

### Hillary Rodham Clinton Portrait Committee

For Yale Law School, its very own  
Mona Lisa:

Dear Graduates, Students, Colleagues, and  
Friends:

We are writing to ask your support for a  
portrait of Hillary Rodham Clinton '73, to  
be displayed on the walls of the Yale Law  
School.

Many students have expressed dismay  
over the lack of women alumnae, honored  
on the walls of the law school. We believe  
that Hillary Rodham Clinton represents  
some of the finest accomplishments of Yale  
Law graduates. Her portrait will be an  
inspiration for all Yale Law students, and  
for women students, in particular.

Dean Kronman has enthusiastically  
endorsed our project. However, it is the law  
school's policy to commission and finance  
only portraits of former deans, alumni (ae)  
appointed to the Supreme Court, and alum-  
ni (ae) elected president. Therefore, we  
look to you to assist with Hillary Rodham  
Clinton's portrait.

Will you help by making a contribu-  
tion? Please send whatever you can, and  
remember that all contributions are tax  
deductible. We appreciate matching contri-  
butions from employers. Kindly make your  
check payable to Yale Law School/H.  
Clinton Portrait, and send it in care of  
Gloria McHugh, Yale Law School Alumni  
Office, Box 208215, New Haven, CT  
06520-8215. We would be most grateful if  
you could send your contribution by  
December 1, 1995.

Thank you for your help. All donors  
will be invited to attend the unveiling cere-  
mony, tentatively scheduled for the fall of  
1996.

Very sincerely yours,

Paul Gaber            Juliette Hirt  
Alexander Kayne   Elizabeth Van Schaack  
[September 15, 1995]

### Reliable Sources (CNN)

Ellen Hume, another Puritan in  
Babylon:

ELLEN HUME: See, that's the whole point.  
The *Standard* is a serious magazine and I  
welcome it and I plan to subscribe to it. I  
think it's actually had a very strong first  
issue. I think we learned things from it.  
And you know what's so welcome about  
it? It is not hanging politics on precisely  
what *George* and what *The American  
Spectator* and so many other of these rags  
hang it on, which is sex and gossip and  
flash.

[September 10, 1995]

### Vevay Reveille-Enterprise (Vevay, Indiana)

Proof you will not be pulling the wool  
over the eyes of the Machiavelli of  
Switzer Square:

I received a letter from President Clinton,  
and I am proud. He wrote to me:

"Dear Mrs. Ida M. Peters:

"Thank you so much for taking the time  
to let me know your thoughts. I have been  
touched by the encouragement and advice I  
have received from people like you who  
care deeply about the future of our country.

"My administration is fighting for the  
changes we Americans want and need, real  
changes that will build a more secure and  
prosperous future, and create a greater  
opportunity for all Americans. I hope you  
will stay involved, and I send you my best  
wishes.

"Sincerely, Bill Clinton."

Now I am so proud that we have a  
President who really cares for us common  
people. Mr. Clinton is everything I said he  
was—a sincere, caring man for all us peo-  
ple. I don't know about you Republicans,  
but this Democrat is very proud of our  
President.

Ida M. Peters

Switzer Square, Vevay

[October 5, 1995]

### Associated Press

WHAT?

The administration wants to use 20,000  
U.S. troops as part of a NATO peacekeep-  
ing force that will go to Bosnia promptly if  
ethnic Serbs, Croats and Muslims reach a  
settlement. Defense Secretary William  
Perry told the Senate Armed Services  
Committee that U.S. troops would not be in  
the former Yugoslav republic for more than  
a year. Secretary of State Warren  
Christopher said: "If we want the killing to  
stop, if we want to end the worst conflict in  
Europe since World War II, then we must  
follow through on the strategy that brought  
us to this point."

[October 17, 1995]

### New York Times

Sportswriter George Vecsey, corseted in  
political correctitude and looking anile:

So now we have the politically incorrect  
World Series. The series should be about  
long-suffering Cleveland or long-suffering  
Atlanta finally winning another World  
Series.

Instead, this so-called World Series—  
another outdated concept—is going to  
offend millions of Americans whose roots  
go back before the Mayflower and all the  
other ships.

The only way newcomers tend to notice  
American Indians is from the growth of  
casinos on tribal lands. I don't list gam-  
bling among the top thousand admirable  
human activities, but I won't demand that  
American Indians stop running gambling  
joints until Trump and Bally and municipi-  
palities do.

My real question is, what do we do  
about these demeaning nicknames for the  
next week or 10 days? I cannot twist my  
sentences enough to refer to "the team from  
Cleveland" and "the team from Atlanta"  
but I respect the writers and even entire  
newspapers that will perform that enlight-  
ened act of contortion.

[October 19, 1995]

### Arkansas Democrat-Gazette

Hillary Rodham Clinton, the *D-G's* Frank Rich, convenes another erotic public policy discussion:

I remember lying in bed a few days after Chelsea's birth, when I was still getting accustomed to breast-feeding. Suddenly, I noticed foam in her nose. Afraid that she was convulsing, I pushed every call button within reach.

When the nurse arrived, she assured me that I was simply holding the baby at an awkward angle, making it difficult for her to swallow the milk she took in.

That wasn't the only time nurses came to my rescue during my stay at the hospital. They taught me to bathe and feed my daughter, and also gave me a chance to recover from the emotional and physical toll of a Caesarean section.

[October 1, 1995]

### Chicago Sun-Times

Another whopper from the Odd Couple:

How do you ever get any privacy as a couple? How can romance thrive when you live above the office with a 'round-the-clock staff?

Well, you improvise.

One night last summer, for example, when it was extremely hot and humid, we thought it would be nice to go for a dip in the White House swimming pool.

It was very late. Chelsea was away at camp. So we grabbed our towels, tiptoed through the Oval Office, and sneaked through some bushes in pitch black. Without anybody around, we went for a midnight swim.

It will be a little too cold this week to celebrate our 20th anniversary with a dip in the pool. But I think I've come up with an equally romantic way to mark the day.

You might be able to guess what it is.

But sorry, I'm not telling.

[October 8, 1995]

### New York Times Book Review

Dr. Katherine Paterson, author of "novels for children," proves herself to be the classic Liberal know-it-all:

But there seems to be no end of instruction books. The former Secretary of Education William J. Bennett has two more large virtue books: "The Book of Virtues for Young People" and "The Moral Compass: Stories for a Life's

Journey," a huge (824-page) compilation of vintage poems, stories and essays. His may be the loudest voice, but it is only one of many urging harassed parents to return to "family values," as though there had been some golden age in the past when people didn't abuse or neglect their children, when everyone went to weekly religious services and gave generously to the poor, when politicians did not cheat on their wives or their constituents—in short, as if there had once been in this nation a moral strength that we must strive to recover. It hardly matters that this is a romantic dream. . . .

We all know how much we have learned from great stories and poetry, how literature has made us grow in understanding and compassion, but the learning was our own choice—not something imposed on the story by someone else but something we gained by entering emotionally, intellectually and spiritually into the heart of a great writer. Shouldn't we trust our children to do the same?

No one of us has the answer on how to teach morality, any more than we have the single answer on how to teach reading. But just as children in reading families tend to become readers themselves, children who grow up in loving, moral homes tend to become people of compassion and integrity. Goodness is the fruit of gracious relationships.

[October 5, 1995]

### Reuters

Accolades continue to come in for the Million Man March from friends and well-wishers of Uncle Sam:

Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi congratulated black Moslem leader Louis Farrakhan on "shaking Washington by staging his Million Man March, saying it would help blacks win back their rights. . . .

"The leader of the revolution congratulated Louis Farrakhan on the outstanding success realized by the historic march of the blacks which swept and violently shook the American capital by peaceful and civilized means," the official Libyan News Agency, JANA, quoted Gaddafi as telling Farrakhan by telephone. . . . "Through this the blacks can fulfill their rights in a worthy manner and assert the right of the nation of blacks to enjoy freedom and independence on the American continent. We will unite our capabilities and effort to achieve this."

[October 18, 1995]

### Agence France Presse

And from our friends in old Persia the usual facetiae, ha ha!

The march of hundreds of thousands of black men in Washington was an Islamic "slap in the face" for the United States and its low moral standards, Iran's leader Ali Khamenei said.

Khamenei, speaking in northeast Iran late Tuesday, said participants in the march chanted "Allahu akbar" (God is great) and other slogans "recalling the victory of the Islamic revolution" in Iran in 1979. . . .

The president of the Iranian parliament, Ali Akbar Nategh-Nuri, also praised the march, saying it was a "blow to the myth of U.S. infallibility."

[October 18, 1995]

### Washington Times

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, liberalism's pre-eminent dope-fetcher, hauls in several million Grade-A dopes with this one-liner, intoned just hours after Mr. O.J. Simpson's liberation from Judge Ito:

O.J. can now be a big force, if my judgment, in taking the lead against domestic violence.

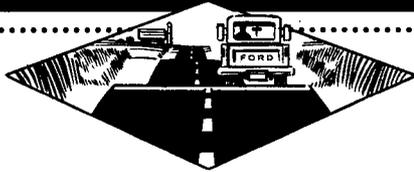
[October 6, 1995]

### Rhetoric Review

Prof. Diane (Mowery) Davis of Old Dominion University expands her playing field:

The building frustration over this impasse for feminists has been evidenced recently in the promotion of Lorena Bobbitt to near demigod(dess) status. The rabid celebration of Bobbitt for having had the ovum(?) to bobbit(t)-off with a kitchen knife is symptomatic of an epidemic of feminist *ressentiment* that's as infectious as the flu. But it seems to me that what's worthy of celebration in the Bobbitt bobbing has nothing to do with the rape or the mutilation, with the repayment of a violation with a violation. What's worth celebrating here has no/thing to do with revenge. The following is a slow-moed creative re/viewing of Lorena's story that lets the spotlight fall precisely on what our logocentric perceptions have no capacity to recognize. Recognition, in this instance, calls for the engagement of an/Other sensibility entirely. Lorena, this essay suggests, should indeed be celebrated—not because she cuts it off, not because she keeps it—but because she pitches it. And in pitching it, she dis/covers a way out of the binary system all together, and so a way out of phallogocentrism. Let's zoom in on her dilemma.

[Vol. 14, No. 1, Fall 1995]



## Leave Him Alone

by Byron York

Lately conservative political activists have been falling over each other in a rush to kill the presidential candidacy of Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole. One insider reports that anti-Dole whisperings dominate inside-the-Beltway gatherings, from Grover Norquist's breakfasts to Paul Weyrich's lunches to R. Emmett Tyrrell's dinners (and perhaps even between meals). The moderate Dole, the whispers say, doesn't stand a chance of being elected.

What to do? Favorites like Quayle, Bennett, Cheney, and Kemp aren't running—and conservatives can't seem to bear the man who woos them most ardently, Texas Senator Phil Gramm. Nor have they mustered much enthusiasm for any of the other politicians chasing the Republican nomination. So for the moment they've turned their attention to Colin Powell. After first revealing himself to be essentially a New Democrat, a sort of Clinton with character, Powell now appears to be tailoring his message to appeal to the right. Some of them are buying it. Why? It's impossible to answer that question without asking another: Why do they hate Bob Dole?

For years Dole has suffered from the label "moderate." He was too willing to make deals with Democrats. He didn't buy into supply-side in the early '80s. He voted to raise taxes in hopes of avoiding the horrendous deficits that came anyway. He was notoriously suspicious of ideologues at a time when ideologues came to dominate his party. How could a Reaganite true believer not hate him?

At the same time the mainstream punditocracy has alternately embraced and vilified Dole. He was the GOP hatchet man of the '70s. In the '80s he became the voice of Republican reason who tried to talk sense into those Reagan zealots. Later, when Clinton came to power, it was back to Bad Old Bob. Dole was "mean" and

*Byron York is a writer and television producer in Washington.*

"cold" and lacked the compassion that Democrats had in such great supply.

But then Newt Gingrich burst into power. Now *here* was somebody the liberal press could hammer, and almost at once the daily parade of stories lamenting the rise of extremism focused on the new Speaker of the House. For liberals, Dole again became the bulwark against the radicals, this time the ones running the House. No more Mr. Mean.

That was the last straw for Dole's conservative enemies. They've seen this happen before. They've always distrusted his moderation; now they *really* can't stand him, because the people they hate have again begun to like him.

But Dole needs conservative support. So, in one of the terrible rituals of politics, he is courting the activists who view him with contempt, signing their pledges, bashing Hollywood, and rejecting a donation from the Log Cabin Republicans. Dole seems resigned to doing it. As his hero, Richard Nixon, told him, "You have to run as far as you can to the right, because that's where forty percent of the people who decide the nomination are. And to get elected you have to run as fast as you can back to the middle, because only about four percent of the nation's voters are on the extreme right wing."

Maybe that's what it takes. Dole knows a presidential candidate has to knit together an almost impossible coalition of people with an almost impossible number of interests. So he pays lip service to some. It's a tradition. Does anyone remember Ronald Reagan denouncing abortion and then not doing too terribly much about it, beyond speaking—by phone, not in person—to the yearly Right-to-Life rally? Does anyone remember his straight-faced appeals for a Balanced Budget Amendment? Does anyone think Colin Powell or anybody else running for president *wouldn't* do the same sort of thing?

With so many people arrayed against him—except, so far, the voters—Dole seems to be slipping. But he goes on, fighting at age 72 for something he most likely won't ever get. How characteristic. Just read Richard Ben Cramer's astonishing portrait of the young Bob Dole in *What It Takes*.<sup>1</sup> Cramer describes Dole, grievously wounded in World War II, returning to Russell, Kansas in 1945. He couldn't move, had no feeling in most of his body, and lay for months in a body cast. Infections and blood clots almost killed him several times as 1945 passed, then 1946, then 1947. In those years, Dole often looked at the other disabled veterans in his hospital ward and struggled with a nightmare vision: "Sometimes," Cramer writes, "he could actually see himself on Main Street, Russell, in a wheelchair, with a cup." Later, when he got better, he worked days and nights pulling on ropes and weights set up in the backyard, trying to make his arm work again. His mother would say, "Bob, don't you want to rest?" but he would just keep on.

He is still pulling, although it is hard for an outside observer to know why. Certainly it is sometimes embarrassing and painful to see the price he's willing to pay to win, especially given the puny stature of some of his opponents. The current occupant of the White House, for example, has to peddle stories to a women's magazine about being in the room when his step-daddy took a pot-shot at his mama. Why, he could have been killed! That's not quite in the league of a genuinely courageous man like Dole.

But conservatives have no use for him. And that's a shame, because Dole's experience and skills—after all, he really *does* know how to make a deal—could be quite useful in the presidency. Who knows? A Dole White House and a Gingrich Congress might be the type of divided government a conservative could learn to love. □

<sup>1</sup> The Dole section of this 1992 book about six presidential contenders is now available in a new paperback edition entitled *Bob Dole* (Vintage Books, 165 pages, \$11).