

was unable to find one television show portraying a white male being damaged by affirmative action.

Lynch cites a typical result of this systematic denial of reality: California Democratic Congressman Don Edwards, a mouthpiece of the civil rights establishment, was able to get away with claiming on the *New York Times* op-ed page that quotas did not exist—within weeks of three Supreme Court decisions about them. And supporters insisted that the (Bush-backed) 1991 Civil Rights Act did not impose quotas, although its key point was to override Supreme Court decisions that rejected the notion of racial imbalance as prima facie evidence of employer discrimination.

The result is a “spiral of silence,” whereby people assume their doubts are not shared and suppress them, thus mutually intimidating each other. But opinion polls show quotas are overwhelmingly unpopular, even with the “protected classes” themselves. And when the Democratic party asked pollster Stanley Greenberg to investigate blue-collar defection from the party in 1984, quotas emerged as the crucial factor. The party promptly tried to suppress Greenberg’s report.

Meanwhile, the quota revolution rolls on. Its latest ramification is “diversity management”—permanent quotas, with no pretense that they are remedial or temporary, both for minorities and women, and increasingly for the ongoing wave of non-white immigrants to the U.S.

Quotas are inherently unstable. They inexorably create turf disputes between the various “protected classes.” And they inevitably exacerbate racial polarization, particularly as the articulate white middle classes begin to be hit. Which is why Lynch thinks affirmative action is headed for “crisis.” This vulnerability accounts for quota supporters’ mounting fervor—above all their increasingly wild accusations of “racism.” There can be no doubt that until conservatives break the extraordinary power of this taboo in American debate, they will never get control of the culture.

Getting control of the quota debate itself will be comparatively easy. Recently I wrote an article on Lynch’s work in *Forbes* magazine—one of the very rare occasions when I’ve been allowed to address this topic. The first reactions, from victims, were pathetically grateful.

The later reactions—probably the result of xeroxed copies reaching affirmative action enforcers who don’t normally bother to read the business press—expressed outrage that the article had appeared at all. And there was none of this elaborate flimflam about the equal opportunity meaning equal outcomes or remediality or transitional periods with

which liberal judges have cloaked their corruption of the law. These letters rashly echoed the response of the California prisons official quoted by Lynch. Asked about reverse discrimination against white officers, “He simply smirked and stated, ‘It’s your turn now.’”

This is an argument that even George Bush could have won. □

NOFZIGER

Lyn Nofziger

Regnery Gateway / 370 pages / \$21.95

reviewed by VICTOR GOLD

There are two sayings everyone in politics should learn. One is an old Kennedy family motto: Don't get mad, get even. The other was given to me by a newspaperman friend, John Pinkerman, after I had lost an in-house power struggle while working for the Copley News Service. "Just remember," Pinkerman consoled me, "if you sit by the window long enough they all come by." According to my wife Bonnie, neither saying is fitten for a good Christian lad to adopt, but believe me, if you turn the other cheek in politics you wind up with two bruised cheeks.

—Lyn Nofziger

Fair notice: This is by way of what’s known in the trade as a sweetheart review, Lyn Nofziger being one of my favorite people; but as the subject of this salty, spirited political autobiography might say, What the hell, liberals do it all the time, why shouldn’t we?

That out of the way, let it be said that it takes a certain degree of chutzpah to title an autobiography with your surname alone, but no one ever mistook Lyn Nofziger for a shrinking violet and came away without at least one bruised cheek. Not that Nofziger—or, as it were, *Nofziger*—is arrogant. On the contrary, he is as unassuming as the

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rumpled shirt collar around which he twists his trademark Mickey Mouse tie; quite humble, as a matter of fact, for a political player who in his time has been a high-level adviser to two Presidents.

No, the chutzpah that makes it possible for Nofziger, like some NFL or NBA superstar, to strut his name—knowing it will be recognized by any fan of the American political game—is the kind derived from a unique style of play. He is an original, a man who, on being told by Richard Nixon not to let the Democrats “get away with any lies,” replied, “Mr. President, I’m not even going to let them get away with the truth.”

A native Californian who once covered Washington as a correspondent for the Copley chain, Nofziger was brought into the Nixon White House in October 1969 to run a propaganda operation (Nofziger’s words). He would sit there in his Old EOB office, beneath a sign that said DON’T GET MAD GET EVEN, thinking and talking hardball politics twelve to fourteen hours a day. By the time Watergate broke, though, Nofziger had left the White House to put his singular propaganda skills to work on behalf of the Republican National Committee, then headed by Senator Bob Dole. →

For, although he had been in the Nixon White House, Nofziger was never of it. He had come to politics as Ronald Reagan's press secretary in Sacramento, a conservative true believer portrayed by one liberal West Coast cartoonist as playing a rotund Sancho Panza to Reagan's angular Don Quixote. And it was as one of the original Reaganauts, first on the presidential campaign trail, then in the Reagan White House, that he secured his reputation as one of the most skilled operatives on the modern political scene—though not without mixed feelings about the game he played.

"Politics is a strange business," writes

Nofziger in an uncharacteristically dour mood. "No hard and fast rules, few loyalties, no lasting gratitude." Nofziger gives those words of caution as the moral to a story he tells about a well-known United States senator who, having asked and received numerous favors from Ronald Reagan, repaid the debt by turning his back on his benefactor when needed.

The ingrate's name? You'll have to buy the book to find out. I am, as I say, the author's friend, and the fact that he pulls no punches and spares no names is the juice that makes *Nofziger* a read well worth the price. □

THE CLAWS OF THE DRAGON:
KANG SHENG—THE EVIL GENIUS BEHIND MAO—
AND HIS LEGACY OF TERROR IN PEOPLE'S CHINA

John Byron and Robert Pack

Simon & Schuster / 560 pages / \$27.50

reviewed by WILLIAM MCGURN

In the early spring of 1927, Shanghai's Communists were sitting pretty. After two abortive uprisings against the city's warlord establishment, a general strike timed to take advantage of the approach of the Nationalist Kuomintang Army—the Communists and the KMT were then still allied—led to their capture of the Chinese sections of the city. With most of Chiang Kai-shek's partisans bogged down in the provisional capital of Nanking, the Communists were in an excellent position to present their brother revolutionaries in the KMT with a fait accompli in Shanghai.

Or so they thought. Less than two weeks after they had seized control, Chiang availed himself of the services of

William McGurn, who recently returned to Hong Kong as senior editor of the Far East Economic Review, is the author of Perfidious Albion: The Abandonment of Hong Kong 1997 (Ethics and Public Policy Center).

a prominent local hoodlum whose goons set out in force to root out and destroy Chiang's erstwhile Communist allies. This is the "White Terror" of the history books, and it would last until the Japanese invasion a decade later.

Perhaps the most notorious incident in this campaign was the January 1931 arrest in the International Settlement of a faction of Chinese Communists led by He Mengxiong. Inasmuch as the arrest had occurred in the foreign-run concessions, there were certain legal formalities in turning them over to the Chinese courts. Once these were dispensed with, the Communists were handed over to the KMT, who then transferred them to a prison on the outskirts of Shanghai. There two dozen of them—twenty-one men and three women—were told they would be transported to Nanking for trial. Marched out of the prison yard in chains, they instead found themselves before a KMT judge, who barked out a summary death sentence. They died

singing the *Internationale* as a firing squad did its work.

Despite efforts to keep the massacre secret, news leaked out. For among those executed were five prominent local poets and authors. The foreign press in particular made big play of the "Five Martyrs," suggesting that the KMT was pursuing a general suppression of artists. Among the 104 American authors who protested "the torture and execution of writers in China for their political opinions" were Sinclair Lewis, Robert Frost, Thornton Wilder, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Theodore Dreiser, Will Durant, Lewis Mumford, John Dewey, Edmund Wilson, and Malcolm Cowley.

The killings brought international opprobrium on the KMT. But there was one hitch. The man responsible for their arrest was neither freelance warlord nor KMT officer. In fact, he was a member of the Communist Central Committee, and he'd turned over the information about He Mengxiong and the Five Martyrs to the foreign and KMT police because they belonged to a faction trying to wrest control of the Party from the Soviet-directed Comintern. His name was Kang Sheng.

He Mengxiong was not the first comrade Kang Sheng turned on, and he would by no means be the last. Virtually unknown in the West, Kang Sheng was China's answer to Feliks Dzerzhinsky, founder of the forerunner of the KGB. Over the course of almost five decades his name was synonymous with terror in China, even more inside the Party than outside. *The Claws of the Dragon*, by a former diplomat writing under the pseudonym John Byron and by journalist Robert Pack, is his story, based on an internal Communist Party biography intended to heap blame on Kang for most past Communist depredations, a copy of which was leaked to Byron in Peking in 1983. Kang, say the authors, was the "evil genius" behind Mao and in his life can be found "the missing pieces in many of the jigsaw puzzles of twentieth-century China."

Like many a mandarin in the worker's state, Kang was no beer-hall Bolshevik. He possessed a keen eye for antiquities, and excelled at painting and Chinese script; indeed, he had the exceptionally rare talent of wielding the calligrapher's brush with his left as well as his right