

of the sixties; talking up “volunteerism” while the country ululated through the early seventies. Not a self-pitying person, she could still sometimes feel her own contributions being slighted. When Charles Colson wrote a memo praising the PR-impact of her solo trip to Africa in 1972, she sent a copy to her longtime friend Helene Drown, with the annotation: “Thought you’d be amused at late recognition!” There is a predictable, slightly feminist slant to this daughter’s account of her mother’s unpaid activities, and it’s justified.

After the 1960 election, firmly convinced that the Democrats had stolen Illinois and the White House, Pat was “disillusioned . . . beyond redemption” with politics. When it looked, in the early-morning hours after Election Night 1968, that Illinois might be made off with once again—Mayor Daley was holding back votes from Cook County—she got up from a hotel couch, went into the bathroom, and vomited. She arrived at the White House with the sense of Nixon as a habitual *victim* of dirty politics, and five years later her instinct was to fight his Watergate troubles to the end, even if she wouldn’t ask him much about what was going on. She thought he should have burned the tapes.

The most ardent Nixon-haters may be moved by Julie’s chapters dealing with the early days of exile in San Clemente: the former President’s near death after a phlebitis attack; Pat’s stroke (after reading *The Final Days*); the two of them watching “Bonanza” reruns while eating dinner from TV trays. In the spring of 1975 Julie begged off visiting, since she wanted to stay in Washington with her husband, who was studying for law-school exams. Her mother asked her to reconsider: “You have only one person to take care of there but two broken people here.”

Mrs. Eisenhower’s writing is generally concise, though her book is less well composed—in both senses of the term—in its later portions, as the author fights more and more shrilly for her father’s reputation. The form of address is inevitably shaky—Pat and Dick are sometimes “mother” and “father”—but this is not unappealing. Like all inside biographical jobs, this one offers pleasurable trivia, tasty morsels of historical junk food. One learns that in the early fifties Miss Jacqueline Bouvier, the *Washington Times-Herald’s* “Inquiring Photographer,” came upon little Julie Nixon and asked: “Do you play with Democrats?” Julie responded: “What’s a Democrat?” (One night twenty years later, Julie, who by then knew all about Democrats, would be showing Caroline

and John F. Kennedy, Jr. their parents’ White House portraits.) During the ’64 Republican convention, Pat was about to stand up and join the cheering for “Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice!” until shrewd RN restrained her. The 37th President, one also learns, wasn’t the only cottage-cheese eater in the Nixon family. Pat asked for some before going out to the Inaugural balls on January 20, 1969: someone from the White House kitchen had to run out to a 24-hour deli to get it. Lyndon and Lady Bird, it seems, didn’t touch the stuff.

For each bunch of well-meant banal tributes quoted from loyal friends and staffers (“She never changed from the day I met her. She was always the same sweet person”), this book contains a reticent revelation that Julie was able to provoke from Pat: “Only once did she admit to me her father’s temper and confrontations with Kate. Then firmly, so that I would know she was speaking her final words on the subject, she said: ‘I detest temper. I detest scenes. I just can’t be that way. I saw it with my father.’ She paused for a moment and then added: ‘And so to avoid scenes or unhappiness, I suppose I accommodated to others.’” These latter-day mother-daughter interviews make up the best paragraphs in the book.

It seems that Pat Nixon has little desire to be remembered by anyone but her family. It was years after the resignation before Julie could persuade her to have her portrait done for the White House: “I told her I hoped she would do it for Tricia and me and for our children. At one point I even argued, ‘Mother, don’t give those who would be happy if Daddy’s and your portraits never hung in the White House a victory by default.’ Her response was matter-of-fact: ‘Why not? They won, didn’t they?’” Julie says that these days her mother “cherishes the privacy of her retirement years and the family times that have been among the happiest of her life.” The exact state of her health remains discreetly unclear at the end of the book.

I once saw Pat Nixon in person. When I was sixteen, during the ’68 campaign, she and Richard Nixon came down Hempstead Turnpike, in Franklin Square, New York in an open car. Right near where I stood the motorcade stopped and Nixon got up to make a stump speech full of World Series imagery. I looked at Pat, who seemed to me pale and old (everyone looks old when you’re sixteen) but otherwise pretty and as expected, on the middle-class order of Beaver Cleaver’s mom. Except for one incongruity: she was sitting on the top of the

back seat, almost on the trunk, and her high heels were digging into the limo’s red upholstery. It was a curiously luxuriant sight, almost decadent, out of keeping with the rest of the picture. If you totalled the effect, it came to a startling one of somebody dwelling in unanticipated circumstances. I was reminded of this image by a prettier one given by Julie Nixon Eisenhower in Chapter 22 of this book: It is during the early days of the first Nixon Administration; the First Family have retired from a state dinner, but it is hard to sleep over the store: the sounds of the party keep coming up. Julie goes

down to get something to eat from the second-floor family kitchen:

As I stepped off the elevator into the long, wide hallway, only one lamp was lighted on a table a few feet from where I stood. Thirty yards away, at the entrance to the Grand Staircase, I saw my mother, still dressed in her evening gown. She was swaying to the faint sound of music coming from the Grand Foyer where some of the guests were still enjoying the dancing. On tiptoes, she moved gracefully across the gleaming parquet floor.

A poignant image of this admirable woman in this unyielding book by this valorous daughter. □

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MARYLAND

Robert Bauman/Arbor House/\$17.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

This is not an easy review to write . . . for the reverse of the usual reasons. Most conservative reviewers of ex-Representative Bob Bauman’s *The Gentleman from Maryland* have felt constrained by the fact that the author is a fallen friend; my own problem is that I felt a vague distaste for the fellow in his salad days, on grounds having nothing to do with his subsequent public disgrace.

As a conservative active in Republican politics, I met Bob Bauman on numerous occasions over the years, beginning in the 1960s. While I had no inkling of the personal problems that would come to light not long after our last meeting—as members of a discussion panel on the GOP vice presidential nomination held on Capitol Hill in

Aram Bakshian, Jr., a former aide to three Presidents, writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts.



early 1980—Bob had always struck me as one of those all-too-typically zealous workaholics one comes across in every “movement,” not least the conservative.

Although undeniably bright, ambitious, and, at that time, one of the most promising members of the House of Representatives, he struck me as a rather crass, one-dimensional man-on-the-make, someone who happened to be on my side of the political fence but was an otherwise uninteresting character. More of a cold fish than a noble—or tormented—soul.

As it turns out, I was quite wrong; at the very least, I mistook symptoms for causes in my snap judgment of the man before his fall. What I had seen *had* been there—the movement zealotry, the zest for puerile political game-playing, the incomplete or damaged man driven to achieve not only acceptance, but authority in the outer, political world to fill a yawning internal void; the outsider compelled to become *someone* in the eyes of the crowd because he is nothing in his own.

But the compulsive quest for outer trappings was symptomatic of something I had missed—Bob Bauman’s self-loathing based, from what he now tells us, on a wretched childhood and a sense of alienation rooted in a homosexuality that drove him long before he knew its name.

Hence my qualms in commenting on his memoir—in a review I was asked to write, rather than one I sought out—are not due to any lingering affection for an old comrade in arms. They stem, instead, from a reluctance even to appear to deride a person I never liked

after that person has fallen on hard, not to say evil, times; especially someone like Bauman who, if still wrongheaded on certain points, has shown courage and, latterly, more candor than one might expect, in the course of a sordid ordeal. I hope what I now write about him is fair; it is a tribute to his book that, fair or not, having read *The Gentleman from Maryland*, I can write about him with a deeper degree of understanding and compassion than would have been the case before.

First, a few positives. By his own lights, Bob Bauman has written a brave and painfully honest account of his life. He spares himself nothing, he asks for no pity, and most readers should come away from his book with a measure of respect for what he has tried to say and do in the aftermath of an undeniable tragedy. He is neither a villain nor a campy figure of fun like the late Tom Driberg, a flagrantly faggoty member of Parliament—and a Marxist to boot—of whom Winston Churchill remarked he was the sort of fellow who brought buggery into disrepute.

Bauman is altogether different, a serious man who has lost, through a flaw—or fluke—in his character, most of what he once thought dearest to him. That the wounds were the result of his own actions makes the case all the more poignant. For years, if not forever, his political ambitions have been dashed and, as he acknowledges, he has left deep scars on a family he loved. All this is very sad and deserves sympathy. He has mine.

But, much as he loved the things he destroyed or wounded, they seem to have meant less to him, to have been less a part of him, than something else. At the height of his public career, Bob Bauman, who now says he was always a latent homosexual, became what in heterosexual terms might be called a drunken philanderer, buying sex from male prostitutes, sometimes minors, in the course of alcoholic binges. He did this, again and again, while still posing as a loyal husband and father, occupying an office of public trust, and claiming to be devoted to a religion, Roman Catholicism, that flatly condemns the practice of his particular indulgence as a major sin rather than a peccadillo. Politically, he represented a constituency whose moral and ethical values, in principle if not in application, were also at odds with his sexual practices.

In 1980, after his exposure, but pleading that he was undergoing rehabilitation, Bauman was only narrowly defeated for re-election in his conservative Maryland congressional district. His attempted comeback in 1982, now estranged from his wife and somewhat

disingenuous about his current lifestyle, was a predictable fiasco.

Quite rightly, Bauman doesn't complain about the outcome so much as the cruel—and sometimes hypocritical—treatment he received at the hands of some reporters and politicians along the way. He also resents the fact that a number of practicing homosexuals in high elective and appointive office continue to enjoy a protective blackout from the liberal media that was denied him. While this is quite true, it is a little too much like the common complaint of all apprehended culprits that they were only doing what other people get away with every day—be they Peeping Toms or axe murderers.

Today, Bob Bauman has paid a high price for his transgression, whether one considers it a violation of the law, a betrayal of trust, a mortal sin, or merely a breach of good taste. One hopes he can build a new life for himself and find some measure of internal peace after all the years of self-loathing that led up to his humiliating political self-immolation.

But it is still not clear what Bob Bauman is and what he is capable of becoming. He bemoans his loss of wife, wounding of family, and fall from public grace. He recognizes the fact that his homosexual behavior and alcoholism were the cause of his degradation, the former as underlying force, the latter as symptom and catalyst. But, while one senses that he would like to be a good husband, a good father, and a political leader again, he also wants us to take him as he is, sexually, in a way that cannot be reconciled with the religion, ethics, and morality of the things—personal, social, and political—he would reclaim.

Perhaps this is inevitable; perhaps not. If Bob Bauman had taken the same attitude toward his alcoholism that he takes toward his homosexuality, he would still be a drunk. Instead, after a struggle, he gave up alcohol. He remains an alcoholic, but his alcoholism has been mastered, or at least contained; it no longer drives him. To judge from his book, Bob Bauman also remains a homosexual . . . but not an abstainer.

Without making a personal judgment on the man, I think these opposite reactions to the twin sources of his tragedy tell us something about what, in the last analysis, is really most important to him. This being the case, until either he or society change their values, Bob Bauman will remain a brave but misguided outcast from the milieu he aspired to—a worthy man in many ways, but a flawed exile, whether of his own making, society's, or, what is more likely, both.

THE MEDIA ELITE: AMERICA'S NEW POWERBROKERS

S. Robert Lichter, Stanley Rothman, and Linda S. Lichter
Adler & Adler/\$19.95

Michael A. Scully

In an important essay in the May 1981 issue of *Commentary*, the late Joseph Kraft described some critical changes that had affected journalism since the 1960s. Print and television journalists, he wrote, had undergone a "startling transformation," and become "among the principal beneficiaries of American life."

We have enjoyed a huge rise in income, in status, and in power. In the process we have edged away from roles and standards hallowed by tradition. We no longer represent a wide diversity of views. We have ceased to be neutral in reporting events. We have moved from the sidelines to a place at the center of the action.

As Daniel P. Moynihan put it in the

Michael A. Scully's articles and reviews have appeared in Harper's, Fortune, the Wall Street Journal, and many other publications. His anthology, The Best of THIS WORLD, containing twenty-seven articles from the journal's first five years, was recently published by University Press of America.

early 1970s, "Journalism has become, if not an elite profession, a profession attractive to elites."

In *The Media Elite*, S. Robert Lichter, Stanley Rothman, and Linda S. Lichter exhaustively examine the views and preconceptions of reporters and others employed by America's most important media outlets: the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and the three major television networks. (Two more volumes of the authors' findings, based on their decade-long research into the views of a variety of American elites—including business, military, and religious leaders—will be published in the next two years.) The authors' goal is to examine "the life situations of these newspeople and the nature of their product, to determine whether or how the two are linked."

The authors insist that media bias is not the issue. Indeed, they argue, "the whole notion of bias has become a straw man that obscures the far less obvious (and less nefarious) processes

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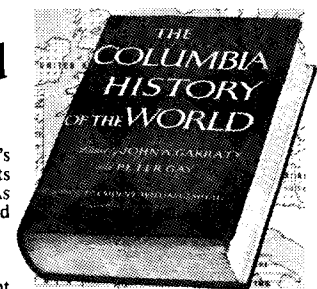
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