

Chron

—



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STAFF
SEC

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12-11-97
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Yes ☒ *No* ☐
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The Honorable William Jefferson (C
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Some five years ago we purchased a company called La Conexion Familiar (LCF). We soon discovered that the company had serious problems, including being based on a flawed marketing premise. After valiant attempts to turn the company around or sell it, and after losing many millions of dollars with no change in sight, we had no choice but to shut the company down.

While economic factors dictated the closing, the company went to extraordinary lengths to help affected employees. We provided a minimum of ten weeks of severance payments and benefits and full outplacement services. Of the 150 employees who chose to participate in outplacement, 88% had found new jobs or were in job retraining programs within six months of closing.

For the past three years, the Communications Workers of America (CWA) has engaged in an extensive misinformation and disparagement campaign against Sprint concerning the LCF closing. The contention that LCF was closed for union reasons was rejected first by a federal judge who denied a requested injunction to reopen the facility, citing the likelihood of Sprint prevailing on the merits. The closing was then reviewed by an NLRB administrative law judge, who after 14 days of hearings and reviewing an extensive record, found that the closing was for "valid and compelling financial reasons."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date 12/12

To: John Podesta, Chuck Zulk

From: The Staff Secretary

How do you want to
handle the attached letter. }

Phil Caplan

cc: Dan Burkhardt, Correspondence



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STAFF
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December 10, 1997

The Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Some five years ago we purchased a company called La Conexion Familiar (LCF). We soon discovered that the company had serious problems, including being based on a flawed marketing premise. After valiant attempts to turn the company around or sell it, and after losing many millions of dollars with no change in sight, we had no choice but to shut the company down.

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For the past three years, the Communications Workers of America (CWA) has engaged in an extensive misinformation and disparagement campaign against Sprint concerning the LCF closing. The contention that LCF was closed for union reasons was rejected first by a federal judge who denied a requested injunction to reopen the facility, citing the likelihood of Sprint prevailing on the merits. The closing was then reviewed by an NLRB administrative law judge, who after 14 days of hearings and reviewing an extensive record, found that the closing was for "valid and compelling financial reasons."

The NLRB Board inexplicably came to a contrary conclusion, but that decision was unanimously set aside by a three-judge panel of the US Court of Appeals (DC Circuit) on November 25, 1997. The Court found that the Board's decision "lacks substantial evidence in the record given the overwhelming record evidence that LCF was in a serious and sustained financial decline throughout the months before its closure."

I am bringing these developments to your attention because your good offices were used in the CWA's disparagement campaign against Sprint. Specifically, the CWA publicly distributed a letter dated March 3, 1997, bearing your signature to Morton Bahr, which stated that you found "troubling" allegations made to Vice President Gore by a former LCF employee in Los Angeles.

We're disappointed that you got involved in this matter without giving us an opportunity to respond. In any event, as the November 25 decision of the Court of Appeals makes clear, there is no basis for the CWA's claims regarding the LCF closing. We could have demonstrated those facts to your office, if we had been given the opportunity. We have worked hard in the past to provide your staff with all of the facts on both sides of numerous policy issues, in order to assure a fair and balanced decision. I look forward to continuing that kind of relationship. In that spirit, if we can provide your office with any further information about this case or Sprint, please let me know.

Sincerely,



William T. Esrey

enclosure

pc: The Honorable Albert Gore
Vice President of the United States

The Honorable Alexis Herman, Secretary
U.S. Department of Labor



Grover L. Bynum, III
Director
Government Affairs

1850 M Street, NW, #1100 Washington, DC 20036
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THE NEW YORKER



WENDY SMITH
Special Projects Manager

December 4, 1997

President William Jefferson Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President,

Congratulations on the Race Initiative's town hall meeting in Akron. Lots of coverage - some good, some bad -- but the discussion was spurred and that's always good.

At the outset of this letter, please forgive me for being presumptuous if I am submitting ideas or thoughts which others have presented to you. As you may be able to glean from the mere existence of this letter, I am rested and ready to help in any way. So please read the following knowing that it is presented in that spirit.

With that said....I do think, however, that when it comes to the race issue, we've all got to be more expansive and inclusionary in our thinking. That is why I have included a copy of the New Yorker from a week ago which (hopefully) you read but just in case you didn't. The article marked is one which deals with several troubling issues one of which being race relations in a Los Angeles suburb. It's disturbing content but it certainly gives the range which you will have to include in any discussion on race. I feel that unless you have an open discussion with the neo-Nazis, the gangs, the David Duke's

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of the world to gain their point of view and the source(s) of their anger, you can never deal adequately and effectively with this issue.

It is possible to involve these viewpoints without it turning into a glorified Jerry Springer show. I would not encourage your involvement at that level but if your lieutenants were to engage all factions and accumulate data for you, perhaps it could be presented to you in another forum such as a summit or town hall format. Your lieutenants could be cabinet members and White House staff, but also people designated for as ambassadors for this project such as Henry Cisneros or George or Taylor Branch.

I also think you need a real organizer who knows how to mobilize and amplify. For instance, someone who can go to the Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles, educate themselves about the Museum's training classes and organize using those same techniques, if not the classes themselves, all over the country. I'm sure this is happening on some level but now is the time to seize the momentum created by Wednesday's event. You could even use the outreach process itself as a vehicle for amplification.

Additionally, I wanted to reiterate the ideas we spoke of when I saw you week before last. Please find below the names of some people who may not appear on any conventional list of people (and some who may) to possibly involve in the process but who could be invaluable source material for their unique perspective:

- Thelma Golden, African American 30-ish curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art
- George Wolfe, African American Broadway director, "Bring in da Noise, Bring in da Funk"
- Hilton Als, African American editor at the New Yorker
- William Finnegan, Caucasian writer at the New Yorker of the enclosed article
- Cinque Henderson, African American 20-ish development executive at DreamWorks SKG who did "Amistad"

Henry Louis "Skip" Gates, Jr.

Obviously there are many others I could suggest if you would like that.

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Also, I suggested to you before, and I know you have already thought of it, that it would be great to involve Anna Deavere Smith in some way. How about asking her to give an excerpted performance 15-20 minutes in length from any of her plays -- "Twilight LA", "Fires in the Mirror" or "House Arrest" -- before your next town hall? It would be a great way to engage the audience (live and broadcast) and frame the discussion.

Like I said before, I send this with the best intentions. But since I'm too impatient to wait to be asked to be helpful, I'm submitting this with massive amounts of humility combined with equal parts excitement.

Good luck and warmest, warmest regards,

Wendy Smith

Dec. 1, 1997

Price \$2.95

GORE VIDAL on the myths of J.F.K.

THE NEW YORKER

CALIFORNIA'S LOST KIDS

When their L.A. suburb hit hard times, Mindy Turner and her friends became dropouts, drug addicts, and Nazi skinheads awaiting a race war. Why?

William Finnegan reports

Janet Reno vs. the F.B.I.

Jane Mayer on the legal showdown at Justice

The mad-cow-disease dispute

Richard Rhodes on the battle behind the Nobel

Wolfgang Puck's feast

Arthur Lubow on mass marketing a chef



Plus: John Lahr on Chekhov
Calvin Tomkins on Warhol





Johnny Suttle and other Sharps ("skinheads against racial prejudice"), and (opposite) Tim Malone of the Nazi Low Riders: their street fight

PORTER AT LARGE

THE UNWANTED

In a Los Angeles suburb where schools and parents faltered, the American Dream was replaced by drugs, neo-Nazism, and despair. The hardest hit were Mindy Turner and her friends.

BY WILLIAM FINNEGAN



FILM companies used to come to the Antelope Valley, in northern Los Angeles County, to shoot high-desert scenes. It was empty country, a good backdrop for Westerns. Now they come when they need to burn down or blow up a housing tract. In 1992, for the fiery climax of "Lethal Weapon 3," Warner Bros. used a development called the Legends, at Avenue J and Thirtieth Street West, in the city of Lancaster. The Legends had become available after its financing failed, leaving unfinished forty-eight large, Spanish-style homes, each named after a legendary American (Babe Ruth, Marilyn Monroe). Mel Gibson and Danny Glover went on a memorable rampage through the tract. When I drove through its curving streets last year, I found a wasteland (tumbleweeds, shop-

ping carts, graffiti-covered sofas) surrounded by a high brown wall.

The transformation of the Antelope Valley from rural desert into modern suburbia—with neighborhoods, literally, to burn—was very sudden, a historical jump cut. In 1980, the combined population of Lancaster and Palmdale, the Valley's two main cities, was sixty thousand. By 1994, their combined population was two hundred and twenty-two thousand, and today estimates of the Valley's total population range as high as four hundred thousand. This hyper-expansion was first sparked by housing prices in Los Angeles and its nearer suburbs, which soared during the nineteen-eighties, and by white flight from an increasingly Latino and Asian city. The Antelope Valley had been considered too remote for commuters, but

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK

fighting ended in an ugly killing.

the completion of the Antelope Valley Freeway, snaking over the San Gabriel Mountains, helped change that. In the Antelope Valley, one could buy for two hundred thousand dollars a new house that might cost four hundred thousand in the San Fernando Valley. What was more, the air was cleaner and the streets were safer. The commute to jobs in the city was longer—an hour longer, at least, each way—but that was the trade-off. And so it was that the desert brought forth swimming pools and convenience stores beyond number, and wide empty streets as far as the eye could see.

Then, in 1990, the Southern California economy, staggered by cutbacks in the aerospace and defense industries, fell into a deep recession. Los Angeles County alone lost more than half a million jobs, and property values throughout the region collapsed. In the Antelope Valley, abandoned housing tracts began to dot the subdivided desert. Boarded-up shopping centers and bankrupt school districts followed, along with a wave of personal financial disasters so severe that *USA Today* dubbed Palmdale "the foreclosure capital of California."

And yet the Antelope Valley's population has continued to grow. Between 1990 and 1994, Palmdale was the second-fastest-growing city in the United States, Lancaster the sixth-fastest. As a rule, the

Valley's newest residents are poorer and darker than their predecessors, live in more crowded lodgings, and are more likely to rent. Still, the Valley remains, in a county where whites are a minority, overwhelmingly white (sixty-eight per cent), home-owning, and politically dominated by conservative Republicans of the pro-growth, antitax stripe. And the reasons most people give for moving out from the city—less crime, less smog, cheaper housing—have not changed. The Valley remains particularly attractive to families with children. Indeed, it has been called "the last great breeding ground of Southern California."

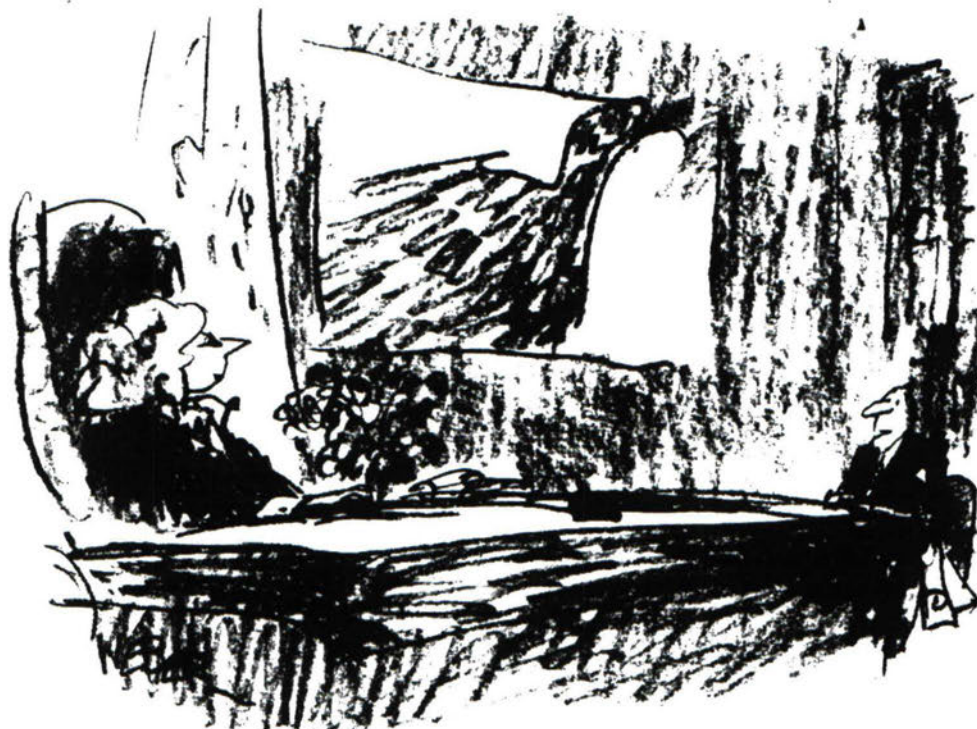
For anyone who has spent time there lately, this is a scary thought—if only because growing up these days in the Antelope Valley seems to be, for many kids, a pretty harrowing, dispiriting affair. This may be true today of growing up in America generally, but the Valley's supersonic growth has led to overcrowded, often chaotic schools; according to the high-school district's superintendent, nearly forty-five per cent of the entering students do not finish with their class. The teen-pregnancy rate is also alarmingly high. Juvenile crime is a major problem, usually attributed to "unsupervised children"—to, that is, the huge number of kids whose parents can't afford after-school care and often don't return from their epic commutes until long after dark. With neigh-

borhoods devoid of adults from early morning to night, the most popular youth crime is, naturally, burglary. A sheriff's-department spokesman in Lancaster estimated that fully half the Valley's children are unsupervised after school. He also said that there are now, not coincidentally, more than two hundred youth gangs represented in the Valley.

I GREW up, a generation ago, in Woodland Hills, then an outer suburb of L.A., and when I started spending time with teen-agers in the Antelope Valley I figured I had a head start on understanding their world. As it turned out, my youth might as well have been spent in Kathmandu for all the clues it gave me in this new realm. There was a street war raging in Lancaster between a white-supremacist skinhead gang known as the Nazi Low Riders and a rival gang of antiracist skinheads who called themselves Sharps. This obscure, semi-doctrinal conflict fascinated me long before it escalated to homicide, as it eventually did. And yet no adult, I discovered, could shed any real light on it. I needed a native guide, and I found one in Mindy Turner, who, at seventeen, was already well embarked on the kind of casually terrifying existence I was starting to regard as common.

She was living with her mother, her younger brother, and an older half brother in a four-bedroom white stucco ranch-style house in Lancaster. Her mother, Debbie, worked behind the counter at Thrifty Drugs; she had bought the house with the settlement she got after her husband, a crane operator, was electrocuted on the job in 1989, when Mindy was in elementary school. Mindy recalled, "They came to get me at school and said, 'Your dad's gone to be with your dog and your grandpa in Heaven.' I've never gotten over it. Whenever I get sad, I start thinking about it and just cry."

Debbie remembered Mindy being deeply troubled by the idea that her dad had never been baptized, and thought that that was probably why Mindy later became a Mormon—because she wanted to be baptized herself. Actually, before Mindy became a Mormon she had wanted to become Jewish. But that had turned out to be too much work. Becoming a Mormon was



"You seem to know something about law. I like that in an attorney."

relatively easy. All this was before Mindy got addicted to crystal methamphetamine and became a Nazi, in the ninth grade.

Mindy and her mother shared blond good looks, but Debbie was hearty and outgoing, while Mindy was pale, fashionably thin, moody, intense. Her manner oscillated with unnerving speed—from jaded worldliness to girlish enthusiasm, from precocious grace to gawkiness, from thuggish cynicism to tender vulnerability. She spoke in quick, fluid bursts, as if she had to express each thought before she changed her mind.

In her mother's day, Mindy's looks might have made her a homecoming queen. But Mindy stopped going to school while she was in the tenth grade. "I'm not a people person," she told me. "I didn't like all the little gossip circles that went on there."

Mindy had always been a good student, earning B's, but had slipped academically in junior high (as a disturbingly high number of American girls do). In the seventh and eighth grades, she became first a "heshner"—into heavy-metal music and smoking marijuana—and then a "hippie," into reggae and smoking marijuana. She also became sexually active. Her lovers were mostly older; some were much older. "I was kind of looking for a father," she told me.

Mindy's Nazi period had various sources. Spike Lee had helped get her into it, she said. She and a friend had gone to see "Malcolm X." They found they were the only whites in the audience, and a black guy had asked them sarcastically if they were in the right theatre. "That's why I hate Spike Lee," she told me. "Because he's a racist. And that's when I started thinking, If the black kids can wear 'X' caps, and Malcolm is calling us all 'white devils,' what's wrong with being down with white power?"

Her real political inspiration, though, was methamphetamine, which is also known as crank, crystal, ice, or simply speed. The leading illegal drug in the Valley, methamphetamine is a powerful addictive stimulant whose longtime consumers tend to suffer from paranoia, depression, hallucinations, and violent rages. The Nazi Low Riders were one of Mindy's speed connections. "They're all tweakers," she told me. (Tweakers are speed addicts.) "Speed is just so cheap here. And it makes you feel so powerful, so alert."

The N.L.R.s' hangout was the Ma-

lone household, in a run-down neighborhood in downtown Lancaster. Andrea Malone, a single parent, had three teenage boys, all white-supremacist skinheads, and she worked long hours, giving the kids the run of the house. Mindy, who had grown bored with Mormonism, became a regular there, snorting speed, smoking dope, and becoming fast friends with the N.L.R.s. They called her a "skin bitch," but she refused to shave her head. "My dad always said he loved my long blond hair, so I wouldn't cut it off," she told me. She and the other N.L.R. girls ("They called us Property of the N.L.R.s, not members. It's this weird thing") fought with girls from rival gangs, including Sharps. But Mindy claimed she'd never taken part in random attacks on black people—something the N.L.R.s specialized in. "I just used to sit in the car and watch, while they'd get out and be, like, 'Go back to Africa, nigger,' and beat people up."

At first, Mindy's mother had no idea what was going on. "I talked to Mrs. Malone on the phone a few times," Debbie told me. "She seemed really nice. I used to drive Mindy over there, and the Malone kids and some of the others used to come over here. I knew they were prejudiced, but as long as they acted civilized they were welcome. I even took them roller-skating."

The N.L.R.s were into tattoos: swastikas, skulls, Iron Crosses, lightning bolts—though lightning bolts were permitted to be worn only by those who had killed a black person. Mindy got a big swastika on one hip. ("My mom got really mad when she saw it.") Her skinhead friends were also into guns. In early 1995, one of her boyfriends, Jaxon Stines, drove with a group of N.L.R.s by the house of another boy whom Mindy had been seeing, and fired shots through a bedroom window, aiming for the other boy's bed. No one was hurt, but Mindy was picked up by the police for questioning, and Jaxon pleaded guilty to attempted murder.

Debbie was by then deeply alarmed about the company her daughter was keeping. Mindy was severely strung out—a full-tilt tweaker, with a daily habit. She had lost a lot of weight. She rarely slept. Finally, she became so dehydrated that she had to be hospitalized.

While she detoxed, with her mother keeping her skinhead friends away, Mindy

seemed to snap out of her gang-girl trance. "I just realized I didn't hate black people," she told me. "Also, I'm totally infatuated with Alicia Silverstone, and she's Jewish. I've seen 'Clueless' like eleven times. So how could I be a Nazi?"

But the N.L.R.s did not take apostasy lightly. "They started calling my house, saying they were going to kick my ass. They started driving by here, throwing bottles at the house." Two N.L.R. girls, Heather Michaels and Angela Jackson, were particularly incensed. "Angela said she was coming over here to kill me. I was scared, but I told her, 'Fine, come over, whatever.' But she never came. Heather, especially, is really, really mad at me. They all say I'm a race traitor."

Debbie Turner took measures. She had an electronic security system installed around the house. "It got really bad after Jaxon went to jail," she told me. "They started coming by here. I was afraid they were going to shoot at the house. It was very scary." Debbie was also paying for a series of painful, expensive laser procedures to remove Mindy's swastika tattoo. The final cost for erasing the tattoo would come to four thousand dollars.

And that was how Debbie and I talked about Mindy's tour with the N.L.R.s during my first visits to the Turners' house—as a nasty accident whose scars were now being, not without cost, erased. Mindy was even back in school, through an independent-study program.

At the same time, we all knew that things were more complicated. For one thing, Jaxon had been released, after just six months in jail, and he and Mindy were seeing each other again. "Me and Jaxon have been through so much together," she told me. For example, a few weeks after her seventeenth birthday, she had had an abortion. "I wanted to keep it," Mindy said. "Because I knew that if Jaxon and I ever broke up I would still have some communication with him, because we would have a kid together. But then we decided we just weren't mentally ready for it. We fight all the time. And I was afraid that if we had a kid and Jaxon stayed friends with those people the kid would be brought up around all that hate."

Jaxon's gang status was actually ambiguous. He hung out with the N.L.R.s, and they considered him one of them, but he didn't publicly "claim" N.L.R. In



any event, his association with the N.L.R.s extended no automatic protection to Mindy. She had therefore turned to the antiracist Sharps, her erstwhile enemies, for protection. The Sharps, however, were in no particular hurry to help her—leaving her in an even more vulnerable position.

She and Jaxon did indeed fight all the time, about almost anything. Raves, for example. Mindy indicated a poster on the wall in her bedroom, advertising something called the Insomniac Rave. "That was so great," she said. "It was the first real rave I went to. Dang! It was in Hollywood. Raves are like big parties, with all different races dancing. I took Ecstasy at the Insomniac Rave, and I danced all night." She sighed. "Jaxon can't stand it that I go to raves," she said. "He says I don't act white. But what is acting white? Me and him have been getting drunk almost every night lately, and I ask him, 'What do you think black people do that's so different from whites? They just sit around getting drunk and listening to music. Drive around in cars. Just like us.'"

KICKING around teen-age Lancaster, I sometimes felt as if I had fallen in with a thousand little cultural commissars, young suburban ideologues whose darkest pronouncement on another kid—a kid deviating from, say, the hard-core-punk-anarchist line on some band or arcane point of dress—was, inevitably, "He's confused."

Mindy's own "beliefs," as she called them, were eclectic. Her brave and principled rejection of racism, even her devotion to Alicia Silverstone, did not mean she had embraced enlightened liberalism in all matters. She still had a soft spot for Adolf Hitler—she claimed she was the only N.L.R. to actually study "Mein Kampf"—and her all-time-favorite "leader" was still Charles Manson. "My mom thinks I'm sick, but I think he's cute," she told me. "In a weird, gross way, I think he's attractive. He has the real fuck-you blood. He acts as his own lawyer. He talks for himself. I've read some of 'Helter Skelter.' I wouldn't, like, buy a poster of him and put it up. My mom wouldn't let me do it if I tried. But I don't think it would fit my room, anyway, with all my nice John Lennon and Beatles stuff."

The walls in Mindy's room were indeed adorned with Beatles posters. Her father, she said, had been a big John Len-

non fan. But she also loved Trent Reznor, of Nine Inch Nails, whose best-known lyric was "I wanna fuck you like an animal!" I asked about a framed photograph, set next to her bed, of a shirtless, tattooed young man. The picture was obviously taken in prison.

"That's Madness," she said. "He's twenty-three. He says he's in love with me, but he knows I can't get over Jaxon. He's in for armed robbery. I didn't know him too well before he went to jail, but then we started writing letters. He's S.F.V. Peckerwood."

The Peckerwoods are a white gang, known mainly for mindless violence and methamphetamine dealing. They're big in the Antelope Valley but, some say, they're bigger in the San Fernando Valley, or S.F.V. They're biggest of all in prison. "Madness has his beliefs," Mindy said. "He believes whites are better than blacks. But he knows I don't think like that, so we don't talk about it."

Mindy was by no means the only girl I had met in the Valley who had a prisoner boyfriend. I asked her what it was about guys in jail.

"It's sick, I guess," she said. "But I just find it really attractive. I guess it means they're capable of doing something really spontaneous, without regard for the consequences."

"Like shooting somebody."

"Yeah. They're adventurous. And they're tough, usually. There's nothing else to do in there but work out."

Mindy invited me to go with her and some friends to a rave in Hollywood a few days later. "Maybe Darius can come, too," she said. Darius was Darius Houston, one of the Sharps to whom Mindy had turned for protection. Darius is half black, half white, and was probably the N.L.R.s' least favorite skinhead. "I don't think Darius really likes me," Mindy said. "Because when I hung out with the boneheads"—this is a generic term for racist skinheads—"I used to call him a nigger. All

the Sharps have good reason to hate me."

I asked Mindy if she might be hoping to become a Sharp herself.

She shook her head, and said, "Most people here say, 'Mindy Turner? Oh, you mean Nazi Mindy.' So I don't want to start being Sharp Mindy. I want to be just Mindy. If somebody asks me what I am now, I just tell them I'm Free Unity. That's not a gang. It's just what I believe."

"SHARP" stands for "skinheads against racial prejudice." It is not, as I first thought, a local Antelope Valley sect. Skinheads claim Sharp throughout the United States, in Europe, and even, reportedly, in Japan. There is no formal organization—just an antiracist ideology, a street-fighting tradition, and a few widely recognized logos, usually worn on jacket patches. Sharp's *raison d'être* is its evil twin, the better-known white-supremacist and neo-Nazi skinhead movement.

All the Antelope Valley Sharps, I found, were amateur social historians, determined to rescue the skinhead movement—or simply "skinhead," as they call it—from disrepute. In their version, which seemed broadly accurate, the original skinheads emerged in England in the mid-sixties out of other youth cultures—notably the "hard mods" and the Rude Boys, stylish Jamaicans who wore porkpie hats and listened to reggae and ska. Skinheads were clean-cut, working-class, non-racist ("two-tone"), and tough. They loathed hippies, for reasons of both class and hygiene, loved soccer and beer, fighting and ska, scooters and Fred Perry tennis shirts. For a detailed history of skinhead, the Antelope Valley Sharps all urged on me a book, published in 1991, in Scotland, called "Spirit of '69: A Skinhead Bible."

By the seventies, the movement had been hijacked, according to the Sharps, by the anti-immigrant National Front in England. And it was the second wave of British skinhead that crossed over to the United States, in the late seventies, as part of the great punk-rock cultural exchange; by then neo-Nazism and white supremacy were definitely in the mix, and a host of unholy alliances have since been formed between racist skinheads and old-line extremist organizations like the Aryan Nations, White Aryan Resistance, the Church of the Creator, and the Ku Klux Klan. After a decade of hate crimes and racist violence, white-power skin-



heads have become increasingly familiar figures in the American social landscape, particularly among teen-agers, who tend to know much more about them and their apocalyptic views than adults do.

"The boneheads are looking forward to a race war."

"They're all on some harsh drug."

"Somebody's got to stand up to these guys," Darius Houston said.

Six or seven Sharps were sitting around Jacob Kroeger's mother's house. Jacob, a sardonic eighteen-year-old, still had his hair, but he was about to shave it off and become a full-fledged Sharp—a "fresh cut." His mother was often away with a boyfriend, leaving the house—a modest ranch-style bungalow in a seedy older tract—to become, at least for a while, the Sharps' main hangout. They were a picturesque lot, in boots and braces, extra-short ("flooded") jeans, and Andy Capp-type "snap caps." But the mood that evening was rather grim and besieged. It seemed that a girl from the N.L.R.s had called Christina Fava, Darius's girlfriend, who is white, a "nigger lover" in a hallway at Antelope Valley High School. A black student named Todd Jordan had become involved on Christina's side, and the next day a half-dozen N.L.R.s had jumped Todd on a deserted athletic field, stabbing him five times with a screwdriver. Todd was now in the hospital. Christina, for her part, was transferring to a new school.

Somehow, I said, being a Sharp seemed to mean, more than anything else, a lot of fighting with white-power skinheads.

I was wrong, I was assured.

"It's the music, the fashions, the friendships, the whole life style."

"It's like a big fuckin' family."

"Everybody's got everybody else's back."

"It's all about working class."

This curious, almost un-American class consciousness among the Antelope Valley Sharps turned out, upon examination, to be a very American miscellany. The kids themselves came from a wide range of backgrounds—everything from two-parent middle-class families to drug-addled welfare mothers who had dumped them on the streets as adolescents. For some, "working class" meant simply having a job—any job—as opposed to being a "bum." For others, it was synonymous with "blue collar," and it distinguished



"The feedback I'm getting tells me that if your people work with my people we can grow this thing."

them from richer kids, who might decide to be skinheads and buy all the gear but weren't really streetwise and so might just have to be relieved of their new twelve-hole Doc Martens.

There was, in fact, much more to the Sharps than rumbling with the boneheads. For Darius, in particular, Sharp was a godsend. An orphan since his mother died, when he was thirteen, he had been a skateboarder and punk rocker before discovering skinhead. As a half-black kid in a largely white town, being reared by various white relatives, he had always been something of an outsider. Skinhead, as he understood it, was a complete, ready-made aesthetic and way of life. Darius identified, he told me, with its underground energy and its music—he was soon playing bass in a multiracial ska band called the Leisures. Because the idea of a black skinhead drove neo-Nazi skinheads wild, Darius had been fighting on a regular basis for years. He was a

skilled fighter, but the backup that the other Sharps provided was still, for Darius, a lifesaver. Going to school had become too dangerous, so he was on independent study. After graduating, he said, he planned to join the Navy and become a medical technician. (Christina, for one, didn't think he was serious.) He was eighteen, beefy, soft-spoken, watchful, with skin the color of light mahogany. When we met, he was homeless and was sleeping on a couch in Jacob's mother's house.

In every gang, the crucial question about any member is "How down is he?" Among the Sharps, one of the most indisputably down was Johnny Suttle. Twenty years old, half Mexican and half Anglo, he was diminutive but super-aggressive. He worked graveyard shifts at a Taco Bell, took classes at the local community college, and, I found, had a great deal to say about skinhead. Skinhead was about loyalty—to your class,

home town, soccer team, and nationality, according to Johnny. Thus, if a Japanese or a Chinese skinhead decided to beat up a foreigner, it was O.K. "Because they're just defending their country, and that's good," he said. "The thing is, America is not a white man's country, never mind what the boneheads say. It's a melting pot. And we're about defending that."

Johnny always seemed ready to weigh the moral dimensions of violence. I once heard him deliberate one of the timeless questions: Was it ethically permissible to drop bonehead chicks before taking on the boneheads? The answer, ultimately, was yes. While it was not right to hit females, bonehead chicks were simply too dangerous to leave standing while you fought their boyfriends. They would probably stick a knife in your back. Ergo, they had to be dropped at the outset. Q.E.D.

THE Nazi Low Riders, while dedicated skinheads, were not skinhead-history buffs. They were, however, keen on Nazi history. "We believe in Hitler's ways," Tim Malone, a leading member, told me. "But that don't mean we worship him. He was smart, but he was a homosexual. I think what he did with the Jews was right, mainly. They was coming into Germany, buying up the businesses, treating the Germans like slaves."

Chris Runge, another N.L.R., who explained to me that Hitler had actually been working with the Vatican, seemed to be the theorist of the Lancaster clique. He was nineteen, hairless, blue-eyed, pale-skinned, with a worried seriousness that was occasionally interrupted by a big, goofy smile. "I'm basically what you call a political Nazi," he said. "A lot of these Nazis out here are unorganized. They're mostly street skins, doing the dirty work. I want to start getting them organized. Democracy doesn't work. As you can see right now, it's falling apart. But Nazism is about a society with no upper class, no lower class. We'd have equality. We wouldn't have homeless-

ness—because we keep the factories going and everybody has a place. With a Nazi government, we'd just take out all the unwanted and start over again—even whites, if they're doing the same thing as the niggers are." Chris gave me one of his big, blue-eyed smiles.

He grew serious again. "White supremacy just comes from seeing what's happening in society," he said. "We're going down." Though Chris's mother

hope that it would make him stop. It didn't. "And that's a lot of the hate I got inside me now," Chris said quietly.

THOUGH I stopped by the Malones' house many times, I never saw Andrea there. She worked in a plastics factory in Pasadena, more than an hour's drive away, and, according to Tim, she left the house at dawn and got home only late in the evening. When I first met

Tim, who was seventeen, he had just spent two months in jail: he had been locked up as an accessory in the Todd Jordan stabbing, but had been released for lack of evidence. He was wiry and well built, with close-cropped dark hair and, tattooed on the back of his neck, an Iron Cross. He described himself as "more of the Gestapo Storm Trooper type than a political Nazi—the type that's ready to go to war over things. There's gonna be a race war around the year 2000."

Tim's father had been a Hell's Angel, he said, so, he told me, his Nazism "was kind of inherited." His dad drank, did speed, and abused his mother—that was

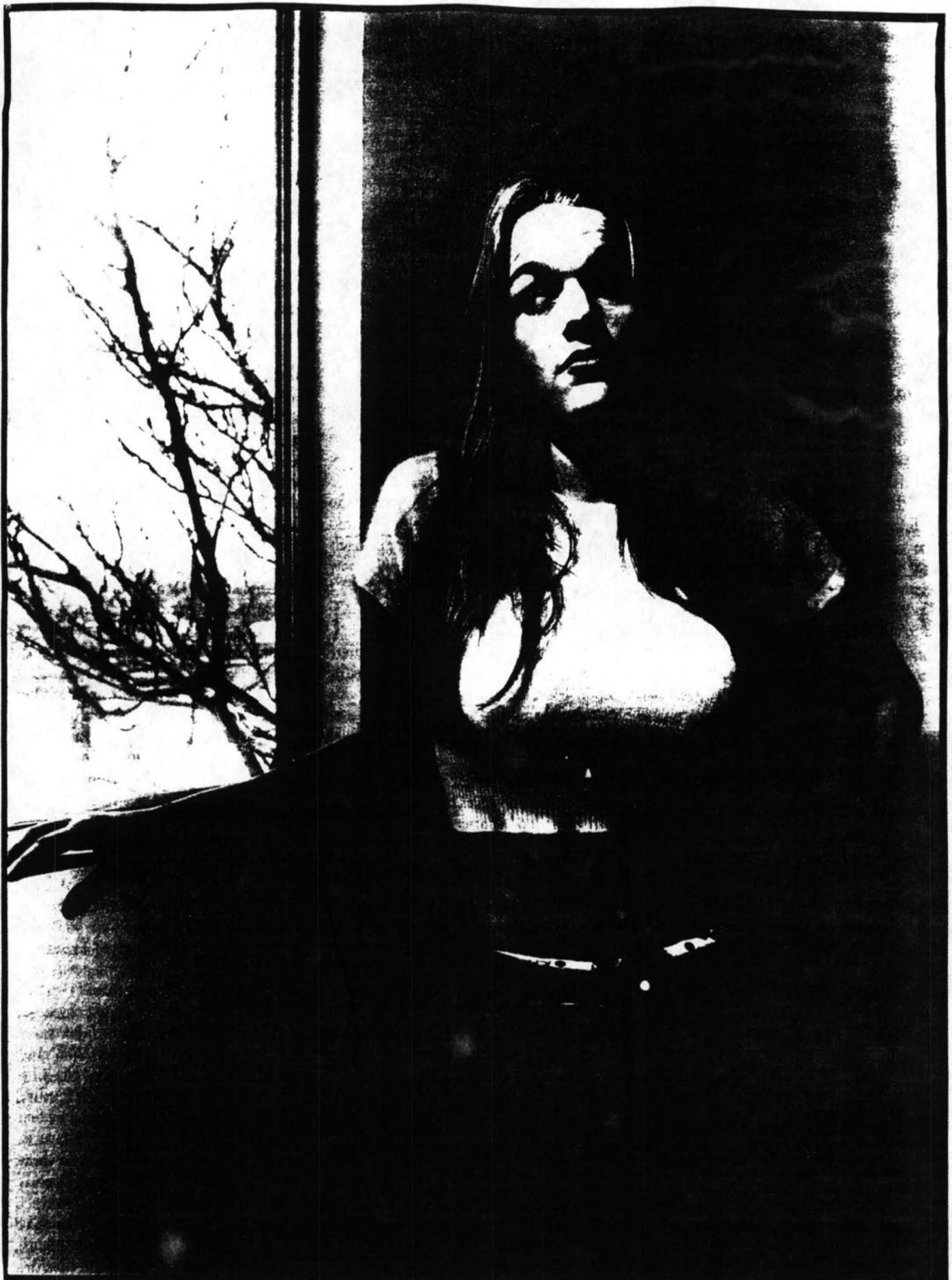
why his parents broke up. The family had lived in a predominantly black neighborhood in Montclair, east of Los Angeles, where Tim, at the age of ten, joined a local Crips set for self-protection. He was the middle brother of three, and his joining a black gang did not please his brothers. "Both my brothers was punk rockers, into speed metal, and they used to beat me up, trying to teach me a lesson," he said. "I thank them for it now. You gotta stick with your own race. Now ain't nothing I hate more than a wigger"—white nigger.

Tim and his brothers, Jeff and Steve, became skinheads after moving to the Antelope Valley four years ago and meeting the local neo-Nazis. They were soon a warm little nest of vipers. "We're all family," Tim said. "Even the little kids. Trouble's son, who's only, like, nine



Johnny Suttle: "You always gotta show the boneheads you're crazier than they are. If you punk it and run, you're finished."

was, by all accounts, a serious tweaker, his grandfather, he said, was an executive with the Xerox Corporation—a point of reference, perhaps, for his bitter assessment. Chris himself had dropped out of school in the tenth grade and had been convicted for participating in the same drive-by shooting that sent Jaxon Stines, who was his best friend, to jail. And Chris had "found the Lord" in his cell, he said—an experience that may have softened some of his judgments. Of Mindy, for instance, Chris merely said, "She's confused. She's young." This was notably gentler than the pronouncements of other N.L.R.s on the subject. Chris even showed some self-awareness when he talked about his life. He told me that his mother's ex-husband used to beat her so badly when he was drunk that she would come lie in bed with Chris in the



"Most people here say, 'Mindy Turner? Oh, you must mean Nazi Mindy.' I want to be just Mindy."



"Oh, waiter, there's a bullet in my soup."

months old, already knows how to *Sieg heil*." Tim imitated an infant giving a Nazi salute, and laughed. (Trouble was the street name of Robert Jones, one of three N.L.R.s charged with firing into a parked car full of black people in Lancaster in 1995. He was recently sentenced to twelve years.)

Among the many kids who were usually around the Malones' house were some who could not have been more than ten. I wondered if their parents had any notion what kinds of things their children were seeing and hearing there. The attractions of the place as a hangout were not mysterious. It was like a child's idea of a pirates' den: scruffy and run by tattooed brigands. I even got the feeling sometimes that a rough, retrograde, neo-communal sort of social experiment was being conducted. A boy would be opening a can of beans to heat up on the stove. Someone would bellow, "Only bitches cook in this house!" The boy would drop the can, while onlookers guffawed. Angela Jackson, one of Mindy's tormentors, would tear herself away from the TV and finish opening the can, declaring herself "a skin bitch, a Featherwood." This giddy, *Pleasure Island* atmosphere

darkened, I thought, after the feud with the Sharps produced its first dead youth.

DARIUS said he would gladly go to the rave with us, and Mindy seemed pleased. There was some question about whether Mindy herself would be able to go to the rave, however, because her mother had grounded her after finding her passed out, stark naked, on her bed with her head next to a bowl filled with vomit. Too much vodka with Jaxon, Mindy told me. It was now two days later, and still several days before the rave—which we ended up skipping in any case, after Jaxon accused Mindy of really wanting to go to Hollywood to "fuck niggers."

We were now waiting for Jaxon to come over, so that he and I could talk, and Mindy still seemed to be feeling hung over. "I hate light," she said. Her voice was flat and small. "My mom thinks I'm a vampire because I sit in my room with the music on and no lights. I won't even take acid if the sun's out."

Mindy loved LSD. She also liked cocaine. "Because it makes your mouth numb. I like to be numb. Speed lasts longer, but it makes you paranoid, so you end up doing stupid things."

The stupid things she'd done on speed

seemed to be legion. "Like, once Heather and Angela and I were tweaking, and we saw two girls holding hands and we were really grossed out. We just said, 'We're going to show them that's not allowed.' We didn't have any weapons, but we really stomped them. One girl had to go to the hospital."

I remarked that I had recently read in a newspaper that "young men use methamphetamine for sexual stimulation." Mindy scoffed: "When Jaxon's tweaking, I could dance naked in front of him with a porno on the TV, and he still wouldn't be interested."

She went outside for a cigarette. Her mother didn't allow smoking in the house. I joined her in the back yard, which had a small swimming pool and a basketball hoop. From where we sat, we could see Mindy's thirteen-year-old brother, Matthew, in the kitchen. "Matthew's one of the reasons I quit the Nazis," Mindy said, her voice suddenly full of feeling. "He's going to play basketball and football in high school, and he's going to have to be able to get along with black people. And it won't work if he gets into something disgusting like I did."

I noticed, not for the first time, a clacking coming from inside Mindy's mouth. I asked about it. She stuck out her tongue. It was pierced with a heavy silver stud. "I've had this for a long time," she said.

She also had a ring through her navel, above which she had her name tattooed in longhand. Her mother absolutely couldn't understand that tattoo. "I mean, your own name? Why?" Debbie asked me. "Is it so that some guy can look down there while you're doing it in case he forgets your name?"

I once asked Mindy what she wanted to be when she grew up.

"Exotic dancer."

Debbie, I felt certain, was unaware of this ambition. She also didn't know that Mindy was not going to school. Her independent-study program required her presence only one hour a week, but I knew she had quietly abandoned it.

"Where is he?"

It looked as if Jaxon might not show, but at last he whipped into the driveway. Mindy jumped up, sat down, jumped up again. Jaxon came into the yard through the chain-link gate, a lean, wary-looking figure in a white T-shirt. He nodded at me, glanced at Mindy.

"We're going camping," he said.

"Can I go?" Mindy asked.

Jaxon didn't reply. He and I went inside and sat at the dining-room table. Mindy followed us in. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Cottonwood."

"Can I go?"

Again, Jaxon didn't reply. He was a pale, good-looking kid with deep-set eyes and a large, unfortunate silver ring through his nose. ("I hate it. It makes him look like a bull," Mindy said.) His head was shaved except for a small, wispy patch on top. Mindy watched him miserably while we talked.

He had recently turned eighteen, he said. He had been kicked out of school in the ninth grade for fighting and truancy, and since then he had bounced around, living here and there, including a stint with his father, an unsuccessful rock musician who drove a school bus in Northern California. "I've hitchhiked all up and down California," Jaxon told me. "Every place is just as boring as this is." He had a studied jadedness, a cool anger in his eyes. He was plainly intelligent. He had got his high-school diploma by passing an equivalency exam at the age of fifteen. Since getting out of jail, he had been living with his mother and stepfather in Palmdale and working as a repair-line operator for the phone company, where his mother was a computer technician.

Mindy interrupted, pleading and petulant: "Can I go camping with you?"

Jaxon ignored her.

"Have you got sleeping bags?" I asked Jaxon.

"I've only got a mummy bag."

Mindy scurried down the hall in search of camping equipment.

Jaxon's parents divorced when he was three, he said. "My brother was the good little preppie. He never got caught for anything. I was the bad one. I shaved my head when I was, like, nine. They were sending me to shrinks from the fourth grade."

Surprisingly, considering that he had long been warring with the Sharps as part of the N.L.R. cohort, Jaxon said he esteemed Darius's beliefs. "Darius has the right idea," he told me. "We've talked. In fact, he used to be vegetarian straight-edge. That's no drugs, no drinking, no sex—nothing. Not too many people can follow that."

But Jaxon's sympathies were decid-

edly with the racist side of the skinhead schism. "I'm not, like, Mr. Nazi. And I know some black and Mexican people who are cool. But the majority of them are just welfare-mooching scumballs. I don't want to hear your sob story about how my great-great-grandfather owned your great-great-grandfather." Jaxon's sneer deepened until it severely distorted his face.

He went on, more calmly, "Whether I like it or not, I'm racist. My mom doesn't agree with me. She's not prejudiced. But I like to consider myself less ignorant than most racists. They're all preparing for race war, race war. But it's never going to happen." He shrugged. "I'm just proud of what I am. But being proud of being white doesn't mean I'm proud of every piece of white trash out there snorting speed."

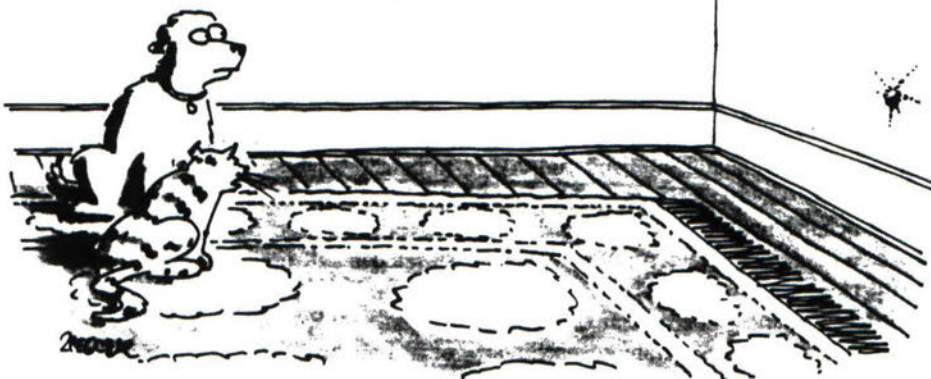
Mindy reappeared, lugging an armful of gear for the camping trip, including an old, square-bottomed sleeping bag, which she displayed proudly. "Where is Cottonwood?" she asked.

JAXON was right: his mother didn't agree with him. A political liberal with a degree in anthropology, she lived with her second husband and her two sons in a big, cathedral-ceilinged house in a gated community. "I don't know why Jaxon holds those racial views," she told

me. "I keep hoping it's just a teen-age rebellion, and he'll grow out of it—that it's not how he is." Other parents I visited in the Antelope Valley seemed equally mystified by their kids' passionate "beliefs."

Schools failed to provide most parents and children with any common cultural ground. Sheldon Epstein, a high-school principal in Lancaster, who had a cheerleader daughter, told me, "My wife and I are big-time supporters of our daughter's school. But most of the kids are just not bonded with their schools, so for them that school-spirit piece is missing. It's the parents who have school spirit now, not the kids."

The fact was, however, that among the tens of thousands of parents who worked over the mountains, relatively few had the time or energy to involve themselves in their children's schools (or any other community activity). And then there were all those too consumed by their own troubles even to rear their children. I found, that is, a startling number of kids in the Valley being reared not by their parents but by their grandparents. Various explanations were offered for this phenomenon, the commonest being methamphetamine addiction among parents, and particularly mothers. The situation was starkly reminiscent of the better-known syndrome that has left so many African-American grandmothers rearing



"Projectile hairballing."

the children of their crack-addled daughters in the nation's inner cities. In the Antelope Valley, it was white families falling into poverty who were being hit hardest by speed.

Between 1970 and 1995, the poverty rate for children and adolescents in California more than doubled—it is now twenty-eight per cent. And just as crime rates tend to track closely with poverty rates, vast amounts of the state's public spending have been diverted during this period to law enforcement and the penal system. The California prison budget in 1975 was two hundred million dollars. By the year 2000, it will approach five billion dollars. The money for all these jails and prisons has come more or less directly out of the state's higher-education budget. When I graduated from high school, in 1970, California had what was often described as the finest public-university system in the world. That was then. Between 1991 and 1994, the state's higher-education system lost two thousand professors and two hundred thousand students to budget cuts. Meanwhile, University of California tuition in 1995 was, in constant dollars, nearly five times what it was thirty years before. The situation in the schools is no better. When I was in junior high, the state's public schools enjoyed the seventh-highest per-pupil spending in the country; by 1995, California's per-pupil spending ranked forty-seventh nationally.

Nancy Kelso, a middle-aged lawyer in Palmdale who has many juvenile clients, rejects the view, which she says is common among her peers and colleagues, that they grew up in a Golden Age, when children obeyed their parents and ordinary people felt safe and God was in his Heaven. "I remember the Red Scare," she told me. "I remember suffocating pressure to conform. I remember a lot of bad things." She also remembers, however, a radically different opportunity structure. "When I graduated from high school, in 1962, it was like a deal—a contract—between the adults and me," she said. "All I had to do was get a B average and half-way behave myself and I was guaranteed a free education at a top public university, like Berkeley. My four siblings and I all took advantage of it. Our dad was a five-dollar-an-hour nonunion machinist in Los Angeles. We all became productive, responsible citizens. I tell you, I would have a lot more anxiety about what

THE THREE TREES

Late day. A wash of claret at the window.
And the room swells with the odor of quince,
tin-sharp and dank, as the acid creeps down
through the etch marks. He dips the foreground languidly,
Rembrandt, so thickets will darken, the horse
and lovers resting there, the bamboo latitude
of fishing pole, the shadowed river.

Then inks it all—mixed sky, three dappled trees—
and presses the intricate net of it
to the white-bleached etching sheet below: one skein
of storm aligning the nothingness, one hay cart
rich with villagers. At the window now

a fading to ochre. And beyond,
through the streets and valley at the base
of a hillock thick with three trees, a hunter
is ringing a treble bell, its quick bite
driving the field birds to the sheltering grasses.
Around him, dark in their earth-colored clothes, others
are throwing a slack-weave net

was going to become of me if I were growing up now."

In 1996, Palmdale High School, out of a graduating class of about four hundred, sent exactly six students into the University of California system. Less than ten per cent of the class went on to any four-year college at all.

Listening to Nancy Kelso, I kept thinking of Chris Runge grumbling about "the unwanted." He and his friends look forward to a "Nazi government" whisking this surplus population from sight. Of course, he and his friends undoubtedly feel that they themselves are the real "unwanted." And they are not wrong. But one of the ironies of their predicament is that the withdrawal of resources from education and other social services is fundamentally racist—that is, it is primarily a withdrawal by older whites from the support of those aspects of public welfare, including public education, which seem to benefit a large number of nonwhites. And yet the collapse of educational opportunity caused by this withdrawal is suffered by all nonaffluent children and families. "Affirmative action" is merely the name that many whites give to their sense of disfranchisement.

Issues of race and opportunity are particularly loaded in the Antelope Valley. Esther Gillies, the director of a center for

abused children in Lancaster, put it bluntly: "Black families who move to the Valley are often moving up. White families who move to the Valley couldn't make it down below." While I heard many whites complain about lower-class blacks and Latinos settling in the Valley, I often sensed that they were really more concerned about middle-class minority families. Todd Jordan's family lived in a grander house than any of the white-power kids who stabbed him did. I talked with black parents who pronounced themselves delighted with their new, racially integrated neighborhoods (the Valley has developed so fast that the insidious patterns of residential segregation have not taken root), but even they expressed wariness about staying on once their children reach high-school age. In the words of one well-educated black mother of three, "That's when the white-supremacist thing seems to kick in."

I DID meet white kids in the Antelope Valley who were college-bound. Natalie Blacker, for instance, was the editor of the school newspaper at Quartz Hill High. Natalie was one of Mindy's idols—"I'm totally in love with her" was how Mindy put it—and was friendly with the Sharps. A feminist, Natalie had started a consciousness-raising group for

out over the meadow and scuttering birds.
And up from their various hands quick fires bloom,
rush through the beard grass, the birds bursting up
to the capturing net, some dying of fright,
some of flames, some snuffed by the hunters

like candles. A breeze begins, slips through the tree limbs.
Slung over each hunter are threadings of birds,
strung through the underbeak. Pleatworks of plentitude,
down the back, the curve of the shoulder.
They offer their warmth in slender lines,
as sunlight might, through the mismatched shutters
of a great room, the long gaps casting

their crosshatch. As if time itself might spin them all
down some vast, irreversible pathway—
hay cart, hunter, small bowl with its blossoms of quince—
and the simple patterns resting there
barred everything back from the spinning.

—LINDA BIERDS

girls at her school. (*Her idol was Naomi Wolf.*) She nagged her friends not to let their boyfriends treat them badly—Jaxon's cavalier treatment of Mindy was, she told me, a great example of what girls should not put up with—but she cheerfully acknowledged the depth and staying power of the sexism and racism she opposed. She was shocked, she told me, when Mindy fell in with the boneheads, and delighted when Mindy renounced them. "But you really have to be strong to do that, to stay neutral here," she added. "This is a place where everybody feels the need to be in a clique."

An ambitious effort to get teen-agers to channel this need to belong into their school lives was under way at Lancaster High, which opened in the fall of 1995. Students wore uniforms; teachers wore red, white, and blue. The curriculum was demanding and old-fashioned—"fifties style," according to Beverley Louw, the school's dynamic first principal. "Our hope is that we can create the culture, and that way not lose our students to the kinds of fragmented subcultures—the heshers, the skinheads, and so on—that you find kids joining elsewhere."

But after six months at the helm of Lancaster High Ms. Louw already sounded pessimistic. She had too many students whom she couldn't help, she

said—kids who arrived at school with too many deficits. Besides that, the Sharps and the neo-Nazis were already fighting at her school.

Antelope Valley officials tend to say that white-supremacist skinheads are less of a problem than they seem. The police say the boneheads are dwarfed in number by the black and Latino gangs who have moved up from Los Angeles. The most obvious gang tension in the Valley, though, was not between the Bloods and the Crips but between the Sharps and the neo-Nazis. If you went to Brunswick Sands Bowl, a bowling alley on the Sierra Highway, in Lancaster, the jacket that caught your eye, worn by a spike-haired teen-age punk, would be the one with a huge patch on the back snarling "NAZI PUNKS FUCK OFF." Or if you went to the only real teen hangout in Lancaster, a cof-



feehouse called Hang 'n Java, which had a pool table, music, and an Internet connection, you could find a tense conference taking place at the counter between the owner and a group of Sharps. When I went, I found her throwing them out. She supported them, she maintained, but she could not risk their business, because if the boneheads saw them in there they'd come back at night and shoot out her windows. "And I can't pay the insurance," she said tightly.

THE police may not have wanted to acknowledge the dimensions of the problem, but for Darius Houston white-supremacist violence seemed inescapable. I once asked him what it felt like to be the target of so much bonehead ire.

Darius looked embarrassed. "Even white powers are people, so you have to respect them," he said. Then he added, "Unless they don't respect me. Which they don't." He shrugged. "Most skinheads fight. It comes with the book. It comes to you."

Once, at a rock concert I attended with the Sharps, I saw just how much of it tended to come to Darius. It was an oi show in San Bernardino. Oi music is a hard form of punk rock, and it appeals to the whole range of skinheads. The headliners at the San Bernardino show were a cult band from Britain called The Business. The Antelope Valley Sharps were deeply thrilled to be seeing them, and when we got to the concert, which was held in an old wrestling arena near the San Bernardino railroad tracks, there were several hundred skinheads inside, most of them white but many of them Latino or Asian. Cliques milled around, exchanging elaborate tribal greetings with other cliques and having their pictures taken together. All was mellow, all was unity, I was assured. No boneheads had come. A couple of punk bands played, and there was some moderate thrashing in the pit, so I retreated to one of the wooden bleachers that rose on three sides of the arena. And that's where I was, looking down on the crowd, when the Orange County Skins arrived. They were in uniform and in formation. Their uniform consisted of black combat boots, white trousers, and the white tank tops known as "wife beaters." Their formation was a sort of flying wedge, which knocked people aside with swift,

efficient violence as they swept toward the middle of the pit. There were no more than thirty of them, but their paramilitary coordination overwhelmed each bit of startled resistance. They easily seized the center of the arena, turned to the stunned crowd, and raised their arms in Nazi salutes, bellowing, "White power! White power!"

There was a lengthy pause, during which everyone seemed to consider the boots of the invaders. Whoever approached them first was certain to get his teeth kicked in. Then the crowd rushed the boneheads, and a bloody melee began. It seemed to be all boots and fists. Security at the door had been very tight—a guard had even taken away my pens, tartly demonstrating how someone could jab out my eyes with one of them—so the possibilities for injury presumably had some limits. I caught glimpses of Sharps I knew, flailing away—particularly Darius, who is tall and, as a black skin, seemed to be the focus of a great deal of Nazi fury. But Darius stayed on his feet, blessedly, and seemed to have plenty of help as he spun and kicked and punched. The Nazis were badly outnumbered but preternaturally fierce.

Then I saw Darius running toward the rear bleachers, where I was perched. He was holding one eye—pawing at it frantically—and zigzagging blindly through the crowd. I had a horrible premonition that he had been stabbed in the eye. I ran down the bleachers to meet him, and tripped and twisted my ankle. A security guard had to help us both stagger out through a back door into the rain. Darius, still pawing at his eye, threw himself face first into a puddle. He splashed water into his eye. "Somebody Maced me," he shouted. I felt a rush of relief. Darius rose up, blinking, gasping. "It's O.K.," he said. "It's O.K. I can see." The door behind us flew open, and another casualty came reeling out. Darius sprang to the door, caught it, and, without another word, was gone—back into the roaring fray.

"WHAT the Orange County Skins did at that oi show?" Mindy said. Her tone was petulant, scornful. We were sitting in her room. "These boneheads out here could never think of that. They're just into speed. The original Nazis did no drugs, didn't

smoke pot, drink beer—anything. They just trained for war, twenty-four seven. These guys out here have no right to call themselves Nazis. That's why I don't like them."

This, I thought, was new. Mindy had previously disliked the N.L.R.s for a lot of reasons, but not because they failed to emulate Hitler's men properly. And, for the record, many of Hitler's elite troops were in fact tweakers. But Mindy was upset. It seemed she had been jilted by Jaxon for a younger girl, named Casey.

"O.K., I'm not fifteen and six feet tall with two pierced nipples!" she wailed. Casey was apparently all these things. "O.K., I'm immature and selfish! I was spoiled when I was young. But he is so selfish, so conceited, so immature, so arrogant!"

I didn't argue.

"Plus, he won't give me my baby blanket back. My dad gave it to me. It's my security blanket. I'm all 'Give me my blanket.' He's all 'Give me my CD.'"

"I would have gone to jail for Jaxon," she went on bitterly. "For that drive-by. They didn't have anything on me. I had an alibi. But I would have gone."

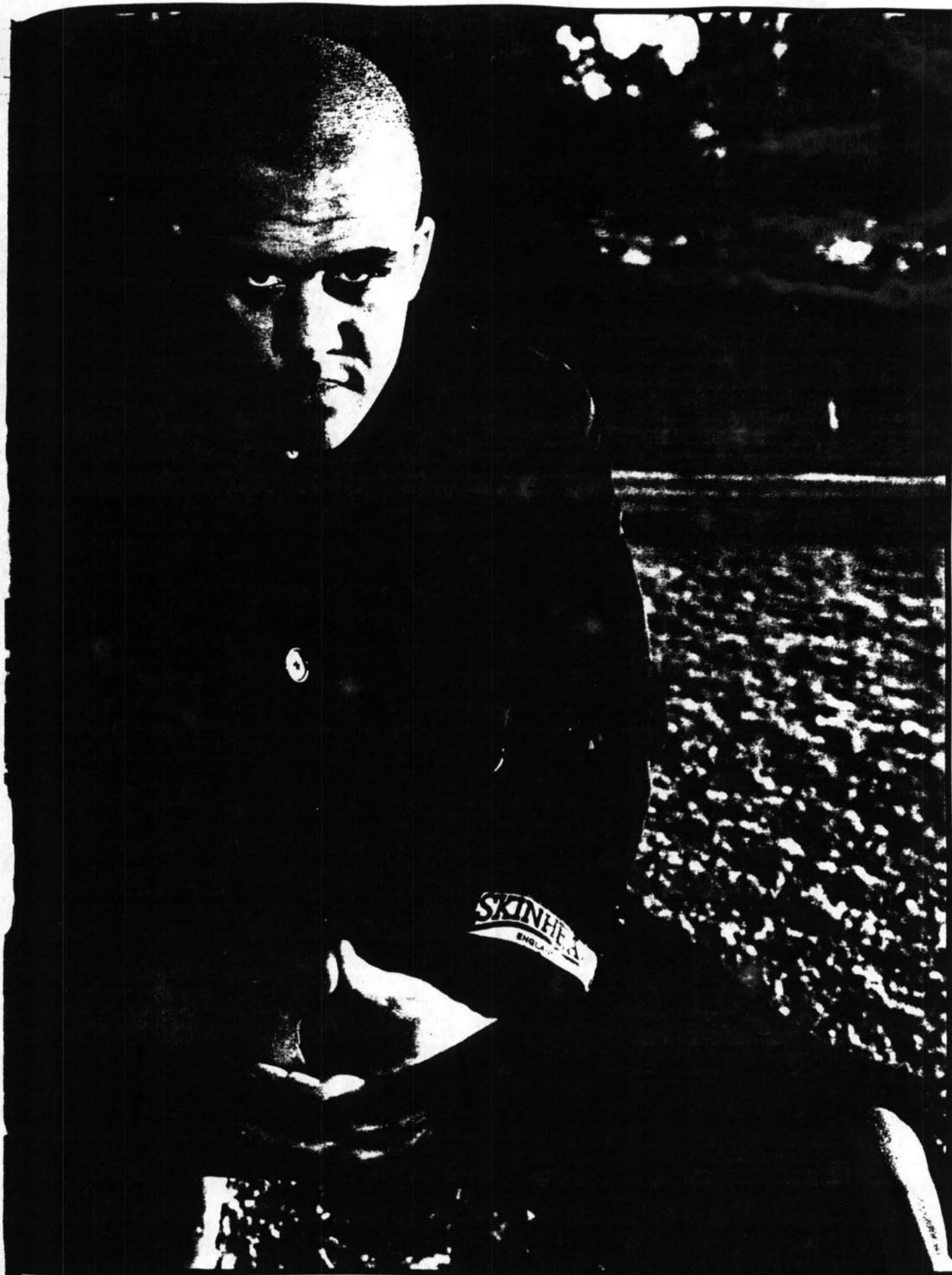
Debbie was just coming in from work. "You tell him about how you're going back to school or I'm going to send you to live with Grandma?" Debbie asked. She had discovered that Mindy was skipping her independent-study appointments and had grounded her. Mindy carried off the groceries that Debbie had brought home. "My mother still lives in Canyon Country," Debbie told me. Canyon Country, a set of suburbs slightly closer to L.A., was where the Turners lived before they moved to the Antelope Valley. "It's better for kids, I think. Mindy would probably never have got into all this bad stuff there."

"The Antelope Valley sucks!" Mindy called from the kitchen. Debbie and Mindy had been having problems over Debbie's boyfriend, Tom, who, over Mindy's objections, had briefly moved into the Turner household.

Mindy took me to meet her grandparents one evening, in their spotless, triple-wide trailer in Canyon Country. While Mindy darted in and out of the living room, playing on her grandfather's computer—in this house she seemed suddenly about ten years younger, as if she had magically regressed to a calmer, more constrained, less sexualized, less bored self—I talked to



Darius Houston: A half-black, half-



As a half-white kid in a largely white town, he found in the Sharps a complete, ready-made aesthetic and way of life.

Pearl, her grandmother, who was originally from Nebraska. She was decorous and candid as she described her concerns about Mindy's future. Pearl, who used to be a bookkeeper, now does fancy cake decorating and has been married to Jerry, her third husband, for twenty-one years. When he came in, he kissed Mindy and told her the computer she was playing on was going to be hers. He was getting a new one, and all kids needed a computer at home nowadays.

Looking after her as she skipped back to her new toy, he said, "Mindy is probably the biggest frustration I have in my life now. I feel bad that I haven't been more of an influence on her." He told me, in strong language, his feelings about Jaxon and his racist beliefs; I could see how he would have made a very strict guardian. I tried to picture Mindy living with her grandparents, but could picture only a great clash and meltdown.

"The problem is, society requires both parents to work," Pearl said. "Single parents also have to work. So kids are left to raise themselves. That's why they have no respect, no discipline. There's no one to teach them how to care, how to love, how to live. So they form these groups, and, right or wrong, those are their families."

Various Sharps and N.L.R.s had told me the same thing, of course. But it was

sadder to hear it from a consummate grandmother in her big, clean, cozy mobile home.

A WILLOWY ice-blond sixteen-year-old girl named Ronda Hardin, who was loosely associated with the Nazi Low Riders, once unnerved me by talking, in a breathy, high, almost reverential voice, about "my hatred." She smiled faintly when she said it, and yet the frame around everything she said, I thought, was a sense of loss—loss of a marginal color-caste privilege that, in her mind, was supposed to keep black people beneath her socially and, in that way, somehow prevent the worst from happening to her. Because she lacked that reassurance, her beloved hatred seemed to be a main prop of her self-respect.

On the night of March 9, 1996, Ronda was in a little brown tract house on East Avenue J-4 in Lancaster. I've heard at least two dozen versions of what happened that night, but a few facts are undisputed. The Sharps were having a party. There were roughly fifty kids there, most of them white, not all of them antiracists. A keg of beer was flowing. Darius, who was drunk, got into a dispute in the kitchen with Ronda, who was wearing a bomber jacket with a Confederate-flag patch on one sleeve. The dispute may have been over the

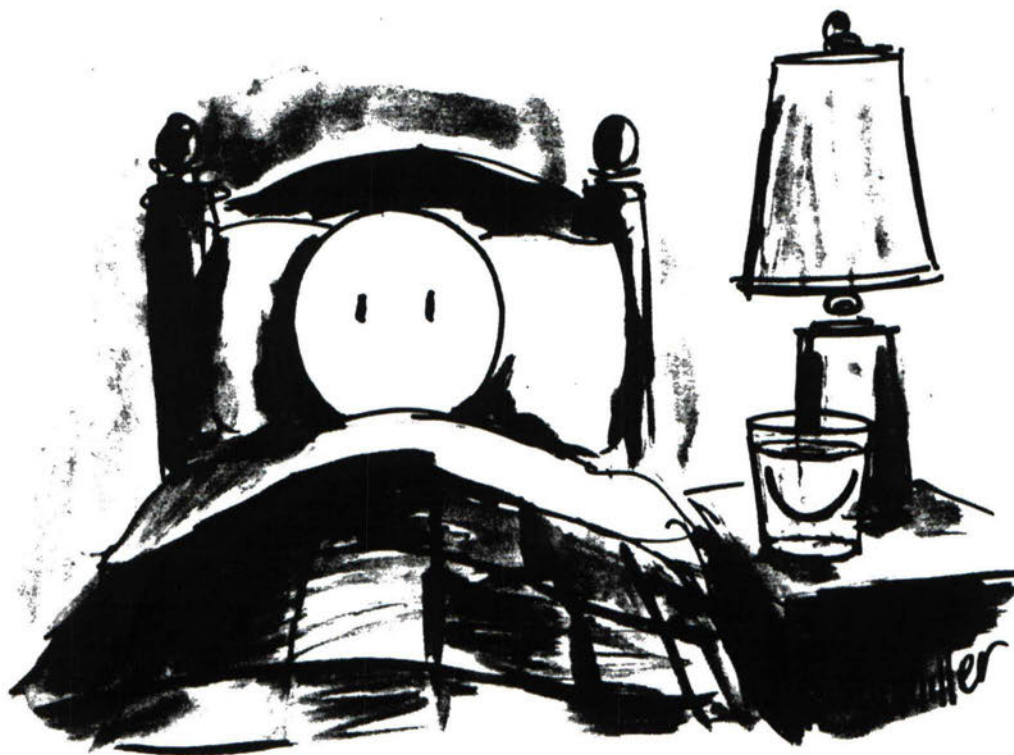
patch. Darius may have choked Ronda. In any case, Ronda fled. After another boy tried to defend her and got beaten up by the Sharps, Ronda, who had gone to the Malones' house and told the N.L.R.s what happened, went back to the party with Tim and Jeff Malone.

The boys went inside. Ronda remained in the car. A confrontation took place almost immediately, not far from the front door. Jeff Malone, a quiet nineteen-year-old whose gang name was Demon, waved a knife at a girl who approached him. She later said she had been trying to warn him to leave. Darius, standing in a knot of his friends, threw a cup of beer at Tim Malone. One of the Malones challenged Darius. The N.L.R.s were standing in close formation, their backs against a living-room wall. Darius ran toward them, a knife in his right hand. With his first thrust, he stabbed Jeff Malone through the heart. Jeff fell. His friends dragged him out the door.

Ronda ran to a neighbor's to phone the police. Jeff's friends drove him to the hospital. On the way, they tried to stop the bleeding. Tim was slapping his brother hard in the face, shouting, "Breathe! Breathe!" To the driver, he yelled, "Run this light! Go! Go!" It was only a few minutes' drive to Antelope Valley Hospital. By the time they got there, Jeff's body was cold. They carried him inside. He was pronounced dead an hour later.

"HOMEBODY deserved it," Johnny Suttle, the Sharps' ethicist, said. "He shouldn't have come to that party. He wasn't invited."

Johnny himself wasn't at the party. He was at Taco Bell, working. But he heard about the stabbing soon after it happened, and he helped direct the Sharps' flurry of subsequent moves. A group of Sharps had bundled Darius away. They drove first to a cemetery behind Antelope Valley High, and there they all spat on the bloody knife and buried it under a bush. Next, they went to a park and cleaned up Darius, whose clothes and arms were covered with blood. Then, unaware that Jeff was dead, they dispersed for the night.



But the news was soon flying around town. Jacob Kroeger, the fresh-cut Sharp, was lying in bed a couple of hours later when he got a phone call. He jumped up and woke his mother, brother, and sister. Within minutes, they had packed their bags and moved to his grandmother's house. Some of Darius's relatives were also on the move before daybreak. N.L.R. death threats were already in the air.

Johnny called the police in the morning, and he liked what he heard. The police had interviewed a number of witnesses, and to them the killing sounded like self-defense. Johnny, who knew where Darius was hiding, agreed to bring him in for questioning. He did so, and Darius was questioned but not arrested. Darius then went deeper into hiding, with some relatives in Orange County.

The killing became a crossroads of sorts for the Sharps. Johnny took a hard line. "We gotta get more aggressive now," he told me. "You always gotta show the boneheads you're crazier than they are. That's the only way they won't fuck with you. If you punk it and run, you're finished."

Jacob, on the other hand, decided to let his hair grow out—"to hang up my boots and braces," as he put it. When I asked him why, he looked nonplussed. "Why? Death, that's why," he said. "This is just not a win-win situation." His friends understood, he said. He would still back them up. He just wouldn't claim skinhead. Like many Sharps (and ex-Sharps), Jacob was angry at Darius. "Why did he do it? He had no right to play God, to take another man's life. And now we all have to lie low. We can't go out and get drunk, like we used to. We just have to stay in our houses and watch for boneheads."

Jacob's house was actually empty. As the Sharps' old hangout, it was now too dangerous to live in. In fact, less than a week after the killing Jacob's entire family moved to Utah, where his mother's boyfriend had relatives.

The Sharps as a group seemed intent on putting Jeff Malone's death behind them as fast as possible. They joked about "that killer party," and soon began referring glibly to "the time Darius shanked that fool."

Natalie Blacker, the college-bound feminist whom Mindy admired, had been at the fateful party, talking to Darius, just before the trouble started. "It's so terrible," she told me. "Darius has so much poten-



"I don't have lunch. I have people who do that for me."

tial." She had mixed feelings about her friend Christina's reaction to the tragedy. Christina, who, as Darius's girlfriend, was now in real peril, had chosen not to lie low. She still went to school, still worked in a shop on Lancaster's main drag. She talked to Darius on the phone regularly, and drove down to see him every chance she got. "I mean, it's great that she's so loyal," Natalie said. "But girls around here can be too loyal. Sometimes it's like Christina doesn't realize that he killed someone."

MINDY realized it, and she was devastated. We were sitting in the Hang 'n Java coffeehouse, in Lancaster, a week after the killing, and she could not seem to take her eyes off the floor. "I keep thinking about this one time with Jeff," she said. Her voice was low and dull. "It wasn't that long ago. We were at a party, and he was on a trampoline, just jumping up and down, and he was so happy. We

went back to my house, and he was hungry, and all I could find was a can of pork and beans. He wouldn't even let me heat it up for him. He just ate it cold. I can't get that out of my mind."

The Malones were about to bury Jeff, but Mindy was not invited to the funeral. "They should think about what Jeff would want," she said. "Jeff would want me there. But I'm not a Nazi, so I'm not welcome." She sighed. "I think I'll go buy this Danzig CD Jeff liked and listen to it while they're having the funeral. One of his favorite songs is on there. He sang it to me one time when we were lying on his bed. I had such a crush on him. He always had a crush on me, too. I remember one night lying on the roof of his house, just rubbing Jeff's head until we both passed out."

Tears were trickling down Mindy's cheeks. We sat and sipped coffee in silence for a couple of minutes.

"The N.L.R.s will never forgive me

for saying Darius was fine," Mindy said suddenly. "It was true, though—he really was good-looking. But I've lost all respect for him now. If I saw him, I wouldn't even talk to him. I would just give him a dirty look."

After a few minutes' reflection, she went on, "I don't want to go back to being a bonehead. I don't want to have a label on me. But Tim says I already have one. He says I'm a 'gang-hopper.'"

It was news to me that Mindy was talking to Tim Malone. As it happened, Tim had just told me that the N.L.R.s were on strict orders to do nothing. The police were watching them, he said, expecting them to retaliate against the Sharps. This ceasefire might mean that Mindy herself was safe, at least temporarily, I thought—a hopeful possibility that I mentioned to her. She thought about it but seemed uncomfortable.

Two burly young men had come into the coffeehouse and were standing behind Mindy. Both wore baseball caps, and both had goatees. I watched them idly, wondering if they were boneheads. Then, as they began to walk past us, one of them turned and gave me a startling look right in the face. It was a practiced, frightening, prison-yard challenge. I had never seen the guy before, but I now had no doubt that he was a neo-Nazi. He kept walking. The skin on the back of my neck was crawling. I was so distracted that I suggested we leave, and we did. Mindy, who hadn't noticed a thing, said she wanted to go home and finish a poem she had been working on for Mrs. Malone.

WHEN I asked Tim Malone how his mother was taking Jeff's death, he said, "Like she should. Hard and dry."

That wasn't true, I found, when I talked to her. Mrs. Malone was tearful and despondent, and was wishing aloud that she had never moved her family to the Antelope Valley. "I wanted to get Tim away from the gangs in Montclair," she said. "But there are bad influences here, too, and my boys have gotten under their wing, and I'm hardly ever home to protect them." She knew almost no one in the Valley, she said, and added, "But I've met more people in the last few days—people just calling up to offer condolences—than I'd met in the three years before this happened."

Even Heather Michaels, one of the

fiercest N.L.R.s, wasn't "hard and dry" when we spoke. "They didn't want no trouble," she said, meaning, improbably, the N.L.R.s who had rushed to the party that night. "If they wanted trouble, they would've taken guns. They thought there was just five or ten Sharps there. Then they get there, turns out it's like fifty or a hundred Sharps." Heather's eyes welled at the thought. "If one of us

had killed this nigger, or even stabbed him, we'd all be locked up."

Tim Malone said the same thing, calling the police treatment of Darius "reverse discrimination." He and Chris Runge and I were standing in the Malones' front yard. It was a sunny afternoon. Both of them were bare-chested and wore boots and jeans.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and tenfold," Chris intoned. "Darius will get a lot worse than what Jeff got."

"That's right, brother," Tim said. To me, he said, "You know, we didn't expect Darius to be there. Because he usually runs if he thinks we might be coming."

I asked what had happened.

"We saw him in there, standing with his friends, and when he saw us he started bouncing up and down." Tim demonstrated. I had seen Darius do that fighter's bounce, during the melee at the oi show in San Bernardino. "Then somebody offered me a beer, and when I went to take it Darius threw a cup of beer at me. I caught it, threw it down, and called him on." Tim demonstrated his quick reactions, his forceful challenge. "Come on, nigger, let's go! Right now! Then I spit in his face."

Nobody else had remembered the scene this way.

"Then four guys rushed me, and Darius came in behind them, low, and reached around me and stuck Jeff. I saw it go in. It was a pocketknife, with a black handle. Jeff didn't even know he'd been stuck. Then he looked down at his shirt and saw it. He went, 'Fuck you, nigger!'" Tim imitated Jeff crouching, both middle fingers raised before him like guns. Again, nobody else remembered anything like this. "We dragged him to the car, and we beat the shit out of him on the way to the hospital. 'Wake the fuck up!' But he died before we got there."

We stood and watched the traffic pass. I asked if Jeff had said anything in the car. "No," Tim said. "But I know what

he would have said: 'Get that nigger!'"

Tim and Chris looked at each other, their shaved heads slowly nodding.

I FOUND Darius somewhere in the suburban wilderness of Orange County. We met at a Taco Bell. Christina and a Palmdale skinhead named Juan were also there. Juan had been in the group that spirited Darius away from the party after the killing. Darius looked much the same—a little warier, less abashed, slightly exhilarated. We had talked on the phone a few days before, and I had asked how he felt. "I'm going to be more mellow," he had said. "I was sick the first couple of days. I haven't felt that feeling since my parents died. Some people probably get off on it, and some people don't like it. I don't like it. It's weird. You've taken somebody's life, and they're never coming back on this earth. At the same time, you feel happy, because he was, like, your enemy."

I ran Tim Malone's version of the killing past Darius and Juan. When I got to the part about Jeff's noticing he had been stabbed, throwing up his middle fingers in defiance, and bellowing "Fuck you, nigger!" Juan and Darius gaped.

"He did what?" Juan said.

I told them again.

Juan and Darius looked at each other. Darius laughed. Juan shrugged. "O.K.," Juan said. "They want to go out in a blaze of glory. That's cool. They can have their story."

In Darius's version, the boneheads had arrived with two knives. Darius had kicked one of them loose and then picked it up. That was the knife he had used to stab Jeff. None of the other witnesses I interviewed had seen this kick, or anything like it. Darius, I thought, didn't look abashed enough as he told this story.

Sitting in that Taco Bell and talking to the boys, I watched Christina from the corner of my eye. She fidgeted, checked her watch, said nothing. I noticed her studying Darius, her expression both cool and oddly contented. This fugitive skinhead was her main project now, even the center of her life. Other kids in the Antelope Valley were starting to talk about her with awe: her black boyfriend killed a bonehead; he was in hiding; she stuck by him, defying her parents. It was a romantic role, far larger than ordinary Valley teen-age life.

After Christina and Juan set off on

the long drive back to the Valley, Darius took me to meet some new friends he had made. "It's a good thing I cliqued up with some other heads," he said. "Because Huntington Beach is just a few miles from here, and that's where the O.C. Skins are from. I need people to watch my back."

Darius's friends lived in a vast low-rise apartment complex. We passed through an empty white brick foyer and were buzzed into a courtyard that seemed to ramble on for blocks—through plots of grass and stands of tattered bamboo, past a lighted swimming pool, around a thousand plastic tricycles and abandoned toys. All the ground-floor apartments had sliding glass doors without curtains. Behind them, virtually in public, people watched TV, ate sushi, and scratched their bellies, oblivious of path traffic like us. There were Asians, Latinos, blacks, whites, bikers, yuppies, buppies, old Samoans, young Cambodians. It was a Free Unity world, I thought. It felt like a vision of the next American century: ramshackle, multiracial, cut-rate. White supremacists, it struck me, fear the future for a reason: it's going to be strange and very complicated.

Darius's friends weren't there, but some other guys were, and they let us in. They looked like skaters. Two were white. One was Asian. They were smoking a bong, listening to music. Darius and I sat on a couch to one side and talked. He was staying with one of his three half brothers, not far away, he said. He was thinking about moving to Germany. First, though, he was going to enroll in the local community college to learn German. Then he thought he might join the Navy. In the meantime, he thought Christina should move down here. It was too dangerous for her in the Antelope Valley now.

THE first time I talked to the Lancaster prosecutor in charge of investigating Jeff Malone's death, he shared with me his feelings about gang killings in general. "I say lock 'em all up in a room and prosecute the survivor," he said. I took this to mean that Darius did not have to fear prosecution.

Later, when a decision was officially made not to prosecute, the same assistant district attorney explained his reasoning to me. The victim and his friends had gone to a house where a hostile or op-

posing gang was having a party. The victim had a knife. He attacked Mr. Houston. Mr. Houston's claim that the knife he used belonged to the victim or to the victim's friends was not credible. But it was not illegal for him to possess that knife inside that house. There were conflicting eyewitness versions of the attack. It was certainly not a particularly vicious attack. The fact that a single knife thrust had killed the victim was simply bad luck. The crucial question for the prosecution was whether a jury could be persuaded that the killing had not been self-defense. That seemed unlikely. The victim was a Nazi skinhead, who would not be viewed sympathetically. Mr. Houston was on his own turf, minding his own business. "I'm not saying Mr. Houston is a great guy," the prosecutor concluded. "He's not. He's a jerk. You need to call me in about six months to see if he is still alive. I do not believe he will be."

To the Malone family's bitter contention that it was really because Jeff was a skinhead from a poor family that no

one would be prosecuted for his death, I could think of no rejoinder. It was true.

SO families flee the city for far-flung suburbs, but the evils they hope to escape—drugs, gangs, violent crime—flourish wherever they land. Why? I kept recalling Mindy's grandmother's remark about how kids were being left to raise themselves. If most parents must work outside the home, the obvious institution to take up the caretaking slack is the school. There are American communities that have begun to reckon with this imperative, but they are a small minority and the Antelope Valley is decidedly not among them. Beverley Louw's attempt at Lancaster High to replace the baroque array of "fragmented subcultures" that students tend to join with an old-fashioned, school-based culture was the exception. And her frustrations arose from more than just her students' academic deficits.

"Everything is in such flux, which unsettles kids," she told me one afternoon in her office. "The homelessness among kids"



"First, we'll look for repressed memories of malpractice suits."

here is just enormous. It's invisible to outsiders, because they don't live on the streets, but they move from place to place, living with friends or relatives or whatever. And lack of supervision is the key, I believe, to most of their problems." Ms. Louw looked out a window onto a windblown parking lot, then went on. "I had a straight-A student commit suicide when I was principal of the continuation school. The kids said she did it on a dare. Her father came to the funeral in a yellow leather suit. I couldn't believe it. *A yellow leather suit.*"

Martha Wengert, a sociologist at Antelope Valley College, said, "This area has grown so fast that neighborhoods are not yet communities. Kids are left with this intense longing for identification." Gangs, race nationalism, and all manner of "beliefs" arose from this longing. I thought of Debbie Turner's inability to comprehend Mindy's enthusiasm for the likes of Charles Manson and Adolf Hitler. "The kids reach out to these historical figures," Dr. Wengert said. "But it's through TV, through comic books, through word-of-mouth. There are no books at home, no ideas, no sense of history." One thing the Valley's young people knew, however, Dr. Wengert said, was that the economic downturn of the nineteen-nineties was not cyclical, that the Cold War was over and the aerospace and defense jobs were not coming back. ♦

NATIONAL LOTTO

Lorenzo Lotto, the restless cinquecento painter whom Giorgio Vasari damned with faint praise in his "Lives of the Artists," is experiencing a renaissance of his own these days. Fifty of his works, mostly portraits and religious commissions executed during far-flung sojourns (to Bergamo, Treviso, the Marches), have arrived on these shores for the first time and are on exhibit at the National Gallery, in Washington, through March 1st. "Lorenzo Lotto," Peter Humfrey's assessment (just published by Yale), extends the favorable modern view of the itinerant painter: craggy, intimate, at once deeply religious and unflaggingly original, but, above all—as can be seen in his "Virgin and Child with Saints Ignatius of Antioch and Onophrius"—a humane portraitist who can hold his own among the Old Masters.





AIA Arkansas

A Chapter of The American Institute of Architects

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see*



December 4, 1997

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The Honorable Bill Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

As 1997 president of the Arkansas Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, I would like to commend your selection of a site for your Presidential Library. It is a highly visible and accessible location. It will be a great opportunity for learning; it will also be another excellent opportunity for many Arkansans and other visitors to experience good architecture.

Our Board of Directors feels strongly that AIA Arkansas architectural firms should be involved in this project in some fashion. The American Institute of Architects represents the highest professional standards for architects nationally, and AIA Arkansas members are among our region's most qualified. It is without a doubt that Arkansas architects can make a real contribution to the process of realizing the Presidential Library.

Whether or not Arkansas firms are incorporated into the design team, we would respectfully request that representatives of the AIA serve in an informational capacity. This means that we would have representatives who attend major presentations, track the progress of the work and keep our statewide membership informed.

Finally, we offer our continuing support for your efforts, and are willing to serve in any capacity where we are needed. Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

John H. Allison

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send to Burkhardt?

Yes ☒

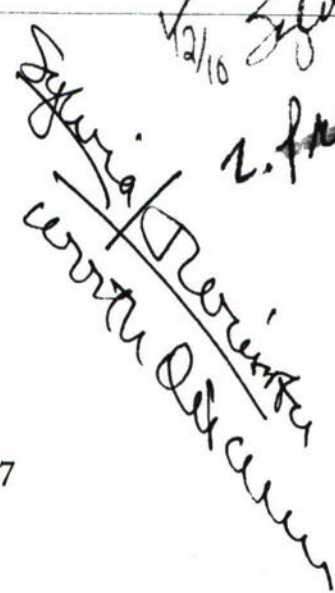
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Special Projects Manager

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Congratulations on the Race Initiative's town hall meeting in Akron. Lots of coverage - some good, some bad -- but the discussion was spurred and that's always good.

At the outset of this letter, please forgive me for being presumptuous if I am submitting ideas or thoughts which others have presented to you. As you may be able to glean from the mere existence of this letter, I am rested and ready to help in any way. So please read the following knowing that it is presented in that spirit.

With that said....I do think, however, that when it comes to the race issue, we've all got to be more expansive and inclusionary in our thinking. That is why I have included a copy of the New Yorker from a week ago which (hopefully) you read but just in case you didn't. The article marked is one which deals with several troubling issues one of which being race relations in a Los Angeles suburb. It's disturbing content but it certainly gives the range which you will have to include in any discussion on race. I feel that unless ~~you have an open discussion with the neo-Nazis, the gangs, the David Duke's~~



of the world to gain their point of view and the source(s) of their anger, you can never deal adequately and effectively with this issue.

It is possible to involve these viewpoints without it turning into a glorified Jerry Springer show. I would not encourage your involvement at that level but if your lieutenants were to engage all factions and accumulate data for you, perhaps it could be presented to you in another forum such as a summit or town hall format. Your lieutenants could be cabinet members and White House staff, but also people designated for as ambassadors for this project such as Henry Cisneros or George or Taylor Branch.

I also think you need a real organizer who knows how to mobilize and amplify. For instance, someone who can go to the Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles, educate themselves about the Museum's training classes and organize using those same techniques, if not the classes themselves, all over the country. I'm sure this is happening on some level but now is the time to seize the momentum created by Wednesday's event. You could even use the outreach process itself as a vehicle for amplification.

Additionally, I wanted to reiterate the ideas we spoke of when I saw you week before last. Please find below the names of some people who may not appear on any conventional list of people (and some who may) to possibly involve in the process but who could be invaluable source material for their unique perspective:

- Thelma Golden, African American 30-ish curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art
- George Wolfe, African American Broadway director, "Bring in da Noise, Bring in da Funk"
- Hilton Als, African American editor at the New Yorker
- William Finnegan, Caucasian writer at the New Yorker of the enclosed article
- Cinque Henderson, African American 20-ish development executive at DreamWorks SKG who did "Amistad"

Henry Louis "Skip" Gates, Jr.

Obviously there are many others I could suggest if you would like that.



Also, I suggested to you before, and I know you have already thought of it, that it would be great to involve Anna Deavere Smith in some way. How about asking her to give an excerpted performance 15-20 minutes in length from any of her plays -- "Twilight LA", "Fires in the Mirror" or "House Arrest" -- before your next town hall? It would be a great way to engage the audience (live and broadcast) and frame the discussion.

Like I said before, I send this with the best intentions. But since I'm too impatient to wait to be asked to be helpful, I'm submitting this with massive amounts of humility combined with equal parts excitement.

Good luck and warmest, warmest regards,

Wendy Smith

Dec. 1, 1997

Price \$2.95

GORE VIDAL on the myths of J.F.K.

THE NEW YORKER

CALIFORNIA'S LOST KIDS

When their L.A. suburb hit hard times, Mindy Turner and her friends became dropouts, drug addicts, and Nazi skinheads awaiting a race war. Why?

William Finnegan reports

Janet Reno vs. the F.B.I.

Jane Mayer on the legal showdown at Justice

The mad-cow-disease dispute

Richard Rhodes on the battle behind the Nobel

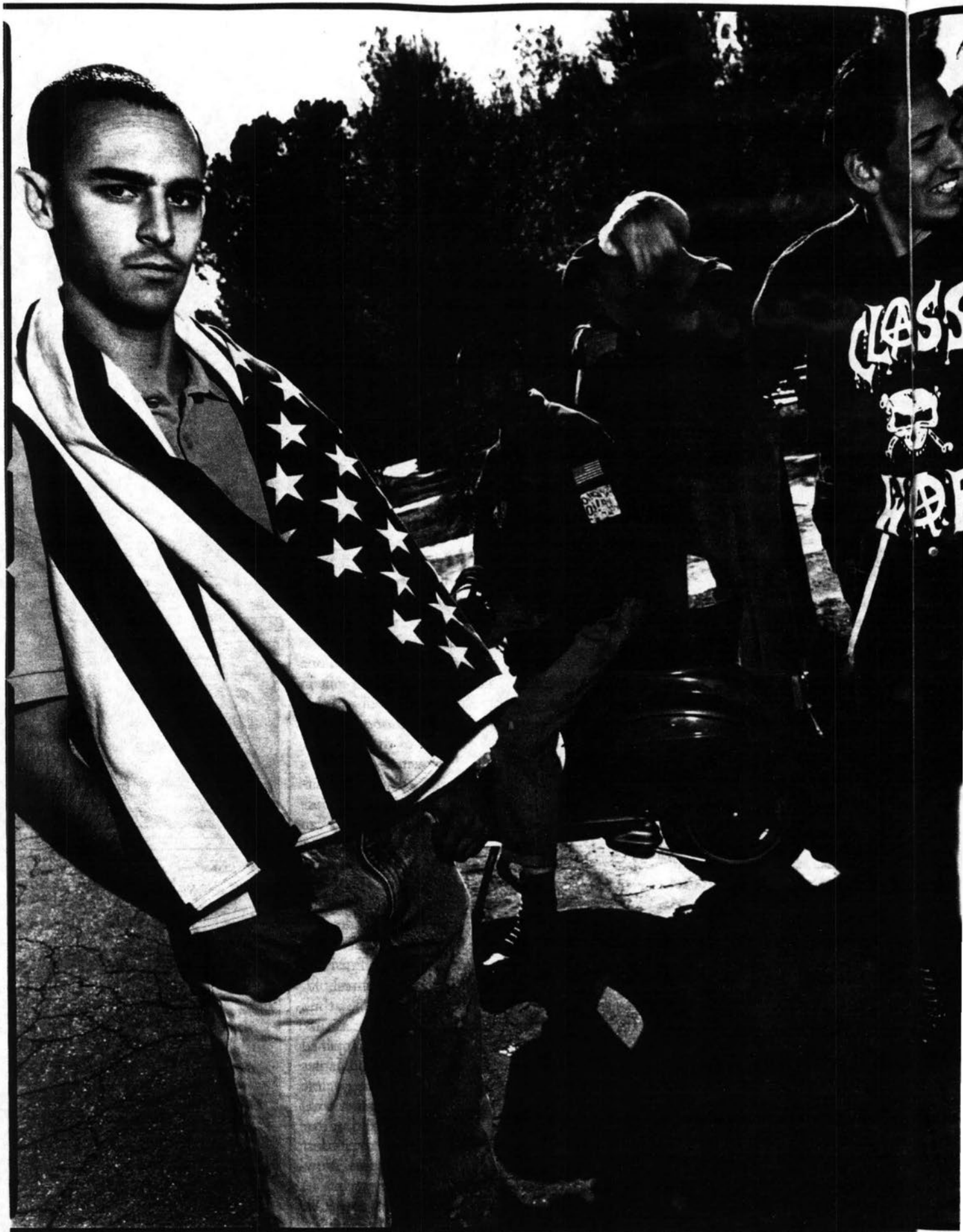
Wolfgang Puck's feast

Arthur Lubow on mass marketing a chef



Plus: John Lahr on Chekhov
Calvin Tomkins on Warhol





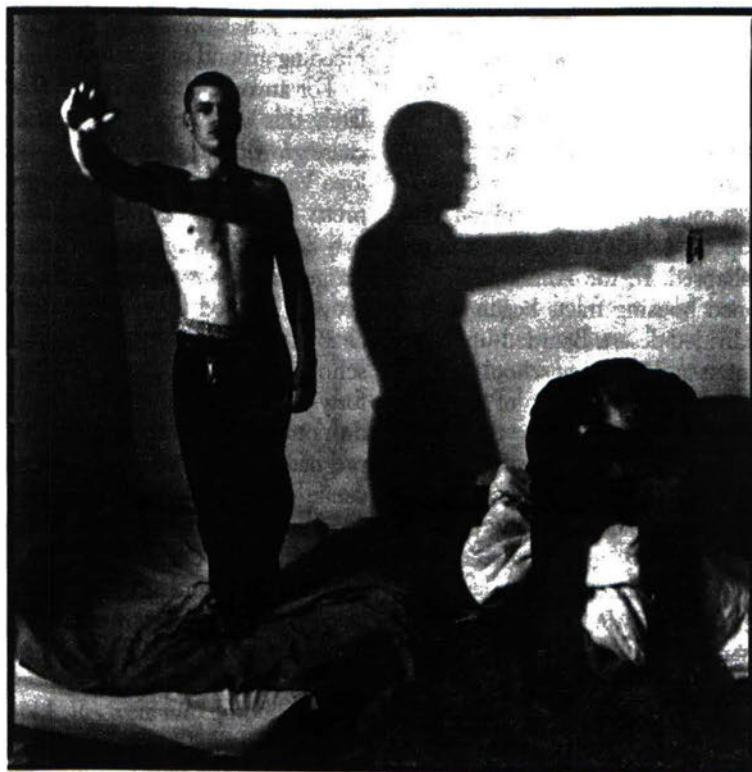
Johnny Suttle and other Sharps ("skinheads against racial prejudice"), and (opposite) Tim Malone of the Nazi Low Riders: their street fight

PORTER AT LARGE

THE UNWANTED

In a Los Angeles suburb where schools and parents faltered, the American Dream was replaced by drugs, neo-Nazism, and despair. The hardest hit were Mindy Turner and her friends.

BY WILLIAM FINNEGAN



FILM companies used to come to the Antelope Valley, in northern Los Angeles County, to shoot high-desert scenes. It was empty country, a good backdrop for Westerns. Now they come when they need to burn down or blow up a housing tract. In 1992, for the fiery climax of "Lethal Weapon 3," Warner Bros. used a development called the Legends, at Avenue J and Thirtieth Street West, in the city of Lancaster. The Legends had become available after its financing failed, leaving unfinished forty-eight large, Spanish-style homes, each named after a legendary American (Babe Ruth, Marilyn Monroe). Mel Gibson and Danny Glover went on a memorable rampage through the tract. When I drove through its curving streets last year, I found a wasteland (tumbleweeds, shop-

ping carts, graffiti-covered sofas) surrounded by a high brown wall.

The transformation of the Antelope Valley from rural desert into modern suburbia—with neighborhoods, literally, to burn—was very sudden, a historical jump cut. In 1980, the combined population of Lancaster and Palmdale, the Valley's two main cities, was sixty thousand. By 1994, their combined population was two hundred and twenty-two thousand, and today estimates of the Valley's total population range as high as four hundred thousand. This hyper-expansion was first sparked by housing prices in Los Angeles and its nearer suburbs, which soared during the nineteen-eighties, and by white flight from an increasingly Latino and Asian city. The Antelope Valley had been considered too remote for commuters, but

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK

fighting ended in an ugly killing.

the completion of the Antelope Valley Freeway, snaking over the San Gabriel Mountains, helped change that. In the Antelope Valley, one could buy for two hundred thousand dollars a new house that might cost four hundred thousand in the San Fernando Valley. What was more, the air was cleaner and the streets were safer. The commute to jobs in the city was longer—an hour longer, at least, each way—but that was the trade-off. And so it was that the desert brought forth swimming pools and convenience stores beyond number, and wide empty streets as far as the eye could see.

Then, in 1990, the Southern California economy, staggered by cutbacks in the aerospace and defense industries, fell into a deep recession. Los Angeles County alone lost more than half a million jobs, and property values throughout the region collapsed. In the Antelope Valley, abandoned housing tracts began to dot the subdivided desert. Boarded-up shopping centers and bankrupt school districts followed, along with a wave of personal financial disasters so severe that *USA Today* dubbed Palmdale “the foreclosure capital of California.”

And yet the Antelope Valley's population has continued to grow. Between 1990 and 1994, Palmdale was the second-fastest-growing city in the United States, Lancaster the sixth-fastest. As a rule, the

Valley's newest residents are poorer and darker than their predecessors, live in more crowded lodgings, and are more likely to rent. Still, the Valley remains, in a county where whites are a minority, overwhelmingly white (sixty-eight per cent), home-owning, and politically dominated by conservative Republicans of the pro-growth, antitax stripe. And the reasons most people give for moving out from the city—less crime, less smog, cheaper housing—have not changed. The Valley remains particularly attractive to families with children. Indeed, it has been called “the last great breeding ground of Southern California.”

For anyone who has spent time there lately, this is a scary thought—if only because growing up these days in the Antelope Valley seems to be, for many kids, a pretty harrowing, dispiriting affair. This may be true today of growing up in America generally, but the Valley's supersonic growth has led to overcrowded, often chaotic schools; according to the high-school district's superintendent, nearly forty-five per cent of the entering students do not finish with their class. The teen-pregnancy rate is also alarmingly high. Juvenile crime is a major problem, usually attributed to “unsupervised children”—to, that is, the huge number of kids whose parents can't afford after-school care and often don't return from their epic commutes until long after dark. With neigh-

borhoods devoid of adults from early morning to night, the most popular youth crime is, naturally, burglary. A sheriff's-department spokesman in Lancaster estimated that fully half the Valley's children are unsupervised after school. He also said that there are now, not coincidentally, more than two hundred youth gangs represented in the Valley.

I GREW up, a generation ago, in Woodland Hills, then an outer suburb of L.A., and when I started spending time with teen-agers in the Antelope Valley I figured I had a head start on understanding their world. As it turned out, my youth might as well have been spent in Kathmandu for all the clues it gave me in this new realm. There was a street war raging in Lancaster between a white-supremacist skinhead gang known as the Nazi Low Riders and a rival gang of antiracist skinheads who called themselves Sharps. This obscure, semi-doctrinal conflict fascinated me long before it escalated to homicide, as it eventually did. And yet no adult, I discovered, could shed any real light on it. I needed a native guide, and I found one in Mindy Turner, who, at seventeen, was already well embarked on the kind of casually terrifying existence I was starting to regard as common.

She was living with her mother, her younger brother, and an older half brother in a four-bedroom white stucco ranch-style house in Lancaster. Her mother, Debbie, worked behind the counter at Thrifty Drugs; she had bought the house with the settlement she got after her husband, a crane operator, was electrocuted on the job in 1989, when Mindy was in elementary school. Mindy recalled, “They came to get me at school and said, ‘Your dad's gone to be with your dog and your grandpa in Heaven.’ I've never gotten over it. Whenever I get sad, I start thinking about it and just cry.”

Debbie remembered Mindy being deeply troubled by the idea that her dad had never been baptized, and thought that that was probably why Mindy later became a Mormon—because she wanted to be baptized herself. Actually, before Mindy became a Mormon she had wanted to become Jewish. But that had turned out to be too much work. Becoming a Mormon was



“You seem to know something about law. I like that in an attorney.”

relatively easy. All this was before Mindy got addicted to crystal methamphetamine and became a Nazi, in the ninth grade.

Mindy and her mother shared blond good looks, but Debbie was hearty and outgoing, while Mindy was pale, fashionably thin, moody, intense. Her manner oscillated with unnerving speed—from jaded worldliness to girlish enthusiasm, from precocious grace to gawkiness, from thuggish cynicism to tender vulnerability. She spoke in quick, fluid bursts, as if she had to express each thought before she changed her mind.

In her mother's day, Mindy's looks might have made her a homecoming queen. But Mindy stopped going to school while she was in the tenth grade. "I'm not a people person," she told me. "I didn't like all the little gossip circles that went on there."

Mindy had always been a good student, earning B's, but had slipped academically in junior high (as a disturbingly high number of American girls do). In the seventh and eighth grades, she became first a "hesher"—into heavy-metal music and smoking marijuana—and then a "hippie," into reggae and smoking marijuana. She also became sexually active. Her lovers were mostly older; some were much older. "I was kind of looking for a father," she told me.

Mindy's Nazi period had various sources. Spike Lee had helped get her into it, she said. She and a friend had gone to see "Malcolm X." They found they were the only whites in the audience, and a black guy had asked them sarcastically if they were in the right theatre. "That's why I hate Spike Lee," she told me. "Because he's a racist. And that's when I started thinking, If the black kids can wear 'X' caps, and Malcolm is calling us all 'white devils,' what's wrong with being down with white power?"

Her real political inspiration, though, was methamphetamine, which is also known as crank, crystal, ice, or simply speed. The leading illegal drug in the Valley, methamphetamine is a powerful addictive stimulant whose longtime consumers tend to suffer from paranoia, depression, hallucinations, and violent rages. The Nazi Low Riders were one of Mindy's speed connections. "They're all tweakers," she told me. (Tweakers are speed addicts.) "Speed is just so cheap here. And it makes you feel so powerful, so alert."

The N.L.R.s' hangout was the Ma-

lone household, in a run-down neighborhood in downtown Lancaster. Andrea Malone, a single parent, had three teenage boys, all white-supremacist skinheads, and she worked long hours, giving the kids the run of the house. Mindy, who had grown bored with Mormonism, became a regular there, snorting speed, smoking dope, and becoming fast friends with the N.L.R.s. They called her a "skin bitch," but she refused to shave her head. "My dad always said he loved my long blond hair, so I wouldn't cut it off," she told me. She and the other N.L.R. girls ("They called us Property of the N.L.R.s, not members. It's this weird thing") fought with girls from rival gangs, including Sharps. But Mindy claimed she'd never taken part in random attacks on black people—something the N.L.R.s specialized in. "I just used to sit in the car and watch, while they'd get out and be, like, 'Go back to Africa, nigger,' and beat people up."

At first, Mindy's mother had no idea what was going on. "I talked to Mrs. Malone on the phone a few times," Debbie told me. "She seemed really nice. I used to drive Mindy over there, and the Malone kids and some of the others used to come over here. I knew they were prejudiced, but as long as they acted civilized they were welcome. I even took them roller-skating."

The N.L.R.s were into tattoos: swastikas, skulls, Iron Crosses, lightning bolts—though lightning bolts were permitted to be worn only by those who had killed a black person. Mindy got a big swastika on one hip. ("My mom got really mad when she saw it.") Her skinhead friends were also into guns. In early 1995, one of her boyfriends, Jaxon Stines, drove with a group of N.L.R.s by the house of another boy whom Mindy had been seeing, and fired shots through a bedroom window, aiming for the other boy's bed. No one was hurt, but Mindy was picked up by the police for questioning, and Jaxon pleaded guilty to attempted murder.

Debbie was by then deeply alarmed about the company her daughter was keeping. Mindy was severely strung out—a full-tilt tweaker, with a daily habit. She had lost a lot of weight. She rarely slept. Finally, she became so dehydrated that she had to be hospitalized.

While she detoxed, with her mother keeping her skinhead friends away, Mindy

seemed to snap out of her gang-girl trance. "I just realized I didn't hate black people," she told me. "Also, I'm totally infatuated with Alicia Silverstone, and she's Jewish. I've seen 'Clueless' like eleven times. So how could I be a Nazi?"

But the N.L.R.s did not take apostasy lightly. "They started calling my house, saying they were going to kick my ass. They started driving by here, throwing bottles at the house." Two N.L.R. girls, Heather Michaels and Angela Jackson, were particularly incensed. "Angela said she was coming over here to kill me. I was scared, but I told her, 'Fine, come over, whatever.' But she never came. Heather, especially, is really, really mad at me. They all say I'm a race traitor."

Debbie Turner took measures. She had an electronic security system installed around the house. "It got really bad after Jaxon went to jail," she told me. "They started coming by here. I was afraid they were going to shoot at the house. It was very scary." Debbie was also paying for a series of painful, expensive laser procedures to remove Mindy's swastika tattoo. The final cost for erasing the tattoo would come to four thousand dollars.

And that was how Debbie and I talked about Mindy's tour with the N.L.R.s during my first visits to the Turners' house—as a nasty accident whose scars were now being, not without cost, erased. Mindy was even back in school, through an independent-study program.

At the same time, we all knew that things were more complicated. For one thing, Jaxon had been released, after just six months in jail, and he and Mindy were seeing each other again. "Me and Jaxon have been through so much together," she told me. For example, a few weeks after her seventeenth birthday, she had had an abortion. "I wanted to keep it," Mindy said. "Because I knew that if Jaxon and I ever broke up I would still have some communication with him, because we would have a kid together. But then we decided we just weren't mentally ready for it. We fight all the time. And I was afraid that if we had a kid and Jaxon stayed friends with those people the kid would be brought up around all that hate."

Jaxon's gang status was actually ambiguous. He hung out with the N.L.R.s, and they considered him one of them, but he didn't publicly "claim" N.L.R. In



any event, his association with the N.L.R.s extended no automatic protection to Mindy. She had therefore turned to the antiracist Sharps, her erstwhile enemies, for protection. The Sharps, however, were in no particular hurry to help her—leaving her in an even more vulnerable position.

She and Jaxon did indeed fight all the time, about almost anything. Raves, for example. Mindy indicated a poster on the wall in her bedroom, advertising something called the Insomniac Rave. "That was so great," she said. "It was the first real rave I went to. Dang! It was in Hollywood. Raves are like big parties, with all different races dancing. I took Ecstasy at the Insomniac Rave, and I danced all night." She sighed. "Jaxon can't stand it that I go to raves," she said. "He says I don't act white. But what is acting white? Me and him have been getting drunk almost every night lately, and I ask him, 'What do you think black people do that's so different from whites? They just sit around getting drunk and listening to music. Drive around in cars. Just like us.'"

KICKING around teen-age Lancaster, I sometimes felt as if I had fallen in with a thousand little cultural commissars, young suburban ideologues whose darkest pronouncement on another kid—a kid deviating from, say, the hard-core-punk-anarchist line on some band or arcane point of dress—was, inevitably, "He's confused."

Mindy's own "beliefs," as she called them, were eclectic. Her brave and principled rejection of racism, even her devotion to Alicia Silverstone, did not mean she had embraced enlightened liberalism in all matters. She still had a soft spot for Adolf Hitler—she claimed she was the only N.L.R. to actually study "Mein Kampf"—and her all-time-favorite "leader" was still Charles Manson. "My mom thinks I'm sick, but I think he's cute," she told me. "In a weird, gross way, I think he's attractive. He has the real fuck-you blood. He acts as his own lawyer. He talks for himself. I've read some of 'Helter Skelter.' I wouldn't, like, buy a poster of him and put it up. My mom wouldn't let me do it if I tried. But I don't think it would fit my room, anyway, with all my nice John Lennon and Beatles stuff."

The walls in Mindy's room were indeed adorned with Beatles posters. Her father, she said, had been a big John Len-

non fan. But she also loved Trent Reznor, of Nine Inch Nails, whose best-known lyric was "I wanna fuck you like an animal!" I asked about a framed photograph, set next to her bed, of a shirtless, tattooed young man. The picture was obviously taken in prison.

"That's Madness," she said. "He's twenty-three. He says he's in love with me, but he knows I can't get over Jaxon. He's in for armed robbery. I didn't know him too well before he went to jail, but then we started writing letters. He's S.F.V. Peckerwood."

The Peckerwoods are a white gang, known mainly for mindless violence and methamphetamine dealing. They're big in the Antelope Valley but, some say, they're bigger in the San Fernando Valley, or S.F.V. They're biggest of all in prison. "Madness has his beliefs," Mindy said. "He believes whites are better than blacks. But he knows I don't think like that, so we don't talk about it."

Mindy was by no means the only girl I had met in the Valley who had a prisoner boyfriend. I asked her what it was about guys in jail.

"It's sick, I guess," she said. "But I just find it really attractive. I guess it means they're capable of doing something really spontaneous, without regard for the consequences."

"Like shooting somebody."

"Yeah. They're adventurous. And they're tough, usually. There's nothing else to do in there but work out."

Mindy invited me to go with her and some friends to a rave in Hollywood a few days later. "Maybe Darius can come, too," she said. Darius was Darius Houston, one of the Sharps to whom Mindy had turned for protection. Darius is half black, half white, and was probably the N.L.R.s' least favorite skinhead. "I don't think Darius really likes me," Mindy said. "Because when I hung out with the boneheads"—this is a generic term for racist skinheads—"I used to call him a nigger. All

the Sharps have good reason to hate me."

I asked Mindy if she might be hoping to become a Sharp herself.

She shook her head, and said, "Most people here say, 'Mindy Turner? Oh, you mean Nazi Mindy.' So I don't want to start being Sharp Mindy. I want to be just Mindy. If somebody asks me what I am now, I just tell them I'm Free Unity. That's not a gang. It's just what I believe."

"SHARP" stands for "skinheads against racial prejudice." It is not, as I first thought, a local Antelope Valley sect. Skinheads claim Sharp throughout the United States, in Europe, and even, reportedly, in Japan. There is no formal organization—just an antiracist ideology, a street-fighting tradition, and a few widely recognized logos, usually worn on jacket patches. Sharp's *raison d'être* is its evil twin, the better-known white-supremacist and neo-Nazi skinhead movement.

All the Antelope Valley Sharps, I found, were amateur social historians, determined to rescue the skinhead movement—or simply "skinhead," as they call it—from disrepute. In their version, which seemed broadly accurate, the original skinheads emerged in England in the mid-sixties out of other youth cultures—notably the "hard mods" and the Rude Boys, stylish Jamaicans who wore porkpie hats and listened to reggae and ska. Skinheads were clean-cut, working-class, non-racist ("two-tone"), and tough. They loathed hippies, for reasons of both class and hygiene, loved soccer and beer, fighting and ska, scooters and Fred Perry tennis shirts. For a detailed history of skinhead, the Antelope Valley Sharps all urged on me a book, published in 1991, in Scotland, called "Spirit of '69: A Skinhead Bible."

By the seventies, the movement had been hijacked, according to the Sharps, by the anti-immigrant National Front in England. And it was the second wave of British skinhead that crossed over to the United States, in the late seventies, as part of the great punk-rock cultural exchange; by then neo-Nazism and white supremacism were definitely in the mix, and a host of unholy alliances have since been formed between racist skinheads and old-line extremist organizations like the Aryan Nations, White Aryan Resistance, the Church of the Creator, and the Ku Klux Klan. After a decade of hate crimes and racist violence, white-power skin-



heads have become increasingly familiar figures in the American social landscape, particularly among teen-agers, who tend to know much more about them and their apocalyptic views than adults do.

"The boneheads are looking forward to a race war."

"They're all on some harsh drug."

"Somebody's got to stand up to these guys," Darius Houston said.

Six or seven Sharps were sitting around Jacob Kroeger's mother's house. Jacob, a sardonic eighteen-year-old, still had his hair, but he was about to shave it off and become a full-fledged Sharp—a "fresh cut." His mother was often away with a boyfriend, leaving the house—a modest ranch-style bungalow in a seedy older tract—to become, at least for a while, the Sharps' main hangout. They were a picturesque lot, in boots and braces, extra-short ("flooded") jeans, and Andy Capp-type "snap caps." But the mood that evening was rather grim and besieged. It seemed that a girl from the N.L.R.s had called Christina Fava, Darius's girlfriend, who is white, a "nigger lover" in a hallway at Antelope Valley High School. A black student named Todd Jordan had become involved on Christina's side, and the next day a half-dozen N.L.R.s had jumped Todd on a deserted athletic field, stabbing him five times with a screwdriver. Todd was now in the hospital. Christina, for her part, was transferring to a new school.

Somehow, I said, being a Sharp seemed to mean, more than anything else, a lot of fighting with white-power skinheads.

I was wrong, I was assured.

"It's the music, the fashions, the friendships, the whole life style."

"It's like a big fuckin' family."

"Everybody's got everybody else's back."

"It's all about working class."

This curious, almost un-American class consciousness among the Antelope Valley Sharps turned out, upon examination, to be a very American miscellany. The kids themselves came from a wide range of backgrounds—everything from two-parent middle-class families to drug-addled welfare mothers who had dumped them on the streets as adolescents. For some, "working class" meant simply having a job—any job—as opposed to being a "bum." For others, it was synonymous with "blue collar," and it distinguished



"The feedback I'm getting tells me that if your people work with my people we can grow this thing."

them from richer kids, who might decide to be skinheads and buy all the gear but weren't really streetwise and so might just have to be relieved of their new twelve-hole Doc Martens.

There was, in fact, much more to the Sharps than rumbling with the boneheads. For Darius, in particular, Sharp was a godsend. An orphan since his mother died, when he was thirteen, he had been a skateboarder and punk rocker before discovering skinhead. As a half-black kid in a largely white town, being reared by various white relatives, he had always been something of an outsider. Skinhead, as he understood it, was a complete, ready-made aesthetic and way of life. Darius identified, he told me, with its underground energy and its music—he was soon playing bass in a multiracial ska band called the Leisures. Because the idea of a black skinhead drove neo-Nazi skinheads wild, Darius had been fighting on a regular basis for years. He was a

skilled fighter, but the backup that the other Sharps provided was still, for Darius, a lifesaver. Going to school had become too dangerous, so he was on independent study. After graduating, he said, he planned to join the Navy and become a medical technician. (Christina, for one, didn't think he was serious.) He was eighteen, beefy, soft-spoken, watchful, with skin the color of light mahogany. When we met, he was homeless and was sleeping on a couch in Jacob's mother's house.

In every gang, the crucial question about any member is "How down is he?" Among the Sharps, one of the most indisputably down was Johnny Suttle. Twenty years old, half Mexican and half Anglo, he was diminutive but super-aggressive. He worked graveyard shifts at a Taco Bell, took classes at the local community college, and, I found, had a great deal to say about skinhead. Skinhead was about loyalty—to your class,

home town, soccer team, and nationality, according to Johnny. Thus, if a Japanese or a Chinese skinhead decided to beat up a foreigner, it was O.K. "Because they're just defending their country, and that's good," he said. "The thing is, America is not a white man's country, never mind what the boneheads say. It's a melting pot. And we're about defending that."

Johnny always seemed ready to weigh the moral dimensions of violence. I once heard him deliberate one of the timeless questions: Was it ethically permissible to drop bonehead chicks before taking on the boneheads? The answer, ultimately, was yes. While it was not right to hit females, bonehead chicks were simply too dangerous to leave standing while you fought their boyfriends. They would probably stick a knife in your back. Ergo, they had to be dropped at the outset. Q.E.D.

THE Nazi Low Riders, while dedicated skinheads, were not skinhead-history buffs. They were, however, keen on Nazi history. "We believe in Hitler's ways," Tim Malone, a leading member, told me. "But that don't mean we worship him. He was smart, but he was a homosexual. I think what he did with the Jews was right, mainly. They was coming into Germany, buying up the businesses, treating the Germans like slaves."

Chris Runge, another N.L.R., who explained to me that Hitler had actually been working with the Vatican, seemed to be the theorist of the Lancaster clique. He was nineteen, hairless, blue-eyed, pale-skinned, with a worried seriousness that was occasionally interrupted by a big, goofy smile. "I'm basically what you call a political Nazi," he said. "A lot of these Nazis out here are unorganized. They're mostly street skins, doing the dirty work. I want to start getting them organized. Democracy doesn't work. As you can see right now, it's falling apart. But Nazism is about a society with no upper class, no lower class. We'd have equality. We wouldn't have homeless-

ness—because we keep the factories going and everybody has a place. With a Nazi government, we'd just take out all the unwanted and start over again—even whites, if they're doing the same thing as the niggers are." Chris gave me one of his big, blue-eyed smiles.

He grew serious again. "White supremacy just comes from seeing what's happening in society," he said. "We're going down." Though Chris's mother

hope that it would make him stop. It didn't. "And that's a lot of the hate I got inside me now," Chris said quietly.

THOUGH I stopped by the Malones' house many times, I never saw Andrea there. She worked in a plastics factory in Pasadena, more than an hour's drive away, and, according to Tim, she left the house at dawn and got home only late in the evening. When I first met

Tim, who was seventeen, he had just spent two months in jail: he had been locked up as an accessory in the Todd Jordan stabbing, but had been released for lack of evidence. He was wiry and well built, with close-cropped dark hair and, tattooed on the back of his neck, an Iron Cross. He described himself as "more of the Gestapo Storm Trooper type than a political Nazi—the type that's ready to go to war over things. There's gonna be a race war around the year 2000."

Tim's father had been a Hell's Angel, he said, so, he told me, his Nazism "was kind of inherited." His dad drank, did speed, and abused his mother—that was

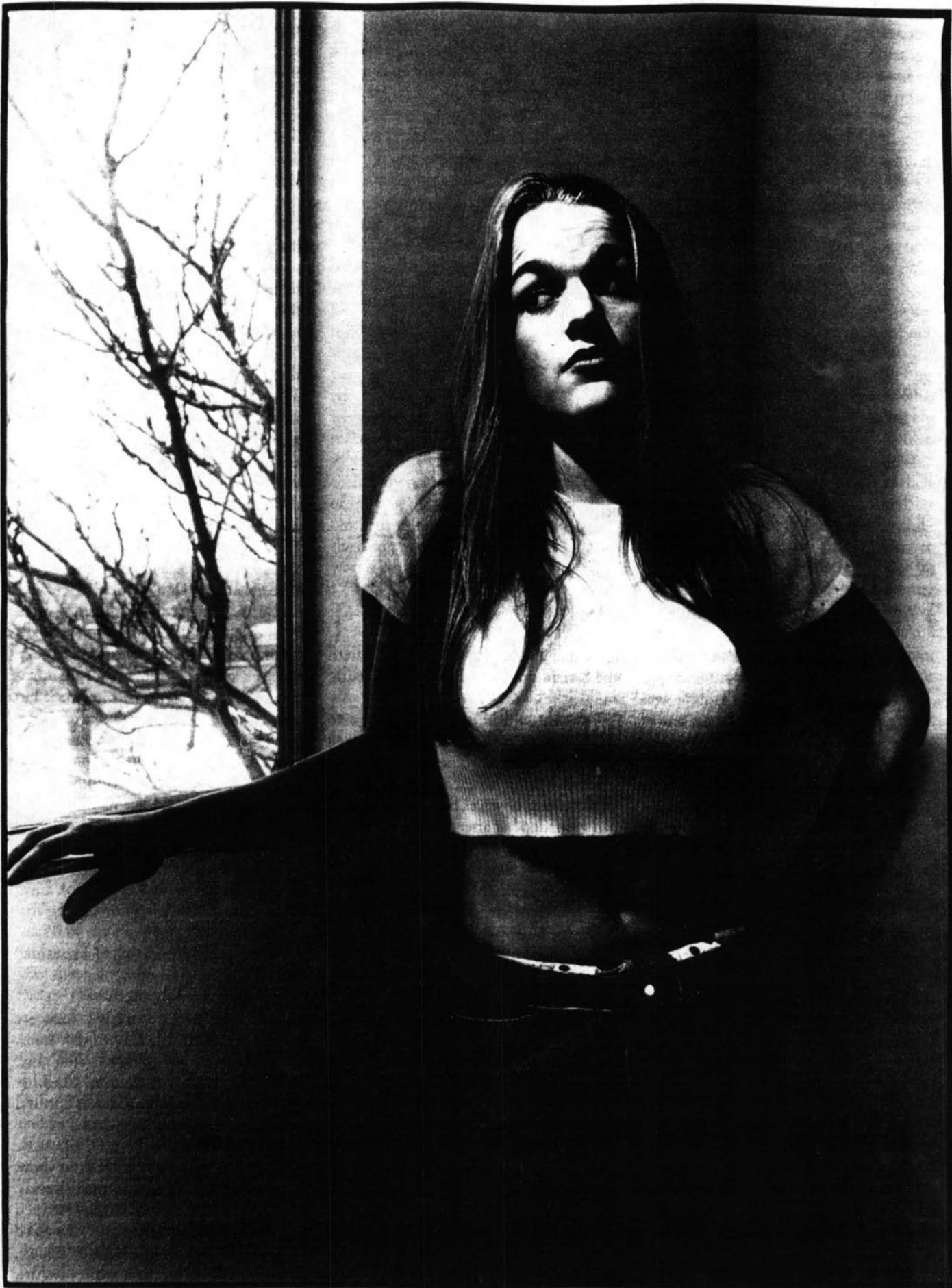
why his parents broke up. The family had lived in a predominantly black neighborhood in Montclair, east of Los Angeles, where Tim, at the age of ten, joined a local Crips set for self-protection. He was the middle brother of three, and his joining a black gang did not please his brothers. "Both my brothers was punk rockers, into speed metal, and they used to beat me up, trying to teach me a lesson," he said. "I thank them for it now. You gotta stick with your own race. Now ain't nothing I hate more than a wigger"—white nigger.

Tim and his brothers, Jeff and Steve, became skinheads after moving to the Antelope Valley four years ago and meeting the local neo-Nazis. They were soon a warm little nest of vipers. "We're all family," Tim said. "Even the little kids. Trouble's son, who's only, like, nine



Johnny Suttle: "You always gotta show the boneheads you're crazier than they are. If you punk it and run, you're finished."

was, by all accounts, a serious tweaker, his grandfather, he said, was an executive with the Xerox Corporation—a point of reference, perhaps, for his bitter assessment. Chris himself had dropped out of school in the tenth grade and had been convicted for participating in the same drive-by shooting that sent Jaxon Stines, who was his best friend, to jail. And Chris had "found the Lord" in his cell, he said—an experience that may have softened some of his judgments. Of Mindy, for instance, Chris merely said, "She's confused. She's young." This was notably gentler than the pronouncements of other N.L.R.s on the subject. Chris even showed some self-awareness when he talked about his life. He told me that his mother's ex-husband used to beat her so badly when he was drunk that she would come lie in bed with Chris in the



"Most people here say, 'Mindy Turner? Oh, you must mean Nazi Mindy.' I want to be just Mindy."



"Oh, waiter, there's a bullet in my soup."

seemed to be legion. "Like, once Heather and Angela and I were tweaking, and we saw two girls holding hands and we were really grossed out. We just said, 'We're going to show them that's not allowed.' We didn't have any weapons, but we really stomped them. One girl had to go to the hospital."

I remarked that I had recently read in a newspaper that "young men use methamphetamine for sexual stimulation." Mindy scoffed: "When Jaxon's tweaking, I could dance naked in front of him with a porno on the TV, and he still wouldn't be interested."

She went outside for a cigarette. Her mother didn't allow smoking in the house. I joined her in the back yard, which had a small swimming pool and a basketball hoop. From where we sat, we could see Mindy's thirteen-year-old brother, Matthew, in the kitchen. "Matthew's one of the reasons I quit the Nazis," Mindy said, her voice suddenly full of feeling. "He's going to play basketball and football in high school, and he's going to have to be able to get along with black people. And it won't work if he gets into something disgusting like I did."

I noticed, not for the first time, a clacking coming from inside Mindy's mouth. I asked about it. She stuck out her tongue. It was pierced with a heavy silver stud. "I've had this for a long time," she said.

She also had a ring through her navel, above which she had her name tattooed in longhand. Her mother absolutely couldn't understand that tattoo. "I mean, your own name? Why?" Debbie asked me. "Is it so that some guy can look down there while you're doing it in case he forgets your name?"

I once asked Mindy what she wanted to be when she grew up.

"Exotic dancer."

Debbie, I felt certain, was unaware of this ambition. She also didn't know that Mindy was not going to school. Her independent-study program required her presence only one hour a week, but I knew she had quietly abandoned it.

"Where is he?"

It looked as if Jaxon might not show, but at last he whipped into the driveway. Mindy jumped up, sat down, jumped up again. Jaxon came into the yard through the chain-link gate, a lean, wary-looking figure in a white T-shirt. He nodded at me, glanced at Mindy.

months old, already knows how to *Sieg heil*." Tim imitated an infant giving a Nazi salute, and laughed. (Trouble was the street name of Robert Jones, one of three N.L.R.s charged with firing into a parked car full of black people in Lancaster in 1995. He was recently sentenced to twelve years.)

Among the many kids who were usually around the Malones' house were some who could not have been more than ten. I wondered if their parents had any notion what kinds of things their children were seeing and hearing there. The attractions of the place as a hangout were not mysterious. It was like a child's idea of a pirates' den: scruffy and run by tattooed brigands. I even got the feeling sometimes that a rough, retrograde, neo-communal sort of social experiment was being conducted. A boy would be opening a can of beans to heat up on the stove. Someone would bellow, "Only bitches cook in this house!" The boy would drop the can, while onlookers guffawed. Angela Jackson, one of Mindy's tormentors, would tear herself away from the TV and finish opening the can, declaring herself "a skin bitch, a Featherwood." This giddy, *Pleasure Island* atmosphere

darkened, I thought, after the feud with the Sharps produced its first dead youth.

DARIUS said he would gladly go to the rave with us, and Mindy seemed pleased. There was some question about whether Mindy herself would be able to go to the rave, however, because her mother had grounded her after finding her passed out, stark naked, on her bed with her head next to a bowl filled with vomit. Too much vodka with Jaxon, Mindy told me. It was now two days later, and still several days before the rave—which we ended up skipping in any case, after Jaxon accused Mindy of really wanting to go to Hollywood to "fuck niggers."

We were now waiting for Jaxon to come over, so that he and I could talk, and Mindy still seemed to be feeling hung over. "I hate light," she said. Her voice was flat and small. "My mom thinks I'm a vampire because I sit in my room with the music on and no lights. I won't even take acid if the sun's out."

Mindy loved LSD. She also liked cocaine. "Because it makes your mouth numb. I like to be numb. Speed lasts longer, but it makes you paranoid, so you end up doing stupid things."

The stupid things she'd done on speed

"We're going camping," he said.

"Can I go?" Mindy asked.

Jaxon didn't reply. He and I went inside and sat at the dining-room table. Mindy followed us in. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Cottonwood."

"Can I go?"

Again, Jaxon didn't reply. He was a pale, good-looking kid with deep-set eyes and a large, unfortunate silver ring through his nose. ("I hate it. It makes him look like a bull," Mindy said.) His head was shaved except for a small, wispy patch on top. Mindy watched him miserably while we talked.

He had recently turned eighteen, he said. He had been kicked out of school in the ninth grade for fighting and truancy, and since then he had bounced around, living here and there, including a stint with his father, an unsuccessful rock musician who drove a school bus in Northern California. "I've hitchhiked all up and down California," Jaxon told me. "Every place is just as boring as this is." He had a studied jadedness, a cool anger in his eyes. He was plainly intelligent. He had got his high-school diploma by passing an equivalency exam at the age of fifteen. Since getting out of jail, he had been living with his mother and stepfather in Palmdale and working as a repair-line operator for the phone company, where his mother was a computer technician.

Mindy interrupted, pleading and petulant: "Can I go camping with you?"

Jaxon ignored her.

"Have you got sleeping bags?" I asked Jaxon.

"I've only got a mummy bag."

Mindy scurried down the hall in search of camping equipment.

Jaxon's parents divorced when he was three, he said. "My brother was the good little preppie. He never got caught for anything. I was the bad one. I shaved my head when I was, like, nine. They were sending me to shrinks from the fourth grade."

Surprisingly, considering that he had long been warring with the Sharps as part of the N.L.R. cohort, Jaxon said he esteemed Darius's beliefs. "Darius has the right idea," he told me. "We've talked. In fact, he used to be vegetarian straight-edge. That's no drugs, no drinking, no sex—nothing. Not too many people can follow that."

But Jaxon's sympathies were decid-

edly with the racist side of the skinhead schism. "I'm not, like, Mr. Nazi. And I know some black and Mexican people who are cool. But the majority of them are just welfare-mooching scumballs. I don't want to hear your sob story about how my great-great-grandfather owned your great-great-grandfather." Jaxon's sneer deepened until it severely distorted his face.

He went on, more calmly, "Whether I like it or not, I'm racist. My mom doesn't agree with me. She's not prejudiced. But I like to consider myself less ignorant than most racists. They're all preparing for race war, race war. But it's never going to happen." He shrugged. "I'm just proud of what I am. But being proud of being white doesn't mean I'm proud of every piece of white trash out there snorting speed."

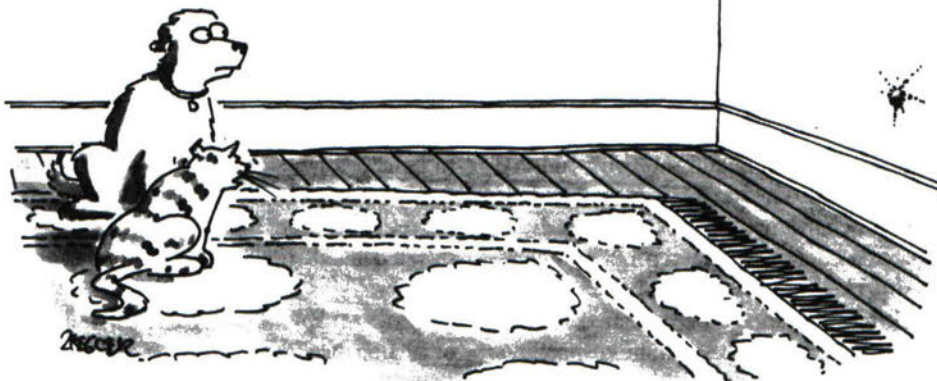
Mindy reappeared, lugging an armful of gear for the camping trip, including an old, square-bottomed sleeping bag, which she displayed proudly. "Where is Cottonwood?" she asked.

JAXON was right: his mother didn't agree with him. A political liberal with a degree in anthropology, she lived with her second husband and her two sons in a big, cathedral-ceilinged house in a gated community. "I don't know why Jaxon holds those racial views," she told

me. "I keep hoping it's just a teen-age rebellion, and he'll grow out of it—that it's not how he is." Other parents I visited in the Antelope Valley seemed equally mystified by their kids' passionate "beliefs."

Schools failed to provide most parents and children with any common cultural ground. Sheldon Epstein, a high-school principal in Lancaster, who had a cheerleader daughter, told me, "My wife and I are big-time supporters of our daughter's school. But most of the kids are just not bonded with their schools, so for them that school-spirit piece is missing. It's the parents who have school spirit now, not the kids."

The fact was, however, that among the tens of thousands of parents who worked over the mountains, relatively few had the time or energy to involve themselves in their children's schools (or any other community activity). And then there were all those too consumed by their own troubles even to rear their children. I found, that is, a startling number of kids in the Valley being reared not by their parents but by their grandparents. Various explanations were offered for this phenomenon, the commonest being methamphetamine addiction among parents, and particularly mothers. The situation was starkly reminiscent of the better-known syndrome that has left so many African-American grandmothers rearing



"Projectile hairballing."

the children of their crack-addled daughters in the nation's inner cities. In the Antelope Valley, it was white families falling into poverty who were being hit hardest by speed.

Between 1970 and 1995, the poverty rate for children and adolescents in California more than doubled—it is now twenty-eight per cent. And just as crime rates tend to track closely with poverty rates, vast amounts of the state's public spending have been diverted during this period to law enforcement and the penal system. The California prison budget in 1975 was two hundred million dollars. By the year 2000, it will approach five billion dollars. The money for all these jails and prisons has come more or less directly out of the state's higher-education budget. When I graduated from high school, in 1970, California had what was often described as the finest public-university system in the world. That was then. Between 1991 and 1994, the state's higher-education system lost two thousand professors and two hundred thousand students to budget cuts. Meanwhile, University of California tuition in 1995 was, in constant dollars, nearly five times what it was thirty years before. The situation in the schools is no better. When I was in junior high, the state's public schools enjoyed the seventh-highest per-pupil spending in the country; by 1995, California's per-pupil spending ranked forty-seventh nationally.

Nancy Kelso, a middle-aged lawyer in Palmdale who has many juvenile clients, rejects the view, which she says is common among her peers and colleagues, that they grew up in a Golden Age, when children obeyed their parents and ordinary people felt safe and God was in his Heaven. "I remember the Red Scare," she told me. "I remember suffocating pressure to conform. I remember a lot of bad things." She also remembers, however, a radically different opportunity structure. "When I graduated from high school, in 1962, it was like a deal—a contract—between the adults and me," she said. "All I had to do was get a B average and half-way behave myself and I was guaranteed a free education at a top public university, like Berkeley. My four siblings and I all took advantage of it. Our dad was a five-dollar-an-hour nonunion machinist in Los Angeles. We all became productive, responsible citizens. I tell you, I would have a lot more anxiety about what

THE THREE TREES

Late day. A wash of claret at the window.
And the room swells with the odor of quince,
tin-sharp and dank, as the acid creeps down
through the etch marks. He dips the foreground languidly,
Rembrandt, so thickets will darken, the horse
and lovers resting there, the bamboo latitude
of fishing pole, the shadowed river.

Then inks it all—mixed sky, three dappled trees—
and presses the intricate net of it
to the white-bleached etching sheet below: one skein
of storm aligning the nothingness, one hay cart
rich with villagers. At the window now

a fading to ochre. And beyond,
through the streets and valley at the base
of a hillock thick with three trees, a hunter
is ringing a treble bell, its quick bite
driving the field birds to the sheltering grasses.
Around him, dark in their earth-colored clothes, others
are throwing a slack-weave net

was going to become of me if I were growing up now."

In 1996, Palmdale High School, out of a graduating class of about four hundred, sent exactly six students into the University of California system. Less than ten per cent of the class went on to any four-year college at all.

Listening to Nancy Kelso, I kept thinking of Chris Runge grumbling about "the unwanted." He and his friends look forward to a "Nazi government" whisking this surplus population from sight. Of course, he and his friends undoubtedly feel that they themselves are the real "unwanted." And they are not wrong. But one of the ironies of their predicament is that the withdrawal of resources from education and other social services is fundamentally racist—that is, it is primarily a withdrawal by older whites from the support of those aspects of public welfare, including public education, which seem to benefit a large number of nonwhites. And yet the collapse of educational opportunity caused by this withdrawal is suffered by all nonaffluent children and families. "Affirmative action" is merely the name that many whites give to their sense of disfranchisement.

Issues of race and opportunity are particularly loaded in the Antelope Valley. Esther Gillies, the director of a center for

abused children in Lancaster, put it bluntly: "Black families who move to the Valley are often moving up. White families who move to the Valley couldn't make it down below." While I heard many whites complain about lower-class blacks and Latinos settling in the Valley, I often sensed that they were really more concerned about middle-class minority families. Todd Jordan's family lived in a grander house than any of the white-power kids who stabbed him did. I talked with black parents who pronounced themselves delighted with their new, racially integrated neighborhoods (the Valley has developed so fast that the insidious patterns of residential segregation have not taken root), but even they expressed wariness about staying on once their children reach high-school age. In the words of one well-educated black mother of three, "That's when the white-supremacist thing seems to kick in."

I DID meet white kids in the Antelope Valley who were college-bound. Natalie Blacker, for instance, was the editor of the school newspaper at Quartz Hill High. Natalie was one of Mindy's idols—"I'm totally in love with her" was how Mindy put it—and was friendly with the Sharps. A feminist, Natalie had started a consciousness-raising group for

out over the meadow and scuttering birds.
And up from their various hands quick fires bloom,
rush through the beard grass, the birds bursting up
to the capturing net, some dying of fright,
some of flames, some snuffed by the hunters

like candles. A breeze begins, slips through the tree limbs.
Slung over each hunter are threadings of birds,
strung through the underbeak. Pleatworks of plentitude,
down the back, the curve of the shoulder.
They offer their warmth in slender lines,
as sunlight might, through the mismatched shutters
of a great room, the long gaps casting

their crosshatch. As if time itself might spin them all
down some vast, irreversible pathway—
hay cart, hunter, small bowl with its blossoms of quince—
and the simple patterns resting there
barred everything back from the spinning.

—LINDA BIERDS

girls at her school. (*Her idol was Naomi Wolf.*) She nagged her friends not to let their boyfriends treat them badly—Jaxon's cavalier treatment of Mindy was, she told me, a great example of what girls should not put up with—but she cheerfully acknowledged the depth and staying power of the sexism and racism she opposed. She was shocked, she told me, when Mindy fell in with the boneheads, and delighted when Mindy renounced them. "But you really have to be strong to do that, to stay neutral here," she added. "This is a place where everybody feels the need to be in a clique."

An ambitious effort to get teen-agers to channel this need to belong into their school lives was under way at Lancaster High, which opened in the fall of 1995. Students wore uniforms; teachers wore red, white, and blue. The curriculum was demanding and old-fashioned—"fifties style," according to Beverley Louw, the school's dynamic first principal. "Our hope is that we can create the culture, and that way not lose our students to the kinds of fragmented subcultures—the heshers, the skinheads, and so on—that you find kids joining elsewhere."

But after six months at the helm of Lancaster High Ms. Louw already sounded pessimistic. She had too many students whom she couldn't help, she

said—kids who arrived at school with too many deficits. Besides that, the Sharps and the neo-Nazis were already fighting at her school.

Antelope Valley officials tend to say that white-supremacist skinheads are less of a problem than they seem. The police say the boneheads are dwarfed in number by the black and Latino gangs who have moved up from Los Angeles. The most obvious gang tension in the Valley, though, was not between the Bloods and the Crips but between the Sharps and the neo-Nazis. If you went to Brunswick Sands Bowl, a bowling alley on the Sierra Highway, in Lancaster, the jacket that caught your eye, worn by a spike-haired teen-age punk, would be the one with a huge patch on the back snarling "NAZI PUNKS FUCK OFF." Or if you went to the only real teen hangout in Lancaster, a cof-



feehouse called Hang 'n Java, which had a pool table, music, and an Internet connection, you could find a tense conference taking place at the counter between the owner and a group of Sharps. When I went, I found her throwing them out. She supported them, she maintained, but she could not risk their business, because if the boneheads saw them in there they'd come back at night and shoot out her windows. "And I can't pay the insurance," she said tightly.

THE police may not have wanted to acknowledge the dimensions of the problem, but for Darius Houston white-supremacist violence seemed inescapable. I once asked him what it felt like to be the target of so much bonehead ire.

Darius looked embarrassed. "Even white powers are people, so you have to respect them," he said. Then he added, "Unless they don't respect me. Which they don't." He shrugged. "Most skinheads fight. It comes with the book. It comes to you."

Once, at a rock concert I attended with the Sharps, I saw just how much of it tended to come to Darius. It was an oi show in San Bernardino. Oi music is a hard form of punk rock, and it appeals to the whole range of skinheads. The headliners at the San Bernardino show were a cult band from Britain called The Business. The Antelope Valley Sharps were deeply thrilled to be seeing them, and when we got to the concert, which was held in an old wrestling arena near the San Bernardino railroad tracks, there were several hundred skinheads inside, most of them white but many of them Latino or Asian. Cliques milled around, exchanging elaborate tribal greetings with other cliques and having their pictures taken together. All was mellow, all was unity, I was assured. No boneheads had come. A couple of punk bands played, and there was some moderate thrashing in the pit, so I retreated to one of the wooden bleachers that rose on three sides of the arena. And that's where I was, looking down on the crowd, when the Orange County Skins arrived. They were in uniform and in formation. Their uniform consisted of black combat boots, white trousers, and the white tank tops known as "wife beaters." Their formation was a sort of flying wedge, which knocked people aside with swift,

efficient violence as they swept toward the middle of the pit. There were no more than thirty of them, but their paramilitary coordination overwhelmed each bit of startled resistance. They easily seized the center of the arena, turned to the stunned crowd, and raised their arms in Nazi salutes, bellowing, "White power! White power!"

There was a lengthy pause, during which everyone seemed to consider the boots of the invaders. Whoever approached them first was certain to get his teeth kicked in. Then the crowd rushed the boneheads, and a bloody melee began. It seemed to be all boots and fists. Security at the door had been very tight—a guard had even taken away my pens, tartly demonstrating how someone could jab out my eyes with one of them—so the possibilities for injury presumably had some limits. I caught glimpses of Sharps I knew, flailing away—particularly Darius, who is tall and, as a black skin, seemed to be the focus of a great deal of Nazi fury. But Darius stayed on his feet, blessedly, and seemed to have plenty of help as he spun and kicked and punched. The Nazis were badly outnumbered but preternaturally fierce.

Then I saw Darius running toward the rear bleachers, where I was perched. He was holding one eye—pawing at it frantically—and zigzagging blindly through the crowd. I had a horrible premonition that he had been stabbed in the eye. I ran down the bleachers to meet him, and tripped and twisted my ankle. A security guard had to help us both stagger out through a back door into the rain. Darius, still pawing at his eye, threw himself face first into a puddle. He splashed water into his eye. "Somebody Maced me," he shouted. I felt a rush of relief. Darius rose up, blinking, gasping. "It's O.K.," he said. "It's O.K. I can see." The door behind us flew open, and another casualty came reeling out. Darius sprang to the door, caught it, and, without another word, was gone—back into the roaring fray.

"WHAT the Orange County Skins did at that oi show?" Mindy said. Her tone was petulant, scornful. We were sitting in her room. "These boneheads out here could never think of that. They're just into speed. The original Nazis did no drugs, didn't

smoke pot, drink beer—anything. They just trained for war, twenty-four seven. These guys out here have no right to call themselves Nazis. That's why I don't like them."

This, I thought, was new. Mindy had previously disliked the N.L.R.s for a lot of reasons, but not because they failed to emulate Hitler's men properly. And, for the record, many of Hitler's elite troops were in fact tweakers. But Mindy was upset. It seemed she had been jilted by Jaxon for a younger girl, named Casey.

"O.K., I'm not fifteen and six feet tall with two pierced nipples!" she wailed. Casey was apparently all these things. "O.K., I'm immature and selfish! I was spoiled when I was young. But he is so selfish, so conceited, so immature, so arrogant!"

I didn't argue.

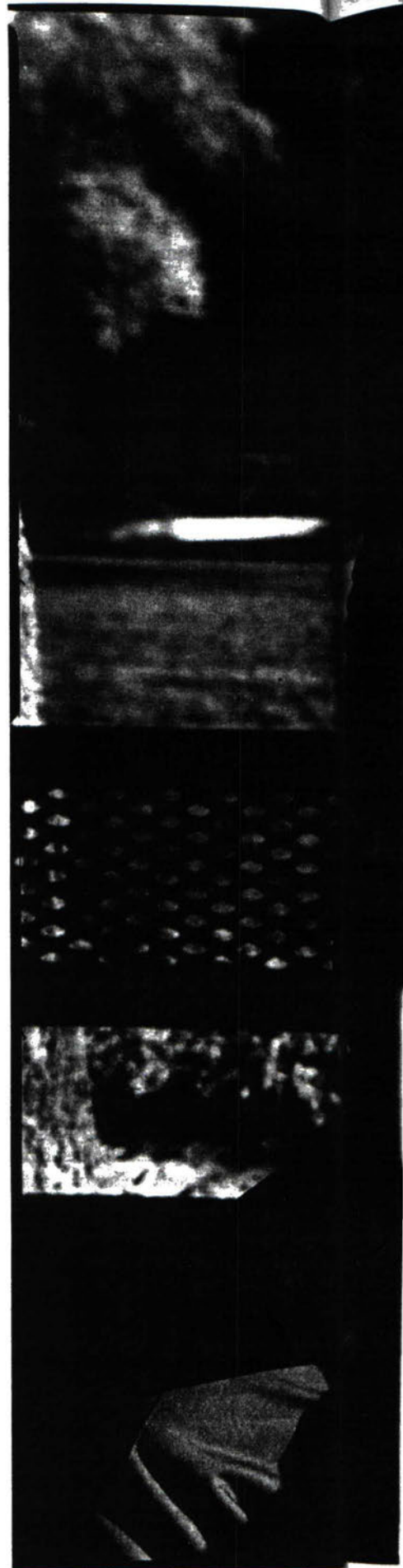
"Plus, he won't give me my baby blanket back. My dad gave it to me. It's my security blanket. I'm all 'Give me my blanket.' He's all 'Give me my CD.'"

"I would have gone to jail for Jaxon," she went on bitterly. "For that drive-by. They didn't have anything on me. I had an alibi. But I would have gone."

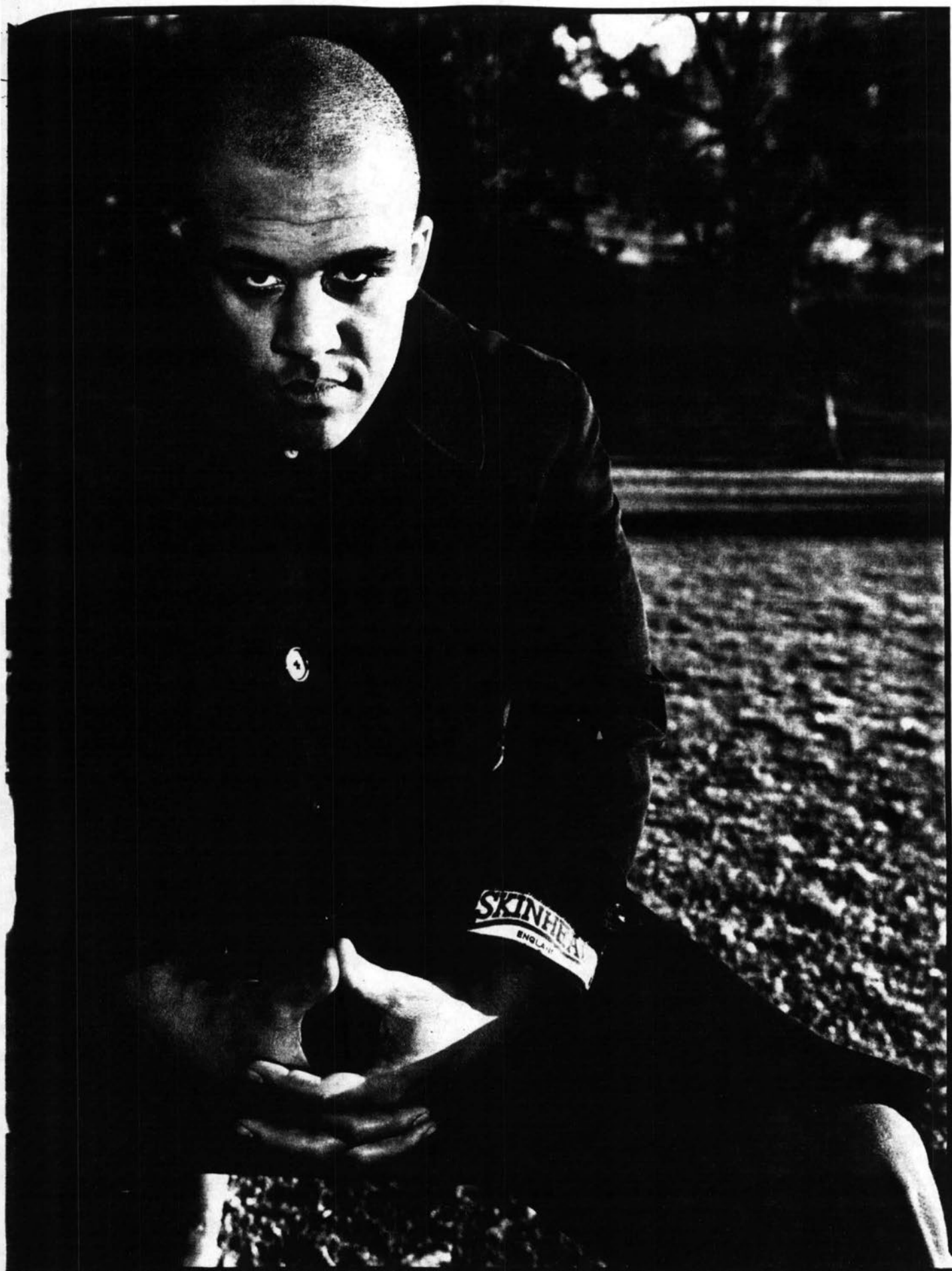
Debbie was just coming in from work. "You tell him about how you're going back to school or I'm going to send you to live with Grandma?" Debbie asked. She had discovered that Mindy was skipping her independent-study appointments and had grounded her. Mindy carried off the groceries that Debbie had brought home. "My mother still lives in Canyon Country," Debbie told me. Canyon Country, a set of suburbs slightly closer to L.A., was where the Turners lived before they moved to the Antelope Valley. "It's better for kids, I think. Mindy would probably never have got into all this bad stuff there."

"The Antelope Valley sucks!" Mindy called from the kitchen. Debbie and Mindy had been having problems over Debbie's boyfriend, Tom, who, over Mindy's objections, had briefly moved into the Turner household.

Mindy took me to meet her grandparents one evening, in their spotless, triple-wide trailer in Canyon Country. While Mindy darted in and out of the living room, playing on her grandfather's computer—in this house she seemed suddenly about ten years younger, as if she had magically regressed to a calmer, more constrained, less sexualized, less bored self—I talked to



Darius Houston: A half-black, half



ck, half-white kid in a largely white town, he found in the Sharps a complete, ready-made aesthetic and way of life.

Pearl, her grandmother, who was originally from Nebraska. She was decorous and candid as she described her concerns about Mindy's future. Pearl, who used to be a bookkeeper, now does fancy cake decorating and has been married to Jerry, her third husband, for twenty-one years. When he came in, he kissed Mindy and told her the computer she was playing on was going to be hers. He was getting a new one, and all kids needed a computer at home nowadays.

Looking after her as she skipped back to her new toy, he said, "Mindy is probably the biggest frustration I have in my life now. I feel bad that I haven't been more of an influence on her." He told me, in strong language, his feelings about Jaxon and his racist beliefs; I could see how he would have made a very strict guardian. I tried to picture Mindy living with her grandparents, but could picture only a great clash and meltdown.

"The problem is, society requires both parents to work," Pearl said. "Single parents also have to work. So kids are left to raise themselves. That's why they have no respect, no discipline. There's no one to teach them how to care, how to love, how to live. So they form these groups, and, right or wrong, those are their families."

Various Sharps and N.L.R.s had told me the same thing, of course. But it was

sadder to hear it from a consummate grandmother in her big, clean, cozy mobile home.

A WILLOWY ice-blond sixteen-year-old girl named Ronda Hardin, who was loosely associated with the Nazi Low Riders, once unnerved me by talking, in a breathy, high, almost reverential voice, about "my hatred." She smiled faintly when she said it, and yet the frame around everything she said, I thought, was a sense of loss—loss of a marginal color-caste privilege that, in her mind, was supposed to keep black people beneath her socially and, in that way, somehow prevent the worst from happening to her. Because she lacked that reassurance, her beloved hatred seemed to be a main prop of her self-respect.

On the night of March 9, 1996, Ronda was in a little brown tract house on East Avenue J-4 in Lancaster. I've heard at least two dozen versions of what happened that night, but a few facts are undisputed. The Sharps were having a party. There were roughly fifty kids there, most of them white, not all of them antiracists. A keg of beer was flowing. Darius, who was drunk, got into a dispute in the kitchen with Ronda, who was wearing a bomber jacket with a Confederate-flag patch on one sleeve. The dispute may have been over the

patch. Darius may have choked Ronda. In any case, Ronda fled. After another boy tried to defend her and got beaten up by the Sharps, Ronda, who had gone to the Malones' house and told the N.L.R.s what happened, went back to the party with Tim and Jeff Malone.

The boys went inside. Ronda remained in the car. A confrontation took place almost immediately, not far from the front door. Jeff Malone, a quiet nineteen-year-old whose gang name was Demon, waved a knife at a girl who approached him. She later said she had been trying to warn him to leave. Darius, standing in a knot of his friends, threw a cup of beer at Tim Malone. One of the Malones challenged Darius. The N.L.R.s were standing in close formation, their backs against a living-room wall. Darius ran toward them, a knife in his right hand. With his first thrust, he stabbed Jeff Malone through the heart. Jeff fell. His friends dragged him out the door.

Ronda ran to a neighbor's to phone the police. Jeff's friends drove him to the hospital. On the way, they tried to stop the bleeding. Tim was slapping his brother hard in the face, shouting, "Breathe! Breathe!" To the driver, he yelled, "Run this light! Go! Go!" It was only a few minutes' drive to Antelope Valley Hospital. By the time they got there, Jeff's body was cold. They carried him inside. He was pronounced dead an hour later.

"HOMEBOY deserved it," Johnny Suttle, the Sharps' ethicist, said. "He shouldn't have come to that party. He wasn't invited."

Johnny himself wasn't at the party. He was at Taco Bell, working. But he heard about the stabbing soon after it happened, and he helped direct the Sharps' flurry of subsequent moves. A group of Sharps had bundled Darius away. They drove first to a cemetery behind Antelope Valley High, and there they all spat on the bloody knife and buried it under a bush. Next, they went to a park and cleaned up Darius, whose clothes and arms were covered with blood. Then, unaware that Jeff was dead, they dispersed for the night.



But the news was soon flying around town. Jacob Kroeger, the fresh-cut Sharp, was lying in bed a couple of hours later when he got a phone call. He jumped up and woke his mother, brother, and sister. Within minutes, they had packed their bags and moved to his grandmother's house. Some of Darius's relatives were also on the move before daybreak. N.L.R. death threats were already in the air.

Johnny called the police in the morning, and he liked what he heard. The police had interviewed a number of witnesses, and to them the killing sounded like self-defense. Johnny, who knew where Darius was hiding, agreed to bring him in for questioning. He did so, and Darius was questioned but not arrested. Darius then went deeper into hiding, with some relatives in Orange County.

The killing became a crossroads of sorts for the Sharps. Johnny took a hard line. "We gotta get more aggressive now," he told me. "You always gotta show the boneheads you're crazier than they are. That's the only way they won't fuck with you. If you punk it and run, you're finished."

Jacob, on the other hand, decided to let his hair grow out—"to hang up my boots and braces," as he put it. When I asked him why, he looked nonplussed. "Why? Death, that's why," he said. "This is just not a win-win situation." His friends understood, he said. He would still back them up. He just wouldn't claim skinhead. Like many Sharps (and ex-Sharps), Jacob was angry at Darius. "Why did he do it? He had no right to play God, to take another man's life. And now we all have to lie low. We can't go out and get drunk, like we used to. We just have to stay in our houses and watch for boneheads."

Jacob's house was actually empty. As the Sharps' old hangout, it was now too dangerous to live in. In fact, less than a week after the killing Jacob's entire family moved to Utah, where his mother's boyfriend had relatives.

The Sharps as a group seemed intent on putting Jeff Malone's death behind them as fast as possible. They joked about "that killer party," and soon began referring glibly to "the time Darius shanked that fool."

Natalie Blacker, the college-bound feminist whom Mindy admired, had been at the fateful party, talking to Darius, just before the trouble started. "It's so terrible," she told me. "Darius has so much poten-



"I don't have lunch. I have people who do that for me."

tial." She had mixed feelings about her friend Christina's reaction to the tragedy. Christina, who, as Darius's girlfriend, was now in real peril, had chosen not to lie low. She still went to school, still worked in a shop on Lancaster's main drag. She talked to Darius on the phone regularly, and drove down to see him every chance she got. "I mean, it's great that she's so loyal," Natalie said. "But girls around here can be too loyal. Sometimes it's like Christina doesn't realize that he killed someone."

MINDY realized it, and she was devastated. We were sitting in the Hang 'n Java coffeehouse, in Lancaster, a week after the killing, and she could not seem to take her eyes off the floor. "I keep thinking about this one time with Jeff," she said. Her voice was low and dull. "It wasn't that long ago. We were at a party, and he was on a trampoline, just jumping up and down, and he was so happy. We

went back to my house, and he was hungry, and all I could find was a can of pork and beans. He wouldn't even let me heat it up for him. He just ate it cold. I can't get that out of my mind."

The Malones were about to bury Jeff, but Mindy was not invited to the funeral. "They should think about what Jeff would want," she said. "Jeff would want me there. But I'm not a Nazi, so I'm not welcome." She sighed. "I think I'll go buy this Danzig CD Jeff liked and listen to it while they're having the funeral. One of his favorite songs is on there. He sang it to me one time when we were lying on his bed. I had such a crush on him. He always had a crush on me, too. I remember one night lying on the roof of his house, just rubbing Jeff's head until we both passed out."

Tears were trickling down Mindy's cheeks. We sat and sipped coffee in silence for a couple of minutes.

"The N.L.R.s will never forgive me

for saying Darius was fine," Mindy said suddenly. "It was true, though—he really was good-looking. But I've lost all respect for him now. If I saw him, I wouldn't even talk to him. I would just give him a dirty look."

After a few minutes' reflection, she went on, "I don't want to go back to being a bonehead. I don't want to have a label on me. But Tim says I already have one. He says I'm a 'gang-hopper.'"

It was news to me that Mindy was talking to Tim Malone. As it happened, Tim had just told me that the N.L.R.s were on strict orders to do nothing. The police were watching them, he said, expecting them to retaliate against the Sharps. This ceasefire might mean that Mindy herself was safe, at least temporarily, I thought—a hopeful possibility that I mentioned to her. She thought about it but seemed uncomfortable.

Two burly young men had come into the coffeehouse and were standing behind Mindy. Both wore baseball caps, and both had goatees. I watched them idly, wondering if they were boneheads. Then, as they began to walk past us, one of them turned and gave me a startling look right in the face. It was a practiced, frightening, prison-yard challenge. I had never seen the guy before, but I now had no doubt that he was a neo-Nazi. He kept walking. The skin on the back of my neck was crawling. I was so distracted that I suggested we leave, and we did. Mindy, who hadn't noticed a thing, said she wanted to go home and finish a poem she had been working on for Mrs. Malone.

WHEN I asked Tim Malone how his mother was taking Jeff's death, he said, "Like she should. Hard and dry."

That wasn't true, I found, when I talked to her. Mrs. Malone was tearful and despondent, and was wishing aloud that she had never moved her family to the Antelope Valley. "I wanted to get Tim away from the gangs in Montclair," she said. "But there are bad influences here, too, and my boys have gotten under their wing, and I'm hardly ever home to protect them." She knew almost no one in the Valley, she said, and added, "But I've met more people in the last few days—people just calling up to offer condolences—than I'd met in the three years before this happened."

Even Heather Michaels, one of the

fiercest N.L.R.s, wasn't "hard and dry" when we spoke. "They didn't want no trouble," she said, meaning, improbably, the N.L.R.s who had rushed to the party that night. "If they wanted trouble, they would've taken guns. They thought there was just five or ten Sharps there. Then they get there, turns out it's like fifty or a hundred Sharps." Heather's eyes welled at the thought. "If one of us had killed this nigger, or even stabbed him, we'd all be locked up."

Tim Malone said the same thing, calling the police treatment of Darius "reverse discrimination." He and Chris Runge and I were standing in the Malones' front yard. It was a sunny afternoon. Both of them were bare-chested and wore boots and jeans.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and tenfold," Chris intoned. "Darius will get a lot worse than what Jeff got."

"That's right, brother," Tim said. To me, he said, "You know, we didn't expect Darius to be there. Because he usually runs if he thinks we might be coming."

I asked what had happened.

"We saw him in there, standing with his friends, and when he saw us he started bouncing up and down." Tim demonstrated. I had seen Darius do that fighter's bounce, during the melee at the oi show in San Bernardino. "Then somebody offered me a beer, and when I went to take it Darius threw a cup of beer at me. I caught it, threw it down, and called him on." Tim demonstrated his quick reactions, his forceful challenge. "'Come on, nigger, let's go! Right now!' Then I spit in his face."

Nobody else had remembered the scene this way.

"Then four guys rushed me, and Darius came in behind them, low, and reached around me and stuck Jeff. I saw it go in. It was a pocketknife, with a black handle. Jeff didn't even know he'd been stuck. Then he looked down at his shirt and saw it. He went, 'Fuck you, nigger!'" Tim imitated Jeff crouching, both middle fingers raised before him like guns. Again, nobody else remembered anything like this. "We dragged him to the car, and we beat the shit out of him on the way to the hospital. 'Wake the fuck up!' But he died before we got there."

We stood and watched the traffic pass. I asked if Jeff had said anything in the car. "No," Tim said. "But I know what

he would have said: 'Get that nigger!'"

Tim and Chris looked at each other, their shaved heads slowly nodding.

I FOUND Darius somewhere in the suburban wilderness of Orange County. We met at a Taco Bell. Christina and a Palmdale skinhead named Juan were also there. Juan had been in the group that spirited Darius away from the party after the killing. Darius looked much the same—a little warier, less abashed, slightly exhilarated. We had talked on the phone a few days before, and I had asked how he felt. "I'm going to be more mellow," he had said. "I was sick the first couple of days. I haven't felt that feeling since my parents died. Some people probably get off on it, and some people don't like it. I don't like it. It's weird. You've taken somebody's life, and they're never coming back on this earth. At the same time, you feel happy, because he was, like, your enemy."

I ran Tim Malone's version of the killing past Darius and Juan. When I got to the part about Jeff's noticing he had been stabbed, throwing up his middle fingers in defiance, and bellowing "Fuck you, nigger!" Juan and Darius gaped.

"He did what?" Juan said.

I told them again.

Juan and Darius looked at each other. Darius laughed. Juan shrugged. "O.K.," Juan said. "They want to go out in a blaze of glory. That's cool. They can have their story."

In Darius's version, the boneheads had arrived with two knives. Darius had kicked one of them loose and then picked it up. That was the knife he had used to stab Jeff. None of the other witnesses I interviewed had seen this kick, or anything like it. Darius, I thought, didn't look abashed enough as he told this story.

Sitting in that Taco Bell and talking to the boys, I watched Christina from the corner of my eye. She fidgeted, checked her watch, said nothing. I noticed her studying Darius, her expression both cool and oddly contented. This fugitive skinhead was her main project now, even the center of her life. Other kids in the Antelope Valley were starting to talk about her with awe: her black boyfriend killed a bonehead; he was in hiding; she stuck by him, defying her parents. It was a romantic role, far larger than ordinary Valley teen-age life.

After Christina and Juan set off on



the long drive back to the Valley, Darius took me to meet some new friends he had made. "It's a good thing I cliqued up with some other heads," he said. "Because Huntington Beach is just a few miles from here, and that's where the O.C. Skins are from. I need people to watch my back."

Darius's friends lived in a vast low-rise apartment complex. We passed through an empty white brick foyer and were buzzed into a courtyard that seemed to ramble on for blocks—through plots of grass and stands of tattered bamboo, past a lighted swimming pool, around a thousand plastic tricycles and abandoned toys. All the ground-floor apartments had sliding glass doors without curtains. Behind them, virtually in public, people watched TV, ate sushi, and scratched their bellies, oblivious of path traffic like us. There were Asians, Latinos, blacks, whites, bikers, yuppies, buppies, old Samoans, young Cambodians. It was a Free Unity world, I thought. It felt like a vision of the next American century: ramshackle, multiracial, cut-rate. White supremacists, it struck me, fear the future for a reason: it's going to be strange and very complicated.

Darius's friends weren't there, but some other guys were, and they let us in. They looked like skaters. Two were white. One was Asian. They were smoking a bong, listening to music. Darius and I sat on a couch to one side and talked. He was staying with one of his three half brothers, not far away, he said. He was thinking about moving to Germany. First, though, he was going to enroll in the local community college to learn German. Then he thought he might join the Navy. In the meantime, he thought Christina should move down here. It was too dangerous for her in the Antelope Valley now.

THE first time I talked to the Lancaster prosecutor in charge of investigating Jeff Malone's death, he shared with me his feelings about gang killings in general. "I say lock 'em all up in a room and prosecute the survivor," he said. I took this to mean that Darius did not have to fear prosecution.

Later, when a decision was officially made not to prosecute, the same assistant district attorney explained his reasoning to me. The victim and his friends had gone to a house where a hostile or op-

posing gang was having a party. The victim had a knife. He attacked Mr. Houston. Mr. Houston's claim that the knife he used belonged to the victim or to the victim's friends was not credible. But it was not illegal for him to possess that knife inside that house. There were conflicting eyewitness versions of the attack. It was certainly not a particularly vicious attack. The fact that a single knife thrust had killed the victim was simply bad luck. The crucial question for the prosecution was whether a jury could be persuaded that the killing had not been self-defense. That seemed unlikely. The victim was a Nazi skinhead, who would not be viewed sympathetically. Mr. Houston was on his own turf, minding his own business. "I'm not saying Mr. Houston is a great guy," the prosecutor concluded. "He's not. He's a jerk. You need to call me in about six months to see if he is still alive. I do not believe he will be."

To the Malone family's bitter contention that it was really because Jeff was a skinhead from a poor family that no

one would be prosecuted for his death, I could think of no rejoinder. It was true.

SO families flee the city for far-flung suburbs, but the evils they hope to escape—drugs, gangs, violent crime—flourish wherever they land. Why? I kept recalling Mindy's grandmother's remark about how kids were being left to raise themselves. If most parents must work outside the home, the obvious institution to take up the caretaking slack is the school. There are American communities that have begun to reckon with this imperative, but they are a small minority and the Antelope Valley is decidedly not among them. Beverley Louw's attempt at Lancaster High to replace the baroque array of "fragmented subcultures" that students tend to join with an old-fashioned, school-based culture was the exception. And her frustrations arose from more than just her students' academic deficits.

"Everything is in such flux, which unsettles kids," she told me one afternoon in her office. "The homelessness among kids"



"First, we'll look for repressed memories of malpractice suits."

here is just enormous. It's invisible to outsiders, because they don't live on the streets, but they move from place to place, living with friends or relatives or whatever. And lack of supervision is the key, I believe, to most of their problems." Ms. Louw looked out a window onto a windblown parking lot, then went on. "I had a straight-A student commit suicide when I was principal of the continuation school. The kids said she did it on a dare. Her father came to the funeral in a yellow leather suit. I couldn't believe it. *A yellow leather suit.*"

Martha Wengert, a sociologist at Antelope Valley College, said, "This area has grown so fast that neighborhoods are not yet communities. Kids are left with this intense longing for identification." Gangs, race nationalism, and all manner of "beliefs" arose from this longing. I thought of Debbie Turner's inability to comprehend Mindy's enthusiasm for the likes of Charles Manson and Adolf Hitler. "The kids reach out to these historical figures," Dr. Wengert said. "But it's through TV, through comic books, through word-of-mouth. There are no books at home, no ideas, no sense of history." One thing the Valley's young people knew, however, Dr. Wengert said, was that the economic downturn of the nineteen-nineties was not cyclical, that the Cold War was over and the aerospace and defense jobs were not coming back. ♦

NATIONAL LOTTO

Lorenzo Lotto, the restless cinquecento painter whom Giorgio Vasari damned with faint praise in his "Lives of the Artists," is experiencing a renaissance of his own these days. Fifty of his works, mostly portraits and religious commissions executed during far-flung sojourns (to Bergamo, Treviso, the Marches), have arrived on these shores for the first time and are on exhibit at the National Gallery, in Washington, through March 1st. "Lorenzo Lotto," Peter Humfrey's assessment (just published by Yale), extends the favorable modern view of the itinerant painter: craggy, intimate, at once deeply religious and unflaggingly original, but, above all—as can be seen in his "Virgin and Child with Saints Ignatius of Antioch and Onophrius"—a humane portraitist who can hold his own among the Old Masters.





1998 AALDEF Lunar New Year Celebration

THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
12-12-97

Copied
Ichaneeste
COS

4696 The Year Of The Tiger

JUSTICE IN ACTION

Bill Lann Lee

Western Regional Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense &
Educational Fund

Nickelodeon

The Mystery Files of Shelby Woo
starring Irene Ng and Pat Morita

THURSDAY,
FEBRUARY 5, 1998

WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

One World Trade Center
105th Floor

6:00 p.m. Reception

7:00 p.m. Dinner

RSVP by January 23, 1998

Reply Card Enclosed

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Sent to
Jake Siewert

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date 12/12

To: Jake

From: The Staff Secretary

DGA has asked for this message
from the President for the program
for the annual \$ dinner. We've done
it in the past. Can you let me
know what you think — especially
the rhetoric + facts in the
3rd H.

Thanks, Phil

As a former Chairman of the Democratic Governors Association, it gives me great pleasure to honor and support our nation's Democratic Governors and the DGA.

Working closely with the Democratic Governors, my Administration has accomplished a great deal in the past five years. We have reformed welfare, extended health insurance to millions of children who had none, increased our investments in education, reduced crime, and kept our economy growing. On each of these important issues, Democratic Governors have helped to frame the national debate and provided examples of successful innovations already in the place in their states.

But there is still much work ahead of us. We have allocated \$24 billion for children's health; now it is up to Governors to design programs that invest the money wisely. We have put more money into education, but it will be the Governors who make sure this money is used effectively and efficiently. We have committed our nation to cleaning up our environment, but much of that work must be carried out by the states, as well. And we have refined in a historic way the relationship between the federal government and the states. Now, Americans look to the Governors for the leadership to ensure that this new partnership improves the quality of life for all our people.

State government is more important than ever before. That is why we must elect Democratic Governors to lead the state as we enter a new millennium. In 1998, 36 state -- including the eight largest states -- will elect Governors. Those states are home to more than 75 percent of our nation's citizens. The elections of 1998 provide us the opportunity to regain a majority of Governors' offices and to bring to some of our largest states the enlightened leadership that our current Democratic Governors have demonstrated.

I hope you will join me in pledging support to the Democratic Governors and the DGA for this important election year.



DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS' ASSOCIATION

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Governor Howard Dean, M.D.
Vermont
Chair

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Puerto Rico
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Nevada

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Kentucky

Governor Roy Romer
Colorado

Katherine Whelan
Executive Director

TO:

CRAIG SMITH
JOHN PODESTA
MICKEY IBARRA
FRED DUVAL

FROM:

KATIE WHEALN

CC:

KIM CUBINE

RE:

1998 GOVERNORS' DINNER INVITATION

DATE:

December 4, 1997

Following for your review is a draft statement from President Clinton to be included in the invitation to the 1998 Democratic Governors' Association Annual Governors Dinner to be held Monday, February 23, 1998 at the Washington Convention Center. Typically the message from the President appears on the inside left cover of the invitation.

Thank you for your prompt attention to this request. We would like your approval by close of business on Friday, December 5, 1997.

Phil [Signature]
for review
1997 DEC 04 AM 11:2

DRAFT STATEMENT FOR DGA DINNER PRINTED INVITATION:

As a former Chairman of the Democratic Governors' Association, it gives me great pleasure to honor and support our nation's Democratic Governors and the DGA.

Working closely with the Democratic Governors, ^{my Administration has} ~~we have~~ accomplished a lot in the past five years. We have reformed welfare, extended health insurance to millions of children who ~~had none,~~ ^{had none,} previously ~~were not covered,~~ increased our investments in education, reduced crime and kept our economy growing. On each of these important issues, Democratic Governors have helped to frame the national debate and provided examples of successful innovations already in place in their states.

But there is still much work ^{ahead of us.} ~~to be done.~~ We've allocated \$24 billion for children's health; now it's up to Governors to design programs that invest that money wisely. We've put more money into education, but it will be the Governors who make sure this money is used effectively and ^{efficiently.} ~~efficiently.~~ We have committed our nation to cleaning up our environment, but much of the work ^{must} ~~to do that~~ will be carried out ^{by} ~~in the states.~~ And we have redefined in a historic way the ^{for} ~~relationship~~ between the federal government and the states. Now the Governors ^{can} ~~can~~ provide the leadership to ^{ensure that} ~~make sure~~ this new partnership improves the quality of life ^{for all our people.} ~~of all Americans.~~

State government is more important than ever before. That's why ^{we must} ~~it is important to~~ elect Democratic Governors to lead the states as we enter a new millennium. ~~We have much work to do there also.~~ In 1998, 36 states -- including the eight largest states -- will elect Governors. Those states are home to more than 75 percent of our nation's citizens. The elections of 1998 provide us the opportunity to regain a majority of the ~~nation's~~ Governors' offices and to bring to some of our largest states the enlightened leadership that our current Democratic Governors have demonstrated.

^{I hope you will join me in pledging} ~~It is my pleasure to pledge my support to the Democratic Governors and the DGA for this important election year. I hope you will join me in saluting and supporting our Democratic~~ ~~Governors.~~

--President Bill Clinton--

12/10

But -

The edits to the DGA message.

^{Don}
(We wouldn't normally cap "Governor" throughout but stretched the guideline here given the audience.)



DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS' ASSOCIATION

'97 DEC 10 AM 11:41

M E M O R A N D U M

Governor Howard Dean, M.D.
Vermont
Chair

TO:

CRAIG SMITH
JOHN PODESTA
MICKEY IBARRA
FRED DUVAL

Governor Pedro Rosselló, M.D.
Puerto Rico
Vice Chair

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

FROM:

KATIE WHEALN

Governor Mel Carnahan
Missouri

CC:

KIM CUBINE

Governor Tom Carper
Delaware

RE:

1998 GOVERNORS' DINNER INVITATION

Governor Lawton Chiles
Florida

DATE:

December 4, 1997

Governor Parris N. Glendening
Maryland

Governor Bob Miller
Nevada

Governor Paul Patton
Kentucky

Governor Roy Romer
Colorado

Katherine Whelan
Executive Director

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Thank you for your prompt attention to this request. We would like your approval by close of business on Friday, December 5, 1997.

Phil Whelan
for review
'97 DEC 10 AM 11:27

*1 copy
for Phil*

*Don
As discussed
Phil 12/9*

DRAFT STATEMENT FOR DGA DINNER PRINTED INVITATION:

As a former Chairman of the Democratic Governors' Association, it gives me great pleasure to honor and support our nation's Democratic Governors and the DGA.

Working closely with the Democratic Governors, we have accomplished a lot in the past five years. We have reformed welfare, extended health insurance to millions of children who previously were not covered, increased our investments in education, reduced crime and kept our economy growing. On each of these important issues, Democratic Governors have helped to frame the national debate and provided examples of successful innovations already in place in their states.

But there is still much work to be done. We've allocated \$24 billion for children's health; now it's up to Governors to design programs that invest that money wisely. We've put more money into education, but it will be the Governors who make sure this money is used effectively and efficiently. We have committed our nation to cleaning up our environment, but much of the work to do that will be carried out in the states. And we have redefined in a historic way the relationship between the federal government and the states. Now the Governors can provide the leadership to make sure this new partnership improves the quality of life of all Americans.

State government is more important than ever before. That's why it is important to elect Democratic Governors to lead the states as we enter a new millenium. We have much work to do there also. In 1998, 36 states -- including the eight largest states -- will elect Governors. Those states are home to more than 75 percent of our nation's citizens. The elections of 1998 provide us the opportunity to regain a majority of the nation's Governors' offices and to bring to some of our largest states the enlightened leadership that our current Democratic Governors have demonstrated.

It is my pleasure to pledge my support to the Democratic Governors and the DGA for this important election year. I hope you will join me in saluting and supporting our Democratic Governors.

--President Bill Clinton

*to Phil Caplan
from Fred Duvar*

AS A FORMER CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS' ASSOCIATION, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO JOIN YOU IN HONORING OUR NATION'S DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS AND THE DGA.

WE HAVE MUCH TO CELEBRATE AS WE GATHER HERE TONIGHT. FIVE OF OUR INCUMBENT DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS WON RE-ELECTION LAST YEAR, AND NEW DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS WERE ELECTED IN INDIANA, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND WASHINGTON.

THESE SUCCESSES, AND OUR VICTORY IN THE NATIONAL ELECTION, PROVE THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WANT THE KIND OF STRONG LEADERSHIP AND INNOVATION DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS DEMONSTRATE IN THEIR STATES. DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS HAVE WORKED HARD TO IMPROVE THE LIVES OF WORKING FAMILIES, TO PROTECT OUR INVESTMENTS IN EDUCATION AND THE ENVIRONMENT, TO PROVIDE HEALTH CARE TO THOSE IN NEED, TO REFORM WELFARE AND STREAMLINE GOVERNMENT, AND TO IMPROVE THE ECONOMY IN THEIR STATES. AND OUR DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS HAVE DONE THIS BY STRESSING THE VALUES WE HOLD IN COMMON.

I AM CONFIDENT THAT DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS WILL CONTINUE TO CHART A COURSE OF INNOVATION AND INCLUSION, BRINGING PEOPLE TOGETHER TO ADDRESS THE CHALLENGES OF THE FUTURE. AMONG OUR DEMOCRATIC GROUPS, THE DGA HAS LONG BEEN A LEADER IN STAGING POLICY FORUMS THAT MOVE FRESH IDEAS TO THE FOREFRONT OF THE NATIONAL DEBATE. THANK YOU FOR HELPING TO MAKE THIS CELEBRATION POSSIBLE. I AM PLEASED TO JOIN YOU IN SALUTING MY FRIENDS AND VALUED FORMER COLLEAGUES, THE NATION'S DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS.

—PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON
FEBRUARY 3, 1997

*As a former Governor
and a past chairman of the
Democratic Governors
Association I have had the
wonderful opportunity to get
to know and work with the
nation's Democratic
Governors and the DGA.*

*Democratic Governors' strong
leadership and bold initia-
tives have charted a new
course for our nation and
the DGA's policy forums have
pushed new ideas to the fore-
front of our national debate.*

*Close to the people they gov-
ern, Democratic Governors
see the results of their good
work every day as the lives
of millions of Americans
improve.*

*I am one whose life also
has been blessed by my
close association with the
Governors whose stalwart
support and wise counsel I
will always value.*

President Bill Clinton

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1995 Invitation Text Reads:

"As a former Governor and a past chairman of the Democratic Governors' Association, I have had the wonderful opportunity to get to know and work with the nation's Democratic Governors' and the DGA."

"Democratic Governors' strong leadership and bold initiatives have charted a new course for our nation, and the DGA's policy forums have pushed new ideas to the forefront of our national debate."

"Close to the people they govern, Democratic Governors see the results of their good work every day as the lives of millions of Americans improve."

"I am one of those whoses life has been blessed by my close association with the Governors, whose stalwart support and wise counsel I will always value."

-President Bill Clinton



● Sara M. Latham

12/05/97 09:49:43 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Phillip Caplan/WHO/EOP
cc: Jennifer M. Palmieri/WHO/EOP
Subject: Cong. Coyne

Surprise, surprise, check out this address:

James Coyne
President, National Air Transportation Association
4226 King St.
Alexandria, VA 22302

he asked if he could draft a letter, I said no thanks - so then he asked if letter could mention work of Cong. Lapinski and Cong. Duncan, committee co-chairs.....

thanks

NO

12-12-97

Don-

Can you draft a letter
along with red line to former
Congressman Coyne...

Your hand with an passage of the bill...

"Pleasant to enclose ... thanks for

I'd like to see it

Thanks,
Phil

Children's Emergency Shelter

3015 S. 14th
Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901
501/783-0018
Fax 501/783-1873



Linda Irvin, Administrator

December 10, 1997

President Bill Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania
Washington, D.C.

Attention: Nancy Herrreich

RE: Funding Crisis For Our Children's Shelter

Dear Nancy:

Fort Smith Children's Emergency Shelter opened October 28, 1997 without a Federal contract for services to fund its operation. The Board of Directors chose to open prior to January 1st contract period, because they wanted to provide shelter immediately to children and prevent them from being transported to a shelter almost two hours away. By making that decision they helped more than 18 children by leaving them in their hometown and keeping them in their familiar schools, churches, and activities.

November 26, 1997, we received our first letter of acknowledgment that we were selected for funding by the Arkansas Department of Human Services, Division of Children and Family Services. The contract period will be from January 1st through June 30th, 1998. Our "anticipated maximum liability is \$50,000". This allocation was disproportionate to other shelters in the state and is one-fourth to one-half of what the average shelter receives statewide for our same services. A shelter in Magnolia, AR with the capacity of 12 will receive \$99,050.77. Our licensed capacity is 24!

I discussed this problem with Pat Page, Administrator of Contracts Management Unit, in Little Rock. She said, "Federal budget cuts reduced funding to all emergency shelters statewide. Other shelters in the state were funded first and because of the funding cuts, Fort Smith Children's Emergency Shelter initially was not going to be funded this round." But, Ms. Page did locate \$50,000. for this period. I asked her why we were not funded the portion that was previously allocated to other shelters who sheltered our children in the last contract year? She said, "Other shelter's budget would suffer." Because of the geographical distributions of services statewide, children from our community and adjacent counties will be transported to other emergency shelters and we will have empty beds. This makes no sense what so ever!

See
Hoss
12-11-97
TO BURKHARDT
FOR REPLY?
YES _____
NO _____
Agency
Union

A letter sent by Hillary Clinton, October 28, 1997, and read at our open house said, "A nation's greatest resource is it's people, especially it's children." We want to keep our resources in our community, to comfort and love them through the pain and suffering they are going through.

Many individuals have worked long and hard for the past three years to raise the money to build the building, because we knew there was a need. The new facility does not have a mortgage on it. The building was dedicated October 28, 1997 and opened the next day. Within 12 hours we received our first child.

We had been led to believe that since DHS would be referring the majority of children, (where children were being sent to N. W. Arkansas), that state funding would be allocated to us. State officials have long known of the shelter during construction, and seemed extremely pleased that it was going to open. We have kept them informed of our progress, and our target date to open, and are very surprised that we were not considered in their funding budget for 1998.

If the need is there, we can't understand why there is not funding for it.

What we are requesting is:

- interface with Governor Huckabee's office to assist us with the current contract period,
- a realistic proportion statewide allocation each contract period,
- nationally to budget Arkansas with additional funding to Children and Family Services, and to
- assist us with location of addition funding through grants or foundations.

We appreciate your willingness to look at our problem and hope you will see our need to keep children in their own community.

Sincerely,



Linda Irvin
Administrator

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 28, 1997

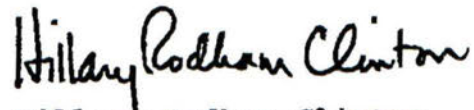
Dear Friends:

I am pleased to have this opportunity to send greetings to each of you celebrating the opening of the Children's Emergency Shelter in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

A nation's greatest resource is its people, especially its children. I am grateful for individuals like you who are committed to protecting and promoting the well-being of children and their families. The services that will be provided by the Children's Emergency Shelter will not only improve the quality of life for the child, but strengthen the family and community as well. Your efforts are commendable. It is my hope that your hard work and dedication will inspire people across our nation to nurture and support our nation's children.

Please accept my best wishes for a wonderful celebration.

Sincerely yours,


Hillary Rodham Clinton

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 27, 1997

Warm greetings to everyone gathered for the dedication of the Fort Smith Children's Emergency Shelter.

Children are our nation's greatest hope and most profound responsibility. Only when our young people are provided with the best care possible can we truly say we are prepared for the challenges of the 21st century. Unfortunately, too many of our children face great obstacles in reaching their full potential. Whether abused, homeless, or living with alcoholic or addictive parents, these children are in need of our help. We must all work together -- families, schools, government, and community and religious organizations -- to ensure that every child grows up in a safe and nurturing environment, and I stand with you in this endeavor.

I am heartened to know that, by offering a broad range of services and providing a safe haven and loving attention to children who cannot remain in their own homes, the Fort Smith Children's Emergency Shelter will make a real difference in the lives of some of Arkansas' most vulnerable children. I commend you for your dedication to reducing the critical problems of child abuse and neglect, and I thank you for putting the needs of our youth first.

Hillary and I extend best wishes for a memorable celebration and for every future success.

Bill Clinton

for all White House fund-raising documents had been subpoenaed.

Kearney details the president's schedule, summarizes news items and records

House. And he referred to a fund-raiser attended by Clinton as "another one of those events where people come through the back door."

Though the accusations gained steam after the election and prompted several investigations, Congress and Clinton have not changed the fund-raising system.

swap. Deposit Guaranty operates in Fort Smith as Deposit Guaranty National Bank, with main downtown office and five branch locations.

Children's shelter faces funding shortage

BY PAM SMITH
TIMES RECORD

The Fort Smith Children's Emergency Shelter will be starting the new year uncertain how long it can operate, according to Phillip Merry, foundation chairman and shelter board member.

Merry said the Arkansas Department of Human Services notified Shelter Director Linda Irvin approximately 10 days ago that they would only be able to provide \$50,000 to the facility, rather than the approximately \$100,000 the shelter board was led to believe would receive.

"While we're most appreciative of what the state gives us, this was a surprise and it causes much concern," Merry said.

The state funding, which is for the first six months of 1997, is vital to the operation of the facility, Merry explained, and amounts to approximately 40 percent of the shelter's annual budget. In addition to the state funds, the shelter's

operation depends on private donations and in-kind help, or donations of items rather than money.

Irvin said she is aware of one other shelter in Arkansas, which is smaller than the local shelter, that received \$99,000 for a six-month period. "It's a lot of politics and the children are losing," Irvin said.

One source of additional funding is the Times Record Community Christmas Card. The Times Record will be donating money received from readers to the Children's Emergency Shelter.

"Because a family service like the shelter cannot receive United Way fund support during its first year, this newspaper and its readers are trying to help through this year's Community Christmas Card," said Jack Moseley, Times Record editor. "It seems cruel to me for the state to not provide the kind of support it had indicated it would, especially when the governor is talking about making government service family-friendly. I

can think of nothing more unfriendly than forcing a caring facility, built by the caring people of this community, to face possible closure before it really gets started. That would force the separation of children from their families and familiar surroundings. I hope the governor will get personally involved," Moseley said.

The Children's Emergency Shelter provides a haven for children ages 6 to 17 who have been separated from their parents because of an accident, illness or some other emergency. Before the shelter was established, the children were taken to Russellville or Little Rock.

The facility can accommodate up to 15 children at a time, and is a 90-day temporary home for children until their parents return home, or foster care is provided.

Since the facility opened in October, more than 17 children have benefited.

Merry said everyone involved with the shelter took a "leap of faith" by getting it started in the fourth quarter of 1997. "One option

of the board was to wait (to open) until January until the state money would flow, but we decided to open sooner because we felt the need was there. My heart warms over and I'm glad we did," Merry said.

"After the first of the year, those private donations will run low, and we're at the mercy of the community to fill in the gaps," Merry said. Merry urges readers who have ties to the state bureaucracy to plead for more money from the state.

"People can write to their legislators of choice or the DHS, any outcry of help or support is much needed," Merry said. "The Southwest Times Record Christmas Card was a godsend, it is very much appreciated."

Merry said the shelter board has been trying to determine the best way to go about acquiring further assistance.

Donations may be made to the Times Record Community Christmas Card, any First National Bank location, or by contacting the shelter at 783-0018.



JAMIE MITCHELL / TIMES RECORD

Ann Wilson, director of services at the Children's Emergency Shelter, arranges donations Tuesday on the central Christmas tree.

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appeared in
12-10-97 SWTR
area
newspaper



Who is taking care of the children?



The new

Children's Emergency Shelter

3015 South 14th
Fort Smith

Children involved in a crisis need loving support and help. The Children's Emergency Shelter embraces the needs of these children to help them through their time of darkness. Here are two ways you too can participate in the lives of these children.

1. Make a donation:

2. See the new shelter:

Gift Coupon for the Children's Emergency Shelter

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Phone _____

Donation Level

Public

Helping hand	\$20 - \$100
Extra Support	\$101 - \$1,000
Kids Are Everything	\$1,001 - \$5,000
It Can Be Done	\$5,001 - \$20,000
Make It Happen	\$20,000+
Other Amount	\$ _____

☐ Contact me to donate:
Clothing, toys, etc.

☐ Contact me. I will volunteer.

Mail to : Children's Emergency Shelter
3015 South 14th St.
Fort Smith, AR 72901
(501) 783-0018

Open House

Tuesday, October 28th
1-6 p.m.

3015 South 14th

TOTAL P. 017



FACSIMILE MESSAGE FORM

Rebsamen Insurance
620 South 21st Street
P.O. Box 1585
Fort Smith, AR 72902

Facsimile: (501) 785-3228
Telephone: (501) 785-5222

To (Company)

The White House

Attention of:

Nancy Herrreich

Location/Branch

Wash DC

Facsimile Number

1-202-456-6703

Date:

12/10/97

Cover Page

6

Pages

Senders Name

Anthony D. Herrreich

Subject:

Children's Emergency Shelter - funding crisis.

Message:

Dear Nancy:

How are you? Super I hope! Here's fax as requested incline of the Director's synopsis of the problem and the needs along with the newspaper article from a.m.

I serve on this board and chair its "Foundation" efforts. Please ask Bill & Hillary to help us. Nancy, please advise and help us any way that you possibly can. Congressman And Hutchinson is aware, as well. Governor Huckabee is aware, as well. City directors and Mayor are aware as well.

We're merely trying to keep the children in Ft-Smith when separated by the courts from Mom & or Dad. Please also note copies of the letters Bill & Hillary have sent to this facility, recently.

*Please call me! Respectfully,
D. J. Herrreich*

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

Connecticut Division

50 Roydon Rd., New Ha
Tel/Fax: 203 777-8100 ~ e-m

FAX COVER

12-11-97

TO BURKHARDT
FOR REPLY?

Yes ☒

No ☐

97 DEC 11 AM 10:15

December 10, 1997

Fax: 202 456-6703

To: President William Jefferson Clinton
Attention: Rebecca Cameron

From: Irv Stolberg (friend and President, UNA, Connecticut)

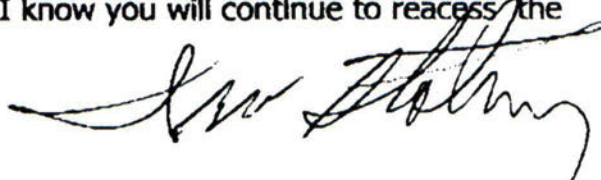
Re: Information on Land Mines Treaty.

I shall continue to urge signing of the Ottawa Treaty. We have not been offered an adequate, reasonable reason for our opposition.

Enclosed: Positions of the Connecticut leadership: Governor Rowland, Senators Dodd and Lieberman; Representatives Gejdenson, DeLauro, Shays, Maloney; Connecticut Senate. Note Democratic and Republican unanimity.

Mr. President, as you prepare to celebrate this Christmas season and the New Year with your wonderful wife and daughter, I know you will continue to reaccess the US position on this issue.

Thank you.



State of



Connecticut

By His Excellency JOHN G. ROWLAND, Governor: an

Official Statement

WHEREAS, it has been estimated that 110 million landmines are currently buried in 64 countries worldwide; and

WHEREAS, landmines do not discriminate; they are killers whose life spans extend beyond the end of armed conflict and hostilities and lay dormant even during times of peace; and

WHEREAS, every year, landmines kill at least 10,000 people and maim another 20,000. More than 80 percent of those killed and injured are innocent civilians - mostly women and children; and

WHEREAS, in Vietnam, landmines were responsible for 33 percent of all United States casualties and 38 percent of all deaths. They also accounted for 34 percent of all U.S. casualties during the Gulf War. Every American military casualty in Bosnia has been the result of a landmine; and

WHEREAS, there are outstanding organizations nationwide currently conducting public awareness campaigns aimed at educating Americans on the importance of U.S. support for an immediate ban on landmines; now

THEREFORE, I, John G. Rowland, Governor of the State of Connecticut, do hereby officially designate November 24, 1997 as LANDMINE AWARENESS DAY in the State of Connecticut. I commend everyone involved in abolishing landmines, as well as all those helping to inform and educate the world of the tragedies and destruction they have caused.

John G. Rowland
GOVERNOR

CHRISTOPHER J. DODD
CONNECTICUT

COMMITTEES

BANKING, HOUSING, AND
URBAN AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

LABOR AND HUMAN RESOURCES

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, DC 20510-0702

WASHINGTON OFFICE
644 RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING
(202) 224-2823
TDD (202) 224-5484

STATE OFFICE
100 GREAT MEADOW ROAD
WETHERFIELD, CT 06109
(860) 258-8940
TDD (860) 529-7498

EMAIL: SEN DODD@DODD.SENATE.GOV
Home Page: www.senate.gov/~dodd

November 24, 1997

The Ban Bus
State Capitol
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Friends:

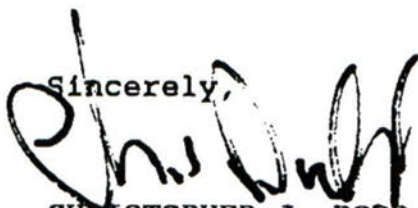
It gives me great pleasure to add my voice to those gathered this afternoon to support a ban on landmines. It is appropriate that you come together to demonstrate your commitment to the elimination of landmines throughout the world. I regret that I am unable to join you in person for this important event.

I support an outright ban on land mines and have co-sponsored legislation that would prohibit new deployments of antipersonnel land mines by January 1, 2000. Proposed legislation alone will not eliminate land mines from the Earth. But it will be a first step, and demonstrate our resolve.

As more and more lives are lost or ruined, it's time for this nation to take a leadership role in advancing a goal common to humanity ---a ban on land mines.

Best Wishes for a successful event.

Sincerely,



CHRISTOPHER J. DODD
United States Senator

JOSEPH I. LIEBERMAN

United States Senator

P.O. Box 231294
State House Square
Hartford, CT 06123-1294

November 24, 1997

Dear Friends:

I am happy to join those who have gathered here in New Haven to witness the signing of the Ottawa Treaty to ban land mines. The Connecticut Coalition to Ban Land Mines, the International Association of Peace Messenger Cities, and affiliated groups are to be commended for their hard work in helping to resolve this lingering international crisis.

In 64 countries around the world, more than one hundred million land mines remain buried or hidden. Some have been in place for more than fifty years, waiting silently to serve their role in a conflict long concluded. And I need not remind those in attendance today that ninety percent of the nearly thirty thousand hurt or killed annually by land mines are civilians. These staggering numbers alone tell us that, for the future safety of our children, we must take positive action to eliminate these land mines. Although most of the affected countries are in Africa, Europe and Asia, as members of the worldwide community, we must all use both our voices and our resources to end the use of land mines.

I am happy to report that I am an original co-sponsor of the Landmine Elimination Act of 1997, introduced earlier this year by Senator Patrick Leahy. Having already drawn bipartisan support, I am hopeful that we will act quickly on this legislation when we return to session. As a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, the committee to which this bill was referred, please be assured that I will work hard to see that the full Senate has the opportunity to consider and pass this bill at the earliest opportunity.

The simple fact is that land mines cost only a few dollars to manufacture and more than 250 million remain stockpiled in the arsenals of several countries. But we need only look into the eyes of those maimed and the hearts of those who have been killed to know that these land mines have outlived their military use. These thirty thousand annual stories of tragedy should tell us all that the time has come to embrace the Ottawa Treaty and its principles.

Again, thank you for the opportunity to share with you my thoughts and I wish you all the best in your very noble pursuit.

Sincerely,


JOSEPH I. LIEBERMAN
United States Senator

JIL:sdj

**Statement for Hartford Landmine Event
November 24, 1997**

Representative Sam Gejdenson (D-CT-2)

I am proud to have joined my colleagues in the House back in March in signing a letter urging the President to support the Ottawa Process. And that is why I am an original co-sponsor of H.R. 2459, a bill which would terminate funding for U.S. deployment of anti-personnel landmines. This bill has 191 co-sponsors in the House. I am pleased to join with the Connecticut Coalition to Ban Landmines and the New Haven Peace Commission in this effort.

Antipersonnel landmines maim and kill roughly 2,000 men, women, and children a month. This is why we must impose a ban on them -- a move supported by such diverse figures as General Schwarzkopf, to Pope John Paul II to Archbishop Desmond Tutu, to the late Princess Diana. I want to also take time to salute the International Campaign to Ban Landmines and its coordinator, Jody Williams for winning the Nobel Peace Prize. This extraordinary coalition was instrumental in bringing attention to the landmine problem and spurring governments to act.

I welcome the bus to Connecticut and assure everyone in Hartford today, that as a senior member of the House International Relations Committee, I will continue to lead the fight against anti-personnel landmines.

400 Cannon Building
Washington, DC 20515-0703
(202) 225-3801

88 Elm Street
Second Floor
New Haven, CT 06510
(203) 862-3718

Killingworth/Clinton
(203) 888-1181

Stratford
(203) 378-8008



UNITED STATES
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ROSA L. DELAURO

30 DISTRICT, CONNECTICUT

CHIEF DEPUTY WHIP

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

SUBCOMMITTEE:
LABOR, HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES
AND EDUCATION

AGRICULTURE, RURAL DEVELOPMENT,
FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION,
AND RELATED AGENCIES

November 24, 1997

Mr. Alfred Harder
President
The Amistad Committee, Inc.
111 Temple Street
New Haven, Connecticut 06511-6602

Dear Mr. Harder:

Thank you on your efforts to ban landmines.

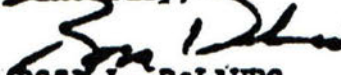
New England has been a leader in the campaign to ban landmines. Jodie Williams, the 1997 Peace Prize winner, hails from Vermont. In May, the Maine legislature became the first state legislature to pass a resolution urging President Clinton to negotiate a complete ban on landmines. The Massachusetts legislature followed soon after, in June, with its own resolution.

I am a strong supporter of efforts in Congress to eliminate these "weapons of mass destruction in slow motion." In July, I became an original co-sponsor of the Landmine Elimination Act of 1997. This bill, if passed, will end funds for new deployments of anti-personnel mines by 2000.

I am disappointed that the United States will not join nearly 100 countries in signing the international treaty banning landmines this December. Currently, the only U.S. manufacturer of landmines, Alliantec in the Mid-West, is not producing mines. A ban will not hurt U.S. jobs and it will not jeopardize the safety of our troops. Instead, a ban will maintain U.S. international leadership, and save lives of thousands of civilians.

Thank you for bringing this important issue to people's attention.

Sincerely,


ROSA L. DELAURO
Member of Congress



CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

November 21, 1997

Mr. Alfred Marder
Chairman
Connecticut Coalition to Ban Land Mines
20 Mumford Road
New Haven, Connecticut 06515

Dear Friends:

It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to the State Capitol as you travel to witness the signing of the Ottawa Treaty banning anti-personnel land mines.

Never before has the momentum to ban all land mines been so strong, both in the United States and around the world. Land mines kill 10,000 people each year, most of them innocent civilians. They also cause a high percentage of battlefield casualties among American troops.

In my judgment the United States must provide global leadership on such an important issue. The world must know that despite the fact the United States will not be signing the Ottawa Treaty, we are firmly in support of a worldwide ban against land mines.

We need to work together to end this humanitarian, economic and environmental threat. We must protect the innocent civilians who are injured daily by these devices.

I am pleased with the support this treaty is receiving in Connecticut. New Haven has taken a strong stand, as the first municipality in the United States to support such a ban. Your organization was instrumental in this movement to bring more than one hundred nations to Ottawa.

Congressman
Christopher Shays
Fourth District Connecticut

Thank you for all your efforts to help end this danger.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature of Christopher Shays in dark ink, written over the word "Sincerely,".

Christopher Shays
Member of Congress

Offices

10 Middle Street, 11th Floor
Bridgeport, CT 06604-4223

Government Center
888 Washington Boulevard
Stamford, CT 06901-2927

1502 Longworth Building
Washington, DC 20515-0704

Telephones

Bridgeport 579-5870
Norwalk 866-6469
Stamford 357-8277



James H. Maloney
5th District, Connecticut

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

November 24, 1997

Mr. Al Marder
Connecticut Coalition to Ban Landmines
20 Munford Road
New Haven, Connecticut 06515

Dear Mr. Marder,

I appreciate your interest in an international ban on anti-personnel landmines. I regret that a prior commitment keeps me from joining you in person today.

Every year landmines kill or maim nearly 26,000 people -- men, women, and children peacefully going about their business. I strongly believe the United States should be the global leader in eradicating these more than 100 million deadly weapons from the world, and making sure everyone can walk about the Earth in safety.

I strongly disagree with the President's decision to not pursue a complete ban and instead seek a treaty in the UN Conference on Disarmament, which will lead to little more than a limited agreement with several loopholes. Already, 156 nations are on record in support of a complete ban.

To this end, I and other Members of Congress earlier this year wrote to the President, urging him to support an international ban on the production, transfer, stockpiling and use of these landmines. Furthering that effort, I am an original co-sponsor of the Landmine Elimination Act of 1997, which will prohibit the federal government from funding any new deployments of anti-personnel landmines as of January 1, 2000 -- which beats the President's goal by 10 years. Thus far, over 190 of my colleagues have joined me in co-sponsoring this important legislation.

Banking and Financial
Services Committee

National Security
Committee

As a member of the National Security Committee, I will continue to push for this vital legislation. We must remain firmly committed to ensure that the US does no more to contribute to this horrible problem.

Please Respond to:

1213 Longworth Building
Washington, DC 20515
Phone: (202) 225-3822
Fax: (202) 225-5746

John S. Monagan
Federal Office Building
135 Grand Street
Waterbury, CT 06702
Phone: (203) 573-1418
Fax: (203) 573-9329

Thank you once again for contacting me. Please feel free to contact me in the future regarding this or any other issue of importance to you.

JHM

Yours truly,

James H. Maloney
Member of Congress

State of Connecticut

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Official Citation

Introduced by

*Senator Toni N. Harp of the 10th District
Senator Martin Looney of the 11th District*

Be it hereby known to all that:

**The Connecticut Senate
hereby offers its sincerest congratulations to:**
**INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGN,
THE US CAMPAIGN AND
THE CONNECTICUT COALITION TO BAN LANDMINES**

in recognition of
RECEIVING THE 1997 NOBEL PRIZE FOR PEACE AND FOR RAISING AWARENESS OF
LEGACY OF THESE HIDDEN KILLERS LEADING TO
THE OTTAWA TREATY TO BAN LANDMINES AND CONTINUING EFFORTS TO
HAVE THE UNITED STATES BECOME A SIGNATORY TO THE TREATY.

**The entire membership extends its
very best wishes on this memorable occasion
and expresses the hope for continued success.**

Given this 21st day of November 1997

at the State Capitol

Hartford, Connecticut

by

Sen. B. Sullivan
President Pro Tempore

Ms. J. Lippard
Secretary of the State

THE 1997 TIME FOR PEACE AWARDS

MEMBERS OF THE JURY COMMITTEE

HIS EXCELLENCY SR. FERNANDO PETRELLA, AMBASSADOR OF ARGENTINA TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. ANDREW PEACOCK, AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRALIA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. ERNST SUCHARIPA, AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRIA TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY M. ALEX REYN, AMBASSADOR OF BELGIUM TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SR. JUAN SOMAVÍA, AMBASSADOR OF CHILE TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. BENNY KIMBERG, AMBASSADOR OF DENMARK TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. ISTVÁN NÁTHON, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF HUNGARY TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY PR. TONO EITEL, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. FERDINANDO SALLEO, AMBASSADOR OF ITALY TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. HISASHI OWADA, AMBASSADOR OF JAPAN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MRS CLAUDIA FRITSCHÉ, AMBASSADOR OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF LIECHTENSTEIN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. CARLOS DOS SANTOS, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF MOZAMBIQUE TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. FERNANDO GUILLÉN, AMBASSADOR OF PERU TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. ZBIGNIEW MARIA WŁOSOWICZ, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF POLAND TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SR. ANTÓNIO MONTEIRO, AMBASSADOR OF PORTUGAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. NASSER BIN HAMAD AL KHATIB, AMBASSADOR OF QATAR TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCE
HIS EXCELLENCE
HIS EXC
HIS EXCELLENCE

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HIS EXCELLENCY
HIS EXCELLENCY
HIS EXCELLENCY MR

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Grant,

It is again with great honor that I write to you today. We would like to thank you and Mrs. Clinton for your inspiring letter of support published in the enclosed 1997 Time for Peace Program. Your vision went straight to the hearts of the Time for Peace Awards Jury and honorees.

Our mission is to develop the Time for Peace concept to its fullest. Every year more artists and countries are participating in the awards ceremony. We want to extend the Time for Peace concept to a larger public, as well as to give opportunities for young artists to create works of film and music encouraging positive values. For this reason, it would be a great privilege for us to be given the opportunity of having an appointment at The White House.

We thank you in advance for the great honor of your consideration, and extend our best wishes to you for the Holiday Season.

Yours most respectfully
F. Schuch

Robert Einbeck
President and Co-Founder of the Time for Peace Award

THE 1997 TIME FOR PEACE AWARDS

MEMBERS OF THE JURY COMMITTEE

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HIS EXCELLENCY SR. ANTÓNIO MONTEIRO, AMBASSADOR OF PORTUGAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. NASSER BIN HAMAD AL-KHALIFA, AMBASSADOR OF THE STATE OF QATAR TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. SERGEY V. LAVROV, AMBASSADOR OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY M. IBRA DEGUÈNE KA, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF SENEGAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SR. CARLOS WESTENDORP, AMBASSADOR OF SPAIN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY M. JOHANNES J. MANZ, AMBASSADOR OF SWITZERLAND TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN KERR, AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED KINGDOM TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MR. GIOACCHINO LANZA TOMASI, DIRECTOR OF THE ISTITUTO ITALIANO DI CULTURA
MRS. MARION EINBECK, CO-FOUNDER OF THE TIME FOR PEACE AWARD
MR. ROBERT EINBECK, CO-FOUNDER OF THE TIME FOR PEACE AWARD

HONORARY CHAIRMEN

HIS EXCELLENCY MR. ANDREW PEACOCK, AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRALIA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. RAYMOND CHRÉTIEN, AMBASSADOR OF CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. ALEXANDR VONDRA, AMBASSADOR OF THE CZECH REPUBLIC TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20502

December 9, 1997

Dear Mr. President,

It is again with great honor that I write to you today. We would like to thank you and Mrs. Clinton for your inspiring letter of support published in the enclosed 1997 Time for Peace Program. Your vision went straight to the hearts of the Time for Peace Awards Jury and honorees.

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Yours most respectfully
Robert Einbeck

Robert Einbeck
President and Co-Founder of the Time for Peace Award

THE 1997 TIME FOR PEACE AWARDS

MEMBERS OF THE JURY COMMITTEE

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HIS EXCELLENCY M. ALEX REYN, AMBASSADOR OF BELGIUM TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SR. JUAN SOMAVÍA, AMBASSADOR OF CHILE TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. BENNY KIMBERG, AMBASSADOR OF DENMARK TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY DR. ISTVÁN NÁTHON, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF HUNGARY TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY PR. TONO EITEL, AMBASSADOR OF GERMANY TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. FERDINANDO SALLO, AMBASSADOR OF ITALY TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. HISASHI OWADA, AMBASSADOR OF JAPAN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY MRS CLAUDIA FRITSCH, AMBASSADOR OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF LIECHTENSTEIN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
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HIS EXCELLENCY MR. SERGEY V. LAVROV, AMBASSADOR OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY M. IBRA DEGUÈNE KA, AMBASSADOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF SENEGAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SR. CARLOS WESTENDORP, AMBASSADOR OF SPAIN TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY M. JOHANNES J. MANZ, AMBASSADOR OF SWITZERLAND TO THE UNITED NATIONS
HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN KERR, AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED KINGDOM TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MR. GIOACCHINO LANZA TOMASI, DIRECTOR OF THE ISTITUTO ITALIANO DI CULTURA
MRS. MARION EINBECK, CO-FOUNDER OF THE TIME FOR PEACE AWARD
MR. ROBERT EINBECK, CO-FOUNDER OF THE TIME FOR PEACE AWARD

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HIS EXCELLENCY MR. RAYMOND CHRÉTIEN, AMBASSADOR OF CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
HIS EXCELLENCY MR. ALEXANDR VONDRA, AMBASSADOR OF THE CZECH REPUBLIC TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mr. Erskine B. Bowles
Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20502

December 9, 1997

Dear Mr. Bowles

Thank you in advance for kindly forwarding the enclosed letter and magazine to President Clinton, in reference to the 1997 Time for Peace Awards. A copy of the enclosed letter will be sent to Ms. Fowler.

Your most sincerely
Einbeck

Robert Einbeck

President and Co-Founder of the Time for Peace Award.

E FOR PEACE

N1-Winter 1997

CÉLINE DION

PHIL GALDSTON

KOLYA

SHINE

DAVID HELFGOTT

PRESIDENT CLINTON

PRESIDENT HAVEL

PRIME MINISTER

CHRÉTIEN

KOFI ANNAN

STEVEN SPIELBERG

DAVE BRUBECK

RON SEXSMITH

THE EINBECKS

CONCORD

DUANE MICHALS

ABIGAIL VARELA

GRAY KUNZ

ALVIERO MARTINI

GLENN LITWAK

HOTELS

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

'97 DEC 8 PM3:1

December 3, 1997

MEMORANDUM FOR TODD STERN

FROM:

 DAN BURKHARDT

SUBJECT:

AUTOPEN AUTHORITY

I would like your approval of limited autopen authority for the following individual:

Carrie Street

She has taken over photo responsibility from Stephen Nolet and has already demonstrated careful attention to detail and good judgment. I would like her to have the same authority that Stephen had, as set forth in the attached memo from you to Terry Good.

If you agree that Carrie should be granted limited autopen authority, please indicate that below, initial the attached memo, and return this package to me. I will pass along the original of the attachment to Terry Good. Thanks for your consideration.

12-12-97

☒ Approved

☐ Disapproved

☐ Discuss

Enclosure

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 3, 1997

MEMORANDUM FOR TERRY GOOD
DIRECTOR
OFFICE OF RECORDS MANAGEMENT

FROM: TODD STERN *TS*
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT
AND STAFF SECRETARY

SUBJECT: APPROVAL OF PRESIDENTIAL SIGNATURES

The following individual is authorized to approve use of the President's signature pen in areas of responsibility noted:

Carrie Street for photographs.

Exemplar of the sign-off that Carrie will use follows. Thank you.

Carrie Street *OK to AP CAS*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date 12/12

To:

Don

From: The Staff Secretary

I'm not sure how
to handle this -- maybe
Agency Liaison?

Paul



SO OTHERS MIGHT EAT
December 8, 1997

STAFF SEC

71 O Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20001-1290
(202) 797-8806
FAX (202) 265-3849

The Honorable President William J. Clinton
1600 Pennsylvania Ave., NW
Washington, DC 20515

Dear President Clinton:

I am writing you on behalf of So Others Might Eat (SOME), where you and the first lady graciously served the homeless for Thanksgiving. Again, I must tell you that we greatly appreciated you and Mrs. Clinton taking the time to visit us to help feed the homeless. At that time you mentioned that we should contact you if we thought you could help us in any way. Unfortunately, I find myself in need of your assistance in keeping our dental and medical clinics open.

As recently as today, the Public Health Corps informed us that in three weeks they would terminate the participation of the public health corps doctors at our clinics. Both doctors and the staff at SOME are stunned by this sudden decision. With such short notice, there is no way we will be able to staff our clinics with physicians to serve the volumes of homeless and low-income people we see each day.

For the past 28 years So Others Might Eat (SOME) has served homeless and indigent people of Washington, D.C. We are best known for our dining room, which serves over 1,200 people a day, but over the years we have expanded to include many programs which help people who are homeless move to independence. These programs include a medical clinic, a dental clinic, addiction treatment, mental health counseling, programs for the elderly, and permanent housing.

For a number of years, SOME has benefited from the talents of our public health physician and dentist. Both have been critical to the success and quality of our health care. In 1993, SOME assisted and facilitated the designation of the District of Columbia as a Primary Medical Care Health Professional Shortage Area (HPSA); we see approximately 11,500 homeless and underserved clients in our clinics each year. The health care situation in the District has continued to worsen since 1993. Given the large numbers of people who visit our clinics, I am extremely concerned and alarmed that our medical and dental clinics run the risk of being eliminated.

Today, the Public Health Corps informed us that our physician, Dr. Bruce Flaming would be terminated from the Public Health Corps as of December 31st. This directly contradicts the notice Dr. Flaming received in August informing him that his status had been renewed for another year. In our phone conversations with the Public Health Service, they indicate that they simply changed their mind about this extension. However, three weeks notice is not ample time for us to search for another physician to meet the overwhelming needs of this impoverished community.

SOME IS A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION ESTABLISHED TO PROVIDE ASSISTANCE TO HOMELESS, DESTITUTE PEOPLE.
SOME IS AN ECUMENICAL GROUP. ALL DONATIONS ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE.



In addition, our Dental Director, Dr. Gail Cherry-Peppers, a United States Public Health Service (USPHS) commissioned officer on loan to SOME, is also being required to leave our program. Again, the community would be severely impacted by the loss of dental services which are increasingly difficult to find for the uninsured and underinsured population.

I am writing to ask you to contact Dr. Donald Weaver, the Director of the National Health Service Corps, 301-594-4130 (phone), 301-594-4076 (fax) and Donna Shalala, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, 202-690-7000 (phone), 202-690-7203 (fax), to urge them to renew the status of both doctors. A phone call or letter from you would be of great assistance to assure that our clinics remain open.

It greatly disturbs me to think that we may again have to turn people away with severe pain and infection, which if untreated could possibly lead to death. As I indicated above, approximately 11,500 homeless and underserved patients are seen in our clinics each year. Loss of our doctors, and consequently our clinics, would be devastating to the community we serve.

Due to our location and the population we serve, it is extremely difficult to recruit quality health care clinicians who are committed to serving the poor and homeless. We have been blessed to have Dr. Flaming and Dr. Peppers who are excellent clinicians, very sensitive and committed to serving our population. If they leave, there are no provisions for a replacement doctors from the NHSC or any other source. Both doctors love their positions at SOME and would like to continue to provide services to the poor. The demand and needs for medical and dental services are great and with your help we can hope to continue to provide services to this most vulnerable community.

Feel free to contact me for more information at (202) 797-8806 x1017. If I am not available, you may also speak with SOME's Advocate, Linda Plitt Donaldson (202) 797-8806 x1014. Thank you for your prompt attention to this urgent matter.

God Bless You,



Father John Adams, MSW
Executive Director
So Others Might Eat

P.S. For your convenience, I have provided the addresses of Dr. Weaver and Secretary Shalala below.

Dr. Donald Weaver
Director
National Health Services Corps
East-West Towers Building
4350 East-West Highway, 8th Flr.
Bethesda, MD 20814

Donna Shalala
Secretary
Dept. of Health & Human Services
200 Independence Ave., SW
Washington, DC 20201



SO OTHERS MIGHT EAT
71 "O" Street, NW
Washington, DC 20001-1290
(202) 797-8806

3849

fax number: (202) 265-48
e-mail: some@ix.netcom.com
<http://www.wmnc.com/some.htm>

FAX

CONFIDENTIAL!

*Please deliver to the person this fax is
directed to. Thank You.*

TO:

President Clinton

FAX #:

FROM:

Fr John Adams

DATE:

12/10/97

SUBJECT:

PAGES:

3 (including cover sheet)

NOTES:

pls. help w/ this urgent matter!

*This confidential fax is for the person named above only.
It is not to be read by anyone else.*

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fax cover sheet

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197 DEC 12 1997

Date Dec. 10 - 1997Number of pages 2 (including cover page)to: Name President Bill Clintonfrom: Name Alicia P. Le skoCompany The White HouseCompany "your friends in michigan"

Telephone _____

Telephone 313-455-4713Fax 202-395-4198643 Terner St
Plymouth, mi. 48170

Comments Mr. President: I just thought you might want to read what the editors of the "Free Press" think. Mr. Lee deserves the position. Thank you for your strength on this issue.

More than 850 locations worldwide. For the location nearest you, call 1-800-2-KINKOS. Visit our Web site at <http://www.kinkos.com>.*miss. study*

12-12-97

Send to Burkhardt?

Yes ✓

↓

Send to

Detroit Free Press

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
321 W. Lafayette, Detroit, Mich. 48226
(313) 222-6400



A Knight-Ridder Newspaper

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APPOINT LEE

Clinton shouldn't let Hatch stand in the way

President Bill Clinton has given Senate Republicans enough time to reconsider their ill-conceived strategy of blocking Bill Lann

Lee's nomination to be assistant attorney general for civil rights. He should now take control of the situation, bypass the Senate and appoint Mr. Lee to the post while the Senate is in recess. It is the principled thing to do.

Sen. Orrin Hatch, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has already made it clear that he will not reconsider his opposition to Mr. Lee. Sen. Hatch, R-Utah, says Mr. Lee is both qualified for the job and unfit for it because of his work with the nation's premier civil rights legal advocacy organization, the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund. Mr. Hatch also is obsessed with Mr. Lee's support of affirmative action.

The president should ignore Sen. Hatch's objections and appoint Mr. Lee immediately. The longer he waits, the more Sen. Hatch and others will snipe at Mr. Lee, and the more Mr. Lee languishes.

Further, the president has not lost with the appointment. Sen. Hatch and his committee supporters (including Michigan Sen. Spencer Abraham) may whine, threaten to hinder further admin-

istration appointments and make life hell for Mr. Lee, but they are doing that already. Under Sen. Hatch's leadership, the Judiciary Committee has been a vehicle

for the hindrance of presidential appointments rather than a place for processing them.

So let Sen. Hatch and his followers explain to Asian Americans why they oppose the appointment of an American success story, as represented by Mr. Lee, as the nation's civil rights chief. Let them explain to Hispanic and African Americans why Mr. Lee's lifetime work as a racial healer and conciliator, along with his history of working for equal opportunity for all, disqualifies him for the civil rights job.

Last, but not least, let Sen. Hatch and his fellow Republicans explain to all Americans why the twice-elected president of the United States should not be allowed to have a highly qualified individual who shares his views on civil rights as his civil rights chief.

President Clinton should take this fight to the Republicans. He should reassert the authority vested in him by the citizens of this nation — twice — and put an end to this nonsense.

Appoint Mr. Lee now.



Bill Lann Lee

DSO GIFTS

I agree.

A. Lesko
Plymouth Mi.

Patterson

I agree with political columnist Hu McDermid's assessment that the comments of L. Brooks Patterson on the death of Coleman Young were "unnecessarily rude and even crude" ("Although Young is gone, a consistent Patterson doesn't let up," Dec. 4). They were disrespectful and insulting to the whole community. Patterson's arrogance and condescension remind us of the fact that he came to prominence clinging to petticoats of flagrant racists.

I am sufficiently enraged by Patterson's behavior to address this remonstrance to him publicly as well as privately. One hopes something happened to his heart last year besides the removal of plaque. I am not optimistic. He must come to know that I speak for many who shall not permit his simplistic, hypocritical, opportunistic baiting ranting to go unchallenged.

Wilma Ray-Bledsoe
Highland Park

This disease isn't physical

Although I'm pleased that L. Brooks Patterson is on the mend ("Heart scar Patterson," Dec. 3), I hope his doctor treated him for foot-in-mouth disease. It appalls and sickens me when some big mouth politician is ready to get a little media coverage by lambasting someone who has bought the farm and cannot respond. That's a lack of class, Patterson.

William J. Carruth
Clawson

Sour grapes from Oakland

L. Brooks Patterson's remarks about Coleman Young gave me a laugh. Patterson says that he stood toe-to-toe with Young and that because he was born and raised in the city of Detroit, he felt it was his right to criticize Young. That may or may not be true. However, Patterson's frustrations stem from the fact that Patterson always loses these battles empty-handed.

Patterson never could get a toe-to-toe with Young in Detroit. His remarks regarding Young were nothing more than frustration.

Berma Corrothers
Detroit

Young knew real class

It seems that L. Brooks Patterson recently reminded that he, too, can live this life in a heartbeat. He should be careful about what he says.

I was saddened that the Free Press decided to publish Patterson's rant about the death of Coleman Young.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

'97 NOV 25 PM 12:29

C - Can
you see if
the sent?

MEMORANDUM FOR ELENA KAGAN

'97 DEC 12 PM 2:43

From: Sandra Thurman
Director, Office of National AIDS Policy
(202) 632-1090

Date: October 31, 1997

Re: Letter from Bob Fogel

Thanks for sending along a copy of the letter from Bob Fogel to the President. I've spoken with Bob a number of times since the letter was written, and I think he's feeling more comfortable. He spoke with both the First Lady and Bruce Lindsey at a Chicago event, which was helpful for him.

I have drafted a response from the President to the letter for your review. I will continue to communicate regularly with Bob.

Let me know if you have any questions.

Todd

12-12-97

Send to Bunkhardt?

Yes ☒

No ☐

viewer

'97 NOV 25 PM 12:12

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

C - Can
you see if
the sent?

MEMORANDUM FOR ELENA KAGAN

'97 DEC 12 PM 2:42

From: Sandra Thurman
Director, Office of National AIDS Policy
(202) 632-1090

Date: October 31, 1997

Re: Letter from Bob Fogel

Thanks for sending along a copy of the letter from Bob Fogel to the President. I've spoken with Bob a number of times since the letter was written, and I think he's feeling more comfortable. He spoke with both the First Lady and Bruce Lindsey at a Chicago event, which was helpful for him.

I have drafted a response from the President to the letter for your review. I will continue to communicate regularly with Bob.

Let me know if you have any questions.

Todd

Todd -
I just found this in a pile
of papers. Was it sent? It
looks great to me.
Elena

October 21, 1997

DRAFT

Robert Fogel
Hilfman and Fogel
33 North Dearborn Street, Suite 1700
Chicago, IL 60602

Dear Mr. Fogel:

Thank you for your recent letter outlining your concerns regarding the Administration's progress in addressing the AIDS epidemic.

I, too, take the concerns you have raised quite seriously. The rising incidence of HIV infection among those who use illegal intravenous drugs, their partners, and their children is a major factor in the continued growth of the AIDS epidemic. However, this nation is staggering under an epidemic of drug addiction which also must be addressed with rigor and resolve.

Let me assure you that we will continue to support retention of Secretary Shalala's current authority to rescind the current restriction on the use of federal funding for needle exchange programs. This is an important issue that should be resolved by public health experts and scientists and not subjected to political manipulation.

I appreciate the passion which you and other members of the Presidential Advisory Council on HIV/AIDS bring to the debate. My commitment to ending this epidemic, as well as responding to the needs of those already living with HIV and AIDS, still remains firm. The AIDS epidemic must be stopped, and I will take all measures within my authority to achieve that end.

Sincerely,

DRAFT