

and, in my year, I found many first-rate minds whose company I treasured and who remain valued friends.

I am puzzled by the claim that Britain has nothing comparable to IAS, since I have been appointed Visiting Fellow at Clare Hall, Cambridge University, to pursue research there in 1992. But that does not detract from my admiration for Professor Garland and my pleasure in addressing his points.

On 'Vermont's Secession'

Frank Bryan's "The Case for Vermont's Secession" (April 1991) was heartwarming to those of us who believe that Abraham Lincoln was the midwife to the Leviathan that today straddles the Potomac River, and that the U.S. Constitution was the most important casualty of the American Civil War.

I wish Mr. Bryan and his sympathizers the best of luck in moving toward

secession. While I find no fault in his reasoning, there are two negative factors I don't believe he has considered. First, if Vermont secedes, what will it do about the millions of refugees streaming in from the remaining 49 states (myself included)? Second, you will probably all be shot.

Still, freedom is such a cheerful and tempting prospect.

—J. Michael Bolinski
Devon, PA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE NOW FAMOUS VIDEO of the Los Angeles police beating did not, for me, evoke the formulaic outrage that the media intended. Instead, strangely, it brought back a flood of memories from my misspent youth, a year of which was passed as a reporter on the "police beat" of a daily newspaper in a medium-sized city. Every day I was in and around the station house, the courts, and scenes of crime and disaster (which, among other things, has made me a better historian than if I had spent the same time in a library).

In those days it was not a foregone conclusion that when there was a difference of opinion between a law officer and a felon, a reporter would always side with the felon. I had other advantages as well: I was the son of a fire captain who had more than once been subjected to sniper fire by "civil rights" activists while trying to keep neighbors' houses from burning down. For these and other reasons, my liberal education had not taken and my sympathies were generally with the cops, humanly flawed as they often were.

One day off duty I saw an incident that crystallized a lifelong determination to always give the police the benefit of the doubt. I was on my way from lunch, walking across the main square of Charlotte, literally the busiest spot in the Carolinas, and thronged with the noon crowd. A young man was coming down the sidewalk toward me. He was white, about 19, clean-cut, and neatly dressed. Without warning, he began striking people in the face with his fist as he passed them.

The only authority in sight was a

short, overweight policeman, well into middle age. He ran puffing down the block and grappled with the youth, trying to restrain him. The officer soon saw he was getting the worst of it. He gave the young man a tap with his nightstick—a quite gentle tap under the circumstances. That did not do the trick and was followed by a second.

Imagine the reaction of the passers-by who came upon the scene only at the end. They saw a nice-looking young man lying on the sidewalk with blood flowing from his head, an unprepossessing policeman hovering over him with a club. I noted the oohs and ahs issuing from three very well-dressed women, of the incorrigible upper-middle-class do-gooder type, who had just come up. It was clear where their sympathies lay.

For the policeman, it was a no-win. Suppose he had not subdued the aggressor? The same women would have been screaming at the failure of protection. For all I know he was chewed out the next day by the chief, who was much more interested in fitting in at the country club than in the welfare of his men. Lesson: our reactions are often aesthetic and self-indulgent when they ought to be rational and ethical. Spoiled Americans want to rule the world and live in prosperity and safety, but we get in a dudgeon when reminded of the ugly details.

President Bush is a cultural type of exactly the same cut as the three women, who were undoubtedly the wives of transplanted Northern corporation executives, eager to believe the worst of a red-neck Southern cop. The

President avowed that what he saw of the Rodney King tape "sickened" him. I seem to recall a campaign clip of the President shoulder to shoulder in solidarity with the Boston police. But maybe that was only a campaign position, like being against taxes and affirmative action.

As far as I know, no one pointed out that this fastidious TV viewer had recently given orders by which 100,000 Iraqis were incinerated or otherwise had their lives terminated. Many of them doubtless were very decent human beings by comparison with Rodney King. They seem in most cases merely to have been trying to get away, and not contemplating a felony.

Aside from his irrepressible New England priggishness, which causes him to refer all public issues back to his private emotions, Bush is not that different from the rest of us. He is a victim of the moral obtuseness of what Richard Weaver called "the spoiled child mentality" and of the strange mental disconnections that afflict people whose idea of the world is formed by publicity and television. Of course, the President's military minions, unlike the police, did not have the media taping the more unseemly aspects of their mission, which was kept neat and upbeat for the viewers back home.

It is axiomatic that we can never—never—trust the media to tell the truth about these things. They will always make the police look as bad and the criminals as good as possible, suppressing essential facts and contexts to serve their agenda. There are still a few of us around who remember accurately

the day of the Kennedy assassination. For the first few hours, Cronkite ("the most trusted man in America") was on the air reporting that the President had been shot by right-wing extremists in Dallas. The media have no basis for judging the merits or proportions of an issue except a liberal Pavlovian response. One of the givens of their world is that a criminal who is a member of a minority group is always unjustly treated and excusable.

The media people, far from being the paragons of wisdom and fairness that they portray themselves, are of quite mediocre intelligence and dubious ethics. They are selected by the same criteria used to choose actors for toilet paper commercials. Politicians, as despicable as they are, eventually must answer to rivals, voters, and prosecutors. The television news celebrities can lie endlessly without any responsibility, except to the few unknown old plutocrats who employ them, a system of irresponsible monopoly we call freedom of the press.

My time on the police beat coincided with the arrival of the Warren Court's edicts expanding the rights of defendants. The impact was palpable—demoralization of the cops, debasement of trials into the dishonest pursuit of technicalities over justice, and increased crime on the streets. There was a cause-and-effect relationship as clear and demonstrable as anything in the social sphere can be. Suddenly the cops no longer had the discretion to carry out the most essential part of their job—stopping the criminals before their crimes.

Of course, there were and always had been police abuses, but they were not so widespread and major as to require the Supreme Court to tie the hands of the officers of the law. The restrictions were purely and simply the result of ideology and sentimentality—the feeling that crime could be cured by bribing and coddling the criminal. We now know beyond doubt what the fruits of that are, yet we are doomed to live with the institutionalized idiocy.

Surely the LAPD does not appear to best advantage in that tape, and where correction and punishment are called for, they should come—after careful proceeding and not in an atmosphere of political hysteria, and for discipline, not vengeance. But we

should give the officers at least as much benefit of doubt and technicalities as federal judges and the ACLU bestow on the most heinous offenders. We do not know and can hardly imagine what those policemen may have gone through in the minutes—not to mention the hours, days, and months—before that videocam was pointed at them; nor what were all the experiences and dynamics that played into that incident.

The beleaguered policemen must subdue increasingly violent and numerous lawbreakers, protect the public and themselves, and be constitutional lawyers, all in the same instant. It is not too surprising that they will fall down on the job or even succumb to a little paranoia now and then, especially in the face of an uncomprehending and unappreciative public. All we asked of Schwarzkopf was to whip a greatly outnumbered enemy, with an unlimited purse and no real scrutiny. Thousands of policemen are asked every day to do things much more difficult.

We cannot let the politicians and mediocrats use a few instances of police excess to divert us from the real issue, as they would like. The real issue is an ever-escalating war against humanity by criminals who operate in America today on a scale and with a freedom unprecedented in human history. In the final analysis, we can survive well enough with a Rodney King roughed up now and then, though it ought to be discouraged. But what remains of Western civilization in this country cannot survive a half hour without officers of the law willing to risk life and limb on the front line of a war far more vital to our welfare than Mr. Bush's late glorious expedition amongst the Infidel. First things first.

—Clyde Wilson

AMERICAN IGNORANCE of European politics is as sublime as ever. All eyes switch back and forth (as in a tennis match) from the Middle East to Eastern Europe, and what goes on among the allies who gave us our civilization—France, Germany, Italy, Britain—remains a closed book. Of England we hear occasional tidings from her expatriate journalists, but even in this case the news is limited to the inner workings of the liberal Tories

who fought under Mrs. Thatcher's banner.

Italy is the most extreme example: a country that everyone wants to visit and no one wants to read about. Last fall we informed our readers of the early progress made by the Italian autonomist movement spearheaded by the Lega Lombarda. Since then, virtually the only notice in the press has been David Dinkins' casual lumping of the Lega together with "national front" groups. The Lega Lombarda (and its umbrella organization the Lega Nord) is actually the opposite of most right-wing movements: its emphasis is regional and local, as opposed to national; it opposes all forms of imperialism; and so far from wanting to rebuild a fascist state that can make the trains run on time, the party's leader, Senator Umberto Bossi, wants to decentralize the Italian state and set up a federal constitution, on the Swiss model, with three republics.

The press had been predicting that the rapid ascent of the Lega would soon be stalled as voters got wind of its true objectives, and even up till the day before the local elections in November, the *Corriere della Sera* was publishing survey results that augered ill for Bossi and his party. Unfortunately, Bossi, who had been predicting victory, turned out to be a better prognosticator than the professionals. One town in Lombardia went 31.2 percent for the Lega, and in other communes the party's share went from around 11 to around 17 percent of the total. But even while eating crow the day after, journalists pointed to feuds within the Lega's ranks, and the pros are confident that the autonomist movement is a flash in the pan.

Nonetheless, the prominent weekly *Espresso*, back in September, devoted an entire section to Bossi's idea of three republics, and now you can't pick up a newspaper or magazine without seeing the senator's face or reading of some new outrageous statement. Giorgio Bocca, a prominent commentator for *Espresso*, has consistently been advising Italians to take Senator Bossi seriously, and in a January 6 column argued that 1991 would be the test. Italians are so fed up with corruption and organized crime that they will be willing to support the various leagues all over Italy. The main thing, Bocca

warns, is that the Lega keep its hands clean and not attempt to join in any ruling coalition.

Time will tell. In the meantime, the talk goes on, all over Europe, of European unity, but the reality is the growth of regionalism and petty nationalisms, and a rising tide of what some people like to call nativism but I prefer to call self-respect. Are the United States sunk so low that we are incapable of forming regional "leagues" here?

—Thomas Fleming

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

has finally made its way from our universities to our junior high schools. Last March, in the northern Illinois town of DeKalb (population 32,000), 75 students of Huntley Middle School walked out of class, held a press conference, demanded the resignation of their principal, and called for the punishment of two classmates who had conducted a survey that supposedly demonstrated "racist" student attitudes toward blacks.

The girls' survey, which sought to determine whether the racial attitudes of their classmates differed according to gender, was a social science project that both their teacher and principal had approved, and the survey's reportedly "offensive" results were displayed at the school alongside other student projects. I say "reportedly" because the city school board has confiscated the poster on which the results were displayed and refused to release it to the public.

However, it was the survey itself and not the results that led to the demonstration. Huntley students not only held the girls responsible for the "offensive attitudes," but they even branded them "racists" for their participation in the project. Tim Lewis, the eighth-grader who led the student walk-out, told the press, "We don't feel that the students who walked out need counseling. We feel the girls who made the project need to be counseled and the two administrators at Huntley need to be counseled." He said of Del Brouwer, the school principal, "We have given him many chances to address us and each time he has addressed us he has gone in circles so we no longer want to speak to him."

Tim and his co-demonstrators

couldn't have been more successful. Del Brouwer will step down as principal at the end of the school year and be reassigned as a teacher, and school officials and city school board members have privately determined the "proper punishment" for the two girls. Neither the school board nor the girls' parents would acknowledge the nature of the punishment.

Tim and his friends will even get the counseling they demanded. DeKalb's superintendent of schools, Bob Williams, immediately ordered "sensitivity training" for the school's staff and hired consultants to integrate multiculturalism into the curriculum. Not surprisingly, the paid consultants determined the situation at the school to be so dangerous and volatile that they recommended that their services not be postponed until the new school year.

Huntley's assistant principal, George Boyer, told the press that the students who walked out of class "should be commended and won't be punished." Why? Because "the students were learning. They were exercising the democratic process. The event was orderly. No one got hurt." This episode highlights "the harm that racial insensitivity can do," he concluded.

This episode was indeed a learning experience, but not in the way Mr. Boyer presumes. DeKalb's teachers and school administrators could have used this incident to teach their students that learning often means uncovering painful truths, and that for learning to occur our schools must remain open to inquiry and debate and not closed to sensitive and controversial subjects. They could have reminded their students that citizens in this country are innocent until proven guilty, and that the girls' project had been sanctioned by their teacher and principal and in no way proved any malice on their part.

But what did the students learn instead? They learned that rules mean very little, that adults and elected officials can be easily cowed, and that the mature way to get what you want in our society is not through merit, ability, or frank and free debate, but through coercion, pressure politics, and civil disobedience. Most offensive is the lesson Mr. Boyer taught the students,

that any action—including cutting class and holding demonstrations—is acceptable as long as "no one gets hurt." Apparently Mr. Boyer doesn't consider the principal's lost reputation and position, or the trauma the two girls have suffered, as damage of any consequence.

The true tragedy of this case is not that opportunities were lost or that wrong lessons were learned. Rather, it is that DeKalb students will no longer freely ask questions without first wondering whether their inquiries are acceptable or unacceptable, "correct" or "incorrect," or important enough to run the risk of ostracism and punishment. We have long taught our children that the only dumb question is the one never asked. DeKalb's punishment of two innocent girls may have irreversibly paved the way for many years of silence.

—Theodore Pappas

DONALD SIEGEL, R.I.P. Few people, apart from film buffs, recognize the name Donald Siegel, but since the 1940's Mr. Siegel had directed some of the best American films ever made. Critics either hated or despised him both for pandering to popular tastes and for refusing to pander to the political prejudices of the intellectuals. The original *Invasion of the*

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JULY 1991/9

Bodysnatchers (1956) was widely interpreted as a McCarthyist film, which it was, but it was also much more: a film horrifying enough to make sleep itself an object of terror, it warned us (like Eugène Ionesco's *Rhinocéros*) that already in the 1950's Americans were losing that individualism which was our primary virtue. All of Siegel's best heroes were men who accepted responsibility and did what they had to do in an America run by bureaucrats and zombies: Kevin McCarthy, holding onto his humanity and screaming "They're Coming," Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry, sacrificing his career in order to protect the public, and John Wayne as the aging gunman John B. Book in *The Shootist* (1976), the last good Western and a film tribute to John Ford.

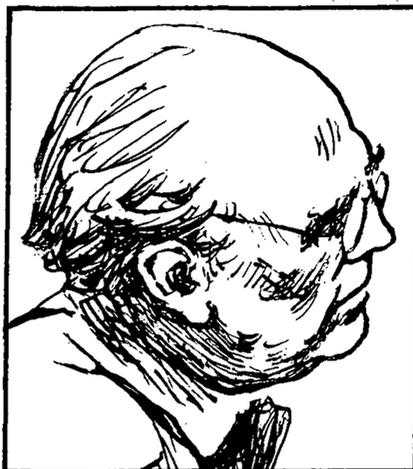
Almost a reprise of *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, Siegel's last major film cast Wayne as a rugged and honorable Westerner dying of cancer and Jimmy Stewart as the doctor who treats him. Something has happened to the West since men like Book had roamed free, and it is now dominated by cowardly businessmen and unprincipled punks whose violence earns the admiration of young men with no better models to turn to. Book cleans up the town and dies honorably in one grand gesture that teaches a young Ron Howard how to be a man without being drawn into the cult of violence.

At the end of *Dirty Harry*, Eastwood throws away his badge, and at the end of *The Shootist* Ron Howard throws away his gun. Siegel was no pacifist, but he recognized in all his films that neither politics nor even law can solve the problems spawned by a corrupt and decadent society. Rumor has it that Siegel quit *Magnum Force*

because Eastwood insisted on twisting the picture into a statement against police vigilantes. Under Siegel's tutelage, Eastwood became one of the most consistently interesting directors in Hollywood, but the real Dirty Harry — the man who would rather quit than compromise — was Don Siegel.

—Thomas Fleming

WARREN CHAPPELL, one of America's foremost illustrators and calligraphers, died last March 26 at his home in Charlottesville, Virginia, where he was for many years an artist-in-residence at the University of Virginia. He was eighty-six years old.



warren
chappell

Mr. Chappell worked for such publishers as Random House, Harper & Row, Doubleday, and Little, Brown, and among the hundreds of books he illustrated were editions of *Tale of a*

Tub (1930), *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1942), *Tom Jones* (1943), *Moby-Dick* (1976), and *All the King's Men* (1981). He collaborated with John Updike on a number of children's books, including *The Magic Flute* (1962), *The Ring* (1964), and *Bottom's Dream* (1969), and was the author of *The Anatomy of Lettering* (1935), *They Say Stories* (1960), *A Short History of the Printed Word* (1970), and *The Living Alphabet* (1975). He received the Goudy Award from the Rochester Institute of Technology in 1970 for his contributions to letter design, the most notable of which were his two original typefaces, Lydian and Trajanus.

It was The Rockford Institute's great good fortune to have Mr. Chappell as its first illustrator. His vignettes regularly appeared in our publications throughout the late 1970's and early 1980's, and as a tribute to him we have reproduced a number of these original works for this month's cover and articles. He had become a friend of Leopold Tyrmand, our first editor, when Mr. Tyrmand was working for the *New Yorker*, and even after Tyrmand's death, Mr. Chappell continued to send remarks on the magazine, both critical and complimentary. (He hated the *Chronicles* logo, for instance, but characteristically apologized for saying so.)

A letter from Warren Chappell was always a treasure, written in beautiful (well-nigh indescribable) calligraphy and illustrated with an ink or watercolor cartoon; they were closer to art than raw communication. Chappell had a Greek affection for beauty and form that he was never able to shake, and he imposed his sense of grace upon a publishing world that is impoverished by his loss.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

Lamar Alexander is not what most people expect to emerge from the hills of Tennessee, but in the New World Order, the state that produced Sergeant York, Jack Daniels, the Grand Ole Opry, and the Great Dayton Monkey Trial retains about as much cultural singularity as an enterprise zone in

Detroit. Indeed, that's pretty much what Mr. Alexander, now President Bush's education secretary, helped turn his state into.

It was he, as Tennessee's governor from 1979 to 1987, who struck the deals and baited the traps that lured Nissan and General Motors from the foreign climes of Japan and Michigan to the bucolic meadows of the Volunteer State. Mr. Alexander may have been

born on a mountaintop in Tennessee, but he never kilt a bar when he was only three. He's a dressed-for-success Rockefeller Republican who marches to globalist music, and he sees nothing wrong and everything right with the home state of Allen Tate and Andrew Lytle being ingested into the maw of planet-spanning bureaucracies that promise Progress through Universal Affluence.