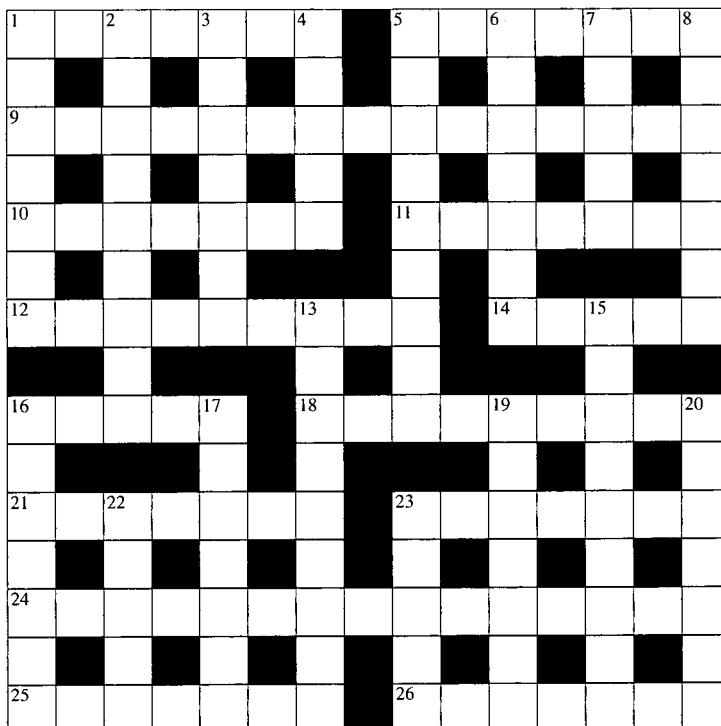


Political Puzzle

BY JOHN BARCLAY

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words—thus (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, such as USA, are treated as one word.



Across

1. News figure makes CNN toil madly. (7)
5. Proponent of short cut welfare? (3,4)
9. Agency arranged net trade map test. (5,10)
10. Dispersed tools in cosmetic fluids. (7)
11. African capital a.k.a. Palm Springs. (7)
12. Cosmetic makes a tenor odd. (9)
14. Dickens figure gathers wits before test start. (5)
16. Artificial spode smashed. (5)
18. Gauge dope unfairly for highly disciplined teacher. (9)
21. Shift spoons before start of reception for patron. (7)
23. Rode cab spinning oriental fabric. (7)
24. Set up venture near line for important agency. (8,7)
25. Football player changed gear in set off. (7)
26. Seder is changing lives. (7)

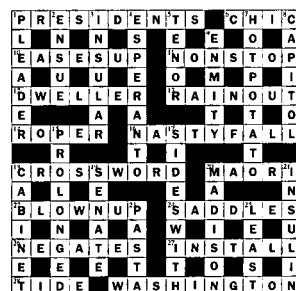
Down

1. Actors went first and made chess move. (7)
2. Oversights attributed to CIA in hostilities. (9)
3. Artistic vibration is a lot more shaking. (7)
4. Wants works audibly. (5)
5. Teed off after shut-out, covered everything. (9)
6. Floor covering from English city lacking luster. (4,3)
7. Last character in line-up of home games. (5)
8. Special Connecticut selection. (7)
13. Morning by beach and symbol. (9)
15. Fundamental from grade nine training. (9)
16. Voice distributing visas in gym. (7)
17. Has grid repaired for kitchen aid. (4,3)
19. Impressions of nothing in

tree stands. (7)

20. Parts of shoes somewhat steely after end of hike. (7)
22. Remote route detour. (5)
23. Stripper kind of bonds, we hear. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



This Holiday Season, Give
Them Frankness, Sense,
and Mirth . . .

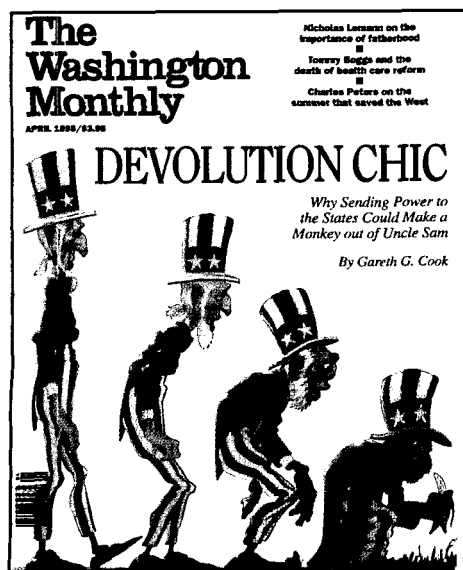
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What to Like about Today's Ike

Most memoirs burn bridges and settle scores. Colin Powell's is clearly not a finale, however, but a prologue

BY MATTHEW COOPER

My American Journey

Colin Powell with Joseph E. Persico, *Random House*, \$25.95

Colin Powell's memoirs have become a publishing phenomenon, one of those rare events in which the usually obscure agreements surrounding a book contract have become the stuff of common knowledge. The \$6 million advance, the book tour, the carefully considered interview with Barbara Walters—all are familiar by now. And as the hour of Powell's presidential decision approaches, the interest in the man and his career only grows.

What's less well-known is the book itself or at least parts of it. The rags-to-riches story has received plenty of attention: that Powell spoke Yiddish as a child, that he hails from Jamaican stock, and that he hung out with a multiracial gang in his old Bronx neighborhood. But other important strains in the book have been largely passed over.

For one thing, *My American Journey* has a lighter touch than these sorts of books tend to have. Most memoirs, literary or political, are aimed, in large measure, at obituary writers; they are a last, bald attempt to shape one's epitaph. And so they wind up puffing up one's role in controversial events. After Donald Regan resigned as White House chief of staff, for instance, he tapped out one of the great, score-settling memoirs—its revelations about Nancy Reagan's astrologer being the most memorable jab—in a book designed to exonerate Regan from Iran-Contra and other

missteps of Reagan's second term. Other memoirs are written by the intellectually insecure and are designed to shore up one's position as a great thinker. The Kissinger memoirs and Nixon's many books exemplify this genre at its apex. For Powell, the memoir is a different sort of tool. Powell obviously sees his best days ahead of him, not behind. This is about promise, not retribution. His reflections, then, are less infused by the self-pity or pomposity that are the hallmark of memoirs meant to be a capstone. (Alas, they're short, too, on the kind of bridge-burning that can make memoirs so much fun.) Instead, *My American Journey* is accented with a breezy, self-deprecating sense of humor. One night finds Powell pounding an array of shots—from Creme de Menthe to gin—with his buddies well past midnight, only to be awakened early the next morning for a drill simulating a Soviet nuclear attack. Powell also tells a hilarious story about a GI under his command in Germany who had gotten a young German girl and her mother pregnant. "This situation," writes Powell, "had not been covered in the basic course at Fort Benning."

To be sure, the general is not above posturing; his account of the Gulf War is clearly designed to blunt the negative impression left by Bob Woodward's *The Commanders*, a book from which Powell emerged as something of a hypocrite—pro-Gulf War in public, a reluctant warrior behind the scenes. And Powell is not above sheer pabulum, like his declaration, typical

Matthew Cooper, a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*, is a senior editor of *The New Republic* where he writes the "White House Watch" column.