

Malcolm was indeed unique among black leadership, past and present. He did no shuck-in' and jivin', he was not a clown like "the Rev." Al Sharpton, he was not moronic like Ben Hooks or Thurgood Marshall, he did not simply threaten Whitey in a loutish manner like the Black Panthers, he was not a fraudulent intellectual with a rococo Black Baptist minister style, like "Dr." King. He stood out like a noble eagle among his confreres. He carried himself with great pride and dignity; his speaking style was incisive and sparkled with intelligence and sardonic wit. In short, his attraction for blacks was and is that *he acted white*. It is a ridiculous liberal cliché that blacks are just like whites but with a different skin color; but in Malcolm's case, regardless of his formal ideology, it really seemed to be true.

I had the privilege of seeing Malcolm speak on two occasions in the year before his death. It was a delightful experience. His answers to questions were a match for any political leader, for intelligence and wit. He was, for example, a lot more impressive than Bill Clinton. My favorite memory of Malcolm was the second speech, before a large gathering, when he made mincemeat out of the insufferable Jimmy Wechsler, ex-Communist turned Social Democrat, and beloved columnist and editor of the *New York Post*. In his speech, Malcolm had spoken of black tenants living in Harlem, while their landlords "lived on the Grand Concourse" (a large, once fashionable street in the west Bronx,

then almost exclusively Jewish.) In the question period, Jimmy Wechsler bounced up, and pointed out that Malcolm's remark had "anti-Semitic" implications. "Oh," replied Malcolm in fine mock indignation: "Are you telling me that only *Jews* live on the Grand Concourse? Why that's terrible; that's 'segregation'; that needs to be investigated!" ■

The Clintonians: "Looking Like America"

by M.N.R.

Well, we learned one thing from the horribly odious process of Slick Willie's selecting his Cabinet and sub-Cabinet: the hysterical love affair that the media has been conducting with Bill Clinton is not love for himself alone. Let Willie slip once, and his media worshipers are on his neck in a minute, howling about betrayal. The general media reaction to Clinton's selection of his economic and foreign policy team: shrieks of horror: "Yaagghh! White males! You gave us white males. Unclean! You promised us diversity! You said they'd Look Like America. Where are the women?"

For a moment, Clinton was peeved, to see his adoring fans turn on him so quickly and savagely; and he pouted about "quotas" and "bean counters." But that was only for the record; very rapidly, Slick Willie knuckled under, scrambling to find more women. In the tremendous

pressure and counter-pressures of all the petted groups scrambling at the public trough, poor Senator Wirth, darling of the environmentalists (hey, did you notice that environmentalists are almost all white, and mostly male?) got clobbered to find himself ousted as Secretary of Energy by yet another woman, and a "black" to boot: the unknown Hazel Rollins O'Leary. The women shut up for a moment, though still grumbling at Clinton's brief outburst (for which he can be expected to pay and pay...), but the Hispanics then took over. What? Only one Hispanic in the Cabinet? Shame! And so poor William Daley, brother of Chicago Mayor Richard, got suddenly shafted at the Transportation post, to be shoved aside by a certified Hispanic, Federico Pena. For a while it seemed that yet a third Hispanic, Representative Bill Richardson (N.M.) was going to get the crucial Interior spot, but the environmentalist lobby put their foot down—Jeez, they had to get *something*, or, Mr. Clinton, are you really soft on the Environment? And it was in vain that the Clinton people said, look, we appointed a splendid environmentalist, and a Woman, to head the EPA (Carol M. Browner), because it was not a Cabinet post. And to the Clintonian assurances that the EPA (along with the other female-headed Council of Economic Advisors) would be *treated* like the Cabinet, and would be "Cabinet-level" (as will the female UN representative): "No, when we demand Cabinet it's gotta be *Cabinet!*"

This was an unprecedentedly repellent case in American history. Up till now, at least lip-service was paid to finding the best person for each job, to the old American ideal of position according to merit. All this has now frankly been tossed overboard. Talk about your "bean-counters!" The newspapers actually kept a running score, like a basketball game. White males 4, black males 2, black women 2, Hispanic males, 1. Etc. Black columnist William Raspberry actually came out and said it: merit, shmerit, everyone's merit is the same anyway, so the key is getting a balance of groups, of insuring glorious diversity, of looking like America. And no one objected. American culture, dominated by left-liberalism, has truly descended into the snakepit.

OK, so let's play the bean counter game (See p.2). If you want a Cabinet "looking like America" you're not going nearly far enough. The beans are not classified with near enough precision. What is this "white male" nonsense? This portman-teau group must be disaggregated, and fast. For example, where are the Irish-American males? There are zip. Poor William Daley was bested as Secretary of Transportation, and the result: no Irish. The largest single ethnic group in America is *still* German-American, and yet there is not a single German-American in the Cabinet or sub-cabinet, male or female. How can the Cabinet Look Like America with not a single Irish or German? And where are the Latinas (Hispanic females)? I'm afraid that the fact that black lady

Hazel Rollins is married to a (presumptively) white Irishman O'Leary, is not going to be enough. Also: what is this "black" nonsense? There are far more precise groupings needed. For example: it is a fact denied only by white liberals

that there is tremendous hatred and resentment between dark and light-skinned Negroes. Don't we need quotas (oops, I mean balance or diversity) to reflect the proper numbers of dark, light, and medium-skinned? Back in the old days of slavery, people were a lot more scientific in their taxonomy; Negroes were given specific names depending on what fraction

each one had of Negro and white blood, as well as different names depending on whether the blackness was on the father's or mother's side. There were "quadroons," "octoroons," etc. All that knowledge seems to have been lost, but our diversity-mongers had better well trot out their old taxonomies if they really want to hold a mirror up to the specific diverse groups that constitute America.

And speaking of Mrs. O'Leary, in what way exactly is she supposed to be "black"? Her skin color is somewhere between Al Gore's and Bill Clinton's and lighter than most whites. So what is this non-

sense? In the old days, they would have known how to bracket Mrs. O' Leary: In Harlem high society, she would have been called a "high yaller"; it's about time that the high yallers came into their own.

And then of course there are the Jews, who are strong in the Clintonian list, and who should hardly be slighted. And although we are told a lot about some of the candidates' backgrounds (i.e. that Bill Richardson is really an Hispanic), we are not told other crucial information, such as who are Jews and who are not, and who is married into a significant ethnic

group and who isn't. Surely, all this is crucial if we are to be really conscientious bean-counters. For example, I presume Carol Browner is a WASP female, but I was stunned to find that "Miss" Browner has a little kid named Zachary Podhorzer, she being clearly married to a Jewish male named Michael Podhorzer. (One paper got it wrong and said that her kid's last name is Podhoretzer, and for a chilling moment I was afraid that Norman had placed another relative into an influential position, but I was fortunately set straight the next day.) Then there is the curious case of Madeleine K.

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Albright, female, eminent Democrat insider, and the new Ambassadors to the United Nations, raised back in her honor to Cabinet-level rank. Sounds like a WASP female, right? But no, it turns out that Mrs. Albright is divorced from Mr. Albright, and that she is a Czechess born in Prague, and daughter of Czech dissident Josef Korbel (hence the "K.")

But Czech *what?*

Was Josef a Catholic? Protestant? Or Jew? If Jew, then we can add a Jewess to the top-level Clintonians. But who knows? Once again, the media have been deficient, and I must await further clarification from my Czech sources.

While we are on the Jewish Question, we can now deconstruct the alleged "white male" nature of the

Clintonian "economic team." We have, so far, on the economic team the following: Secretary of Treasury Lloyd Bentsen, elderly white male Texan (surely Texas is big enough and brassy enough to deserve its own category); Leon Panetta, director of Office of Management and Budget, Italo-American male; Laura D'Andrea Tyson head of Council of Economic Advisors, WASP female; still the remaining four top-level economic teamsters are all Jewish: Robert Rubin,

co-head of Goldman-Sachs, head of the new National Economic Council, Jewish male; Roger Altman, of the Blackstone Group, Under Secretary of the Treasury, Jewish male; Alice Rivlin, Deputy head of OMB, Jewish female; and Robert Reich, Secretary of Labor, Jewish male. In short, of the seven top people on the Clintonian economic team, we have:

one male WASP Texan; one female WASP; one Italo-American male; one Jewish-American female; three Jewish American males. Boil it all down, and shuffle things around, and what looks superficially like white male dominance becomes Jewish dominance.

We are left, of course, with the Sex Question; why are we bean-counters not provided with the

sexual preferences of all of the nominees? What exactly gives with HHS Secretary, single female Arab Donna Shalala? What gives with Alice Rivlin? And what is the precise marital status of Laura D'Andrea Tyson? Inquiring minds want to know.

And what has happened to the vast American contingent of blondes and redheads (female)? Every single one of the female appointees is a brunette; even if we exempt the alleged Negress O'Leary and the gray-ing Albright, we still have ag-

gressively brunette women: Tyson, Browner, Zoe Baird; why are the blondes and redheads being discriminated against?

And then there is the titanic struggle between two left-liberals on who will become Clinton's assistant on health policy: Judith Feder (Jewess) and Stuart Altman (male Jew). Add in the very leftwing Arkansas Negress Dr. Joycelyn Elders as Surgeon-General, and we have a very leftist control of the health field.

There are of course other ways to shuffle the Clintonian categories. Rather than gender and ethnicity, it might be more meaningful to consider for a moment that virtually all the foreign and national security biggies are connected with the Rockefeller World Empire (RWE), thereby insuring that foreign/national security policy remains securely in Rockefeller-Trilateralist-Council of Foreign Relations hands, Carter/Brzezinski subdivision, of course. Perhaps this is the payoff for the dramatic open RWE support for Clinton, as embodied in David Rockefeller, Jr's New York Times Op-Ed endorsement. Warren Christopher, Secretary of State, prune-faced elderly WASP, is a Rockefeller/Carter retreat, as is WASP Anthony Lake (Carter and Kissinger [Rockefeller] aide) as national security adviser. Deputy under Lake is veteran Carter-Lake disciple Samuel ("Sandy") Berger, male Jew. Under secretary of State under Christopher is none other than Clifton Wharton, Jr., veteran upper-class very light-skinned Negro (though not quite a male high

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yaller), who—get this—is former president of none other than the Rockefeller Foundation. To wrap up the package, it turns out that Madeleine Korbelt (Albright) is a veteran disciple of Carter/Rockefeller foreign policy expert Zbigniew Brzezinski. And CIA head R. J. Woolsey is a disciple of B. Scowcroft (Kissinger). Score 100 percent for the RWE in this crucial area.

I usually end any discussion of group discrimination and group preference by pointing satirically to the age-old suppression of short people by the Talls, and calling for Shorts to rise up against their Tall oppressors. Well, Life has now unfortunately imitated Art, and we have in the Clintonian Cabinet an unusually large number of shorties, so much so that one of the 4 foot-eleven contingent (masquerading as a 5-footers), either teeny but homely Donna Shalala or equally short and homely Alice Rivlin, I forget which, exulted that she was part of Clinton's "short caucus"—she actually used the term! Kinglet of this dwarf contingent is Robert Reich, Jewish male, who admits to 4'11" but is suspected of being 4'8". The press have already noted rather sourly that the Clinton Cabinet is no younger than the Bush (apparently elderly Bentsen and Christopher have skewed up the average), but they have been lax in telling us about everyone's height, and in comparing the Clinton cabinet height profile with that of the American masses.

Ahh, what wonderful research is left for the press, satisfying the people's "right to know"

and hammering out the American mirror profile. Do you remember when left-liberals all laughed when poor Senator Roman Hruska (R., Neb.), trying to defend one of Nixon's Supreme Court appointees from attacks as "mediocre" wondered why the mediocre masses of America did not also deserve representation? It turns out that Hruska was really a prophet ahead of his time. If only he had portioned out the mediocre into the proper ethnic, gender, etc. proportions—providing of course that no Irish and no German-Americans need apply. Gee, ain't Democracy wonderful? ■

The December Surprise by M.N.R.

Nothing embodies the monumental klutziness of George Bush so much as his manner of leaving office: bringing us a *December* surprise! Only a George Bush could get us into a war *after* he has safely lost his election. With luck, indeed, this "foreign policy" President might have us fighting in no less than three wars by the time he leaves office: Somalia, Bosnia/Kosovo, and Iraq. The media have been writing of Bush's possible cleverness in sticking Clinton with two and possibly three quagmires as he takes office. The heck with Clinton; what about the legacy that this preppy Trilateralist boob is bequeathing to us? At the end, in an allegedly major speech,

Bush specifically tried to reverse the wise advice of George Washington's Farewell Address, and to keep us fighting in foreign entanglements forever. The vaunted "graciousness" of the Bushes during the interregnum completes the package, as the average Americano is supposed to be reassured by the perception that both the incoming and the outgoing elites are virtually the same, Clinton only a younger Bush with a hoarse Arkansas accent. To top it off, Ronnie left the confines of his Santa Barbara ranch to call for a permanent UN army to police the world, while that other conservative icon, Maggie Thatcher, keeps yowling for the immediate carpet bombing of the Serbs. It is high time for conservatives to rethink their recent history, to jettison the Reagans and Thatchers and Goldwaters, and return to the older tradition of the Tafts and Brickers and Wherrys. Catch any of *them* calling for a UN army!

The Somalia intervention is a genuine horror, for it is an intervention that possesses not a single shred of national self-interest: strategic, military, resource, or whatever. Hence, of all U.S. coercive actions since World War II, this one is beloved of the entire "anti-war" and "pacifist" Left. For the first time in a half-century, veteran anti-war leaders such as the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, and the troubadour Pete Seeger, have signed up in a U.S. war. The veteran left-liberal and ex-Communist Murray Kempton, sounding for all the world like a villain in an Ayn Rand novel,