
EDITORIALS



THE FORMIDABLE MISS TUTWILER

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Like millions of other Americans I do not know Margaret Tutwiler, but from last month's news reports I get the impression that she is a formidable woman. Certainly she had a mighty impact on Congressman Donald J. Albosta and his Democratic colleagues who have been working so hard to uncover the origins of those Carter briefing papers that happened into the hands of James A. Baker 3d while he prepared candidate Reagan for his 1980 debate. Such is the colossal probity and persuasiveness of Miss Tutwiler that a magisterial word or two intoned by her to Congressman Albosta's panel was all that was required to reveal William J. Casey as a procurer of those stolen goods and possibly even an occasion of sin for young James A. Baker 3d.

Casey, whose public career goes back many decades, was head of the Reagan campaign in 1980. Now full of years and honors he is the head of the

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highly secret but still apparently quite useful Central Intelligence Agency. Nonetheless last month House Speaker O'Neill suggested it might be time for President Reagan to replace him; Casey is often the target of charges from the Hon. O'Neill's Democrats, and the Hon. O'Neill fears that with this most recent charge grave "damage" has been done to Casey's "credibility." True, last year when Congressman Albosta announced his plan to investigate how Carter debate materials reached Republican headquarters, the Hon. O'Neill doubted that Albosta's Post Office and Civil Service subcommittee had jurisdiction. Yet now that Miss Tutwiler has spoken the Speaker of the House is all for still more investigations, and apparently he favors Casey's retirement.

Miss Tutwiler was identified in Congressman Albosta's two-volume report as the "credible witness" who "corroborated" White House Chief of Staff Baker's assertion that he received the Carter papers from Casey. Casey has steadfastly denied Baker's assertion. When it was first made Casey strode into the offices of the *New York Times* and rather breathtakingly declared that for him to have trafficked in those unsavory documents would have been "totally uncharacteristic and quite incredible." Apropos of such sneaky business he noted that "After being involved in seven presidential campaigns, I know that's dynamite." The Carter briefing books "could have destroyed the campaign." Casey also signed an affidavit to this effect.

Nonetheless Miss Tutwiler has spoken, and though she is described in the Albosta Report as a "loyal Baker aide" her words in support of Baker's story and in opposition to Casey's have put Casey in the soup with men such as O'Neill and Albosta, who incidentally is a member of the Sugar Beet Growers Association and a man who knows how to look beneath the surface of things. His report concludes that the "better evidence" is that Casey lied and that the Attorney General must

needs appoint an independent prosecutor to get on with the political high jinks of harassing Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign director.

Casey believes that all this is pish-posh and malevolent. Casey's friends in the Administration are very irate, and not only with their Democratic antagonists. Congressman Albosta's Report proves no misconduct on the part of Casey. All it contains is Baker's allegation, and all that Miss Tutwiler and a few others have done is pass on what Baker told them. The Report does not establish who in the Carter campaign stole the briefing papers. It does not even establish precisely what these materials were. All that it does establish is that Baker had this stolen property, copied it, and made use of it.

THE HART BULL

Last April, Gary Hart, the candidate of Yuppie America, found himself at one of the most he-man universities in America, Texas A & M. There he let off a fierce blast against poor Walter Mondale, accusing him of complicity in the "weak," "inept," and "uncertain" administration of Jimmy Carter. Then, with Old Glory snapping in the breeze, he sounded like a Commander in Chief from pre-Yuppie America: "As President I will not hesitate to use force when vital American interests are threatened."

Doubtless for those Yuppies who supported him early in Campaign '84 it was a grim moment. Yet allow me to reassure them. He did not mean it. Yuppies of our great Northeast, tonight you can return with a smile to your unisex gyms, your healthfood shops, your drug therapy centers. Your champion was mere. discharging more humbug for the credulous. The very next sentence of his Texas A & M Manifesto was meant just for you: "But I will not hazard American lives where our purpose is unclear, our goals are unattainable, or negotiation has been left untried." Here then was more of that odd empty gasconade brought into our political oratory in the mid-

In Washington today James A. Baker 3d is a man clothed in magic. He glides through controversies and scandals like a spectral figure, though one that smiles suavely. In last month's burlesque the entire focus of media attention was on the mysterious acquisition of the papers. Baker says he got them from Casey. Casey says he did not and that not one of his six deputies in the campaign had ever heard of them. Baker admits he had them and used them, yet somehow in the media Casey appears as the villain.

This fellow Baker's numinous powers surpass even Miss Tutwiler's. Journalists should approach him circumspectly and with a talisman near their hearts. □

dle 1970s by such masters of the art as Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown. In olden times we called it double talk.

In April's New York primary, the Hon. Hart was securely to the left of Walter Mondale on foreign policy. He



was insistent that we end military assistance to El Salvador "immediately." He was vague about where beyond our borders we might ever use force. He was poetic about how all disagreements between nations can be resolved by negotiations or a check from the U.S. Treasury. This is the real Gary Hart. Believe me, my Yuppie friends, and let no geopolitical hassling divert you from your scramble toward upward mobility and a BMW.

I have in hand a remarkable document, a page of nearly incomprehensible flummeries from the February 28, 1982 *Washington Post*. There in imperishable print your hero is ensnared sounding like a ten-year-old who either does not know the answers to the questions asked or is afraid to say. My

guess is that he does not know the answers. Learned colleagues, such as the political scientist Dr. Karl O'Lessker, tell me that he knows the answers but believes it indiscreet to utter them within earshot of his natural, and quite isolationist, constituency. Whatever the truth might be, the Hon. Hart in this interview sounds like a bright little boy full of good intentions and wonder.

When asked "to what extent does the United States go to resist the formation of a Marxist government" particularly in the Western Hemisphere, his good intentions swell. The United States, he solemnizes, must "deal country by country. . . . I don't think we ought to automatically assume that a self-determined Marxist government is something we can't stand."

Having read my Marx and enjoyed

my Yankee freedoms, I am certain that a Marxist government is quite intolerable to me; but back to the Hon. Hart. Soon the candidate of new ideas is discussing big ideas. He says that "our interest lies in seeing (that) the entire region is not totalitarian or totally anti-American." Thus a modicum of anti-Americanism is permissible, but we must draw the line at "totalitarian."

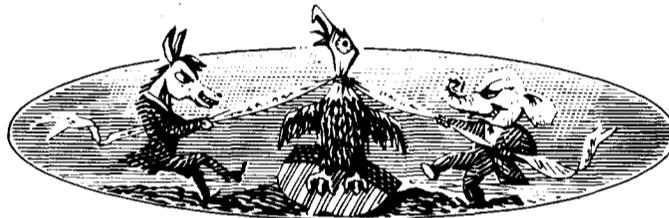
Next he is asked if Nicaragua is totalitarian. "No, not so far as I know." And Cuba? "It's not a government I'd want to live under; it's certainly not democratic." Asked for an example of a totalitarian regime somewhere the Hon. Hart is bold: "Sure. Extremes of the right and the left all over Latin America." "Like?" asks a *Post* writer. "Paraguay," comes the brave reply. "That would be the

right. What about the left?" queries the interviewer. "Well, Cuba is not totalitarian and it's not democratic." The *Post's* interviewer probes deeper: "If Cuba is not a totalitarian government, what is?" Quoth the orator of the Texas A & M Manifesto: "I don't know."

From here the interview goes rapidly in the direction of baby talk. When asked if Cuba is more or less democratic than the USSR or if perhaps it is inaccurate even to describe the land of the KGB as totalitarian, the candidate of ideas ducks the question, says "totalitarian is probably a word that I should not have used," and maunders on about the futility of using military force to protect American interests "even in our hemisphere."

There is the real Gary Hart. □

C A P I T O L I D E A S



CITIZEN HAGS

by Tom Bethell

Last month I went down the road to hear a campaign speech—my first and I trust last this season. The speaker was Sonia Johnson, presidential candidate of the Citizens Party. (In 1980, their candidate was Barry Commoner, who was on the ballot in 30 states and received 236,148 votes.) The location was the University of the District of Columbia. I had not realized that such a place existed, although it is little more than a mile from where I live. It attested, in my opinion, to a local superfluity of tax dollars: a cluster of cumbersome concrete structures, mostly with vertically inscribed signs containing the word "resources" somewhere in the title.

Somewhere underground I found a luxurious auditorium. In the hallway outside tables were set up and women were selling feminist literature—for example, Marianne Wax's *Let's Take Back Our Space: "Female" and "Male" Body Language As a Result of Patriarchal Structures (with 2037 photographs)*. I decided against buying it.

All told there may have been 300 of

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us gathered in the auditorium at the appointed hour—perhaps ten men, and almost no blacks of either sex. Was my "space" a tiny bit threatened? I couldn't help wondering if some of the wimmin who came striding down the aisles in bib-overalls were enrolled in the karate course advertised outside.

There was a warm-up speaker called Mary Daly, who would be reading from her new book, *Pure Lust: Elemental Feminist Philosophy*. In fact, the poster advertising the event had Daly's name in lettering larger than Johnson's. On the cover of her earlier book *Gyn/Ecology* Ms. Daly is called an "associate professor of theology at Boston College," and a "Revolt Hag." I gather that she was once a Catholic and perhaps still does consider herself to be one.

Sonia Johnson you may know about. She is in any event one of my favorite people. According to *Ms.* magazine, she became "instantly internationally famous" in 1979 when she was excommunicated from the Mormon Church for supporting the Equal Rights Amendment. In 1981 Doubleday published her book, *From Housewife to Heretic*, thus confirming

my suspicion that "heretic" has in our time become a term of approval. As *Ms.* put it: "No one could have seemed less likely than Sonia Johnson to become a famous activist, much less a heretic."

I try to keep up with Sonia's antics because they are so odd and so interesting. In 1982 she publicly fasted for 37 days in the corridors of the Illinois legislature, protesting the legislators' manful refusal to ratify ERA; and later that summer I spotted her on Constitution Avenue, when she and a group of like-minded heretics were squirting blood and red paint on the pillars of the National Archives Building. (It contains the U.S. Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and various other male-chauvinist documents.)

Sonia that day was wearing a red T-shirt and sipping a soda as she admired her Jackson Pollock-like handiwork. I approached cautiously and asked her: "Did you say you would like to strangle God?" (as she had written in her book).

"I said I'd like to kill him," she replied. Then she set off resolutely down the street with her little cluster of supportive wimmin, to continue her

protest at the Department of Injustice—J. Edgar's old hangout. At that point a team of charladies, armed with bristly brushes and Ajax, emerged from the Archives Building to clean up the mess.

A few months later Sonia ran for charlady, I mean chairlady, of NOW, but narrowly lost, to my disappointment.

Now she came to the podium—a slight figure wearing a cerise jacket over a mauve top, black trousers, and a button on her lapel reading, "Listen to a Woman for a Change." She told us how "moved" she had been when Mary Daly, whom she evidently regarded as her superior, "recognized and approved of what I was doing." Daly's poetry not only exposed the "motives and machinations of the masters," but helped us "remember our deep ontological wildness." And so Sonia was honored to present her to us.

The Daly Woman had short grizzly hair and wore a horizontal striped rigger-bugger jersey. If you saw her coming down the sidewalk at you, you might well decide to step aside. She