

from Maryland [Ms. MIKULSKI] were added as cosponsors of S. 713, a bill to amend the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act to allow for additional deferred effective dates for approval of applications under the new drugs provisions, and for other purposes.

TAX FREEDOM DAY

• Mr. GORTON. Mr. President, today is National Tax Freedom Day—the day when families around the country finally start working for themselves and not for the Government. For families in my home State of Washington, however, Tax Freedom Day does not come until May 14. In Washington State, families must work 5 additional days before the income they earn can go to meet their own needs and not the Government's.

The residents of Washington State will bear the Nation's fifth highest tax burden in 1997 with each man, woman, and child of the State owing \$6,572 in Federal taxes. Add this with State and local taxes and each Washington citizen will owe \$9,881 or almost 37 percent of the average, annual income to support the Government.

It is no wonder today's families are feeling squeezed. It is no wonder more and more families must rely on dual incomes and parents must work longer and longer hours. Families are paying more in taxes today than ever. They are now spending more just on taxes than they do on food, clothing, shelter, and transportation combined.

This is not fairness. It is robbery.

Clearly, it is time for Congress to seriously reexamine our current tax system. As Betty Dursh from Spokane, WA, stated in her recent letter to me:

It is past time to reform the Tax Code. We are now in our fifth year, hear this, our fifth year, of working almost half the year before the taxes are paid. That is unconscionable! It is wrong!

Yes, Ms. Dursh, it is wrong and it is far past the time for Congress to begin the work of reforming our tax system.

The budget agreement announced by the President and Congress 1 week ago today gives me hope—hope that we can finally begin to put our fiscal house in order and provide some tax relief for the American people. If our efforts are successful this summer and we are able to begin the job of reforming some of our most oppressive taxes it will be a good step. But it will only be the first, small step in the direction of the real reform we need—reform that will, at last, provide us with a tax system that respects the right of American's to keep their earnings and investments. This will require much more than one or two changes to the volumes of provisions in the Tax Code, however. It will require a complete examination and, eventually, overhaul of the entire system.

I want to leave my colleagues with one final thought—the words of a 52-year-old woman from Marysville, WA who lost both her husband and her job

this past year and who is unable to sell her home to make ends meet because she would be required to give the Government 40 percent of the proceeds of the sale in capital gains tax. Ms. Linda Blasengame has this message for all of us here in Congress:

I have lost so much and have always fought back but I can't imagine the pain of having to lose my dignity too. Please, look inside your heart and help me and so many others that are in my shoes. . . . I don't need a handout, I need your help.

Congress must heed the cries for help from people like Ms. Blasengame and we must respond to the outrage of people like Ms. Dursh. The American people are slowly losing patience with our bandaid approaches. Americans overwhelming want a fairer and simpler tax system. They deserve this and they are relying on us to work toward this end.●

MURRAY KEMPTON

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, on Monday of last week, Murray Kempton died. With his passing, we mark the end of a legend in New York, and in American journalism. Kempton was the kindest man and toughest reporter we have known in our time. A certain incandescent sweetness now departs. Yet his memory and, yes, his legacy remain.

The Daily News' columnist Sidney Zion captured Kempton's unique ability and thus legacy when Zion wrote: "Kempton used his power to condemn, but loved his right to absolve. And when he absolved the sinner, he owned the territory."

This was Kempton's singular power. With characteristic flair, Kempton would challenge corruption with voracity. Then instead of reveling in victory, would show compassion for the humans beneath the deeds and absolve the sins of some of the greatest losers in New York's history. Carmine DeSapio, Alger Hiss, Carmine Persico, Roy Cohn. Such was the power of the words which Kempton wielded.

When the reformers in the City had finally overcome DeSapio, one of the great Tammany bosses, Kempton wrote, as only he could: "The age of Pericles had begun because we were rid of Carmine DeSapio. One had to walk carefully to avoid being stabbed by the lilies bursting in the pavements. I wish the reformers luck—with less Christian sincerity than Carmine DeSapio does. I will be a long time forgiving them on this one." Kempton felt sympathy and respect even for the rogue. He stood up for the loser whether it was Carmine DeSapio, a deposed dictator, or a shunned local New Yorker.

J. Edgar Hoover once called Mr. Kempton a snake and a rat. From one who was once referred to by Mr. Hoover as a skunk, I take pride in knowing that my work was seen in the same light as Kempton's. But I fear no one else has what the Washington Post called, "[Kempton's] skeptical sympathy" required to continue his work.

The Age of Kempton is over. Budding writers would do well to re-read and emulate his work; public figures continue to thank and rue the day Kempton chose them to be subject of his column; and for we who knew him, only sorrow bursts through the cracks in our hearts today.

I ask that the following articles about Murray Kempton be printed in the RECORD at the conclusion of my remarks.

[From the New York Post, May 9, 1997]

KEMPTON'S FUNERAL IS A LESSON IN SIMPLICITY

(By Christopher Francescni)

Even in death, Murray Kempton's disarming humility ruled the day.

There were no eulogies at the legendary columnist's simple Upper West Side funeral yesterday, although hundreds of the city's greatest literary, political and newspaper voices were on hand.

There were no limousines, although Kempton was considered royalty among the city's press corps.

And there were no gaudy floral tributes, only small bursts of potted cherry blossoms, Casablanca lilies and white azaleas perched unassumingly on the altar.

But the Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist, who sounded off for decades on every aspect of the city he loved, was remembered—and remembered well.

"The funeral was pure Murray," Post columnist Jack Newfield said. "His manner, his grace, his kindness, his humility beyond self-effacement. He was the benchmark."

Kempton, 79, whose gentle elegance and amusing eccentricities won him the respect of virtually all of his "fellow workers," died Monday at a Manhattan nursing home.

In a note written in 1989, entitled, "My Funeral," he'd requested a brief ceremony with no eulogies. His body was cremated earlier this week.

"He chose a simple ceremony in the classic Anglican manner, which focuses on God's love and the equality of all persons in the face of death," said the Rev. Gaylord Hitchcock of the Church of St. Ignatius of Antioch.

"His [funeral] runs against the grain of most American funerals, where the Mass turns into a celebration of the person."

Kempton, known among his colleagues as much for his intricate sentence structure as for riding his three-speed bicycle to news events—jazz humming through his headphones—spent most of his 55-year career at the New York Post and Newsday.

The Baltimore-born scribe, who once ran copy for H.L. Mencken, won a Pulitzer for commentary in 1985.

The pews of the tiny Gothic-style church where Kempton worshiped for decades were filled to capacity 30 minutes before the ceremony began.

William F. Buckley Jr. and Mayor Giuliani pressed their way through the crowd. Writer Nora Ephron sat pensively in a rear pew as the church bell rang out 79 times, once for each year of Kempton's life.

Columnist Jimmy Breslin, Post editor Ken Chandler, Daily News editor Pete Hamill, writers Kurt Vonnegut, Phillip Roth and Calvin Trillin, and cartoonist Jules Feiffer were there—as were former Mayor David Dinkins, Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger and hosts of other dignitaries.

Off to the side of the altar, a choir clad in black sung hymns softly in Latin.

Some of Kempton's favorite passages from the Bible took the place of speeches.

Instead, eulogies were whispered between pews and among the crowd of mourners outside the chapel.

"He was the last great gentleman poet," said Post columnist Liz Smith.

Writer David Halberstam said,

"I'll miss meeting him on the street, and having the choice of talking about the Knicks, the mayor, the Clintons, anything. He was great fun on every subject."

"He was the soul of kindness," said WCBS Radio reporter Irene Cornell.

New York Post managing editor Marc Kalech edited Kempton's copy in the late 1970s, when the columnist worked at The Post.

"Editing Kempton was like editing Shakespeare," Kalech said. "You'd read it, you'd struggle to understand it, and then you wouldn't touch it."

But perhaps the greatest tribute to one of New York's greatest columnists came from someone who never met Kempton.

"I'm just a reader," explained Ray Belsky, a retired health-care consultant who sat alone in the back of the church.

"He touched me with his integrity. There was a courtliness about everything he wrote. Even when he wrote about common men, and common problems, he gave them the dignity they deserved."

"I never met him. I just admired him and I read him . . . every day."

[From the Daily News, May 8, 1997]

MURRAY KEMPTON WAS NO PAPER SAINT

(By Sidney Zion)

I left the courtroom for the newsroom 35 years ago by parodying Murray Kempton, and if I were true to his newly minted ghost, I'd slip this fact into a fog bank somewhere around midstream in this piece.

But every journalist who got a nod from Kempton became his memorialist before I could get a word in edgewise, given the tyranny of column calendars. He died Monday, and here it is Thursday, so I play my credentials on top.

In December 1962 the New York newspapers were in the throes of their longest strike. Victor Navasky, today the publisher of The Nation, decided to put out a parody of the New York Post, and he asked me to do Kempton. I was an assistant U.S. attorney in New Jersey, but Navasky knew I was a Kempton buff.

I wrote the column, and the next thing I knew I was being pursued by the Post. I took a leave of absence from the Justice Department and never got back to court.

Murray was bemused. He thought I was more than a little crazy for this move, but I insist that it establishes me as his true short biographer. Who else changed his profession, his life, because of Kempton?

And I say that he wouldn't like the canonization that greeted his death. Nothing bothered him more than good intentions, so I feel free to patronize those who sentimentalized him as the patron saint of the losers of the world.

The losers' dressing room was indeed his locker, but only because there were winners. He used his power to condemn, but loved his right to absolve. And when he absolved the sinner, he owned the territory.

Carmine DeSapio, Alger Hiss, Carmine Persico, Roy Cohn—all cases in point.

Every phone call I received upon Kempton's death from old pals mentioned first his great column on DeSapio the day the Village reformers destroyed the Tammany boss.

Kempton had been in the forefront on the reform movement, but when DeSapio was beaten, he wrote: "The Age of Pericles had begun because we were rid of Carmine DeSapio. One had to walk carefully to avoid being stabbed by the lilies bursting in the pavements. I wish the reformers luck—with

less Christian sincerity than Carmine DeSapio does. I will be a long time forgiving them this one."

This column drove the Village reformers crazy. But it was classic, and Kempton repeated the theme until his death. Let anyone else praise DeSapio, and Murray would have at him. He knew why DeSapio was a dignified loser, but if you said so, watch out.

The same with Hiss, and then some. Murray knew Hiss was guilty because like Hiss, Kempton was a shabby-genteel Gentile out of Baltimore—and a former Communist. (Everybody I knew, Jew or Gentile, assumed Murray was a Jew—who knew his first name was James?—and he wrote for the then-liberal-Jewish New York Post.)

But Kempton had no time for the right-wing attackers of Hiss. Hiss was his, and the rest were know-nothings.

None of this came to me until the day Murray ran into me on Broadway and said he had attacked my book on Cohn. Always the gentleman, Kempton said: "Don't worry, I put it in a paper that nobody will read."

I said, "But you were at every party for Roy, and with a better table than I had."

Murray cringed, and in that cringe I recognized that only he could absolve the sinner. I had crossed over the line and had to be punished.

He was the best there was in his time, don't get me wrong. But he was the best because he was sly, he knew everything about everybody, and only when he didn't want you to know it he ran into fog banks, each one chartered by Kempton out of Henry James.

And he was always "cosmic," despite his denials. Murray Kempton knew the cosmos and played it every time, whether with Adlai Stevenson or John Gotti. They bury him today. He smiles at the Maker, and vice versa.

[From Newsday, May 6, 1997]

"ONE OF A KIND"—MURRAY KEMPTON DIES;
"KINDEST MAN, TOUGHEST REPORTER"

(By Fred Bruning)

Murray Kempton, the erudite, pipe-smoking scribe whose penetrating intellect made complicated issues seem simple and whose audacious sentences made the English language more joyously complex, died yesterday at the Kateri Residence, a skilled nursing facility in Manhattan. Kempton was 79.

A son, Arthur Kempton, 48, said his father died at 4:40 a.m., apparently of heart failure.

In January, Kempton, a columnist at Newsday since 1981, was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, his son said. Kempton recently underwent surgery and was being treated by physicians at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in Manhattan.

Kempton's death prompted expressions of sympathy from a multitude of admirers—President Bill Clinton among them.

"Hillary and I were deeply saddened today to learn of the death of Murray Kempton," Clinton said in a statement. "Murray's reporting during his illustrious 45 years in journalism was marked by courage, honesty and compassion. He represented the very finest of his profession and we will all miss him."

Kempton covered the campaign of Republican challenger Robert Dole last year. Yesterday, Dole mourned Kempton. "Murray is a longtime friend," Dole said. "I enjoyed his presence on the campaign plane. He will be greatly missed by friends and family and his objective voice will be missed in the world of journalism."

Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-N.Y.) said of Kempton: "He was the kindest man and toughest reporter we have known in our time. A certain incandescent sweetness now departs."

Newsday publisher Raymond Jansen said Kempton's absence from the paper represented a major loss. "We certainly are going to be poorer for his not appearing in our pages any longer," Jansen said. "He was unique. That term so many times applies to people who really aren't, but in this case he was truly one of a kind."

Jansen said Times Mirror of Los Angeles, Newsday's parent company, was to have presented Kempton with its Special Distinction Award tomorrow in recognition of achievements "epitomizing the very top of his field."

For colleagues at Newsday, and for thousands of devoted readers in New York and elsewhere, it will be difficult to imagine a world without the wry, unyielding Murray Kempton to help sort out the daunting issues of the day.

His last columns, published in January, were typically eclectic—the pieces dealt with Presidential politics, bad cops and corporate greed—and resonated with trumpet blasts of the brash but sophisticated voice that Kempton had cultivated over a half-century.

Writing about a woman who was suing the manufacturer of artificial breast implants, Kempton said: "Her case, whether won or lost, will likely pass unremarked, because we are already satiated with reminders that American corporations are fixedly future-blind in engagements with the welfare of their customers and for that matter of themselves."

The paragraph was vintage Kempton—in-sightful, challenging, artfully obtuse. In characteristic fashion, Kempton was gleefully standing newspaper convention on its head by taking the longest, not the shortest, path between two points. Aware that his prose was viewed by some as unorthodox and difficult, Kempton joked that he likely never would be successfully sued for libel because no judge or jury would be able to untangle his sentences.

Kempton could afford to be self-effacing. He knew that many considered him a master of contemporary letters, a reporter who took the journalistic form about as far as it could go, a rare breed who found a way to survive as much on his powers of analysis and abstraction as the assorted facts scribbled in his notebook.

"He was like one of those comets hurtling past," said Les Payne, a News Day assistant managing editor and a long-time friend of Kempton. "We will not likely see his kind again."

In addition to the admiration of fans and co-workers, Kempton earned the esteem of the publishing establishment. He won a Pulitzer Prize for commentary in 1985 and twice took the respected George Polk Award. His book "The Briar Patch" won the National Book Award for contemporary affairs in 1974, as well as a number of other honors. Among his most cherished was a 1987 Grammy from the National Academy of Recording Arts for liner notes accompanying the album, "Sinatra—Standards."

Though he wrote regularly for News Day, Kempton contributed to a wide range of publications. Over the years, his work appeared in Esquire, Playboy, Commonweal, Life, Harper's, and Atlantic Monthly.

He published four books. The last "Rebels, Perversities, and Main Events," released in 1994, was dedicated to his old pal, William F. Buckley Jr. The conservative stance of Buckley, editor of the National Review, did nothing to discourage Kempton, whose politics strayed in another direction.

Kempton enjoyed persons who held contrary views and, in turn, was revered by Americans of many persuasions. "Murray set a high journalistic standard," Sen. Alfonse

D'Amato (R-N.Y.) said, "He was tough, but fair."

Since a young man, James Murray Kempton prepared himself to move easily among the American throng—as attentive to the struggles of the ordinary citizen as the maneuverings of the rich and powerful.

He was born in Baltimore on Dec. 16, 1917, and, as a young man, became a devoted reader of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*—and particularly of the *Sun's* iconoclastic essayist H.L. Mencken. Drawn to newspaper work, Kempton found a job at the *Sun*, attending his first national convention as a copy boy for Mencken, his hero.

After graduation from Johns Hopkins University, Kempton followed his leftist political instincts. He worked as a labor organizer, wrote for the Young People's Socialist League and the American Labor Party. Even in later years as a reporter, Kempton played off his lefty background by greeting colleagues as "fellow workers."

In 1942, Kempton joined the *New York Post* as a reporter but with World War II intensifying, soon enlisted in the Air Force.

During a three year hitch, Kempton served in New Guinea and the Philippines. He once noted that he was assigned to a unit called the Cyclone Division. "They call it the Cyclone Division because all its tents got blown down on maneuvers," said Kempton. "That's how it is with my team every time."

After the war, Kempton returned to *New York* and began his writing career in earnest. He worked again for the *Post* and then a succession of other publications—*New Republic* magazine, *New York World Telegram*, *New York Review of Books*. He taught journalism at Hunter College and "political journalism" at the Eagleton Institute at Rutgers University.

While covering the civil rights movement for the *Post* in 1961, Kempton showed his wily instincts. Freedom Riders were traveling by bus through the South to illustrate how blacks were denied access to public accommodations. There had been violence along the way, and likely, there would be more. In Montgomery, Ala., journalists were told a busload of Freedom Riders were heading out at 7 a.m. Other reporters piled into cars to follow the bus. Kempton went them one better—he bought himself a ticket that allowed him on the bus.

"He wrote a helluva story," said Michael Dorman, who covered the Freedom Rides. "It was a master stroke to buy that ticket—and just the sort of thing Murray would do."

At *Newsday*, Kempton's reputation preceded him but the new man—a star by any measure—proved affable and without the aura of celebrity.

Working out of the now defunct *New York Newsday*, Kempton looked like an aging Ivy Leaguer—shirt and tie, natty suit well-pressed—but had a gift for gab and generous nature that neatly undercut his formal bearing. He loved jazz and the blues and, as if that weren't enough to cement his man-of-the-people reputation, Kempton traveled to the office by bicycle. Murray Kempton couldn't drive.

On his 75th birthday, Kempton got a plant from a fan—the wife of alleged mobster Carmine Persico, about whom Kempton had written. Kempton said he had no talent for horticulture and gave the plant, an amaryllis, to staff member Anthony Destefano. The amaryllis thrived, but never flowered until this spring, Destefano said, when it bloomed red, and bright.

By then, Kempton was seriously ill and his own brilliant season almost through. But even feeling poorly, Kempton kept his edge. Spencer Rumsey, a *Newsday* editor who checked Kempton's columns, said that Kempton told him he likely got sick because New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani kicked the Mafia out of the Fulton Fish Market. "When the mob was in charge, you could always count on safe fish," Kempton said.

It was Kempton as Kempton would want to be remembered—sassy, sardonic and unex-

pected. "He represented the very best that there is in this business," said *Newsday* Editor Tony Marro. "It was our great good fortune to have him as a colleague and mentor, and we'll miss him terribly."

Kempton is survived by three sons, Arthur, of Massachusetts; David, of Fallsburg, N.Y. and Christopher, of New York; and a daughter, Durgananda, also of Fallsburg. His first wife, Mina, lives in Princeton, M.J. His second wife, Beverly, died last year. A son, Murray Jr., died in an auto accident in 1971. Kempton also leaves a companion, Barbara Epstein.

A funeral is set for 11 a.m. Thursday at St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, 552 West End Avenue, New York.

[From the *New York Post*, Tuesday, May 6, 1997]

MURRAY KEMPTON (1917-1997)

Murray Kempton, who died yesterday at 79, was one of the mainstays of *New York* journalism. For more than half a century—most of that time here at *The Post*—he brought to his craft a unique perspective that made him a legend.

Though his famously wordy style could be dizzying, Kempton had a reputation as a master phrasemaker. A congressman once said that "Sometimes I can't understand what he's saying, but the end effect is enormous."

Kempton never thought of himself as an oracle, but rather as an observer. He was attracted to society's rogues and underdogs and made an art form out of covering criminal trials.

He described himself as a Normal Thomas Socialist—but he avoided political orthodoxies of any stripe and believed journalists should not wear labels.

"The trouble with thinking of yourself as a liberal or a conservative," Kempton once wrote, "is the danger that you might unwittingly die to preserve an unconscious image. It's not the reporter's responsibility to lie for a political party, no matter what it is."

Such attitudes might explain the esteem in which Kempton was held by ideological friends and foes alike. When Kempton won a Pulitzer Prize in 1985, George Will proclaimed him "the class of our class." William F. Buckley, Jr., even while chiding his good friend's political naivete added: "As a columnist, Murray Kempton is the noblest of us all."

[FROM THE *DAILY NEWS*, MAY 6, 1997]

ONE OF A KIND

The death of columnist Murray Kempton will provide over the coming days an outpouring of praise and affection from the journalistic community. And not a few anecdotes aiming to capture Kempton's huge talent and equal heart.

What is remarkable is that all the best eulogies will have the distinct advantage of being true. Kempton was a giant, a man whose contributions to his craft, his city and his country were unique to his generation. To say he will be missed doesn't begin to capture the void he leaves. •

NATIONAL ARSON AWARENESS WEEK

• Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, today I rise to recognize the end of a significant week in our Nation. May 4 through May 10 was National Arson Awareness Week around the country. This year's theme was "Target Arson." The Federal Emergency Management Agency [FEMA], along with local law enforcement officers, firefighters, and teachers chose a tremendously important and vulnerable group close to my heart for special emphasis in their crusade to promote safety and crime prevention—children. Their mission was

and is to educate children on the dangers of fire by asking parents to control their children's access to matches and cigarette lights, and asking all adults to set a good example for our Nation's youth.

Arson affects all Americans. It accounts for more than 700,000 deaths nationwide and causes more than \$2 billion worth of property damage. The cost to the community as a whole is great when we consider that the taxpayer must foot the expenses for the fire, police, and medical personnel who are needed when a fire occurs, and not to mention the losses to a community when a church, business, or home is destroyed. That is why it is imperative that we work together to prevent arson from destroying another community, and most important, another life.

Today I commend FEMA and communities across the country for their laudable efforts in raising awareness about the tragic consequences of arson and its devastating effect on our communities. •

ORDERS FOR MONDAY, MAY 12, 1997

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, on behalf of the leader, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today it stand in adjournment until the hour of 10 a.m. on Monday, May 12. I further ask unanimous consent that on Monday, immediately following the prayer, the routine requests through the morning hour be granted and that there then be a period of morning business until 11 a.m., with Senators to speak for up to 5 minutes each with the following exceptions: Senator SNOWE for up to 10 minutes, Senator DORGAN for up to 30 minutes, and Senator BUMPERS for up to 20 minutes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

PROGRAM

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, further, on behalf of the majority leader, for the information of all Senators, Monday the Senate will, hopefully, begin consideration of the CFE treaty. However, no rollcall votes will occur during Monday's session of the Senate. Any votes ordered with respect to the treaty will be stacked to occur at a later date. As always, all Senators will be notified when any votes are ordered.

It is the hope of the majority leader that the Senate could also consider the IDEA bill, possibly under a time agreement. Again, any votes ordered with respect to that bill will also be postponed to occur at a later date.

I thank my colleagues for their cooperation on both of these matters.

ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 10 A.M., MONDAY, MAY 12, 1997

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I now ask the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 1:52 p.m., adjourned until Monday, May 12, 1997, at 10 a.m.