

promoters had promised. Money and monied interests became an even greater factor in the election of senators, as it became necessary to raise sufficient funds to wage a popular campaign. The progressive battle cry for continued reforms to stop the "special interests" from manipulating the legislative process continued unabated right up to the present, with little recognition that all of these efforts are, as Hoebeke puts it, merely endeavoring to cure the evils of democracy with more democracy.

Early on, Hoebeke quotes John Adams's assertion that every variation of government "has been found to be no better than committing the lamb to the custody of the wolf, except that one which is called a balance of power. A simple sovereignty in one, a few, or many has no balance, and therefore no laws." In disenfranchising the states and providing for the direct election of senators, after earlier effecting the popular election of presidents, Americans removed the final constitutional barrier to simple sovereignty by the people—and leapt toward government not by law, but by plebiscite.

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THE DUKE OF ALL

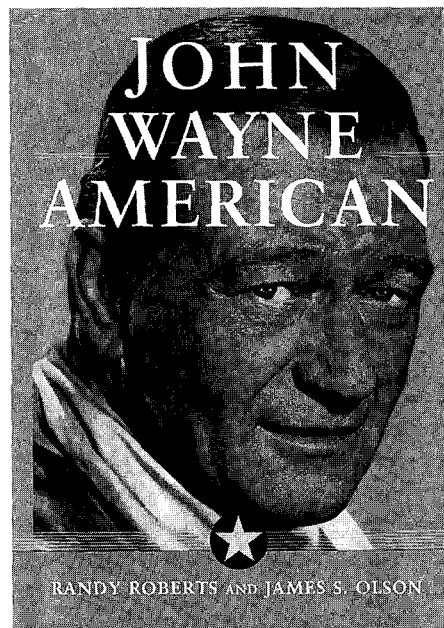
By Bill Kauffman

John Wayne: American
by Randy Roberts and James S. Olson (Free Press: New York) 738 pages, \$27.50.

Marion Morrison was born in Madison County, Iowa, to a westering family that left the covered bridges for the palm trees of Southern California. His father was an affable if often impecunious pharmacist, his mother was a shrew, and at age 11 Marion traded in his sissy forename for the more formidable "Duke." He thus became the namesake of his faithful pet Airedale.

At Glendale Union High the brainy and brawny Duke was salutorian, head of the debate squad, a chess whiz, and star of the football team. In this latter capacity he earned a football scholarship to USC. College football didn't pay as well in the 1920s as it does today, so Duke picked up pocket money as an extra and "glorified furniture mover" at Fox Studios.

A shoulder separation ended his Trojan career, and the prospect of "writing briefs in somebody's back room for people who aren't as smart as I am" soured him on his prelaw studies, so the strapping tackle quit USC to work as a property man for a talented martinet named John Ford, whose films would later turn Marion into myth.



His big break came in 1930, when Raoul Walsh cast him in *The Big Trail*. The film failed, but at least Duke got a new name out of it: director Walsh, a history buff, suggested Anthony Wayne; when that was deemed "too Italian" Duke Morrison became John Wayne.

Wayne served his apprenticeship in the "B" Westerns of the '30s, in which he looks very much like a USC football lug who stumbled out of a time warp and into chaps. But he was learning. As the actor later recalled, "many of the Western stars of the twenties and thirties were too perfect. They never drank nor smoked. They never wanted to go to bed with a beautiful girl. They never had a fight...I was trying to play a man who gets dirty, who sweats sometimes, who enjoys kissing a gal he likes, who gets angry, who fights clean whenever possible but will fight dirty if he has to. I made the Western hero a roughneck."

A decade of assembly-line westerns prepared Wayne for his breakthrough role as the Ringo Kid in John Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939), in which, the authors note, "the basic screen persona of John Wayne" is es-

tablished: "a lean, tough loner, impatient with small talk and small matters, willing to implement justice and protect the weak." The languidly confident walk; the halting speech, with its oddly spaced and pregnant pauses; and two of the most expressive eyes on celluloid: it all comes together in *Stagecoach* and the classics that were to follow: *Red River*, *Fort Apache*, *The Searchers*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, *True Grit*, and *The Shootist*.

Roberts and Olson describe the standard Wayne character as "the outsider, a man of few words, vaguely distrusted by marshals and other representatives of authority but affectionately regarded by average Americans. He is armed and alone, ready to defend the defenseless but not to join any established community. Above all else, he prizes his independence. In a crisis he can be counted on by decent people—his Winchester will always be on the side of justice—but during all other times he simply wants to be left alone."

Duke wanted to be left alone in 1941. While Jimmy Stewart was leading B-24 raids, Wayne was bedding Marlene Dietrich and out-drinking Ward Bond. "He would become a 'superpatriot' for the rest of his life," wrote his estranged third wife, "trying to atone for staying at home" during World War II.

Wayne's guilt over not serving later drove him toward a cartoonish jingoism that would reach its nadir in *The Green Berets* (1968). "I think *The Green Berets* will help re-elect LBJ because it shows that the war in Vietnam is necessary," he told *Variety* in 1967. Memorable and iconic when inhabiting men of the West, Wayne was a dreadful parody when he turned to agitprop. He even weighed down Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie with lumpish Cold War allegory in his sprawling mess *The Alamo* (1960).

Biographers Roberts and Olson have done a fine workmanlike job, though they ought not to have recapitulated so many moldy movie reviews. (Imagine reading Vincent Canby in the year 2040.) *John Wayne: American* is spiced with the odd facts and amusing Hollywoodisms that are essential to the star bio. For instance:

—Duke had an unerring knack for guessing ladies' dress sizes.

—George Wallace asked him to be his

running mate in 1968, but Duke declined, opting for Nixon and Wallis (Hal, who produced *True Grit*).

—Jack Warner said of the slam-bang director of Wayne's first big picture: "To Raoul Walsh a tender love scene is burning down a whorehouse."

Like the men he played, Duke lived pretty much as he wished, except for an excruciatingly painful death. The details of his trio of mesalliances—all with Hispanic women—make for a dispiriting read, but the authors insist "over the course of his life, Duke would walk out on three marriages, but he never failed a friend."

His favorite actress, Maureen O'Hara, said as he lay dying, "John Wayne is not just an actor and a very fine actor. John Wayne is the United States of America." No, John Wayne was California: always moving, never stopping, drunk on booze and possibilities, a boon companion, unfaithful to his wives and neglectful of his children but sincerely regretting it—yet at the same time creating and inhabiting the single most enduring and resonant screen presence in the history of American films.

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WITCH-HUNTING

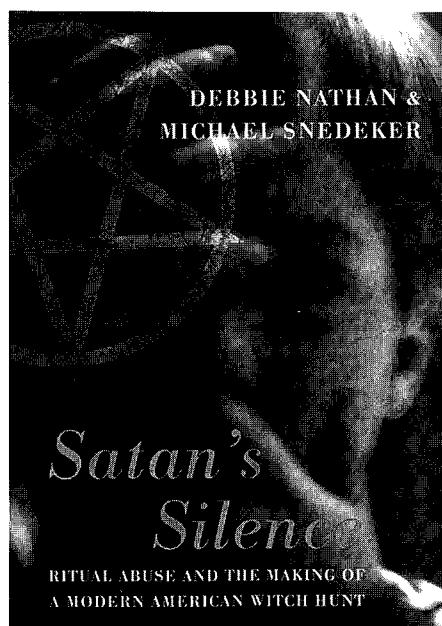
by Seth Farber

Satan's Silence: Ritual Abuse and the Making of a Modern American Witch-Hunt By Debbie Nathan and Michael Snedeker (Basic Books: New York) 288 pages, \$25

Judged as a work of scholarship and investigative reporting, this meticulous and riveting book by Debbie Nathan and Michael Snedeker on America's satanic child abuse scare is superb. In their more ambitious attempt to analyze the causes of our modern witch-hunt, however, the authors resort, unconvincingly, to crudely blaming sexist society.

In the introductory chapters the authors identify some of the developments in the 1970s that laid the foundation for the witch-hunt of the 1980s. The feminist movement brought incest and other forms of sexual abuse into public discourse. The

therapeutic approach to sexual crimes replaced the criminal approach, which undermined the protections of due process and endowed therapists with an inordinate degree of power, which they shamelessly abused as the authors demonstrate. Gradually, a childhood sex-abuse industry was created that directed lots of money from gov-



ernment agencies to social workers and psychologists, and provided an incentive for inventing new techniques of interviewing children that effectively implanted false memories of abuse in young minds.

A salient feature of the modern witch-hunts, like the witch-hunts of previous eras, was that individuals were convicted in the absence of genuine evidence of guilt. Although children's revelations seemed to indicate wrongdoing, the authors note that judges and juries were almost never given the opportunity to hear from the accusers directly. "Videotaped interviews...show that when children were allowed to speak freely, either they had nothing to say about abuse or they denied that it ever happened to them." After examining hundreds of transcripts, the authors conclude "there is not one spontaneous disclosure of abuse.... In case after ritual-abuse case...cassettes are filled with the voices of adults urging children to recover repressed memories, leading them, bribing and threatening them, in order to obtain confirmation of preconceived notions about the guilt of the accused."

The real perpetrators of evil were not



OVER-LOOKED, NEWLY RELEVANT OR OTHERWISE DESERVING OLDER BOOKS

SHORTCHANGED BY THE GOVERN-MINT

by R.W. Bradford

Fractional Money: A History Of The Small Coins And Fractional Paper Currency of the United States By Neil Carothers (Bowers & Merena: Wolfeboro, New Hampshire), 392 pages, \$19.95

The history of American coinage is the history of government incompetence and chicanery. Neil Carothers tells the story with scholarship and panache in *Fractional Money*, originally published in 1930. *Fractional Money* is much more than a history of pocket change. It is the story of how the U.S. government mismanaged its money so badly that for nearly the first century of nationhood, Americans had virtually nothing resembling a uniform circulating currency.

Coins played a far more important role in commerce in the past than today. Paper money was not issued by the federal government until the Civil War, and for the next half-century it played a relatively minor role. Only with the creation of the Federal Reserve System in 1914 and its growing power in succeeding years did the U.S. dollar become a paper commodity, backed only by the promises of politicians.

Before then, the dollar was a unit of metal. But what metal? In the late eighteenth century, two metals were com-

