

union members support a balanced budget, 87 percent support welfare reform, and 78 percent support tax cuts for families with children, and those percentages are higher than the general public.

So union members on average support the fundamental reforms we have been trying to enact back here in Washington over the last year at a greater percentage than the rest of the American public.

So why are the labor bosses attacking incumbent Republicans? Why have they targeted incumbent Republicans for defeat as part of a concerted effort by the National Democratic Party to regain control of the House and Senate? Well, it is very simple. They have a vested interest here. They do not want to see government downsized because that would mean the waning or the loss of power and influence for those very same labor union bosses.

So I think it is very important for the average American working men and women to realize that we are doing our utter best back here in Washington to protect their interests and to create a better future for America's families because we are not working for the labor bosses, we are working for those American families, for those working men and women, and they are the people who are the bosses.

So with that, Madam Speaker, I appreciate the opportunity to stress that point and follow up on the comments made by the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. HOKE].

U.S.S. "GARY GORDON"

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of May 12, 1995, the gentleman from California [Mr. DORNAN] is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. DORNAN. Well, Madam Speaker, I guess it is clear for the whole world to see there will not be an hour special order by the Member from Massachusetts followed by my special order. Mr. FRANK told me earlier in the week that he was going to critique my point of personal privilege from this well on June 27, and I said, "Well good I'll be there to critique your hour with my hour," because I said I would keep focused on the truth and I was not going to let go of this crude attempt which we saw again last night late and on the floor this morning and early afternoon to brand anybody who thinks there is something wrong with homosexual behavior as a bigot, as a hater, and, as Mr. CANADY of Florida pointed out, they added about 15 more sleazy words that we could have spent all day long taking peoples' words down to contest.

I would like to tell any people that came to visit us in the gallery today, through the Chair, that I will return to this subject after I do something very positive and upbeat to relate what I was privileged to behold on the Fourth of July, and I would hope that people

would reflect on the positives about the United States over this weekend, but spend a little time thinking about this amazing vote that we just had, our last vote today, on the 12th of July, defeating a phony recommit bill with instructions to study homosexual, quote, marriage, unquote, when that study is going ahead anyway. So 30 Republicans, kind of threw—well 29 threw a vote in this direction and joined Mr. GUNDERSON so that they will be able to have begging rights not to have Act Up and other radical homosexual groups try and wreck their town hall meetings with rude demonstrations, and the Democratic vote did not shift that much, 133 for the phony recommit and 118 to back up—or, excuse me, only 65—let me back up; 53 voted against Democrats, that phony motion to recommit, and that jumped up to 65 going the other way and saying that they will go out on a limb for homosexual marriage.

The final vote is, in this Chamber, 118 Democrats in spite of the 2-day debate going with Clinton, that they are not going to sign off on homosexuals getting married civilly, although a few renegade Christian denominations that are splitting in pieces will go ahead and go through a mock marriage ceremony, but 118 Democrats joined Clinton and say no way. The one Independent from Vermont, 65 Democrats and only one Republican, Mr. GUNDERSON, that is 67 people today and 2 voting present, approve of homosexual marriage. There were 23 not voting; that is not unusual for a get-away Friday, although I noticed in the Democratic list here at least 3 Democrats that were participating in the debate right up through recommit and the final passage vote, which was only a 5-minute vote followed immediately thereafter, and they ditched, I will give them the benefit of the doubt, jump in a car and speed off to National Airport or Dulles to get out of town. But it looks very suspicious.

So there is the vote: 23 absent, 2 present, 67 with only one Republican, the sole Independent who usually votes in caucuses on the other side of the aisle, and 65 Democrats saying homosexual marriage is OK. On our side 224 Republicans out of 225 voting, and 118 Democrats, for a total of 342, say no way to homosexual marriage.

So, it looks like my opening remarks in the well June 27, when, as I recall, I said:

Mr. Speaker, I now move out into the evil mind fields of political correctness alone, but I pray and hope not alone on this uncomfortable issue of homosexuality. Well, it looks like I am not alone. Fifteen days later, on the 12th of July, 1996, 342 souls have joined me with varying degrees of commitment to principle and Judeo-Christian ethics.

Now to that positive note: On July 4, I had the honor of being invited by the families of Americans who lost their fighting men in the alleys of Mogadishu on October 3 and 4, 1993, not quite 3 years ago. It was the second

ceremony, unprecedented, where a naval ship, a big naval ship, 956 feet of naval cargo ship, was being named after an army sergeant. The first one took place in San Diego where the U.S. Naval Ship *Randall Sugart* was named, with his mother and father and his wife presiding, and that was on May 13—excuse me, Jefferson's birthday, April 13—and then on July 4, the second commissioning of the U.S. Naval Ship *Gary Ivan Gordon*. Both of these army sergeants won the Medal of Honor, fulfilling to the letter of the scripture St. John 15:13, greater love than this no one has that he give his life for his friends. A biblical translation: that they lay down their life for another. They begged to have their helicopter crew get the authority to put them down at the crash site of CWO Michael Durant that ended up saving his life and giving up their own lives. On the night of October 3 the film was so brutal, a videotape on CNN, that they stopped running it by midnight because of people crying and calling in. The film, the videotape, was so brutal. These two Medal of Honor winners, the copilot and I got to meet his widow, Willie Frank, down there at Newport News at the commissioning of the *Gary Gordon*, the two door gunners, Tommy Fields and William David Cleveland. We saw their bodies being hacked apart by the crowds, desecrated, dragged through the streets, objects stuck in their gaping dead mouths. It was a pretty rough scene, the roughest Americans have seen since Vietnam, Korea, World War II, and now we have these 2 beautiful days, Jefferson's birthday and fourth of July, when as long as these ships are at sea and they have invited the families, the skippers of the two ships, they will be crewed by civilians, to come on board at any time.

I saw them invite Gary Gordon's two beautiful children, 8-year-old Ian and 5-year-old Brittany, to come on board any time to see this massive ship sitting next to our newest supercarrier, the U.S.S. *Stennis*, named after a U.S. Senator who was alive when the ship was commissioned, got to see a ship with his name on it when he is alive, the biggest moving object on the planet Earth.

These two big ships sat there, the *Stennis* and the *Gary Gordon*, and Golden Knight or Special Forces paratroopers came in, one from each service with American flags flying off their parachute gear, and landed. There was a small parade of World War II vehicles that went up the ramp onto the *Gary Gordon*, which will be a prepositioned ship with enough armored vehicles, backup vehicles, Humvees, trucks, tankers, supplies, ammunition to support a third of the division.

A full Army brigade will be ready to go at sea anywhere in the world to protect Americans or American interests, and M. Sgt. Gary Gordon's name; I visited his grave last November 5 or November 4, remember as the day Rabin was assassinated, and I stood at his

grave with my son, Mark, and told Mark, beneath us are the remains torn apart of this handsome, tough, dedicated 33-year-old Army Delta Force sergeant, and I said, "And like Jesus at 33, he was torn apart giving his life for the literal life of Michael Durant and others."

Well, he has a wife about as beautiful as they come, reminded me of my own beautiful wife when she was a young Air Force wife, and I punched out of two jets, and she wondered if she was going to have a father for our five young kids.

But Carmen had such dignity. Before she broke the champagne bottle on this almost-thousand-foot ship named after her Gary, she said these words, and if she got through it, I get through it. July 4, Newport News, shipbuilding Newport News, Va, the naming ceremony for U.S. Naval Ship *Gordon*, T-A-K-R, 296; that is its formal number.

For you Navy buffs out there I found out what it means. Nobody knew. It took me all day. T means crewed by civilians, A means auxiliary, K means cargo because the C is used for cruisers, and R means rapid response.

□ 1530

Here are Carmen's beautiful words:

"Thank you for that kind introduction, and the opportunity to be with you today. I would like to tell you about Gary. Just behind a small door in his bedroom closet, my son Ian has stored the treasures dearest to him: The uniforms his father wore, the canteens he drank from, the hammock he slung in so many corners of the world, they are all there; the boots that took his dad through so many deserts, jungles, so many parachute jumps now lace up around Ian's small ankles. All these things are piled neatly together by a little boy's hands and sought out during quiet times.

"My daughter Brittany," and keep in mind they are both sitting in the front row, "My daughter Brittany keeps a photograph of her daddy next to her small white bed, the big 8 by 10 of Gary smiling straight through to her. It is the first thing she packs whenever we leave home, and the first thing she unpacks when she arrives anywhere."

By the way, Gary Gordon's dad, who felt very uncomfortable receiving the Medal of Honor from Clinton, both he and Randy Shugert's father did not feel that Clinton had done right by these Medal of Honor-winning sons, that he did not understand the operation, did not back them up with armor to rescue the downed helicopters, did not back them up with enough wherewithal to capture the warlord that they were pursuing; warlords.

I have spoken to Gary's father, as I have spoken to Herb and Lois Shugert many times. Gary's dad died on the job the last day of June, 5 days before the naming ceremony for his son's ship. He died at the naming ceremony for his son's ship. He died at the mill where he had worked all his life, in Lincoln,

Maine, unloading his truck, probably so proudly talking about how he was looking forward to going to Virginia to watch his daughter-in-law christen the Gary Gordon.

I looked up at the ship. I told this to Carmen later. I told her it was probably the Irish in me, but I looked up at the ship, its massive side, and at the railing, and I pictured Gary and his dad, with his armor, on it, the two of them looking down at Carmen so proudly, watching her deliver these stirring words.

Carmen says, "My daughter Brittany speaks of the photograph." Then she says, "These treasures are a comfort to my children and a source of pride, but more important, Gary's children can see and feel these reminders of their father to keep him close. In much the same way, the ship that we christen here today, the USNS *Gordon*, gives us faith that Gary's spirit will go forward, his ideals and his beliefs honored by those who know of him, and the life he so willingly gave."

By the way, both the Medal of Honor winners were born in Lincoln; Lincoln, Nebraska, a little town, the very soul of America, that is Randy Shugert's birthplace; and Lincoln, Maine, where Gary's dad died a few days ago.

"The very first time I laid eyes on Gary Gordon was the second month of my 13th summer. I was staying with my grandparents in rural Maine, Lincoln. Every week we made a trip into town for supplies. One hot afternoon, in front of Newbury's department store," it is still there, and I saw it, madam Speaker, just in November when I went up to look at Gary's grave. By the way, there is a big monument at the end of the street, filled with dozens of names, I counted them all and recorded it for my record, from the Civil War, the War Between the States; a big memorial for World War I, my father's war; an even more massive memorial and placards in front of the little veterans' building for World War II.

Unlike a lot of wealthy American cities, my hometown of Beverly Hills has not one that I know of, certainly not a memorial; but killed in action fighting for freedom for strangers in Laos and Cambodia and Vietnam, dozens of names from this tiny little town, Lincoln, Maine. I will bet it is the same in Lincoln, Nebraska, which I will visit some day. There is that same Newbury store Carmen speaks of so movingly.

She says, "there, in front of Newbury's department store, I saw a boy washing windows. You never forget the first time that you see your first love. I watched him as he worked, calm and purposeful and quiet. Then he looked up at me, and I knew this was no ordinary boy. This boy could win my heart. When he called my grandparents for permission to take me out, he was turned down flat. 'She is too young,' they told him. And so in the way that I was to find out was uniquely Gary, he set out to wait three years. Faithful and sparsely emotional letters

about his new life in the Army arrived regularly.

"On the day I turned 16, I sat in my grandparents' living room and watched as his motorcycle pulled into the driveway, my palms sweaty on my freshly ironed dress."

You will recall when I read her beautiful letter to the editor of Newsweek magazine, she mentioned another vehicle of Gary's, how he was so proud of his red pickup down at Fort Bragg, where the Delta Force is headquartered; and when he would come home after a hard day of training he would pull into the driveway, and he and Ian, then 5, and Brittany, then 3, would run out to hug their handsome daddy.

Here he is on a motorcycle in Carmen's driveway. "A few hours of talk, a quick first kiss in the rec room, and Gary left to go back to his base many miles away. So began our slow dance of love, one that would give us so much in so short a time. We had five summers and winters together, the births of a son and daughter setting a rhythm to such sweet time.

"On Sunday mornings when Ian was still so small, Gary would fill a baby mug with watered down coffee, folding a section of the newspaper to fit Ian's chubby hands, the two of them would sit together quietly, turning the pages and sipping from their cups."

I watched my wife do that with our grandkids. She calls it "coffee talk."

"Gary's love for Brittany was just as strong. Every day when he arrived home from work Brittany would run to meet him, his big hands scooping her up and rubbing her bald head where baby hair had yet to grow. We never knew when these times would be interrupted by a day that brought Gary home with his head shaved, anticipation in his voice, and a timetable for leaving."

By the way, Madam Speaker, we never hear about the Delta Force successes, or how many tragedies have been averted over the years, terrorist tragedies, hostage takings that were thwarted before they took place. All that must remain secret in Gary's unit in Fort Bragg until some day, far in the future, 30, 40 years from now, when his grandchildren will probably learn of his courage.

Carmen continues: "I never worried when Gary left on a mission. As I cheerfully kissed him good-bye and waved confidently from my front porch, it never occurred to me to be afraid, because Gary was never afraid. My safe world was shaken in December of 1989 with the invasion of Panama and the realization that my husband was in the middle of the fighting. Along with other young mothers clutching infants, I sat in a darkened living room and watched television news around the clock. Gary came back safely. One night when I told him of my fears, he laid a gentle hand on my cheek and said quietly, 'Carmen, don't worry about things we can't change.'

"I know that death often leaves us with the haunting question: Why? I know why Gary died. He died because he was true to his own code for living, trying to help someone else. Fear would not have kept Gary from doing what he needed to do, what he wanted to do, what he had prepared all his life to do. There is rare strength in the creed he shared with his comrades: I shall not fail those with whom I serve."

Greater love than this no man has, Carmen.

"Gary lies buried a few miles from where I first saw him on that sunny Maine morning. It is a spare and simple place, open to the weather, bordered by woods that change with the seasons. He is not alone now is that corner of the cemetery. His father, Dwayne, who died suddenly of a heart attack last week, was laid to rest alongside his son, not far from the papermill where Dwayne gave so many years of hard work. A gentle, sometimes restless wind bends the flowers and stirs the flags that are always there by Gary's military headstone," American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, "below the chiseled words 'Beloved Husband and Father,' and the coin of his unit, the Delta Force coin, and his beret etched into the 39-inch beautiful alabaster marble.

"I hope that some gentle wind will always guide this ship to sea, and keep her on a safe, steady course. And when that wind strokes, the cheeks of my children lying in their beds at night, and Ian and Brittany ask me to tell them what course the USNS *Gordon* is striking under the stars, I can tell them, she is on the same course their father chose, headed for distant shores, answering the call of those in need."

Madam Speaker, a few years ago, September 1992 to be exact, when I was explaining why America should never elect a draft-dodger to be the Commander-in-Chief, I read a letter on this House floor of a young college professor from a sister New England State of Maine, the State of Rhode Island. His name was Sullivan Ballou. He was a major. He died just a few miles from here, due west out toward Dulles Airport, at the first Battle of Manassas, what the North called First Bull Run, or just Bull Run, then.

The letter was to his wife, Sarah. It was so beautiful I could hardly read it through. All of America became aware of it with the beautiful National Institutes of Heritage, the NIH TV series of the Civil War. When it was promoted on public broadcasting they would send to people the onionskin reprint of Major Sullivan Ballou's last letter to his wife, Sarah, and his two young boys. While Carmen was delivering here beautiful christening eulogy to Sergeant Gary Gordon, I thought of Sullivan Ballou's letter to his wife.

He died at First Manassas, and that was the last treasure his wife had of him. He talked about how dearly he wanted to see his two young sons rise

up to manhood. He said, "But Sarah, I feel as though bound by chains to those who fought for our independence," referring to the Revolutionary War. "I cannot break faith with them and the lives and fortunes they gave up for our freedom, but I also feel so drawn to you."

And I do not know if Carmen Gordon has ever seen the exquisite letter from Sullivan Ballou, or how he talked about "some summer day, a cool breeze will touch your cheek, and oh, Sarah, Sarah, know that as I."

□ 1545

I meant to have Sullivan Ballou's letter here today and put them both in. So what I will do is put this again in the RECORD next week with Sullivan Ballou's letter next to it so young Americans like Ian and Brittany, and those a little older now, trying to decide what to do with their lives, will learn that in this big, wealthy, exuberant, wonderful country of ours, there are men—and now a lot of women—who put on a blue uniform, a khaki uniform, a firefighter's rugged clothing and give up their lives for us, and that there are people in the Transportation Department, called the U.S. Coast Guard under the Defense in wartime, they will die trying to rescue us in a hurricane like Hurricane Bertha, working her way up the coast, and that in my beloved Air Force, my dad's beloved Army—and he did love it—our incomparable Navy and their soldiers at sea, our unparalleled in the department of esprit and faithfulness, our U.S. Marine Corps, that there are young men—and now women—all around this world, from Arctic and Antarctic snows to still jungles, trying to feed people in oppressive heat of God-forsaken nations in Africa. God does not forsake anything. Forgive me that cliché term. And the 19 young men that died in the Khobar Barracks bombing or the 19 that died with Gary Gordon, if you include Sgt. Matt Rearson who was hit at the headquarters 3 days after Gary died, had been flying rescue missions in for hours. I met a helicopter pilot at the christening of the *Gordon* who flew 17½ hours nonstop. His wife came up to me proudly. She had seen me read the Sullivan Ballou. I had flown a flag for everyone in their unit who had been killed or injured on the roof of the Capitol. As a matter of fact, on July 4, 1994, and Veterans Day, November 11, 1993, I flew over 200 flags for everybody wounded or killed in Somalia. I will probably do the same next week for the 19 that died in Saudi Arabia.

Interesting. Nineteen killed in Khobar Barracks, 19 killed under Urgent Fury trying to rescue Grenada, and 19 killed on October 3 and 4 and October 6 in the filthy alleys of Mogadishu.

So young Americans do not have to be dispirited by tragic votes like the one that took place today, that cause a wonderful religious man like Rev. Billy Graham to say, in that rotunda, on

May 2, just a few days before the commissioning of Medal of Honor winner Randy Shugart's ship in San Diego, in that rotunda, and I bet there is not one-fifth, one-tenth, one-twentieth of the people visiting with us in the gallery that know Billy Graham said this, Madam Speaker, because the major dominant liberal media culture blocked out his words. I happened to be watching ABC that night. A silent clip of him. Did not project his words across America. He said in this rotunda that this Nation is on the brink of self-destruction. The United States of America, that we love, is on the brink of self-destruction. No future for Ian or Brittany Gordon, because of discussions like this one today on sanctioning marriage for homosexuals. Unbelievable.

I hate to follow something so positive with something so negative, but I had a hard time getting time to speak this week, Madam Speaker. There are still mysteries around here in both parties that I am trying to figure out. But here is a column from a man whom God put in a wheelchair for the rest of his life with a civilian accident, brilliant psychiatrist, sorry he does not agree with me on people serving in the military with HIV, but you cannot get somebody to agree on everything and I still have not written to him and made my case. But Charles Krauthammer, handsome, vibrant, brilliant young student, I think at Yale, when he jumped in a swimming pool, which cost my brother his two front teeth and has cost a lot of people the rest of their lives in a wheelchair, a tragic accident all too common. In that wheelchair, most people who hear his brilliance, sitting in on Washington Week in Review and guesting sometimes on Nightline and other Sunday shows, unless a camera shot is very clear, you do not realize that his chair is a metal chair for life.

Charles Krauthammer gave up the practice of psychiatry, I guess temporarily, to be one of the better writers, one of the better sages, or what we sometimes say, disdainfully, pundits or talking heads in this country, and I want you to listen to this column.

Rush Limbaugh made reference to it the very same night that I told my wife that afternoon, or she told me, read this on the House floor, and unfortunately Rush Limbaugh only quoted a line from it. I think America should hear this July 5, Washington Post column. I think everyone should hear it.

Charles Krauthammer. A President for our time. The subheadline is a quote from the article. "A large number of Americans think their President crooked and yet ethically fit for the office."

"When the Gallup poll of June 18-19 asked whether the words 'honest and trustworthy' apply to Bill Clinton, Clinton lost 49 percent to 46. Two weeks later in another national poll, same question, Clinton was losing 54 to 40. And when Gallup asked whether Clinton had the honesty and integrity

to serve as President, Clinton won 62 to 36, a landslide bigger than Lyndon Johnson's 61" or, I might add, Nixon's 60, with even more people, a bigger plurality, more people voted in 1972 than in 1964.

"A milestone of sorts," Krauthammer says.

"A quarter century after Nixon, we have achieved the normalization of Nixonian ethics. A large number of Americans think their President crooked and yet ethically fit for the office.

"Whitewater gets worse. 49 to 42 think Clinton is not telling the truth about it. 46 to 44 percent think he did something illegal. Filegate grows. 50 to 36 percent think Clinton knew about it all along, something he has explicitly denied. All the while Clinton rides high in the polls with a strong 56 percent approval rating."

Is that not his highest ever, Madam Speaker?

"This is no Teflon presidency. This is Velcro. Everything sticks to this man. Gennifer Flowers, Paula Corbin Jones, Whitewater, Filegate, et cetera, et cetera, but it does not matter. Expectations of presidential character have fallen so low with Clinton that the people believe the worst about him and still want him right where he is."

"Republicans are at wits' end"—I admit it—"with frustration that as the sordidness of this administration is progressively exposed, Clinton suffers little political damage. The American people say—and Perot's 19 percent claim it is a principle, 24 percent in California, claim it is a principle—they want clean government, but they obviously don't mean it."

"They don't mean it about character, either. And the ultimate Republican frustration is they don't mean it about policy, either."

Again, I tell my fellow Americans, you bet I am frustrated. I thought we were doing what you wanted us to do for a year and a half. I was not in on the decisions to close down the government. I knew that would backfire. Because I come out of the media. I won Emmys in my mid 30s. I know more about broadcasting, radio and television, than any member of my party and probably anybody on the other side. I knew how the media would spin this, with Smokey the Bear camp guards at Yellowstone and Yosemite, I predicted it, going to the little shops that sell beautiful little redwood and sequoia curios and saying to them, "What do you think about this?"

The whole Medicare thing, I could smell it coming, how this would be spun. You bet I am a frustrated Republican at the current polling. But I am an optimist. It is not going to last for long.

"On policy with few expectations, abortion being the most notable." This is one where I disagree with Mr. Krauthammer. He looks at the wrong polling. He is too smart, he should realize dirty-in/dirty-out. You ask phony

polling questions: "Do you think a woman should have her choice to her own reproductive freedom in a free country?" Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Do you think a baby should be three-quarters delivered, its entire body out of the birth canal and scissors stuck into the base of its skull and its little brain sucked out, do you think we should have that? Clinton just signed off on that. They say, "Oh no. That's up in the air."

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Ms. GREENE of Utah). The gentleman will suspend. The Chair needs to remind the gentleman that he must refrain from referring to the President's personal character.

Mr. DORNAN. Well, let us see how rough Mr. Krauthammer gets here.

I want the Chair to be advised, I am against rule XVIII applying to the executive branch. I am against Clinton and GORE getting the protection and violating the separation of powers, but I will respect it because we passed it here. But we did not know what we were passing on. It was not debated. That is for the decorum of this Chamber or so that this House naturally in combat, particularly in this current conference period, do not say disparaging things about the U.S. Senators in here, but I can tear the face off any Supreme Court Justice, or Mrs. Clinton, which I have chosen not to do, or any of the cabinet people who are running up \$150,000 on travel cards flying all around the world with huge staff and getting massages in exotic hotels, I can tear up anybody except under rule XVIII in some strange flush of generosity, we added those two offices. It was never respected with George Bush, certainly Nixon was savaged in this well for most of his career, Barry Goldwater as a U.S. Senator received some rough moments here. But I will try and work my way through it and next year in January try and take that out. Even if my friend Bob Dole is elected President, I will try and take out that rule.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman's difference of opinion. However, both the Chair and the Speaker are constrained to follow the rules of the House as they have traditionally been and are currently interpreted.

Mr. DORNAN. You bet we are. And I will begin to redact this statement, because I think it does get tougher.

"On policy, with few exceptions, abortion being the most notable, the country is conservative." Is that not a given? Even Ross Perot agrees with that.

"The American people say they want smaller government, lower taxes, balanced budgets, less welfare, more jails."

That is what you all want up there in the gallery. We know that, Madam Speaker. Anybody who visits in the gallery. Let me phrase that correctly. I am not allowed to refer to you directly in the gallery. Anybody who comes and joins us in the gallery, Madam Speak-

er, they know that that is what they want.

I will say it again: Smaller government. Clinton said that standing right up there at that beautiful lectern in front of you.

"Balanced budgets, less welfare, more jails. It is no accident that no one campaigns for national office as a liberal."

Not quite true, Charles. A lot of people over here, you can see it in the vote today, 65 of them and the 1 independent. Well, the Republican is a lame duck and about 5 of the Democrats are lame ducks, maybe 10. So about 50 people are willing to go home and campaign that they are a flaming liberal who wants homosexuals to have full marriage rights.

"Anyone who can get away with it campaigns as a conservative. Clinton is campaigning as a conservative. Clinton is proving that anyone with high intelligence—and blank blank—can get away with it."

"Clinton, whose major presidential initiatives were gays in the military"—Charles, that is an adjective. Homosexuals is a fine word to use, Mr. Krauthammer—"homosexuals in the military, a stimulus package of more Federal spending, a tax increase and the nationalization of health care, now is running for reelection as a moderate conservative."

"In one of the most cynical and successful acts of election year repositioning in recent American history, Clinton has moved to the right on a dozen issues. He's for school uniforms and curfews for minors. He's for the V-chip and for victims' rights. He's for the constitutional amendment on victims' rights. He's for Megan's law, 'to not have sexual predators, way more than 50 percent of them homosexual, being turned loose in a neighborhood.'"

"He's against homosexual marriage. Having slashed the staff of the White House Office of Drug Abuse by 80 percent"—this is all policy, so this is OK, Madam Speaker—"by 80 percent, he's now talking tough on crime. Having submitted a fiscal year 1997 budget with \$200 billion worth of deficits as far as the eye can see"—that is a Clintonian quote—"he's now for a balanced budget."

"Most brazen of all, having twice vetoed welfare reform bills, he's now the champion of welfare reform. Three days before Bob Dole was to give a major speech on welfare, Clinton suddenly announced in a Saturday radio address his endorsement of Wisconsin's radical Republican welfare plan." I do not think it is so radical.

"Clinton aides have since been hard at work watering down what he said to co-opt Dole. No matter. That's for page 38, probably the B section. The Saturday speech of Clinton's was page 1. Of course everyone knows that Clinton, under the guidance of Dick Morris, is merely positioning. But that doesn't matter."

□ 1600

The polls show that with these deliberate rhetorical moves to the center, Clinton has risen significantly in the polls, 13 points on the question of whether he reflects the values of the American people. Reflect he does, like a mirror.

Now remember, these are Krauthammer's words. They are kind of cynical. I do not know if I go along with this, but he sure made me think. He says, "He reflects you like a mirror. The Republicans are confounded," yes. "They were elected in 1994 on a detailed conservative agenda that they then tried to enact an era of sincerity and zeal for which they have been ever paying in the polls."

Liberal networks taking these polls. Dirty in, dirty out.

Krauthammer continues, "Clinton's political genius," that is a compliment, "is discerning and then becoming whatever the American people want him to."

"They want tough welfare reform, but they do not want to hurt anyone. They want to abolish racial preferences, but they want to save affirmative action. They want to balance the budget but will crucify the politician who tampers with Medicare," which is busting the budget.

In other words, Americans are not serious and neither is Clinton. On every great issue they say yes and no, Clinton, the man that smoked but did not inhale, lives and breathes, yes and no. He talks right and governs when he can to the left. He talks tough and governs soft. He is, in short, the perfect President for our time, and if he cuts a few blank-blank ethical corners, so what?

Well, Madam Speaker, how much time do I have left on this rainy hurricane Bertha Friday afternoon?

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman has 15 minutes remaining.

Mr. DORNAN. First I would like to put in the RECORD as a follow-up to my June 27 point of personal privilege letters from conservative groups across this country. I have been around long enough that they are all close friends. The incomparable, steady as she goes, Dr. James C. Dobson, founder and president of Focus on the Family, on the homosexual battle in our country.

I am not alone any longer, Madam Speaker, for my long-time friend of 20 years, Phyllis Schlafly, speaking for her great Eagle Forum, and she is also the director of a coalition group to keep our pro-life values in the Republican platform, she sends a beautiful letter.

Beverly LaHaye, great husband Tim LaHaye, good friend of mine. Beverly LaHaye for the largest woman's organization in America, Concerned Women for America, sends a letter of support.

The conscience on Capitol Hill from a small building over in the northeast by Union Station. What a fighter, what a brave heart he has, Paul M. Weyrich. He sends me a letter.

All five of these letters I want to put in, as there are about 10 more, and they

are still coming in, that I want to put in next week.

One from Marc Morano of Electronic News Gathering, the reporter thanking me for doing the expose on Jefferson's birthday, interestingly, the same day we were commissioning one of those big ships for Medal of Honor winner Randy Shugart, 2,000 wild partying homosexuals, hundreds of them almost naked down here in our biggest, most beautiful taxpayer-owned and operated auditorium, the Andrew Mellon Auditorium, directly across the street from the actual star-spangled banner. The 30 by 40 foot flag that flew up at Fort McHenry up at Baltimore is on the north wall of the National Museum of American History, and directly across the street is this homosexual Cherry Jubilee. Unbelievable. He says I want to thank you for being the only Member of Congress with the courage to come forward.

No, no, no, I am not the only one now, Mr. Morano. Marc Morano says America needs new BOB DORNANS. Well, at least on the vote today there is 342 of us, including, that is, 118 Democrats. I am not alone on this any longer.

This marriage thing was a defining moment, as my pal CLIFF STEARNS from Florida called it today. He said my full uncensored report of the Cherry Jubilee weekend will appear, I did not know this, in the July 1996 issue of Chronicles Magazine, Madam Speaker, a solid mainstream Christian magazine under the title "Sex, Drugs and the Republican Party." Uh-oh. It will be available mid-month at newsstands or people can call their 800-number.

In my reply to Representative GUNDERSON I left out one point, and I did put Mr. Morano's reply in, I hope. Mr. GUNDERSON alleged that the security guards were stationed in the bathroom throughout the night. While it is true that guards periodically checked the bathrooms, they were not there until the lights kept repeatedly going out. Just made a correction.

I want to point out that I made my whole account of the Cherry Jubilee available to every major news outlet immediately following the so-called dance in April. I faxed CBS news, ABC news, UPI, the Washington Post, USA Today and many others, but no one even looked into it. If it were not for your efforts, courageous Armstrong Williams' efforts and talk show hosts and all the media, that is Rush and all the rest, this story would have faded away. Thank you for your efforts on this issue. Thank you. God bless you.

Put that in the RECORD, too.

ELECTRONIC NEWS GATHERING,
McLean, VA, June 11, 1996.
Memorandum for Congressman Robert K. Dornan.

From: Marc Morano.

I want to personally thank you for being the only member of Congress with the courage to come forth on the "Cherry Jubilee" events. America needs more Bob Dornans! Thank you for your eloquent defense of me and my reporting of the event.

My full, uncensored report of the "Cherry Jubilee" weekend will appear in the July 96

issue of Chronicles Magazine, under the title "Sex, Drugs, & A Republican Party." It will be available June 15 at newsstands or people can call 800-877-5459 for a copy.

In my reply to Rep. Gunderson, I left out one point. Rep. Gunderson alleged the security guards were stationed in the bathroom throughout the night. While it is true that the guards checked the bathrooms periodically, they were not permanently stationed in there until the lights kept repeatedly going out.

I also want to point out that I made my whole account of the "Cherry Jubilee" available to every major news outlet immediately following dance in April. I faxed CBS News, ABC News, UPI, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, USA Today and many others, but not one outlet even looked into it. If it weren't for your efforts, Armstrong Williams, and the talk radio medium, this whole story would have faded away.

Once again, thank you for your crusade on this issue. May God bless you!

Sincerely,

MARC P. MORANO.

STATEMENT BY JAMES C. DOBSON, PH.D.,
FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT, FOCUS ON THE
FAMILY

We feel strongly that as Christians, we are mandated to love and care for people from all walks of life, even those with whom we disagree or whose lifestyles we believe to be immoral. Thus, Focus on the Family has no interest in promoting "hatred" toward homosexuals or any other group of our fellow human beings. We have not supported, and will never support, legislation aimed at depriving gays and lesbians of their constitutional rights—rights they share with every citizen. More than that, we want to reach out to homosexuals whenever and wherever we can.

However, we do strongly disagree with the efforts of homosexual activists to redefine marriage and the family, qualify for adoption, and promote homosexual practices in the schools. We also oppose any attempts to equate a sexual lifestyle with immutable characteristics such as race in determining who is deserving of special legal protection.

We see no evidence that homosexuals as a class are oppressed and powerless today. According to recent surveys, the average homosexual earns \$55,430 per year, compared to \$32,144 for heterosexuals. Homosexuals are not only well-paid, but also highly educated: 59 percent of homosexuals hold college degrees, compared to just 18 percent among all Americans. If discrimination exists, it certainly doesn't appear to operate in education or employment.

And when it comes to political clout, how can homosexuals claim to be underrepresented? Virtually every political and cultural objective of the gay and lesbian community is being achieved today. Federal funding for AIDS research and treatment is only one example: The Department of Health and Human Services allocates 37 times more dollars per AIDS death than it does per heart-disease death. This is true despite the fact that heart disease kills more Americans than cancer, tuberculosis, strokes, diabetes and AIDS combined.

Even more illustrative, homosexual activists have distorted public-health law so that a woman who's been raped is not permitted to know the HIV status of the man who raped her.

My point is that the homosexual community is hardly a disadvantaged, powerless minority in need of special rights. Instead, it is rapidly becoming a privileged class that bitterly attacks those who dare criticize its political objectives. Our opposition to that

community's political agenda is not an expression of hate toward homosexual individuals, but one of social justice and common sense.

Finally, homosexual promiscuity is a deadly practice, shortening life and creating painful psychological problems. We regret the political influences that would result in vulnerable children being taught to perceive this deviant behavior as just another equally healthy choice about one's sexuality. The Bible teaches us that all sin leads to death, and homosexuality, like heterosexual promiscuity, is an abomination in the eyes of God.

EAGLE FORUM,
Washington, DC.

DEAR BOB: As you prepare to respond to Representative Steve Gunderson's remarks through a point of personal privilege, I want to share with you several verses from the book of Ezekiel that I hope will give you encouragement and peace.

"The word of the Lord came to me: 'Son of man, speak to your countrymen and say to them. When I bring the sword against a land, and the people of the land choose one of their men and make him their watchman, and he sees the sword coming against the land and blows the trumpet to warn the people, then if anyone hears the trumpet but does not take warning and the sword comes and takes his life, his blood will be on his own head * * * If he had taken warning, he should have saved himself. But if the watchman sees the sword coming and does not blow the trumpet to warn the people and the sword comes and takes the life of one of them, that man will be taken away because of his sin, but I will hold the watchman accountable for his blood.'

'Son of man, I have made you a watchman for the house of Israel; so hear the word I speak and give them warning from me. When I say to the wicked, 'O wicked man, you will surely die,' and you do not speak out to dissuade him from his ways, that wicked man will die for his sin, and I will hold you accountable for his blood. But if you do warn the wicked man to turn from his ways and he does not do so, he will die for his sin, but you will have saved yourself.

"Say to them, 'As surely as I live, declares the Sovereign Lord, I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather than they turn from their ways and live.'"—Ezekiel 33:1-11.

Bob, thank you for your commitment to the truth and your willingness to stand up for what is right. You are a real American hero!

Faithfully,

PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY.

CONCERNED WOMEN FOR AMERICA,
Washington, DC, May 29, 1996.

Hon. ROBERT DORNAN,
Longworth House Office Building, House of Representatives, Washington, DC.

DEAR CONGRESSMAN DORNAN: The 600,000 members of Concerned Women for America want to thank you for your unflinching determination and leadership in protecting the traditional family against the assault of the homosexual agenda.

Over the last decade, we have seen homosexual activism flood into mainstream society. No longer are homosexuals satisfied with a "live and let live" philosophy. They want society to endorse and encourage their behavior—a behavior most Americans deem immoral.

A recent Wirthlin poll, commissioned by CWA, found that 66 percent of American women believe it's important for government officials to promote traditional family values over tolerance for "alternative lifestyles."

Ignoring what America wants, homosexual activists have pushed their agenda into our schools, our media, and our public policy. Sanctioned by the National Education Association, now many sex education classes include segments that portray homosexuality as a perfectly healthy, normal lifestyle. And mainstream TV sitcoms reinforce this view.

Gay activists call this "progress." But such "progress" takes a heavy toll on America's youth. One former homosexual, Michael Johnson, explained the effect it had on him. "One of the things that had an impact on me is those in our society who would tell me it's okay to be [homosexual]," he said. And what that did to me as a young person struggling with the issue was not only to confuse me, but also to ultimately lead me to pursue the desires that God would have me reject." Although Mr. Johnson has left the gay lifestyle and now runs an ex-gay ministry in Alaska, his years living as a homosexual have quite literally cost him his life. He has been diagnosed HIV positive.

America's youth deserve better than this, and they certainly deserve a better model than a congressional defense of the outrageous behavior that took place at the Cherry Jubilee. I urge you to keep fighting the good fight for the sake of the next generation.

Sincerely,

BEVERLY LAHAYE,
Chairman.

PAUL M. WEYRICH,
Washington, DC, May 23, 1996.

Congressman BOB DORNAN,
Longworth House Office Building,
Washington, DC.

DEAR BOB: I want to commend you for having the courage to stand to answer Congressman Steve Gunderson.

It has never been my view that it is our business what lifestyles people privately choose. That is between themselves and God.

But when individuals, especially elected officials, insist that their lifestyles be validated by society that is where I draw the line.

That Rep. Gunderson, who openly flaunts his homosexuality, would lend his name and office to any event where there is immoral behavior is outrageous. That Gunderson would be supported in this endeavor by elements of the Republican party is reprehensible.

When any society through its leadership gives its stamp of approval to actions which are biblically condemned, it has started down the road to perdition.

No so called good intentions (i.e. raising money for AIDS) can mask the blatant attempt by those in leadership positions who seek an imprimatur for their immoral behavior.

I stand with you as you call the nation's attention to actions which are self destructive.

You know well you will be condemned by those who condone immorality for what you do. So much the greater your eternal reward will be for standing with the truth.

Sincerely,

PAUL WEYRICH.

REMARKS BY MRS. CARMEN GORDON AT THE NAMING CEREMONY FOR USNS "GORDON", JULY 4, 1996

Thank you for that kind introduction and the opportunity to be here with you today.

I'd like to tell you about Gary.

Just behind a small door in his bedroom closet, my son Ian has stored the treasures dearest to him. The uniforms his father wore, the canteens he drank from, the hammock he slung in so many corners of the

world, are there. The boots that took his dad through desert and jungle now lace up around Ian's small ankles. They are all piled neatly together by a little boy's hands and sought out during quiet times.

My daughter Brittany keeps a photograph of her daddy next to her small white bed, the big 8 by 10 of him smiling straight through to her. It is the first thing she packs when leaving home, and the first thing she unpacks when she arrives anywhere.

There are comfort to my children. And a source of pride. But most important, Gary's children can see and feel these reminders of their father to keep him close.

In much the same way, the ship that we christen here today—the USNS Gordon—gives us faith that Gary's spirit will go forward, his ideals and his beliefs honored by those who know of him and the life he so willingly gave.

The very first time I laid eyes on Gary Gordon was the second month of my thirteenth summer. I was staying with my grandparents in rural Maine. Every week we made a trip into town for supplies. One hot afternoon in front of Newberry's Department store, I saw a boy washing windows. You never forget the first time that you see your first love. I watched him as he worked, calm and purposeful and quiet. Then he looked at me, and I knew this was no ordinary boy. This boy could win my heart.

When he called my grandparents for permission to take me out, he was turned down flat. She's too young, they told him. And so, in the way that I was to find out was uniquely Gary, he set out to wait three years. Faithful and sparsely emotional letters about his new life in the Army arrived regularly. On the day I turned 16, I sat in my grandparents' living room and watched as his motorcycle pulled into the driveway, my palms sweaty on my freshly ironed dress. A few hours of talk, a quick first kiss in the rec room, and Gary left to be back at his base, miles away. So began our slow dance of love, one that would give us so much in so short a time.

We had five summers and winters together, the births of a son and daughter setting a rhythm to such sweet time. On Sunday mornings when Ian was still so small, Gary would fill a baby mug with watered down coffee. Folding a section of the newspaper to fit Ian's chubby hands, the two of them would sit together quietly, turning the pages and sipping from their cups. Gary's love for Brittany was just as strong. Every day when he arrived home from work, Brittany would run to meet him, his big hands scooping her up and rubbing her bald head where baby hair had yet to grow. We never knew when these times would be interrupted by a day that brought Gary home with his head shaved, anticipation in his voice and a timetable for leaving.

I never worried when Gary left on a mission. As I cheerfully kissed him goodbye and waved confidently from our front porch, it never occurred to me to be afraid. Because Gary was never afraid. My safe world was shaken in December of 1989 with the invasion of Panama and the realization that my husband was in the middle of it. Along with other young mothers clutching infants, I sat in a darkened living room and watched television news around the clock. Gary came back, safe. One night when I told him of my fears, he laid a gentle hand on my cheek and said quietly, "Carmen don't worry about things we can't change."

I know that death often leaves us with the haunting question "Why?" I know why Gary died. He died because he was true to his own code for living—trying to help someone else. Fear would have kept Gary from doing what he needed to do, what he wanted to do, what

he had prepared all his life to do. There is rare strength in the creed he shared with his comrades: "I shall not fail those with whom I serve."

Gary lies buried only a few miles from where I first saw him on that sunny Maine morning. It is a spare and simple place, open to the weather and bordered by woods that change with the seasons. He is not alone now in that corner of the cemetery. His father Duane, who died suddenly of a heart attack last week, was laid to rest alongside his son, not far from the paper mill where he gave so many years of hard work.

A gentle, sometimes restless wind bends the flowers and stirs the flags that are always there on Gary's military headstone, below the chiseled words "Beloved Husband and Father," and the coin of his unit pressed into white stone. I hope that same gentle wind will always guide this ship to sea and keep her on a safe and steady course.

And when that wind strokes the cheeks of my children lying in their beds at night, and Ian and Brittany ask me to tell them what course the USNS Gordon is striking under the stars, I can tell them that she is on the same course their father chose: Headed for distant shores, answering the call of those in need.

[From the Washington Post, July 5, 1996]

A PRESIDENT FOR OUR TIME

(By Charles Krauthammer)

When the Gallup Poll (June 18-19) asked whether the words "honest and trustworthy" apply to Bill Clinton, Clinton lost 49 percent to 46 percent. (Two weeks later in another poll, same question, Clinton was losing 54-40.) And when Gallup asked whether Clinton has the honesty and integrity to serve as president, Clinton won 62-36, a landslide bigger than Lyndon Johnson's.

Expectations of presidential character have fallen so low with Clinton that the people can believe the worst about him and still want him where he is.

Republicans are at wits' end with frustration that, as the sordidness of this administration is progressively exposed, Clinton suffers little political damage. The American people say—and Perot's 19 percent claim it is a principle—they want clean government, but they obviously don't mean it.

They don't mean it about character. And—the ultimate Republican frustration—they don't mean it about policy either.

On policy, with few exceptions (abortion being the most notable), the country is conservative. The American people say they want smaller government, lower taxes, balanced budgets, less welfare, more jails, etc. It is no accident that no one campaigns for national office as a liberal. Anyone who can get away with it campaigns as a conservative. And Clinton is proving that anyone with high intelligence and no scruples can get away with it.

Clinton, whose major presidential initiatives were gays in the military, a stimulus package of federal spending, a tax increase and the nationalization of health care, now is running for reelection as a moderate conservative.

In one of the most cynical—and successful—acts of election-year repositioning in recent American history, Clinton has moved to the right on a dozen issues. He's for school uniforms and curfews for minors. He's for the V-chip and the "victims rights" constitutional amendment. He's for Megan's Law; He's against gay marriage.

Having slashed the staff of the White House Office of Drug Abuse by 80 percent, he's now talking tough on drugs. Having submitted a FY '97 budget with \$200 billion deficits as far as the eye can see, he's now for a balanced budget.

Most brazen of all, having twice vetoed welfare reform bills, he's now the champion of welfare reform. Three days before Bob Dole was to give a major speech on welfare, Clinton suddenly announced in a Saturday radio address his endorsement of Wisconsin's radical (Republican) welfare plan.

Clinton's aides have since been hard at work watering it down. No matter. That's for page 38. The Saturday speech was page 1.

Of course, everyone knows that Clinton, under the guidance of Dick Morris, is merely positioning. But that too doesn't matter. The polls show that with these deliberate rhetorical moves to the center, Clinton has risen significantly in the polls—13 points—on the question of whether he reflects the values of the American people.

Reflect he does. Like a mirror. The Republicans are confounded. They were elected in 1994 on a detailed conservative agenda that they then tried to enact—an error of sincerity and zeal for which they have ever been paying in the polls.

Clinton's political genius is discerning and then becoming whatever the American people want. They want tough welfare reform, but they don't want to hurt anyone. They want to abolish racial preferences, but they want to save affirmative action. They want to balance the budget, but will crucify the politician who tamper with Medicare—which is busting the budget.

In other words, they are not serious and neither is Clinton. On every great issue, they say yes and no. Clinton, the man who smoked but didn't inhale, lives and breathes yes and no.

He talks right and governs (when he can) left. He talks tough and governs soft. He is, in short, the perfect president for our time. And if he cuts a few ethical corners too, so what?

Mr. DORNAN. Now, what I did not have time to get to—I feel like taking my coat off and throwing it across the table—what we did get to take, thanks to a former U.S. attorney from Georgia, BOB BARR bringing this on the floor, is this letter from Lambda Legal Defense. I would recommend Lambda Report, which is a Judeo-Christian ethical report on Lambda stuff. I want to read again to set the scene here. The key line highlighted in red on why we debated so long Hawaii's attempt and Hawaii is not far, thousands of miles away. That is only physically. I guess if Virginia across the Potomac were doing what Hawaii is doing or Maryland surrounding the district on three sides, then it would have been a different debate. But oh, let Hawaii do their vacation things and have all these homosexual marriages.

But listen to this again from the Lambda Legal Defense Fund, and I have debated them on Crossfire: "Many same-sex couples in and out of Hawaii are going to take advantage of what would be a landmark victory. The great majority of those who travel to Hawaii to marry will return to their homes in the rest of the 50 States expecting full legal recognition of their unions," and they will darn well try and get legal services, tax dollars, your tax dollars through a corporation we should have shut down, to make you pay for their battles back in these States to make the other 49 recognize their so-called Hawaiian marriage.

Now, remember, it only passed 342 to 67, 2 present, 23 absent. But what is it

going to do in the other Chamber, in the other body? That is anybody's guess, given the difference in our defense authorization bill.

I am for ethically asking young recruits, "Are you a homosexual?" They will not hear of it. I am for taking the almost 1,000 people, that is a regiment, who have the AIDS virus and are on, we hope, a slow, not a fast path to death, that are lucky to be Americans and have access to the greatest medical system in the world that has not been destroyed yet, and I want to give them over to the VA so that other people do not have to deploy over and over unfairly because these people broke the UCMJ, with the exception of two cases that are wives, military wives, who her philandering husband contaminated like they would bring TB home.

They want to restore abortion to military hospitals. That is a contested item between the conferences. Lots of issues. We do not know what is going to happen over there for sure.

Let me tell Members what I did not get to in my point of personal privilege. I entered in the RECORD, but I did not show it. Madam Speaker, you see this thick magazine as big as a Reader's Digest, as large in pages and billing bigger in size? Hard core pornography in it, too. I did not realize that. All I looked at was the camera, the thickness. It is called Steam.

It is available around this country to tell homosexuals where to have sex with strangers in public parks. Where to go in our national parks, where to go in your city parks, and there is a European version. Steam did not come up in the debate today, nor did this from the Advocate magazine, which used to be a newspaper. It is now the main homosexual magazine in America. It is all pornographic classified ads to get people to go to leather bars and engage in bondage, discipline, things that I cannot mention on the House floor, sadism, sodomy, masochism, things involving craziness, I mean real craziness. This is their classifieds that they have now spun off from the main magazine, so they can do their first interview with President Clinton. Of course, he lets them down. He does not interview with them face-to-face. He mailed in his answers.

But the current Advocate magazine has a Clinton interview, the President of the United States, bragging about he has done more for homosexuality than all of the 41 preceding Presidents, from Washington to George Bush, all wrapped together. Nobody is arguing that, but he is going to back up the vote of the Republicans and 118 Democrats today who voted, if the Senate goes along with it, for no homosexual marriages having to be recognized in the other 49 States if Hawaii goes ballistic.

In the classifieds here, which they spun off so they could do these mainstream interviews—I am sorry, I am just sorry. This is like a visit to Dante's Inferno. I would recommend

kids in high school read his *Inferno*, read Milton's *Paradise Lost* and avoid this defilement that is mentioned both in Romans and the New Testament and in Leviticus, which was ridiculed and attacked today in the face of Moses up here. I hope guests when they come here always recognize the 23 lawgivers here, some of them without such sterling characters, like Napoleon, but he was a good lawmaker, that they are all profiled except one, Moses' direct face looking right down on us, the man of Exodus.

When you attack Leviticus, you attack the Torah. The Torah is the first five books. It is Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy. That is the basic thing that so many people died to hide at the height of the terror of Nazi Germany, was to protect and hide the Torah.

Now look at this. I predicted on the floor today, Madam Speaker, that we would be arguing about pedophilia on this floor in 2 or 3 years. Here is a book, a new book with an in-your-face title. Look at this, Mr. Speaker. Corruption. It is all about youth, teenagers, pedophilia. That is what it is all about. Sickening stuff.

I have got a 14-year-old grandson. He is tough. He watches television. He is a good student, an "A" student, gateway program student, as is his younger sister. She just flew out alone to L.A. and had great adult conversations on the plane going out to Los Angeles, her first big trip on her own, 14, a soccer star, also an A plus student as is the younger sister. It looks like hopefully I have raised good kids that are such conscientious parents. All my grandkids are just working so hard, the television is monitored, they understand and love history, a lot, thank heavens, their grandfather has been able to pass on some of my love for this country. I would not show these bright oldest of my 10 grandkids. I am counting one before it has arrived around Christmastime. But of my five granddaughters and grandsons, this is not for their eyes, but it is out there and that is why we are going to discuss pedophilia and I am going to amend what I said during the debate today. It is not going to be in 3 years. We are going to be debating pedophilia, Mr. Speaker, on this floor in the spring and do you know why? Because the Internet and that Supreme Court is in our face saying that child molesters can make contact and, get this, fine tuning, make contact with young males. If a child molester is on the Internet making contact with a young girl, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, and he is found out, does anybody suggest the young girl who is a heterosexual is going to commit suicide if she continues her dialogue with this guy or if it is broken off? I mean she will commit suicide? Of course not. This guy should be busted and the young girl should be told to go back to her homework and, if she has abusive or neglectful parents, make it some way the States, not the Federal Government, can address that problem.

But get this, and I am going to ask unanimous consent to put it in the RECORD, here in my—at the beginning of my point of personal privilege, here is the excellent new conservative magazine that I held up called the *Weekly Standard*, started by a good conservative Fred Barnes and Bill Crystal, Irving Crystal's great son. Here is the cover issue, *Pedophilia Chic*. I held it up on the floor. Unfortunately, the camera, I held it out so far it cut my arm off and no one ever did see the title. By the time I brought it back to the lectern, it was down. *Pedophilia Chic* is a terrifying article. Get the RECORD of today, not through my office, please, through your own Congressman, I would ask people watching us today, Madam Speaker, and read this article by a lady, Mary Everstat. She brings out that the *New Republic* and then the *New York Times* have been running articles inching toward pedophilia.

Here is a guy with an unusual name, sounds like a contract player at MGM in the bad old days. Trip Gabriel, T-r-i-p. Trip Gabriel writes in a front-page report in the *New York Times* that "Some on-live discoveries give gay youths a path to themselves."

□ 1615

They are on the verge of suicide. So if a child molester is making contact with a male child in a homosexual way, if we break that connection and bust the molester, the young male child threatens to commit suicides.

I will say it again. The heterosexual young lady, and there is no heterosexual young men being contacted by women. There are no women predators to speak of. The number is infinitesimally small or nonexistent. There is no lesbian, no heterosexual woman who prays on children. We cannot even find statistical data.

This is basically a male homosexual problem, and the child molesters of the heterosexual variety are usually drunken disgusting stepfathers who are dismissing their wife and going after her daughter from another marriage. Take out that chunk and take out the numbers and prorate these cohorts, since there is only about three-quarters of a percent of lesbians in the country and 1 percent male homosexuals, and the rate of male pedophilia, homosexual pedophilia on makes is 11 to 1 over heterosexual pedophiles.

This article is terrifying because it says it is chic, it is in vogue to slowly inch our way toward saying, well, what are we going to do, we have to teach homosexuality in a positive way for our high schools or these young emerging people will commit suicide.

I received a letter today from a Member's male significant other, who has a spouse pin and a wife I.D. card. There are three of them in this House, two on that side and one on this side. In this debate today, if we won, and we won big, 342 to 67, the leadership promised

me, and that is the Republican leadership, that they are going to ask back for the wife pin.

This is the First Armored Division. That is not a wife pin, folks. The wife pin, the spouse pin and their I.D. card, since this bill is passed, I will make sure that happens.

Pedophilia is going to be debated in the spring, and it is sad, just like everybody was shocked today.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to include for the RECORD the full article from the *Weekly Standard*. And these other letters I already have permission. Thank you, and have a great weekend.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the gentleman may submit those materials and extraneous other documents for the RECORD which are consistent with House rules and procedures.

There was no objection.

The material referred to is as follows:

PEDOPHILIA CHIC
(By Mary Eberstadt)

When most Americans hear the word "pedophile," they usually think of men like the self-described "child-molesting demon" Larry Don McQuay, who was released from a prison in East Texas in April and driven to San Antonio to begin a closely supervised, but nonetheless semi-free, new life. And when most Americans think of men like McQuay roaming the streets, they react much as did the outraged, screaming-in-the-streets, placard-carrying citizens of San Antonio. About the mildest thing said by one of them was "I sure hope there will be more indictments" to send McQuay back to jail—this, from the chairman of the State Board of Pardons and Paroles, under whose auspices McQuay was released. The local victims-rights groups were less restrained. As the president of one such group put it, in a straddle between threat and hope, "In this city, he's not going to be safe"—thus summarizing neatly the vigilante desire that most parents, when contemplating a figure like McQuay, would doubtless second.

In addition to a spate of high-profile cases like McQuay's, the past few years have also witnessed an ongoing public obsession with child abuse in any form; a Congress that, at the urging of the White House and Justice Department, has toughened the penalties for child-pornography trafficking; and Bill Clinton's signing of the constitutionally complicated Megan's Law, which makes it impossible for those once convicted of child-sex offenses to move anonymously into an unsuspecting neighborhood.

And yet a funny thing happened on the way to today's intense fear and loathing of Chester the Molester. For even as citizens around the country have sought new ways of keeping the McQuays of the world cordoned off from the rest of us, and even as the public rhetoric about protecting America's children has reached deafening levels, a number of enlightened voices have been raised in defense of giving pedophilia itself a second look.

After all—or so some of these voices have suggested—what if pedophilia is in fact a victim-less crime? What if teenagers, and even children, are more in control of their emotions, their bodies, their sexuality, than the rest of us think? What if sexual relations with adults are actually "empowering" to the young? What if pedophiles and would-be pedophiles are in fact victims themselves—exploited by the cunning young people they befriend?

There are also the matters of civil liberty. Is it fair to send people to jail for owning, trading, and obsessively consuming child pornography when no one is really injured by such practices? And what about the notion of an "age of consent"—isn't it an anchormanism, in this age of adolescent sexual precocity? Shouldn't it be lowered to a more realistic standard? Say, to fourteen? Thirteen? Twelve?

Once upon a time, the reader losing sleep over questions like these would have had to travel to Times Square, or the local porn shop, or perhaps the nearest branch of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). But no longer. Now he need only subscribe to the right stylish magazines, the right cutting-edge publishers, and be familiar with the work of the right celebrated authors. It is hard to know what to make of these piecemeal attempts—which amount to nothing so elevated as a movement—to rewrite what most of the rest of us persist in thinking about adults whose sexual interests run to kids. Call it the last gasp of a nihilism that has exhausted itself by chasing down every other avenue of liberation, only to find one last roadblock still manned by the bourgeoisie. Call it pedophilia chic.

CALVIN KLEIN'S LEATHER DADDY

For laymen, the best-known example of this phenomenon was last summer's much-reviled and ultimately abandoned ad campaign for Calvin Klein jeans. In fact, as the record will show, when measured against other recent soundings on the subject of adult-child sex, that ad campaign itself appears—pun intended—mere child's play. But first, a review of the facts.

Just about a year ago, the company launched a series of print and television ads that were, according to almost every critic who reviewed them, bizarrely and upsettingly reminiscent of child pornography. Even for a public made blasé by exposure to Calvin Klein's many other provocative images, the seediness of this latest effort proved just too much. There were, first, the images themselves: teenage models—most looking bored, with legs spread apart and underwear revealed—lounging around semi-dressed. There was also the matter of setting. The cheap wood paneling and shag carpets were supposed to suggest a suburban rec room—another visual convention, it seems, of the child-porn genre.

By common consent, the scripts for the TV ads—which ran only in New York before being withdrawn—were even more compelling evidence of the campaign's indebtedness to the pornographic canon. In those ads, an offstage male voice seemed to goad the young models into responding through a combination of wiles and special pleading. "You take direction well—do you like to take direction?" the voice asked a girl. The lines to boys were smuttier still. "You got a real nice look. How old are you? Are you strong? You think you could rip that shirt off of you? That's a real nice body. You work out? I can tell." And so on.

Though girls and boys alike appeared in the ads, it was clear to any savvy viewer that the boys, rather than the girls, were the main event. For one thing, there was nothing really new about the girls. As a critic for *Adweek* remarked at the time, "Girls have been objectified forever. It's not shocking, sad to say." (It is particularly unshocking in a Calvin Klein jeans campaign; after all, it is now fifteen years since an underage Brooke Shields was used to suggestive effect.)

No, what was new in this latest effort was the question of who those boys were posing for. As James Kaplan noted acidly in *New York* magazine, "What especially got to many people was the images of the boys,

scrawny and white-chested, posing like pin-ups, their cK Calvin Klein jeans partially undone. . . . That was really groundbreaking advertising."

The talent, too, was cutting edge. The ad campaign was shot by the well-known photographer Steven Meisel (who is credited, among other work, with the photos in Madonna's *Sex* book). Meisel in turn made another personnel choice of celebrity interest. As the *Washington Post* reported later in September.

When President Clinton railed against those notorious Calvin Klein ads . . . he probably didn't know that the off-camera voice in the television versions belonged to a gentleman named Lou Maletta—aka the Leather Daddy. Since Calvin Klein proclaimed loudly in his defense that there was no pornographic intent to the ads, Maletta was certainly an interesting casting choice. . . .

Lou Maletta, 58, is founder and president of the New York-based Gay Cable Network, which produces "Gay USA," a news show; "In the Dungeon," "about the New York leather scene"; and "Men & Films," which features excerpts from gay porn videos, and for which Maletta's Leather Daddy character was created.

The next day, the *Post* was forced to publish a correction: At the last minute, and for reasons unclear, Klein himself decided to replace "Leather Daddy" with a professional voice-over actor. Interesting though that decision may be—at the very least, it does seem to imply an awareness on someone's part that there was such a thing as going too far—it is not nearly as significant a choice as that of commissioning Maletta in the first place. What that choice signified was what any sophisticated viewer would already have discerned—that the ads had an obvious man-boy sexual subtext.

The second interesting fact about the outcome of the Klein affair was the inadvertently revealing rationale put forth by company officials. The main idea seemed to be that teenagers are more sexually sophisticated than many adults want to believe. "The message of the cK Calvin Klein jeans current advertising campaign," as a full-page ad in the *New York Times* and elsewhere informed the public, was that "young people today, the most media savvy generation yet, have a real strength of character and independence. They have very strongly defined lines of what they will and will not do . . ." It was this very strength, officials reiterated, that proved discomfiting to the public at large. "The world," as Klein himself told an interviewer shortly after the ads were pulled, "is seeing a reflection of what's really going on."

In a sense, Calvin Klein got it exactly right. All that groundbreaking advertising was indeed reflecting something real, albeit something very different from what the ex-post-facto explanations claimed. What those ads did mirror was something else: the idea that non-adults (particularly if they are boys) are appropriate sex objects for adults (particularly if they are men).

Contrary to what some critics implied at the time, Calvin Klein and his team did not invent the idea of using man-boy sex to grab public attention; they merely submitted it to a commercial plebiscite. Middle America, to the surprise of the fashion moguls, voted the campaign down. But Middle America has only been one testing ground for revisionist suggestions about pedophilia. Other, more sophisticated venues have proved more willing to give the subject a second look.

'A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION'

Consider an example from the *New York Times*, which, in an eerie conjunction, ap-

peared within weeks of the Calvin Klein ad blitz. At the time, as readers may recall, the public fear of pedophile predators was being fanned by the discovery of yet another form of outreach: the home computer. In the preceding months, one 16-year-old boy had run away with bus tickets provided by a chat-line "friend"; similar cases of solicitation had become the subjects of FBI investigations; and Congress, heavily pressured by interest groups, had turned its hand to devising legislation that would prevent the exploitation of minors via cyberspace. All in all, it seemed an unlikely moment to suggest that those selfsame chat rooms and bulletin boards had their bright side. But that is exactly what the *N.Y. Times* managed to do in a front-page report by Trip Gabriel called "Some On-Line Discoveries Give Gay Youths a Path to Themselves."

Though "a handful of high-profile cases" had "dramatized the threat of on-line predators," wrote Gabriel, kids themselves shared no such fears of the screen. In fact, "all the young users interviewed" for the *Times* piece "said the threat was exaggerated, adding that they would not be likely to meet blindly with an on-line acquaintance." In fact, if the kids had any fear at all, it seemed to be quite the opposite—that their lines of communication would be shut down by party-pooping parents and legislators. Recent legislation, in particular, this reporter discovered, "has made some 'gay youths' fearful about the future of on-line discussions."

And fearful they should be, if cyberspace is really the lifeline the *Times* made it out to be. A "distracted youth" in California was "on the verge of suicide" until reaching one "Daniel Cox, 19, a regular on an Internet chat channel dedicated to gay teenagers" at 3 a.m. Cox ministered to the California youth, and the next day "the young man was back on line and doing O.K., Mr. Cox said [emphasis added]." This apparently happens all the time. As another of these selfless do-gooders put it—one Michael Handler, "17, a moderator of the Usenet news group for gay youth"—"We want everybody to be who they are and be happy and not kill themselves because they feel they're some sort of abomination."

Another teenager, Ryan Matsuno, "typed out a plaint of loneliness" one night, only to receive "more than 100 supportive E-mail letters" within the next few days—letters that "gave me courage" and "the initiative to go through with telling my mother," according to Master Matsuno. Still another teenager, we are told, used his computer skills to outwit that rarest of things in cyberspace, an actual predator: "Dan Martin, a gay 17-year-old in Fresno, Calif., said he talked for a year on line to a man claiming to be 21. Occasionally the conversation turned to sex. When Mr. Martin suggested a meeting, the man refused and confirmed Mr. Martin's suspicions that he was really middle-aged. 'After I confronted him, I never heard from him again,' Mr. Martin said."

In sum, according to Gabriel, "sites for gay and lesbian youth are the source of some of the most stirring stories in cyberspace."

These touching dramas, the *Times* report continued, are social-worker approved—certainly by one Frances Kunreuther, director of "a social service agency for gay teenagers in Manhattan," who says, "I think the Internet is a step in the right direction." At the same time, though, the social workers also "cautioned that cyberspace could not substitute for face-to-face contacts." But wait: Aren't face-to-face contracts exactly what most people fear when they think of kids in sex-saturated "chat rooms"? Well, no matter. And no matter too, apparently, that anyone logging on as a teenager could be 17, or 70—or 7. The only thing that matters, or

so it appears from reporter Gabriel, is that "the electronic curtain is not a closet"—this, from one Reid Fishler, founder of an Internet site called the "Youth Assistance Organization," who is said to be 19.

"A danger to his students, or only to himself?"

Another place willing to ask some hard-nosed questions about grownups who are sexually interested in kids is *Vanity Fair* magazine. For the most part, its glossy pages seem an unlikely territory on which to argue in earnest about anything—much less about anything as obscure as whether a high school teacher obsessed with child pornography was in fact a misunderstood victim himself. Nonetheless, it was in a 1992 issue of *Vanity Fair* that veteran reporter Jesse Kornbluth published what is probably the most heartfelt and sympathetic portrayal of a convicted child-pornography trafficker yet to appear in expensive print.

"Exeter's Passion Play," as the piece was called, concerned the fate of Larry Lane (or "Lane") Bateman, a tenured teacher at the elite Phillips Exeter Academy who was convicted in October 1992 of possessing and transporting child pornography. The preceding summer, a police raid on his apartment had turned up 33 videotapes of child pornography. The police also found hundreds of pornographic tapes featuring adults—that is to say, men—and still other tapes made by Exeter students on assignment from Bateman that their teacher had spliced and doctored to his liking (for example, zeroing in on genital areas). Finally, the police also found sophisticated videotaping equipment, some of which belonged to Exeter, later valued at between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

As Bateman would later admit to the authorities, he had been involved with child pornography for twenty years—buying it, lending it, going out of his way to get it, and above all, viewing it obsessively. Moreover, at least some of the people in his life were aware that he was deeply involved in pornography of some sort; the *Vanity Fair* piece itself cites at least two. But the question of who knew what, and when, was mostly irrelevant to Bateman's criminal trial, which centered on four specific counts relating to child pornography. That case rested largely on a single witness named Michael Caven (born Michael Pappas), a one-time student of Bateman's from a high school on Long Island who had now turned chief accuser and informant.

Bateman denied Caven's most damning charges—that he had molested Caven from the age of 16, and that he had taken pornographic pictures of him as a legal minor. But what Bateman could not deny was that in the course of 1990 alone he had sent or given Caven more than 100 pornographic video tapes, and that at least some of these tapes were child pornography. Bateman, for his part, never denied having given Caven child pornography; he only denied having sent those particular tapes through the mail. ("I'm not totally stupid," he explained at his trial.)

And there was more. According to a presentencing memorandum submitted by the U.S. Attorney's office, boys at Exeter had been filmed in the showers and bedrooms without their knowledge, thanks to one of Bateman's hidden cameras. "The boys," the memo noted, "are either wearing undershorts, towels or nothing." Also in the memo, according to the *New York Times*, was the fact that Bateman spliced pieces of the students' tapes into pornographic films. "Mr. Bateman," the *Times* reported, "duplicated tapes made by about 20 students for class onto a master tape, giving each segment a name like 'Blonde Zen Lad' and 'Belt Spanked.'"

Surreptitious filming of students, pornographic tape-making, pornographic tape-editing, pornographic tape-swapping with a former student, pornographic reconstruction of homework videos: Not everyone prizes hobbies like these in a boarding school teacher, with or without that library of kiddie porn on the side. Certainly that was the view adopted at last by Exeter itself, which fired Bateman within 24 hours of his arrest. Something of that view seems also to have been shared by federal district court judge Jose A. Fuste, who in January 1993 sentenced Bateman to five years in prison without parole for one count of possession and two counts of interstate shipment of child pornography—a sentence that, though hardly the maximum allowed by law, was a far cry from leniency. (Under a fourth count, forfeiture, Bateman was also forced to surrender his video equipment.) There was also the influential fact that Bateman showed no remorse whatever for his behavior. As a report in the *New York Times* put it when the sentence was announced: "He said he still did not understand what was 'so wrong' about what he had done. 'If I strangled a child, if somebody had been hurt, if somebody's property had been destroyed, then there certainly would be a victim,' Mr. Bateman said 'Where are the victims?'"

Where, indeed? It is that question that reporter Jesse Kornbluth sets out to answer, and the way he answers it will likely take some readers by surprise. For the chief victim of the Bateman affair, as it turns out, was not, say, Michael Caven, or the Exeter students filmed in the showers, or even all those little boys who were somehow made to perform in all those movies with titles like *Ballin' Boys Duo*, *Young Mouthful*, and *Now, Boys?* No, the chief victim of it all—perhaps even the only victim, if the story told in *Vanity Fair* is correct—appears to have been Bateman himself.

In the first place, or so at least Kornbluth's essay makes clear, Bateman was a victim of his accuser, Michael Caven (alias Pappas). Caven, the reporter tells us, was a hustler, an alcoholic, a druggie. He exploited rich, older men (including, we are told, Frank Caven, the successful owner of several gay bars who legally adopted his young sex partner in a moment of drunken inspiration).

In fact, throughout Kornbluth's essay, not a kind or empathetic word appears for the man who claimed to have been abused by Bateman as a teenager. But there are, interestingly enough, many, many words from the Pappas/Caven detractors, and Caven is described by a former colleague in the bar business as "a jerk and an egotist. He was media crazy . . . he loved to get his face in any rag in town." Bateman's friends, he reports, "loathe" Michael Caven. "If he wanted to do Lane a favor, he could have said, 'Get help,'" one snaps, "Lane doesn't deserve to have his life ruined."

Second, or so it appears on this telling, Bateman was the victim of the "brutality" and "frosty environment" of Exeter itself. (This turn looks ironic, for under Kendra O'Donnell, who was appointed principal in 1987, the school would seem to have entered a progressive warming phase; it was under O'Donnell, for example, that Exeter—which now boasts a Gay/Straight Alliance—invited gay alumni to come and speak to the students about their sexuality.) Surely Bateman's firing was hypocritical; after all, we are talking about Exonians, who in Kornbluth's telling at least are a worldly-wise and sexually sophisticated bunch. "The idea that single male teachers might be homosexual and 'appreciate' young men," (he writes of these preppies), "would not be a soul-shattering revelation to Exeter students."

And, of course, the hapless Bateman was also a victim of a society that forces homosexuals to act furtively. When faced with the conservation of Exeter, where "only one instructor has come out," Lane Bateman stayed in the closet. And it was all that time in the closet, it is argued here, that led to his taste for child pornography. "It's not healthy to be so secretive, but Lane never felt secure enough at Exeter to come out," explains a friend who has long known of Bateman's interest in pornography. . . . "He's heavy into fantasy. These sex movies are the legacy of the closet."

In case the reader misses the point, Bateman is also provided an opportunity to expound on it himself.

Bateman says he purchased the material that ultimately brought him down several years before he started teaching at Exeter, when he was coming out of the closet and wanted to make up for lost time. "For a few years, you could buy anything, and I bought some films and books that featured young boys," he says. "For me, these pictures were aesthetic, not pornographic. I know people say, these images are despicable—how can you think that? But the key point is that I identified with the boys, not the men. If someone young had grabbed me when I was that age and said, 'Let me teach you something,' I would have said, 'Sure.'"

And here, as with the example of Calvin Klein, we come to the real heart of pedophilia chic: It's about boys. It is boys and boys alone who are seen as fair sexual game. For if Bateman's cache of child pornography had featured little girls, rather than little boys, it is unthinkable that he would have become the object of a sympathetic profile in the likes of *Vanity Fair*. That a teacher whose sexual tastes run to boys rather than girls could come to command a cultural dispensation for that preference—this, rather than the "legacy of the closet," would seem to be the "deeper meaning" of the scandal at Exeter.

Biased though it was in favor of Lane Bateman, and much as it seemed to suggest that child pornography may be a victimless crime, the *Vanity Fair* piece at least stopped short of endorsing either child pornography or pedophilia per se. It is an amazing fact that these omissions would come to seem positively retrograde in light of an essay appearing two and a half years later in yet another stylish, widely circulated magazine, the *New Republic*.

A GOOD WORD FOR NAMBLA

The most overt attempt by a hip journal to give pedophiles a place at the table came in the form of a May 8, 1995, "Washington Diarist" in the *New Republic* by Hanna Rosin entitled "Chickenhawk." Ostensibly inspired by a "riveting" documentary of the same name about the North American Man-Boy Love Association, "Chickenhawk" opens with the following quote from the film's star, a real-life pedophile named Leyland Stevenson: "He's just like a flower in bloom. He's at that perfect stage, in which he is hermaphroditic. . . . He's in that wonderful limbo between being a child and an adolescent—he's certainly an adolescent, but he has that weird feminine grace about him."

Stevenson, of course, is talking about a little boy. It is a quote intended to jolt the reader, and no doubt for most readers it still does. Having already invited the reader to imagine a child as seen through the eyes of a pedophile, Rosin then proceeds to something more avant-garde still: a chatty review of man-boy love and of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (whose informal motto, as some readers may know, is "Eight is too late").

"Chickenhawk," the author explains, "is worth seeing" because it "succeeds, at least

partially, in making monsters human." Though it may be true that Leyland Stevenson is "every mother's worst nightmare," it is also true—at least true according to Hanna Rosin—that Stevenson and his fellow NAMBLA members have gotten an unnecessarily bad rap. "There are no steamy orgies" in the documentary, she notes dryly, "or bound-up boys languishing in NAMBLA's basement." NAMBLA itself, she casually explains, "functions mainly as a support group for fantasizers, with the requisite forums for victim-bonding." Like members of any other group united by common interests, its rank and file have their humdrum clubby moments; they hold roundtables (where they "hug and share persecution stories"), solicit subscriptions, exchange "bulletins." Not only are these activities benign, it seems, but their propriety is enforced by the club itself. "Group policy," we are assured, "strictly forbids contact with live boys or even illicit pictures on the premises."

Next, Rosin praises NAMBLA's "bravery." "After all," she writes, "it is still heresy even to consider the possibility of the legitimacy of their feelings." Today's pedophiles, she reminds us, live in especially unfriendly times. Politically, things could hardly be worse; witness the tough language on child pornography in the Contract with America. Even President Clinton, she notes sarcastically, "was cowed into taking a courageous stand against 'softness on child pornography.'" Yet NAMBLA, despite it all, continues pluckily on: "keeping all their activities above board"—even publishing their New York phone number.

Just as the grownups of NAMBLA turn out to be more innocent than one might expect, the boys, for their part, seem to be far more sophisticated. As Rosin reasons, "it might even be that a budding young stud had the upper hand over the aging, overweight loner." And how old does a boy have to be, in the Rosin/NAMBLA view, to qualify for "budding young stud" status? Sixteen? Fourteen? Twelve? No? Well, how about ten?

One NAMBLA member in his 20s, an enticing blond with slits for blue eyes, describes a sexual experience he had with a karate instructor when he was 10. "I came on to him. I knew what I was doing. I felt very empowered. I felt I controlled the relationship, which is a good thing for a kid. It dispels the belief that adults are always in power in such relationships. You know, I led him around. I was the one in power."

Well, boys just want to have fun—or, as the New Republic seems to have it, just boys want to have fun. It is "plausible," Rosin muses, that "a teenage boy [emphasis added] might agree to sex with an older man." Similarly, though she notes approvingly that, for example, the age of consent in the Netherlands is twelve, she nowhere advocates changing the age-of-consent laws for girls. And she certainly shies away from suggesting that the figure of the "budding young stud" might be interchangeable with that of a "budding young slut"—a phrase whose appearance would surely have incurred the wrath of a good many New Republic readers. "Chickenhawk" itself, interestingly enough, passed almost without comment from those same subscribers.

KIDS WANT TO PLEASE YOU

Actually, these latest attempts to manage a good word for pedophilia are not quite as au courant as they first appear. Similar themes have been floated for years by a number of self-described, self-consciously gay writers—and not only by those on the cultural fringe, but by several who have crossed over to the mainstream literary market.

Perhaps the most prominent of these writers is the acclaimed novelist and essayist Ed-

mund White. The author of a number of enthusiastically received novels—*Forgetting Elena*, *A Boy's Own Story*, and *The Beautiful Room is Empty*—White has also had a brilliant career as an editor and essayist. He has worked at *Saturday Review* and *Horizon*, been a contributing editor to *Vogue* and *House and Garden*, and written for publications ranging from the *New York Times Magazine* to *Christopher Street*. In 1980, a number of his pieces reflecting on post-liberation gay life were collected into yet another critically acclaimed book called *States of Desire: Travels in Gay America*.

On account of its historical timing alone—the book amounts to a city-by-city celebration of gay life published on the very eve of the identification of AIDS—*States of Desire* remains a fascinating and retrospectively poignant sociological document. But it is a work that deserves to be remembered for something else as well: It is probably the most critically acclaimed piece of reportage in which the taboo against pedophilia has been examined at considerable length and judged archaic—a judgment that moreover passed virtually without comment from White's admiring critics. Throughout most of this reflection, White studiously keeps to an Olympian "on the one hand this, on the other hand that" rhetorical monologue—in which one hand, as in most such monologues, consistently manages to get the better of the other.

Pedophilia, White asserts at the outset of this discussion, is "the most controversial issue" in the lives of many in the gay movement. It is also, the reader is led to understand, a terribly complicated subject. As one gay man—ostensibly not himself a pedophile—puts it in words that the author quotes approvingly, "There's no way to answer it [the issue of pedophilia] without exploring it. We need information and time for deliberation. There are no clear answers—who would provide them?"

White is willing to try. "Those who oppose pedophilia," he posits, "argues that the 'consent' or seeming cooperation of an eight-year-old is meaningless." On the other hand, "those who defend pedophilia reply that children are capable, from infancy on, of showing reluctance." Similarly, "critics of pedophilia contend that children are easily manipulated by adults—through threats, through actual force, through verbal coercion, through money." Here again, the other side is allowed the last—and longest—word:

"Champions of pedophilia (and many other people) argue that children are already exploited by adults in our society—they are bullied by their parents, kept in financial and legal subjugation, frequently battered. And they have little legal recourse in attempting to escape punitive adults. . . . They can't vote, they can't drink, they can't run away, they can't enter certain movie theaters, they can't refuse to go to school, they can't disobey curfew laws—and they can't determine their own sexual needs and preferences. Pedophiles find it ironic that our society should be so worked up over the issue of sexual exploitation of children and so unconcerned with all other (and possibly more damaging) forms of exploitation. *If anything, the pedophiles argue, sex may be the one way in which children can win serious consideration from adults and function with them on an equal plane; if a child is your lover, you will treat him with respect.*" [emphasis added]

And where does our narrator locate himself between these camps? "I am not in the business of recommending guidelines for sex with youngsters," he writes coyly, for "I simply haven't gathered enough information about the various issues involved." At the same time, though—or so the author insists—"the question of sex with children remains"; and

White makes a final attempt to get to the bottom of it by interviewing an actual pedophile in a bar in Boston.

This man, the author coolly reports, "has a lover of twelve (he met him when the boy was six)." Far from the voracious predator so feared by the general public, however, our pedophile could scarcely appear more ethereal. He is "thirty-six, dressed in faded denims, his face as innocent and mournful as Petrouchka's. His voice was breathy and light, his manner anxious and almost humble." Lest there be any last doubt of this man's suitability for polite company, White erases it with the ultimate compliment. "I was," he writes candidly, "strongly attracted to him."

There follows a conversation in which the amorous adventures of White's pedophile are fondly recounted. White asks how the man met his present "lover," and the pedophile replies: "At the beach. He was there with his mother. He came over to me and started talking. You see, the kids must make all the moves." In case that point has been missed, White reiterates it a few lines later, this time asking explicitly: "Did your friend take the sexual initiative with you?" "Absolutely," Petrouchka affirms, adding, "I've been into kids since I was twenty-two and in every case the kids were the aggressors."

"What do you two do in bed?" White next inquires. There follows a graphic description, which the pedophile concludes on a mournful note. For there is, as it turns out here, at least one problem with man-boy love that most readers may not have anticipated: namely, that the kids are too loving.

A second writer who has explicitly addressed the matter of men and boys, this time adolescents, is Larry Kramer, author of the hugely celebrated AIDS play "The Normal Heart" and of an earlier novel called "Faggots (1978)," one of the classics of the post-liberation gay genre. The comparison between Kramer and White is particularly useful insofar as the two authors differ markedly in a number of important ways. Kramer's authorial perspective, as well as his political persona (he is a well-known activist and co-founder of the New York Gay Men's Health Crisis), have made him something of an anomaly in his chosen circles. Between the 1970s and the dawn of AIDS, at a time when most gay figures were proclaiming the joys of post-Stonewall "liberation," Kramer, for his part, was nearly alone in emphasizing its dark side. "Faggots," for example—a controversial book then and now—concerns the plight of a man looking for homosexual love in the hedonistic heyday of Manhattan and Fire Island. Kramer includes a number of scenes in which older men drug, flatter, and seduce teenage boys. Most prominent among these is a 16-year-old named Timmy, who is initiated into the high life at a party by a series of experienced men and finally "devoured" by ten at one time. In the course of this brutal description—one of several in the book involving adolescent boys—Kramer repeatedly invokes the appeal of Timmy's "beauty," his "teenage skin," his status as "forbidden fruit." One by one, the men at the party succumb to Timmy's charms, including even the most macho of them all ("the Winston Man"), who finds himself "excited in a way that he has not been since" high school.

Timmy's fate in the course of the book, it should be added, is not a happy one. Is Kramer implying that such is the price paid for decadence, or is there tacit empathy in his depictions of Timmy's many would-be "fathers"? It is left to the reader to guess. Much less ambiguous, at any rate, is the role played by Timmy and other "youngsters" in the world that Faggots portrays.

Another celebrated gay author who broached the subject of sex with minors is

the late Paul Monette. Monette's 1988 book *Borrowed Time: An AIDS Memoir* garnered a National Book Critics Circle Award nomination and was acclaimed by many as "one of the most eloquent works to come out of the AIDS epidemic" (USA Today). His 1992 book *Becoming a Man: Half a Life Story* won the National Book Award. It is in this volume that Paul Monette, like Edmund White before him, puts forth what would once have been a controversial thesis about the sexual wants of prepubescent boys. "Nine is not too young to feel the tribal call," he notes early on while recollecting his own childhood adventures with a boy his age. "Nine and a half is old enough," he repeats later, adding the by-now familiar note that "for me at least, it was a victory of innocence over a world of oppression."

Several chapters later, while reminiscing about an aborted affair he had with a high-school student while teaching at a boarding school, Monette sounds another theme that once would have been guaranteed to shock: that of the predatory, empowered adolescent. "Behind the gritted teeth of passion," writes the author of his first sexual encounter with a particular boy, "I heard the ripple of laughter, so one of us must have been having fun. Must've been Greg, for I was too busy feeding on sin and death to play."

"It was Greg who always chose the time," he continues, adding dramatically, "I stood ready to drop whatever I was doing. . . . I lived in thrall to Greg's unpredictable needs."

That is not to say that Paul Monette, at the time, felt himself relieved of responsibility for the affair—far from it. "If I am particular about the fact of being seduced—putting it all on him, the will and the dare and then the control—it doesn't mean I didn't feel the guilt. . . . I had become the thing the heteros secretly believe about everyone gay—a predator, a recruiter, an indoctrinator of boys into acts of darkness." But this self-recrimination, he goes on to reveal, was simply false consciousness. For finally, "I don't think that now. Twenty years of listening to gay men recount their own adolescent seductions of older guys has put it all in a different light."

Have all these trial balloons just passed without comment over the public head? One of the few critics to have taken notice is Bruce Bawer, who in his 1993 book, *A Place at the Table* castigates Edmund White in particular for his advocacy of man-boy sex. Such radicalism, Bawer argues, is part of the twisted legacy of the closet—a legacy that has forced "subculture" writers like White to evermore in-your-face positions on account of their oppression by the rest of society.

But writers have from time immemorial endured oppression—including jail time and execution—without leaping to the defense of pedophilia. And what kind of "oppression" is it, exactly, that confers fame, fortune, critical raves, national awards, and—in the case of Edmund White—a Guggenheim fellowship and anointment as a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres?

PEDOPHILE SCIENCE

Actually, even the likes of White were being more derivative than they would ever like to believe. Hands down, if you'll pardon the expression, the real big daddy of pedophilia chic could only be the long-dead Alfred C. Kinsey. As Judith A. Reisman and Edward W. Eichel point out in their 1990 exposé *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud*. "It is Kinsey's work which established the notion of 'normal' childhood sexual desire"—a notion that, as their book documents, was field-tested on the bodies of hundreds of children, most of them boys, in ways that might today be considered imprisonable offenses.

How did Kinsey and his team get away with it? "As we can see now," wrote Tom Bethell in his excellent review of the Kinsey facts for the May 1996 *American Spectator*, "science had vast prestige at the time and Kinsey exploited it. Any perversion could be concealed beneath the scientist's smock and the posture of detached observation."

Yet if Kinsey is now suffering a public disrobing, his intellectual heirs display their researches still. For a final model of pedophilia chic—this one tricked out with all requisite charts, tables, models, and talk of methodology—consider a volume published in 1993 by Prometheus Books. As its name seems to suggest, Prometheus is a publishing house of cutting-edge aspiration, whose backlist reveals its focus on issues like paranormal psychology, freethinking, and humanism. And, oh yes, a trans-Atlantic exploration of the virtues of pederasty called *Children's Sexual Encounters with Adults: A Scientific Study*, by a trio identified as C.K. Li ("a clinical psychologist in Paisley, Scotland"), D.J. West ("Emeritus Professor of Clinical Criminology at Cambridge University"), and T.P. Woodhouse ("a criminological research worker in Ealing, England").

Like our other pioneering looks at sex with kiddies, *Children's Sexual Encounters with Adults* is sexually biased, concentrating as it does on the "startling contrast" between boys and girls when it comes to sex with grownups. ("Surveys," as the authors explain at some length, "find that on the whole boys are less likely than girls to experience bad effects attributable to sexual incidents with adults.") It is not sexual contacts per se that pose problems for children, the authors argue, but rather the cultural prejudices by which most members of society judge such acts. "The damaging effects on children of intimate but non-penetrative contacts with adults," note the authors in a section on "cultural relativity," "are clearly psychological rather than physical and to a considerable extent dependent upon how such situations are viewed in the society in which the child has been brought up."

Again, and as Hanna Rosin and NAMBLA fans everywhere will appreciate, the study also emphasize the positive side of man-boy love for the boy in question. As one typical paragraph has it:

"There is a considerable amount of evidence that some boys are quite happy in relationships with adult homosexual men so long as the affair does not come to light and cause scandal or police action. . . . The great majority [of boys in a 1987 study] came from apparently normal homes, but were pleased to have additional attention and patronage from a devoted adult and willingly went along with his sexual requirements."

Parents everywhere will be relieved to learn that pedophiles themselves are not the predators of popular imaginings, but congenial well-wishers much like Edmund White's alluring Petrouchka. "Men who approach boys," the social scientists write in conclusion, "are generally looking for what amounts to a love relationship." Thus, "they employ gradual and gentle persuasion. The average pederast is no more seeking a rape-style confrontation than is the average heterosexual when looking for a congenial adult partner. . . ."

At a time when almost every kind of advocacy comes equipped with statistical batteries, it should come as no surprise that pedophiles and their allies, too, have acquired their own pseudo-scientific apparatus. Only the unsophisticated would be surprised to find such a numerological polemic put forward by a reputable publishing house and advertised in the Barnes and Noble book catalog. But then, only the unsophisticated stand in need of the reeducation its pages offer.

And there, to return to the figure of Larry Don McQuay, is where the matter of pedophilia chic would seem to stand. In one corner, enraged parents from across the country screaming for help in protecting their children; in the other, desiccated salonistes who have taken to wondering languidly whether a taste for children's flesh is really so indefensible after all. And they wonder why there's a culture war.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of May 12, 1995, the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. NORWOOD] is recognized for 30 minutes.

Mr. NORWOOD. Mr. Speaker, I come before the House today to speak on the future of our Nation—and that future is our children, and whether they will have the same opportunity to live the American dream that all the members of this House have enjoyed in our lifetimes.

Since the 104th Congress was sworn into office a year and a half ago, we have debated the issue of how best to provide for our children's education. That is good. We need discourse and hotly contested ideas from both side of the aisle if we are to forge a bipartisan, hopefully even a nonpartisan plan for ensuring that every American has the education necessary to not just survive, but to succeed in a global economy.

But, Mr. Speaker, we cannot have that needed discourse while the debate is fraught with distortions and political rhetoric, and that is where we find ourselves today. So I would like to begin by reviewing exactly what educational reforms have been passed by this House over the last 18 months.

Under the Balanced Budget Act, total student loan volume was scheduled to grow from last year's \$24 to \$36 billion in 2002. That's a 50-percent growth in spending. The school lunch program was approved for a 36-percent increase over the same period, with the States allowed to run their lunchrooms without Federal interference for the first time in decades.

The maximum annual Pell grant amount for low-income college students was raised to the highest level in history at \$2,400 per student.

The House approved sweeping, and long-needed reforms in the way interest is calculated on some of the loans. Under the proposed changes, no student would have paid any interest on their loans while they were still in school. But graduate students would have been required to pay back the interest that accrued on their loans while they were getting their graduate degrees, after they graduated and got jobs.

At present, working-class Americans are forced to subsidize that accrued interest for doctors, lawyers, and Ph.D. recipients. It is just not right for someone earning minimum wage to be paying the loan cost for someone earning six-figures. The budget we passed last