

The result is a portrait of young conservatives and the frightening incidents that pushed them right.

Consider that happened to Dinesh D'Souza. "Originally from Bombay, India, he did not consider himself political when he first arrived on the Dartmouth campus. But then he received an invitation to a college-sponsored dance. When he arrived, he found that the men were dancing with the men and the women with the women." Today Dinesh works for the White House.

These are passionate young men and women, always on the moral offensive, ready to take on liberalism wherever they find it. But there's nothing stuffy or pretentious about them. According to his Third Generation bio, Adam Myerson, the editor of the Heritage Foundation's flagship, *Policy Review*, is "willing to publish a risky or a zany article, as long as the thesis is supported by hard data and sound reasoning." The fact is, as Gregg ("the most promising young journalist of his generation") Fossedal puts it in the book's opening chapter: "Culturally speaking, surf's up in America." This is a golden era for young conservatives who want to cut loose intellectually. "Outrageousness, for one thing, is back. . . . Movies designed to raise our consciousness are bombing, while people line up for pure entertainment, such as 'Back to the Future,' 'Top Gun,' and anything with Rodney Dangerfield, the comic who has everyone laughing."

Just listen to the kind of ideas that get tossed around at a typical meeting of the Third Generation. Laura Ingraham, distinguished alumna of the *Dartmouth Review*, leads a fascinating discussion in chapter three ("Going on the Moral Offensive") on why the right has to borrow from the tactics of the radicals of the sixties. For example, liberals use the specter of Joe McCarthy to make it "impossible for conservatives to point out that there are people in this country who are, in fact, working in concert with the enemy." She wants the right to pick a bogeyman of its own, someone as big and as bad as McCarthy to put liberals on the defensive. Her suggestion? Get this: Sydney

Schanberg. Laura now works in the White House.

You may laugh, but this kind of thing goes over big in the conservative hinterland. *The Third Generation* was published by Regnery Gateway, the right-wing press, apparently because the Heritage Foundation agreed to buy up most of the first run itself. They plan to use it as a fund-raising tool.

Ben Hart and Ralph Reed, Dinesh D'Souza and Laura Ingraham, the young and the restless of the New Right, are the conservative movement's aces in the hole. Forget Irangate. As Pat Buchanan testifies on the dust jacket, the real political story of the decade is "how Ronald Reagan robbed Teddy Kennedy, Gary Hart, and the 'Party of Compassion' of tomorrow's best political minds."

The First Generation of conservatives, you see—men like Friedrich Hayek, Russell Kirk, and Whittaker Chambers—had only limited impact. They were intellectual groundbreakers, but they didn't understand politics and power. They were Goldwater men. The Second Generation learned from the mistakes of the first, building think-tanks, raising money, and organizing politically. Norman Podhoretz is a Second Generation man. So are Jerry Falwell and Richard Viguerie, and of course Heritage Foundation grand poobah Ed Feulner. But these guys have lost their edge. The future belongs to the energy and the street smarts of the Third Generation.

Take, for example, a right-wing issue like the Soviet attack on KAL 007. For the First Generation, it's a clash of philosophies, Marxist brutality, Western open skies. The Second Generation might commission a two-year study on Asian flight paths and original intent. But the Third Generation? "When 269 people are killed we think in terms of what slogan to produce," says Amy Moritz, Maryland's outstanding young Republican of 1978. "Two-hundred-sixty-nine fits on a button or a bumper sticker."

In a way, one imagines, this is progress. As they studiously transcribe what they have learned in movie theaters and dance halls onto bumper stickers and buttons,

the Third Generation will reach a far greater audience than right-wingers ever have. Of course, something of conservatism's substance is lost in the translation, and there is a certain aimlessness in ideology so crudely rendered. But no one seems to mind. By all accounts the First and Second Generation are content to be led passively into battle by their progeny, triumphing over experience, the blind leading the blind.

—Malcolm Gladwell

First Ladies. Betty Boyd Carol. *Oxford University*, \$19.95. This book has more information than you probably ever wanted to know about the wives of the presidents. It's no doubt sexist to note it will be more interesting to women than to men, but anyone curious about the politics of the changing roles of women in our social history will find much to ponder here.

Consider the title of the wife of the president. For years no one knew exactly how to address her. She's been called "Mrs. President" and "Presidentress." But how she has been acknowledged tells us as much about the politics of the time as about the woman.

Martha Washington, for example, was sometimes called Lady Washington because pomp and circumstance were still fresh in the collective memory of the fledgling republic. Since she refused to talk about politics, she was handled gently by the press. Abigail Adams, who followed her, was mercilessly ridiculed for being foolish in "loyally supporting her husband's views."

James Buchanan, one of the two bachelors to be elected president (the other was Grover Cleveland, and he married while occupying 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue), heard his niece, who acted as his hostess, described as "Our Democratic Queen." But because Buchanan was not married, he was suspect in another way. *The New York Times* compared his treacherous nature to that of Cain and Judas Iscariot, two historical villains who also lacked a softening female influence in their lives.

If the public clamored for the

president to have a wife, it also expected her influence to remain within the sphere of traditional women's work.

Lucy Hayes, wife of Rutherford, is typical. Hailed as a "New Woman" because of her college education, she knew better than to speak on behalf of the suffragettes. Instead she gave birth to eight children in 20 years and focused her attention on her husband's career. Washington's sophisticates found her intolerably dull—they dubbed her "Lemonade Lucy" for banning alcohol from the White House. But when she accompanied her husband across the expanding country, the first presidential couple to cross from the Atlantic to the Pacific, newspapers hailed her as the "first lady of the land."

"First Lady" as a title flourished, although Jacqueline Kennedy initially forbade her staff to use it. Nancy Reagan has been accused of elevating the role of First Lady to that of an "Associate Presidency." But her influence pales next to that of Edith Wilson. When husband Woodrow Wilson suffered a stroke, she guarded entry to his bedside with such ferocity that some observers said she *was* president, exercising "petticoat government."

No matter what you want to call her, the wife of the president usually has the power inherent in most wives, that of "pillow talk." Such intimate, ill-defined, but very real power inevitably troubles an American public, guaranteeing an ambivalent response to a First Lady's unelected role in political life.

—Suzanne Fields

Exile Within: The Schooling of Japanese Americans, 1942-1945. Thomas James. *Harvard University Press*. \$25.00

O.K., let's see a quick show of hands: How many of you remember thinking that the president is chosen by an "Electrical College?" Only a few? Maybe you were one of the wise guys in the front of the class who recognized the absurdity of an unnamed vocational school appointing our nation's chief executive.

Not much has changed. Well after breaking faith with Santa Claus, some kids still believe in the Electrical College. (I have taught such students in Vermont and Maryland.) The only difference between then and now is that in this year of constitutional fever, "Education for Democracy" has become a very big issue. A widely publicized pamphlet of this title, sponsored by the American Federation of Teachers and signed by 150 "prominent Americans" (the statement's phrase), reminds us, yet again, that the majority of American high schoolers can't identify *Brown v. Board of Education*, Winston Churchill, or Joseph Stalin, let alone describe the electoral process.

Don't fall into the trap of assuming that there was ever a time when kids could recite the Federalist Papers. The AFT statement points out that less than half of American college freshmen surveyed in 1943—"The patriotic era," according to the pamphlet—could list four points in the Bill of Rights.

Thomas James reveals, however, that during the same period the students who experienced most forcefully the hateful underside of this patriotism—the 30,000 Japanese-Americans, mostly second generation "Nisei," who attended federally administered schools at "relocation centers"—had a more subtle, emotional understanding of our democracy than "free" kids.

Examine, as James does in his short but provocative book on their education, the graduation speeches—typically the most banal and bombastic of American rituals—that they delivered within their parched, barbed-wire prisons. "We stand for tolerance," opined one student, "for we know the injustice and bitterness that can arise where there is bigotry and intolerance." Another speaker offered a sophisticated, honest critique of American history that is still largely absent from our classrooms and textbooks: "America makes mistakes, great mistakes," the speaker said, listing the nation's crimes against the Indians, Negroes, and, with unusual em-

pathy, against German-Americans during the previous World War. "Her history is full of errors, but with each mistake she has learned." Studying quite literally in the shadows of guard towers—or in classes ravaged by dust storms, which prevented conversation and sometimes even vision across the room—many "Nisei" emerged with just the sort of education the AFT, William Bennett, and the rest of us say we want our kids to have.

How they developed their democratic consciousness says something about education reform today. It certainly didn't come from their teachers, most of whom resented their "Nisei" students. (Typical was the teacher who, when a student asked why her people hadn't been allowed to prepare for deportation, snapped: "We were not prepared for Pearl Harbor, were we?") And it wasn't the progressive curriculum, including a special "Problems of Democracy" course, that made them understand freedom. It was their first-hand experience of political repression.

Score one for the AFT's wise recommendation that schools devote more attention to other nations, "both democratic and non-democratic." But nowhere does the statement call for public service outside of school that would force our kids to challenge their assumptions about government and society in the emotional way the "Nisei" had to examine their own. Our kids would know a whole lot more about America's grandeur and weaknesses if they had to work in day-care centers, hospitals, prisons, parks. They would have to ask themselves: Why is that person in jail? Why is that person a drug addict? Why can't that person find a job? Libertarians will squeal that this is servitude, not service. We can't *force* our kids to work in some hospital a few hours a week. Why not? We force them to sit in some classroom—and for a lot longer than that. They may never, nor should they, receive an education for democracy on par with the "Nisei's" gruesome lesson. But they could get a hell of a lot richer one than they're getting now.

—Jonathan Zimmerman