These kinds of actions have had a real impact on the growth of state and local government. Between 1954 and 1978, the average annual increase of state and local expenditures per capita was 4.5 percent. From 1978 to 1983 per capita expenditures fell by a cumulative 6.5 percent.

For the same 1954–78 period, annual public employment growth in the state and local sector, adjusted for population, averaged three percent. In the post-Proposition 13 Era, 1978–83, state and local governments decreased public employment at an annual rate of one percent.

Era of Limits

The states have used both old and new devices to keep spending in check. Forty-nine of the 50 states have a constitutional or statutory requirement for a balanced budget. While these laws have been on the books for many years, the new fiscal conservatism produced by the tax revolt has increased their effectiveness. From fiscal 1978 to fiscal 1985, only 20 instances of deficits on the state level have been recorded—five of them in Vermont, the only state without a balanced budget requirement. This contrasts with the federal government, which has run deficits in 30 of the last 35 years.

The states are also experimenting with new devices to increase fiscal discipline. Taxation or expenditure limits (TELs), which limit the growth in state taxes and spending, have been adopted in 19 states. In 1980, Massachusetts passed Proposition 2½, establishing a constitutional property tax limit of 2.5 percent. The effects on taxes and spending have been dramatic. In 1980, the state and local revenue burden in Massachusetts totaled 16.3 percent of personal income. By 1983, it had dropped to 14.5 percent. Spending in 1980, which totaled 20.8 percent of personal income, also declined over the next three years to 17.1 percent. The reduction in taxes and spending have helped to produce an unprecedented boom in the Bay State's economy.

The severity of the 1982 recession made it difficult for states to pay their bills. One response was to raise taxes, and in 1983, 16 states raised their personal income tax while 12 raised their general sales tax. Property tax growth on the local level was also strong, with an 11 percent average increase nationwide.

These tax increases, however, explain only a part of the current financial resurgence of states and localities. Revenue forecasters miscalculated the strength of the 1983 economic recovery as much as they had underestimated the severity of the 1982 recession. In 1983, tax revenues exceeded budget estimates by over $9 billion. Indeed, the Treasury Department estimates that state and local revenues rose by $26.1 billion in 1983, and only $8.9 billion of this increase could be attributed to higher taxes. The remainder, $17.2 billion, was the fiscal dividend from economic growth.

The lesson from the states and localities is clear. Governments cannot tax their way out of deficits. Strict limits on taxes and spending, coupled with policies that promote economic growth, are the only sure prescription for fiscal health. ☎

District of Columbia

Why the Other Washington Doesn't Work

John A. Barnes
and John H. Fund

Until 3 A.M. on election night, when Walter Mondale was finally declared the winner of his home state of Minnesota, the only Mondale island in the Reagan sea projected on network television maps was a flashing pinpoint of light halfway down the eastern seaboard—the defiantly Democratic stronghold of Washington, D.C.

Since receiving the right to vote for President in 1964, the District of Columbia has never come close to backing the Republican candidate. Washington, in fact, was the only electoral jurisdiction where the Democratic nominee actually fared better in 1984 than in 1980. This electoral behavior is only the most apparent of the many paradoxes that make the city of Washington wholly unlike the nation of which it is the capital.

While the rest of the country has a strong tradition of competition between the parties, Washington has no Republican Party worthy of mention. While the states are "sovereign" and their citizens take as a given their right to elect local officials, Washington, D.C. continues to be involved in a long, drawn-out debate over how much control it should have over its own affairs.

Further, as most residents know, there are really two Washingtons. There is the Washington celebrated daily in the pages of the *Washington Post* "Style" section: the city of marble monuments, the playground of national policymakers who live and shop in trendy Georgetown and gentrified Capitol Hill. It is overwhelmingly white and gives the city as a whole a higher per capita income than any state except oil-rich Alaska: $12,039.

The Other Washington is not physically far removed, but for most people in the first category, it may as well be light years. This is the Washington on the far bank of the Anacostia River and the public housing projects of Northeast and Southwest Washington. Seventy percent

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of the District's residents are black, and though many of them are comfortably middle-class, Washington has a higher proportion of people on welfare—14 percent—than every state in the union. The proximity of such wealth to such poverty breeds a sky-high crime rate.

But despite the yawning disparities between the two Washingtons, they both share the same vision of government: more. The first Washington is made up of people who work either directly for the federal bureaucracy or in fields where prosperity is dependent on government. In addition to AFDC, Medicaid, and other federal programs, the Other Washington receives a special allotment of $600 million a year to support its extremely generous social welfare structure. Talk of budget cuts is strenuously avoided wherever possible.

President Reagan is none too popular, though he has been more generous with federal aid to the city than Jimmy Carter was. At the city's ceremony marking Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday in 1983, a five-year-old boy addressing an audience that included the mayor and most leading city officials confidently declared that if Reverend King were alive today, he would be like Moses "telling the Pharoah Reagan to 'Let my people go.'" The audience cheered wildly.

Fail, Columbia!

But the insatiable desire for more federal money hides yet another paradox: Washington is the only city in America managed directly by the federal government, a situation the locals want very much to change. That's not surprising: like the Postal Service and Amtrak, the District of Columbia has not exactly been an advertisement for the virtues of federal management. Federal control since the city's founding in 1790 has created an urban nightmare: water bills that are often late or grossly wrong; a school system generally graded as one of the worst in the nation (though it has been improving lately); broken traffic lights at busy intersections.

Unlike most cities, Washington, D.C. did not develop to serve an economic purpose. It was founded over a dinner between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, when the former pledged the help of the southern states in retiring the nation's Revolutionary War debts, if the latter would support the creation of a new federal capital closer to the South than Philadelphia. We've been paying ever since.

Until 1874, the city had its own limited government, but it was abolished after Congress discovered huge amounts of public money missing from the city treasury and the territorial governor fled to Mexico to avoid prosecution. Congress declared the city unfit to govern itself and ushered in a period of direct congressional control that acted as a political reform school for the city.

For the next century, the House and Senate District of Columbia Committees functioned, in effect, as the city council, approving the city's budget and passing its ordinances. They determined the appropriate penalties for littering and jaywalking and, in one celebrated instance in the early 1960s, the House of Representatives spent hours debating whether it was legal to fly a kite within the city limits.

These committees, of course, were made up of members of Congress elected by constituents who cared almost nothing about what happened to Washington's residents. And as the city's black population grew, that control became increasingly tinged with racism. During the Depression of the early 1930s, for instance, the head of the city's welfare agency appealed to the House District Appropriations Subcommittee for emergency funds. The chairman turned him down flat, saying, "I'd never keep my seat in Congress. My constituents would never stand for spending all that money on niggers."

Barrying the Hatchet

These same members of Congress laid the foundation for the city's current problems by using the city government as a dumping ground for patronage employees and federal bureaucrats found too incompetent for the federal service but who could not be fired. When limited "Home Rule" was re-established after a century in 1974, the officials who took over found themselves saddled with a huge number of political hacks who owed their jobs to influential friends and relatives on the Hill.

Despite Home Rule, the city stays on a tight federal leash. Citizens of the District may now elect their own mayor and city council, but their powers remain circumscribed by Congress. The budget, drawn up annually by the mayor, is only a proposal. Congress can and frequently does make major changes before it becomes law.

As recently as 1981, Congress forbade the city from buying 25 new police cars, charging patients at public health clinics more than $12 a visit, and boycotting any state that has not ratified the equal rights amendment. Congress holds down cab fares, and parking tickets to members of Congress are not allowed. "You just give your ticket to the Sergeant-at-Arms [of the House] and he takes care of it," says former Arizona congressman, Jim McNulty.

Presiding over the Other Washington is Mayor Marion S. Barry, first elected in 1978. A big, soft-spoken man, he revels in the national and even international exposure his role as mayor of the nation's capital gives him. If the District ever succeeds in getting full congressional representation, he is a strong bet to become one of the senators. If a Democratic administration returns in 1988, he could wind up with a top cabinet position.

Mr. Barry's is an unlikely rise to power and respectability in the national political community. Born the son of a Mississippi sharecropper, he was trained as a chemist. But the segregation of the South quickly drove him into the more radical arm of the civil rights movement.

Just how radical may be indicated by Mr. Barry's decision while at college in the mid-1950s to change his middle name from simply the initial "S" to "Shepilov." He says he plucked the name out of a newspaper. Considering the rarity of the name in this country and the source of his inspiration, his model may have been D.T. Shepilov, a former editor of *Pravda* and the Soviet foreign minister at the time.

While he has shed the radical rhetoric and gone "establishment," Mr. Barry has in no way changed his basic political positions. In fact, the entire city political struc-

ture (even the tiny and almost non-existent Republican Party), is monolithically liberal and in harmony with anything described as "progressive." One of the constituency groups Mr. Barry has been careful to cultivate are organized homosexuals, who make up a substantial part of his support.

Army of the Potomac

As any visitor to a D.C. government office building can readily attest, the District government fields a bureaucratic army rivaled by no other major city or state. According to the *Washington Monthly*, Pennsylvania has 386 state and local employees for every 10,000 residents. Big government-loving Massachusetts has 444. But the D.C. government tops them all at 730 for every 10,000 residents.

But for all the high taxes and large number of government workers, what do the poor, mostly black residents of Washington get for their money? Frequently, incompetence and cronyism at best, and possibly corruption at worst.

King of the hill.

For instance, Mr. Barry's former wife, Mary Treadwell, was convicted and jailed in 1983 on charges of conspiracy to defraud the federal government and the tenants of a housing project she controlled under the umbrella of Youth Pride Inc., an anti-poverty program she and Mr. Barry ran together in the late 1960s and early 1970s. While Mr. Barry was never implicated, it apparently never occurred to him to ask his wife how she could afford a Mercedes-Benz, expensive clothes, jewelry, and other accoutrements of high living while running a poverty program.

Mr. Barry was also accused of using cocaine or watching others use cocaine during a visit to the California Steak House, a now-defunct strip joint in the city's 14th Street red-light district. The charges were never proved and Mr. Barry claimed to be in the place only to pick up a campaign contribution.

On another occasion, when it was revealed that Robert Moore, the former director of the city housing agency, had apparently diverted city construction crews and materials to do repairs on his own house, Mr. Barry shrugged it off by saying, "I don't have the authority to prosecute anybody."

The criminal justice system has come in for heated criticism from surrounding jurisdictions in Virginia and Maryland. It is not unusual for criminals who commit crimes in the suburbs to dash for the District, where, if they are arrested, they are often turned loose without bail.

Mayor Barry's administration has not in any way been an unrelieved disaster. Even his harshest critics agree he has done a great deal to straighten out the city's once hopelessly tangled finances. The chronically potholed streets have started to receive attention and the elections board, which presided over a near-fiasco in 1982 when thousands had trouble voting, ran much more smoothly last time around. While recent polls show most residents think the mayor is doing a good or excellent job, that number falls dramatically when respondents are asked about the caliber of people he has appointed to high office.

State of Uncertainty

So Washington, D.C. is caught in a vicious circle: most of its present woes have their roots in the history of federal control over the city, but the performance of the local administration has not encouraged the federal overlords on the Hill to grant more autonomy.

The Voting Rights Amendment, passed by Congress and sent to the states for ratification in 1978, would have given city residents full senatorial and congressional representation as though it were a state. So far ratified by only 14 of the necessary 38 states, it will likely die a quiet death this August because most state officials have become convinced the city-state should not be treated as an equal of the other states. After that, some city officials pin their hopes on statehood, but once again, they may have shot themselves in the foot before starting. Aside from the fact that the GOP would not support a plan that gave Democrats two more votes in the Senate, the big stumbling block is the proposed constitution the city has sent to Capitol Hill. Some of its more interesting provisions:

1) All public employees, including police and fire officers, would have the right to strike, a right banned by federal law. One of the drafters of the constitution stated this right would even extend to National Guard personnel mobilized in an emergency. The constitution would even repeal the concept of "sovereign immunity," and hold all public employees, including police or fire officers, accountable in the courts for their actions.

2) The constitution mandates that every citizen has a right to a job or "an income equivalent to meet human

needs." A motion to make this contingent on the city's ability to pay was voted down by the convention.

3) The constitution declares "inviolate" the right to have sex with whomever and whatever one chooses. Since the age of consent in the District is 16, parents would have no constitutional right to control the sexual activities of their minor children.

4) Any defendant in a criminal procedure would have the right to see any and all evidence possessed by the prosecution, cannot be denied bail to protect the community, and must be represented by "competent counsel." So an indicted drug dealer, represented by his competent attorney, posts bond and walks out of court with the names and addresses of the undercover informants who landed him there.

By the way, for those who have been reassured by 10 years of Home Rule that the people of the District would not elect "radicals," one of the freely elected members of the convention that drafted this document was Maurice Jackson, the District chairman of the Communist Party.

In its present form, the constitution (and statehood) are likely to go nowhere. What then, is the answer? There are no easy ones, but allowing city residents to vote for Maryland senators might be a way of securing congressional representation without upsetting the balance of power in Congress. Meanwhile, how would George Washington react if he could come back and see the assault on common sense taking place in the city that bears his name?

Post Coitum Tristrum

Modern Fiction's Sex Offenders

Judith Chettle

It has not been easy in recent years to maintain the distinction between discriminating readers of contemporary literature and the presumed perverts who slink into adult book stores and movies. The respectable reader can, by a conscientious perusal of what the critics have praised, be just as acquainted with sexual matters once thought taboo in decent society. Sodomy, sadism, fellatio, and cunnilingus have become literary staples as familiar as death from consumption, unrequited love, and the loss of great fortunes once were. In part, this has been a normal corrective response, a reaction against excesses of prudery, but it is also the result of changes in political and philosophical attitudes to sex and society.

The sexual revolution of the last 20 years has been more socially devastating than the French Revolution. No age group, no sex, no race, no class has been excluded from its message or immune to its influence. No aspect of life, least of all literature, has been untouched.

In the past, the place of sex in literature was as cyclical as the weather, the economy, and the luck of men and women. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and the Elizabethans treated it as an absurd if natural part of life. The Puritans reacted against what they perceived as celebrations of licentiousness, but after the Restoration, attitudes again changed so that by the 18th century sexual adventures in literature were commonplace. The hero of one Smollett novel even suffers from venereal disease. Sexual adventures, seductions, and lusting scoundrels were described in an easygoing, at times almost affectionate manner. There was no obligation to score points, to make statements about the liberation of the psyche, or the imperative of orgasm. Sex was simply a natural fact of life, something that occurred, if you were fortunate, many times on the journey between birth and death.

The Victorians, who became a byword for prudery, preferred to maintain a general silence on the subject. It was the one lurking presence that threatened to disrupt the celebration of progress in which they were engaged. Sexual tension, which is often the key to much human behavior, is conspicuously absent from Victorian literature: the door to the bedroom shuts in the evening and opens again only in the morning.

After World War I, the pendulum began to swing slowly in the other direction, though Waugh, Huxley, and Lawrence, all once thought daring and naughty, now seem almost as piquantly evasive as their Victorian predecessors. Even Lawrence's notorious *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* though written with the same sensuous power that is present in "The Song of Solomon," is as useful for really understanding the mechanics of sex as Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* might be to a novice sailor.

Cultural Revolution

But the pace picked up after World War II, when narrow definitions of obscenity were successfully questioned in courts both in England and America. A postwar generation, impatient with the priggish complacency of the past and the laws defining personal conduct, began to question all authority, particularly moral authority. The language of politics was appropriated for personal and more self-centered ends—the legalization of drugs, the removal of barriers to sex before, after, or instead of marriage, abortion on demand, liberal divorce laws, and the recognition of homosexuality as a legitimate preference. Writers, musicians, and artists expressed their sympathy with these goals by denouncing any necessity for moral authority, social convention, and traditional form.

The moment, not the hour, was to be celebrated. This was possible in a limited sense in the theater—*Hair* was a dazzling spectacle a decade or so ago, though it might have little to say to the 80s. But literature is not so evanescent. For good or ill, it remains a permanent record. And here the pendulum swung as wildly as a Geiger counter on a uranium mine. Every aspect of sexuality and sexual liberty was suddenly legitimate material for writers, and it was thought fitting to give sex not merely a significant but the central role in any work.

Sexual passages now replaced the ubiquitous 19th century invocations of the Almighty. Men and women worried about their sexual performance rather than the possibility of damnation, about their potential for

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