of the nation's political leaders to confront the populist nature of America's fiscal policies. In the 1980s the U.S. was the only industrial country to pursue a significant reduction in marginal income-tax rates without introducing higher consumption taxes to offset the revenue loss. Although it has among the lowest housing costs in the OECD, the U.S. is also the only industrial country to provide large tax allowances for mortgage interest without any income test. The U.S. is unique as well in not providing any tax allowance to corporate shareholders for taxes paid at the corporate level. Hence, the American household sector borrows on a far larger scale than the household sectors of other countries, while the corporate sector has been converting equity into debt (and thus depressing the national savings rate) by cannibalizing retained profits in order to pay bondholders more. A government truly alarmed about the country's low level of savings and investment would slash the subsidies for mortgage borrowing, use the revenue gains to finance fiscal equality between debt and equity, and cut the total public-sector deficit with higher consumption taxes and/or public-spending cuts.

For as Japanese history has demonstrated, while there is room for creative microeconomic tinkering, it will only work if accompanied by macroeconomic policies that promote savings, reduce capital costs, and maximize the share of national output available for investment. In contrast to American politicians, Japanese politicians do not regard microeconomic tinkering as a potential substitute for coherent macroeconomic policy. Indeed, by one important criterion Japan has less state intervention than the U.S. and other industrial countries. Except for public works, Japanese government spending as a share of GNP is well below that in most other industrial countries, while a considerable share of Japan's educational outlays occur in private schools and "cram classes."

America's experiments in managed trade and industrial policy could also backfire by generating foreign retaliation. In the early 1990s, America will have such a large external debt that her primary growth locomotives will have to be exports and investment. At the same time, Europe will be moving toward economic integration, while Asian intra-regional trade will soon overtake trans-Pacific trade for the first time in recorded history. Clumsy American attempts to imitate mercantilist policies that served Japan well when her GNP was only 5 per cent of world output could slow the speed at which America's trade deficit contracts.

FINALLY, AND IRONICALLY, an American embrace of mercantilist strategies could retard the movement toward internal market liberalization now occurring within Japan itself. Although Japan, with a $3-trillion GNP, still has lower imports than the $300-billion combined GNP of South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Singapore, the post-1985 devaluation of the dollar and revaluation of the yen have had a powerful impact on trade flows. American manufactured exports have grown by 79 per cent, while Japan's manufactured imports have grown by 80 per cent. If the U.S. were to switch to a system of managed trade with "affirmative-action quotas" for U.S. exports, it could probably pick up additional market share in the short term, but at the price of entrenching a cartelized system of distribution in Japan which in the long term would be more beneficial for

(Continues on page 59)

The End of History—or of Liberalism?

The political and intellectual map is changing at a vertiginous pace; but for those who would find the prospect unbearably boring, take heart: the 'end of history' is nowhere in sight.

JOHN GRAY

IT IS A TRUISM that socialism is dead, and an irony that it survives most robustly as a doctrine not in Paris, where it has suffered a fate worse than falsification by becoming thoroughly unfashionable; nor in London, where the political hegemony and economic success of Thatcherite free-market conservatism have made it redundant, but in the universities of capitalist America, as the ideology of the Western academic *nomenklatura*. But socialism is most obviously, and most irreversibly, defunct as an ideology in the Communist bloc. There *glasnost* has surpassed the wildest hopes of Western anti-Communists in discrediting the institutions of central planning and brilliantly illuminating the intractable problems of the Soviet system.

But what does the collapse of socialism as a political faith portend for the future of political life and thought? In a provocative and well-received article, "The End of History" (*National Interest*, Summer 1989), Francis Fukuyama announces in a quietly apocalyptic voice that the failure of socialism means "an unabashed victory of economic and political liberalism" and promises "the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government."

The prophecy that human history is about to end and a new historical epoch about to begin is of course a recurrent one in the history of Western thought. It is probably an unintended irony that Fukuyama's article should stand as a contribution to the project of a secular theodicy first undertaken by the *philosophes* of the French Enlightenment, but most notably and energetically pursued in the Marxian system of thought which Fukuyama correctly perceives to be now in a terminal decline. But it is in any case difficult to understand the basis for Fukuyama's confidence about the historic role of liberal democracy in bringing history to a successful close. His confidence cannot be a reflection of the state of liberal political philosophy, since that is manifestly parlous. In my recent book, *Liberalisms: Essays in Political Philosophy* (London and New York, Routledge, August 1989), and particularly in its Postscript, "After Liberalism," I have argued that despite its overwhelming dominance in Anglo-American philosophy, liberalism has never succeeded in showing that liberal democratic institutions are uniquely necessary to justice and the human good. In all its varieties—utilitarian, contractarian, or as a theory of rights—liberal political philosophy has failed to establish its fundamental thesis: that liberal democracy is the only form of human government that can be sanctioned by reason and morality. It therefore fails to give rational support to the religion of the contemporary intelligentsia, which combines the sentimental cult of humanity with a sectarian passion for political reform.

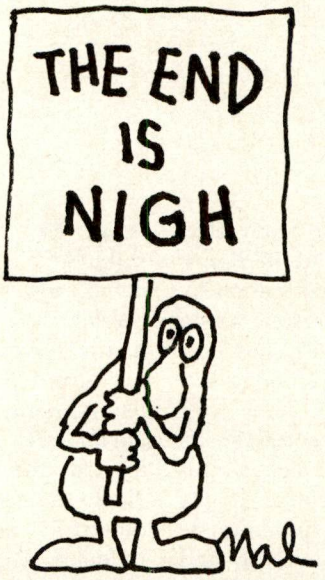
The consequent debacle of liberal political philosophy is not something we have any reason to lament. For liberals are committed to the heroic enterprise of denying a very obvious truth—the truth that there is a legitimate variety of forms of government under which human beings have flourished and may still hope to prosper. Who can doubt that human beings flourished under the feudal institutions of medieval Christendom? Or under the monarchical government of Elizabethan England? It is in virtue of its repression of this evident truth that liberal discourse has acquired its stridency and intolerance—indeed, its almost obsessional character. In seeking to construct a liberal ideology, liberal theorists are attempting what even they must sometimes see to be impossible. They are struggling to confer the imprimatur of universal authority on the local practices they have inherited. The absurdity of this project has, indeed, been tacitly recognized by one of this century's most subtle liberal thinkers, John Rawls,

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when in his later work he revealed that he aims only to give a coherent philosophical statement of the character and premises of a particular historical tradition—the tradition of constitutional democracy.

If Fukuyama's confident expectation of the End cannot be explained by the state of liberal philosophy, from what does it derive? It is the expression, most likely, not of a political philosophy, but of a philosophy of history, one dominated by the notion that liberal democracy is history's *telos*, other modes of government being recognized only as progressions toward, or aberrations from, that end.

THE GRAIN OF TRUTH in this interpretation of history is that it is only through the development of civil society—a society in which most institutions, though protected by law, are independent of the state—that a modern civilization can reproduce itself. Without those institutions—for example, private property and contractual liberty under the rule of law—modern societies undergo a descent into poverty and barbarism. Civil society is the matrix of the market economy, which both history and theory show to be the precondition of prosperity and liberty in the modern world. This is a truth that even the Soviet leadership may now be learning, after having waged for over seventy years an incessant war on all the civil societies that have come within its sphere of domination. It is one that the Iranian fundamentalists are beginning to accept, however grudgingly, as they retreat from the position that a modern state can be governed exclusively through the precepts of the Islamic *sharyah*. And it is a truth that will become painfully clear to the aged Stalinists of Communist China, when they are forced by circumstances to perceive the economic ruin that flows from trying to confine an emergent civil society in a newly re-sewn totalitarian straitjacket.



To say that no modern state can renew itself with a decent degree of prosperity unless it contains the institutions of a civil society is, however, very far from allowing that liberal democracy is "the final form of human government." Civil societies come in many shapes and forms and thrive under a variety of regimes. The authoritarian civil societies of East Asia—South Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore—have combined an extraordinary record of economic success with the protection of most individual liberties under the rule of law without adopting all the elements of liberal democracy.

Or consider the case of Japan, which Fukuyama's mentor, the Hegelian scholar Alexandre Kojève, rightly recognized as the key exception to the trend of global homogenization. To be sure, Japan has become a consumerist culture, and its political institutions are liberal democratic. Yet the crucial decades of modernization in Japan occurred in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; modernization was generated internally and did not arrive as the result of pressure from outside; and, uniquely, the Japanese succeeded in grafting onto the unbroken stem of a traditional culture the institutions of a modern civil society. As a result, Japan has in the last two decades emerged as a global economic superpower, and must willy-nilly become a superpower *tout court* in the coming century. This has been achieved without any deep commitment to the political institutions imposed upon Japan at the end of the Second World War, and certainly without the support of the ideas and values that are supposed to undergird market institutions in the West, such as individualism, natural rights, or the idea of progress.

The East Asian examples show that Western achievements can be reproduced, and for that matter surpassed, without any acceptance of "the Western idea" of which Fukuyama speaks when he refers to "the triumph of the West." The ongoing disintegration of Communism on the Soviet model gives Fukuyama's argument no better support. The avowed aim of the twin Soviet reform policies of *perestroika* and *glasnost* is to break the totalitarian mold and reconstitute a civil society. Even if it is successful, however, the Soviet reform policy is unlikely to result in a triumph of Western liberalism. To attempt to foretell the future cost of Gorbachev's reform policy is idle. Already, however, *glasnost* has to its credit a considerable achievement. It has revealed for all time the ruins of the totalitarian project initiated by Lenin in 1917. This is the project, intimated in Lenin's horrible saying, "We must be engineers of souls," of destroying the traditional identities of the human beings within its power and reconstructing them as specimens of the new socialist humanity. Prosecuted relentlessly and without mercy for over two generations in an incessant war against religion, the family, and nationality, this totalitarian project has been shown by *glasnost* to have been a stupendous failure. As they emerge from the shadows of totalitarianism, the peoples of the Soviet Union reveal themselves, not as specimens of socialist humanity, but as Ukrainians or Balts, Catholics or Muslims, bearing traditional identities in no way compromised by decades of totalitarian indoctrination. The forms of national and religious life that are reasserting themselves in the Soviet Union give the lie to the totalitarian idea (echoed by innumerable Western liberals) that human beings can be remodeled according to the dictates of rationalist ideology. If anything, the traditional identities of the peoples of the Soviet Union may be healthier than those in many Western nations, where subtler forms of indoctrination have had a more corrosive effect in rendering traditional forms of life decadent.

It is precisely because the revelations of *glasnost* give the lie to the totalitarian project of reshaping human nature that they also confound Fukuyama's account. If the newly self-assertive peoples of the Soviet bloc are not specimens of *Homo sovieticus*, neither do their political beliefs have anything in common with the rationalist and egalitarian liberalism which has dominated American life

for fifty years. They are defined, and define themselves, not primarily as buyers and sellers in markets, nor as abstract bearers of rights and entitlements, but in terms of their membership in a nation or a church. They may share a common longing for emancipation from the Soviet system, but that is all they share. Each of the subject peoples in the Soviet bloc harbors particular claims, territorial or otherwise in character, which sets it in conflict with the rest. It is for this reason that the waning of the Soviet system is bound to be accompanied by a waxing of ethnic and nationalist conflicts—just the sort of stuff history has always been made of. These conflicts are, in part, undoubtedly a legacy of Stalinism, since it was Stalin who ruthlessly dislocated entire peoples and relocated them without regard to their history or traditions. But these conflicts also embody age-old enmities and loyalties, which are now coming back to the surface after decades of totalitarian suppression. What we are witnessing in the Soviet Union is not, then, the end of history, but instead its resumption—and on decidedly traditional lines.

All the evidence suggests that we are now moving back into an epoch that is classically historical, and not forward into the empty, hallucinatory post-historical era projected in Fukuyama's article. Ours is an era in which political ideology, liberal as much as Marxist, has a rapidly dwindling leverage on events, and more ancient, more primordial forces, nationalist and religious, are contesting with each other. In retrospect, it may well appear that it was the static, polarized period of ideology, the period between the end of the First World War and the present, that was the aberration.

As they emerge from the shadow of totalitarianism, the peoples of the Soviet Union reveal themselves, not as specimens of socialist humanity, but as Ukrainians or Balts, Catholics or Muslims.

If the Soviet Union does indeed fall apart, that beneficent catastrophe will not inaugurate a new era of post-historical harmony, but instead a return to the classical terrain of history, a terrain of great-power rivalries, secret diplomacies, and irredentist claims and wars. The vision of perpetual peace among liberal states, which has haunted Western thought at least since it was given systematic formulation by Immanuel Kant, will soon be seen for what it always was—a mirage that serves only to distract us from the real business of statesmanship in a permanently intractable world.

Fukuyama's brilliant and thoughtful argument is a symptom of the hegemonic power of liberalism in American thought. So ubiquitously pervasive are liberal ideas and assumptions in American intellectual life, and such is their constraining power over public discourse, that it sometimes seems barely possible to formulate a thought that is not liberal, let alone to express it freely. The domination of the American mind by liberal ideology has fostered blind spots in American perception of the real world that have been immensely disabling for policy.

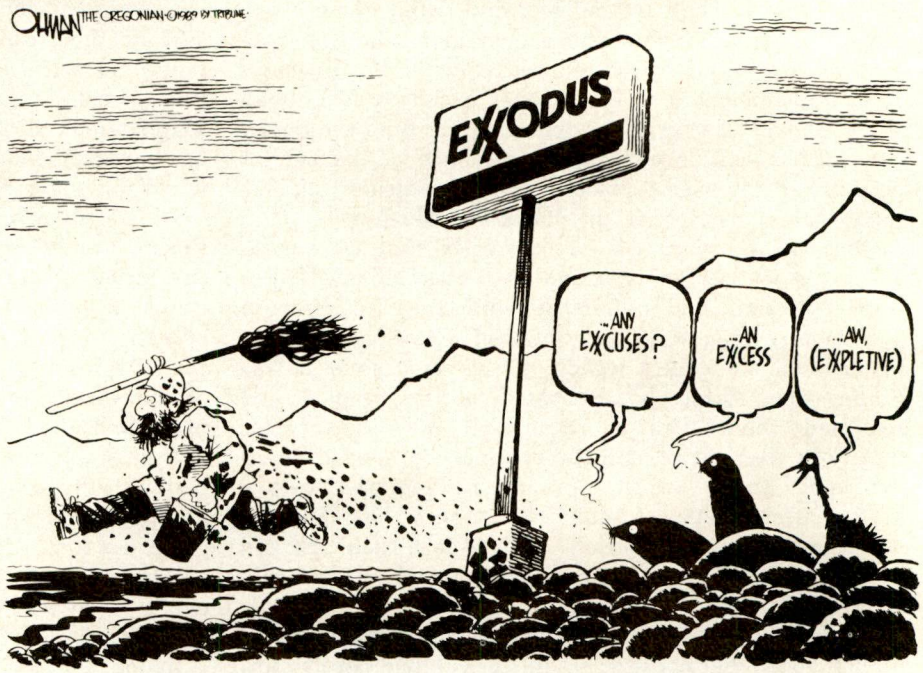
The fetish of open government, as symbolized in the Freedom of Information Act, congressional oversight, and the respectability given to leaking, prevents the United States from ever again engaging in any major covert operation. The domination of public life by the power of the invasive media calls into serious question the capacity of the United States to wage any war larger, or more protracted, than the invasion of Grenada. Liberal egalitarianism in education, coupled with absurd and counterproductive affirmative-action programs, has resulted in a de-skilling of America that is awesome in magnitude. (Consider that, whereas at age six Japanese and American children have roughly similar mathematical abilities, at age 18 the average Japanese child has the mathematical competence of the top 1 per cent of American children.)

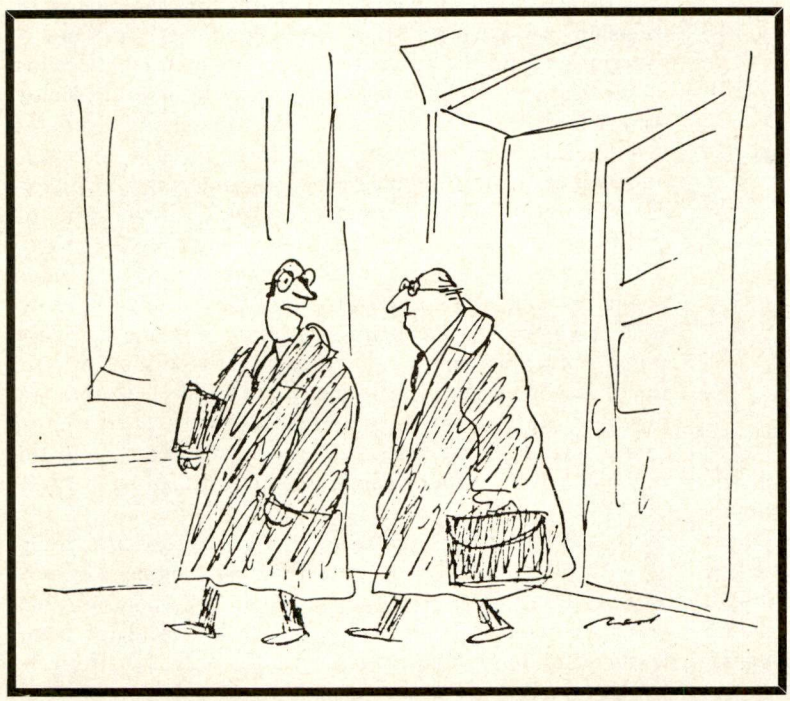
In many other areas, liberal ideology has in America proved itself to be the enemy rather than the friend of civil society. In its expressions in organized feminism and in affirmative-action policy, liberalism has sanctioned the invasion of privacy, the curtailment of freedom of association, and the erosion of contractual liberty. Because of the ravages wreaked on civil society by liberal ideology America already has a more bureaucratized and regulated, less tolerant, more divided, and more statist society than most other modern democracies, squandering the historical patrimony of civil society on which American preeminence in the world rested. Liberal ideology guarantees blindness to the dangers that liberalism has itself brought about. In sum, the danger for America is that, confronted with comparative economic decline, an uncontrollable crime epidemic, and weak or paralyzed political institutions, it will drift further and further into isolation and disorder. At the worst, America faces a metamorphosis into a sort of proto-Brazil, with the status of an ineffectual regional power rather than a global superpower.

IN GENERAL, all speculations about the future are riddled with hazards. Michael Oakeshott, the English conservative philosopher, has written that we know as much about where history is leading us as we do about future fashions in hats. There are, perhaps, only two things of which one may be reasonably sure. The first is that the days of liberalism are numbered. Especially as it governs policy in the United States, liberalism is ill-equipped to deal with the new dilemmas of a world in which ancient allegiances and enmities are reviving on a large scale.

We know this much at least: history will not end with the passing of liberalism, any more than with the collapse of Communism. The second thing we know for sure is that we have no reason whatever to expect that our future will be markedly different from our past. As we have known it, human history is a succession of contingencies, catastrophes, and occasional lapses into peace and civilization. If this is the case, there is at least one misfortune that we will surely be spared—the melancholy and boredom that is evoked by the prospect of the end of history. □

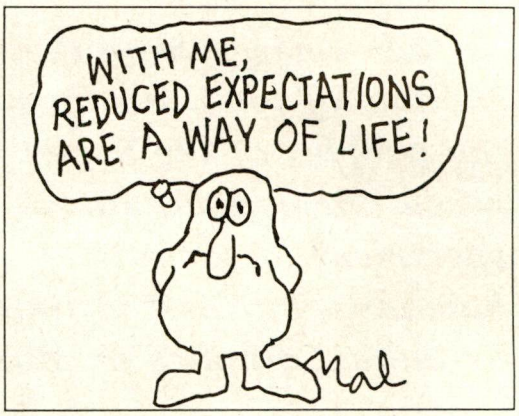
help





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"In the real jungle there's absolutely no *plea bargaining!"*

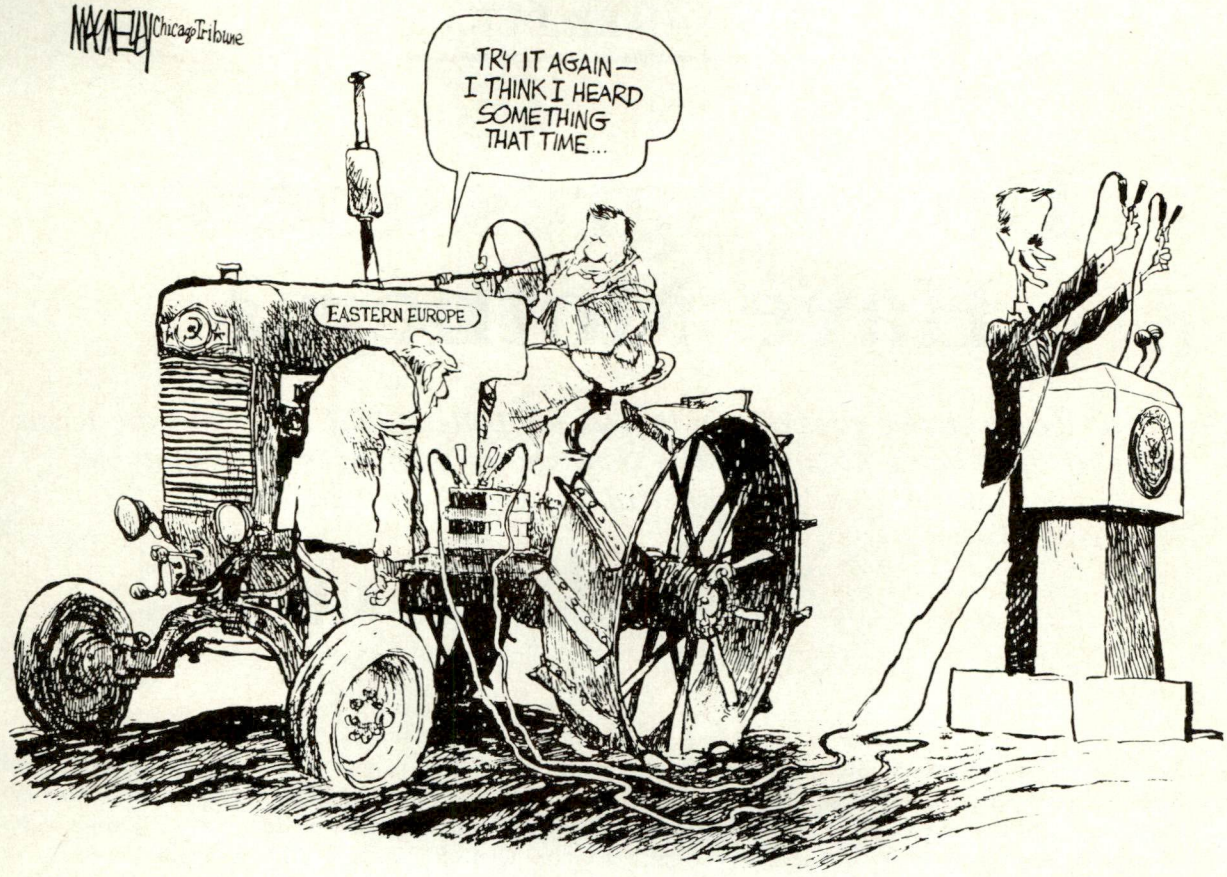


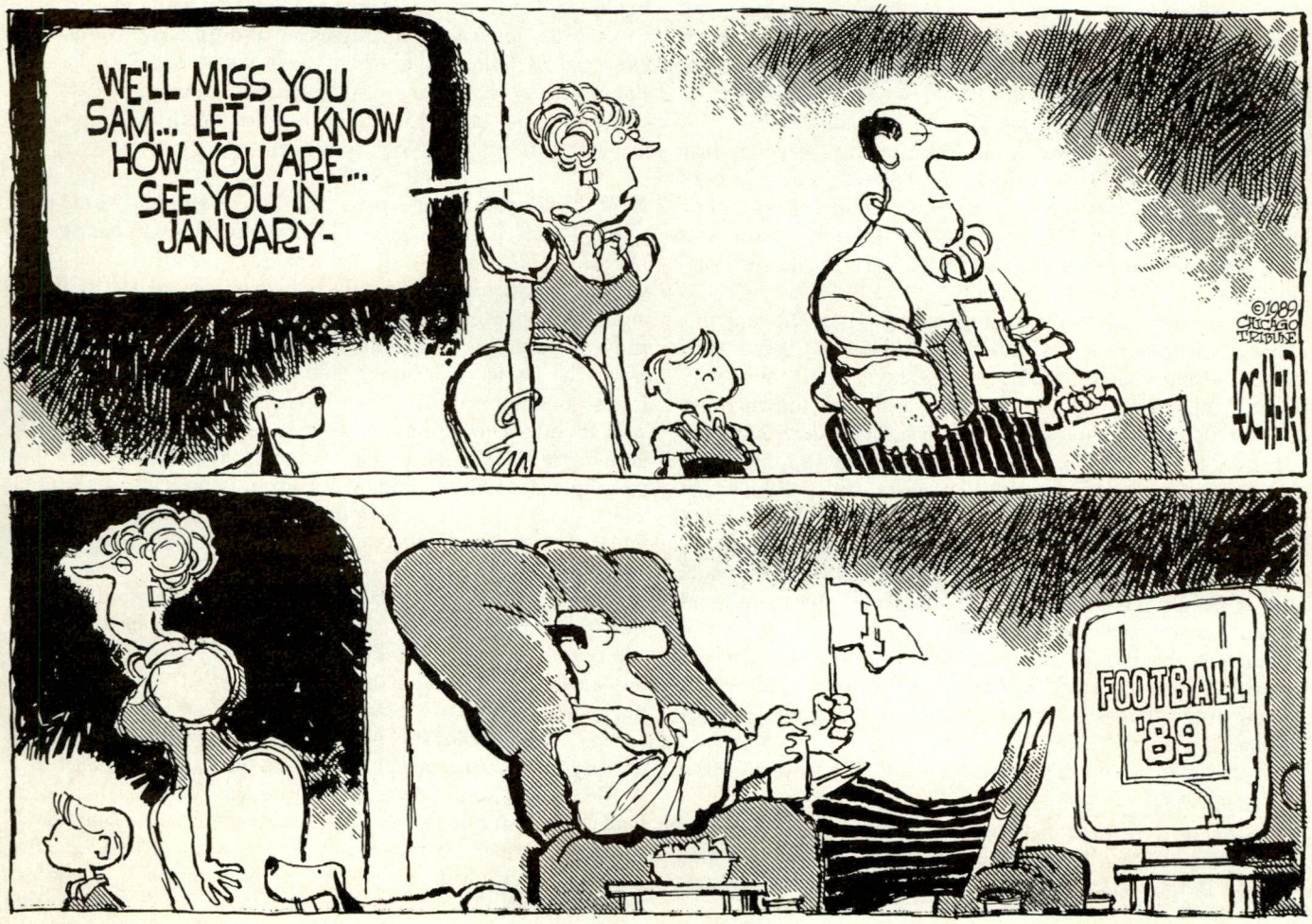
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Irving Berlin: In Memoriam

Some men
leave gifts of wealth,
and legacies as small—
and some leave words and music for us all.

GLORIA C. MAXSON


MAYNELY/Chicago Tribune
TRY IT AGAIN— I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING THAT TIME...
EASTERN EUROPE


WE'LL MISS YOU SAM... LET US KNOW HOW YOU ARE... SEE YOU IN JANUARY-
©1989 CHICAGO TRIBUNE
FOOTBALL '89

Do Congressmen Have Mothers?

You might well wonder, considering the Act for Better Child Care and the terms in which it is being discussed. The message for women is unmistakable: Your child is better off without you than with you.

MAGGIE GALLAGHER

IF YOU SURVEY recent social-science literature, you will get the distinct impression that mothers are a modern invention. Intense mother–child bonds are something American culture dreamed up to trap women in the home; they can easily be dispensed with, or broadened to include men, other relatives, and the local day-care teacher. At different times, in different places, children have been raised in a variety of ways. Customs differ. Who are we to say ours are best?

As feminist anthropologist Maxine Margolis writes, "If such [an intense mother–child] relationship were in fact essential, we would . . . have to believe that mothers throughout the ages have failed their offspring and that only within the last 150 years in the United States and other Western industrialized societies have the psychological needs of children been met."

It is in this intellectual atmosphere that the current political debate over subsidized day care is being conducted. From movies, books, magazines, and television, women repeatedly receive the message that for them to care for their own babies not only is unnecessary, but may actually be harmful. One popular women's magazine cheerfully asserts: "Research suggests that children in quality child care socialize more effectively, are more self-reliant, do better in school later on, commit fewer crimes, and are more likely to graduate from high school and continue their education than those whose mothers stayed home with them all day." (These studies were conducted on ghetto children, which does not prevent magazines catering to middle- and upper-middle-class women from suggesting that we too are dangerous to our children's mental health.)

If this condescending attitude toward women were confined to the pages of fashion magazines, it would merely be a disturbing blip on the cultural horizon. But this year, the Democrats in Congress have come very close to making it official. In June, the Senate passed a version of the Act for Better Child Care, a day-care subsidy which bypasses family choice and goes only to women who put their kids in for-profit day-care centers. The House is expected to follow suit. With these votes, the Democratic Party came down squarely against maternal care of children. The insult to women is hard to miss: Your baby is better off without you than with you.

WHAT SOCIAL SCIENTISTS like Miss Margolis—and the congressmen who fashion legislation based on their ideas—fail to consider is this: All the varying ways of raising kids may well be, in the narrow anthropological sense, equally natural. That doesn't mean they are equally enjoyable for children or produce adults with the same emotional and mental capabilities. Kalahari bushparents are very adept at producing children who fit into a foraging, semi-nomadic, illiterate culture. It is not clear that their child-rearing practices would be equally adapted to raising children who can read and write, hold down a nine-to-five job, and respect authority while retaining a healthy commitment to individual rights and political democracy.

From a public-health standpoint alone, one would think that government would try to maximize care by mothers, relatives, or even smaller family day care over large day-care centers. The best summary of the potential hazards of day care was compiled by Dr. Bryce Christensen and published in the November 1987 issue of *Family in America*, a publication of the Rockford Institute. A 1984 study of hemophilous influenza Type B (which can lead to childhood meningitis and epiglottitis) concluded that day-care children were 12 times as likely to catch the disease as children cared for by their mothers. Another study by the Centers for Disease Control found rates of

Adapted with permission from Enemies of Eros: How the Sexual Revolution Is Killing Family, Marriage, Sex, and What We Can Do about It, *by Maggie Gallagher; due out next month from Bonus Books, 160 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.*

infection for giardiasis were 15 to twenty times higher among day-care children. Dr. Stanley H. Schuman of the Medical University of South Carolina maintains day-care centers are responsible for recent "outbreaks of enteric illness—diarrhea, dysentery, giardiasis, and epidemic jaundice—reminiscent of the pre-sanitation days of the seventeenth century."

Babies and toddlers wear diapers. They suck their fingers, slobber on toys, and joyfully spit up food. From time to time, they take one of those brightly colored, educationally approved wooden blocks, stick it in their wet little mouths, and pass it on to a friend. They do these things regardless of how caring the personnel or how strictly licensed the facility. As long as babes will be babes, putting two dozen or so toddlers in one room will facilitate the spread of disease.

In 1978 Jay Belsky and Laurence D. Steinberg reviewed the scholarly literature on day care and concluded: "High-quality center-based day care has neither salutary nor deleterious effects upon the intellectual development of the child." They warned, however, that there was "shockingly little" research into the long-term effects of widespread use of day care. In the intervening ten years, Jay Belsky has been one of the principal researchers investigating these effects, and he has stepped up his warning against full-time day care for infants.



Problems with day-care children are showing up in two particular (undoubtedly interrelated) areas: attachment and aggression. Attachment is the term psychologists use to describe the emotional bond between a child and its parents, which is necessary for healthy social and psychological development. Most research on attachment has focused on the mother–child bond. Surprisingly, there is now evidence that it is the *father*–child bond which is most at risk when children are placed in day care. In the February 1988 issue of *Child Development*, Belsky and Michael J. Rovine report on the evidence from two longitudinal studies of day-care children. Infants placed in day care twenty hours a week or more were more likely to be classified as insecurely attached to their mothers than those who spent less time there. When mothers worked 35 hours a week or more, baby boys were almost twice as likely to be rated insecurely attached to their fathers. When the mother worked less than twenty hours per week, only 7 per cent of boys were insecurely attached to both parents. Among boys with extensive day-care experience, almost 29 per cent were insecurely attached to both parents. When these boys reach the aggressive temptations of early manhood, society may well pay a high price for our current infatuation with subsidized day care.

In the 1950s and '60s, psychologists warned mothers that even partial separation from their children could have disastrous consequences. The current research does not support that sweeping a condemnation. Nonetheless, an impressive number of studies of day-care children point in the same direction: children placed in full-time day care (especially as infants) are on average less responsive to adults, exhibit less altruistic behavior, appear to take moral and social rules less seriously, and engage in more aggressive acts.

The work of economists confirms the research of child-development experts: women's work in the home is by no means a waste of time. Unlike child psychologists, economists interested in the development of human capital have made many attempts to measure the long-term effect of maternal care. Belton Fleischer, for example, using the Department of Labor's National Longitudinal Survey, constructed an index based on the number of years during which the mother worked less than six months of the year while her child was 15 or younger. Taking into account other variables, including schooling, earnings, and IQ, he found that the earnings payoff resulting from each year of formal school for a child was positively related to the index of the mother's child-care time. In other words, if you take two children with identical education and intelligence, the child whose mother devoted fewer full-time years to the work force will, on average, be more successful.

In *A Mother's Work*, Deborah Fallows went to hundreds of day-care centers and saw what hundreds of social scientists refused to see: the pain, loneliness, confusion, and boredom of many toddlers in group day care. I have put my own son in four different day-care centers in three different states, and I cannot disagree with her. Nor apparently do many other working mothers. Indeed, when asked: "What worries you most about raising children?" in a recent Roper poll, 29 per cent of women answered, "Working and not being home full-time." When you consider that about a third of mothers are home full-time, that suggests about half of working mothers are experiencing a great deal of anxiety about the fact that they must work.

This is particularly disturbing because one fairly consistent research finding is that when mothers are unhappy about being in the work force, the negative effects of day care are likely to be exacerbated. (Researchers frequently then attribute the child's trouble to "family stress," not day care.) So why are the Democrats intent on constructing a society in which women have no other choice?

Day care as an option for women who want to work is a very different matter from institutionalizing socialized motherhood, which is what the Federal Government is doing when it taxes one-income families at unprecedented rates and offers tax subsidies only to mothers who work. The economic and cultural pressures now pushing mothers of young children into the work force guarantee that day care will be more harmful than when it is voluntarily chosen by women who have the option to withdraw if their children suffer because of it.

(Continues on page 59)

A Free Market in Government

Until the turn of the century, when the Progressives decided there was too much diversity about, most power in America was exercised on the local level. It could be again.

DONALD DEVINE

CONSERVATISM is becoming boring. By now, anyone who knows anything knows that freedom works, that the market is the only way to rationalize an economy. When even Chinese and Soviet Communists see the light, an insight is on its way toward becoming a cliché.

True, U.S. congressmen seem not to have learned this lesson; but their furtive glances betray them. You might have missed it, but during the debate on the minimum-wage bill, Teddy Kennedy himself quietly exempted Puerto Rico because not even he wanted to drive that many people out of work.

Likewise, it is hard to work up much anti-Communist fervor when the whole socialist enterprise seems to be falling apart. Undoubtedly, we should find some way to help the Eastern Europeans and the Soviet nationalities loosen the Kremlin's bonds; but this is almost kicking a guy when he's down, hardly an inspiring assignment.

There are controversies, to be sure, but in a perverse way the current ill will between social and economic conservatives exists, to a great degree, because there is no debate on the economic side. So the debate focuses too narrowly upon the desirability of the ends, rather than looking at both means and ends. Yet modern conservatism means nothing without both: it is libertarian means in a conservative society that will produce traditionalist ends. That was the fusionist insight of Frank Meyer, William Buckley, and others, which started the conservative movement moving in the Fifties.

The challenge for conservatives today is to find the appropriate call to arms for a new conservative vision based upon the original fusionist ideal, harnessing the energy of social conservatives and the rationality of economic conservatives for the good not only of the conservative movement but of the country.

Mr. Devine, former director of the U.S. Office of Personnel Management, is a Washington political and management consultant and chairman of Citizens for America.

Take two problems most worrying to social conservatives: the problems of values in schools and of pornography. How about arguing that, in fact, these problems were solved in the past by libertarian means—by using a large number of independent corporations, called local governments, in a market that allowed freedom and choice? For most of American history, local, independent districts defined the values schools taught, and local governments regulated standards for pornography. Yet despite the regulation, there were so many different standards that the overall picture was diversity and freedom.

As Nobel laureate F. A. Hayek has noted, Western freedom itself developed around the "sworn commune" of the voluntarily created city. Freedom sprang up in the interstices between the municipalities, the feudal estates, the church, and the central monarchy. The "political anarchy" created by the competition among the different powers permitted freedom to flower in the cracks. Traders could choose to operate in those cities which provided the necessary commercial freedom.

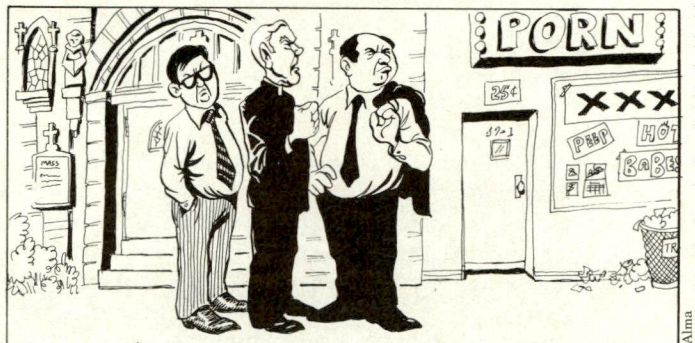
IN AMERICA, the original pattern of local settlement almost perfectly followed a Lockean-libertarian social-contract model. When a group of people did not like the values where they were, they moved and created another voluntary community based upon their own values. Consequently, the preponderance of power and responsibility rested with the localities: even at the dawn of the twentieth century, 90 per cent of government spending was done by local government. State and national governments were insignificant in comparison to both the private sector and local government.

But a little group called the Progressives ended all of that. They did not like such untidy diversity and wanted to organize the resulting anarchical confusion. They wanted to "run government in a businesslike way," to apply economies of scale to what Edmund Burke had more feelingly seen as "little platoons." This perversion of the

capitalist vision swept all before it. While the private sector today still accounts for much more than three-fourths of the total economy, local government now handles a minority of government activity. The shocking fact is that, thanks to the Progressives, there are no more municipalities, towns, and townships in 1989 than there were in 1889. In 1942, there were 108,000 school districts in the U.S.; there are fewer than 15,000 today.

Two Progressive reforms created this revolution. The first was the urban annexation movement, whereby cities (and school districts) gobbled up adjacent municipalities and unincorporated land. While the intellectual force behind this movement should not be underestimated, Progressivism's most valuable ally here was the newly created penny press, the metropolitan dailies. The newspapers quickly recognized that the larger the unit, the more customers would identify with the urban-named newspaper.

New York City itself was only created in the late 1890s from two score local governments. Every other American city followed a similar, if less dramatic, pattern. Yet, after Progressivism created these monstrosities, the cities began to destroy themselves. A half-century of federal aid has not restored them to the livability they enjoyed when they had a fraction of their current private wealth.



A second Progressive reform had even greater long-term consequences. Before Progressivism, the county was simply an administrative sub-unit of the state government, managing the judicial system and keeping some statistics and records. The Progressives realized that if they transferred municipal functions to the county, they could organize the population outside of the cities too. If population moved beyond the reach of the city, a municipal county would make it unnecessary to create new local governments to provide services. So states were persuaded to grant municipal functions to the counties.

With the suburban population explosion after 1945, the Progressive plan was fulfilled beyond its wildest expectations in the large metropolitan-area suburban county governments. The result has been bureaucratic monstrosities almost as inhuman as the Department of Health and Human Services.

THE BANNER of Progressivism—moral uplift and efficiency of scale—transformed America's landscape. But the venture failed to work because it was based upon a poor theory of organization. It seemed reasonable at the time that efficiencies of scale would apply to government as they had to the private sector, but Ludwig von Mises, in his magisterial *Bureaucracy*, proved that the only reason private-sector firms could successfully create the large bureaucracies necessary for efficiency of scale was that they had a reliable communication device: the profit-and-loss bottom line.

Government, on the other hand, simply has no bottom line. When government enlarges, it loses contact with its subordinate units, which, in turn, have no indicator as to whether they are successful. Indeed, failure—measured by the fact that the problem which justified the government program in the first place still exists—is the best guarantee that more funds will be provided.

The only solution is to create a large number of municipalities, so as to create a *market* of governments, with success measured by the desirability of living in the different local communities. Constitutionally, local governments must be viewed as quasi-voluntary associations, protected from national government as are private associations. The fact of the matter is that they were originally called municipal *corporations* rather than governments at all. Yet, as Willmoore Kendall noted, one day Americans awoke, after the school-prayer decision, to hear their local governments arbitrarily classified by the Court as "the state." But the people knew they were not, and, in their bones, remain so convinced to this day.

Recreating a market of local governments would automatically answer many of the objections it would raise. With a large enough number of local governments to give real choice within metropolitan areas, libertarians without the ideological blinders of the ACLU should be willing to let municipalities engage in activities, such as teaching values in schools or regulating pornography, that should not be ceded to the national state. If there were 108,000 school districts today, and the freedom to transfer between them, teaching values would be much less of a problem. If there were two hundred local governments or independent boroughs (and a sin city or two) within the present large cities and metropolitan counties, regulating pornography should raise no objection from any but the most doctrinaire libertarian.

The consolidation of New York City was the crowning blow in the Progressives' political assault on local diversity. Yet, in politics, what goes around comes around: on July 1, the state legislature authorized a referendum to allow Staten Island to secede from New York City.

A radical program to create many more local governments and give them power is a daunting task, but it is one that is truly compassionate, able to deal with questions of values, and also fully consistent with libertarian ideals. Local government allows social conservatives to solve real problems and libertarians to have their valued means of freedom. On a practical level, this program could unify these now often-warring factions.

The dissatisfaction today with government at all levels is manifest. Pursuing privatization and deregulation will be part of the conservative response. But it will not be enough; and much of that battle can be left to establishment Republicans. The conservative challenge is to create the vision for the next century. Establishing a market of local governments may just be humane, socially conscious, idealistic, libertarian, rational, and popular enough to revitalize the conservative movement in its never-ending quest for a society based upon ordered freedom. □

THE HOLLYWOOD 10

The Real Blacklist

True or false: The Fifties was a period of blacklisting and fear in the American movie industry. True. But most of the blacklisting was done by the Communists, not to them.

JOSEPH FARAH

IN 1947, A GROUP of prominent writers and directors known as the Hollywood 10, all members or former members of the Communist Party, refused to answer the questions of a congressional committee investigating the Party's activities in Hollywood. Each of the ten served brief jail terms for contempt.

Forty-two years later, Hollywood's treatment of the two surviving members of that group is a study in contrasts. Ring Lardner Jr. continues to write and is widely celebrated in the film community, a hero who wears his status as a non-cooperative witness like a badge of honor. Edward Dmytryk, on the other hand, is a pariah, shunned by many of his former colleagues; he now makes a living teaching his craft to university students.

The difference? Lardner followed the Party line, while Dmytryk, soured by his experiences with Stalinists, publicly rejected his Communist affiliations after serving his sentence.

The hypocrisy within the industry was never more evident than last spring when the Writers Guild of America presented Lardner with a special lifetime-achievement award for "personal integrity"; the speeches and proclamations made it clear that he was being hailed for his refusal to answer one straightforward question from the House Committee on Un-American Activities: "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"

"I could answer that the way you want, but I'd hate myself in the morning," was Lardner's witty, if somewhat ambiguous, response at the time. That answer, and Lardner's citation of his First Amendment rights, was interpreted as a bold, principled stand against an inquisition into artists' personal political convictions. Few in the entertainment industry yet understand that the refusal to answer that question had nothing to do with principles but everything to do with self-preservation.

The truth about what has become romantically known as "the blacklist era" begins with the fact that every member of the defiant Hollywood 10 had indeed at some point been a member of the Communist Party. That fact was established during the committee hearings. As each member of the Hollywood 10—Lardner, Dmytryk, Robert Adrian Scott, Lester Cole, Dalton Trumbo, John Howard Lawson, Albert Maltz, Alvah Bessie, Samuel Ornitz, and Herbert Biberman—refused to answer the key question, committee investigator Louis J. Russell, a former FBI agent, was called to the stand to produce the number of that person's Communist Party registration card for 1944.

Some might ask: So what? What difference does it make that there were Communists writing and directing motion pictures? It isn't now and wasn't then a crime to be a member of the Party. But those questions would be better directed to the ten who refused to answer.

"We decided that it was not a good idea to deny membership in the Communist Party," recalled Lardner in an interview published last fall. ". . . We just felt that there were too many stool pigeons and various other ways to find out, and you could get yourself in a much worse situation for perjury; it would be very hard to organize any sympathy around that."

At least Dmytryk could have testified honestly, for he had left the Party after a brief flirtation two years earlier. Roy M. Brewer, at the time the head of the Hollywood office of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, is currently writing a book on his efforts with Ronald Reagan to rid Hollywood of Communist influence. He recalls how Dmytryk was double-crossed by the Party members.

"No one knew at the time that four of the five [attorneys for the Hollywood 10] were Party members, so they could get an agreement that whatever the majority of the lawyers decided, all of the ten would fall in line,"

Mr. Farah is a syndicated columnist and editor of Between the Lines, *a publication monitoring political abuses by the media and in Hollywood.*

he said. "So, in effect, the Party was making the decision.

"John Howard Lawson was the commissar," explains Brewer. "He was the person that mattered most to the Party, and he was the one they wanted to protect. He had previously testified before the state Committee on Un-American Activities that he was not a Party member. He knew that the congressional committee had positive evidence of his membership, so regardless of how he testified in answer to the all-important question—'Are you now or have you ever been . . .'—he would be subject to a perjury charge. So they devised this plan of defiance to get him off the hook." By refusing to answer and by attacking the committee's right to ask, they hoped to create a cause célèbre that would further radicalize their industry, polarize American public opinion, and save their own skins. And, in the long run, they succeeded.

HOLLYWOOD, because of its wealth and influence, was one of the prime targets for subversion. Even Lardner recently boasted that the Party wielded tremendous power in the industry prior to the hearings. "We did play a part, I think, in most everything that was going on in the Hollywood scene," he recalled. "Organizations such as the Motion Picture Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, and the League of American Writers would not really have functioned anywhere near to the extent that they did without the very active participation of Communists in their forefront; nor, I think, would the unions that were being formed or reformed at the time . . . have gotten as strong as fast as they did without the extra work that the Communists put into organizing and recruiting people for them."

Today's liberals conveniently forget that it was the Communists themselves who first instituted censorship and blacklisting in the movie industry. Lardner, for instance, was among a group that circulated a petition at MGM to halt production on a film whose political content they disagreed with. Trumbo once boasted in a bylined article in the *Communist Worker* that, while Hollywood produced few "provocative" or "progressive" films, agents within the industry were able to spike "reactionary" and anti-Soviet scripts. Witness after witness in the Hollywood HUAC hearings—courageous people like Reagan, Gary Cooper, Brewer, and writer Morrie Ryskind—charged that the Communists conspired to create opportunities in the industry for their political allies and to destroy them for their enemies.

That situation did not change greatly after the hearings. Yes, it's true that those with studio contracts were fired. But most managed to continue writing for the silver screen under pseudonyms, and just over a decade later, the forgetful and forgiving nature of the American public allowed them, once again, to receive screen credits for their work. Now being a member of the Hollywood 10 has become a badge of honor.

Except for Dmytryk. Becoming an anti-Communist was too much for the Hollywood establishment to forgive. When he got out of prison in 1950, Dmytryk blasted his former comrades in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, "What Makes a Hollywood Communist." "The time has come now when even the fellow traveler must get out," he said. "They're like the waxy capsule that protects the tubercle—dissolve that waxy covering and you could kill tuberculosis in no time. And that's what you have to do with Communism. I know. I've been there."

What was it that turned Dmytryk around? "The hardest thing I had to live with was the realization that they were trying to protect Communism in this country by invoking the Constitution and civil liberties, things that wouldn't last five minutes if the Commies ever took over," he said. "This was on my conscience constantly."

Dmytryk, too, is putting the finishing touches on a book. He believes he knows more about the Hollywood 10 than anyone else alive with the possible exception of Ring Lardner Jr., "and he's not telling."

If he had any doubts about the viciousness, bitterness, and dogmatism of today's Hollywood Left, his eyes were opened last year when he attempted to participate in an industry symposium on "the blacklist era" in Barcelona, Spain. Though he was the only member of the Hollywood 10 in attendance, he was denied the opportunity to take part in a panel discussion with a group of writers, directors, actors, and newsmen when other participants threatened to boycott the event.

Hollywood, because of its wealth and influence, was one of the prime targets for subversion.

"I said I wouldn't participate in this if Dmytryk were here," said screenwriter Walter Bernstein. "It's not a debatable subject."

Director Jules Dassin shared that view: "I don't believe that you enjoy your freedom," he told Dmytryk, who was allowed to sit in the audience and endure insults from his colleagues. "They made a mistake by inviting Dmytryk. There are no two sides to the question, only one side."

Meanwhile, the record shows that the cooperative witnesses suffered, in some cases, worse fates than the exposed Communists. Ryskind, Adolphe Menjou, and screenwriter Richard Macaulay are examples of highly successful artists who scarcely worked again following their explosive testimony.

But, for most of Hollywood, all that is remembered of that period is the supposed "sacrifice" made those who refused to cooperate. And that distortion of reality is as much an indictment of the news media as it is of the memory of Hollywood. Not one of the many news accounts of Lardner's recent award even mentioned his membership in the Communist Party. Several news reports actually chalked up the Hollywood 10 convictions to Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose hearings didn't begin until several years later.

Ironically, it is Hollywood's self-delusion about the causes of "the blacklist era," its failure to grasp the real lessons, and its unwillingness to police itself that make it all the more likely that another political backlash will someday occur. □

THE OPEN QUESTION

Paleo Right and Natural Right

PETER J. STANLIS

CHARLES KESLER'S review ["All against All," Aug. 18] is a not very subtle attack on the whole conservative tradition that derives from Burke, as set forth by Russell Kirk in *The Conservative Mind* and elaborated by many writers since then. Kesler's main purpose is to dismiss traditional conservatism, centered in its principles and values in the Judaeo-Christian religious order of Western civilization, to deny its paramount place in the mainstream of American life, and to replace it with the essentially secular and rationalist political philosophy of Leo Strauss.

Kesler's entire essay is on such a high level of abstraction that it may obscure for some readers the virulence of his attack on traditional conservatism. Kesler deals wholly in generalized categories, which he then treats as though they were facts of history or possessed philosophical reality. In forty years of teaching humanities and political philosophy, I have had to flunk many undergraduates for this crude technique.

Kesler distinguishes political thinkers in terms of their "state of mind," or by geographical areas (Eastern and Western Straussians). Unlike Edmund Burke, who refuted wholesale and indiscriminate British criticism of the American Colonies ("I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people"), Kesler does not hesitate to pass adverse judgments against whole populations in large regions. He labels political thinkers south of the Mason–Dixon line as "partisans of the Confederate cause," and makes preposterous statements on the politics of John C. Calhoun, Willmoore Kendall, and M. E. Bradford, picturing them as starry-eyed adolescents "in favor of a romantic appreciation of passion, the grandeur of the past, personal and national idiosyncrasy." He ignores their serious case for constitutional government and civilized society.

Even on the level of diction, he strings together a series of abstract words to justify his strictures against traditional conservatives. The following sentence is a good example: "When reason, equality, and natural rights . . . are contemned in the name of a monolithic and unrestrained 'tradition,' the ground for evil has been prepared." To illustrate what is wrong with Kesler's thinking, I shall examine each word in its sequence.

In Western philosophy there are at least half a dozen distinct traditions of rational thought, several of which contradict each other, and it is possible to believe in one kind of "reason" while rejecting another. In political philosophy it is possible to accept *normative* reason while rejecting *discursive* reason and logic; the same applies to *corporate* reason as distinct from *individual* reason. Aristotle's treatment of reason differs radically from Cartesian rationalism. Kesler's failure to specify what kind of "reason" is "contemned" by traditionalists makes his criticism of them utterly pointless.

The same objection applies to "equality." Kesler's own egalitarianism, which derives from his belief that American society is based on the Declaration of Independence rather than on the principles of the Constitution, is itself subject to criticism: egalitarianism is destructive of individual freedom, standards of excellence, and basic justice between citizens in American society. His egalitarianism would reduce America to its lowest common denominator in education and every other aspect of social life.

And what is the meaning of "natural rights" as he uses the term? Are they the innate or inherent "rights" common to all men by virtue of their humanity, the "natural rights" derived from the moral natural law which itself derives from God, and which in civil society are the legally prescriptive safeguards to life, liberty, and property? No traditional conservative ever "contemned" *these* natural rights. Or is the term "natural rights" a mere political slogan, as it was to the French revolutionists, who in the name of "the rights of man" massacred whole populations, imprisoned thousands of innocent people, and confiscated corporate and private property? Burke vehemently contemned *these* "natural rights" or "rights of man," and so have traditional conservatives ever since 1790. Burke said: "Far am I from denying in theory, full as far is my heart from withholding in practice . . . the *real* rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy."

Kesler's next abstract phrase, "a monolithic and unrestrained 'tradition,'" is a figment of his imagination, a fiction attributed to traditional conservatives in order to make them appear narrow-minded, dogmatic, mindlessly anchored to a dead past, and therefore opposed to "reason, equality, and natural rights." This is precisely the line of argument so often taken by Marxists, social democrats, liberals, and ideologues of "progress" against conservatives.

Kesler's final pointless abstraction, the word "evil," is presented stark naked and isolated. He includes no code of ethics or normative principle by which to judge what is good or evil, but all traditional conservatives are clearly "evil" in his argument. On the practical level he fails to consider that one man's meat is another man's poison, or that one man's church is another man's prison.

VARIATIONS ON meaningless abstractions contained in this sentence are found throughout Kesler's essay. An article at least as long as his would be required to identify and analyze all the errors of fact and judgment in his essay. But his feeble attempt to displace the traditional Judaeo-Christian-oriented conservatives in American politics with the rationalism of the Straussians and the materialism and utilitarian epicureanism of the so-called "neocons" simply won't wash. □

Mr. Stanlis is Distinguished Professor of Humanities at Rockford College. Mr. Kesler will reply in next issue's "Letters."

Last Things

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THREE YEARS AGO, at a festival sponsored by the Telluride Institute in Colorado, the late Edward Abbey spoke as follows: "The homocentric view is self-destructive and infantile. The world is older, bigger, and more interesting than we are. Growth is the enemy. Every organism grows to optimum space, then stops." If our great technological civilization, so-called, does not stop growing, he predicted, it will experience a great explosion, and, after that, collapse. "That's why I'm an optimist," Abbey concluded genially.

Bill McKibben, in *The End of Nature*, is saying much the same thing, only he is *not* an optimist. He believes that when civilization collapses, it will take nature with it; that, in fact, it already has. Abbey,

The End of Nature, by Bill McKibben (Random House, 288 pp., $19.95)

who did not expect the ultimate catastrophe for either man or nature, foresaw instead a vigorous balancing of the scales. "An ice age would be very nice," he remarked, since it would leave a remnant of humanity to build a more modest, less hubristic civilization among the ruins, one based on a hunting-and-gathering economy. Of three possible scenarios, Abbey's is the one McKibben cannot envision. In his mind, either mankind will take what he calls the "defiant path," seeking to ensure its advanced level of existence by obtaining even greater control over nature, and thereby conclusively altering its historical relationship *to* nature; or mankind will choose the "humble path," making a conscious decision to go and sin no more, to accept its subordinate place *within* the natural world and sit on its Faustian urges. In Abbey's opinion, this sort of thinking is completely unrealistic, man having proved himself for millennia to have far more technological sense than common sense: "As a species we act no better than mule deer or rabbits. We're rabbits with briefcases." I agree, but that is not the only reason why I am underwhelmed by Mr. McKibben's book.

To begin with, if this really *is* the end of nature and of human civilization we are facing, we should all be trying to go out writing an Augustan prose, i.e., something different from the semi-transparent, almost weightless, skim-milk prose that *The New Yorker* has made its specialty for far too many years. Mr. McKibben was a writer and editor for that magazine, and it shows. On the other hand, every good writer adapts his technique to the message he is trying to convey, and so, perhaps, McKibben is not to be faulted on this ground. *The New Yorker* knew what a yuppie was even before the yuppies did, and it has been addressing them ever since, in their own idiom and on their own ground. Basically, the pitch depends upon the tautological assumption that the social, intellectual, and cultural world of the Boston–Austin axis is the only world there is, and that that world is comprehensible only by its own terms. Both the pitch *and* the assumption are evinced in the concrete detail—those smug, smooth nuggets of "fact" and reference for which *The New Yorker* is justly famous, many of them culturally encoded to provide the reader with that comfortable nudge of self-conscious self-recognition—as well as in the general effect: the moralism that is always adjusted to the perception that a society managed by graduates of MIT and Radcliffe necessarily has a solution for *everything*. In *The End of Nature*, the "facts" are present—we learn that Mr. McKibben drives a Honda (1981, I think he says) and owns a fax machine—as are the moralism and the solution, though McKibben is not betting on the Archie Bunker types (or, presumably, on wild men like Edward Abbey) to take him up on it. McKibben's ideas, for the most part, are direct withdrawals from the Upper-Middle-Class-Northeastern-American-Ideological-Spermbank. For my money, anyone who can attribute impending ecological disaster to the fact that the Western world has been on a "binge" during the last century or so has clearly so little comprehension of the moral perplexities of man, of his purpose here on earth, and of the contradictions of history that he ought to be reading books in his retreat in the Adirondack Mountains, not writing them.

The End of Nature is certainly a disturbing book; it is not, however, a thought-provoking one, since it is not particularly thoughtful itself. Its central message—that modern industrial and technological society has substantially raised the amount of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere over the past hundred years and that it will continue to do so, with profound but as yet unforeseen environmental effects that may well impinge catastrophically on the world as we know it and, therefore, upon our future both as a species and as a congeries of civilizations—is entirely unexceptional and by no means apocalyptic. This notion—that we "have deprived nature of its independence, and that is fatal to its meaning"—is true to a point, but scarcely a new idea and perhaps not even a new development. "The invention of nuclear weapons may actually have marked the beginning of the end of nature," McKibben says. "We possessed, finally, the capacity to overmaster nature, to leave an indelible imprint everywhere all at once." But now we have moved forward a stage. "The temperature and rainfall are no longer to be entirely the work of some separate, uncivilizable force, but instead in part a product of our habits, our economies, our ways of life. Even in the most remote wilderness, where the strictest laws forbid the felling of a single tree, the sound of that saw will be clear, and a walk in the woods will be changed—tainted—by its whine. The world outdoors will mean the same thing as the world indoors, the

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hill the same thing as the house. An idea, a relationship, can go extinct, just like an animal or a plant." Mr. McKibben is entirely right about that, and I am entirely in sympathy with his fears. Only, I can never go into wilderness country without thinking: *What kind of wilderness is it in which a man cannot cut down a tree?* Is there not something artificial, to the point of unreality, about a wilderness that exists solely by a dispensation of special protection? Did the "end of nature" really begin with man's ability, however unintended, to produce hotter summers? Or did it begin, in fact, sometime earlier? Does anybody know? Perhaps it really doesn't matter.

My guess is that the continued dominance of an independent nature will in future be strongly evinced by two things: 1) the unpredictability even of humanly influenced climate, and 2) the fact that human beings have no solution available to the problem that they have created. McKibben says: "If it took ten thousand years to get where we are, it will take a few generations to climb back down. But this could be the epoch when people decide to go no farther down the path we've been following—when we make not only the necessary technological adjustments to preserve the world from overheating but also the necessary mental adjustments to ensure that we'll never again put our good ahead of everything else's. This is the path I choose, for it offers at least a shred of hope for a living, eternal [!], meaningful world." The difficulty with this attitude, of course, is that fighting against the Greenhouse Effect is not the same thing as fighting against capitalism, racism, economic inequality, male chauvinism, and all the other bogies of the last 150 years. Nature, even under the influence of Progressive Man, will not yield to visionary isms. As James Burnham liked to say, "If there's no alternative, there's no problem." Regardless whether or not it is an event to be looked for, Abbey's glacier (which some scientists consider a possible opposite result of the accumulation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere) may, even now, be grinding imperceptibly into motion. □

Woodward's Strange Career

FORREST McDONALD

The Future of the Past, by C. Vann Woodward (Oxford University Press, 370 pp., $24.95)

UNTIL THE END of the nineteenth century, the writing of history in America was a "calling" or avocation practiced by gentlemen (and sometimes ladies) of leisure and letters. The most successful were William Prescott, Francis Parkman, and George Bancroft, contemporaries of the great Scottish historians Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Macaulay, whose works the Americans outsold. Historians addressed an unspecialized public —history was the best selling and most prestigious branch of literature— and they were at pains to write on subjects of common interest in language that the public could and did understand.

Then, at the turn of the century, the craft was taken over by professionals, people who were trained in newly established graduate schools, earned their livelihoods by teaching in colleges, and garnered status among their peers—and, incidentally, jobs— by writing history books for one another. Their standards of research were rigorous, and because they conceived of themselves as scientists, they were loath to commit to writing anything they could not document abundantly. Their works were solid, analytical rather than narrative, and impossible to read. They did not, as C. Vann Woodward puts it, "so much lose the public as abandon it." The popular appetite for history was thenceforth filled by freelancers, journalists, and novelists, whose books were as unreliable as the historians' were dull. Moreover, the profession itself has been engulfed from time to time (never more than during the last quarter-century) by ideological and methodological fads that have rendered its own work untrustworthy. It is small wonder, then, that the United States has become a nation of historical illiterates, despite the huge number of history books published every year.

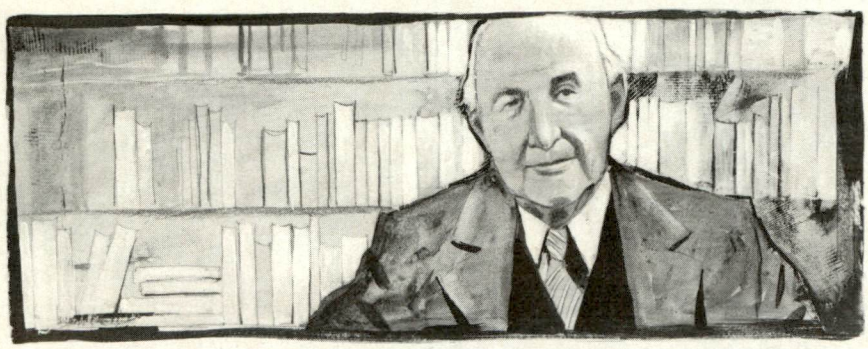
There have been exceptions, by which I mean professionals who adhere to the highest scholarly standards and yet manage to write in a fashion that is challenging, stimulating, exciting, and a joy to read. Today there may be as many as twenty Americans, still active, who fit that description. Of these, the dean is C. Vann Woodward, now in his 81st year and, though not as prolific as he once was, still writing with the vigor, the perceptiveness, the wit, and the charm that have marked his work throughout a brilliant career. *The Future of the Past*, his latest, is a collection of 23 pieces, all but two of which have been published before. Some, as is to be expected, concern the area of his greatest expertise, the South since the Civil War. The others deal with broader themes—myths, history, fiction, reinterpretations— which he is able to see from a special perspective growing out of his immense learning and his sense of tragedy and irony. These senses, without which the historian of the South is as nothing, Woodward possesses in abundance. Put all this together, and one has some notion of what an invigorating and pleasureable experience it is to read the essays under review. One also has an encapsulated survey of Woodward's life's work.

But there is more here, just as there is more to the strange career of C. Vann Woodward. From the beginning, with the publication of *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel* (1938), Woodward has been a political activist as well as a scholar. In 1955, for instance, he published an extremely influential book called *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*; in answer to segregationists who insisted that it is not possible to legislate social custom, Woodward demonstrated that racial segregation itself had been the product of legislation enacted by Southern states during the late nineteenth century. There is nothing inherently wrong in such "relevant" history, provided that one resists the temptation to distort in behalf of one's

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causes; and Woodward always adhered to the canons of disinterested scholarship.

It was the blights that plagued the South of his childhood and youngmanhood that Woodward most wanted to understand as a historical problem, and to remedy as social and economic evils. As he saw things, Jim Crow was the greatest injustice that cried out for remedy, and it was exacerbated by the South's having been reduced to colonial dependency by unbridled Northern capitalism. Two of his most powerful books, both published in 1951, were focused upon the roots of those problems: *The Origins of the New South, 1877-1913* and *Reunion and Reaction: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction*. These and other works raised him to the pinnacle of his profession, the culmination coming with back-to-back presidencies of the Organization of American Historians (1968) and the American Historical Association (1969).



Tim Bower

By that time, however, things had gone dreadfully awry. First the civil-rights movement, long dear to Woodward's heart, went berserk, degenerating into riots and the "black power" movement—and resegregation by blacks themselves—and the irreversible decline into poverty that followed inexorably from Lyndon Johnson's War of the same name. Then came the "student protest" movements, in which students attempted to trash the academy (only partially succeeding; they finished the job a generation later when they had become the professors), and in the face of which college administrators capitulated disgracefully. Simultaneously, New Left historians were trashing the study of history and Woodward himself in the bargain. Finally, he endured a personal tragedy, losing to cancer, in rapid-fire order, his son and three of his best friends, Richard Hofstadter, David Potter, and Alexander Bickel.

All this left Woodward disturbed, disillusioned, and somewhat confused. A Northern liberal might have reacted, as many did, by becoming neoconservative. But Woodward had been a *Southern* liberal, and he responded by rediscovering the virtues of the South (both Old and New, antebellum and postbellum) that he had worked so long and so diligently to change. The essays in *The Future of the Past* echo with an appreciation of the South, its literature and history and culture; and, with thinly disguised regional pride, Woodward points out that the South is an exception to American exceptionalism, meaning that it knew a semifeudal past and invasion and conquest, whereas the rest of the nation lacked those soul-enriching experiences.

How far Woodward has traveled toward becoming a Southern conservative and how many light-years he remains from completing the journey are both illustrated by a witty essay, previously unpublished, called "Reconstruction: A Counterfactual Playback." This is "What if?" history, and understanding it requires a little background. For nearly a century after the collapse of Radical Reconstruction, history judged the phenomenon a tragedy because it went too far, Congress having trampled the judicial and executive branches and the Constitution itself. In the 1960s radical historians turned this interpretation upside down: without a shred of new evidence, they pronounced Radical Reconstruction a tragedy because it did not go far enough, did not effect a genuine revolution.

There is no need, Woodward writes, "to be flanked on the Left in speculative audacity," and he tries out a few revolutionary proposals of his own. Suppose Congress had passed the bill, sponsored by the Radical Thaddeus Stevens, for the confiscation of the land of rebels and its redistribution to the freedmen. We cannot know for sure what would have happened, of course, but Congress already had control of a vast public domain which it made available for blacks under a Southern Homestead Act. Nearly all this land ended up in the hands of railroads and Northern speculators, and there is no reason to suppose that confiscated rebel land would have done otherwise.

But this is piddling stuff, Woodward goes sardonically on. If we truly want a revolution, "we must be cruel in order to be kind," we must be "the social engineers of the future," and thus must "compassionately" off all white Southerners—some to Gulags, Alaska serving in lieu of Siberia, but most simply slaughtered. What then? That would leave the South occupied by black people under the benevolent guardianship of well-meaning whites sent down from Washington. As it happens, we have a test case to cover this speculative proposal as well: the West was occupied by red people under the benevolent guardianship of well-meaning whites sent out from Washington, and we know what happened there.

Having disposed of the radical historians in a way that would meet the approval of any Southern conservative, however, Woodward unwittingly makes it clear that he is not of that breed. He confesses "a failure of my own, the failure to find a satisfactory explanation for the failure of Reconstruction." This, he writes, is a problem that "remains unsolved." To a conservative it is no problem at all: the attempt to engineer a revolution failed because it is impossible to engineer a revolution. Conservatives understand this, understand that there can be no clean, rational break with the past, that what can be is delimited if not determined by what has been. Far from grasping that truth, Woodward writes that "revolutions are not invariably successful." As I said, in regard to certain fundamentals we are still light-years apart.

But I would not close on a negative note. Vann Woodward has contributed to making an enlarged understanding of the American past accessible to lay readers as well as professionals. If conservatives cannot give him the full complement of three cheers, we owe him at least a rousing two. □

Peace in Our Time

LEE EDWARDS

LONG AGO AND far away, Robert S. McNamara was something of a hawk. As Secretary of Defense under President Kennedy, he proposed that the United States spend billions to close the much-debated "missile gap" with Russia, and he supported Kennedy's decision to send 17,000 soldiers to Vietnam as a way of demonstrating American strength to Premier Khrushchev, who had sharply challenged the President at the Vienna summit. In the Johnson Administration, McNamara insisted we would win in Vietnam only if we committed enough American men, and subsequently increased troop strength from 23,000 to more than half a million in under three years.

Out of the Cold, by Robert McNamara (Simon & Schuster, 192 pp., $18.95)

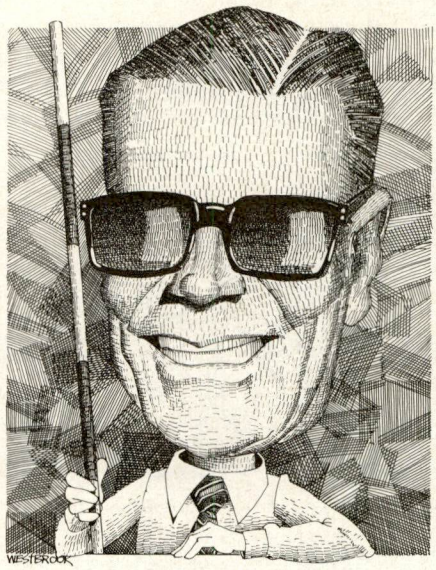
During this massive buildup, he publicly declared that we had "stopped losing the war," and that he was "cautiously optimistic" about victory. Privately, however, he admitted the conflict could not be won militarily, thus establishing a standard of hypocrisy since unequaled by any other public official.

Frustrated by his inability to win the war, and disillusioned with the cold war in general, McNamara quit the Administration in 1968, and began a metamorphosis from sometime hawk to fulltime dove that culminates in *Out of the Cold*.

As always, McNamara insists upon being taken seriously. The world has been fundamentally changed, he pompously observes, because Mikhail Gorbachev has proclaimed an end to the East/West struggle. But so far, he laments, the Western response has been "skeptical, unimaginative, and very cautious." So much for President Reagan's INF initiative. To fill this *vision gap*, the one-time head of Ford Motor outlines how "the nations of East and West and North and South" can move toward a world without superpower conflict.

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But before detailing how to end the cold war, he feels obliged to explain its origins, asserting that they were essentially a matter of . . . "misperceptions." The West thought Moscow was expansionist when it Communized all of Eastern Europe, but it was really just securing its borders. The East thought the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, and NATO were part of Washington's policy of



Sam Westbrook

"world domination." McNamara concedes the Soviet Union moved aggressively in the ensuing three decades, although only when it "perceived threats to its security," or when opportunities for "low-cost expansion" presented themselves. So much for reasoned analyses of Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968, Afghanistan in 1979, and Poland in 1981. Détente came and went, a victim of Watergate, in McNamara's view, and of myopic pols such as Scoop Jackson, father of the infamous amendment prohibiting most-favored-nation trading status to the Soviet Union as long as its citizens were denied the right to emigrate.

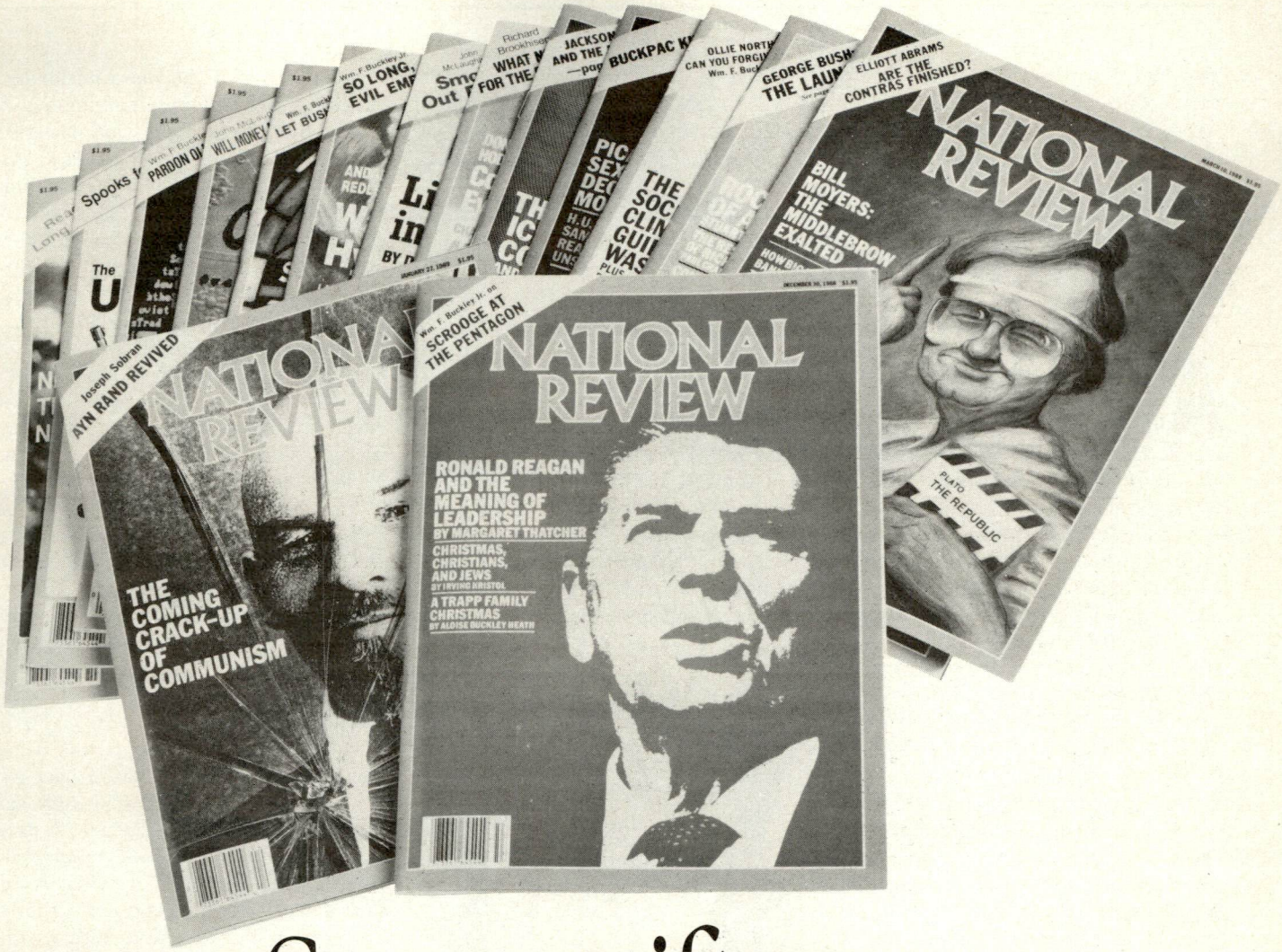
Soviet "activity" in Africa and Asia in the Seventies (Angola, Ethiopia, Cambodia) can be explained ("quite simply," says McNamara) thus: Having reached political and military equality with the United States, the Soviets "felt entitled to undertake such moves." He omits the embarrassing fact that the Soviets reached equality in the Seventies as a direct result of *his* policy of promoting strategic parity during the Sixties. We slowed down; they caught up.

After emphasizing the immense cost of the cold war—but *not* mentioning that defense expenditures by succeeding Administrations preserved the freedom of the non-Communist world and forced Gorbachev to seek accommodation with the West—McNamara lauds the Soviet president's "new thinking" in foreign policy, his economic reforms, and his human-rights policies, sounding more than a little like the gushing George Bernard Shaw of the 1930s. Communist ideology is dead, McNamara declares, although he never tries to explain (there is no explanation other than ideology) why Moscow continues to ship copious amounts of arms and matériel to Afghanistan and Nicaragua, two countries not even Stalin considered swallowing up.

At last we come to the McNamara Plan. It is one part Atlantic Charter (!), one part a Code of Conduct (the superpowers will pursue their interests through diplomacy, not force), several parts arms control (SDI must go), and several more parts the United Nations, that great institution of Third World sound and fury. He briefly considers and dismisses criticisms of his "Program to End the Cold War," and concedes that so far "there has been little change in Soviet military doctrine or defense forces," but argues that given the West's failure to respond to Gorbachev's proposals, "criticism of *his* inaction is hardly justified" (emphasis added). The diplomats and experts at the various arms-control conferences in Geneva, Vienna, etc. would take umbrage at their work being dismissed so cavalierly.

McNamara predicts there will be no great-power conflicts in the next century because "the world of the twenty-first century will be different from that of any other period since the dawn of civilization"—it will be interdependent economically, technologically, environmentally, politically, and militarily. Apparently, the former World Bank president has not noticed rising, raging nationalism around and across the globe.

He boldly asserts that regardless of Gorbachev's personal fate, for the next decade or two, "the Soviet Union will move in the general direc-



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tion laid down by the General Secretary." Comrade Yeltsin, on the one hand, and Comrade Ligachev, on the other, are not quite so certain.

What is one to say of *Out of the Cold*? It is arrogant, tendentious, and disingenuous. It is a perfect reflection of its author. □

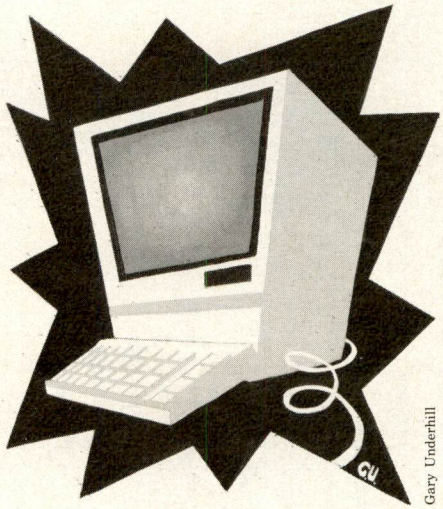
Small Is Beautiful

RONALD BAILEY

A READER invariably emerges from one of George Gilder's books intellectually reinvigorated. His latest, *Microcosm: The Quantum Revolution in Economics and Technology*, is no exception. In *Wealth and Poverty* and *The Spirit of Enterprise* he brilliantly championed entrepreneurial capitalism as the wellspring of economic abundance. Now he takes readers on an excursion deep into the soul of modern high technology. In the process, Gilder administers a powerful antidote to the dreary assertions of academic and media doomsayers who, in what they call the "age of limits," portentously proclaim the decline of the United States. American capitalism is not only alive and well, says Gilder, but poised to lead the world into a new era of abundance and creativity.

Microcosm: The Quantum Revolution in Economics and Technology, by George Gilder (Simon & Schuster, 426 pp., $19.95)

"Microcosm" is the metaphor Gilder uses to capture the paradox of modern computer technology: as computers have grown exponentially more powerful over the past three or so decades, physically they have become not bigger, but smaller—shrinking further and further into the "microcosm." The end-product of this evolution has been what computer people call "very large-scale integrated circuits," computer chips containing millions of transistors and operating at nearly unbelievable speeds. "Every era has its pinnacle," Gilder writes. "In medieval Europe, it was the Gothic cathedral. In the later twentieth century, it is the very large-scale integrated circuit, the Gothic cathedral of America. Like a cathedral it is wrought of common elements—glass, sand, and metal—transfigured by human genius and art." These magnificent microchips—which drive our personal computers, telephone networks, video games—are mostly silicon, which is essentially beach sand. Thus, unlike the familiar macrocosm of factories, farms, and mines, material costs in the microcosm are virtually nothing; the "value added" is the ideas, the computer programs, inscribed in silicon. Microelectronics in effect imbues matter with the essence of human thought. As Gilder eloquently puts it, "The central event in the twentieth century is the overthrow of matter."


Gary Underhill

In *Microcosm*, he takes readers beyond the dry statistics of profit and loss, computational speeds, and silicon-chip yields, and introduces us to the men and women in computer science whose creativity has done so much to make American capitalism go. He traces the history of electronics from vacuum tubes to whole computers on a single silicon chip. Foremost among these pioneers of the microcosm is a quiet, impish Cal Tech professor, Carver Mead. In the 1960s, industry leaders believed that they were nearing the limits of miniaturization. Mead, however, boldly prophesied that one day an entire computer would be embodied in a single silicon chip. Scoffed at as a hopeless visionary, Mead has been thoroughly vindicated.

Incredibly tiny, cheap, and powerful computers now surround us. They are in the commonest appliances, including microwave ovens, VCRs, compact-disk players, handheld video cameras, stuffed animals, video games, credit-card-size calculators, digital watches, cellular telephones, automobiles.

But isn't the United States losing the computer race to Japan? Not at all, says Gilder. Japan does indeed excel in manufacturing commodity memory chips. But commodities, whether high-tech computer memory chips or low-tech iron ingots, remain commodities, and companies manufacturing them subsist on paper-thin profit margins. Just as a number of Japanese corporations brought on line massive new facilities for manufacturing commodity chips, the technology of the microcosm shifted in favor of the United States.

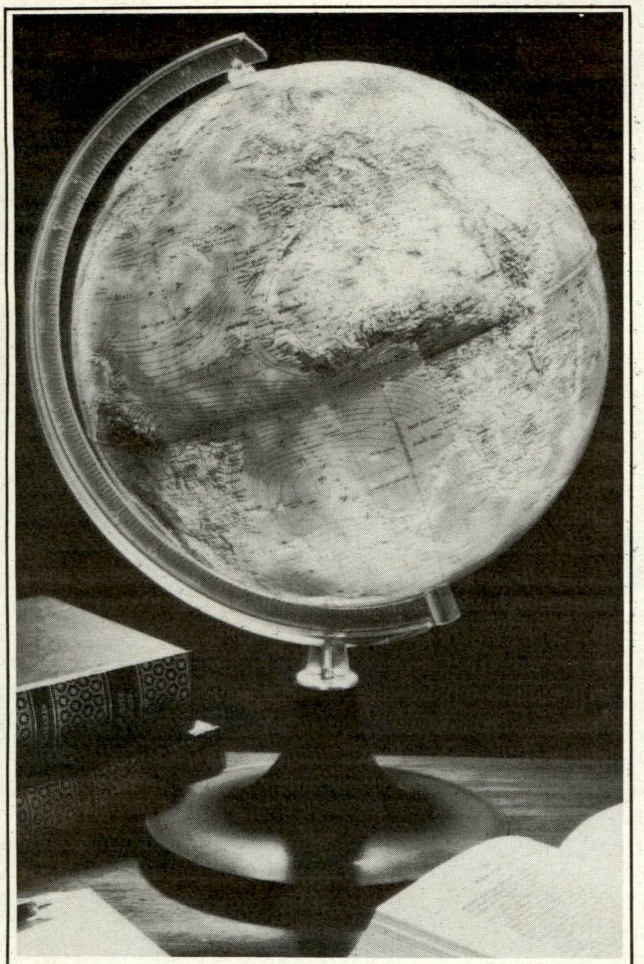
The good news is that the U.S. leads in three crucial technologies—silicon compilation, parallel processing, and artificial intelligence. A decade ago, a new computer chip took years to get from the drawing board to the stage at which it could actually be fabricated. Nowadays, with a silicon compiler a chip designer can ignore pesky details and concentrate on his overall design. A new chip can be created in a matter of days. Parallel processing frees computers from the tyranny of calculating only one step at a time. Instead, many processors work together simultaneously, vastly increasing computational speeds. Advances in artificial intelligence are for the first time endowing computers with the ability to "perceive," as in the remarkable Kurzweil optical scanner which reads text aloud to the blind.

The real "value added" in microelectronics is chips designed for specific purposes. And designing chips is something we individualistic Americans do extremely well. In fact, America is home to more than half of the world's designers, nearly four times the number in Japan. New chip designs have exploded from 9,500 in 1986 to 25,000 in 1988. The number of new superefficient designs will grow to hundreds of thousands in the 1990s. Apostles of industrial planning, such as Harvard's Robert Reich, call the proliferation of entrepre-

Mr. Bailey is a staff writer at Forbes.

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neurial design companies "cowboy capitalism," but in fact these companies are an enormous source of economic growth. Gilder predicts that American mastery of such technology will drive robust economic growth throughout the next decade.

Meanwhile, though, the promise of the microcosm is imperiled by Federal Government meddling. In the mid 1980s, American commodity-chip manufacturers began losing their markets to inexpensive Japanese memory chips. Just like the steel and textile industries before them, American commodity-chip makers turned to the Government to bail them out. To its great shame, the Reagan Administration negotiated an agreement with Japan that required Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry to administer Japanese semiconductor prices. The semiconductor pact, hailed by industry leaders and federal bureaucrats as a victory against Japanese "dumping," succeeded, in fact, in rescuing strapped Japanese chip makers by guaranteeing their profits. At the same time, the pact dealt a serious blow to hundreds of small, innovative American firms by cutting off their supplies of computer chips. Many companies delayed new products for several months while desperately searching for chips in the "grey" markets of Taiwan and Korea.

As Gilder demonstrates, the brilliant achievements of the microcosm are wholly the creations of free minds working in free markets. His celebration of American capitalism and high technology is dazzling. □

A WORD EDGEWISE

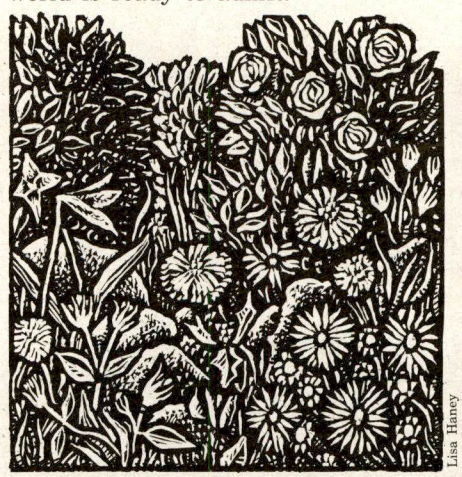
Sharawadgi

PETER LUBIN

THE CONNOISSEUR of words (*le connoisseur des mots*, if you will, *il gran conoscitore di parole*) never knows when he will find a new specimen, and he herein offers an example.

The connoisseur (also known as "I") was recently minding his business while doing some grocery shopping on Martha's Vineyard. I was up-island at a supermarket, newly sprung up where once had stood a farmers' market. I waited patiently to pay for a six-pack of yoghurt, only to discover I would have to obtain "summer check-cashing privileges." So I stood in another line, filled out a form, and waited at the Courtesy Booth to pose for the proleptic mug shot. While I stood there, I began talking to a seven-year-old boy and his younger sister. The boy told me some of the big words he knows, and I told him some of the ones I know. He gave as good as he got, but after a few minutes, as the line shortened, and knowing it would soon be my turn, and we would have to part, I presented him with a word I was sure he wouldn't know: *sharawadgi*.

He was delighted when I told him, in terms suitable for a seven-year-old, what the word meant, and I was glad to pass it along, having learned it myself only the morning before, on a beach in Chilmark from a local landscape architect. It is, I suspect, a word many people would enjoy knowing. I have no doubt there are more connoisseurs of such a word than the world is ready to admit.



Lisa Haney

There is the sound of it: sha-ra-wadgi. It is invitingly fluffy and plump, like a Persian pillow, and expresses in a single word an idea both useful and enchanting.

When my beach acquaintance first gave me the word, I knew it was promising—a probable specimen for the collection, although I would have to investigate further. I went to the local library that very afternoon, and I was lucky. The Chilmark library may not have many books, but what it has is choice, and it is big on gardens.

Here's what your *gran conoscitore* and humble servant discovered: The word was introduced into English by the formidable Sir William Temple (*floruit* 1690), who possessed the vast estate of Moor Park and was a lover of gardens. Having nothing better to do in those pre-Nintendo days, Temple would sometimes put pen to paper, and, in an essay on gardens, he tried to distinguish the kind of garden then being created in England from the formal gardens popular on the Continent. He suggested that the guiding principle of the English garden was what the Chinese called *sharawadgi*. So wrote Sir William, although Chinese scholars have doubted his etymology. Nonetheless, the word entered our language, sank beneath its surface for several centuries, and has recently been rediscovered by landscape architects; which is how it came to me, as I lay, a sunburnt offering, beneath the lazy Squibnocket sky.

What is "sharawadgi"? It is the beauty that comes from *deliberate asymmetry*. Think of the English garden or landscape. There's a single gnarled oak over there, some bushes over here, a group of three elms beyond, and a winding stream. This, wrote Temple, contrasts with, say, the studied regularity of the French garden, where lindens or poplars stand like palace guards, or the Italian garden with its rows of sad cypresses and elaborate topiary art. He argued that the garden based on the principle of sharawadgi—which implied a design dictated by Nature, not Art—was superior.

Perhaps. But most of us, chained to the wheel of work and in city pent, are grateful for any green thought, the smallest bit of cool shade, any half-acre of Arcady, or one lamb-bleat of bucolic. What the connoisseur of words wishes to stress is the pleasure of "sharawadgi." Once you know the *word*, the world is never the same. Once I had learned it, I went traipsing about the Vineyard, looking for sharawadgi in the landscapes of God and man, and I found it. There was sharawadgi at Beetlebung Corner, and amid the wildflowers on the dunes at Gay Head. There was little

sharawadgi in the vineyards of West Tinsbury, or in the elaborate rose gardens of Edgartown, but the beauty (and there was plenty of it), regular and irregular, was made more beautiful by the vivid word I now carried with me; vade-mecum, talisman, boon companion. Sha-ra-wad-gi.

ART

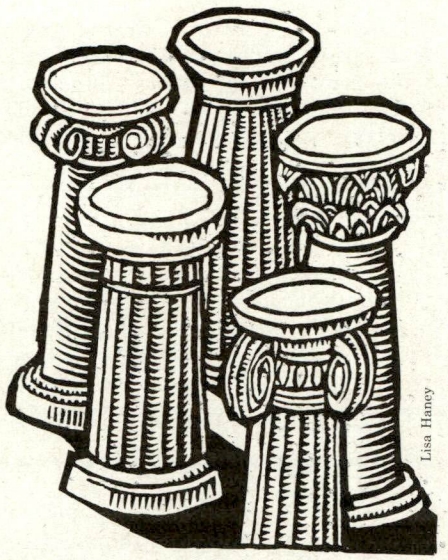
On Losing One's Marbles

JAMES GARDNER

GIVEN THAT Christopher Hitchens does not seem especially interested in the subject of his most recent book, it is natural to wonder why he wrote it in the first place. *Imperial Spoils* (Farrar, Straus) is a slightly oversized pamphlet advocating the restitution to Greece of those sculptures that Lord Elgin removed from the Athenian Acropolis and sold to the British nation early in the nineteenth century. Even to those of us who have enjoyed Hitchens's splenetic outbursts in *The Nation*, in which he attacks everyone to the political right of himself (which is to say, nearly everyone), it is not self-evident why he should now feel moved to agitate for the return of several tons of ancient stone to a small country on the Mediterranean.

Although it may be that Hitchens merely feels he is "lending his prestige" to a worthy cause, he would have us believe that he has been spurred into print by the beauty of the Elgin Marbles and by his outrage at their ongoing captivity in the bowels of the British Museum. And yet, when it comes to explaining why anyone should actually want the marbles, Hitchens has little to say. Aside from several ennobling sentimentalities on the glories of nationalism, his aesthetic commentary is limited to such half-digested cribbings as the observation that the Parthenon "has eight columns at the end instead of the usual six," or that "Pericles . . . called upon that sense of balance and symmetry which Thucydides immortalized in his funeral oration."

Why, really, has Hitchens written this book at this time? For its publication certainly comes at an opportune time. No doubt Hitchens was influenced, at least in part, by a movement that over the past year or two has advocated the return of ancient artifacts to the descendants of their original owners. The Smithsonian and other museums have agreed to surrender century-old Indian bones and burial paraphernalia to angry tribe members. In a celebrated case



Lisa Haney

this August, a federal judge ordered an art collector in Indianapolis to return a set of sixth-century Byzantine mosaics to the Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus.

More to the point, perhaps, one cannot help but suspect that the middlebrow temptation to see the whole issue as politics through other means has simply proved too much for the author. For Hitchens, the Elgin Marbles epitomize the British Museum, and the British Museum, with its gleaming white columns and millions of priceless artifacts, epitomizes everything stuffy and reactionary and clubbable about the British character. Those British who might feel a custodial affection for the marbles are stigmatized at one point as "John Bull up on his hind legs," and in their words Hitchens "hears the tones and assumptions of those who wondered if the workers would keep coal in their bath, or whether the Indians were ready for self-government." As for the British Museum, "one is tempted to say that it might be more apt if [it] called itself the Imperial Museum."

But if that goes some way to suggesting why Hitchens wants the British not to have the marbles, it does not in itself explain the author's interest in championing a specifically Greek cause. Surely this interest has much to do with the fact that, on the contemporary political map, Greece has been for years one of the most prominent socialist nations, and one of the most outspoken critics of the United States. Furthermore the Greek Cypriots have been engaged in conflict with the Turks for years now (about which Hitchens has even written a book), and the Turks, of course, are perhaps the staunchest members of the NATO Alliance.

Whatever one thinks of the proposed return of the marbles, it would be illiberal to deny that a better case could be made than will be found here. Hitchens is far better at attacking an enemy than at serving a friend. Written seemingly in careless haste, his book reads like a patchwork of ill-assorted and often irrelevant digressions.

He begins by recounting the oft-told story of Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin and 11th Earl of Kincardine, who, when serving as British consul in Constantinople, arranged to have roughly half the friezes and metopes and one of the pediments of the Parthenon, together with a pillar and caryatid of the neighboring Erechtheum, removed from their ancient site and sent back to the British Isles. According to Hitchens, the history of their acquisition is "a repressed and guilty secret." And yet, when put to it, he can find little support for this claim. Elgin can in no sense be said to have stolen the marbles, since to steal is to take that which one knows to belong to another; and, to all appearances, the Parthenon seemed to belong to an ancient people who no longer inhabited the earth, and to be in the possession of the Turks, from whom, at all events, Lord Elgin received permission to take the stones away.

In addition to those vaporous effusions on truth and beauty cited above, Hitchens tries to impress us with a

Mr. Gardner writes about art for NR, Arts *magazine, and* Commentary.

RANDOM NOTES

■ SURE THINGS: When it comes to publishing books about controversial subjects, let no one say that Holt or Simon & Schuster fails to cover its bases. Consider, just two pages apart in Holt's catalogue for the upcoming season, this curious pair of books. Scheduled for release in November is a typical title for this left-listing house, *Feeding Frenzy: The Inside Story of Wedtech*, by William Sternberg and Matthew C. Harrison Jr. According to the catalogue copy, Sternberg and Harrison have written an "exposé" of "'sleaze factor' influence-peddling from borough president to the offices of the Attorney General." That's page twenty. On page 18: *Witness to History: Power and Politics in the Reagan White House* (due out in February), the memoirs of that unnamed Attorney General, Edwin Meese III. Does Editor-in-Chief John Macrae III see the anomaly of lionizing Mr. Meese as a "Witness to History" in one book and skewering him as an influence-peddler in the next? "I don't see any inconsistency," says Mr. Macrae. "Our job is to make things public. That's really what publishing is about." Will Meese mind? "No, he's not that type."

If Meese isn't the type to mind getting screwed by his own publisher, what, one wonders, about that old friend of his, Ronald Reagan? Simon & Schuster, publisher of Reagan's forthcoming memoirs, has recently signed up Kitty Kelley to write the biography of Mrs. Reagan. Miss Kelley's reputation is well known. In previous "unauthorized" biographies—of Frank Sinatra, Elizabeth Taylor, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis—Miss Kelley has rarely if ever chosen as a subject someone she admires. Critics over the years have said about her more or less the same thing: "puts in all the dirt and rumors" previous biographers of Mrs. Onassis left out, "eager to chronicle the minutiae of Sinatra's vices," etc. Mr. Reagan is said to be almost as protective of his wife's reputation as she is of his. Will it bother him to share publishers with Kitty Kelley? Reagan's editor, Michael Korda, did not return phone calls. S&S Editorial Director Alice Mayhew was huffily dismissive. "We publish all kinds of books. We do not censor our authors. That's all I have to say."

■ MARTIAL LAW: Ordinarily, when a newspaper reporter writes a provocative, widely talked-about book, his editors will encourage him to milk as much publicity from it as he can. What better way to get easy publicity for the paper itself? Not so, apparently, at the *Navy Times*, an independent weekly based in Arlington, Virginia, serving a half-million active servicemen. This summer, Regnery Gateway published *Weak Link: The Feminization of the American Military*, in which Brian Mitchell, a reporter at the *Navy Times*, argues that the costs America pays to employ women as soldiers are too great—in money, morale, and general preparedness—to justify continuing the practice (see William Hawkins's review in our October 13 issue). When the book came out, *Navy Times* Editor Thomas Philpott allowed Mitchell space to summarize his argument, but in the same issue ran an editorial dissociating the paper from the book ("Do women belong in the military? Yes, definitely") and a week later printed a refutation of Mitchell by an "expert" on the subject.

The real trouble started when the mainstream media began noticing the book. According to Regnery publicist Debbie Stone, on a typical day no fewer than three radio stations would call to arrange interviews. Finally, after Mitchell appeared on the *Today* show and a woman reporter complained to Philpott, the editor put his foot down. At least during work hours, Mitchell was to shut up already—or else. If he wanted to continue spending his days on television or talking to reporters, he would have to use his vacation time to do it, or alternatively take an unpaid leave of absence. Mitchell complied, of course, and from that day forward kept quiet and directed all inquiries to Miss Stone. According to Miss Stone, Mitchell was so fearful of losing his job that he would have to duck around the corner at lunch to call Regnery from a pay phone. Asked to comment, Philpott would say only that the matter was a "private" one between himself and Mitchell. "I think it's wonderful that he's been getting all the attention he has."

—DAVID KLINGHOFFER

list of famous people who condemned Elgin's act and advocated the sculptures' return to Athens. From a tactical point of view, however, Hitchens makes some rather large blunders, of which two are especially grave. The first is his quoting with thoughtless approval from Lord Byron's bigoted tirade against the Scottish people, of whom Elgin was one of the more prominent members. Though Hitchens would probably reject these sentiments if he considered them (or so we hope), it nevertheless suggests an almost acrobatic banality to quote them in support of his argument, simply because they were written by someone famous. Hitchens's second error is his enlisting the name of Harold Nicolson, when Nicolson advocated not that all the marbles be returned, but only the caryatid and pillar from the Erechtheum, and only on condition that they be replaced *in situ ipso antiquo*. Now, one would think that Hitchens would want to stay as far away from this point as possible, since the Greeks themselves, in acknowledgment of the corrosive quality of the Athenian air, have recently removed all the other caryatids from the same building, and intend never to put them back. Indeed, everything that Elgin left on the Parthenon has been or will soon be removed from the structure by Greek archaeologists.

But in a sense, this is all by the way. For the question is whether or not the Elgin Marbles should be returned to Greece, and no deficiencies of the author can permit us legitimately to rule out the cause he happens to be championing. The real issue must be the question of the degree to which the present inhabitants are descended from the ancients. Hitchens's "proof " of their direct descent is almost insulting to the reader, since the four authors he quotes in support of his contention a) do not support his contention, at least not in the citations, and b) are talking about something entirely different from what Hitchens believes they are talking about.

As concerns the ancestry question, however, if the modern Greeks were descended from the ancients, then they would have the right to the Elgin Marbles, even though none of their ancestors could be found to say anything against Elgin in all the time that his men were removing the sculptures. And yet, there is every good reason to believe that these "Greeks" are the descendants of the very invaders who, from the seventh century onward, drove out the country's original inhabitants. All the same, the present inhabitants surely love and should have full title to all antiquities that are in their possession; this for the same reason that the English lovingly preserve Stonehenge, and the Americans affectionately study Indian artifacts. But do the present-day Greeks have any right to reclaim

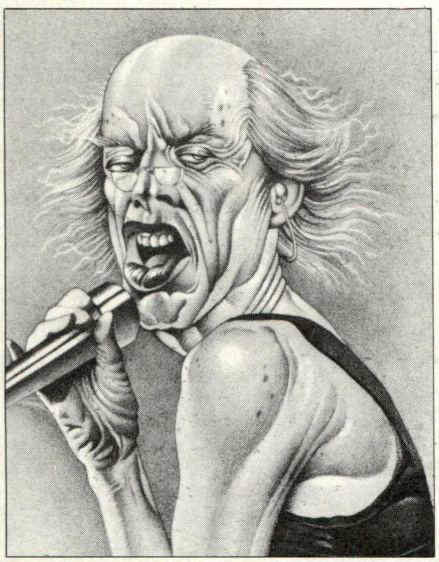
something that was created by a different culture and that was removed from the land they now occupy at a time before they had even begun to dream of the fiction that they and the ancient Greeks were one and the same people? No.

But why should the British have the right to retain the marbles, aside from the legitimate, if unimpressive, point that they were legally acquired and purchased? To answer that question would require the kind of sympathetic insight that Hitchens can't be bothered with. It is now almost two centuries since Elgin's disputed act. In the passage of eight generations, the British have come to feel so great an affinity and affection for Lord Elgin's marbles, and those marbles, exerting their subliminal influence, have become so important to the Briton's sense of his national identity, that they could no longer be wrested from the British without disrupting and dislocating some part of that people's very selves. At this point, to wrest the sculptures from their present owners would constitute an act of insensitivity comparable to that with which Hitchens charges those who wish to retain them. One recalls those beautiful lines of Ezra Pound: "What thou lovest well is thy true heritage / What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee."

MUSIC

Stony Rolls

JOSEPH SOBRAN



I TOOK MY daughter to see the Rolling Stones Steel Wheels tour when it hit Washington. She wanted to see it more than I did, even though she hadn't been born the day I first heard "I Can't Get No Satisfaction." As a matter of fact, I've never been a Stones fan. My attitude toward them has mellowed from strong distaste to simple indifference, with a continuing curiosity about their appeal. To me they're the Stony Rolls: hard to get into, not much flavor.

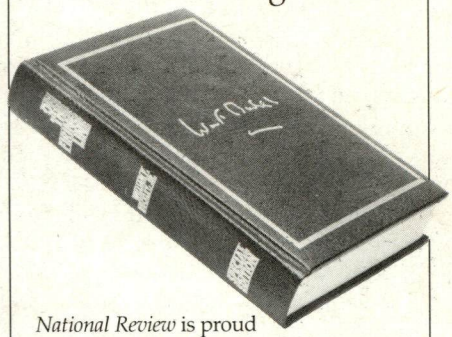
The Stones filled Robert F. Kennedy Stadium both nights they performed. We luckily went the first night, a cool clear evening: a chilly rain drenched the second night. As we filed into the stadium I noticed wryly that the crowd's spirits seemed undepressed by the previous day's news that Irving Berlin had expired. The great majority were no older than my daughter.

You have to give the Stones one thing: they've set a record for protracted trendiness. These kids hadn't been drawn by nostalgia: they like the Stones *right now*. I'd thought of this event as a farewell tour, Mick Jagger being 46 and all, but it's by way of promoting a new album, *Steel Wheels*. It's said to be their best album in several years, by those who can make distinctions I can't.

The opening act, in the twilight, was a black rock band called Living Color. The lead singer, a little guy with dreadlocks that hung to his shoulders, bounced around, his hair flying, trying to occupy a huge stage, more than 250 feet wide, whose full resources were being reserved for the main act. In other circumstances, Living Color would be the featured attraction, but in the fading sunlight, with too much space to fill and most of the crowd inattentive, they looked rather pitiful, desperate.

When they'd finished, there was a long, long hiatus as stagehands rearranged the furnishings and darkness thickened. At several points the crowd stood and roared, thinking the Stones were coming out. The false

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alarms intensified a tremendous sense of excitement, palpable even to the recusant.

When the Stones finally made their entrance, the roar that went up was the sort of thrilling noise you hear when the home team takes the field for the seventh game of the World Series. The enormous stage was filled with multicolored light from hundreds of bulbs. Jagger plunged into "Start Me Up," the backup instruments amplified at bone-shuddering volume. Your basic rock concert wouldn't be entirely lost on Helen Keller.

Even from relatively choice seats on the field, Jagger was a small, distant figure. The best way to watch him was on one of the three big TV screens overhead. In fact, that was the best way to make sure it was really *him*. He doesn't do anything lots of others couldn't simulate plausibly, from a certain remove.

By now Jagger is simulating himself, as if Elvis had lived on to make a second career as an Elvis impersonator. His bad-boy antics have become conventional, like a professional wrestler's. His motions—snapping head, thrusting arm, skipping across the stage—are the same ones he was doing on *The Ed Sullivan Show* nearly a generation ago. Now as then, he's vocally and physically limited, self-repetitious, self-consciously funky.

Actually, none of the Stones except Keith Richards seems to have any real interest in rock any more. Jagger told one interviewer he can't listen to their early records and doesn't have any favorites among current groups. But he knows the value of a dollar, having attended the London School of Economics once upon a time, so he and Richards overlook their famous differences long enough to do the occasional album, the tour. This year they may gross $100 million. Jagger is really a prudent soul whose longevity is due to bourgeois habits at odds with the rock ethos: he's avoided the usual pitfalls of drug overdoses, crooked managers, marriage to Yoko Ono. Limited though he is, he comes onstage trim and fit, ready to give value for money. He's preserved his demeanor of hard-bitten callowness.

For any reader who may still be unclear about the difference between rock and cabaret singing, the Stones' amplifiers and lights were powered by four generators putting out 2,400,000 watts, enough to sustain forty city blocks. During "Honky-Tonk Woman," two gigantic inflatable honky-tonk women, each 55 feet tall, ballooned on either side of the stage. As countless combinations of colored lights flashed, the sweet odor of marijuana wafted into my nostrils. My daughter traced it to a middle-aged couple in the row in front of us. Like most of the crowd, they were singing along with the more familiar songs, mimicking even Jagger's hand gestures. If anyone in that stadium looked as if they should have been in mourning for Irving Berlin, it was these two.

The rowdiness of Stones fans is legendary, but this was a long way from Altamont. The audience was overwhelmingly young, white, middle-class, and well-behaved. Raucous whoops seemed to be obligatory, but they were the sort of thing you might hear from Lee Atwater after a couple of beers. They peaked when Jagger flirted with one of his backup singers, a pretty black girl dressed up to look like a piece of Harlem harlotry. Maybe I'm jaded, but to me it was about as daring as cutting shop class.

Oh well. Everybody had a good time. That's the important thing.

FILM

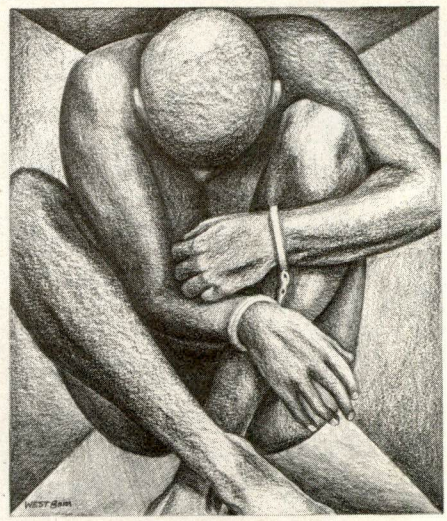
White Season, Black Rain

JOHN SIMON

MAKING a good movie about the South African problem must be almost as difficult as solving it, which is to say very nearly impossible. Apartheid is a horrible thing and, clearly, must go. But how to end it and what the consequences might be is neither easy nor pleasant to contemplate. An equitable, nonviolent solution would be lovely, but if and when the shoe, or hobnailed boot, is on the other foot, the bloody kicking can be expected to flare up with renewed vigor.

The South African government has, to be sure, lately made some concessions—minuscule and of only nominal help. From my safely distant vantage point, I can sympathize with both parties. The blacks, having seen colonialism bite the dust in surrounding countries, must feel ready to burst the repressive dams; the Afrikaners, however, having inherited the land from generations of ancestors who, in many cases, wrested from the wilderness bounties the blacks could not or would not claim, can hardly feel eager to give away large—how large?—parts of it. And though the brutal and stupid repression they have practiced cannot be condoned, one can understand the lengths to which an outnumbered ruling class would go to keep a justly aggrieved and justifiably unruly underclass in check. It is an ugly, intractable situation, and that something very much like it can be found in several other parts of the world does not make it more tolerable or less tragic.

Given the complexity of the problem, no film that reduces it to good versus bad, black versus white, can do real justice to it morally, intellectually, or even aesthetically. But a film that tries to see all sides (there must be more than just two) would have to bog down in unanswerable questions, and with those you make scant headway at the box office.



Consequently, films about South Africa have oversimplified: *Cry Freedom* grossly, *A World Apart* subtly. The latter is still the best on the subject I've seen; Euzhan Palcy's current *A Dry White Season* is effective the way a blow to the gut is. But it is simplistic, full of puerile dreams of glory (of which André Brink's novel,

on which it is based, is free), and, in the end, a self-defeating lie.

The question has been raised why the heroes of these films always turn out to be whites. It has to do, in part, with the nature of Hollywood financing, but also with the fact that, thus far, whites have been in a better position to effectuate change, whether they were historical figures or, in the present case, Ben Du Toit, a fictional Afrikaner college professor (in the book—turned high-school teacher in the movie to bring him closer to the moviegoing masses). Ben's naïveté about what's going on around him is excessive even in the novel, but after his gardener's son is killed in the Special Branch's vendetta for the Soweto uprising, and Gordon, the gardener, who has been looking for his boy's body, is himself arrested and tortured to death, Ben's conscience is awakened and not to be stopped.

Du Toit starts nosing around and is led to Stanley, the black driver of a "second-class taxi" (not even cabs are immune to discriminatory laws), who opens his eyes to conditions in Soweto and elsewhere. His education is continued by Melanie Bruwer, a liberal journalist and crusader. Ben is exultant when Emily, Gordon's widow, insists on an inquest into her husband's death. It is he who persuades McKenzie, the brilliant British-born lawyer, to take on the case. Though McKenzie has had a few Pyrrhic victories, he at first refuses in view of the utter hopelessness of *this* case, but relents, if only to prove to Ben, whom he takes a liking to, that "Justice and Law [are] distant cousins, and here in South Africa they are not on speaking terms." His shrewdly sardonic tactics in the case (hopeless indeed) provide Marlon Brando with his best part in years, even if his screen time is only some ten to 15 minutes.

Ben retains the love and admiration of his teenage son, Johan; he loses his friends and the rest of his family, including Susan, his wife, and Suzette, his married daughter, who side with the powers that be. "Look at the rest of Africa; it's a mess," says Susan in her big outburst after the inquest (and it does give one pause to think of the internecine brutalities and bloodbaths in other African countries). But Ben does not choose his people, as Susan would have him do; "I chose the truth," he says simply.

I regret that Miss Palcy, a young Martinican filmmaker whose only second effort this is, and Colin Welland, her co-scenarist, have elected to make radical changes in Brink's story. Thus they omitted the love affair between Ben and Melanie, presumably to gain time for beefing up the black characters, but they spread themselves so thin that everyone, black or white, ends up superficial. Worse, they have Stanley lie in wait in his cab for Captain Stolz, the sadistic chief torturer of the Special Branch, and have him assassinate the brute.

In the novel, Stanley disappears; when Ben looks for him in Soweto, he only gets savagely beaten up by the very people he tried to help. Such ironies are not for our filmmakers. Instead, Stolz saunters, alone and unarmed, into Stanley's purview on an empty street; shooting him and driving away undetected is child's play. "It's a message of warning," Miss Palcy said in an interview, "that this decent man can be pushed to violence. I suppose it's my message to the South African government and the world." I can't guess the world's response—some people in the theater applauded heartily and mindlessly—but the government, I dare say, will merely snigger if it deigns to notice this wish-fulfillment fantasy at all. By making it look so easy, the director cheapens the small, hard-won advances some few have actually been able to gain.

What is most missing from the movie, however, is Ben's absorbing interior monologue, the poetic richness of the book's style, the general thoughtfulness of Brink's novel. Welland and Palcy's brinkmanship is counterproductive: not enough razzmatazz for the unwashed, not enough sharp, true insight for the discerning.

Still, the film offers some perquisites. There is the presence of Brando, aptly pronounced Wellesian in both flamboyance and girth, and, despite a somewhat hokey British accent and the signature slow pacing, easily the best thing in the film. But Donald Sutherland has been unjustly criticized for his Du Toit ("Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper"—Pauline Kael). I find Sutherland, whom I have often castigated for under- or overacting, perfectly on target here: a slow, simple man who becomes heroic without losing his ordinariness. If only Welland and Palcy did not vulgarize everything: they have Ben slapping the face of the headmaster who unjustly fires and then insults him—another piece of pandering to the mob the book never stoops to.

There are further solid performances by a number of black South African actors (the film was shot in Zimbabwe), notably Zakes Mokae as Stanley and Thoko Ntshinga as Emily. A couple of distinguished English actors, Michael Gambon and Ronald Pickup, can do little for the tiny parts they idealistically took on; even so, they achieve more than Susan Sarandon as Melanie or Janet Suzman as Susan, Ben's wife. But Susannah Harker, as Suzette, the daughter who collaborates with the police while seeming to support her father, is splendid in her chilling cheerfulness. On the whole, though, a wooden film that packs an unearned punch. An *objet trouve* is, *pace* Marcel Duchamp, rarely if ever art; still less is it wisdom.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Edward A. Capano, Associate Publisher.

MISS PALCY, who is 32 and may yet do better, would have done well to study *Black Rain*, not the worthless Ridley Scott–Michael Douglas film now usurping that title, but a new masterwork from the veteran Shohei Imamura, just shown at the New York Film Festival and thus far without an American distributor. (Given the topic, it may never find one.) This film, based on a 1969 novel, in turn derived from the diaries of survivors from Hiroshima, is everything *A Dry White Season* is not: intelligent, understated, contemplative, and shattering. Shot in appositely sober monochrome, it records the superlatively recreated horrors of both the atomic bombing and its aftereffects with almost superhuman control but unblinking honesty as it records the sufferings of a postnuclear family consisting of uncle, aunt, and adopted orphaned niece, Yasuko, in a nearby small town five years later.

Yasuko, now 25, lives in close but precarious harmony with her kindly foster parents, none of them sure when the delayed lethal effects of radiation may strike. The intertwining lives of these three and a few others, with the narrative focus on Yasuko's inability to lie about her endangered condition and so find a husband, are unfolded in brief, searching, often oblique and even humorous, but generally piercing scenes. What is most remarkable here—in the script by Toshiro Ishido and Imamura, in the latter's direction, in the superb acting, even in the score by the world-famous Toru Takemitsu—is a restraint, bursting at the seams yet miraculously holding. The heartache reaches the audience, paradoxically, through the head, through the attempts of reason to come to terms with something that defies and defeats it. If this film is not widely seen here—and mere distribution might not suffice to lure ostriches into theaters—the loss to us, though not so great as being atom-bombed, will nevertheless be incalculable. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fatal Error: The Miscarriage of Justice That Sealed the Rosenbergs' Fate, by Joseph H. Sharlitt (Scribner's, 274 pp., $24.95)

THE DEFENDERS of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg once denied their heroes were Communists, then conceded that fact, but denied they were spies. Now we hear their guilt is irrelevant; they were martyrs to American justice, *tried under the wrong law*: The requirements of the 1946 Atomic Energy Act, which allowed the death penalty only on the specific recommendation of a jury, were not met. This is not a new theory. It was advanced by activist Irwin Edelman and attorney Fyke Farmer in 1953 and was the basis of Justice William O. Douglas's short-lived stay of execution. And contrary to the claim that this aspect of the case has never been discussed in any previous book, the Douglas stay and how it was overturned after a secret *ex parte* meeting attended by Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, and Justice Robert Jackson is treated at some length in *The Rosenberg File*, which I co-authored with Ronald Radosh. Sharlitt adds new details, but the main thrust of his narrative absolves the Rosenbergs' attorney, Manny Bloch, portrayed here as a gallant but outclassed crusader whose unaccountable blunder in strategy must forever remain a "mystery." In fact, Bloch bumbled his way through the trial because he got no cooperation from his clients, whose chief goal was to protect their unindicted accomplices. Later, he withheld support for the Farmer–Edelman effort until the last possible moment, numbly following the dictates of the Communist line. The Party did not want a new trial; it was pushing for clemency—a demand President Eisenhower could never grant without seeming to concede the Rosenbergs' innocence. This is just another moot-court argument for the Rosenbergs. Vinson and Jackson's actions are painted in the worst possible light, while inconvenient facts about the Rosenbergs and their defenders are sentimentalized or simply ignored. The day the Rosenbergs died was not a proud one for the federal judiciary, but Sharlitt tells only half the story: Julius and Ethel's fatal error was their dogged and pathetic loyalty to a Party that considered them expendable. —JOYCE MILTON

HALE

(Continued from page 32)

Japanese profits than for the United States. The Reagan Administration's managed trade policy for semiconductors provides a useful case study of how *not* to imitate Japanese mercantilism. The restrictions on imports of Japanese semiconductors drove prices sharply higher in the U.S., penalized domestic users of electronic components, inflated Japanese profit margins, and failed to produce a significant increase in either American semiconductor manufacturing capacity or the U.S. share of the Japanese market.

The piecemeal movement toward a Japanese model of managed trade and industrial intervention occurring in America today is dangerous precisely because the country does not want to acknowledge that a major policy transformation is occurring. The U.S. is selectively embracing corporatist and mercantilist ideas without creating a policy framework coherent enough to prevent them from misallocating resources, distorting domestic price relationships, enriching foreign producers, and weakening America's long-term competitive position. The Bush Administration appears likely to continue intervening on a spastic and ad-hoc basis in response to specific sectoral crises or high-powered lobbying. Unfortunately, though, there is probably no alternative to such haphazard policy formulation in a society as confused as is George Bush's America about how to reconcile its free-market intellectual traditions with the Reagan legacy of fiscal populism and the rise of corporatist and mercantilist industrial powers in Asia. □

GALLAGHER

(Continued from page 39)

The political elite's enthusiasm for day care is particularly odd in that very few parents share it. One of the most obvious and least noted facts about substitute child care is that most of it is provided by relatives. As of 1985, almost half the pre-school children of working mothers were cared for by relatives. Only 23 per cent were in formal day-care centers and about the same proportion were in family day care. The majority of mothers who put their children in the care of other family members are recreating an age-old pattern that may enrich their children's lives: creating strong attachments to grandparents and aunts, or occasionally the father (though what the next generation is going to do, with hardly any siblings and with mothers, aunts, and grandmothers all working full-time, is anyone's guess). But as the Democrats' devotion to the ABC bill indicates, no effort is being made to encourage this joint family approach to child care. Federal subsidies to nonreligious day-care chains (a big business rapidly expanding) will not help women who hire a relative or a neighbor to care for their children. Yet a federal subsidy for day-care chains is the darling of the intelligentsia, especially among women wealthy enough to hire nannies and *au pair* girls for their own kids.

I am certainly not arguing that day care is always and everywhere destructive. But there is a world of difference between reassuring mothers that many children do fine in day care and trying to make day care the dominant form of child-rearing in America.

Values are funny things. Society cannot insist that child-bearing is a trap for women and child-raising a degrading preoccupation, and then turn around and expect the day-care industry to be flooded with eager, committed, emotionally giving mother-substitutes. When women are encouraged to view caring for children as demeaning, where are all these millions of substitute caregivers going to come from?

The answer, temporarily, is Jamaica.

But that's a solution only for those wealthy enough to import a full-time babysitter. And there is always a tragic dimension to this kind of personal solution. Aristocratic British mothers obtained their devoted nannies because lower-class women had few other job opportunities, and without dowries or prospects were less able to marry. The mothering of the rich was purchased by denying families to the poor. In today's version, the poor immigrant mothers in Brooklyn leave their own children alone and uncared for, so well-to-do Manhattan women can go to work with the warm glow of knowing little Jessica is in capable, maternal hands.

When women risk economic disaster and get nothing from society in return for nurturing the next generation, we will inevitably begin to invest less in our children. That is, in fact, the agenda of an ideological elite which fails to appreciate the value of women's work.

The cultural anthropologists and social historians have hit the nail on the head: a child-centered household is not a historical inevitability; it is the invention of an affluent society in which educating children to perform in the high-stress adult world takes a great deal more time and effort than it used to. It is simply a lot easier to raise your children to be successful peasants or country squires, than successful doctors, lawyers, engineers, and computer technicians.

MOTHERS, as Miss Margolis points out, have not always spent a great deal of time and energy supervising young children. That is quite true. But when prestigious academics say that an intense mother–child bond is a recent invention and easily dispensed with, they do not usually tell you how children fared in the good old days when women were preoccupied with household production rather than child care. In America, before the emergence of the oppressive Victorian "motherhood cult," children under five were routinely left alone and just as routinely drowned at the bottom of wells or burned to death in the family fireplace. Working-class parents who wanted peace and quiet drugged their children with opium and trotted off to the neighborhood pub. The documentation of child-rearing practices in Western history is sketchy and incomplete, but what we have suggests the average level of parenting even two hundred years ago would today be considered child abuse.

If women are being pulled by economics, by ideology, and by male abandonment away from nurturing our children, there is no guarantee that a host of loving child-care workers or fathers will spring up to fill the gap. The close bond between mothers and children is a cultural artifact in this sense: If women opt out of family nurturing, no natural law says anyone in a culture must care very much about what children need. □

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 J	2 E	3 A		4 Q	5 B	6 W	7 F	8 C	9 K	10 S		11 N	12 D	13 I		14 B	15 L	16 H	17 K	18 P
19 U	20 C	21 W	22 A		23 I	24 M	25 E	26 H		27 T	28 N	29 V	30 J		31 T	32 W		33 B	34 K	
35 U	36 L	37 J	38 O	39 F	40 D	41 P	42 W	43 B		44 J	45 M	46 V	47 R	48 U		49 N	50 H	51 F		52 G
53 T	54 M	55 S	56 K		57 E	58 A	59 C	60 B	61 W		62 N	63 T	64 J	65 I	66 F	67 E		68 L	69 S	70 C
71 H	72 N		73 A	74 G	75 K	76 T	77 E	78 J	79 C	80 V		81 W	82 F	83 H	84 Q	85 P	86 T	87 K		88 O
89 I	90 B	91 M	92 U	93 D	94 A		95 C	96 R		97 B	98 E	99 F		100J	101I	102N	103A	104H		105V
106G		107M	108S	109F	110Q	111J	112P	113N	114D	115L	116I	117E	118K	119R		120V	121A	122D	123I	124W
125G	126E	127H	128S	129C		130T	131J	132O	133F	134K	135I	136E		137J	138S		139K	140V		141V
142Q	143M		144B	145H	146W	147P		148O	149N	150C	151A	152H	153U		154A	155G	156J	157D	158R	
159L	160U		161B	162P	163T	164E	165C	166L	167A	168Q	169G	170I	171K							

DEFINITIONS

A. Seagoing pilot's protection — 154 103 58 3 94 167 121 151 22 73

B. Naval VIPs — 90 14 161 60 5 33 144 97 43

C. *Senatorial Privilege* author (full name) — 8 79 95 59 20 129 150 165 70

D. They are usually best when had last — 157 93 122 114 12 40

E. Winston Churchill was one — 67 25 136 126 117 77 98 57 164 2

F. Stream's route (2 words) — 66 82 109 99 39 7 51 133

G. Saws — 125 74 169 155 52 106

H. Owl's "day" — 83 71 152 50 104 26 127 16 145

I. Principles laid down as true — 23 65 89 116 123 101 135 13 170

J. Shop steward's function — 111 156 44 30 100 37 137 78 131 1

64

K. Defying — 139 118 9 56 75 17 171 134 34 87

L. Came to the plate — 159 115 68 166 15 36

M. Answer — 45 143 54 24 107 91

N. Like the scuba diver's alibi? — 28 113 72 11 62 102 149 49

O. Egg drop, so to speak — 132 38 88 148

P. Stratagem — 147 41 18 112 85 162

Q. Exaggerated (slang) — 142 168 4 110 84

R. Partner for means — 119 96 158 47

S. Calendar components — 10 55 108 138 69 128

T. Wiping out — 76 130 27 53 163 31 86 63

U. Santa's fastest reindeer? — 92 35 48 153 160 19

V. Adds — 105 140 120 46 29 141 80

W. Insults — 61 146 81 42 6 124 21 32

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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JEFFREY HART:

On Speech

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When You Know Your ABCs

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25

Mr. Bush, who advertised himself months before his election as the Education President, convenes representatives of all fifty states to confront a problem so grave as to threaten (we jest not) that the United States will become, some time after the turn of the century, a Third World country. Rudimentary illiteracy and innumeracy (illiteracy in numbers) is growing. Assuming that tomorrow and the day after, skills will not be required any greater than the skills needed today, at the present level of educational regeneration we would still be short of skilled labor. Short of semi-skilled labor. Short, even, of unskilled labor, if one assumes that unskilled labor should be expected to read and write.

But then we are not standing still. Here is a graphic way to put it, done by the authors of "Workforce 2000," a study as yet unpublished, conducted by William Johnston and Arnold Packer of the Hudson Institute.

To begin with, the researchers found that the average adult aged 21 to 25 isn't reading at a level required by the typical job of 1984. Not very long ago, a telephone operator handling an "Information" cockpit needed only to know the alphabet. Now she needs to know how to punch computers and, at some levels, how to feed fresh information into computers. The chairman of the BellSouth Corporation in Atlanta, quoted in a *New York Times* story by Education Editor Edward Fiske, says that "In 1987, fewer than 30 per cent of employment candidates met our skill and ability requirements for sales, service, and technical jobs."

The Hudson Institute summary put the problem graphically. The top of the scale in language skills is 6—the kind of thing scientists, lawyers, and engineers have to be able to handle. Manual-labor jobs require category 1, "signifying rudimentary reading and communication." The Hudson people tell us that the average job today requires an achievement of 3.0 in reading skills. But that in the 26 million jobs expected to be created between now and the year 2000, the average requirement will be 3.6. Miss Sue Berryman, the director of the Institute on Education and the Economy at Columbia University Teachers College, puts it this way: "Our least advantaged students are now drowning in ten feet of water instead of 15 feet of water."

Now with all due respect to the agonies of modern pedagogy, it seems to me that every day it becomes plainer and plainer that more and more students are simply not applying themselves. The chairman of BellSouth Corp. says that only 15 per cent of job applicants knew how to type well enough to handle telephone jobs, and 50 per cent of applicants couldn't even handle "light typing."

Now with data like this, we need to ask ourselves a simple question: Have the American people become dumb? No doubt some of them are—probably you can find dumb people even in Tel Aviv and Peking. But there are no indications that a virus is running around that is intellectually incapacitating our young people to the point where they can't learn how to type, or how to spell, or how to write a simple, grammatical sentence.

The enemy? 1) Television (too much), and 2) homework (too little). I have long been waiting for a scientist to come up with a gizmo that freezes the home television set between whatever hours the parents wish it frozen at. Instead of watching TV 39 hours a week, children should be limited to one-half that, devoting the balance to—well, just to give an example, to learning how to type. I taught my son, at age 12, to type—I painted out the keymarks on the typewriter, pasting a facsimile of them on the wall at eye level. He memorized the keyboard in 25 minutes. Sure, he's smart, but he was also a TV junkie, and even with nurses and governesses and parents, he couldn't be detached from the tube until, finally, he outgrew it, at about age 16, after which he quickly made up for lost time.

But it is really a rudimentary problem, and the children need to feel at a very early age the whiplash of the results of indolence: long dull lives washing dishes and seeing television movies of countries like Japan and West Germany with thriving populations. □

Cruel & Unusual Punishment

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15

The passage by a large majority in the Senate of a bill that would forbid smoking on commercial airplanes isn't yet the Anti-Airborne-Smoking Act. Before that happens, there will need to be a conference between senators and members of the House to settle whatever differences in emphasis distinguish their respective positions.

Both Houses are saying about the same thing, and the vote in the Senate was by heavy voice vote. Smoking is bad for you. Smoke contaminates other people. Flight attendants are crazy-mad enthusiastic for the bill.

Now the heaviest smoking is done by the relatively ignorant class: more and more, those who are sophisticated in matters involving health don't smoke. It happens that most of the people who travel are members of that class: businessmen, white-collar workers, professionals. With the result that although 30 per cent of American adults smoke (the figure is probably 50 per cent of non-adults), only 20 per cent of regular fliers smoke.

Now it is surprising to this ex-smoker that Senator Frank Lautenberg should be proceeding with his campaign to ban smoking in the spirit of Savonarola. You can smell it from his rhetoric. The senator is talking about Evil! He is the recovered alcoholic who wants to keep other people from drinking. He is the Don Juan grown jaded, who wheezes against fornication. What Senator Lautenberg tends to forget is that smoking is a most powerfully addictive habit (drug?), and compensations need to be made for it. Whereby hangs a tale.



On New Year's morn-

ing in 1954 my wife and I woke up feeling a little bit the ravages of the night before. We resolved that a little mortification of the flesh was in order, and agreed we would there and then give up smoking cigarettes. Twenty-four hours later we decided that only two courses of action were plausibly open to us. Either a) one of us would resume smoking, or b) we would be divorced. We tossed a coin, and I lost (won?). She still smokes and, like a few smokers I know, is miserable if made to go five hours without smoking, which is exactly what the Senate wishes to do to anyone who flies from New York to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, or Vancouver.

Now traveling on airplanes is for many people a relatively anxious experience. Oh, they do it all the time, but there is a certain tension there when one contemplates that one is whizzing along six miles above the earth at six hundred miles per hour in a little cylinder with an aluminum carapace about an eighth of an inch thick. We noblemen who do not smoke easily forget the kind of relief that is experienced by smokers when there is tension. Not only when there is tension in the air, but also when there is tension on the ground. It is lamentable to admit it, but it is simply true that tobacco smoking does that to people, and the question before the house ought to be: Is the compensating satisfaction given to the 80 per cent who do not smoke in any way equal to the sheer frustrating pain visited upon those who do smoke? Jeremy Bentham might have explored his utilitarian coefficient, which asks about the greatest good for the greatest number, but it is by no means clear that you could equate the relative satisfaction of the eighty passengers with the excruciating pain of the deprived twenty.

Enlist me in any crusade gently to lower and to lower the number of smokers, in the hope that a few decades from now cigarette smoking will be as quaint as snuff-taking. But between now and then reasonable measures need to be taken. No one allergic to smoke, whether biologically or aesthetically, should be required to share a small office with a smokestack. Large restaurants should be free to search out their own arrangements: if the majority are emphatic in refusing to patronize a restaurant that permits smoking, why, let the restaurant owner impose his sanctions, little by little. The railroads have smoking cars, and the buses have smoking sections, and smokers can do without their cigarettes in taxis and riding up on elevators. But we should curb those instincts in us to impose on others reforms we have painfully undertaken. It is one thing to apply pressure on a single person to give up smoking and along with it his/her perpetual hacking cough; another to pretend that someone smoking in the back of the airplane is going to give *us* a hacking cough or a malignant tumor or a heart attack. Maybe the smokers will need to appeal to the Fourteenth Amendment. Why not? Everybody else does. □

So Long, Ed

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13

Twenty-four years ago I ran for mayor of New York City. That I should have won that race, under the sponsorship of the Conservative Party, was not problematical, it was out of the question. The highest score the fledgling Conservatives had got up to that point was about 3 per cent. The point in running was to ventilate publicly alternative views of sensible municipal government. The newspapers published my views, they were expressed on television, I wrote a book about them, and I taught a course at the New School called "Conservative Views and Municipal Politics." And now, a quarter-century later, it is roughly speaking fair to say that these views have not prevailed. Schooling in New York, under the monolithic control of the teachers' bureaucracy, is both more expensive and worse than it was. Spending by the city is wild. (At the time I ran, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith opined that there was "nothing wrong with New York that doubling its budget wouldn't cure." Mayor John Lindsay saw Galbraith and raised him another 100 per cent and most things became worse.) Crime is rampant, rent control is a continuing cause of building sclerosis, and city-wide pensions beginning as early as age forty require taxes heavy enough to drive people away from the city who should be staying in it. My bicycle overpass hasn't been built.

Enough. The late Theodore White, a shrewd, liberal political analyst and historian, gave it as his opinion in an article 14 years ago that New York City was "ungovernable." The reason for it, he said, is that over one million voters either work for the city or are closely related to those who do, and they will not tolerate any diminution in their perks. That, he said, was the basic scaffolding of city politics: everybody's right to everything, resulting in everybody's victimization by everything. The candidates this time around needed to be judged with that perspective in mind. Ronald Lauder has defended the correct principles and was wiped out by Rudolph Giuliani, who sought to ingratiate himself with the Liberal Party even as John Lindsay did. Lindsay and the Liberal Party won, the city lost. Giuliani wiped out Lauder in the Republican primary, notwithstanding a sustained negative campaign against him which, in the opinion of many, Lauder's managers cruelly overdid —for instance—in suggesting that Giuliani tolerated references to Auschwitz to intimidate Jewish defendants.

David Dinkins is a kindly man, utterly the prisoner of liberal shibboleths. He has been campaigning in New York City for six months and if one were to arrest a passerby on the street and ask what did Dinkins stand for he would only be able to mutter, "Racial reconciliation." If Mr. Dinkins can offer the city anything other than his own good nature and easy-going intelligence, we will need to find this out.

The human focus of the campaign was, of course, Ed Koch. He came to prominence as an anti-machine Democrat, defeating Tammany Hall's Carmine DeSapio. He went to Congress, and then became mayor. Not since Fiorello LaGuardia did any mayor so crowd the scene as Ed Koch. Although he did not go on the air to read the funny papers to us when there was a newspaper strike, one sometimes had the impression that he was the traffic cop on the corner, the third-grade schoolteacher, the garbage-disposal-truck driver, and the admissions officer at the city hospital. If there was a public function without Koch, it meant only that he was at the other public function, going on simultaneously. It sometimes seemed as though he looked for opportunities to estrange other public figures, many of whom featured as objects of scorn & derision in his best-selling book. He was surrounded, the city would learn, by crooked politicians, though they had got to where they were before Koch became mayor. When they got into trouble, Ed Koch would shrug his shoulders and suggest that it is true that this is a wicked world with wicked people in it.

But it appears that his most ingratiating quality, an unquenchable thirst for candor, was what finally did him in. This was his statement, in the spring of last year, that no Jewish voter in his right mind would vote for Jesse Jackson. Although there is no reason to conclude that this was a racist statement, it was so interpreted, and resented by blacks and by many Jews, who joined a consolidated black–Hispanic community in voting No to Ed Koch.

For the record, I like Ed Koch, and I think he is a good man and the quintessential New Yorker. He has been a personal friend for twenty years, and the only favor I ever asked him, he granted: which was to invite a harpsichordist to Gracie Mansion to perform in commemoration of Bach's three-hundredth birthday. Our politics take us on separate roads, but though the difference between us is for that reason great, I am glad to say that we were arm-in-arm as personal friends, and will, I hope, continue to be. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

OFF THE RECORD

■ The Evans & Novak column in mid-September ran an intriguing item that had the fingerprints of the National Republican Congressional Committee all over it. It blamed the narrow two-point loss in Jim Wright's former district fairly and squarely on somebody else: namely, President Bush and Senator Phil Gramm for failing to campaign in the district.

That, however, is not the view of the local campaigners. Fred Meyer, Texas Republican State Chairman, exonerated both men to Cato: "Gramm raised a bunch of money for the candidate, wrote letters; and George Bush met with him in Washington, endorsed him, and appeared on a telephonic hook-up. I have no problem with the way the President and the senator handled it." Indeed, as Meyer points out, the Republican performance was not that bad—49 per cent of the vote in a district that went 65 per cent for Wright last year. Why was the NRCC so touchy?

For touchy it certainly was, going off like a rocket one week later when the article by *NR*'s publisher, Wick Allison, "How to Win an Election," appeared. Local GOP leaders, said Mr. Allison, had complained to him that the "arrogant" NRCC was disinclined to listen to views that did not originate in Washington. In Washington, of course, it was disinclined to listen to views that did not originate at the NRCC.

The article's publication caused a small earthquake in Washington (casualty count: still unknown). The NRCC itself distributed "The Annotated Guide to Wick Allison's Piece," a point-by-point reply. And NRCC spokesman John Buckley came out fighting. "It makes as little sense to put us, with a new leadership that has been in place less than six months, in the position of defending the past as it would to attack Wick Allison and John O'Sullivan for, say, the quality of NATIONAL REVIEW cover art circa 1984." ("Oh?" comments Mr. Buckley's uncle, our Editor-in-Chief. "In 1984 we won two national awards for our covers.")

"Forcing us to defend the past, when we are a new regime," John Buckley continues, "is an exercise in futility that only impedes our ability to move toward what I assume to be the common goal in electing a conservative Congress." Another source close to the NRCC finds Mr. Buckley's defense more convincing as to the recently arrived Mr. Rollins than the long-serving Mr. Vander Jagt.

Finally, Evans & Novak, having dug deeper, revealed that after criticism from the White House, the NRCC is feeling the heat. Stay tuned.



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■ On the other side of the aisle, Senator Barbara Mikulski of Maryland recently invoked her immigrant great-grandmother, a faithful Pole "who had on her mantelpiece three pictures, one of Pope Pius XII, her spiritual leader; the second of Uncle Joe, who made the police force, and we were proud of that; and the third was Roosevelt" (whose picture, we are glad to learn, was turned face down after Yalta).

What great-grandmother would have made of Senator Mikulski's sponsorship of a successful amendment to restore $15 million in funding to the United Nations Fund for Population Activities is anyone's guess. U.S. assistance was cut off in 1985 by the Reagan Administration because of UNFPA's support for forced abortion in China. Senator Mikulski says the agency no longer supports this policy.

Yet is China's problem too few condoms, or too much Communism? The U.S. Agency for International Development's Woods Report, named for Alan Woods, the USAID administrator who released it earlier this year before his untimely death, casts doubt on overpopulation talk. "The population 'problem' actually reflects the progress made in keeping people alive throughout the world." We bet Pope Pius, Uncle Joe, and great-grandmother would agree. As for FDR, his photo has always been face down at *NR*.

■ Robert McNamara, having already engineered the U.S. failure in Vietnam and done his utmost to get the Third World into ever more debt, was here in town to promote his latest manual of practical statesmanship [see "Books, Arts & Manners"]. Speaking at the National Press Club to a decidedly aged contingent from Camelot, he noted that when he first came into office, the top marginal tax rate on income was 92 per cent—compared to 28 per cent today. "We could take care of all" of America's economic problems, he said, if only we raised that latter figure some. Just call it "Edsel Economics."

■ A very different crowd showed up the other Sunday for the "Family Salute to Oliver North," held safely outside the Beltway in Chantilly, Virginia. Colonel North was in fine form. In an hour-long speech he plugged the capital-gains-tax reduction, called for the restoration of the Reagan Doctrine, and insisted on the primacy of family values, noting that in his day "kids were thrown out of parochial schools for swearing" while today they are "kicked out of public schools for praying." Such was the enthusiasm of the crowd that even the press joined in the Pledge of Allegiance and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Fortunately, no one from the ACLU was taking names.

■ Hidden in the Labor Health and Human Services authorization bill is a little item naming a building at the National Institutes of Health after former Senator Lowell Weicker, whose early retirement was helped along by Buckpac. Have they no sense of decency? Or even survival? —CATO



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