

Grover and Frances bought a house in Princeton, where the ex-president spent the remaining 12 years of his life serving as a university trustee, writing articles for magazines, and compiling a volume of sketches on hunting and fishing. The Princeton years were more notable in another way: Frances had two more babies, both boys, the last born when Big Steve was 66.

An *Honest President* provides a thorough overview of Grover Cleveland's public life, but readers who enjoy "psychohistory" may find it disappointing. In fairness to the author, it could hardly be otherwise. Psychohistory requires a certain degree of torment, but Cleveland was as simple and hearty as the big German meals he enjoyed in Buffalo's restau-

rants. Though not placid in the sluggish sense, he had a rare gift of contentment.

It deserted him only when he had to cope, not once but twice, with the unique problem of being an ex-president:

After the long exercise of power [he wrote], the ordinary affairs of life seem petty and commonplace. An ex-President practicing law or going into business is like a locomotive hauling a delivery wagon. He has lost his sense of proportion. The concerns of other people and even his own affairs seem too small to be worth bothering about.

This is as honest a statement as we are likely to find of what lies uneasily in the minds of those who know Bill Clinton. ❧

current mayor—has turned out to be no substitute for the real thing.

As Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor make clear in their masterly biography, the original Daley was very much the real thing—the classic American big-city machine mayor. This was a man who could whip his precinct captains into such a frenzy of cajoling and strong-arming that they returned his *nominating petition* for the 1971 mayoral race with 975,000 signatures, representing two-thirds of the registered voters in the City of Chicago. And when election day rolled around that year, the same precinct captains still had the energy (and—remarkably, given the roaring landslide—the inclination) to engage in a characteristically massive and bald-faced orgy of voting fraud. Perhaps it was just force of habit after generations of practice in the black art of election theft: accompanying voters into the booth to "assist" them in their decision; voting for non-citizens, non-residents, non-people (the dead forming, as they will, a particularly quiescent constituency); arresting poll-watchers; threatening violence; and, when all else failed, just walking into a voting booth and pulling the Democratic straight-ticket lever over and over.

Whatever the reason, and whatever the methodology, the 1971 election saw one precinct cast 272 votes, despite the fact that its voters had requested only 259 ballots. If Daley didn't necessarily order the vote stealing directly, the pressure he placed on his ward bosses—and which they in turn applied at the precinct level—was enough to get the machine rolling. He

had risen through the ranks as a party hack, and he understood intimately the possibilities and pitfalls of ward politics.

Daley was born in 1902 to a working-class family in Bridgeport, a South Side "Bungalow Belt" neighborhood formerly, and aptly, known as Hardscrabble. Apart

The Chairman With the Bridgeport Sensibility

**American Pharaoh:
Mayor Richard J. Daley:
His Battle for Chicago
and the Nation**

Adam Cohen and Elizabeth Taylor
Little, Brown / 614 pages / \$26.95

REVIEWED BY
John Lilly

If you were dumbly glued to the reruns on Channel 2, Chicago, the afternoon of December 20, 1976, you would have seen news anchor Walter Jacobson (if memory serves) break in with a piece of truly mind-boggling news. Mayor Daley—Richard J. Daley, who had dominated Chicago's all-powerful Democratic machine for over twenty-one years—had died in office. After listening to the facts of Daley's demise (the collapse at his doctor's office, the heart failure) and a brief obituary, you would have heard the anchorman close with "an old Irish saying.... He had one foot in heaven before the Devil knew he was dead." Then you would have been

returned to your regularly scheduled program, already in progress.

But even if you were eleven years old at the time, you would have realized in that moment that Chicago politics would never be the same again. It was like being in Peking (as we still called it then) when Chairman Mao died. Certainly one expected that the machine would make a stab at continuity, and it did, but Michael Bilandic was no Chairman Daley. (And Daley was Chairman Daley: That was the whole point. When you're Mayor of Chicago and Chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party... well, you're pretty much going to get your way, no matter what.) And after Bilandic, all bets were off: a woman (Jane Byrne), followed by the mediocre Harold Washington. Even Richard Daley *files*—Richard M. Daley, the



JOHN LILLY is a writer living in New York.

from brief stints in the state capital of Springfield, he would live there for the rest of his life. Seemingly middle-aged from birth (in *American Pharaoh* there is a picture of him as a prematurely jowly altar boy) and a stolid, ploddingly inarticulate overachiever, young Dick Daley first found his talent for leadership at the Hamburg Athletic Club. "Part social circle, part political organization, and part street gang," as Cohen and Taylor put it, the Hamburg Athletic Club was one of a number of such organizations in Chicago—and, indeed, in many other large cities at the time.

Between baseball and football games, the members of these clubs undertook "the work of patrolling the South Side's racial borders"—that is, of threatening or beating any black people who wandered into their neighborhood. It is one of Cohen and Taylor's central contentions that Daley essentially stayed in that line of work for the rest of his life. He would go on to get a law degree at night school and work his way up the machine hierarchy (state representative, state senator, failed candidate for sheriff of Cook County...), but Daley kept his small house in Bridgeport and kept his Bridgeport sensibility throughout. Once he arrived in the fifth floor mayor's office at City Hall, in 1955, he was in a position to administer the raging flood of funds that the federal government was throwing at public housing, and he did so in such a way as to concentrate blacks in the ghetto in an effort to stem the white flight out of Chicago. Among other things, his policy resulted in the State Street Corridor on the South Side, which "remains today the densest concentration of public housing in the nation" and a social sink of poverty, crime, single motherhood, and all the rest.

Although they take Daley to task for his housing policies and for his attitudes on race generally, Cohen and Taylor seem to recognize that his was not the overt racism of, for example, George Wallace. Daley was a coalition-builder—indeed, had to be one given the demographic shifts in the ever-blacker City of Chicago during his time in office—and certainly blacks formed a substantial part of his coalition. Machines run on patronage (in Chicago's case, some

“
Young Dick Daley
first found his talent
for leadership at the
Hamburg Athletic Club.
”

40,000 jobs by the time the courts started gutting the system in the early 1970's), and although blacks received fewer and lower-paying jobs for their votes, there is no question that Daley held their votes "through patronage and the work of the black ward organizations."

Indeed, the patronage and favoritism afforded by big-spending government at all levels (and the waste and corruption it entails) drive the rhythm of this book: an insistent ostinato of greed and power. Without his own constant tax increases, and without the gargantuan social programs funded by the federal government (but administered by Daley's underlings, in a novel scheme he called the "Chicago Concept"), there would have been less patronage on offer, and fewer votes for the machine. The more immediately engaging events that power the narrative—the national political conventions, the 1960 presidential election, the co-opting of Martin Luther King's northern campaign, the scandals, the riots—really do seem to have held only a secondary importance for Daley. He concentrated at least as much on the amassing of power and the patronage that maintained that power, sallying forth from party headquarters at the Morrison (and later, the LaSalle) Hotel to conquer the precincts with a well-organized army, rather than through direct campaigning on the issues.

Certainly the taxpayers got a raw deal under the system (and occasionally came close to rebelling over rate increases); but it does seem true, as Cohen and Taylor assert in their introduction, that "Daley may well have saved Chicago. He reigned during an era in which suburbanization, crime, and white flight were wreaking

havoc on other midwestern cities. Detroit, Kansas City, Cleveland, and Saint Louis were all prosperous, middle-class cities when Daley took office, and all declined precipitously after World War II."

In contrast, Chicago's skyline exploded during the same years; and despite the riots of the late 1960's and a persistent movement of whites to the suburbs, the city never became a bombed-out hull of urban despair. Perhaps another mayor would have done a better—and certainly a fairer—job of managing the situation. But in a city where "who sent you" meant almost everything, it may also be true that at the time, a machine like Daley's was the easiest way to move the disparate elements that composed the electorate toward something like a consensus. Although changes in the rules and composition of the Democratic Party (as well as a series of devastating court rulings) had already begun to dismantle the machine in the early 1970's, perhaps the voters of Chicago will never see another one like Daley again for a very good reason: They've decided they don't need to. ❧

Unabridged Audiobooks

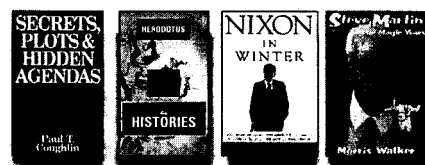
"Hear Our Voices."

William F. Buckley, Jr. • Pat Buchanan • Thomas Sowell • PJ. O'Rourke

Will Drive Us Mad

Robert Bork • Paul Johnson • Milton Friedman • William Bennett

New Titles Published Each Month.



Over 1,500 Titles

Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
 for a free catalogue, write or call:

Dept. AS • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, Oregon 97520

1-800-729-2665

<http://www.blackstoneaudio.com>

BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
 Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

Raising Citizen Kane

The Chief: The Life of William Randolph Hearst

David Nasaw

Houghton Mifflin / 687 pages / \$35

REVIEWED BY

John Corry

William Randolph Hearst was an American original, as much maligned, in death as in life, as he was admired. He was the most powerful newspaper publisher we have ever known, but he was more interested in making news than reporting it. He probably was right more often than he was wrong, but his timing was bad, and the obsessiveness with which he promoted his views made him look foolish. He was very rich, and a prodigal and irresponsible spender, but he thought of himself as a tribune of the people. He was often spiteful, and he excelled at invective, but delicacy prevented him from exposing the private lives of his enemies. He was limitless in both his talents and the resources to pursue his ambitions, but he habitually over-reached, and in the very best circles he was judged disreputable. As Winston Churchill once noted, after visiting him at San Simeon and in Los Angeles, "Those California swells do not of course know Hearst. He dwells apart.... They regard him as the Devil."

In David Nasaw's *The Chief*, however, Hearst, who died in 1951 at age 88, finally gets a fair hearing. Much of what was written about him in the past was either nasty or silly. In 1997, an article in *Vanity Fair* accused him of having accidentally stabbed a movie director to death in 1925 with Marion Davies's hatpin. Davies, of course, was his mistress. They met when he was 52, and she was 18, and they were together 35 years. In his eighties, he still slipped poems and notes under her door every night. At the same time Hearst and his wife, Millicent, with whom he had five sons, maintained a civilized relationship. She liked to travel,

and she acted as his roving ambassador. In 1930, she commissioned Mussolini to write for the Hearst newspapers at \$1,500 an article. In Orson Welles's dark and talky *Citizen Kane*, regarded by many critics as Hollywood's greatest film, Marion, who in real life was an accomplished light-comedy actress, is caricatured as a charmless, graceless, untalented bimbo; Millicent is depicted as a cold, anti-Semitic, social-climbing snob. Hearst, or Kane, is treated more sympathetically, although he dies alone, empty and defeated, crying out only for "rosebud," the sled he had as a child.

But Hearst, according to Nasaw, "never regarded himself as a failure, never recognized defeat, never stopped loving Marion or his wife," and indeed when he died, ten years after *Citizen Kane* was first released, he died not in the tomb-like place Welles had envisioned, but in Marion Davies's house in Beverly Hills. Clearly he escaped the just deserts that Welles, an old lefty, had thought appropriate. Hearst was supposedly our leading American fascist, and he should have been punished for his sins.

Hearst was born in San Francisco in 1863. His father, George, was a tobacco-chewing, generally uncouth, semi-literate miner, who struck it rich in the Comstock Lode, and later entered Democratic politics. His mother, Phoebe, 20 years her husband's junior, was a former schoolteacher with a yearning for life's finer things, and the determination to obtain them. She doted on her son. Together they studied French, and attended operettas, and when he was 10 she pulled him out of public school—she worried about the "toughs" in his class—and took him on an 18-month tour of Europe. Mother and son perfected their French, learned German, and visited museums, galleries, palaces, and churches. At night they rummaged through Shakespeare. Meanwhile young Will felt the first fluttering of what would become a life-long passion. As Phoebe wrote to George, who had remained in California, "He wants all sorts of things."

Indeed he did: German porcelain, Venetian glass, and the four white horses that pulled the British royal carriages,

among them. Phoebe told him they could not buy everything he saw, but as she also told George, their son "gets so fascinated, his reason and judgment forsake him." Even at 10, Nasaw suggests, Hearst wanted to surround himself with objects that would remain fixed and in place; his childhood had been "defined by impermanence." He had been "shifted and shunted, withdrawn and newly enrolled in school after school." He hardly knew his father, and even his mother, to whom he was devoted, had disappointed him. From time to time she had left him alone with his nanny or grandparents, "disappearing too often and too early." It seems that young Will's life had no center, and he wanted to construct a world his own. This does not wholly explain his enduring urge for acquisitions—houses, land, warehouses filled with *objets d'art* and expensive tchotchkes, and, of course, San Simeon—but it may be the best we can do. Hearst was not like other people. He had a sense of entitlement, and he always knew what he wanted, whether it was the White House or another tchotchke.

At 19, he went off to Harvard, moving into rooms in Harvard Yard that Phoebe had decorated in crimson, equipped with a library, and supplied with a maid and valet. He held drinking parties and dinners, and often exhausted his \$150 monthly allowance—perhaps the largest on campus—and frequently asked Phoebe for more money. In turn, she would reproach him, and ask him to mend his ways. Then she would send the money. Meanwhile informants kept her apprised of his behavior, and she knew about his Cambridge mistress, and his indifference to classes. Then she would remonstrate, and he would repent, but very little would change. Hearst could never curb his spending habits, nor did he ever want to, and even as a middle-aged man, he still turned to Phoebe. In 1915, when he already owed her \$722,000, he borrowed an additional \$556,000. The next year he asked for \$350,000 more. "It is simply killing her," a friend said lugubriously, but she wrote off the original \$722,000, and then gave him the \$350,000.

Hearst left Harvard in his senior year. "He was little esteemed in the college," George Santayana, also in the class of '85, wrote peevishly decades later. Hearst, however, had a grander venue in mind, and it