



Casting aside his customary J. Press pinstripes, Weld, posing for *GQ*, invents a new look: grunge-meets-L.L. Bean.

The Enigma of William Weld

By
John Sedgwick

As Republicans cast about for a new hero, some are looking to the puckish governor of Massachusetts. What he seeks, in turn, is a game worthy of his wit and maddening sense of irony

WHEN YOU PLAY SQUASH WITH WILLIAM WELD, THE CEREBRAL, strawberry-blond WASP governor of Massachusetts, the game does not begin on the court. It starts back in his spacious corner office at the golden-domed State House, where he tells you how little he's been playing lately, how he's had the flu for three weeks and how, oh, God, has his back ever been killing him. "I'm dead meat," he says. "I feel very pessimistic about this."

You try to tell him you haven't been playing much yourself. In fact, until three weeks ago, you hadn't hit a single shot since college, and in trying to whip yourself into shape, you blistered your two big toes so horribly that you had to take antibiotics. "I heard about the toes," he says with a halfhearted laugh that dismisses your complaints as mere patter.

Score one for the governor. You believe him more than you believe yourself. You actually think this is going to be easy.

By rights, a man in grave danger of being typecast as "Governor Weld-to-do" should not be playing squash with anyone. To most people, squash is a vegetable. A self-proclaimed "filthy supply-sider" and obvious patrician, Weld rode the state's anti-Dukakis fury to become, in 1991, Massachu-

setts' first Republican governor in sixteen years. Once in office, he cut deeply into social spending to balance the budget and retrieve a bond rating that had plunged to the Louisiana level. It's not wise for such a man to play Louis XVI. But Weld doesn't care about appearances—or cares only to appear carefree. So on his schedule, he doesn't sneak the squash in as "personal time" or try to pass it off as racquetball. No, three times a week, from 1:45 to 2:30, he puts it on the schedule for all to see: "squash."

So you take him on. You glide downtown with him in his Oldsmobile, with a state trooper at the wheel, to the plush Boston Racquet Club, in Post Office Square. The governor signs you in as his guest, gets you a towel, shows you to the locker room. While you change, other club members quietly cheer you on. "Beat him," one whispers. "It's good for him."

When Weld walks onto the court, he is preceded by the overpowering scent of Ben-Gay the way other politicians are preceded by their monumental egos. Still, as you warm up, you can't help noticing that for a paunchy 47-year-old, the guy can really crack the ball, and he's got all the shots—volleys, corners, nicks. This does not bode well.

You flip for the serve, and he wins. He launches a high, arching serve that you hit weakly against the front wall and he neatly puts away. "Lucky!" he yells. That's his way of saying "God, am I ever great!" Or so you imagine. His manners—impeccable, opaque—are the sort that have made gentlemen of his breeding so useful to the CIA over the years. By the same token, when he flubs a shot, as he rarely does, he never swears but shouts "Stupid!" which to Weld may be the worst of all possible epithets. He proves to be much more lucky than stupid. He hits an amazing number of two-wall nicks, the kind that strike low on the side wall and roll unplayable across the floor. He quickly pulls ahead 6-1.

You get desperate. You drop-shot the old guy like mad. That works for a bit, but then he figures it out. He creeps up, waiting for it. But when you try to cross him up and blast the ball deep, he's ready for that, too, as if he knew all along. Worse, he's taken over the center, as important in squash as it is in politics, and from there, at six feet four with long arms, he can reach each side wall in one step, making it impossible for you to get the ball past him. Then he starts to run you—back and forth, up and down—before putting you out of your misery with a killer drop shot of his own. The word "Lucky!" rings in your ears. "Luck-ee!" "Luck-ee!" The games roll by—9-4, 9-3, 9-6. You've never been so tired. Weld is mildly flushed but so chipper that he decides to lay back a little, let up on you to keep you interested. Your rump muscles are shot, and you are gasping for air. Your forty-five minutes of court time aren't up, but you've got to stop or you honestly think you might die.

A shower, a change of clothes, and you're still burning; every pulse in your body throbs. Your shirt is soon drenched with sweat. But Weld emerges from the locker room as crisp and cool as a \$100 bill. "Just button your coat," he says, smiling, as he looks you over. Is he joking? Back in the car,

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Weld says you're simply a little rusty. "Play ten games, you'd win eight of 'em. I guarantee it." Then he runs up the marble stairs to his State House office two at a time. It takes absolutely everything you have to keep up with him.

Not since Teddy Roosevelt, who happened to be the great-grandfather of Weld's wife, Susan, have we had a Republican who combines so many glorious WASP virtues as does William Floyd Weld. Country-club handsome in a sleepy, round-shouldered way, Weld has a gentility that masks a crafty, incisive intelligence. He's incredibly smart—and, unlike John Sununu, smart enough not to make a big deal about it. He graduated not just first in his class at Middlesex but first of *all* graduates in the history of the school. He went on to graduate Phi Beta Kappa and summa cum laude in classics/Latin from Harvard. Typically, he downplays the accomplishments. "My Harvard track record was not as deep as it might be," he insists. "Latin has a pretty well defined perimeter." He reads widely in five languages and takes special delight in things that wouldn't even register with most people, such as multilingual puns.

Fellow Massachusetts Republican John Winthrop Sears offers Weld as a "New York amendment" to the classic New England WASP breed—born to Long Island gentry, he has a ton of money (in 1991, he made \$275,000 from his investments), and he doesn't mind spending it. Five years out of Harvard Law, he bought an imposing, baronial house on Fayerweather Street in Cambridge, which he and Susan proceeded to stock with five towheaded children. It was nothing for him to lend his gubernatorial campaign \$1.2 million when it was short of cash.

Still, in a state uniquely aware of pedigrees, Weld comes close to titled nobility. The first Weld ancestor came over from England in 1635, but the governor likes to say that's a misimpression: "That was only the help coming to open up the summer cottage." He is Weld of Harvard's Weld Hall



The seven Welds, at right of photo, with Lt. Governor Paul Cellucci's family.

and Weld Boathouse, Roxbury's Weld Hill and innumerable Weld Streets around eastern Massachusetts; he is also Weld of the old-line New York City investment firm White Weld, so flush it bought out G.H. Walker, Laird & Co., founded by George Bush's grandfather.

As perhaps befits a man who has everything, Weld is also extremely low-key. This is part shyness, part laziness, part the gamesmanship of an experienced poker player, part an almost eerie self-confidence and part heritage. "The Welds aren't Type A," says his brother David. "We're Type C. We were brought up not to show any emotion about anything." Weld attributes his detachment to simple pragmatism. Take his brush with crime last year, when his Jeep Cherokee was stolen and stripped for parts. No, he wasn't bothered, he told friends. Why be bothered? There was nothing to *do* about it. "He has a rather complete acceptance of the way things turn out," says Mitchell Adams, the state revenue commissioner and a friend from Harvard. "Whatever happens, happens, and it's absolutely stupid to get emotional about it."

Such dispassion is covered by, and reflected in, an ever-ready sense of humor. It's a heavily ironic, bone-dry English kind of wit that makes him easier to like. But it doesn't make him any easier to know. If anything, it seems calculated to draw a veil of intrigue over himself. And that's a quality he prizes in others, particularly Susan, who tormented him by taking three months to agree to his proposal of marriage, in 1975. "There is a great deal of mystery in the former Miss Roosevelt," he says admiringly.

In his office, Weld has a portrait of the legendary Boston political rogue James Michael Curley in the place of honor, on the wall behind his desk. It hangs above a stuffed armadillo, which is in turn placed above a cane once owned by George Washington. Does the Curley portrait, you wonder, convey a grudging respect for the former mayor and governor's retail politics? "Oh, that," Weld says with studied nonchalance. "That's just to torment Curley. He has to look down and see *me* in his chair." And the armadillo? "That's just to keep Washington's cane from thinking it is the cynosure of the arts. It's conceptual art, you see. There's a difference between having an armadillo on top of the cane and just having an armadillo."

Right, and there is a difference between William Weld

sitting in the governor's chair and William Weld just sitting. But that difference is probably more slight. He is the nonpoliticians' politician, "the Uncola," as he puts it, who, despite his background, derives much of his political strength from playing a regular guy who happens to be governor, rather than a governor who happens to be a regular guy. But he is just playing. An amateur thespian who played in Hasty Pudding theatricals at Harvard, Weld is obviously not above toying with his image.

"He likes to play the role of the uninformed country bumpkin who just stumbled into these things," says State House Minority Leader Peter Forman. "He finds that amusing. Of course, politically, a stance like that is also a pretty powerful weapon."

Indeed, William Weld has introduced something new to political discourse, namely the doubleness of irony, the ability to be X and not-X simultaneously. It's something so common to our culture, dominated as it is by David Letterman's gap-toothed grin, you almost don't notice how rare it is in politics. But politicians have to shoot straight and aim low if they are to connect with the electorate, and that is something Weld cannot bring himself to do. On the campaign trail, he refuses to say anything the same way twice, to the frustration of his handlers. He'd much rather say two different things simultaneously. After the ferocious blizzard this past March, he told flabbergasted reporters he'd spent the day wandering around Cambridge watching the storm. "I'm a weather fan," he explained. "I'm a guy like Ishmael in *Moby-Dick*—there's a little November in my soul." For Weld, such teasing gives life its depth. "It's boring for someone like Bill constantly to say just what he means and no more," explains his Harvard friend Peter Lubin. "It's more fun for him to rely on his interlocutor to have the brains to figure out when he's kidding." Alas, Weld's interlocutors are not always up to the task. "Bill is complex," says his chief secretary, Marty Linsky, with a sigh. "We all have the strength of our weaknesses, and his complexity is both a resource and a constraint. It's the reason people are attracted to him. It's also the reason people don't feel close to him."

In truth, it is one of the miracles of the day that Weld is governor. His father, David, dabbled in Long Island politics until his wife finally put a stop to it as *Something Not Done*. "She threatened to leave him, otherwise," recalls the governor's brother David. "Mother never liked politics. Father didn't really like it either. He just felt he was the best person to do it." Nevertheless, William Weld began contemplating a political career in his twenties and regularly hosted parties for several hundred of his own "friends of Bill" at the New England Aquarium to stay in touch with his base. He also served on the staff of the House Judiciary Committee, along with the "extremely bright" Hillary Rodham, during the Watergate hearings. ("What

did I conclude? I concluded Nixon wasn't telling the truth," he says dryly.) But his only true political experience came in 1978, when he took on the state's popular attorney general, Frank Bellotti, and lost in one of the most lopsided defeats in the history of the commonwealth.

For Weld's pains, Ronald Reagan, a few years later, appointed him a U.S. attorney, and he quickly made a name for himself as a Mr. Clean who went after Boston Mayor Kevin White for alleged political corruption, the Angiulo family for racketeering and the Bank of Boston for money-laundering. He was bumped up to the number-three spot at the Justice Department in Washington, but quit after a celebrated spat with his boss Ed Meese, whom he accused of gross conflict of interest in a government investigation of Meese's friend E. Robert Wallach, in the Wedtech case. Not exactly the way to ingratiate himself with his party.

For the 1990 governor's race, he ran on the motto "Tough on taxes. Tough on crime." He got aced out for the Republican state convention's nomination by Steven Pierce, then the state House minority leader, largely because of Weld's pro-choice position. He trailed Pierce by thirty points in the postconvention primary race by mid-summer. "I didn't think I was going to win," Weld says, "but I didn't want another humiliating rout on the record." He dug into his own pockets for a campaign loan and into himself for a bit of fire. He drove around the state twelve hours a day for three months doing meet-and-greets, and then slammed Pierce during the first debate, on the issue of budget cuts. "Pierce was shaking, Weld hit him so hard," says Weld campaign adviser Charley Manning.

He beat Pierce royally, then turned his prosecutorial talents against Democrat John Silber, the brilliant, acerbic president of Boston University. Silber was holding up against the Weld assault, only to lose his cool on-camera during a routine life-style interview with Natalie Jacobson, the First Lady of Boston broadcasting, shortly before the election. Weld snuck in 50 to 48. Luck-ee.

A government downsizer who wins in Kennedy country attracts attention, and the Great Mentioners have already, just two years into his first term of his first elective office, gotten busy touting Weld for Higher Things. *The Wall Street Journal* has all but declared him its favorite governor, *Forbes* has hailed him as "the true Massachusetts Miracle," and

William Safire recently devoted a friendly column to Weld's prospects. He has been enlisted by Empower America, a new group founded by Jack Kemp, William Bennett and other would-be Republican presidents who are determined to do for the G.O.P. what Clinton's Democratic Leadership Council did for its party. They like Weld for one good reason: He's a Republican who sells in the suburbs. A fiscal conservative who places himself "to the right of Attilla the Hun" on crime, he's a liberal on the environment, abortion and gays—a yin-yang combination that *The National Review* has summarized as "tight money and loose morals" but that may be the only way to get the Republicans back in the White House. His Vietnam War record—a new litmus test for presidential candidates of his generation—is only mildly embarrassing. All set to attend the Defense Language Institute after graduating from Harvard Law, in 1970, he flunked his induction physical because of a degenerative disc disease in his spine. (Not that it hurts his squash game.) Amid the thunderings of Pat Buchanan and Pat Robertson, Weld has been a rare voice for sanity—and never more so than at the 1992 Houston convention, when he, virtually alone, spoke up in favor of abortion rights and got a big hug from Barbara Bush for it. His record on gay rights is even more exemplary. Last fall, it was revealed that revenue commissioner Adams and Undersecretary of Administration and Finance Kevin Smith were living together in a manner not sanctioned by the religious Right. The local media played up the story, but Weld honestly couldn't see what all the fuss was about.

His friends believe that Weld is indeed eyeing the brass ring. "I assume he's very interested in the '96 race," says Adams. "And to have that as an option, he has to be reelected in '94. As far as Bill is concerned, the presidency is a suitable challenge. That really intrigues him. He wants to take that one on. He wants to wrestle with that."

Owing to Weld's inherited wealth and intellect, life has not afforded many challenges so far. It's been easy for him, too easy, from the very beginning. He grew up on a rambling gentleman's farm in Smithtown, New York, that covered a square mile near the shore of the Long Island Sound. The driveway was a mile and a half long. It was one of three great Long Island spreads that his family owned. (The farm



was seized in the Sixties by the ruthless New York power broker Robert Moses, who waged a successful ten-year legal battle to turn it into a public park.) The youngest of four rambunctious children, Billy Weld had the place virtually to himself from an early age, when the older three were at boarding school. His parents packed him off at the age of 10 to Middlesex, where, in a world of jocks and adolescent pranksters, he learned to hide his intelligence behind a façade of self-mocking irony.

At Harvard, it was okay to be a genius, especially in Adams House, a student residence as famous then as it is now for its artsy, intellectual crowd. Weld's rooms had an odd, Teddy Roosevelt style, with a stuffed owl mounted on one wall, a bearskin rug on the floor and a chair that was somehow fashioned out of a rhinoceros hide. He so loved the cocky, knowing banter at the Adams House dining-room table that he was invariably the first to arrive for breakfast and dinner. His best friend there was Terrence Malick, a philosophy major turned filmmaker who later went on to direct *Badlands*. (Weld helped finance the movie and worked on the set, and he swears that his thumb is reflected in Sissy Spacek's eye in one close-up.) At Harvard, Malick was something of a cerebral mischief-maker, and he invented a Danish philosopher named Nicholas Capuz, whom he and Weld cited in their papers and exams. Asked about this now, Weld assumes a hangdog expression. "I am sorry to say that it happened more than once."

Weld inhabited many worlds at Harvard, few of which overlapped. He joined the Fly Club; performed in the Hasty Pudding; played chess, squash and tennis; and haunted the library at Lamont. But mostly, he studied. He enjoyed Latin's puzzle-like quality, its intricacy and its distance from the here and now. He translated not only from Latin to English but from English to Latin, performing such wonders as setting "Ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross, / To see a fine lady on a white horse" in lesser Asclepiadean verse. "Serious stuff," Weld says. "Not terribly useful, but serious." And he got rather brassy about it. Two weeks before his thesis was due, he still had not chosen a topic, a fact he took some delight in revealing to his friend Adams. It was particularly dicey because Weld was starring in the Hasty Pudding at the time, playing a large rabbit with, as Adams recalls, "pink satin ears and huge boobs." Between performances,

Weld banged out a close reading of two lines of an elegy by Sextus Propertius and took his summa.

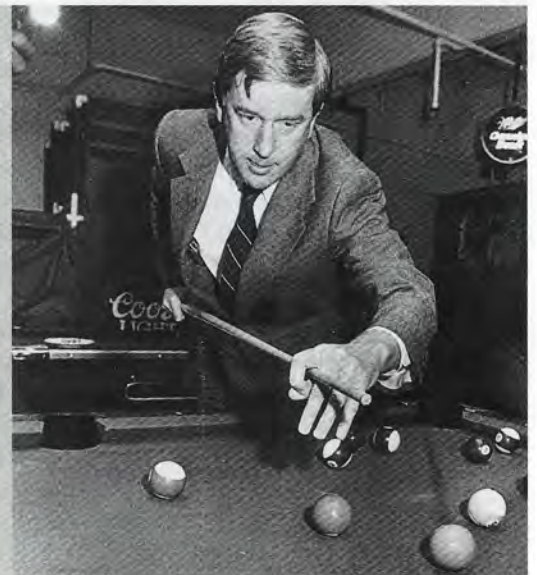
Life went a little flat for him after college. He was turned down for a Marshall scholarship to Oxford after he blithely told the interviewers that he'd heard that it was "very pleasant at Oxford" and he could use a break before law school. But he recovered nicely to win a Knox for the fall of '66 to Oxford's University College, where the young Bill Clinton would be two years later [see "Clinton at Oxford," June]. While Clinton would spend his time making the connections that would eventually underpin his presidency, Weld took it easy and reclined into an English torpor. He fell in with a crew of raffish Pakistanis to "invade the sacred precinct of the Fellows' Garden," where they would spread out a Hudson's Bay blanket, eat Kit Kat bars, drink too much lager and play endless, hilarious games of poker.

He returned to the States and attended Harvard Law School but did not shake his funk until his second year. "I was sitting in the library at Langdell, and I was going tap, tap, tap, with my pencil, and a friend came over and said 'You look bored.' And I said 'Boy, am I.'" The friend said a man named Marty Linsky needed help in his campaign for state representative from Brookline. Weld made a financial donation and hung campaign literature on doorknobs at 4 A.M. The experience did something to Weld. It gave him an idea.

Now, two years into his term, the idea has proved to be curiously Zen-like in its internal contradictions. He's a governor who wants less government, a self-proclaimed libertarian who runs as a Republican and acts at times like a Democrat. Still, despite all the talk of restructuring government, Weld's major accomplishment to date has been to upgrade the state bond rating from BBB to A. To those who

BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Weld talks with a young constituent, matches wits with Massachusetts Senate President William Bulger (with glass) and hustles up a little pool.

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complain that that isn't very much, Marty Linsky, now Weld's chief secretary, retorts "That's like saying 'Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?' You have to think back three years to when few people honestly thought that anybody could ever stop the hemorrhaging. He took enormous heat to make that happen." And to be fair, Weld, alone among U.S. governors, has to push his legislation through two houses that are controlled by the opposition party by a ratio of almost 4-to-1.

His combination of tax breaks for the wealthy and spending cuts for the poor has not been greeted with universal acclaim, of course. "Weldonomics has been as bad for the state as Reaganomics was for the country," says James Braude, the head of the Tax Equity Alliance for Massachu-

engaged. There's just no oomph there."

Or maybe, after the hysteria of the Dukakis years, Weld simply knows better than to make himself a lightning rod. Whatever, the politics of nonpolitics seems to be working. "I wouldn't put Weld up with Ronald Reagan in communication skills," says Braude, "but his political skills are second to none. I have to say, he's very seductive."

By now, he has so seduced the Democrats that they are having trouble finding a candidate other than Roosevelt to oppose him. Even William Bulger, as state Senate president the ranking Democrat, has called the governor's performance "splendid" and said "There is no question that Weld will be reelected," an astounding statement that many in the Byzantine world of Massachusetts politics took as his



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Weld holds court at a Harvard commencement ceremony.

setts and a frequent critic of the governor. "If Weld is so concerned about balanced budgets, why give away two thirds of a billion dollars in tax breaks for the rich? Giving money to the top is what put us in this mess at the federal level." Weld, however, is unrepentant. "I think supply-side economics panned out in the Eighties," he says. "But my philosophy isn't terribly deep here. If some people don't think they are going to keep two thirds of the marginal dollar that they make, they're not going to work as hard. Why do I say that? Because I wouldn't."

Such easy theorizing drives his critics crazy, partly because he gives them so little to swing at. "If all I knew about Bill Weld was what I read about him in *The New York Times*, I'd like him," says Mark Roosevelt, a Democratic state representative who has announced his intention to oppose Weld in '94 and who is also a second cousin of Weld's wife. "But let me tell you, it's real different up close." Although Weld has backed Roosevelt's education-reform package, he hasn't rallied his fellow Republicans to the cause, much to Roosevelt's annoyance. "You'd think he'd get those guys in a room and bang the table and say 'Hey, guys, this thing is gonna happen!' I sense that Bill is intellectually engaged, but I don't think he's emotionally

attempt to put a pox on the governor in the only way he still could—contaminating him by association with Bulger's own abysmal approval ratings. Weld's only formidable prospective foe, Congressman Joseph Kennedy, appeared for some time to be gunning for the job, but he announced in February that he would stay in Congress. How did Weld take the news? "Just another piece of information," he says.

Seeing Weld as governor is a bit like having your college roommate occupy the office. You can't believe he's doing it, and you sense that he can't quite believe it either. Such innocence can be endearing, but it can be frustrating, too. Instead of possessing the instinctive solemnity of the typical politician, Weld is playful, fun-loving and teasing. It seems he cannot stop kidding around. But when you try to peer inside, to find the real Bill Weld, you find another level to the joke. The inner Weld is a hall of mirrors.

"There is a very interesting part of his persona, one that is very hard to articulate, and that is Bill's playacting," says Adams. "It's a very high level of fantasy. He is so incredibly

bright. Whatever the construct is, whatever the fantasy is, it's not one that would occur to just anyone. He may be into this one or that one, but Bill's always into something." This can confuse people. Not long ago, he sent *The Boston Globe* a picture of himself with his friend Charlie Steele standing over a wild boar Weld had just shot dead, and he added a note: "It was him or me—honest!" *The Globe* was shocked, shocked. It responded with a preachy story headlined "WELD'S GOLDEN HUNT; GOVERNOR BAGGED BOAR IN PRESERVE FOR THE PRIVILEGED" about the exclusivity of the Blue Mountain Forest Association hunting preserve, in New Hampshire, where the boar was slain. "Can't those guys take a joke?" Weld asked friends. The following Halloween, in an apparent send-up of his gun-toting persona, he amused neighborhood children, and their parents, by appearing at the door as a moose dressed in hunter's camouflage.

It's not that *The Globe* doesn't get the joke, it's that it doesn't quite get *him*. Just as Weld's politics hover over the political spectrum, touching down here on the left and there on the right, so his personality is hard to peg. If anything about him ever seems simple, that is when it is most likely to be complicated. Ask him, for instance, if he has been deliberately freezing out other Democratic candidates by focusing so much attention on Joe Kennedy. "Am I that Machiavellian?" he deadpans with a who-me? look. "I'm just plain folks. I was brought up on a farm." Some farm. When Weld says such things, you have to listen hard to hear the laugh track playing in the background.

By Weld's own admission, his political philosophy is still a "work in progress." For one thing, he now speaks more respectfully of the role of government than he ever did on the campaign trail. His political persona may need to undergo a similar transformation if he is to make it to the heavy-weight class of presidential contenders. As it is, he seems a bit like Franklin Roosevelt before the polio, when he was still a charming ingenue. Weld offers a tremendous intellect, but after the country's experience with the last Massachusetts governor to make a run for the presidency, there is something suspicious about a politician who is guided so much by his head and so little by his heart. His ideas are interesting—that government should steer and not row, that Boston should be the capital of the Atlantic Rim, that some public programs should be privatized, if only as a spur to improve the efficiency of others. But one senses that these are just ideas to him and that he could be touting a whole new set tomorrow. What are his convictions?

With his freshness and candor, Weld does have a certain undeniable appeal, but like some imported PBS series the critics adore but whose ratings are too low to be charted by Nielsen, he is for sophisticated tastes. To get to the networks, the plot has to be much simpler and the jokes dumbed down. Bruce Babbitt was fresh and smart and funny, too, and he got less than 5 percent of the vote. One also has to wonder how favorably Weld's look-Ma-no-hands governing style will be viewed now that President Clinton has raised the standard for presidential engagement considerably. Weld might have seemed hip before Clinton took over, but if Clinton continues to cope—however fitfully—

with long-ignored domestic problems, the governor is in danger of looking like a Reagan-Bush retreat.

For now, Weld is taking refuge in his enigmas, saying nothing to encourage the presidency speculation and nothing to discourage it, either. He is trying to remain a regular guy despite all the fuss. But the truth is, he's always had to work at that: His idea of normalcy isn't everyone's. He has no television set in his house, but lest you think he is somehow missing out on the twentieth century, he will also tell you that some of his favorite movies are *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*, *Repo Man* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which he saw recently with a flock of boppers at the midnight showing in Harvard Square's Brattle Theatre. "Every frame of that movie," he marvels, "is like a poem." Weld is also a serious fan of rock music, starting with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in the mid-Sixties and continuing through Spencer Davis, Traffic, a little-known group named Sea Train ("a lot of violin on top; they were trained operatically"), the Grateful Dead, Warren Zevon, Elvis Costello and Steve Winwood. He loves the Talking Heads song "Once in a Lifetime," which goes "This is not my beautiful house!" He played it every night when he was U.S. attorney in Boston. "Another year," he goes on, "I played 'Lola,' the Kinks song, every day when I came home. Not softly, either." And he is a wild dancer. His press secretary, Ray Howell, says he has seen the governor ball up his jacket at a party and dance like a wild man. And not badly, either. "He's the best white dancer I've ever seen," says Charley Manning.

But books are Weld's main vice. Anthony Lewis's *Gideon's Trumpet* inspired him to go to law school; Michael Harrington's *The Other America* made him see what could be done in public service; and Friedrich Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty* buttressed his instinctive conservative principles. And who cares if these three points of view don't square? In literature, his taste runs to the dry complexities of Vladimir Nabokov—"the greatest writer of the twentieth century, no question." Nabokov's *Pale Fire* might stand as a kind of elaborate metaphor for Weld himself. Instead of a straight narrative, it takes the form of a short poem with lengthy commentary. Weld was dazzled simply by the words. "Just a phrase can stay with me for decades, many of them," he once told an interviewer. "There's a throwaway reference in *Pale Fire* to someone meeting his lover, and just for a moment, she was a 'shivering rag doll in his arms.' But 'shivering rag doll'—how perfect. I should think he's by far the most brilliant writer I've ever encountered. Again, a lot of emphasis in the language, but God resides in the well-chosen word, in my book." Weld would have liked to be a writer. "There was just one teeny, little problem," he explains. "I had nothing to say. Believe me, I have sat down (*continued on page 154*)

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In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?

You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. Please refer to the Instructions for Use in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendonitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.

Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.

Problems breathing: especially when lying down, a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.

Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?

Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?

No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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CHEERLESS TED DANSON

(continued from page 135) work will take some time and adjustments—particularly for an actor who has been, so far, more dependable than brilliant, who's made a fortune chiefly by trading quips and flipping bottle caps. Notwithstanding aspirations for some very dark, un-Malone-like roles, he starts production this month on a comedy called *Getting Even With Dad*, in which he plays Macaulay Culkin's ex-con father. This probably won't be a stretch: Danson's racked up a string of such characters—flawed good guys to whom redemption and resolution tend to come easily—in the sticky-sweet *Dad*, the cutesy *Three Men and a Baby/Little Lady*. Vehicles that spewed emotion, driven by a guy who couldn't find his own with a map.

But now, the new, ultra-sensitized Ted knows life is far more complicated than that—that it can be a real motherfucker, in fact. Admitting as much is a key to his salvation. Yet, as he sifts through the sludge of his own psyche and celebrates the findings, Danson may also come to see the real value—the epiphanies, even—in knowing when self-discovery is starting to smack of self-indulgence.

"I feel like I'm in a nursery school for emotions," he says, smiling wanly at the thought of it: "Look at me, I'm feeling!"

Lucy Kaylin is a senior writer at GQ.

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(continued from page 121) to write, with a capital W, and nothing happens. A multi-lingual pun might come out after half a day of agony." He says his problem is related to the difference between John Updike and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: "Updike is so smart and good with words. But if you look inside this superstructure of pyrotechnics, there isn't as much there as in Solzhenitsyn, who, as far as style is concerned, can't write home for money. No, I don't think Updike's happy childhood has helped him one little bit." He looks up with mock solemnity. "There is no greater burden than a happy childhood." Then he retracts his upper lip and gives out a snort of joyous laughter.

You feel better about Weld after your squash game, as if by playing and sweating together you have forged some manly bond. He rummages through the little refrigerator in the corner of his office but can find only one can of ginger ale. He picks up the phone to order a couple of sodas, then sits you down across from him in a big leather chair. You might be a couple of jolly clubmen—until the talk turns serious.

You voice a theory of yours, about Weld as a man with many masks. Does he think

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he's complicated? "I don't really agree with that," he replies warily. He shifts uncomfortably in his chair, and the leather squeaks. "And I tell ya, my wife sure wouldn't agree with that." He often invokes Susan as the real genius in the family, the one who is uniquely able to put him in his place. "The notion of my having levels and levels and levels would tickle her funny bone big time. Her impression is that I have a hard enough time getting through a declarative sentence."

He doesn't like to leave them guessing? you persist. "Not at all," he replies, insistent now. "If you asked me of which politician is that most true, I would say [Mario] Cuomo. You know"—he launches into an impersonation of the Jesuitic New York governor—"If he should ask me to be on the Supreme Court, I would respond with an utterance so vehement that *I am the most decisive person IN THE WORLD!* Well, then, what would that answer be, Governor? 'I don't know.'"

Your questions are shots to be returned, with tricky angles, lots of spin. It's a game, so the questions turn to the subject of games. He admits he's keen for poker and pool. At his peak, he says, he could play four chess games simultaneously, with his back to all the boards. Then his eyes flash. "Do you play?" You're panicked at the prospect of being nailed on a chessboard by this grand master. You tell him if he's going to insist on playing chess, you're going to leave the room.

Weld pounces. "No, I'll leave the room," he says. "I'll let you see the board."

Is life a game, then? He lobs that one back. He turns academic, cites a favorite book from college, *Homo Ludens*, or *Man at Play*, in which a Dutch sociologist named Johan Huizinga reduces all human activities to mere game-playing. "It's a great book," he notes, "and it makes you feel really stupid."

So his search is for a game worth playing? Finally, a good shot. The matter raises fundamental questions about Weld, about the reasons he is in politics, about his presidential ambitions, about his purpose in life. Things that require serious, earnest, deep answers. "Uh-oh," he says, "I don't like the turn things are taking." He resorts to irony. "There are lots of games worth playing. Billiards, pool, poker, squash."

Politics? you ask. The law?

"I have been known to joke about those being games. 'Weld's the name, law's the game.' But I don't think that way consciously."

Stroke, counterstroke.

So politics isn't gamesmanship?

He belts that one. "I don't think my positions on issues flow from that at all. Tactical judgments such as when to dramatize the conflict with another personage,

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THE WELD ENIGMA

that may be game-playing. But I'm no good at that. I came up as a litigator, and my inclination is to do nothing, because in litigation, nine times out of ten, nothing is the best thing to do."

He pauses for a moment, regains his balance. "I should tell you, I always try to discourage any 'search' theory."

So he wriggles away. You turn to other subjects. As the interview is drawing to a close, you suddenly remember something. You wonder about all those wiretaps he heard as a federal prosecutor in Boston and Washington, wiretaps that almost certainly captured the voices, or at least the names, of many major local and national

political figures with whom he now deals on a daily basis. There is a grand game of knowing and pretending not to know, of power displayed and power withheld. Does he ever think about that?

For once, a look of real engagement, fascination even, comes over his face. He leans toward you. You tilt toward him expectantly.

"I gotta go," he says. Then Bill Weld smiles at all the fun he's had, at all the fun he always has. •

John Sedgwick is a frequent contributor to GQ. In February, he wrote about the uncivil wars at Harvard Law School.

TOWN WITHOUT PITY

(continued from page 109) Hamilton County implored the judge to tell Adams to keep the shirt away from him. "I don't know anything about the HIV virus," Adams recalls the attorney's saying, "and I don't want to know."

Catherine Adams succeeded in getting all of the attempted-murder charges dropped. Her client was convicted of misdemeanor assault, fined \$99 and given a twenty-day sentence. And then he moved to Hawaii.

Adams may have succeeded in defeating the prosecuting attorney. She cannot neutralize, however, the effect of the man who dictates the prosecutors' agenda. Behind each courtroom adversary, Catherine Adams sees the office of Simon Leis. Allen Brown, on the other hand, sees Simon Leis not just in courts of law. He sees Simon Leis at every newsstand, in every theater, on every library board. "Si, with his six-gun, thinks he's enforcing the community standard, speaking for society, when he's really exploiting his own value system and using the attributes of power to do it," says Brown.

Si Leis strongly disagrees. After all, he saw those 25,000 signatures. If Simon Leis is enforcing a stringent code, it's only because his constituency has told him so.

"I've been accused of being the conscience of the community," he says. "I'm not. I'm a conduit. I've been criticized for enforcing my moral standards. Those are far from the facts. I'm the conduit for the people."

This issue of who is speaking for whom is a recurring one in Cincinnati. On a wall in the foyer of the Citizens for Community Values offices, a poster depicts a young girl in a white dress. She is holding a single rose: "WHO WILL SPEAK FOR THE CHILDREN?" reads the legend.

The answer is just a few feet away, in Phil Burress's office. Phil speaks for the children. But right now, he's speaking on

the phone with a prosecuting attorney for an adjacent township. The lobby literature—pamphlets, brochures and cards—urges the citizens of greater Cincinnati to pray for the pornographers, to join the CCV's Indecent Broadcasting Watch-dog Task Force in its boycott of the Dairy Mart convenience-store chain, which refuses to take *Penthouse* off its shelves.

"We're getting ready to bust more video stores for selling X-rated tapes," Burress says as he gets off the phone. He gets calls from other cities now. A news crew from Nashville wanted to know how the CCV could keep its city's bookshelves so clean.

Phil Burress wears a short-sleeved shirt and gray slacks that ride high above the ankle; his graying hair has thinned to a whisper on top, but on the sides it sticks out, as though he's been tugging on it in agony over the general collapse of Western civilization—he's trained it into a state of high alert.

"Cincinnati is different," he says. "Not to make it sound elitist, but we have a higher standard here. It's not a question of Left or Right. It's a question of high and low. And our standard is higher. You'd better be ready to be held accountable by the standards of this community. If a pornographer wants to set up a porn store, we'll tell them 'That's your right. You can have bestiality magazines if you want—until you open the doors to the public. Then the public has a right to decide.'"

"When outsiders come in here, they never understand," he continues. "They like to stick harpoons in us, like we're weird. They don't understand that we're a family. We all respect each other, and we respect the debate forum. We're not pro-censorship. We're as middle-of-the-road as you get. The Democrats represent a big segment of the population. But the Democrats will never make head-