

THE IRREPRESSIBLE ROTHBARD

The Rothbard–Rockwell Report
Essays of Murray N. Rothbard

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Edited with an introduction by
Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

Preface by
JoAnn Rothbard

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PREFACE

When Murray Rothbard and Lew Rockwell decided to found *The Rothbard-Rockwell Report* in 1990, they first had to decide what form the newsletter would take. Would subscribers, knowing that Murray was an economist, expect economic forecasts and tips? As an Austrian economist, Murray knew that economic forecasting is a mug's game, and he was not even a lucky investor himself. For instance:

When the Soviets defeated the Czarist government in 1918, they repudiated the Czarist bonds, which fell to pennies on the dollar. However, Czarist bonds remained on the Over-the-Counter exchange (now the Nasdaq), and fluctuated with the political climate. When events between the Soviets and the West were more cordial, the bonds rose in value, on the slim possibility that they someday might be redeemed as a gesture of goodwill. When the Cold War became more frosty, the value of the bonds dipped. Sometime in the 1960s, Murray bought Czarist bonds. Within days of his purchase, the bonds, which had been on the same exchange for more than 40 years, were delisted. You can imagine what happened to the price, then.

And so the *Triple R* became the newsletter it is—of trenchant opinions on politics and politicians, on economics and history, on foreign policy and government, and on religion and culture. With two such superb and prolific writers as Lew and Murray, and with Burt Blumert, as Publisher, keeping his eye on finances and advertising, the *Triple R* could not fail.

Writing for the *Triple R* was an important and pleasurable part of Murray's life for the last four years. Although he also enjoyed the scholarly work that he did, writing for the *Triple R* was the most fun he could think of. For he had firm opinions on almost every topic and wrote with ease.

Lew writes of the joy of coming to the office and finding Murray's output of the night on his fax machine. The same went for Murray, who was going to bed about the time that Lew reached the office, and could expect many goodies to be faxed to him by the time he awoke.

Occasionally, Lew, who did the really hard work of putting the newsletter together, would call and say he needed one more short article to finish an issue, and Murray would happily sit down at his typewriter and skewer another politician.

—JoAnn Rothbard[†]

INTRODUCTION

Summing up the work of Murray N. Rothbard (1926–1995) and noting its stunning range, philosopher David Gordon once wondered “if there are really three, four, or five geniuses writing under his name.” These lively essays display one of those geniuses: Rothbard the journalist, cultural critic, political observer, and movement organizer. Even more remarkable, they represent just a fraction of what he wrote in his spare time, for just one publication, and in just the last few years of his life.

These articles hold up magnificently on their own, but here’s the broader context. Two massive scholarly tomes bracket Murray’s academic life. The nine-hundred-page *Man, Economy, and State*—written when he was in his early 30s and appearing in 1962—jump-started the revival of the Austrian School of economics. It remains a masterpiece of theoretical reasoning, and the last full-blown economic treatise.

Appearing one month after Murray’s untimely death in January 1995 was the Austrian Perspective on the *History of Economic Thought* in two volumes. Its thousand pages trace the rise and fall of sound economic thinking from Aristotle to Marx. Though it is an unfinished work—like Schumpeter’s *History of Economic Analysis* or Mozart’s *Requiem*—it knocked the breath out of specialists in every field. (And so did *The Logic of Action* a two-volume compilation, again totaling a thousand pages, of Murray’s most important scholarly articles, published by Edward Elgar of London in its *Economists of the Century* series.)

These two masterworks would be enough to place Murray among the gods of the social science. But there was much more from this irrepressible genius, including a four-volume history of colonial America, a philosophical treatise, books on money and banking, dozens of chapters in books, hundreds of scholarly articles, and thousands of essays on topics of every sort.

In addition, he taught full time, counseled students at all hours, edited scholarly journals, spoke around the world, read everything, wrote enough letters to fill a room, and studied formally in chess, German Baroque church architecture, early jazz, and other areas.

Mere volume and range is not, however, the key to his intellectual power, and neither, necessarily, was his consistent defense of human liberty against state tyranny. Murray was irrepressible because of his burning desire to tell the truth. He would tell the truth in any forum that would take his work, whether a British economic publishing house, a French journal of political science, an American magazine of culture, a daily newspaper, or an irregular libertarian flyer. He had so much to say that he didn’t mind appearing to “waste” his articles (although he never thought of it like that) on the tiniest publications.

He wrote all night, almost every night. What a joy to arrive at the office at 7:00am to find my fax machine filled with twenty or thirty pages of magnificent material, representing only part of his output for the evening. This was the popular material, which he wrote as one diversion among many, the way others watch sports or read popular fiction (although he did those too, and was expert in both). Meanwhile, he was also delving into medieval theology, taking apart his critics in all fields, and advancing the scholarship of liberty in every way he knew.

Toward the end of his life Murray began to develop consistent outlets for his academic work, despite being shunned by the academic establishment. He began to have more commissions than even he could keep up with. But what about those mountains of popular material? I tried to find markets for this great writing, and often succeeded, but as any freelancer knows, the rewrites, copyrights, deadlines, and follow-ups can tie you in knots. What he needed, it seemed to Burton S. Blumert, his California benefactor and friend, was a regular outlet for his non-academic work. And since every article was a gem, Burt cringed at the thought that the world would be denied even one sentence.

The purpose of *The Rothbard-Rockwell Report* was to provide him that steady and reliable outlet. (For no good reason, he insisted that my name also be on the masthead.) We knew there would be a demand for his material, but what took us by surprise was the crucial role the *Triple R* would play in shaping American political history. Burt tells me that I can't reveal the names of all the famous people who subscribed to this relatively expensive publication, but it included a surprising number of players, for good and evil, on the right.

The *Triple R* combined libertarian anti-government economics, decentralist local patriotism, anti-war isolation, and a reactionary cultural outlook that saw government as the key to the loss of the Old Republic. As its reputation spread and its loyal subscriber base grew, the publication developed into a leading forum in defense of the issues and groups that had been excluded (both as a matter of habit and policy) from conventional publications on the right. Its pages defended land-rights groups against environmentalists, citizen militias against gun grabbers, isolationists against imperialists, paleoconservatives against neoconservatives, populists against party regulars, anti-New World Order conspiracy theorists against the establishment, nationalists against internationalists, states righters against libertarian centralists, the Christian right against its own leadership, and much more.

The movement, which the *Triple R* embodied and which came to be called "paleo-libertarianism" or simply "paleoism," was the driving force behind the anti-government intellectual and political movement of the mid-1990s. The *Triple R* became the flagship and ideological inspiration for a mass movement that swept the right and then the country, and arguably

had much to do with the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994 (but not with the betrayal of the revolution that occurred even before the freshmen came to town, and which Murray was the first to see and denounce).

The irrepressible Rothbard was the reason for the rise of “paleoism.” His cover essays, movie reviews, Congressional voting analyses, and news reports tackled the stories and issues no one else would touch. Long-time lovers and haters of Murray were taken aback at his newfound influence, and some attributed his success to the new distance he placed between his views and those of the official libertarian movement. Some of his thoughts, for example on the culture war and immigration, appeared to be the opposite of what the mainstream press calls “libertarian.”

Had Murray really changed his mind? Had he moved from libertarianism proper to the “right”? The short answer is no. Here’s the long answer. In dealing with lives as huge as Murray’s, we tend to divide the decades into periods or phases. Thus Beethoven had a late period in which he experimented with new harmonies and rhythms, Picasso had a “blue period” that was moderately representational, and so on. No doubt some Rothbard biographer will try the same thing for Murray’s journalistic work: the Old Right Rothbard, the New Left Rothbard, the Libertarian Rothbard, and, this, the Paleo Rothbard. Such a division may be inevitable, but let me make my pitch anyway: it is highly misleading.

First, such a division would address only a small part of who he was as a thinker. It might vaguely outline his political associations and publishing outlets, but would say nothing about his academic work, which went through no “phases.” Changes in his thinking, whether displayed in popular or academic settings, were never a matter of repudiating his last thoughts but merely adding to them organically, applying them in new areas, and developing them to address new concerns.

Second, even in his politics, Murray went through no real “periods,” but rather altered his strategies, emphases, and associations based on what the times and circumstances required. His goal remained always and everywhere a principled promotion of liberty. For Murray, a change of strategy never meant a change in principle, but only in method. No matter what political and intellectual strategy Murray was pursuing, his core views were always the same: he was a radical, anti-state libertarian, in the purest sense. Concretely, on economics, he was a private-property, free-market anarchist of the Austrian School; on politics, a radical decentralist; on philosophy, a natural-rights Thomist; on culture, a man of the Old Republic and the Old World.

A couple of clarifications are in order. Murray’s anarchism was not antinomian; it was inseparable from the legal norm of non-aggression implied by the doctrine of natural rights. His view was that rights are necessarily universal, since man’s nature is universal, but enforcement of those rights must be as local as is necessary to ensure consent. Murray’s individualism,

moreover, focused on methodological and ethical concerns; it did not exclude the legal rights of groups like families and communities.

Rothbardian anarchism, then, can be found in any stateless, self-governing community that recognizes property rights, including a huge plantation, an authoritarian monastery, or a company town. Contra one common libertarian error, enforcement of rights should never be centralized in the name of protecting rights. For example, the UN shouldn't legalize drugs over the objections of small communities that want to keep them out. It's also why Rothbardian political economy is compatible with Old Right concerns like constitutional federalism and states rights.

The core of Murray's economic, political, and ethical views was fixed, not because it was a settled dogma, but because logic and events daily confirmed its validity. It was pragmatic because he was willing to work with anyone who shared his love of liberty. Even in terms of political priorities, he maintained a remarkable consistency throughout his public life. He always saw the state, especially its war-making power, as liberty's (and thus civilization's) greatest enemy.

All that said, and I hope understood, let's say these writings do come from the "paleo" period, which began roughly with the end of the Cold War he so thoroughly despised. The shift is explained by Murray himself in these pages, but I'll add a few points.

By the middle 1950s, Murray couldn't identify with the conservative movement, although the "fusionist" branch brought to life by his old friend Frank Meyer had long respected Murray's economic views. It was typical in those days for conservatives to dismiss anything Murray had to say outside economics—and even attempt to prevent people from reading him—on grounds of the supposed "nihilism" and "extremism" of libertarian doctrine, and, preeminently, his foreign policy views.

For it wasn't only the Cold War Murray opposed. He hated the world wars as well as the wars against British Canada, Mexico, the South, Spain, Korea, and Vietnam. He despised the U.S. empire around the globe that, like these wars, had subverted the libertarian republic of the framers. Only the secessionist wars for American and Southern independence were just.

As the pro-war ideology of the right grew increasingly reckless, Murray's lone stand (which meant he had to use New Left publications as his outlets) made him increasingly marginal among the people who, in peacetime, would presumably have been his allies. But the end of the Cold War offered an exciting possibility of restoring the intellectual exchange between anti-statist conservatives and principled libertarians.

As Murray put it, "whether or not I was right about the Soviet/Communist menace, and I still believe that I was, the course of human events has, thank goodness, now made that argument obsolete and antiquarian." This was Murray reaching out to find new allies in the struggle for the future of civilization, as he did throughout his life.

Murray's new allies, coming from highly diverse backgrounds, found they had common ideological enemies: the left, the imperialist neoconservatism of *National Review* and practically every other official right-wing organ, the unfortunate ideological libertinism of the libertarians, and the shiftiness of social democrats of all stripes. It all began with an exchange of letters among Murray and dissident paleoconservatives who had been expelled from the neocon orbit, and quickly grew into a full-scale, radical intellectual paradigm for post-Cold War political action.

What he saw being revived was the diversity and anti-state activism of the Old Right of the interwar period, a vibrant movement (now almost forgotten) that hated corporatism, militarism, and welfarism, and longed for a return to the Jeffersonian Republic that had been strangled by Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt. This was the revival he had long hoped for, as shown in the final paragraph of *For a New Liberty* (1976).

The formation and development of paleoism had another major benefit besides advancing the cause of liberty, which it certainly did. It introduced Rothbardianism to a new generation of intellectuals and activists. This might not have been possible if he had remained in the stifling circles of the official libertarian movement, a social set with peculiar thoughts and habits that unnecessarily tainted the Rothbardian program. It also gave him a second hearing among intellectuals who had decided not to bother with him based on the smears of Cold Warriors, as typified by the lying obituary of William Buckley.

With the *Triple R*, Murray developed a loyal following among home schoolers, traditional Catholics, gun rights people, Southern secessionists, Young Republicans, and many other groups. By the time the Mises Institute brought Murray's *Man, Economy, and State* back into print in the 1994, it had found an entirely new constituency both inside and outside the economics profession, and thousands of copies flew out the door. It was more evidence, along with the booming *Triple R*, that Murray was irrepressible.

All this intellectual entrepreneurship may seem to involve heavy lifting, but that's not why people cherish Murray's popular writing from this period. They love it because it's insightful, informative, accurate, brilliant, and, above all, fun. For people unacquainted with him, this may have been the biggest surprise.

One consequence of the anti-Rothbard slanders during the Cold War was to give the impression that Murray was a steely-eyed fanatic who thought only about abstractions. The smear artists tried to make an analogy between Murray and his supposed mirror image, the humorless left-wing radical. Was Murray the kind of intellectual who caused Oscar Wilde to comment that socialism consumes far too many evenings?

A thumb flip through this volume is enough to show that the charge wasn't true. Indeed, you get the feeling that if Murray's comparative advantage had not been in economics, history, and philosophy, he would

have made a great sports, music, or movie critic. And, no, he didn't always look at movies or music in terms of what they implied for libertarian doctrine, even if he hated art that was little more than a stalking horse for leftist ideology. For non-political works, he reviewed them in their own terms, which is why his writing speaks to all sorts of people.

Even his political analysis was intensely interesting beyond particular candidates or the philosophical implications of an election. Murray did not confuse his ideal world of anarcho-capitalist decentralism with the political possibilities of the moment. For example, he made a distinction between whom we should approve of wholeheartedly, and whom we should root for in a particular election.

In 1992, he stirred up controversy by rooting for Bush, and was bombarded with hate mail for his column saying as much in the *Los Angeles Times*. That did not mean Murray supported Bush in an absolute sense; nobody denounced Bush more for his wars (see his riveting pieces on the Gulf War) and increases in federal power. Murray made the argument for Bush when compared with Clinton, just as he supported Perot over Bush, and Buchanan over Perot in the same year. It was a matter of strategy—and Murray, contrary to common impression—was a realist who knew the political ins and outs as well as anyone. If you doubt it, check out such articles as “The Bringing Down of Liz Holtzman,” “The New York Political Circus,” and the classic “*A Rivederci, Mario*.” You'll think he missed his calling as a campaign consultant.

Whenever a candidate for office wanted to meet with Murray, he was thrilled to do so. Pat Buchanan is a case in point. Before he challenged Bush, Pat led the movement against the ghastly war on Iraq, earning Murray's abiding respect. Pat, Murray hoped, would lead a break-out from the conservative pack in backing an anti-welfare, anti-warfare program. During Pat's 1992 primary run against Bush, he met with Murray and they became fast friends. Murray was disgusted by the smears against Pat, and thrilled by his call to bring the troops home. But as anyone who knows Pat can testify, he's a great listener who resists advice from any quarter. It's a good trait when he's bucking Rockefeller on the Mexican bailout, but a bad one when he's rejecting Rothbard on the free market.

Murray's political realism led him to examine all programs and plans by a single acid test: will this person or policy move us closer to, or further from, the goal of freedom? This test led him, for example, to blast school vouchers as a step-up in government power. And although Murray was an ardent free trader, he tore Nafta and Gatt to shreds. Based on the Republican compromises with those bills and the affiliated Mexican bailout, he foresaw the betrayal of the Republican 1994 Congressional takeover.

One political issue that comes up in these pages is California's Proposition 187, a measure that proposed to cut-off welfare benefits to illegal

immigrants. You might think: a welfare cutoff? Now there's something a libertarian can support. It didn't quite work out that way. Not only was the entire political and media class wildly opposed to this measure, but the neoconservative and official libertarian movements joined forces (not for the last time) to try to defeat it. That left Murray as its most prominent defender among intellectuals not usually associated with the anti-immigrant wing of conservatism.

According to the media's tale, the immigration question is forever bound up with the issue of free trade (as defined by the governing elites, meaning managed-trade treaties). But no one in the media is willing to say: let's have absolutely open borders. Everybody with a noggin understands that millions storming across the southern border would cause an economic, political, and cultural upheaval. Libertarians should also understand that such a policy would, on net, make us less free, especially because the welfare state slathers tax dollars on all comers, and because, thanks to civil rights, minority aliens automatically have rights to trample on property and privacy, rights properly denied to the majority of natives.

The question then is not whether to restrict immigration (even Julian Simon grants some restrictions are in order), but to what extent and with what priorities in mind. Murray broke from the libertarian consensus not only to favor Prop. 187, but to revisit the issue altogether. As he saw it, the central government uses liberal immigration policies, or what Hans-Hermann Hoppe has called the global right of trespass, as a means of unsettling bourgeois property holders and increasing the power of government.

But how can an anarchist support immigration restrictions? As he wrote in *The Ethics of Liberty* (1982), "there can be no human right to immigrate, for on *whose* property does someone else have the right to trample? In short, if 'Primus' wishes to migrate now from some other country to the United States, we cannot say that he has the absolute right to immigrate to this land area; for what of these property owners who don't want him on their property?"

I quote the passage to demonstrate the inanity of another accusation against Murray: that he changed his open-immigration position to a "nativist" one because of his new friendship with paleoconservatives. As shown by this volume, his late views on the subject were an outgrowth of his general position in favor of strict property rights. Thus, he would not restrict immigration in which people contract for labor (citizenship being an entirely different issue).

Murray's critics have long tried to play "gotcha" with him by spotting some compromise. Their failed efforts were probably inspired by Murray himself, who rightly placed special emphasis on the moral urgency of sticking to principle. As an intellectual committed to truth above all else, Murray had a special loathing for a common practice in politics and the intellectual world: the sellout.

To him, it was far better to be wrong about the issues, yet moving even a smidgen in the right direction, than to have known the truth (about the state or foreign policy or whatever) and then rejected it for opportunistic reasons. For one thing, in Murray's view, the sellout is typically more dangerous because he has displayed the ability to be a convincing liar. As the great spiritual writers teach us, a person who is wrong but naive is far more trustworthy than a person who knows the truth but seeks fame, fortune, and political advantage instead. Keep that in mind as you read Murray's excoriations of individuals and groups identified as sellouts in these pages.

Several other pieces deserve special mention. His article on Rwanda ("Hutus vs. Tutsis") was hailed by the displaced king of that country as the only piece to tell the truth about his homeland. Murray's "Exhume! Exhume!" is the first essay to my knowledge to make the general case for digging up bodies of political figures long after they're dead for the purposes of arbitrating conspiracy controversies. His attack on the menace of religious leftism, as embodied in Hillary Clinton's politics, is a theme picked up by multitudes of later commentators. Murray's piece on fluoride ("Fluoridation Revisited") revived a subject long forgotten and dismissed. His article on "King Kristol" foretold the bust that Bill's magazine would be among grass-roots conservatives. Finally, pay careful attention to his manifesto on "Big Government Libertarians" for insights into how and why Murray changed his associations in those raucous years.

As the heavy-handed editor of this volume, I regret having to cut many hundreds of pages. Every article was a treasure, and I apologize to any reader whose favorite piece is missing. Going through them one-by-one made me deeply nostalgic for his genius and his intellectual vigor. But rereading them also recalls the complete joy with which he embraced life, and how his extreme optimism made even the most severe setbacks tolerable. He experienced great disappointments and great successes, but through it all he was heroic, undaunted, and irrepressible. In this, as in everything else, Murray Rothbard is the model for those who long for liberty, and work for it.

—Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

A STRATEGY
FOR THE RIGHT

A STRATEGY FOR THE RIGHT

January 1992

What I call the Old Right is suddenly back! The terms old and new inevitably get confusing, with a new “new” every few years, so let’s call it the “Original” Right, the right wing as it existed from 1933 to approximately 1955. This Old Right was formed in reaction against the New Deal, and against the Great Leap Forward into the Leviathan state that was the essence of that New Deal.

This anti-New Deal movement was a coalition of three groups: (1) the “extremists,” the individualists and libertarians, like H.L. Mencken, Albert Jay Nock, Rose Wilder Lane, and Garet Garrett; (2) right-wing Democrats, harking back to the laissez-faire views of the nineteenth century Democratic party, men such as Governor Albert Ritchie of Maryland or Senator James A. Reed of Missouri; and (3) moderate New Dealers, who thought that the Roosevelt New Deal went too far, for example Herbert Hoover. Interestingly, even though the libertarian intellectuals were in the minority, they necessarily set the terms and the rhetoric of the debate, since theirs was the only thought-out contrasting ideology to the New Deal.

The most radical view of the New Deal was that of libertarian essayist and novelist Garet Garrett, an editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. His brilliant little pamphlet *The Revolution Was*, published in 1938, began with these penetrating words—words that would never be fully absorbed by the right:

There are those who still think they are holding a pass
against a revolution that may be coming up the road.
But they are gazing in the wrong direction.
The revolution is behind them.
It went by in the night of depression,
singing songs to freedom.

The revolution was, said Garrett, and therefore nothing less than a counterrevolution is needed to take the country back. Behold, then, not a ‘conservative,’ but a radical right.

In the late 1930s, there was added to this reaction against the domestic New Deal, a reaction against the foreign policy of the New Deal: the insistent drive toward war in Europe and Asia. Hence, the right wing added a reaction against big government abroad to the attack on big government at home. The one fed on the other. The right wing called for non-intervention in foreign as well as domestic affairs, and denounced FDR’s adoption of Woodrow Wilson’s Global Crusading which had proved so disastrous in World War I. To Wilson–Roosevelt globalism, the Old Right countered with a policy of America First. American foreign policy must neither be

based on the interests of a foreign power—such as Great Britain—nor be in the service of such abstract ideals as “making the world safe for democracy,” or waging a “war to end all wars,” both of which would amount, in the prophetic words of Charles A. Beard, to waging “perpetual war for perpetual peace.”

And so the original right was completed, combating the Leviathan state in domestic affairs. It said “no!” to the welfare-warfare state. The result of adding foreign affairs to the list was some reshuffling of members: former rightists such as Lewis W. Douglas, who had opposed the domestic New Deal, now rejoined it as internationalists; while veteran isolationists, such as Senators Borah and Nye, or intellectuals such as Beard, Harry Elmer Barnes, or John T. Flynn, gradually but surely became *domestic* right-wingers in the course of their determined opposition to the foreign New Deal.

If we know what the Old Right was against, what were they *for*? In general terms, they were for a restoration of the liberty of the Old Republic, of a government strictly limited to the defense of the rights of private property. In the concrete, as in the case of any broad coalition, there were differences of opinion within this overall framework. But we can boil down those differences to this question: how much of existing government would you repeal? How far would you roll government back?

The *minimum* demand which almost all Old Rightists agreed on, which virtually defined the Old Right, was total abolition of the New Deal, the whole kit and kaboodle of the welfare state, the Wagner Act, the Social Security Act, going off gold in 1933, and all the rest. Beyond that, there were charming disagreements. Some would stop at repealing the New Deal. Others would press on, to abolition of Woodrow Wilson’s New Freedom, including the Federal Reserve System and especially that mighty instrument of tyranny, the income tax and the Internal Revenue Service. Still others, extremists such as myself, would not stop until we repealed the Federal Judiciary Act of 1789, and maybe even think the unthinkable and restore the good old Articles of Confederation.

Here I should stop and say that, contrary to accepted myth, the original right did not disappear with, and was not discredited by, our entry into World War II. On the contrary, the congressional elections of 1942—an election neglected by scholars—was a significant victory not only for conservative Republicans, but for isolationist Republicans as well. Even though intellectual rightist opinion, in books and especially in the journals, was virtually blotted out during World War II, the right was still healthy in politics and in the press, such as the Hearst press, the *New York Daily News*, and especially the *Chicago Tribune*. After World War II, there was an intellectual revival of the right, and the Old Right stayed healthy until the mid-1950s.

Within the overall consensus, then, on the Old Right, there were many differences within the framework, but differences that remained remarkably

friendly and harmonious. Oddly enough, these are precisely the friendly differences within the current paleo movement: free trade or protective tariff, immigration policy, and within the policy of “isolationism,” whether it should be “doctrinaire” isolationism, such as my own, or whether the United States should regularly intervene in the Western Hemisphere or in neighboring countries of Latin America. Or whether this nationalist policy should be flexible among these various alternatives.

Other differences, which also still exist, are more philosophical: should we be Lockians, Hobbesians, or Burkeans: natural rightsers, or traditionalists, or utilitarians? On political frameworks, should we be monarchists, check-and-balance federalists, or radical decentralists? Hamiltonians or Jeffersonians?

One difference, which agitated the right wing before the Buckleyite monolith managed to stifle all debate, is particularly relevant to right-wing strategy. The Marxists, who have spent a great deal of time thinking about strategy for their movement, always post the question: who is the agency of social change? Which group may be expected to bring about the desired change in society? Classical Marxism found the answer easy: the proletariat. Then things got a lot more complicated: the peasantry, oppressed womanhood, minorities, etc.

The relevant question for the right wing is the other side of the coin: who can we expect to be the *bad guys*? Who are agents of *negative* social change? Or: which groups in society pose the greatest threats to liberty? Basically, there have been two answers on the right: (1) the unwashed masses; and (2) the power elites. I will return to this question in a minute.

On the differences of opinion, of the question of diversity in the Old Right, I was struck by a remark that Tom Fleming of *Chronicles* made. Tom noted that he was struck, in reading about that period, that there was no party line, that there was no person or magazine excommunicating heretics, that there was admirable diversity and freedom of discussion on the Old Right. Amen! In other words there was no *National Review*.

What was the Old Right position on culture? There was no particular position, because everyone was imbued with, and loved the old culture. Culture was not an object of debate, either on the Old Right or, for that matter, anywhere else. Of course, they would have been horrified and incredulous at the accredited victimology that has rapidly taken over our culture. Anyone who would have suggested to an Old Rightist of 1950, for example, that in forty years, the federal courts would be redrawing election districts all over the country so that Hispanics would be elected according to their quota in the population, would have been considered a fit candidate for the loony bin. As well he might.

And while I'm on this topic, this is the year 1992, so I am tempted to say, repeat after me: COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA!

Even though a fan of diversity, the only revisionism I will permit on this topic is whether Columbus discovered America, or whether it was Amerigo Vespucci.

Poor Italian-Americans! They have never been able to make it to accredited victim status. The only thing they ever got was Columbus Day. And now, they're trying to take it away!

If I may be pardoned a personal note, I joined the Old Right in 1946. I grew up in New York City in the 1930s in the midst of what can only be called a communist culture. As middle-class Jews in New York, my relatives, friends, classmates, and neighbors faced only one great moral decision in their lives: should they join the Communist Party and devote 100 percent of their lives to the cause; or should they remain fellow travelers and devote only a fraction of their lives? That was the great range of debate.

I had two sets of aunts and uncles on both sides of the family who were in the Communist Party. The older uncle was an engineer who helped build the legendary Moscow subway; the younger one was an editor for the Communist-dominated Drug Workers Union, headed by one of the famous Foner brothers. But I hasten to add that I am *not*, in the current fashion, like Roseanne Barr Arnold or William F. Buckley, Jr., claiming that I was a victim of child abuse. (Buckley's claim is that he was the victim of the high crime of insouciant anti-Semitism at his father's dinner table.)

On the contrary, my father was an individualist, and was always strongly anti-communist and anti-socialist, who turned against the New Deal in 1938 because it had failed to correct the depression—a pretty good start. In my high school and college career, at Columbia University, I never met a Republican, much less anyone strongly right-wing.

By the way, even though I am admittedly several years younger than Daniel Bell, Irving Kristol, and the rest, I must say that during all those years I never heard of Leon Trotsky, much less of Trotskyites, until I got to graduate school after World War II. I was fairly politically aware, and in New York in those days, the “left” meant the Communist Party, period. So I think that Kristol and the rest are weaving pretty legends about the cosmic importance of the debates between Trotskyites and Stalinists in alcoves A and B at the City College cafeteria. As far as I'm concerned, the only Trotskyites were a handful of academics. By the way, there is a perceptive saying in left-wing circles in New York: that the Trotskyites all went into academia, and the Stalinists went into real estate. Perhaps that's why the Trotskyites are running the world.

At Columbia College, I was only one of two Republicans on the entire campus, the other being a literature major with whom I had little in common. Not only that: but, a remarkable thing for a cosmopolitan place like Columbia, Lawrence Chamberlain, distinguished political scientist, and dean of Columbia college, admitted one time that he had never met a Republican either.

By 1946, I had become politically active, and joined the Young Republicans of New York. Unfortunately, the Republicans in New York weren't much of an improvement: the Dewey-Rockefeller forces constituted the extreme right of the party; most of them being either pro-Communist, like Stanley Isaacs, or social democrats like Jacob Javits. I did, however, have fun writing a paper for the Young Republicans denouncing price control and rent control. And after the Republican capture of Congress in 1946, I was ecstatic. My first publication ever was a "hallelujah!" letter in the *New York World-Telegram* exulting that now, at last, the Republican 80th Congress would repeal the entire New Deal. So much for my strategic acumen in 1946.

At any rate, I found the Old Right and was happy there for a decade. For a couple of years, I was delighted to subscribe to the *Chicago Tribune*, whose every news item was filled with great Old Right punch and analysis. It is forgotten now that the only organized opposition to the Korean War was not on the left, which, except for the Communist Party and I.F. Stone, fell for the chimera of Wilsonian-Rooseveltian "collective security," but was on the so-called extreme right, particularly in the House of Representatives.

One of the leaders was my friend Howard Buffett, Congressman from Omaha, who was a pure libertarian and was Senator Taft's midwestern campaign manager at the monstrous Republican convention of 1952, when the Eisenhower-Wall Street cabal stole the election from Robert Taft. After that, I left the Republican Party, only to return this year for the Buchanan campaign. During the 1950s, I joined every right-wing third party I could find, most of which collapsed after the first meeting. I supported the last presidential thrust of the Old Right, the Andrews-Werdel ticket in 1956, but unfortunately, they never made it up to New York City.

After this excursion on my personal activity in the Old Right, I return to a key strategic question: who are the major bad guys, the unwashed masses or the power elite? Very early, I concluded that the big danger is the elite, and not the masses, and for the following reasons.

First, even granting for a moment that the masses are the worst possible, that they are perpetually Hell-bent on lynching anyone down the block, the mass of people simply don't have the time for politics or political shenanigans. The average person must spend most of his time on the daily business of life, being with his family, seeing his friends, etc. He can only get interested in politics or engage in it sporadically.

The only people who have *time* for politics are the professionals: the bureaucrats, politicians, and special interest groups dependent on political rule. They make money out of politics, and so they are intensely interested, and lobby and are active twenty-four hours a day. Therefore, these special interest groups will tend to win out over the uninterested masses. This is the basic insight of the Public Choice school of economics. The only other groups interested full-time in politics are ideologists like ourselves, again

not a very large segment of the population. So the problem is the ruling elite, the professionals, and their dependent special interest groups.

A second crucial point: society is divided into a ruling elite, which is necessarily a minority of the population, which lives off the second group—the rest of the population. Here I point to one of the most brilliant essays on political philosophy ever written, John C. Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government*.

Calhoun pointed out that the very fact of government and of taxation creates inherent conflict between two great classes: those who pay taxes, and those who live off them; the net taxpayers vs. the tax-consumers. The bigger government gets, Calhoun noted, the greater and more intense the conflict between those two social classes. By the way, I've never thought of Governor Pete Wilson of California as a distinguished political theorist, but the other day he said something, presumably unwittingly, that was remarkably Calhounian. Wilson lamented that the tax-*recipients* in California were beginning to outnumber the tax-*payers*. Well, it's a start.

If a minority of elites rule over, tax, and exploit the majority of the public, then this brings up starkly the main problem of political theory: what I like to call the mystery of civil obedience. Why does the majority of the public obey these turkeys, anyway? This problem I believe, was solved by three great political theorists, mainly but not all libertarian: Etienne de la Boetie, French libertarian theorist of the mid-sixteenth century; David Hume; and Ludwig von Mises. They pointed out that, precisely because the ruling class is a minority, that in the long run, force *per se* cannot rule. Even in the most despotic dictatorship, the government can only persist when it is backed by the majority of the population. In the long run, ideas, not force, rule, and any government has to have legitimacy in the minds of the public.

This truth was starkly demonstrated in the collapse of the Soviet Union last year. Simply put, when the tanks were sent to capture Yeltsin, they were persuaded to turn their guns around and defend Yeltsin and the Russian Parliament instead. More broadly, it is clear that the Soviet government had totally lost legitimacy and support among the public. To a libertarian, it was a particularly wonderful thing to see unfolding before our very eyes, the death of a state, particularly a monstrous one such as the Soviet Union. Toward the end, Gorbys continued to issue decrees as before, but now, no one paid any attention. The once-mighty Supreme Soviet continued to meet, but nobody bothered to show up. How glorious!

But we still haven't solved the mystery of civil obedience. If the ruling elite is taxing, looting, and exploiting the public, why does the public put up with this for a single moment? Why does it take them so long to withdraw their consent?

Here we come to the solution: the critical role of the intellectuals, the opinion-molding class in society. If the masses knew what was going on, they would withdraw their consent quickly: they would soon perceive that

the emperor has no clothes, that they are being ripped off. That is where the intellectuals come in.

The ruling elite, whether it be the monarchs of yore or the Communist parties of today, are in desperate need of intellectual elites to weave *apologias* for state power. The state rules by divine edict; the state insures the common good or the general welfare; the state protects us from the bad guys over the mountain; the state guarantees full employment; the state activates the multiplier effect; the state insures social justice, and on and on. The *apologias* differ over the centuries; the effect is always the same. As Karl Wittfogel shows in his great work, *Oriental Despotism*, in Asian empires the intellectuals were able to get away with the theory that the emperor or pharaoh was himself divine. If the ruler is God, few will be induced to disobey or question his commands.

We can see what the state rulers get out of their alliance with the intellectuals; but what do the intellectuals get out of it? Intellectuals are the sort of people who believe that, in the free market, they are getting paid far less than their wisdom requires. Now the state is willing to pay them salaries, both for apologizing for state power, and in the modern state, for staffing the myriad jobs in the welfare, regulatory state apparatus.

In past centuries, the churches have constituted the exclusive opinion-molding classes in the society. Hence the importance to the state and its rulers of an established church, and the importance to libertarians of the concept of separating church and state, which really means not allowing the state to confer upon one group a monopoly of the opinion-molding function. In the twentieth century, of course, the church has been replaced in its opinion-molding role, or, in that lovely phrase, the “engineering of consent,” by a swarm of intellectuals, academics, social scientists, technocrats, policy scientists, social workers, journalists and the media generally, and on and on. Often included, for old times’ sake, so to speak, is a sprinkling of social gospel ministers and counselors from the mainstream churches.

So, to sum up: the problem is that the bad guys, the ruling classes, have gathered unto themselves the intellectual and media elites, who are able to bamboozle the masses into consenting to their rule, to indoctrinate them, as the Marxists would say, with “false consciousness.” What can we, the right-wing opposition, do about it?

One strategy, endemic to libertarians and classical liberals, is what we can call the “Hayekian” model, after F.A. Hayek, or what I have called “educationism.” Ideas, the model declares, are crucial, and ideas filter down a hierarchy, beginning with top philosophers, then seeping down to lesser philosophers, then academics, and finally to journalists and politicians, and then to the masses. The thing to do is to convert the top philosophers to the correct ideas, they will convert the lesser, and so on, in a kind of “trickle-down effect,” until, at last, the masses are converted and liberty has been achieved.

First, it should be noted that this trickle-down strategy is a very gentle and genteel one, relying on quiet mediation and persuasion in the austere corridors of intellectual cerebration. This strategy fits, by the way, with Hayek's personality, for Hayek is not exactly known as an intellectual gut-fighter.

Of course, ideas and persuasion are important, but there are several fatal flaws in the Hayekian strategy. First, of course, the strategy at best will take several hundred years, and some of us are a bit more impatient than that. But time is by no means the only problem. Many people have noted, for example, mysterious blockages of the trickle. Thus, most real scientists have a very different view of such environmental questions as Alar than that of a few left-wing hysterics, and yet somehow it is always the same few hysterics that are exclusively quoted by the media. The same applies to the vexed problem of inheritance and IQ testing. So how come the media invariably skew the result, and pick and choose the few leftists in the field? Clearly, because the media, especially the respectable and influential media, begin, and continue, with a strong left-liberal bias.

More generally, the Hayekian trickle-down model overlooks a crucial point: that, and I hate to break this to you, intellectuals, academics and the media are not all motivated by truth alone. As we have seen, the intellectual classes may be part of the solution, but also they are a big part of the problem. For, as we have seen, the intellectuals are part of the ruling class, and their economic interests, as well as their interests in prestige, power and admiration, are wrapped up in the present welfare-warfare state system.

Therefore, in addition to converting intellectuals to the cause, the proper course for the right-wing opposition must necessarily be a strategy of boldness and confrontation, of dynamism and excitement, a strategy, in short, of rousing the masses from their slumber and exposing the arrogant elites that are ruling them, controlling them, taxing them, and ripping them off.

Another alternative right-wing strategy is that commonly pursued by many libertarian or conservative think tanks: that of quiet persuasion, not in the groves of academe, but in Washington, D.C., in the corridors of power. This has been called the "Fabian" strategy, with think tanks issuing reports calling for a two percent cut in a tax here, or a tiny drop in a regulation there. The supporters of this strategy often point to the success of the Fabian Society, which, by its detailed empirical researches, gently pushed the British state into a gradual accretion of socialist power.

The flaw here, however, is that what works to *increase* state power does not work in reverse. For the Fabians were gently nudging the ruling elite precisely in the direction they wanted to travel anyway. Nudging the *other* way would go strongly against the state's grain, and the result is far more likely to be the state's co-opting and Fabianizing the think-tankers

themselves rather than the other way around. This sort of strategy may, of course, be personally very pleasant for the think-tankers, and may be profitable in cushy jobs and contracts from the government. But that is precisely the problem.

It is important to realize that the establishment doesn't want excitement in politics, it wants the masses to continue to be lulled to sleep. It wants kinder, gentler; it wants the measured, judicious, mushy tone, and content, of a James Reston, a David Broder, or a *Washington Week in Review*. It *doesn't* want a Pat Buchanan, not only for the excitement and hard edge of his content, but also for his similar tone and style.

And so the proper strategy for the right wing must be what we can call "right-wing populism": exciting, dynamic, tough, and confrontational, rousing, and inspiring not only the exploited masses, but the often shell-shocked right-wing intellectual cadre as well. And in this era where the intellectual and media elites are all establishment liberal-conservatives, all in a deep sense one variety or another of social democrat, all bitterly hostile to a genuine right, we need a dynamic, charismatic leader who has the ability to short-circuit the media elites, and to reach and rouse the masses directly. We need a leadership that can reach the masses and cut through the crippling and distorting hermeneutical fog spread by the media elites.

But can we call such a strategy "conservative"? I, for one, am tired of the liberal strategy, on which they have rung the changes for forty years, of presuming to define "conservatism" as a supposed aid to the conservative movement. Whenever liberals have encountered hard-edged abolitionists who, for example, have wanted to repeal the New Deal or Fair Deal, they say "but that's not *genuine* conservatism. That's *radicalism*." The *genuine* conservative, these liberals go on to say, doesn't want to repeal or abolish anything. He is a kind and gentle soul who wants to *conserve* what left-liberals have accomplished.

The left-liberal vision, then, of *good* conservatives is as follows: first, left-liberals, in power, make a Great Leap Forward toward collectivism; then, when, in the course of the political cycle, four or eight years later, conservatives come to power, they of course are horrified at the very idea of *repealing* anything; they simply *slow* down the rate of growth of statism, consolidating the previous gains of the left, and providing a bit of R&R for the next liberal Great Leap Forward. And if you think about it, you will see that this is precisely what every Republican administration has done since the New Deal. Conservatives have readily played the desired Santa Claus role in the liberal vision of history.

I would like to ask: how long are we going to keep being suckers? How long will we keep playing our appointed roles in the scenario of the left? When are we going to stop playing their game, and start throwing over the table?

I must admit that, in one sense, the liberals have had a point. The word “conservative” is unsatisfactory. The original right never used the term “conservative”: we called ourselves individualists, or “true liberals,” or rightists. The word “conservative” only swept the board after the publication of Russell Kirk’s highly influential *Conservative Mind* in 1953, in the last years of the original right.

There are two major problems with the word “conservative.” First, that it indeed connotes conserving the status quo, which is precisely why the Brezhnevites were called “conservatives” in the Soviet Union. Perhaps there was a case for calling us “conservatives” in 1910, but surely not now. Now we want to uproot the status quo, not conserve it. And secondly, the word conservative harks back to struggles in nineteenth-century Europe, and in America conditions and institutions have been so different that the term is seriously misleading. There is a strong case here, as in other areas, for what has been called “American exceptionalism.”

So what should we call ourselves? I haven’t got an easy answer, but perhaps we could call ourselves radical reactionaries, or “radical rightists,” the label that was given to us by our enemies in the 1950s. Or, if there is too much objection to the dread term “radical,” we can follow the suggestion of some of our group to call ourselves “the Hard Right.” Any of these terms is preferable to “conservative,” and it also serves the function of separating ourselves out from the official conservative movement which, as I shall note in a minute, has been largely taken over by our enemies.

It is instructive to turn now to a prominent case of right-wing populism headed by a dynamic leader who appeared in the last years of the original right, and whose advent, indeed, marked a transition between the original and the newer, Buckleyite right. Quick now: who was the most hated, the most smeared man in American politics in this century, more hated and reviled than even David Duke, even though he was not a Nazi or a Ku Kluxer? He was not a libertarian, he was not an isolationist, he was not *even* a conservative, but in fact was a moderate Republican. And yet, he was so universally reviled that his very name became a generic dictionary synonym for evil.

I refer, of course, to Joe McCarthy. The key to the McCarthy phenomenon was the comment made by the entire political culture, from moderate left to moderate right: “we agree with McCarthy’s *goals*, we just disagree with his *means*.” Of course, McCarthy’s goals were the usual ones absorbed from the political culture: the alleged necessity of waging war against an international Communist conspiracy whose tentacles reached from the Soviet Union and spanned the entire globe. McCarthy’s problem, and ultimately his tragedy, is that he took this stuff seriously; if communists and their agents and fellow travelers are everywhere, then shouldn’t we, in the midst of the Cold War, root them out of American political life?

The unique and the glorious thing about McCarthy was not his goals or his ideology, but precisely his radical, populist *means*. For McCarthy was able, for a few years, to short-circuit the intense opposition of all the elites in American life: from the Eisenhower–Rockefeller administration to the Pentagon and the military-industrial complex to liberal and left media and academic elites—to overcome all that opposition and reach and inspire the masses directly. And he did it through television, and without any real movement behind him; he had only a guerrilla band of a few advisers, but no organization and no infrastructure.

Fascinatingly enough, the response of the intellectual elites to the spectre of McCarthyism was led by liberals such as Daniel Bell and Seymour Martin Lipset, who are now prominent neoconservatives. For, in this era, the neocons were in the midst of the long march which was to take them from Trotskyism to right-wing Trotskyism to right-wing social democracy, and finally to the leadership of the conservative movement. At this stage of their hegira the neocons were Truman–Humphrey–Scoop Jackson liberals.

The major intellectual response to McCarthyism was a book edited by Daniel Bell, *The New American Right* (1955) later updated and expanded to *The Radical Right* (1963), published at a time when McCarthyism was long gone and it was necessary to combat a new menace, the John Birch Society. The basic method was to divert attention from the *content* of the radical right message and direct attention instead to a personal smear of the groups on the right.

The classical, or *hard*, Marxist method of smearing opponents of socialism or communism was to condemn them as agents of monopoly capital or of the bourgeoisie. While these charges were wrong, at least they had the virtue of clarity and even a certain charm, compared to the later tactics of the *soft* Marxists and liberals of the 1950s and 60s, who engaged in Marxo-Freudian psychobabble to infer, in the name of psychological “science,” that their opponents were, well, kind of *crazy*.

The preferred method of the time was invented by one of the contributors to the Bell volume, and also one of my least favorite distinguished American historians, Professor Richard Hofstadter. In Hofstadter’s formulation, *any* radical dissenters from any status quo, be they rightists or leftists, engage in a “paranoid” style (and you know, of course, what *paranoids* are), and suffer from “status anxiety.”

Logically, at any time there are three and only three social groups: those who are *declining* in status, those who are *rising* in status, and those whose status is about even. (You can’t fault *that* analysis!) The declining groups are the ones whom Hofstadter focused on for the neurosis of status anxiety, which causes them to lash out irrationally at their betters in a paranoid style, and you can fill in the rest. But, of course, the *rising* groups can also suffer from the anxiety of trying to *keep* their higher status, and the level groups can be anxious about a future decline. The result of his hocus-pocus is a

non-falsifiable, universally valid theory that can be trotted out to smear and dispose of *any* person or group which dissents from the status quo. For who, after all, wants to be, or to associate with, paranoids and the status anxious?

Also permeating the Bell volume is dismissal of these terrible radicals as suffering from the “politics of resentment.” It is interesting, by the way, how left-liberals deal with political anger. It’s a question of semantics. Anger by the good guys, the accredited victim groups, is designated as “rage,” which is somehow noble: the latest example was the rage of organized feminism in the Clarence Thomas/Willie Smith incidents. On the other hand, anger by designated *oppressor* groups is not called “rage,” but “resentment”: which conjures up evil little figures, envious of their betters, skulking around the edges of the night.

And indeed the entire Bell volume is permeated by a frank portrayal of the noble, intelligent ivy-league governing elite, confronted and harassed by a mass of odious, uneducated, redneck, paranoid, resentment-filled authoritarian working and middle-class types in the heartland, trying irrationally to undo the benevolent rule of wise elites concerned for the public good.

History, however, was not very kind to Hofstadterian liberalism. For Hofstadter and the others were consistent: they were defending what they considered a wonderful status quo of elite rule, from *any* radicals whatever, be they right or left. And so, Hofstadter and his followers went back through American history tarring all radical dissenters from any status quo with the status anxious, paranoid brush, including such groups as progressives, populists, and Northern abolitionists before the Civil War.

At the same time, Bell, in 1960, published a once-famous work proclaiming the *End of Ideology*: from now on, consensus elitist liberalism would rule forever, ideology would disappear, and all political problems would be merely technical ones, such as which machinery to use to clear the streets. (Foreshadowing thirty years later, a similar neocon proclamation of the *End of History*.) But shortly afterwards, ideology came back with a bang, with the radical civil rights and then the New Left revolutions, part of which, I am convinced, was in reaction to these arrogant liberal doctrines. Smearing radicals, at least *left-wing* ones, was no longer in fashion, either in politics or in historiography.

Meanwhile, of course, poor McCarthy was undone, partly because of the smears, and the lack of a movement infrastructure, and partly too because his populism, even though dynamic, had no goals and no program whatsoever, except the very narrow one of rooting out communists. And partly, too, because McCarthy was not really suited for the television medium he had ridden to fame: being a “hot” person in a “cool” medium, with his jowls, his heavy five-o’clock shadow (which also helped ruin Nixon), and his lack of a sense of humor. And also, too, since he was neither

a libertarian nor really a radical rightist, McCarthy's heart was broken by the censure of the U.S. Senate, an institution which he actually loved.

The original right, the radical right, had pretty much disappeared by the time of the second edition of the Bell volume in 1963, and in a minute we shall see why. But now, all of a sudden, with the entry of Pat Buchanan into the presidential race, my God, they're back! The radical right is back, all over the place, feistier than ever and getting stronger!

The response to this historic phenomenon, by the entire spectrum of established and correct thought, by all the elites from left over to official conservatives and neoconservatives, is very much like the reaction to the return of Godzilla in the old movies. And wouldn't you know that they would trot out the old psychobabble, as well as the old smears of bigotry, anti-Semitism, the specter of Franco, and all the rest? Every interview with, and article on Pat, dredges his "authoritarian Catholic" background (ooh!) and the fact that he fought a lot when he was a kid (gee whiz, like most of the American male population).

Also: that Pat has been *angry* a lot. Ooh, anger! And of course, since Pat is not only a right-winger but hails from a designated oppressor group (White Male Irish Catholic), his *anger* can never be righteous *rage*, but only a reflection of a paranoid, status-anxious personality, filled with, you got it, "resentment." And sure enough, this week, January 13, the august *New York Times*, whose every word, unlike the words of the rest of us, is *fit to print*, in its lead editorial sets the establishment line, a line which by definition is fixed in concrete, on Pat Buchanan.

After deploring the hard-edged and therefore politically incorrect *vocabulary* (tsk, tsk!) of Pat Buchanan, the *New York Times*, I am sure for the first time, solemnly quotes Bill Buckley as if his words were holy writ (and I'll get to *that* in a minute), and therefore decides that Buchanan, if not actually anti-Semitic, has said anti-Semitic things. And the *Times* concludes with this final punchline, so reminiscent of the Bell-Hofstadter line of yesteryear: "What his words convey, much as his bid for the nomination conveys, is the politics, the *dangerous* politics, of resentment."

Resentment! Why should anyone, *in his right mind*, resent contemporary America? Why should anyone, for example, going out into the streets of Washington or New York, *resent* what is surely going to happen to him? But, for heaven's sake, what person in his right mind, *doesn't* resent it? What person is not filled with noble rage, or ignoble resentment, or whatever you choose to call it?

Finally, I want to turn to the question: what happened to the original right, anyway? And how did the conservative movement get into its present mess? Why does it need to be sundered, and split apart, and a new radical right movement created upon its ashes?

The answer to both of these seemingly disparate questions is the same: what happened to the original right, and the cause of the present mess, is the

advent and domination of the right wing by Bill Buckley and the *National Review*. By the mid-1950s, much of the leadership of the Old Right was dead or in retirement. Senator Taft and Colonel McCormick had died, and many of the right-wing congressmen had retired.

The conservative masses, for a long time short on intellectual leadership, were now lacking in political leadership as well. An intellectual and power vacuum had developed on the right, and rushing to fill it, in 1955, were Bill Buckley, fresh from several years in the CIA, and *National Review*, an intelligent, well-written periodical staffed with ex-communists and ex-leftists eager to transform the right from an isolationist movement into a crusade to crush the Soviet god that had failed them.

Also, Buckley's writing style, while in those days often witty and sparkling, was rococo enough to give the reader the impression of profound thought, an impression redoubled by Bill's habit of sprinkling his prose with French and Latin terms. Very quickly, *National Review* became the dominant, if not the *only*, power center on the right-wing.

This power was reinforced by a brilliantly successful strategy (perhaps guided by *National Review* editors trained in Marxist cadre tactics) of creating front groups: ISI for college intellectuals, Young Americans for Freedom for campus activists. Moreover, lead by veteran Republican politico and *National Review* publisher Bill Rusher, the *National Review* complex was able to take over, in swift succession, the College Young Republicans, then the National Young Republicans, and finally to create a Goldwater movement in 1960 and beyond.

And so, with almost Blitzkrieg swiftness, by the early 1960s, the new global crusading conservative movement, transformed and headed by Bill Buckley, was almost ready to take power in America. But not quite, because first, all the various heretics of the right, some left over from the original right, all the groups that were in any way radical or could deprive the new conservative movement of its much-desired *respectability* in the eyes of the liberal and centrist elite, all these had to be jettisoned. Only such a denatured, respectable, non-radical *conserving* right was worthy of power.

And so the purges began. One after another, Buckley and *National Review* purged and excommunicated all the radicals, all the non-respectables. Consider the roll-call: isolationists (such as John T. Flynn), anti-Zionists, libertarians, Ayn Randians, the John Birch Society, and all those who continued, like the early *National Review*, to dare to oppose Martin Luther King and the civil rights revolution after Buckley had changed and decided to embrace it. But if, by the middle and late 1960s, Buckley had purged the conservative movement of the genuine right, he also hastened to embrace any group that proclaimed its hard anti-communism, or rather anti-Sovietism or anti-Stalinism.

And of course the *first* anti-Stalinists were the devotees of the martyred communist Leon Trotsky. And so the conservative movement, while purging

itself of genuine right-wingers, was happy to embrace anyone, any variety of Marxist: Trotskyites, Schachtmanites, Mensheviks, social democrats (such as grouped around the magazine *The New Leader*), Lovestonite theoreticians of the American Federation of Labor, extreme right-wing Marxists like the incredibly beloved Sidney Hook, *anyone* who could present not anti-socialist but suitably anti-Soviet, anti-Stalinist credentials.

The way was then paved for the final, fateful influx: that of the ex-Trotskyite, right-wing social democrat, democrat capitalist, Truman-Humphrey-Scoop Jackson liberals, displaced from their home in the Democratic party by the loony left that we know so well: the feminist, deconstructing, quota-loving, advanced victimological left. And also, we should point out, at least a semi-isolationist, semi anti-war left. These displaced people are, of course, the famed neoconservatives, a tiny but ubiquitous group with Bill Buckley as their aging figurehead, now dominating the conservative movement. Of the 35 neoconservatives, 34 seem to be syndicated columnists.

And so the neocons have managed to establish themselves as the only right-wing alternative to the left. The neocons now constitute the right-wing end of the ideological spectrum. Of the *respectable, responsible* right wing, that is. For the neocons have managed to establish the notion that anyone who might be to the right of them is, *by definition*, a representative of the forces of darkness, of chaos, old night, racism, and anti-Semitism. At the very least.

So that's how the dice have been loaded in our current political game. And virtually the only prominent media exception, the only genuine rightist spokesman who has managed to escape neocon anathema has been Pat Buchanan.

It was time. It was time to trot out the old master, the prince of excommunication, the self-anointed pope of the conservative movement, William F. Buckley, Jr. It was time for Bill to go into his old act, to save the movement that he had made over into his own image. It was time for the man hailed by neocon Eric Breindel, in his newspaper column (*New York Post*, Jan. 16), as the "authoritative voice on the American right." It was time for Bill Buckley's papal bull, his 40,000-word Christmas encyclical to the conservative movement, "In Search of Anti-Semitism," the screed solemnly invoked in the anti-Buchanan editorial of the *New York Times*.

The first thing to say about Buckley's essay is that it is virtually unreadable. Gone, all gone is the wit and the sparkle. Buckley's tendency to the rococo has elongated beyond measure. His prose is serpentine, involuted, and convoluted, twisted and qualified, until virtually all sense is lost. Reading the whole thing through is doing penance for one's sins, and one can accomplish the task only if possessed by a stern sense of duty, as one grits one's teeth and plows through a pile of turgid and pointless student term papers—which, indeed, Buckley's essay matches in content, in learning, and in style.

Lest anyone think that my view of Buckley's and *National Review's* role in the past and present right wing merely reflects my own "paranoid style,"

we turn to the only revealing art of the Buckley piece, the introduction by his acolyte John O'Sullivan, who, however, is at least still capable of writing a coherent sentence.

Here is John's remarkable revelation of *National Review's* self image: "Since its foundation, *National Review* has quietly played the role of conscience of the right." After listing a few of Buckley's purges—although omitting isolationists, Randians, libertarians, and anti-civil righters—O'Sullivan gets to anti-Semites, and the need for wise judgment on the issue. And then comes the revelation of Bill's papal role: "Before pronouncing [judgment, that is], we wanted to be sure," and then he goes on: was there something substantial in the charges? "Was it a serious sin deserving ex-communication, an error inviting a paternal reproof, or something of both?" I'm sure all the defendants in the dock appreciated the "paternal" reference: Papa Bill, the wise, stern, but merciful father of us all, dispensing judgment. This statement of O'Sullivan's is matched in *chutzpah* only by his other assertion in the introduction that his employer's treatise is a "great read." For shame, John, for shame!

The only other point worth noting on the purges is Buckley's own passage on exactly why he had found it necessary to excommunicate the John Birch Society (O'Sullivan said it was because they were "cranks"). In a footnote, Buckley admits that "the Birch society was never anti-Semitic," but "it was a dangerous distraction to right reasoning and had to be exiled. "*National Review*," Bill goes on, "accomplished exactly that."

Well, my, my! Exiled to outer Siberia! And for the high crime of "distracting" pope William from his habitual contemplation of pure reason, a distraction that he never seems to suffer while skiing, yachting, or communing with John Kenneth Galbraith or Abe Rosenthal! What a wondrous mind at work!

Merely to try to summarize Buckley's essay is to give it far too much credit for clarity. But, taking that risk, here's the best I can do:

1. His long-time disciple and *NR* editor Joe Sobran is (a) certainly not an anti-Semite, but (b) is "obsessed with" and "cuckoo about" Israel, and (c) is therefore "contextually anti-Semitic," whatever that may mean, and yet, worst of all, (d) he remains "unrepentant";

2. Pat Buchanan is not an anti-Semite, but he has said unacceptably anti-Semitic things, "probably" from an "iconoclastic temperament," yet, curiously, Buchanan too remains unrepentant;

3. Gore Vidal is an anti-Semite, and the *Nation*, by presuming to publish Vidal's article (by the way, a hilarious one) critical of Norman Podhoretz has revealed the left's increasing proclivity for anti-Semitism;

4. Buckley's bully-boy disciples at *Dartmouth Review* are not anti-Semitic at all, but wonderful kids put upon by vicious leftists; and

5. Norman Podhoretz and Irving Kristol are wonderful, brilliant people, and it is "unclear" why anyone should ever want to criticize them, except possibly for reasons of anti-Semitism.

Gore Vidal and the *Nation*, absurdly treated in Bill's article, can and do take care of themselves, in the *Nation* in a blistering counterattack in its January 6–13 issue. On Buchanan and Sobran, there is nothing new, whether of fact or insight: it's the same thin old junk, tiresomely rehased.

Something, however, should be said about Buckley's vicious treatment of Sobran, a personal and ideological disciple who has virtually worshipped his mentor for two decades. Lashing out at a friend and disciple in public in this fashion, in order to propitiate Podhoretz and the rest, is odious and repellent: at the very least, we can say it is *extremely* tacky.

More importantly: Buckley's latest encyclical may play well in the *New York Times*, but it's not going to go down very well in the conservative movement. The world is different now; it is no longer 1958. *National Review* is no longer the monopoly power center on the right. There are new people, young people, popping up all over the place, Pat Buchanan for one, all the paleos for another, who frankly don't give a fig for Buckley's papal pronouncements. The original right, and all its heresies is back!

In fact, Bill Buckley is the Mikhail Gorbachev of the conservative movement. Like Gorbachev, Bill goes on with his old act, but like Gorbachev, nobody trembles anymore, nobody bends the knee and goes into exile. *Nobody cares anymore*; nobody, except the good old *New York Times*. Bill Buckley should have accepted his banquet and stayed retired. His comeback is going to be as successful as Mohammed Ali's.

When I was growing up, I found that the main argument against laissez-faire, and *for* socialism, was that socialism and communism were inevitable: "You can't turn back the clock!" they chanted, "you can't turn back the clock." But the clock of the once-mighty Soviet Union, the clock of Marxism–Leninism, a creed that once mastered half the world, is not only turned back, but lies dead and broken forever. But we must not rest content with this victory. For though Marxism–*Bolshevism* is gone forever, there still remains, plaguing us everywhere, its evil cousin: call it "soft Marxism," "Marxism–Humanism," "Marxism–Bernsteinism," "Marxism–Trotskyism," "Marxism–Freudianism," well, let's just call it "Menshevism," or "social democracy."

Social democracy is still here in all its variants, defining our entire *respectable* political spectrum, from advanced victimology and feminism on the left over to neoconservatism on the right. We are now trapped, in America, inside a Menshevik fantasy, with the narrow bounds of respectable debate set for us by various brands of Marxists. It is now our task, the task of the resurgent right, of the paleo movement, to break those bonds, to finish the job, to finish off Marxism forever.

One of the authors of the Daniel Bell volume says, in horror and astonishment, that the radical right intends to repeal the twentieth century. Heaven forbid! Who would want to repeal the twentieth century, the century of horror, the century of collectivism, the century of mass

destruction and genocide, who would want to repeal *that*! Well, we propose to *do just that*.

With the inspiration of the death of the Soviet Union before us, we now know that it *can* be done. We shall break the clock of social democracy. We shall break the clock of the Great Society. We shall break the clock of the welfare state. We shall break the clock of the New Deal. We shall break the clock of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom and perpetual war. We *shall* repeal the twentieth century.

One of the most inspiring and wonderful sights of our time was to see the peoples of the Soviet Union rising up, last year, to tear down in their fury the statues of Lenin, to obliterate the Leninist legacy. We, too, shall tear down all the statues of Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Harry Truman, of Woodrow Wilson, melt them down and beat them into plowshares and pruninghooks, and usher in a twenty-*first* century of peace, freedom and prosperity. ■

FRANK MEYER AND SYDNEY HOOK

January 1991

Fusionism was originally a creation of the fertile mind of top *National Review* theoretician and editor Frank S. Meyer. It was a call for a unified conservative movement based on a fusing of the previously disparate and seemingly antithetical libertarian and traditionalist wings of the conservative movement. Frank, an old and valued friend and mentor of mine, was basically a libertarian, or a far better term, what we would now call a paleo-libertarian. He believed in reason *and* tradition, believed in individual liberty and the free market, hated the public school system with a purple passion, detested hippie irrationality, believed in an objective ethic, and championed decentralization and states' rights (including those of the Old South) against federal tyranny. He was ardently in favor of, rather than opposed to, Christianity. (See my *Frank S. Meyer: The Fusionist as Libertarian*, 1981, Burlingame, California: Center for Libertarian Studies, 1985.) And strategically, Frank strongly opposed from within the Buckley-*National Review* policy of purging the conservative movement of all "extremist" groups: notably, the libertarians, the Birchers, and the Randians. Meyer had the gift of setting forth his own ideological position with great strength and vigor, initiating ideological debates with other conservative thinkers, while at the same time trying to keep together all the factions within the broader movement and maintaining personal friendships with most of the clashing factions. Meyer foresaw that purging

extremists would inevitably lead to a conservative movement shorn of all principle except respectability and a seat at the trough of government power.

But there was one great flaw in Meyer's fusionism that proved to be fatal, and destructive of fusionism itself. In an era when many, if not most, conservative intellectuals were defectors from communism, Frank took pride in being the top cadre communist of all. A veteran communist who got his start as organizer at the London School of Economics, Frank was a leading theoretician, a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, USA, and head of the CP's second leading cadre training school, the Workers' School of Chicago. As a top defector, Frank was deeply committed to total destruction of the God That Failed, up to and including nuclear annihilation of the Soviet Union. Hence, Frank not only disagreed with the Old Right foreign policy of isolationism, his major interest was to reverse it, and he was the most pro-war of all the myriad war hawks of *National Review* and the conservative movement. Being militantly pro-war also meant being in favor of U.S. imperialism and of all-out military statism in the U.S.

Frank Meyer's devotion to the global crusade against communism and the Soviet Union did not only poison the conservative movement's explicit foreign and military programs. For it led Frank, even though personally strongly anti-socialist, to embrace warmly as comrades any wing of socialists who were defectors from or converts to anti-communism. In short, Frank's strategic focus, The Enemy for him and for the conservative movement, was not statism and socialism but communism. Hence, it was under Frank's theoretical and strategic aegis that the conservative movement rushed to welcome and honor any species of dangerous socialist so long as they were certifiably anti-communist or anti-Soviet. Under this capacious umbrella, every variety of Marxian socialist, whether right-wing Trotskyite, Menshevik, Lovestonite, or Social Democrat, was able to enter and infect the conservative movement. The invasion and conquest of the conservative movement by Truman-Humphrey social democrats calling themselves "neoconservatives" happened after Frank's death; but the way had been paved for that conquest by the uncritical embrace of anti-Stalinist socialists that Meyer's theoretical and strategic vision had called for and orchestrated. And so tragically, Meyer's fusionist doctrine had paved the way for its own destruction; for the tough Marxist and Leninist-trained neocons were able, by paying lip service to such venerable conservative principles as the free market, to destroy Meyer's own conservative guiding principles and replace them with warmed-over social democracy in the guise of "neoconservatism," "global democracy," "the Opportunity Society," "progressive conservatism," or whatever other slogan of the moment might prove opportune.

In opposing the old fusionism, I tried vainly to argue with conservatives that the Enemy was not communism or the Soviet Union but statism and

socialism, and that once one embraces that wider vision, it would become clear that the main enemy of both American liberty and traditional Americanism resided not in Moscow or Havana but in Washington, D.C.

THE MAIN MENACE: FROM COMMUNISM TO SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

Whether or not I was right about the Soviet–communist menace, and I still believe that I was, the course of human events has, thank goodness, now made that argument obsolete and antiquarian. The sudden and heart-warming death of communism in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe has put an end to the communist menace. We have stressed in these pages the enormous implications of this revolutionary event for our foreign and military policy, and for making viable, more than ever, the Old Right policy of “isolationism.” We have also discussed the fact that the death of centralizing communism in these countries has liberated the long suppressed and oppressed ethnic and nationality groups, each of whom are once again demanding freedom and independence from their national oppressors. In many ways, we are living in a “time warp,” as 1990 and beyond take on many of the features of 1914 or 1919 or 1945.

But another vital aspect of this new post-communist world is that The Enemy of liberty and tradition is now revealed full-blown: social democracy. For social democracy in all of its guises is not only still with us and has proved longer-lived than its cousin, communism, but now that Stalin and his heirs are out of the way, social democrats are trying to reach for total power. They have to be stopped, and one of the objectives of the new fusionism of the paleo-libertarian and conservative movement is indeed to put a stop to them.

At the end of World War II, at a moment in history when social democrats and communists were allied, what is now called “the new world order” was already prepared for us. The idea was that a new United Nations, the old League of Nations plus enforcement power, would function as an effective world government in the form of a condominium of the world’s superpowers, those blessed with a permanent seat and a permanent veto on the Security Council; the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France, and China. The United States, in short, was to run this world government in collaboration with its junior partner, the U.S.S.R. But the Cold War split the superpowers apart, and as a consequence the U.N. was reduced to the status of a debating society, and became an institution hated and reviled both by the conservatives and by social democrats. But now that communism and the Cold War are ended, the U.N. is back, hailed as the governor of the new world order by a conservative movement that has now been captured and ruled by the social democrat neocons.

Social democrats are all around us, and so it is all too easy to discern their reaction to the great problems of the post-Cold War era. Whether

calling themselves neoconservatives or neoliberals, they stand foursquare in favor of statism in every instance: that is, strongly opposed to isolationism and in favor of U.S. intervention and war, almost as a high principle; and secondly, as bitter opponents of the ethnic nationalisms liberated at long last by the collapse of centralizing communism. Read a social democrat anywhere, and you will find hysterical attacks on nationalisms and national aspirations as against centralism everywhere, whether it be in Poland, Croatia, Lithuania, the Ukraine, or the Russian Republic. And the great smear whether it be within the United States or against emerging Eastern European nations, is almost invariably to raise the spectre of “anti-Semitism,” to wield against nationalists or isolationists.

In short, on all crucial issues, social democrats stand against liberty and tradition, and in favor of statism and Big Government. They are more dangerous in the long run than the communists not simply because they have endured, but also because their program and their rhetorical appeals are far more insidious, since they claim to combine socialism with the appealing virtues of “democracy” and freedom of inquiry. For a long while they stubbornly refused to accept the libertarian lesson that economic freedom and civil liberties are of a piece; but now, in their second line of retreat, they give lip service to some sort of “market,” suitably taxed, regulated, and hobbled by a massive welfare-warfare State. In short, there is little distinction between modern social democrats and the now-discredited “market socialists” of the 1930s who claimed to have solved the fatal flaw of socialism first pointed out by Ludwig von Mises; the impossibility of socialist planners calculating prices and costs, and therefore planning a functioning modern economy.

In the collectivist arsenal of the world of the twentieth century there used to be various competing statist programs: among them, communism, fascism, Nazism, and social democracy. The Nazis and fascists are long dead and buried; communism is not quite fully buried but is still dead as a doornail. Only the most insidious remains: social democracy. Amidst a liberal culture captured by crazed leftist social programs, with a conservative movement lying supine before the social democrat neocons, only the paleo New Fusionists are rising up to thwart social democrat plans for total power, domestic and foreign.

But why are the regnant social democrats worried and trembling at the upsurge of the New Fusionism?—and believe me they are. It is obviously not because of our formal numbers or our limited access to funding. The reason is that the social democrats and their ilk know full well that we express the deepest albeit unarticulated beliefs of the mass of the American people. Clever and cynical control of the opinion-moulding media and of once-conservative money sources are what enable a remarkably small group of energetic social democrats to dominate the conservative movement and to battle, often successfully, for the levers of power in Washington. But they

are vastly outnumbered if only the American people were clued in to what is going on, and that is why the social democrats fear our seemingly small movement. What we need to learn is how to mobilize the overwhelming support of the mass of Americans, and thus to undercut, or short-circuit, their domination by a small number of opinion-moulding leaders.

THE LITMUS TEST: SIDNEY HOOK

If my characterization of neocons and neo-liberals as essentially social democrats seems exaggerated, let us ponder the status of undoubtedly the most beloved figure among all these groups, as well as in the modern conservative movement: the late Sidney Hook. Long a fixture at the conservative Hoover Institution, Hook was everywhere, at every conservative intellectual gathering or organization, his every word and pronouncement hailed adoringly by all respectable folk from the AFL-CIO to the *New Republic* through *National Review* and points right. (Indeed the *New Republic* has recently canonized Sidney in a worshipful elegy.) Sometimes it seemed that only communists or thereabouts could possibly have a sour word to say for Hook.

What made Sidney Hook so universally beloved, so seemingly above the merest hint of criticism? Surely it was not his personality, which was neither particularly lovable nor charismatic. Indeed, in his enormously overpraised autobiography, *Out of Step*, Hook reveals himself as a petty, self-absorbed prig. The book is filled with brusque and remarkably unperceptive dismissals of his old friends and acquaintances, none of whom seemed to be worthy of Hook's alleged wisdom and advice. Take, for example, Hook's portrayal of his long-time colleagues at *Partisan Review*, once the quasi-Trotskyite, modernist center of American literary and intellectual life. That chapter is typical of this dull, flat, and monotonic book. Every one of his old colleagues is depicted as an unintelligent, quasi-ignorant dolt, all of whom stubbornly failed to follow Hook's invariably wise counsel. Hook comes across as petty, peevish, narrow, and self-important, lacking either wit or insight, either into his friends or into the world at large.

Neither can Sidney's popularity be explained by the greatness or profundity of his intellectual contributions. In political philosophy, he was a simple-minded pragmatist and social democrat, solving all social problems with the fetish of "majority rule" and "democracy." Knowing the clichés of pragmatism and social democracy he mastered little else, whether of economics, esthetics, history, or any other discipline.

What distinguished Sidney Hook was, first, that he was an ex-communist, not since the 1930s like his colleagues, but way back, from the 1920s. In short, the older and precocious Hook was a communist from his adolescence. Despite the story in his self-serving memoir, he remained close to the CP for a long time, on into the late 1930s. Contrary to his grotesque title,

Sidney all of his life was *In Step*, always being among the first to adopt the newest intellectual fashion. In that way, he showed himself to be a good “intellectual entrepreneur.” Communist, Hegelian, Deweyite, Trotskyite, defender of World War II, anti-communist after the war, *Partisan Review*nik, and finally extreme right-wing social democrat, Hook veered and tacked with the intellectual fashions, and on into the “left” fringes of neoconservatism and the conservative movement. More honest than his colleagues, he referred to himself candidly until the end as a Marxist and as a socialist. It is a measure of the intellectual and political degeneration of the modern conservative movement that Sidney put no one off by his lifelong avowal of Marxism.

Thus, Sidney Hook, the Nestor of social democracy, was in his own unimpressive person the living embodiment of what the conservative movement has become: i.e., the disastrous subordination of every cherished principle to the slogan of “anti-communism,” and hence the permanent embrace of war and statism. One’s attitude toward Sidney Hook, only recently deceased, therefore provides a convenient litmus test on whether someone is a genuine conservative, a paleo, or some form of neo. Needless to say, all the New Fusionists are anti-Hook to the core.

It is important to consider a final point on Hook and modern conservatism. In his odious book of the early Cold War, *Heresy Yes, Conspiracy No*, Hook set forth a theoretical justification for an assault upon civil liberties and academic freedom. Heresy is OK and deserves the right to dissent, maintained Hook, but “conspiracy” is subversive and evil and has no rights, and therefore it is legitimate and necessary for government to crack down upon it. Note that this is a crackdown upon speech, press, and teaching, and not upon actions such as concrete plots to overthrow the State. The overt use of this doctrine by Hook and the social democrats was to enable purges of communists. But what was overlooked at the time was Hook’s general theory of “conspiracy” which included, not simply communists, but anyone whose mind, according to Hook, was enthralled to some sort of external cadre, some organization external to the person or to the university where he teaches. Such a theory could just as readily be used, e.g., to bar Jesuits from teaching as it would communists.

All this fits with an important insight of paleocon political theorist and historian Professor Paul Gottfried: that the neocon/social-democrat assault on free speech and free press “absolutism,” and their insistence instead on the importance of “democratic values,” constitutes an agenda for eventually using the power of the State to restrict or prohibit speech or expression that neocons hold to be “undemocratic.” This category could and would be indefinitely expanded to include: real or alleged communists, leftists, fascists, neo-Nazis, secessionists, “hate thought” criminals, and eventually...paleoconservatives and paleo and left-libertarians. God knows which individuals and groups might eventually come under the “undemocratic” rubric, and therefore become

subject to neocon/social democrat crackdown. To paraphrase an old leftist-interventionist slogan of the 1930s and 1940s: ask not for whom the neocon bell tolls; it tolls for thee. ■

THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT: TOWARD A COALITION

February 1993

How is it that I, a pro-choice libertarian, stood up and cheered when the Reverend Falwell announced, after the election, that he might revive the Moral Majority; and was repelled when Cal Thomas, former vice-president of that organization, from his lofty post as one of the neocons' favorite Christian columnists, urged Falwell not to do so? (Nov. 12) Thomas counsels "more compassion and less confrontation," warning that we are in a "post-Christian culture," so that Christian conservatives should confine themselves to such "positive" measures as spending their money on scholarships for kids to attend schools, and on crisis pregnancy centers to offer adoption services. In other words: to abandon political action, or any confrontation against evil.

Most libertarians think of Christian conservatives in the same lurid terms as the leftist media, if not more so: that their aim is to impose a Christian theocracy, to outlaw liquor and other means of hedonic enjoyment, and to break down bedroom doors to enforce a Morality Police upon the country. Nothing could be further from the truth: Christian conservatives are trying to fight back against a left-liberal elite that used government to assault and virtually destroy Christian values, principles, and culture.

BREAKING DOWN BEDROOM DOORS?

It is true that nineteenth-century Protestantism, particularly in Yankee territories of the North was driven by post-millennial evangelical pietism to use the government to stamp out sin, a category that was very widely defined, to include the outlawry of liquor, as well of gambling, dancing, and all forms of Sabbath-breaking. Sodomy was made illegal, but so too was heterosexual immorality, such as fornication and adultery. But old-fashioned post-millennial pietism has been dead as a dodo since the 1920s. While many Christian conservatives favor keeping some or all of the sex laws on the books for symbolic reasons, I know of no Christian group that wants to embark on a crusade of enforcing these laws, or of having the police break down bedroom doors. For that matter, there are very few conservative prohibitionist groups either; if and when prohibition comes to America, it

will be a left-liberal measure, done to improve our “health” and to reduce accidents on the roads. There are no Christian groups that want to persecute gays, or adulterers.

The battle now is on very different territory. The battle is over “anti-discrimination” laws, to make it illegal to hire, fire, or associate, in accordance with sexual preference or anti-preference. In the case of gays, as in the case of blacks, women, Hispanics, “the handicapped,” and countless other victimological groups targeted for “anti-discrimination” measures, new egalitarian “rights” are discovered that are supposed to be enforced by majesty of the law. In the first place, these “rights” are concocted at the expense of the genuine rights of every person over his own property; secondly, all this “rights” talk is irrelevant, since the problem of hiring, firing, associating, etc. is something to be decided on by people and institutions themselves, on the basis of what’s most convenient for the particular organization. “Rights” have nothing to do with the case. And third, the Constitution has been systematically perverted to abandon strictly limited minimal government on behalf of a crusade by the federal courts to multiply and enforce such phony rights to the hilt.

On the phoniness of rights talk in these matters: suppose I decide to open up a Chinese restaurant. I make a conscious business decision to hire only Chinese waiters who speak both Chinese and English, since I want to attract a largely Chinese clientele. Shouldn’t I have the right to use my property to hire only Chinese waiters? The same sort of business decision should be right and remain unchallenged if I should wish to hire only men, only women, only blacks, only whites, only gays, only straights, etc. But what if my business decision should turn out to be wrong, and I lose a lot of non-Chinese customers? In that case, my business will suffer, and I will either change or go out of business. Once again, it should be my decision, period.

In sum: anti-discrimination laws of any sort are evil, aggress against the genuine rights of person and property, and are uneconomic since they cripple efficient business decisions.

This brings us to the first controversial move of the Clinton-elect pre-administration: eliminating the ban on gays in the military. The military should be considered like any other business, organization, or service; its decisions should be based on what’s best for the military, and “rights” have nothing to do with such decisions. The military’s long-standing ban on gays in the military has nothing to do with “rights” or even “homophobia”; rather it is the result of long experience as well as common sense. The military is not like any civilian organization. Not only are its men in combat situations (which it partially shares with civilian outfits like the police) but the military commander has virtual total control over his subordinate’s person and life, especially in combat situations. In such situations, open homosexuals could engage in favoritism toward loved ones, and engage in

sexual exploitation and abuse of subordinates under their command. Add the discomfort of many in close and intimate situations, and you get destruction of the morale and efficiency of combat units.

The standard answer of gays is interesting for being both abstract and unresponsive to the point. Namely: all sexual *activities* are and should be illegal in the military, much less sexual abuse of subordinates. Make only *actions* illegal say the advocates of gays in the military, and make any *orientation* licit and legitimate.

One problem with this libertarian-sounding answer is that it confuses what should be illegal *per se* from what should be illegal as a voluntary member of an organization (e.g., the military) which can and should have its own rules of membership, let alone its own hiring and promoting and firing. In criminal law, only actions (such as robbery and murder) should be illegal, and not mental orientation. But who should or should not be a member of the military should depend on military rules, and not simply include anyone who is not a criminal. Thus, frail types who are half-blind are clearly not in a *per se* state of criminality; but surely, the military has the right to bar such people from membership.

Secondly, the standard pro-gay answer ignores the facts of human nature. Surely, libertarians in particular should be alive to the absurdity of making sex illegal and then declaring an end to the matter. The point is that the military understands that, while sex in the military should indeed be outlawed, that this is not going to settle the matter, because human nature often triumphs over the law. Prostitution has been illegal from time immemorial, but it has scarcely disappeared. It is precisely because of its shrewd understanding of human nature that the military wants to keep the ban on gays in the military. The military doesn't naively assume that there *are no* gays in the army or navy now. On the other hand, it has no intention of going on a "witch hunt" to try to ferret out secret gays. The whole point is that, with gays necessarily in the closet, the problem of favoritism, sexual abuse, etc. is greatly minimized. Allow open gaydom in the military, however, and the problems, and the suffering of morale, will escalate.

The same strictures apply *a fortiori* to women in the military, especially to integrated close-contact and intimate units such as exist in combat. (The old method of segregated female units for typing, jeep-driving, etc. did not pose such problems.) Since there are far more heterosexual than homosexual males, and since there is no question of a "closet" here, favoritism and abuse will be far more rampant. Once again, illegalizing sex within the military would be even more difficult to enforce. This is especially true in the current climate where "sexual harassment" has been expanded to touching and even ogling. Think of sex-integrated showers and think of Tailhook maximized to the nth degree!

The problem of women in the military has been further aggravated by the sex-norming of physical requirements in the military. Since it proved

almost impossible for women to pass the standard tests for strength and speed, these tests have been dumbed down so that most women can pass them; and this includes such essential combat skills as carrying weapons and throwing grenades!

Finally, libertarians will fall back on their standard argument that while all these strictures do apply to private organizations, and that “rights” do not apply to such organizations, egalitarian rights do apply to such governmental outfits as the military. But, as I have written in the case of whether someone has “the right” to stink up a public library just because it is public, this sort of nihilism has to be abandoned. I’m in favor of privatizing everything, but short of that glorious day, existing government services should be operated as efficiently as possible. Surely, the postal service should be privatized, but, pending that happy day, should we advocate allowing postal workers to toss all the mail into the dumpster, in the name of making that service as terrible as possible? Apart from the horrors such a position would impose upon the poor consumers (that’s us), there is another grave error to this standard libertarian position (which I confess I once held), that it besmirches and confuses the fair concept of “rights,” and transmutes it from a strict defense of an individual’s person and property, to a confused, egalitarian mishmash. Hence, “anti-discrimination” or even affirmative action “rights” in public services sets the conditions for their admittedly monstrous expansion into the private realm.

THE ABORTION QUESTION AND RADICAL DECENTRALIZATION

The abortion issue is a more difficult one. Since the anti-abortion people hold abortion to be murder of a human being, breaking down the bedroom doors to stop murder would not then be an anti-libertarian position. And moreover, it would obviously be in a very different category from police enforcement of laws against sexual activity. But even here there is considerable room for coalition between pro-choice libertarians and the pro-life religious right. In the first place, as I have written about libertarian Republican Congressional candidate Henry Butler, his pro-choice position did not spare him the calumny of the pro-abortion crowd, since he opposed taxpayer funding of abortions, not just because we are against all taxpayer funding of medical care, but also because it is peculiarly monstrous to force those who abhor abortion as murder to pay for such murders. Furthermore, pro-choicers can join with pro-lifers in upholding the freedom to choose of taxpayers, *and* of gynecologists, who are under increasing pressure by pro-abortionists to commit abortions, or else.

But even apart from the funding issue, there are other arguments for a *rapprochement* with pro-lifers. There is a prudential consideration: a ban on something as murder is not going to be enforceable if only a minority considers it as murder. A national prohibition is simply not going to work,

in addition to being politically impossible to get through in the first place. Pro-choice paleolibertarians can tell the pro-lifers: “Look, a national prohibition is hopeless. Stop trying to pass a human life amendment to the Constitution. Instead, for this and many other reasons, we should radically decentralize political and judicial decisions in this country; we must end the despotism of the Supreme Court and the federal judiciary, and return political decisions to state and local levels.”

Pro-choice paleos should therefore hope that *Roe v. Wade* is someday overthrown, and abortion questions go back to the state and local levels—the more decentralized the better. Let Oklahoma and Missouri restrict or outlaw abortions, while California and New York retain abortion rights. Hopefully, some day we will have localities within each state making such decisions. Conflict will then be largely defused. Those who want to have, or to practice, abortions can move or travel to California (or Marin County) or New York (or the West Side of Manhattan). The standard rebuttal of the pro-abortionists that “poor women” who haven’t got the money to travel would be deprived of abortions of course reverts back to a general egalitarian redistributionist argument. Aren’t the poor “deprived” of vacation travel now? Again, it demonstrates the hidden agenda of the pro-abortionists in favor of socialized medicine and collectivism generally.

A commitment to radical decentralization means that pro-choicers should give up the Freedom of Choice Act, which would impose abortion rights by the federal government upon the entire country. It means that libertarians should cease putting all their judicial eggs in the basket of hoping to get good guys, like Richard Epstein or Alex Kozinski, on the Supreme Court. Far more important is getting rid of federal judicial tyranny altogether, and to decentralize our polity radically—to return to the forgotten Tenth Amendment.

An unfortunate act of President-elect Clinton was to reverse the Bush policy of not funding physicians who counsel abortions. Leftists cleverly distorted this action as an “invasion of the free speech of physicians.” But no “freedom of speech” was involved. People should be free to speak, but this does not mean they must be shielded from the consequences of such speech. No person, and hence no physician, has a “right” to receive taxpayer funding. Everyone may have the right to say whatever they like, but not the right to say whatever they like and *still* be funded by the taxpayers. And just as taxpayers should not be forced to fund abortions, neither should they be forced to fund people who counsel abortions.

“ESTABLISHING” RELIGION

Christians have, for decades, suffered an organized assault that has driven expressions of Christianity out of the public school, the public square, and almost out of public life altogether. The rationale has been an absurd twisting and overinflation of the First Amendment prohibition on

establishing a religion. Establishing a religion has a specific meaning: paying for ministers and churches out of taxpayer funds. To ban even voluntary prayer from the public schools, or to ban the teaching of religion, is a pettifogging willful misconstruction of the text and of the intent of the framers, in order to replace our former Christian culture with a left-secular one. The banning of creches in front of local town halls demonstrates how far the secularists will go—indeed shows how totalitarian they are in their drive to ban religion from public institutions.

Hence, in the competition of worldviews, Christians have had to function with both hands tied behind their back. Since the competition, left-secularist worldview is not called a “religion,” the ouster of Christian worldview from the schools has left the path clear for left-secularism to conquer the field of ideas unchallenged.

Obviously, no libertarian can favor a genuine establishment of a church. Yet, it must be pointed out that the First Amendment was only supposed to apply to Congress, and not to the several states, and that some states continued to have an established church well past the establishment of the American Republic. Connecticut, for example, continued the establishment of the Presbyterian Church past 1789, and yet we hear no stories of Connecticut groaning under intolerable despotism. So that if even an established church in one or two states need not be met with hysteria, what are we to think of all the fuss and feathers about a creche, or voluntary prayer, or “In God We Trust” on American coins?

Restoring prayer, however, will scarcely at this date solve the grievous public school problem. Public schools are expensive and massive centers for cultural and ideological brainwashing, at which they are unfortunately far more effective than in teaching the 3R's or in keeping simple order within the schools. Any plan to begin dismantling the public school monstrosity is met with effective opposition by the teachers' and educators' unions. Truly radical change is needed to shift education from public to unregulated private schooling, religious and secular, as well as home schooling by parents.

AGENDA FOR THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT

These are just some of the issues that invite an alliance between paleo-libertarians and the Christian right. While the Christian right contains many wonderful people, it too needs to get its own act together. It must take on two vital and necessary intra-Christian tasks, for which it needs a lot more spirit of confrontation and a lot less “compassion.” In the first place, it must level hammer blows against the pietist and pervasive Christian left, the treachery, egalitarian, socialistic “We Shall Overcome” left. Secondly, it must enter the real world by inveighing against the dispensationalists and their predictions and yearnings for an imminent Armageddon. Not only do their repeated predictions of Armageddon subject them to justifiable ridicule, but concentration on Armageddon fatally weakens their will to participate in

political action and confrontation. In addition, their interpretation of the *Book of Revelation* makes the dispensationalists even more fanatical Zionists than Yitzhak Shamir and the *Likudniks*.

In sum, the task of paleolibertarians is to break out of the sectarian libertarian hole, and to forge alliances with cultural and social, as well as politico-economic, “reactionaries.” The end of the Cold War, as well as the rise of “political correctness,” has made totally obsolete the standard libertarian view that libertarians are either half-way between, or “above,” both right and left. Once again, as before the late 1950s, libertarians should consider themselves people of the right. ■

A NEW STRATEGY FOR LIBERTY

October 1994

American political life has experienced a veritable transformation. As usually happens when we are in the midst of a radical social change, we are barely aware that anything is happening, much less its full scope and dimension. In the words of Bob Dylan taunting the hated bourgeoisie in the 1960s: “You don’t know what’s happening, do you, Mr. Jones?” Except that now the tables have been turned, and “Mr. Jones” is the comfortably ensconced member of the liberal and Beltway elite ruling this country.

The great and inspiring new development is that, for the first time in many a moon, a genuine grassroots right-wing people’s movement is emerging throughout the country. This is a very different story from the Official Conservative and Libertarian movement that we have known all too well for many years: a movement where well-funded periodicals, think tanks, and “public interest” law firms, snugly (and smugly) established mostly inside the Beltway, set down the Line unchallenged for the subservient folks in the hinterlands.

Funding for these outfits comes mostly from big foundation and corporate donors; the role of the masses “out there” throughout the country is to touch their forelock and kick in with the rest of the dough. Often these Beltway organizations exist only as direct-mail fundraising machines with the usual panel of celebrities on their letterheads; the function of donations is to pay the salaries and to finance the luxurious housing for these institutions.

Those Beltway organizations that are really active conduct indirect lobbying on behalf of gradual, marginal reforms hoping to push Congress or the Executive one centimeter to the right; the more important function,

however, is to grant their major donors one of the great prizes of Official Washington: access to leading politicians and bureaucrats.

The published reports of these outfits are mainly designed not to advance The Cause, but to demonstrate to their donors the fact of such access: hence, countless pictures of think-tank executives shaking hands with Senator Dole, Alan Greenspan, or whomever.

The major purpose of the conferences held by these institutions is not to advance the truth or the free market in the public arena, but to demonstrate, once again, to the major donors that they are capable of bringing in Greenspan or Dole to attend their functions.

The stated excuse of these outfits, many of whom still claim abstract devotion to high libertarian or conservative principle, is that the reason for their location inside the Beltway and for devoting their energies to minor and negligible reforms is that this is the only way they can gain respectability in Washington.

But that, of course, is precisely the problem: change the word “respectability” to “access,” and the point becomes all too clear. For a long time, these Washington organizations have not been part of the solution, however gradual or minor; they have been part of the problem: the domination of American life by Washington.

This sort of movement has been necessarily top-down, although many of these outfits like to think of themselves as grassroots: the grassroots Americans, however, live to serve the power elite, and the power elite lives to curry favor and access with Leviathan. That is why Samuel Francis’s metaphor is apt about the Beltway conservative movement meeting inside a phone booth.

But in recent months, something brand new has happened. A grassroots, right-wing populist movement has been springing up all over the country, a movement that has no connection whatever to Official Conservative elites. Having no connection, the Beltway conservatives can have no control over this new right-wing uprising among the people.

Since it is a genuine grassroots movement, it is necessarily fragmented, unsystematic, and a bit chaotic. Also, since the dominant liberal media don’t want to hear about it, and the Official Conservative movement is frightened of it, we hear very little of its activities.

While at this early stage the movement may be confused and inchoate, it has one magnificent quality which gives it great intensity and abiding strength: a deep and bitter hatred of the despotism exerted over us in so many hundreds of ways by the central government: hatred of politicians, of bureaucrats, and of Washington, D.C.

Note that this intense hatred, this reaction, this “backlash” against the drive toward collectivism, is necessarily and totally out of synch with the Beltway strategy of Official Conservative and Big-Government Libertarian organizations. Among the growing ranks of these grassroots rebels, this

entire strategy and way of life is anathema. These heartland rebels are close to the spirit, not of blow-dried Beltway think-tankers, but of the patriots of the American Revolution.

They, in contrast even to the Reaganauts, are genuine revolutionaries; they are ready and willing to tell Washington, in no uncertain terms, to buzz off. To these new American rebels, the ability to sip martinis with Bob Dole constitutes a heavy liability, not an asset. To these great people, having “access” to tyrants means that you are aiding and abetting tyrants.

The recent revolutionary activities have been manifold and widespread. Since we lack complete information, none of us knows their full extent. Probably the first task of right-wing populist intellectuals is to find out what is going on, to get an idea of the full extent of this glorious phenomenon.

Some of these activities are as follows: an erupting “county militia” movement, in which, for example, entire counties are sworn-in as part of a militia so that they cleverly come under the rubric of the Second Amendment and the right to bear arms; an associated and extensive civil disobedience by county sheriffs to the hated and despotic Brady bill; a Tenth Amendment movement: for example, both houses of the Colorado legislature have passed a resolution empowering the governor to call out the National Guard to block federal activities that violate the Tenth Amendment. What doesn’t? And there are similar efforts in every other state.

The Committee of the 50 States, a states’ rights group, has been resurrected to push the Ultimatum Resolution, proclaiming the dissolution of the federal government when the national debt reaches 6 trillion. The Committee is headed by the magnificent and venerable J. Bracken Lee, former mayor of Salt Lake City and governor of Utah. Lee, who would now be called a staunch paleo-libertarian, repeatedly through his career called for abolition of the income tax, an end to the Federal Reserve, withdrawal from the United Nations, and the elimination of all foreign aid.

In addition, there are various flourishing separatist and secessionist movements: for example, the desire of southwestern Nebraskans and northwestern Kansans to get out from under the despotic controllers and taxers of their “Eastern” big cities, such as Omaha and Wichita. Staten Island wants to secede from horrible New York City, and Vermont wants out of the U.S.

Southern secessionists are on the march again, in such new organizations as the Southern League and Peaceful Secession, and grassroots anti-immigration groups are booming in California, Texas, Florida, and other states. The growing and increasingly radical land-rights movement, fighting the confiscation of private property by federal agencies in cahoots with environmentalists, is active in the East as well as the West.

Finally, permeating all sectors of this variegated right-wing movement, there is a healthy and intense abhorrence of the Federal Reserve. These heartlanders may not know precisely what they want done in the field of

money, but, happily, they are very firm on what they don't like. In wanting to sweep away the Fed they are right on the mark. Can you imagine what these folks would think of a libertarian outfit that glories in its ability to hobnob with *Greenspan*?

And that, I think, is the major point of this essay. There has been a radical change in the social and political landscape in this country, and any person who desires the victory of liberty and the defeat of the Leviathan must adjust his strategy accordingly. New times require a rethinking of old and possibly obsolete strategies.

I was always opposed to the marginal reform strategy endemic to the Beltway think tanks. I always thought that any marginal and dubious short-run gains would be earned only at the price of a disastrous long-run abandonment of and therefore defeat for the principles of liberty. But in the America existing before 1994, such a Beltway strategy was at least coherent and arguable.

Now, however, the Beltway strategy is absurd in the short as well as the long run. There is a new mood in America, a lasting change of heart among the conservative masses. As the Marxists used to say, "the masses are in motion," and our first task is to stay with them and try to help their movement be more systematic.

No longer are the conservative masses content to send checks to the biggies in Washington, who, in return for their donations, will tell them what to think. No longer are they bowing to their betters who can assure them access to the Corridors of Power. Bless them, these heartland rebels don't want access; they want to sweep the whole Moloch away.

Where does this marvelous and burgeoning new spirit come from? There was an obvious foreshadowing in the anti-politics and anti-Washington mood of 1992. An example is the flawed and incoherent Perot movement, the major virtue of which was not the erratic leader but the spirit of the rank-and-file militants, who were looking for some sort of anti-Washington Change. But that doesn't go very far in explaining the new mass movement, which is far more right-wing, and far more intensely focused, than anything Perotvian two years ago.

No, it seems clear that the trigger for the emergence of this brand-new movement has been the total loathing welling up in America for President and Mrs. Clinton, their persons, their lives, their Cabinet, their entire rotten crew. In all my life, I have never seen such a widespread and intense hatred for any president, or indeed for any politician.

Unlike attacks on poor Joe McCarthy, this is not a hatred whipped up by the elites. Quite the contrary, the liberal elites are desperately trying to cover for Clinton, and are bewildered and appalled by the entire phenomenon. In a recent column, Thomas Sowell noted the perplexity of the media, and replied, in effect, that the reason the Clintons are widely "perceived" as power-hungry sleazes is because they *are* power-hungry sleazes.

Thus the movement erupted in reaction to all the objectively loathsome attributes of the Clintons and their associates—the stream of lies, evasions, crookery, sex scandals, and frantic attempts to run all of our lives. But quickly the hatred of the personal attributes of Clinton spilled over to his programs, to his ideology. Thus we had the most powerful “nuclear fusion” in all of politics: the intense blending of the personal and ideological. The growing realization of the socialist tyranny involved in all of Clinton’s programs—a realization that finally cut through the rhetorical fog of the “Mr. New Democrat”—joined with and was greatly multiplied by the loathing for Clinton the man.

During the 1992 elections, some of us worried that a Clinton administration, in addition to being bad for America and for liberty, would also cripple the right-wing movement strategically. For the usual pattern has been that Democratic administrations are “good” for Beltway organizations because the conservative heartland gets scared and pours money into their coffers. In that way a Clinton administration would unfortunately strengthen the conservative and libertarian Beltway elites that have long been dominating and ruining the right-wing movement.

To some extent, this has of course happened; but more important is a new phenomenon that none of us predicted: that Clinton and his crew would be so monstrous, so blatant, so objectively hateful, that it would drive into being from below a new and burgeoning real right-wing movement that hates all of Washington, whether the actual rulers or the Official Conservatives and Libertarians who bend the knee in behalf of access and possible piddling reform.

Given this, what is the proper strategy for liberty? The first thing is for any conservative or free-market group or institution to be principled, radical, and fervently anti-Washington, and to avoid like the plague Beltway-itis, either in form or content. That is, to denounce rather than cultivate the Corridors of Power, and to call for principled and radical change rather than marginal reform, change that is clearly anti-Washington and anti-federal power.

Such proposals and programs should be designed, not for the eyes and ears of Beltway power, but to educate, inspire, and guide the extraordinarily sound instincts of the new grassroots movement. We are entering an era in which, happily, the principled position is evidently the proper strategy. More than ever before, principle and strategy are fused, in behalf of the victory of liberty. ■

RIGHT-WING POPULISM

January 1992

Well, they finally got David Duke. But he sure scared the bejesus out of them. It took a massive campaign of hysteria, of fear and hate, orchestrated by all wings of the Ruling Elite, from Official right to left, from President Bush and the official Republican Party through the New York-Washington-run national media through the local elites and down to local left-wing activists. It took a massive scare campaign, not only invoking the old bogey images of the Klan and Hitler, but also, more concretely, a virtual threat to boycott Louisiana, to pull out tourists and conventions, to lose jobs by businesses leaving the state. It took a campaign of slander that resorted to questioning the sincerity of Duke's conversion to Christianity—even challenging him to name his "official church." Even my old friend Doug Bandow participated in this cabal in the *Wall Street Journal*, which virtually flipped its wig in anti-Duke hysteria, to the extent of attacking Duke for being governed by self-interest(!)—presumably in contrast to all other politicians motivated by deep devotion to the public weal? It took a lot of gall for Bandow to do this, since he is not a sacramental Christian (where one can point out that the person under attack was not received into the sacramental Church), but a pietist one, who is opposed to any sort of official creed or liturgy. So how can a pietist Christian challenge the bona fides of another one? And in a world where no one challenges the Christian credentials of a Chuck Colson or a Jeb Magruder? But logic went out the window: for the entire Establishment, the ruling elite, was at stake, and in that sort of battle, all supposedly clashing wings of the Establishment weld together as one unit and fight with any weapons that might be at hand.

But even so: David Duke picked up 55 percent of the white vote; he lost in the runoff because the fear campaign brought a massive outpouring of black voters. But note the excitement; politics in Louisiana rose from the usual torpor that we have been used to for decades and brought out a turnout rate—80 percent—that hasn't been seen since the nineteenth century, when party politics was fiercely partisan and ideological.

One point that has nowhere been noted: populism won in Louisiana, because in the first primary the two winners were Duke, a right-wing populist, and Edwin Edwards, a left-wing populist. Out in the cold were the two Establishment candidates: incumbent Governor Buddy Roemer, high-tax, high-spend "reform" Democrat embraced by the Bush Administration in an attempt to stop the dread Duke; and the forgotten man, Clyde Holloway, the official Republican candidate, a good Establishment conservative, who got only five percent of the vote. (Poor *Human Events* kept complaining during the campaign: why are the media ignoring Clyde

Holloway? The simple answer is that he never got anywhere: an instructive metaphor for what will eventually be the fate of Establishment Conservatism.)

A left-wing populist, former Governor Edwards is a long-time Cajun crook, whose motto has been the rollicking *laissez les bon temps roulez* ("let the good times roll"). He has always been allegedly hated by businessmen and by conservative elites. But this was crisis time; and in crisis the truth is revealed: there is no fundamental difference between left-wing populism and the system we have now. Left-wing populism: rousing the masses to attack "the rich," amounts to more of the same: high taxes, wild spending, massive redistribution of working and middle-class incomes to the ruling coalition of: big government, big business, and the New Class of bureaucrats, technocrats, and ideologues and their numerous dependent groups. And so, in the crunch, left-wing populism—phony populism—disappeared, and all crookery was forgiven in the mighty Edwards coalition. It is instructive that the Establishment professes to believe in Edwards' teary promises of personal reform ("I'm 65 now; the good times have mellowed"), while refusing to believe in the sincerity of David Duke's conversion.

They said in the '60s, when they gently chided the violent left: "stop using violence, work within the system." And sure enough it worked, as the former New Left now leads the respectable intellectual classes. So why wasn't the Establishment willing to forgive and forget when a right-wing radical like David Duke stopped advocating violence, took off the Klan robes, and started working within the system? If it was OK to be a Commie, or a Weatherman, or whatever in your wild youth, why isn't it OK to have been Klansmen? Or to put it more precisely, if it was OK for the revered Justice Hugo Black, or for the lion of the Senate, Robert Byrd, to have been a Klansman, why not David Duke? The answer is obvious: Black and Byrd became members of the liberal elite, of the Establishment, whereas Duke continued to be a right-wing populist, and therefore anti-Establishment, this time even more dangerous because "within the system."

It is fascinating that there was nothing in Duke's current program or campaign that could not also be embraced by paleoconservatives or paleo-libertarians; lower taxes, dismantling the bureaucracy, slashing the welfare system, attacking affirmative action and racial set-asides, calling for equal rights for all Americans, including whites: what's wrong with any of that? And of course the mighty anti-Duke coalition did not choose to oppose Duke on any of these issues. Indeed, even the most leftist of his opponents grudgingly admitted that he had a point. Instead, the Establishment concentrated on the very "negative campaigning" that they profess to abhor (especially when directed against them). (Ironical note: TV pundits, who regularly have face lifts twice a year, bitterly attacked Duke for his alleged face lift. And nobody laughed!)

WHAT IS RIGHT-WING POPULISM?

The basic right-wing populist insight is that we live in a statist country and a statist world dominated by a ruling elite, consisting of a coalition of Big Government, Big Business, and various influential special interest groups. More specifically, the old America of individual liberty, private property, and minimal government has been replaced by a coalition of politicians and bureaucrats allied with, and even dominated by, powerful corporate and Old Money financial elites (e.g., the Rockefellers, the Trilateralists); and the New Class of technocrats and intellectuals, including Ivy League academics and media elites, who constitute the opinion-moulding class in society. In short, we are ruled by an updated, twentieth-century coalition of Throne and Altar, except that this Throne is various big business groups, and the Altar is secular, statist intellectuals, although mixed in with the secularists is a judicious infusion of Social Gospel, mainstream Christians. The ruling class in the State has always needed intellectuals to apologize for their rule and to sucker the masses into subservience, i.e., into paying the taxes and going along with State rule. In the old days, in most societies, a form of priestcraft or State Church constituted the opinion-moulders who apologized for that rule. Now, in a more secular age, we have technocrats, “social scientists,” and media intellectuals, who apologize for the State system and staff in the ranks of its bureaucracy.

Libertarians have often seen the problem plainly, but as strategists for social change they have badly missed the boat. In what we might call “the Hayek model,” they have called for spreading correct ideas, and thereby converting the intellectual elites to liberty, beginning with top philosophers and then slowly trickling on down through the decades to converting journalists and other media opinion-moulders. And of course, ideas are the key, and spreading correct doctrine is a necessary part of any libertarian strategy. It might be said that the process takes too long, but a long-range strategy is important, and contrasts to the tragic futility of official conservatism which is interested only in the lesser-of-two-evils for the current election and therefore loses in the medium, let alone the long, run. But the real error is not so much the emphasis on the long run, but on ignoring the fundamental fact that the *problem is not just intellectual error*. The problem is that the intellectual elites benefit from the current system; in a crucial sense, they are part of the ruling class. The process of Hayekian conversion assumes that everyone, or at least all intellectuals, are interested solely in the truth, and that economic self-interest never gets in the way. Anyone at all acquainted with intellectuals or academics should be disabused of this notion, and fast. Any libertarian strategy must recognize that intellectuals and opinion-moulders are part of the fundamental problem, not just because of error, but because their own self-interest is tied into the ruling system.

Why then did communism implode? Because in the end the system was working so badly that even the *nomenklatura* got fed up and threw in the

towel. The Marxists have correctly pointed out that a social system collapses when the ruling class becomes demoralized and loses its will to power; manifest failure of the communist system brought about that demoralization. But doing nothing, or relying only on educating the elites in correct ideas, will mean that our own statist system will not end until our entire society, like that of the Soviet Union, has been reduced to rubble. Surely, we must not sit still for that. A strategy for liberty must be far more active and aggressive.

Hence the importance, for libertarians or for minimal government conservatives, of having a one-two punch in their armor: not simply of spreading correct ideas, but also of exposing the corrupt ruling elites and how they benefit from the existing system, more specifically how they are ripping us off. Ripping the mask off elites is “negative campaigning” at its finest and most fundamental.

This two-pronged strategy is (a) to build up a cadre of our own libertarians, minimal-government opinion-moulders, based on correct ideas; and (b) to tap the masses directly, to short-circuit the dominant media and intellectual elites, to rouse the masses of people against the elites that are looting them, and confusing them, and oppressing them, both socially and economically. But this strategy must fuse the abstract and the concrete; it must not simply attack elites in the abstract, but must focus specifically on the *existing* statist system, on those who right now constitute the ruling classes.

Libertarians have long been puzzled about whom, about which groups, to reach out to. The simple answer: everyone, is not enough, because to be relevant politically, we must concentrate strategically on those groups who are most oppressed and who also have the most social leverage.

The reality of the current system is that it constitutes an unholy alliance of “corporate liberal” Big Business and media elites, who, through big government, have privileged and caused to rise up a parasitic Underclass, who, among them all, are looting and oppressing the bulk of the middle and working classes in America. Therefore, the proper strategy of libertarians and paleos is a strategy of “right-wing populism,” that is: to expose and denounce this unholy alliance, and to call for getting this preppie-underclass-liberal media alliance off the backs of the rest of us: the middle and working classes.

A RIGHT-WING POPULIST PROGRAM

A right-wing populist program, then, must concentrate on dismantling the crucial existing areas of State and elite rule, and on liberating the average American from the most flagrant and oppressive features of that rule. In short:

1. **Slash Taxes.** All taxes, sales, business, property, etc., but especially the most oppressive politically and personally: the income tax. We must work toward repeal of the income tax and abolition of the IRS.

2. **Slash Welfare.** Get rid of underclass rule by abolishing the welfare system, or, short of abolition, severely cutting and restricting it.

3. **Abolish Racial or Group Privileges.** Abolish affirmative action, set aside racial quotas, etc., and point out that the root of such quotas is the entire “civil rights” structure, which tramples on the property rights of every American.

4. **Take Back the Streets: Crush Criminals.** And by this I mean, of course, not “white collar criminals” or “inside traders” but violent street criminals—robbers, muggers, rapists, murderers. Cops must be unleashed, and allowed to administer instant punishment, subject of course to liability when they are in error.

5. **Take Back the Streets: Get Rid of the Bums.** Again: unleash the cops to clear the streets of bums and vagrants. Where will they go? Who cares? Hopefully, they will disappear, that is, move from the ranks of the petted and cosseted bum class to the ranks of the productive members of society.

6. **Abolish the Fed; Attack the Banksters.** Money and banking are recondite issues. But the realities can be made vivid: the Fed is an organized cartel of banksters, who are creating inflation, ripping off the public, destroying the savings of the average American. The hundreds of billions of taxpayer handouts to S&L banksters will be chicken-feed compared to the coming collapse of the commercial banks.

7. **America First.** A key point, and not meant to be seventh in priority. The American economy is not only in recession; it is stagnating. The average family is worse off now than it was two decades ago. Come home America. Stop supporting bums abroad. Stop all foreign aid, which is aid to banksters and their bonds and their export industries. Stop globaloney, and let’s solve our problems at home.

8. **Defend Family Values.** Which means, get the State out of the family, and replace State control with parental control. In the long run, this means ending public schools, and replacing them with private schools. But we must realize that voucher and even tax credit schemes are not, despite Milton Friedman, transitional demands on the path to privatized education; instead, they will make matters worse by fastening government control more totally upon the private schools. *Within* the sound alternative is decentralization, and back to local, community neighborhood control of the schools.

Further: We must reject once and for all the left-libertarian view that all government-operated resources must be cesspools. We must try, short of ultimate privatization, to operate government facilities in a manner most conducive to a business, or to neighborhood control. But that means: that the public schools must allow prayer, and we must abandon the absurd left-atheist interpretation of the First Amendment that “establishment of religion” means not allowing prayer in public schools, or a creche in a

schoolyard or a public square at Christmas. We must return to common sense, and original intent, in constitutional interpretation.

So far: every one of these right-wing populist programs is totally consistent with a hard-core libertarian position. But all real-world politics is coalition politics, and there are other areas where libertarians might well compromise with their paleo or traditionalist or other partners in a populist coalition. For example, on family values, take such vexed problems as pornography, prostitution, or abortion. Here, pro-legalization and pro-choice libertarians should be willing to compromise on a decentralist stance; that is, to end the tyranny of the federal courts, and to leave these problems up to states and better yet, localities and neighborhoods, that is, to “community standards.” ■

PAT BUCHANAN AND THE MENACE OF ANTI-ANTI-SEMITISM

December 1990

I have it on good authority that Barbara Branden is spending a good portion of her time lately brooding about the “rising menace of anti-Semitism.” Poor Barbara; like all Randians, she is perpetually out of sync. There is indeed a menace in this area, Barbara, but it is precisely the opposite: the cruel despotism of Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism. Wielding the fearsome brand of “Anti-Semite” as a powerful weapon, the professional Anti-Anti-Semite is able, in this day and age, to wound and destroy anyone he disagrees with by implanting this label indelibly in the public mind. How can one argue against this claim, always made with hysteria and insufferable self-righteousness? To reply “I am not an anti-Semite” is as feeble and unconvincing as Richard Nixon’s famous declaration that “I am not a crook.”

So far, Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism has been able to destroy, to drive out of public life, anyone who receives the “anti-Semite” treatment. True, “anti-Semitic” expression is not yet illegal (though it is banned in many Western “democracies,” as well as increasingly—as with other “hate speech”—serving as grounds for expulsion, or at the very least compulsory “reeducation,” on college campuses). But the receiver of the brand is generally deprived of access to organs of influential opinion, and is marginalized out of the centers of public life. At best, the victim of the brand may be driven to abase himself before his persecutors, and, by suitable groveling, apologies, and—most important—the changing of positions of crucial interest to his enemies, he may work his way back into public life—at the expense of course, of self-emasculation. Or, if, by chance, the victim manages to survive

the onslaught, he may be induced to exercise due caution and shut up about such issues in the future, which amounts to the same thing. In that way, Organized Anti-Anti-Semitism (OAAS) creates, for itself, a win-win situation.

The major fount of OAAS is the venerable Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (ADL), the head of what the grand Old Rightist John T. Flynn referred to during World War II as the "Smear Bund." (Flynn was forced to publish himself his expose of the orchestrated smear of isolationists in his pamphlet, *The Smear Terror*.) Since the end of World War II, the key strategy of the ADL has been to broaden its definition of anti-Semitism to include any robust criticisms of the State of Israel. Indeed, the ADL and the rest of the OAAS has formed itself into a mighty praetorian guard focusing on Israeli interests and Israeli security.

Ever since August 2, Israel and what Pat Buchanan has brilliantly called its extensive "amen corner" in the United States, has been beating the drums for immediate and total destruction of Iraq, for the toppling of Saddam Hussein, for destruction of Iraqi military capacity, and even for a "MacArthur Regency" to occupy Iraq quasi-permanently. Pat Buchanan has distinguished himself, from the beginning, as the most prominent and persistent critic of the war on Iraq, and as the spokesman for a return to Old Right isolationism now that the Cold War against the Soviet Union and international communism has ended. Hence, it is no accident that the ADL picked the occasion of Buchanan's hard-hitting critiques of the war hawks to unleash its dossier, to issue and widely circulate a press release smearing Buchanan as anti-Semitic, which was then used as fodder for an extraordinarily extensive press campaign against Buchanan.

The campaign was kicked off by one of OAAS's big guns, the powerful and well-connected editor of the *New York Times*, who now writes a regular column of such tedium and downright terrible writing that it usually serves as a far better soporific than Sominex. If you can classify Rosenthal ideologically at all, it would probably be "left neoconservative," one of my least favorite ideological groupings. Rosenthal rose from his usual torpor in his column of September 14 to deliver a hate-filled, hysterical, and vituperative assault on Buchanan, likening him to Auschwitz, no less, the Warsaw ghetto, and "blood libel." Rosenthal winds up with a blasphemous and fascinatingly self-revelatory twist on Jesus's words on the Cross: "Forgive them not, Father, for they know what they did." Compare the contrasting ethics offered to the world by Jesus Christ and A.M. Rosenthal, and shudder.

Albert Hunt, defending Pat Buchanan on *The Capital Gang*, sternly declared that Abe Rosenthal has "forgotten how to be a reporter." This is all the more true when we consider the curious point that what touched off Rosenthal's ire was a statement by Pat on the *McLaughlin Group*, which Rosenthal oddly referred to as *The McLaughlin Report*. (Whaddat?) The mystery clears when we note that the ADL's press release on Buchanan,

issued shortly before the Rosenthal column, makes the self-same error, twice referring to Pat's appearance on *The McLaughlin Report* [*sic*]. Pat's instincts were absolutely sound when, in the marvelous rebuttal in his syndicated column, he referred to Rosenthal's blast as a "contract hit" orchestrated by the ADL.

In a just society, Rosenthal's rabid tirade would have been laughed out of existence. Instead, it touched off a spate of editorials and columns throughout the country, almost all backing Rosenthal, accompanied by calls from the ADL, and the official Israeli lobby, AIPAC, to newspapers carrying Buchanan's column, urging them to cancel. (Probably the best single compendium of the anti-Buchanan smears and their various nuances is Howard Kurtz's front-page article in the Style Section of the *Washington Post*, Sept. 20, "Pat Buchanan and the Jewish Question.") Clearly, what we are seeing is neither a friendly nor even vigorous debate over issues crucial to the American Republic. What we are witnessing is nothing less than a venomous attempt to suppress dissent, to eliminate Buchanan's fearless and independent voice on the social and political scene.

Examining the attacks on Buchanan by Rosenthal and the others, we find a variant of the old shell game. On the one hand, even Rosenthal feebly concedes that it is theoretically possible to criticize Israel and not be an anti-Semite. Oh? And how does one tell the difference? For Rosenthal it is simple: "Every American...should be alert to smell the difference." So now we have to rely on Rosenthal's ineffable schnozzola! How are we supposed to distinguish one man's sense of smell from another? Some criterion! Interestingly enough, Rosenthal and the rest of the jackal pack carefully omit from their screeds the concession made even by the ADL: that Pat has often been a strong supporter of Israel! No facts, I suppose, can be allowed to get in the way of a successful smear. As a matter of fact, Pat explains the point in his rebuttal column: he confesses to having been an "uncritical apologist" of Israel until 1985; but an accumulation of facts since then, including the Pollard espionage case and the brutality against the Palestinians of the intifada, have led him to change his mind. Changing one's mind, if it is in the wrong direction, can obviously not be tolerated.

The shell game, then, is to say, first, that Pat is not necessarily anti-Semitic because he is critical of Israel, but that Rosenthal's proboscis tells him that Pat is an anti-Semite. Before writing his hate-Buchanan column, Rosenthal says that he consulted none other than Elie Wiesel, the professional Holocaust survivor, who pronounced the magic words: "Although I very rarely use the word 'antisemite'" (Hah! That'll be the day!), opined Wiesel, "I feel there is something in him that is opposed to my people." Well, that's it: Who can quarrel with Wiesel's ineffable "feelings"? Between Wiesel's inner oracle and Rosenthal's nose, no one has much of a chance.

But can Elie Wiesel's mystical insight really be relied upon? After all, this is the selfsame Wiesel who, in the early 1980s, pronounced his feelings to be

favorable to none other than the monster Ceausescu. Why? Because of Ceausescu's pro-Israel foreign policy, naturally. Any man who confers his blessings upon one of the most savage butchers in the past half century, is scarcely qualified to hurl anathemas at anyone, much less at Pat Buchanan.

It is significant that all of the hostiles who know Buchanan personally concede that he is a great guy. Thus, take Mona Charen, who worked under Buchanan at the Reagan White House, and who provided the neat *Et tu, Brute?* touch by launching the anti-Semitic canard even before Rosenthal. Charen concedes that "Pat is the sweetest human being on a one-to-one level that you'd ever meet, an incredibly gentle, warm, sweet man." And yet, by launching the assault, the good deed that Pat performed by saving Mona Charen's job at the White House was not allowed to go unpunished.

The shell game on Buchanan is unwittingly illuminated by the neocon Fred Barnes, of the *New Republic*, and a colleague of Buchanan's on *The McLaughlin Group*. Asked by Howard Kurtz whether Pat is anti-Semitic, Barnes replies, with seeming judiciousness, that it all depends on one's definition. (Yes, and cabbages can become kings by definition.) "If your definition is someone who is personally bigoted against Jews," says Barnes (but what else is anti-Semitism, Fred?), who "doesn't want them in the country club" (Note the way Barnes trivializes genuine anti-Semitism), "then I don't think Pat is that." By this time we are trained to look for the explicit or implicit "but." But, adds Barnes, "If your definition is someone who thinks Israel and its supporters are playing a bad role in the world, Pat may qualify." Aha! So Pat is not anti-Semitic personally, is not a "country club anti-Semite," but he is critical of Israel, so he qualifies under that particular shell. In short, criticism of Israel, despite one's personally not being anti-Semitic, at last puts one into the dread category. The Zionist definition maximized! If you can't hook a guy as an anti-Semite under one shell, you get him under the other, as the definitions shift endlessly.

To paraphrase a wonderful comment that Joseph Schumpeter once wrote about left-wing intellectuals and their hatred of capitalism; the verdict of this loaded jury—that Pat is anti-Semitic—is a given, it has already been written in advance. The only thing a successful defense of the charge can accomplish is to change the nature of the indictment.

Putting his two-cents worth into this witches' brew is a pseudo-scholarly article by philosophy professor John K. Roth, apparently an expert on semantics and hate (John K. Roth, "Sticks, Stones, and Words," *L.A. Times*, Sept. 20). Amidst the usual invocations of Hitler and Auschwitz, the professor defines anti-Semitism as "the hostility aroused in irrational thinking about Jews," and says it is part of the "same hate-filled family" as "racism" and "sexism" and of "irrational thinking" about "blacks or Asians or women." Interesting categories; but why does the professor say not a word about "irrational thinking" and generalizations, and consequent hostility, toward

whites, Christians, or men? Are the omissions an accident? Or does he think no such phenomenon exists? If the latter, he is invited to pick up the latest issue of his daily paper, or of the latest scholarly journal.

The only new element added by Professor Roth is ominous indeed. "One need not consciously intend anti-Semitism, racism or sexism to do or say things outside legitimate criticism." Roth then has the gall to quote the New Testament about "You shall know them by their fruits," in defense. Then comes the material about Hitler and Auschwitz. But whether he knows it or not, Professor Roth is really raising the spectre, not of the New Testament, but of the notorious Stalinist concept of "objective" crimes. When Trotsky and other Old Bolsheviks were accused of being "fascist agents," the Stalinists had a fascinating rebuttal to those who complained about the patent absurdity of the charge: that Trotsky and the others were "objectively pro-fascist" because they were undermining Stalin's rule. So—even though by any rational criterion Buchanan may not be anti-Semitic, he can be called "objectively anti-Semitic." Why? Obviously because he opposes many Israeli policies, and we're back again to the shell game.

There also runs through many of the criticisms of the anti-Buchanan pack a black thread of hatred of Christianity—a hatred, we have seen, that Professor Roth managed to omit from his litany. In Rosenthal's infamous article, one of the pieces of "evidence" for Buchanan's anti-Semitism was his frequent attacks on the "de-Christianization" of America, which Rosenthal apparently interprets as a code word for anti-Semitism.

Well, I have news for Mr. Rosenthal. Unlike Rosenthal, most Christians don't walk around thinking only about Jews. "De-Christianization" is not a code word for anything: it means what it says: the growing secularization of our society, our culture, and our school systems. Christians who oppose this are anti-secular, not anti-Jewish, and, in fact, most orthodox Jews join in much of this anti-secular and pro-religion position. Why is this a world where such elementary propositions have to be patiently pointed out?

Then there is Leon ("The Weasel") Wieseltier, the favorite theoretician of the *New Republic*. Pat Buchanan was upset when, two years ago, international Jewish groups led a campaign against the convent of Carmelite nuns at the site of Auschwitz. Apparently, they held it to be a desecration for Carmelites to pray for all those murdered at Auschwitz, Catholics as well as Jews. Wieseltier wrote a particularly odious article on the subject, denouncing Catholic defenders of the Carmelites as anti-Semitic, and Buchanan fired back, correctly pointing out that "anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectual. Let's hope the nuns at Auschwitz are praying for him (Wieseltier). He needs it."

The Kurtz smear article now gives The Weasel the chance to get in the last word. "A hater's rhetoric," he opines. Wieseltier goes on to assert that there "can be in a religious Catholic a theological basis for anti-semitic emotion...The roots of some of this man's feelings about the Jews may be theological."

Although Wieseltier covers his rear by hastening to add: “though I emphasize that not all religious Catholics are anti-semites.” How gracious of The Weasel! I am sure that Catholics everywhere are grateful for his *nihil obstat*.

Meanwhile, the *New Republic* has, predictably, made itself the GHQ of the anti-Buchanan movement among the periodicals. An editorial accused Buchanan of anti-Semitism, because, in the few seconds he could originally deal with the problem on *The McLaughlin Group*, he mentioned only Jewish names among the pro-war leaders. The *New Republic* editorial then continues with what it thinks is the clincher: referring to the much smeared Charles Lindbergh, who, in his famous Des Moines speech in August 1941, was “anti-Semitic” because he mentioned Jews as one of three groups that were agitating for the U.S. to enter World War II: the other two being the British and the Roosevelt Administration. In other words, Lindbergh was “anti-Semitic” because, in identifying the forces for war, he identified Jews as only one of several groups. In short, you can’t win.

The culminating smears—so far—came in the next issue of the *New Republic*, in which Jacob Weisberg ties all the threads together, and adds a vile Freud psycho-babble twist of his own. (Weisberg, “The Heresies of Pat Buchanan,” *New Republic*, Oct. 22, pp. 22–27) After dragging in 1930s irrelevancies such as Lindbergh and Father Coughlin (the Catholic motif!), Weisberg discusses Buchanan’s personal history, as gleaned from his autobiography, *Right From the Beginning*, and concludes that Buchanan is a brute and a proto-fascist because he liked to get into fistfights as a kid. (So much for a large chunk of the male population!) The clincher on Buchanan as brute and proto-Nazi comes with Buchanan’s suggested slogan for his abortive Presidential campaign in 1988: “Let the bloodbath begin.”

Let us contemplate smear-artist Weisberg for a moment. Is he really that much of a boob that he thought that Buchanan’s phrase was serious? Does he really not realize that Pat was delivering a jocular and satiric thrust, aimed precisely at such serio-so dunderheads as Weisberg? It is hard to know which is a sadder commentary on current American culture: whether Weisberg was cynically trying to use any smear tactic that came to hand; or whether he is really that much of a humorless left-Puritan blockhead.

Meanwhile, on the left (or should I say, the lefter), there is John B. Judis, the resident conservatologist for the Marxist weekly, *In These Times*, who has written a surprisingly favorable biography of Bill Buckley (or come to think of it, as we shall see, maybe not so surprising). Judis, too, admits that Buchanan is not personally anti-Semitic: “Indeed, from the few encounters I’ve had with Buchanan, he has always struck me as loyal, generous, personable without a trace of snobbery and willing to say what he believes—whatever the consequences.” (John B. Judis, “Semitic Divisions Engulf Conservatives,” *In These Times*, Oct. 3–9) Sounds admirable. But...then comes the knife-job, with vague references to the Old Right, and “Rothschild conspiracy” views with which Judis, in the venerable smear

tradition, tars every isolationist of the 1930s. (Sorry, John, Buchanan was not even alive in those days, much less sentient.) To Judis, Buchanan's position "represents a kind of Freudian return of the repressed." (Again!) So now we have an unholy combo of Marx and Freud on the attack! In his peroration, Judis commits a real whopper, somehow linking Buchanan to the "pre-Civil War anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish and anti-immigrant Know-Nothings." Since Judis has some pretensions to scholarship, one might guess he would stop and think before linking up this ardent Catholic with historic anti-Catholicism; but, I suppose that time's a-fleetin', and one reaches for whatever smear brush may be around. (Parenthetically, while the Know-Nothings were indeed one of the most odious groups in American history, I would be very surprised to find any anti-Semitic expressions by them. As Protestant pietists, the Know-Nothings were fanatically anti-Catholic, believing that the Pope was the Antichrist and every Catholic his conscious, dedicated agent. The only "immigrants" they were concerned about, furthermore, were Catholic immigrants.)

Speaking of Bill Buckley, where does he stand on this? He is back at his old stand, a kindly but firm monarch doling out positive and negative brownie points, and trying to keep his conservative subjects from squabbling. Revealingly, Buckley is an old and close friend of Rosenthal while scarcely knowing Buchanan. Rosenthal he treats with affection, like a kid with a temper tantrum: always ready for "footloose emotional gyrations" with resulting explosions "that know no conventional limits." Buckley concludes: "I deem his attack on Pat Buchanan to be an example of Rosenthal gone ballistic." By focusing on Rosenthal's hopped-up personality, Buckley manages to avoid the main issues: the orchestrated and concerted attack upon Buchanan.

If Rosenthal is excessively emotional, Buchanan is not anti-Semitic, but of course—let's hear the chorus "I-N-S-E-N-S-I-T-I-V-E." (The Buckley article is entitled, "Insensitive Maybe; Genocidal, No," *L.A. Times*, Sept. 20) The stern admonition: "The Buchanans [Who are the other Buchanan's?] need to understand the nature of sensibilities in an age that coexisted with Auschwitz." And Mona Charen, in her second time at bat, and trying, perhaps guiltily, to call off the war she launched, still maintains that even if our current culture "slides into priggishness: on ethnic comments, our ethnically diverse society requires "a fastidious sensitivity." (Mona Charen, "Accusations," *Washington Times*, Sept. 27)

But not long ago, America's diverse society was glorious precisely because people were unafraid to be candid, to speak their mind, to engage in ethnic humor. Besides, what happened to Harry Truman's well-known dictum that he who can't stand the political heat should get out of the kitchen? A free and diverse society requires candor and vigorous debate, which is what we had in the United States until left-Puritanism did its work,

and we are all required to be silent and mouth the Party Line. Interestingly enough, former *National Review* publisher and long-time Buckley colleague Bill Rusher has a different, and far healthier, view. Although Rusher, like Buckley, takes the ultra war-hawk position on Iraq, Rusher, in his column, gently reproves Buckley's comment on Buchanan and sensitivity, and reminds us that "American politics is a robust game, and it is fair to ask how long commentators on it must continue to tiptoe past the Israeli Embassy." (William Rusher, "and sensitivity," *Washington Times*, Sept. 27) How long, indeed?

In contrast to the standard bromides, what this country is suffering from is not "insensitivity" but hyper-sensitivity, what the shrinks in the Neanderthal days used to call "neurasthenia." It strikes me that the most effective cure for hyper-sensitivity, as for phobias in general, is the one proposed by the behavioral-shrinks: desensitization. Repeated exposure to the neurotic stimulus will gradually desensitize the patient so he no longer goes ballistic at the sight of a cat or...at reading articles by the likes of Pat Buchanan.

ANTI-SEMITISM DEFINED

Organized anti-anti-Semites will get away with their odious calumnies until they are finally forced to define their terms, to set up some rational criteria for this serious charge. It is high time that they be called on this loathsome tactic. So all right, just what is anti-Semitism: if we can get beyond vague and ephemeral "feelings?"

It seems to me that there are only two supportable and defensible definitions of anti-Semitism: one, focusing on the subjective mental state of the person, and the other "objectively," on the actions he undertakes or the policies he advocates.

For the first, the best definition of anti-Semitism is simple and conclusive: a person who hates all Jews. But here Buchanan is clearly vindicated by everyone who has ever met him, since all agree he is not "personally" anti-Semitic, has many Jewish friends, saved the job of Mona Charen, etc. Here I also want to embellish a point: All my life, I have heard anti-anti-Semites sneer at Gentiles who, defending themselves against the charge of anti-Semitism, protest that "some of my best friends are Jews." This phrase is always sneered at, as if easy ridicule is a refutation of the argument. But it seems to me that ridicule is habitually used here, precisely because the argument is conclusive. If some of Mr. X's best friends are indeed Jews, it is absurd and self-contradictory to claim that he is anti-Semitic. And that should be that.

But perhaps it might be contended that X is at heart, down deep, anti-Semitic, and that he duplicitously acquires Jewish friends to cover his tracks. And how, unless we are someone's close friend, or shrink, can we know what lies in a person's heart? Perhaps then the focus should be, not on

the subject's state of heart or mind, but on a proposition that can be checked by observers who don't know the man personally. In that case, we should focus on the objective rather than the subjective, that is the person's actions or advocacies. Well, in that case, the only rational definition of an anti-Semite is one who advocates political, legal, economic, or social disabilities to be levied against Jews (or, of course, has participated in imposing them).

Let us then consider Pat Buchanan. Never—and the smear articles themselves are effective testimony to this fact—never has Pat Buchanan advocated any such policies, whether they be barring Jews from his country club or placing maximum quotas on Jews in various occupations (both of which have happened in the U.S. in our lifetime), let alone legal measures against Jews. So once again, it is absurd and a vicious calumny to call Pat anti-Semitic. If Pat passes any rational subjective or objective “litmus test” with flying colors, what else is there? It is high time and past time that the anti-anti-Semitic Smear Bund shut up about Buchanan and, while they're at it, reconsider their other vilifications as well.

But am I not redefining anti-Semitism out of existence? Certainly not. On the subjective definition, by the very nature of the situation, I don't know any such people, and I doubt whether the Smear Bund does either. On the objective definition, where outsiders can have greater knowledge, and setting aside clear-cut anti-Semites of the past, there are in modern America authentic anti-Semites: groups such as the Christian Identity movement, or the Aryan Resistance, or the author of the novel *Turner's Diaries*. But these are marginal groups, you say, of no account and not worth worrying about? Yes, fella, and that is precisely the point. ■

THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

WORKING OUR WAY BACK TO THE PRESIDENT

September 1992

As often happens, our current quandary was put best by my valued lifelong buddy and libertarian colleague, Professor Ralph Raico. Ralph was an ardent Buchananite, but as Pat faded in the primaries, and the horrible nomination of Slick Willie loomed, Ralph began to admonish me, in his hilarious mocking half-serious tone: "Remember Murray, we must do nothing to harm the president." When the Perot phenomenon hit, Ralph, for some unaccountable reason, failed to share our enthusiasm for the little punk from East Texas. After the punk's Great Betrayal of the Perotvian movement, I was ranting and raving over the phone to Ralph, who took it all in, and then concluded: "I'm glad to see you're working your way back to the president."

Yes, gulp, and here we are. It is late July, and we're down to the grim, realistic choice: which of two sets of bozos is going to rule us in the years 1993–1997? Lord knows, it's a crummy, terrible choice, presented to us by a rotten, extra-constitutional two-party system that is fastened upon us by restrictive laws and a moribund electoral college system. But there it is, and there we are. *Which set* should we choose to rule us?

No publication has been more bitterly critical of George Bush than *Triple R*; certainly no publication has been more vituperatively opposed to Bush's lionized Gulf War. But yet, dammit, we are working our way back to the president. What? "Four More Years?" Yes, yes, for consider the alternative. It's come down to Bush or Clinton, and there can be only one rational answer for the conservative, the paleolibertarian, or indeed for any sensible American. Four More Years!

Let's boil the reasons down into two categories: the positive reasons to vote for Bush, and the negative reasons to vote against Bill Clinton.

FOR BUSH

1. First and foremost, Bush ain't Bill Clinton (see below).
2. Bush has by far the most pro-American policy on the Middle East since Jack Kennedy; he is the only president since Kennedy not to serve as a lick-spittle for the State of Israel, the only one not to function as an abject tool of the powerful Zionist lobby, led by AIPAC (the American Israel Political Action Committee, which somehow escapes being a registered agent of the State of Israel). The greatest credit, of course, goes to Secretary of State James Baker, who formulated this policy, and maintained it under the most vicious pressure. But Bush deserves credit for picking Baker and backing him up; further, with only a little stretching, Bush/Baker can take credit for the Israeli election that deposed the little monster Shamir, and

brought in a more rational government in Israel. Bush-Baker stood firm on delaying the \$10 billion loan guarantee until Zionist settlements are slowed down on the Arab lands of the West Bank.

3. Despite tremendous pressure by New World Orderites at the *New York Times*, by Democrats, and elsewhere, Bush has kept his cool, and has not gotten American troops or even airmen involved in a shooting war (read “quagmire”) in ex-Yugoslavia. As readers of *Triple R* know by now, no one, even the most fanatical Croat or Bosnian Muslim, surpasses *Triple R* in hatred of the Serbs; and yet we recognize that American military involvement in the Balkans would be a catastrophe that could accomplish nothing. The poor Bosnian Muslims, who understandably want *someone* to save them from genocidal slaughter, claim that all the U.S. need do to take out the Serbs and save Sarajevo is to bomb Serb gun emplacements in the mountains surrounding that bleeding city. Rubbish. Objective military experts estimate that it would take no less than 500,000 American infantry troops to secure Bosnia and Sarajevo, and God knows how many more to actually roll back the Serbs. America, Keep Out of Bosnia!

While Bush has been lauded for his action in Desert Storm, the really sensible foreign policy is to do nothing, and Bush’s dithering nature has, apart from the Gulf War, led him to Keep Cool and to stay out of foreign quagmires.

4. Last but certainly not least: the president has reconciled with Pat Buchanan. At last Bush has shown some smarts, and perhaps even a spark of a sense of justice. After a vicious and despicable smear campaign by Bond, Bennett, Quayle et al., the Bush people—while of course not apologizing—are at least implicitly repudiating their own smears by rolling out the welcome mat for the “Nazi,” “fascist,” etc. Pat Buchanan, who will speak at the Houston convention. So OK. That was the least the Bushies could do, but they did it. The rally for the Greater Good, the rally to stop the advent of Total Evil, can start mobilizing.

Which brings us to the ghastly spectre of Clintonian Democracy.

CONTRA CLINTON

1. Clintesist. Yikes!

2. The Clinton-managed Democrat convention was the leftest ever: multi-culturalism reigned triumphant, with the “Lesbian Rights” banner almost as prevalent as “Clinton for President.” Clinton means the triumph of ultra-feminism, trillions more of our dough for inner cities, and the aggrandizement of “gay rights” and other phony “rights” over the genuine rights of private property.

3. Are we the only publication that detests Al Gore, the alleged “moderate” check on Slick Willie’s possible liberalism? Al Gore was one of the biggest spenders in the wild-spending recent Congress. Al Gore, furthermore, is an

extreme left-environmentalist, who shores up Clinton's left flank on this issue. (As an Arkansas governor, seeking jobs and growth, Clinton had a sensible [therefore media-designated "poor"] environment record as governor.)

4. Gore and Clinton is the most toadying pro-Israel presidential ticket in recent history. *Triple R* was one of the first publications to note that David Ifshin, general counsel for the Clinton campaign, was a leading attorney for the sinister AIPAC. As if this were not enough, Albert Gore is undoubtedly the politician most beloved by organized Zionism in decades. A recent *New York Times* article, discussing the Clinton-Gore ticket, noted that Jews would vote enthusiastically for Clinton because Clinton had received "the heckscher" from Albert Gore, now vice-presidential candidate. "Heckscher," the *Times* article went on to explain, is Yiddish for "imprimatur." But what the *Times* felt it unnecessary to explain is the intriguing problem: "Why is Al Gore so beloved by Jews that he has it in his power to confer the heckscher?" Perhaps one clue to the answer is the fact that the left-libertarian columnist Nat Hentoff, himself a moderate Zionist, in 1988 was moved to dub Al Gore, "the Senator from Likud."

5. The *verdamte* neocons, who carry a kind of negative heckscher for us, are shifting from Bush back to their old home, the Democracy, in honor of the Clinton-Gore ticket. The neocon *Wall Street Journal* has been oozing friendliness to the Clinton ticket, as has left Neocon Central, the *New Republic*. Indeed, the neocon shift to Clinton has been detailed by one of their own, Fred Barnes, in the *New Republic*. ("They're Back!," August 3) Ex-Democrat neocon Richard Schifter, assistant secretary of state for human rights in the Reagan and Bush administrations, has quit Bush and is now a foreign policy adviser to Clinton. Ditto veteran right-wing Social Democrat and neocon Penn Kemble, of Freedom House. Then, there is a full-scale "neocon outreach effort" being conducted by David Ifshin and by Clinton buddy Michael Mandelbaum, professor at The Johns Hopkins School for Advanced International Studies.

Norman Podhoretz, Field Marshall of the neocons, hasn't quite shifted yet, but he is strongly tempted. Even more tempted is young *Commentary* smear artist and "global democrat" Joshua Muravchik, of the American Enterprise Institute. Muravchik explains that "what's kept me firmly in the Republican voting column is foreign policy. But on foreign policy, Clinton's stands are preferable to Bush's." In what way? "On what I care about—human rights, promoting democracy, keeping some sense of ideals in our foreign policy, Clinton is more amenable than Bush." Translated from the code words, this means, plain and simple, that Clinton is more pro-Israel and more devoted to a neocon-guided New World Order than George Bush. Or, as Jeanne Kirkpatrick, herself still not back in the Clinton camp, explains more candidly: the major factors impelling the neocons into the Reagan camp in 1980 were "Soviet expansionism," now disappeared; and the

Carter administration's alleged "hostility to Israel." Kirkpatrick comments: "That issue still exists but it's flipped. George Bush is putting the pressure [on Israel] now."

The right-wing neocons, headed by Irving Kristol and including Robert Bork, feel no tug toward the Clinton ticket. Partly, because the Kristoleans are a tad less socialistic than the others; but there is another more personal consideration; Crown Prince Bill Kristol is the chief-of-staff, the control, of Dannie Quayle. They're not going to start deserting their own ticket.

6. Let's never, never forget the looming menace of the monster Hillary. Sure, they cleaned up her act until November; they shut the witch up, stopped her from openly reviling baking cookies, they bobbed and blonded her hair and took that damned headband off (courtesy of the chic Beverly Hills hairdresser Cristophe), and made her look like a sophisticated matron instead of an aging grad student. But you can bet your bottom dollar that if Clinton wins in November, that the monster Hillary will be back: worse than ever, in control, nasty, tough, and very leftist—she and her bosom buddy, the mannish, lantern-jawed left-wing lawyer Susan Thomases.

Mom and Dad: Hillary is Out to Grab Your Kids! Hillary is the prophet of the children's "rights" movement, a movement now openly backed by left-"libertarian" philosopher Tibor Machan, a movement that encourages 11-year-olds to sue their parents for "malpractice." Any parent can be accused by some officious biddy of "malparenting," and since 11-year-olds and 9-year-olds and 5-year-olds are not exactly legal beagles, you know darned well who will really be doing the suing: leftist ACLU-type lawyers, lawyers cut in the mold of Hillary and Thomases. When the campaign began, ultra-left social theorist Garry Wills hailed the "brilliance" of Hillary as a "children's rights theorist." That means: the government, the leftist lawyers and social workers are out to get your kids! There is a lot of confused discussion about family "values," about what these terms really mean, and about what they don't mean. Well, there's one clear test: "family values" means that kids get brought up, get governed by, their parents. Anti-family values means that other folk; bureaucrats, lawyers, duly licensed social workers and counselors and "therapists," the rapacious, power-hungry, leftist New Class, get to bring up and run everyone's kids: all in the name, of course, of children's "rights" and "liberation."

A vote for Bill Clinton is a vote to destroy the last vestige of parental control and responsibility in America. Stopping the coming to power of the Clintons is a *must* in any attempt to preserve American family life.

All these reasons for voting for Bush as against Clinton are, unfortunately and as usual defensive: A victory for Bush will—at least partly—hold back the hordes for another four years. Holding back the hordes may be important, but it's not exactly soul-satisfying. What *would* be soul-satisfying

would be mounting our own offensive, taking the offensive at long last. Some day, we must launch a total counterrevolution: in government, in the economy, in the culture, everywhere, against malignant left-liberalism. When O when do we get to start? ■

GANG-STABBING THE PRESIDENT: WHAT, WHO, AND WHY

September 1992

It should have been the ides of March, instead of late July. For surely it was *Et tu, Brute?* time in the nation's capitol. As George Bush plummeted in the polls, all the nation's Official Conservative leaders, including of course the neocons, took turns, one by one, with great delight, in plunging the knife into the president. As Sam Francis of the *Washington Times* has pointed out in a brilliant syndicated column, these are the same people who gathered together in Bermuda in May of last year to proclaim, in the words of neocon godfather Irving Kristol, that "President Bush is now the leader of the conservative movement within the Republican Party." These are the same creeps who, shocked at Pat Buchanan's "disloyalty" to Bush, denounced Pat viciously as a "fascist," "anti-Semite," or a variant thereof. And now, as Sam Francis writes, "with Mr. Bush's rating lower than a snake's belly, it has occurred to movement conservatives that 'principle' demands they jump ship."

One by one they got up, preaching on television, as if in concert, at a time neatly orchestrated to hit the Bush forces when they were at their lowest point, after the big Clinton-Gore bounce at the convention and their bus trip through the heartland, surrounded by the swooning Respectable Media who could scarcely contain their delight. First, they called on Dan Quayle to quit, and then came the escalation, the call upon Bush to withdraw, "for his own good," according to the smirking sleazeballs trumpeting this "advice." Coming to the fore was Burt Pines, no sooner ousted from a top spot at Heritage Foundation than to become mysteriously anointed by the media as a major conservative "leader." Most repellent of all was *Orange County Register* editor Ken Grubbs, smirking and calling himself a "libertarian," urging Bush to "fulfill his presidency" by quitting. The sleaziest aspect of Grubbs's operation was to wrap himself in a libertarian cloak and say that, as a libertarian, he welcomes all retirement from power; but why didn't Grubbs ever call upon Ronald Reagan to abandon office? In fact, the *Orange County Register*, along with the entire Hoiles Freedom Newspaper chain, used to be magnificently and consistently libertarian; but

the *Orange County Register* was taken over by neocons during the Gulf War, and has been pushing the neocon line ever since.

At the very least, it's an unlovely spectacle: rats scurrying off a sinking ship. And, make no mistake, it's a mass exodus, including all the Beltway think-tank and policy-wonk crowd, all claiming that "Clinton is not so bad" or that "he's good on social issues" (translation: special-interest-group "rights" trampling on the genuine rights of private property).

Good God, who in their right mind would have thought that it would ever be deeply controversial for a libertarian or a conservative to oppose the ascension to power of Bill Clinton? President Bush was never more correct than when he mused: "It's a weird year out there." Yes, George, *we're* "out here" and we can confirm your gut reaction.

In his column, Sam Francis has been stressing galloping venality as explanation for this massive shift to Clinton. The venality comes in two parts. The first and most obvious may be summed up in the term "access." While Bush was president and looked strong for another term, "movement" conservative outfits could trumpet their influence with and "access" to the president. They could impress their donors with what they advised President Bush to do, and they could also revel in patronage crumbs for their friends and disciples in various executive jobs. Hence, their paid-for "loyalty" to Bush in the past, and their smears against Buchanan when he threatened to upset their applecart. A second venal factor is more subtle, because more hidden from public view. Conservative outfits (indeed, any and all non-profit organizations) get their funding from two main sources: the "masses," the small contributors who are reached by direct-mail fundraising; and the large contributors—the wealthy, corporations, foundations—who are tapped by personal solicitations.

Every organization has its own particular mix of these two funding sources. But all of those dependent on small contributors have been hit, and are always suffering, during Republican administrations. Contrarily, they always flourish when a Democrat is president. This has been true since the birth of the conservative movement after World War II. When a Democrat is in power, the conservative masses can be easily—and properly—frightened by the imminent prospect of increased socialism ushered in by the Democratic Party. But when a Republican is president, no matter how statist he may be, it is very difficult to rouse the conservative masses by direct mail, since the conservative masses have been almost perpetually imbued with the belief that so long as Republicans are in power in the executive branch, the American republic is safe. As a result, so long as Republicans are in power in the presidency, mass conservative support slowly but inexorably died on the vine. Remember that the last great flourishing of the conservative movement came during the Carter administration, when all of our now legendary conservative institutions came into place: including the massive shift to, and capture of, conservatism by the formerly Democrat neocons. Ever since the

conservative “triumph” in 1980, the mass support for conservatism has been withering away.

Thus, both grounds for venality: access to the White House, and hope for bad times in the White House, are now coalescing to drive conservatives into the unlikely arms of Slick Willie.

The “Franciscan” analysis carries its penetrating power from the crucial assumption that movement conservatism is driven almost exclusively by cynical and corrupt careerism rather than by any vestige of conservative principle. Clearly, Sam Francis’s analysis is all too true, arrived at not *a priori* but from many years of deep exposure and penetrating analysis of “our people.”

It is possible, however, to deepen the Franciscan analysis by another notch. In addition to short-run venality, there are long-lived and crucially important interest groups who have great influence and power in American culture and American politics. These interest groups may have long-term ideologies, which while not “principles” in any conservative or libertarian sense, are based upon sophisticated views on how to further the long-term interests of themselves and their allies. The most important such interest group in American politics is, and has been for a half-century, the “Rockefeller World Empire,” that is, the corporate and financial Eastern Establishment headed, since World War II, by the Rockefeller interests and their allies. What the Rockefellers want should be no great surprise, embodied in the Rockefeller family member who almost became president of the United States: Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. What the Rockefellers want is a world economic and therefore political government, run by themselves and their allies, a State-cartelized capitalism that will subsidize and privilege them, shored up by Keynesian inflationary programs of expanding consumer “purchasing power,” and particularly massive foreign aid to subsidize Rockefeller-oriented exports, as well as friendly bankers who bankroll both these export firms and the Third World governments who purchase their products. In addition, of course, an American foreign policy must fight for oil—for oil resources and investments, and regulate oil prices in accordance with Rockefeller guidelines. A particular dream is a “New World Order” run by the United States, in accordance with Rockefeller desires, as well as a World Reserve Bank that will inflate the world economy in a manner controlled by Rockefeller expertise. Domestically, the Rockefeller interests want an expanded welfare state, mobilized to be allied to their overall purposes.

All this is now called “enlightened” or “moderate” internationalism and devotion to the welfare state—all beloved by the intelligentsia, who are bought out by the largess of tax-exempt Rockefeller-allied foundations and organizations. What is less well-known is that this Big Business—Big Finance—Big Labor—Big Intellectuals and Media alliance has been going on for a long time: certainly since the New Deal. It is little known, for

example, that such crucial New Deal statist “reforms” as the Social Security Act and the Wagner Act of the mid-1930s were put into place by a powerful and malevolent alliance of left-technocratic New Deal ideologues, and powerful Big Business leaders: notably John D. Rockefeller, Jr.’s Industrial Relations Counselors and its successors, and W. Averill Harriman’s Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce.

So the premier clue to American politics, especially since World War II, is to look to the Eastern Establishment headed by the Rockefellers. It is well known that since the Rockefeller-run Council of Foreign Relations (CFR) (peacefully taken over from Morgan control after World War II) had gotten too large and unwieldy, it was supplemented in 1973 by David Rockefeller’s new, small, elite, and tightly controlled Trilateral Commission. When Rockefeller Republican Gerry Ford came into danger from Ronald Reagan in 1976, however, the Rockefeller forces were ready with Trilat Jimmy Carter, an unknown when he announced his candidacy toward the end of 1975, and who was vaulted to the nomination by hosannahs from the Trilat-controlled Respectable Media, ignited by the much-sought-after cover of *Time* magazine, edited by founding Trilat member Hedley W. Donovan.

The Carter administration was a remarkable phenomenon: for the entire Cabinet and sub-Cabinet, 26 members in all, from Carter and Vice President Mondale on down, were all Trilat members. It was an incredible takeover, especially when we consider that there were only 117 American members of the Trilateral Commission all told.

Americans have been conditioned by the glitz and circus and by corrupt Establishment political scientists to believe in the vital importance of political parties, and to analyze politics and governance on that basis. The loss of importance of political parties *nowadays* is generally conceded, but what Americans don’t realize is that parties have not been important in determining ideologies or issues since the nineteenth century.

We can rest assured that the power elite, the crucial special interest groups we have been analyzing, have no sentimental attachment to party labels. Republican? Democrat? Who cares, so long as they are under control by the “right” people. “What’s good for the _____ is the overriding consideration, and you can fill in the blank with any one of these power elite groups. (The most glaring example was the 1924 presidential election, when both President Calvin Coolidge and Democrat candidate John W. Davis, Jr. were personal friends, close buddies, and associates of J.P. Morgan, Jr., head of the powerful “House of Morgan.” Morgan, who, in this embarrassment of riches chose Coolidge, was delighted but not embarrassed by the situation.)

To return to the Carter administration, by the middle of his term, it was becoming ever clearer that Carter was a loser, and so it became important to the Rockefeller Trilats to have a suitable Republican waiting in the wings. The pesky problem was Ronald Reagan, who in his speeches was exposing

and denouncing the Trilateral Commission and its baleful influence. Reagan was egged on by his hard-core conservative theoreticians and agitators who had helped expose the Trilats. Everything went swimmingly for the forces of truth and justice until shortly before the Republican Convention of 1980, when Reagan suddenly stopped attacking the Trilateral Commission—the name being destined never to surface again. At the Convention, the deal was struck with the Rockefeller forces—symbolized by Reagan's post-convention jaunt to shake the hand of David Rockefeller, and more importantly by Reagan's choice of George Herbert Walker Bush, Trilat, for vice president. That was the moment when knowledgeable observers of the power elite scene knew that the so-called "Reagan Revolution" was already down the drain. From then on, it was all playacting, the only skill at which Reagan has always excelled.

Bush's accession to Total Power of course pleased the Rockefeller World Empire (RWE), but, as usual with the power elite, sentimental loyalty ranks very low on their value scale. As good old George began to slip in the polls during 1991, our old friends the RWE began to look for likely satraps in the Democrat Party. By far the likeliest was and is Governor Bill Clinton of Arkansas, himself a member of both the CFR and the Trilats. When David Rockefeller heard Clinton address the Bilderbergers (an elite Euro-American group of which David Rockefeller is a member), he pronounced himself satisfied. A Clintonian Democrat Party would be a safe Democrat Party from his point of view. The result: Respectable Media acclaim and the Clinton glide to the nomination.

The result of all this is that the RWE has been neutralized for the 1992 election. Or rather: the RWE is content no matter who wins. The RWE is out of the game.

This leaves us with a determining role played by the second most powerful elite interest group in America: the neoconservatives, who are particularly dominant in the Respectable Media, and in controlling conservative foundation money sources. While the neocons are small in number, the combination of money and media influence will carry you a long, long way. Once staunch Truman-Humphrey-Scoop Jackson Democrats, the neocons left the Democrat Party en masse in the middle of the Carter administration and moved rightward to the Republican Party and to take over the conservative movement and dominate the Reagan coalition. As once and present right-wing Social Democrats, the neocons domestically are in favor of an "efficient" welfare state. They favor expanding the welfare state and domestic statism, but while furnishing "supply side" incentives to the rich through cuts in upper-income tax rates and capital gains taxes. They are also Keynesian inflationists seeking world economic government. They favor civil "rights" laws, but balk at some of the extreme forms of affirmative action and feminism.

But what animates the neocons first and foremost is foreign policy. The dominant and constant star of that foreign policy is the preservation and the

aggrandizement, over all other considerations, of the State of Israel, the “little democracy in the Middle East.” Consequently, they favor massive foreign aid, especially to the State of Israel, and America as the dominant force in a New World Order that will combat “aggression” everywhere and impose “democracy” throughout the world, the clue to that “democracy” being not so much voting and free elections as stamping out “human rights violations” throughout the globe, particularly any expression, real or imagined, of anti-Semitism.

It is clear that the RWE and the neocon visions, while motivated by very different principles and goals, are congruent almost all the way. There will inevitably be variant and even clashing nuances in their visions, for example: oil, as against the State of Israel. But tracing the subsequent coalitions or clashes between these two powerful groups will go a long way toward explaining the seeming anomalies, and even much of the “weirdness,” in recent American political history.

So here we are in 1992. The Rockefeller World Empire couldn’t care less, either Bush or Clinton would be fine. And that leaves the neocons, who have been engaged in a massive shift from Bush to Clinton. And if we remember the venal opportunism of the Official Conservative organizations, we must now consider the large contributors, the personal solicitations, where the Four Sisters, the conservative foundations (Olin, Scaife, Bradley, Smith-Richardson) hold all the cards. And these foundations are controlled by their staff, their executive directors, who for a number of years have all been neocon disciples of godfather Irving Kristol. So there we have the final missing term in our political equation. Access and direct mail argue for Clinton; and the neocons have swung massively to Clinton, some outright, others with scarcely camouflaged hints and nudges. The *Wall Street Journal*, the major neocon organ, has been all but beating the drums for Clinton, and urging Bush to withdraw; Bill Buckley has urged the dumping of Quayle; Bill Bennett has denounced Bush, etc. The Kristol family cannot of course come out for Clinton, since Crown Prince William K. is the “control” of dimwit Vice President Quayle. Note too that the man whom all these forces want is Jack Kemp, the Number One darling of the neocon forces.

And so we have a massive conservative shift from Bush to Clinton guided by corruption and venality, as well as by the ideological special interests of the neoconservatives. During the Carter years, the neocon concern with Israel was backed by an equally fervent anti-Stalinism and hawkishness on the Cold War, a hawkishness connected to Israeli concerns. The anti-Stalinism fooled the conservative movement into embracing neocons as ideological blood-brothers. But now that the Cold War is gone, Israel becomes *the* consideration, without the anti-Communist veneer, and yet the rest of the conservative movement does not seem to have caught on. Just as the neocon shift to the Republicans in late 1978 was primarily motivated

by the increasing bad blood between Carter and Israel, so their shift from Bush to Clinton is motivated almost exclusively by Bush's opposition to Shamir and the Likud and his blocking of the \$10 billion loan guarantee to Israel that the neocons had come to regard as Israel's by divine right.

And so there we have it: the who and why of the remarkable and otherwise incomprehensible massive shift of conservatism to the arms of a Democratic liberalism that they once abhorred.

It used to be said that knowing economics won't keep you out of the breadline, but at least you'll know why you're there. Knowing the real story of the conservative mugging of President Bush may not stop the Clinton juggernaut, but at least our readers will know why it's happening. ■

THE "WATERSHED" ELECTION

January 1993

The media call this a "watershed" election, the election of "change," and it is, although not quite in the way they are celebrating. It was an election driven by the Respectable Media which, over a year ago, anointed Clinton as our savior and managed to engineer his election. The media's final burst of "unbias" came on Election Day when various anchor people urged the public: "Please, if you want change, go out and vote!" (For guess who?) Faking reality, carefully selecting photographs and sound bites, the media contrived at all times to make Clinton look good and Bush look bad. Throwing away any vestige of objectivity, they worked diligently and even frantically at their adopted task. To which circle of Hell should the duplicitous media be consigned?

Indeed, the entire managerial/technocratic/intellectual/cultural elite weighed in to insure the election of Clinton, doing do as if there were no tomorrow and their lives depended on it.

Not only did the usual hundred or so economists bestow their dubious blessings on Clintonomics, not only did business executives support the Democrats as never before, but so did dozens of eminent college presidents, they who are usually so careful to be bland and not to aggravate powerful alumni donors. Apparently, the cause was vital enough for even college presidents to come out of the left-liberal closet. And not to be overlooked are the significant early anointment of Clinton by the powerful AIPAC (American Israel Political Action Committee) and by the Rockefeller World Empire.

Particularly wrought by this election were two significant political deaths: that of the modern conservative movement, and of the Libertarian Party.

THE CONSERVATIVE MOVEMENT, 1955–1992, RIP

The modern conservative movement was born in 1955 with the founding of *National Review*. It reached its first peak, followed by a rout, with the Goldwater campaign of 1964, it then grew more pragmatic, and regrouped around Ronald Reagan, riding to a seeming victory in 1980. Increasingly, the conservative movement was based on only one principle: anti-Communism, plus a subsidiary principle: strengthening and aggrandizing the State of Israel, as well as the personality cult around Ronald Reagan. With the fading away of Reagan, and the collapse of Communism and the Cold War, what principles were left? It is no wonder, as Bill Bennett observed on a post-election *Crossfire*, that “the conservative movement ran out of steam.” For those of us nurtured in the pre-Buckley Old Right, the idea of the right wing “running out of steam” would have been incomprehensible. Isn’t the political edifice carved out since the New Deal still intact? Our half-century, nay century and a half, of repeal and abolition of statism still lie ahead, almost none of it accomplished. But of course the Old Right was founded on a program of rolling back the Leviathan State to nineteenth-century levels, a far more far-reaching and revolutionary objective than simply keeping the Soviet Union at bay.

The conservative movement fittingly died in an orgy of self-immolation, committing treason to the last vestige of its principles or allies. No group deserves its fate more. Through the length and breadth of the conservative movement, especially its Washington leadership, Official Conservatives and their neoconservative buddies either openly came out for Clinton, or kept their Clintonian bias quasi-private, thinly veiling it by levying potshots at President Bush even after the convention, and damning Bush while keeping strangely mum about the Arkansas governor.

Here are some of the arguments used by conservative leaders in the terrible fall of ’92 for their move from Bush to Clinton:

1. Clinton “*isn’t so bad*”; “*we can work with him*.” The song of slimy opportunists everywhere and in all times. Trying to be Talleyrand, trying to keep on top, keeping the jobs and influence and contracts flowing, regardless of regime. Well, I’ve got news for you, buddies; I can’t say I knew Talleyrand personally or that he was a friend of mine, but I can assure you this: You ain’t no Talleyrand. You’re dealing with clever sharks, hungry after twelve years out of the executive branch. You guys are going nowhere. No one trusts traitors, even the guys you sold out to. Bad cess to all of you—you certainly deserve it.

2. Clinton will be so bad he will discredit the Democrats and lead to our triumph in four years. (An argument directly contradictory to (1), though often advanced by *the very same people*.) This is an example of “the worse the better” argument allegedly advanced by Lenin. But again I’ve got news for you: Lenin was too smart to make such an argument. I find it particularly

irritating that my own name has been invoked as a theorist of “the worse the better” and that therefore this is supposed to be a long-standing “Rothbardian” strategy. Please guys: allow me the courtesy of knowing my own views better than you do.

In the first place, this doctrine is almost always untrue. In most cases, *the worse the worse*. The government gets worse, things are bad, but the public gets inured to these measures, they can’t identify the cause-and-effect relations anyway, and so things steadily get worse. How come that the terrible deeds of the Progressive Era, the Wilson administration, the New Deal, etc. have not already provoked any backlash reaction? How come things just *keep getting worse*? What makes you bozos think that four years of Clinton will be any different? Most likely, people will be inured to more statism under Clinton, so that we will have four more years to roll back, and less enthusiasm for doing so.

Also, remember this: the major argument that persuaded classical liberals, at the turn of the century, to advocate the income tax, went as follows: Now, taxes are high, because, since they are in the form of indirect, excise taxation, people can’t see them. But income taxes will be direct and visible, and therefore the people will make sure that income tax rates will be very low. Hah! You know what happened to that one! The result has been higher, crippling income taxes, *plus* higher excise and other indirect taxes. Lew Rockwell reports that, twenty years ago, he had an argument with a conservative-libertarian colleague over the New York City public school system, the colleague claiming that it’s *good* that the public schools are getting worse, since then the people will abandon them and turn completely to private schooling. Of course, the schools have only gotten *much worse* since.

The worse the better is therefore nonsense as strategy; it’s also immoral, if anyone still cares about *that*. Advocating more evil tends to discredit, and rightly so, the guy doing the advocating, plus it tars his ideas with the same brush of immorality. And for what benefit?

The actual “Leninist” doctrine does not in any sense *advocate* worse times. What it says is that the existing system (“capitalism” for Lenin, “statism and social democracy” for myself) will inevitably lead to various grave crises—economic, social, or whatever—and that our movement should warn people of these inevitable crises and be prepared to remind the public of our prescience when the crises develop. But it’s not at all that we *advocate* such crises; on the contrary, our task is to warn people of the crises being brought about by the statist system we despise. Evidently, this distinction is too subtle for a number of people who call themselves “Rothbardians,” but it is an important one nevertheless.

It is true that the Soviet Union at long last, was destroyed on the rock of its own “inner contradictions”; in other words, in the Soviet Union, things got so bad for so long, that everyone was willing to dump the regime. But is this what our worse-the-better theorists really want: to make things as bad as the Soviet Union, to have seventy years of unrelenting horror, of

starvation, mass murder, genocide, and Gulags, so that things will then get better? Do they really have the gall to advocate such a strategy?

Furthermore, the Democrats successfully ran against Herbert Hoover for two or three decades. Even though Roosevelt did not succeed in bringing us out of the depression, blaming it all on Hoover proved to have tremendous mileage well into the post-war boom. Does anyone doubt that the Democrats, fortified by their near-absolute control of the media, will be able to run, for decades, regardless of what happens, against the dread specter of the “decade of greed” under Ronald Reagan?

The behavior of the conservative leadership has been truly bizarre in 1992. First, they slammed down on Pat Buchanan, accusing him of undercutting and betraying the president. Then, after the Houston convention, when Pat took the time-honored and honorable course of uniting with the winner against the greater danger, the conservatives oddly turned tail, and started denouncing Bush for the same reasons, and even more heatedly, than Pat had done, and continued to pursue this course through Election Day. How can we explain such seemingly irrational behavior? Only in terms of a hidden agenda.

Consider (a) the conservatives hated Pat’s attempt to rally genuine conservatism into a movement to Take Back America; and (b) once Pat was safely out of the way, they could mouth the same language (attacking betrayal of the no-new-tax pledge, etc.) but only because they yearned to bring Bush down and elect the supposed enemy Clinton. The only way to explain such an attitude is to conclude that these Official Conservative leaders wanted above all to bury genuine conservatism, and to promote the election of Clinton. Which makes them duplicitous traitors to their own supposed cause. Why? Either to jump on the bandwagon of the winner, to curry jobs and favors and power, and/or because they remain throughout at the beck and call of their neocon masters.

One thing we at *Triple R* can assure our readers: the new regime, the new “change agent,” will enjoy no “honeymoon” from us; in contrast to other conservative outfits, we pledge unremitting hostility to Clintonian Democracy in all its pomp and works, and in every facet of its being.

The self-immolation and death of the conservative movement accomplished one good thing: it cleared the decks. We must start from scratch, start from under the rubble, discarding the old conservative baggage, and build a new and mighty movement, a new Old Right, dedicated to rolling back the Leviathan State, and to Taking Back every aspect of America, its politics, its economy, its culture, from Clintonian social democracy. Since the Official Conservatives and neocons have left the field, have displayed their turncoat colors, we must build a movement without them, and make sure that, as our movement begins to succeed, that they not be allowed to crawl their way back in. The watchword must be: Never Again!

DID BUSH THROW THE ELECTION?

Here I must advance the hypothesis, the fascinating possibility, that Bush deliberately threw the election. This possibility must not be ruled immediately out of court merely because “conspiracy” analysis is not fashionable.

If Bush did not throw the election, why did he systematically retreat, and apologize for, every single effective line of action during his campaign? Why, when he attacked Clinton, did he retreat the next day after the corrupt liberal media expressed their phony outrage? Why did Bush not only repudiate the heroic Floyd Brown, Mr. Negative Campaign, who was the source of the famous Willie Horton ad in 1988, but also threaten legal action against Brown’s attempt to get the Gennifer Flower tapes before the public? Why was Bush almost as apoplectic about Floyd Brown, who was trying to get him elected, as was Ron Brown and the Clinton campaign?

Why was Bush, allegedly a gut fighter in campaigning, so strangely passive most of the time, and in the debates?

Why, after suddenly becoming determined and getting his act together after the third debate and coming up to a dead heat by the final weekend, why did Bush suddenly lose it, become frenetic, and call his opponents “bozos” and Al Gore “Ozone Man”? Did he feel the race was getting too close?

Why did he repudiate the family values theme after it was drawing blood, and even had the gall—through his campaign officials—to blame Pat Buchanan and Pat Robertson for the rotten state of his own campaign?

The easy answer, of course, is that Bush is a wimp without convictions, and therefore ready to bend with every tide. Certainly, that’s a plausible response. But what clinched the conspiracy view for me was an unremarked but important event on October 16. That day, an Op-Ed article was written for the *New York Times* endorsing Clinton. It was a terrible article, badly written and lacking any content, simply saying, in effect, “I trust Bill Clinton to lead us through the next four years.” The only remarkable point about the article, and clearly the sole reason it was published, was the name of its author: David Rockefeller, Jr., head of Rockefeller Financial Services.

In other words: David, Jr. was signaling to one and all, including the president, that, for the first time since 1964, the Rockefeller World Empire (RWE) was openly endorsing a Democrat. Usually, in every election, the RWE has been content to exert control over both sides, and leave it at that, sticking with their nominal Republicanism. Matters must be serious when the RWE has to openly signal its support for the Democrats.

That’s when I first thought of my “conspiracy hypothesis”; before that, I just thought that Bush was being his usual inept self. Consider this possible scenario: George Bush enters the palatial office of David Rockefeller, Senior, the Godfather, *capo di tutti capi* of the Rockefeller World Empire.

"Sit down, George," David says in the gravelly voice made famous by Marlon Brando as Don Corleone.

"George," David begins, "let me tell you something. You are going to lose this election."

"But Godfather," protests George, "haven't I been a good and faithful servant of the Family?"

"Yes, you have, George," Rockefeller assures him, "But conditions have changed. Our multicultural friends demand another Leap Forward. So you're going to lose, but George, it's important that you lose with dignity, with honor. Nothing negative against Clinton. We don't want to spoil his administration."

"George, I can assure you," Rockefeller tells the shaken Bush, "if you lose with dignity, your children will prosper, your grandchildren will prosper. If *not*," Rockefeller makes a cutting gesture across his throat.

All right: if this scenario is untrue, answer me this: *Why* was George Bush so darned *happy* on Election Night? Why were *we* depressed, but he, the ostensible loser, happy? The answer that he was "relieved" that the whole thing was over doesn't account for his joy. How about: relief that he hadn't blown the deal and actually *won* the election?

FOUR YEARS, AHHRGGHH!

Election Night was, indeed, true misery: total loss across the board, made particularly piquant by the spectacle of *all three* candidates having a grand old time while we sat moping in front of the TV. There was, of course, the entire Clinton and Gore entourage boogying across the stage, Clinton's endless victory talk, continuing smooching between Willie and Hillary, and through it all the strains of left-egalitarian, post-millennial pietist Christian hymns being sung by a black choir. Then, cut to Dallas, where little jug-ears and Margot lived it up, shouted, and danced, to the cheers of the enraptured throng of mindless Perotvians.

What were *they* so happy about? After all, "Just-call-me Ross, you're the boss" got nowhere close to attaining the presidency. And, finally, George and Barbara beaming with happiness. It was all too much to bear. Sure, George: you're going off to Kennebunkport, and Jim Baker is going to Wyoming, but the rest of us are going to be stuck with four years of an unholy mess.

Which brings me to the esthetic horror of contemplating Four Years of this insufferable turkey, this smirking, prancing, perpetually smiling, hoarse-voiced, Arkansas-accented, implacable drone gabbling out his neo-liberal platitudes. My problem is that, after less than a year of exposure to Slick Willie, I can't stand him: I can't stand his voice, his face and image, and I can't stand the media's loving recitation of His Greatness. Any of this comes on, and I start yelling back at the screen.

I thought I was in bad shape when I found that a friend of mine, a young Canadian scholar, is so incensed at any sight or sound of Slick Willie, or any

news about him, that he not only shouts, but also hurls books and other objects at the TV screen. I haven't reached that point yet. Also, my friend's situation is far worse, since he has conceived an equally fiery hatred toward the Toronto Blue Jays, who, to my friend's horror, marched to victory in the World Series.

THE "YEAR OF THE WOMAN" MYTH

Continuing our election analysis, let us put to rest one of the great, phony myths of this election: that 1992 was slated to be the Year of the Woman. In particular, Women, observing the horrifying martyrdom of "Professor" Anita Hill on TV, took up arms to make sure that never again will a "male" Senate inflict such barbarity on Women. Talk about media faking of reality!

After the actual TV hearings, most people, even most women, were convinced that Hill was a malicious liar, a woman "sco'ned," in the words of Senator Heflin. Given a year of assiduous mythmaking, and most of the people are now buying the leftist martyrdom line. Note, too, the brazen inconsistency of feminist doctrine. On the one hand, they want to be "treated equally with men" in politics or in the rest of what used to be a "man's world." On the other hand, let the male senators treat Hill with just ordinary Senatorial asperity toward a witness, and shrieks and sobs go up to the very Heavens: Oooh, you big bad *men*, you! In fact, the Senators treated Hill with abject tip-toeing deference and the supposedly Satanic Specter was just ordinarily tough toward La Hill.

Well, if Women were rising up everywhere to establish their Year and avenge the martyred Professor Hill, then surely Senator Specter would be defeated. And yet, he unaccountably triumphed over the Chief Woman Lynn Yeakel, the would-be avenging angel! Across the board, eleven women ran for the U.S. Senate; of these five won (Boxer, Feinstein, Murray, Braun, and Mikulski), but six lost (Yeakel, Geri Rothman-Serot, Gloria O'Dell, Claire Sargent, Jean Lloyd-Jones, and Charlene Haar). Then, if we want to throw in the governor's races, three women ran for governor (Arnesen, Leonard, Bradley), but all three *lost*. Year of the Woman? Not hardly.

So: if it wasn't the Year of the Woman, what kind of year was it?

Oddly enough, like most other years, this was The Year of the Incumbent! What? In a year when incumbents were supposed to be dropping like flies, when the masses were rising up angry against the Ins, and especially against Congress, and everyone demanded Change? That's right.

In these female races for Senate, for example, in almost all cases, the winner was either the incumbent or someone of the same party running for the seat of an incumbent who had either retired or lost in the primary. Barbara Mikulski was reelected; Barbara Boxer was running for the seat of the retiring Alan Cranston; Patti Murray, the gnome in "tennis shoes," was running for the seat of retiring fellow-Democrat Brock Adams; and Carol

Braun was running for the seat of the incumbent she had beaten in the Democrat primary, Alan Dixon.

Of the females who lost their Senate contests, every one of them ran against an incumbent. Similarly, the three women who lost for governor ran against incumbents. Once again, incumbents almost all triumphed, in this as in most previous years. And in the case of Carol Braun, she was able to defeat the incumbent in the primary, by squeezing in past the mutual negative campaigning of the overconfident Dixon and other, better-known opponents. Braun's more a fluke than a vindication of the honor of American, or Negro, Womanhood.

In fact, in the entire panoply of Senate races, only two or three incumbents, or incumbents' seats, were defeated in November. One was the weak candidate, the liberal California Republican John Seymour. He had never been elected but had been appointed to the post by the unpopular liberal Republican governor Pete Wilson. The only straightforward defeat of a previously elected incumbent was the toppling of Senator Robert Kasten, liberal Republican from Wisconsin, by the clownish Russell Feingold, who claimed endorsements from the dead Elvis Presley.

The only other incumbent in doubt is left-liberal Georgia Senator Wyche Fowler, who got 49 percent of the vote as against 48 percent for quasi-libertarian Republican challenger, Paul Coverdell. Georgia is the only state in the country with the excellent provision that failure to gain more than 50 percent of a senatorial vote requires a runoff. This provision for majority rule has idiotically been denounced by the legal and political Establishment as "racist"—simply because the majority white population of that or any state might decide not to vote for a black minority candidate. But doesn't the very meaning of "democracy," which these people claim to revere, rest on the concept of majority rule?

At any rate, the remaining 3 percent of the Georgia vote (70,000 votes), were earned by Jim Hudson, of the Libertarian Party. Hudson, displaying remarkable maturity and good sense for a Libertarian, promptly threw his support to Coverdell for the runoff, so a Coverdell upset is now possible. We can, however, expect the newly triumphant Clinton machine to do everything in its power to vindicate and reconfirm the Clinton "New South" of left-liberalism with a Southern accent. (Late scoop: Coverdell won despite Slick Willie's efforts. Hurray!)

"LANDSLIDE" BILL?

Leading newspapers and pundits have happily referred to the Clinton victory as a "landslide" bestowing a "mandate" upon the victor. Oh, really? Well, let's see. In 1992, 189 million Americans were eligible to vote: that is, people over eighteen, who were not convicted felons. Of these, 55 percent voted, the highest turnout rate in twenty years. Of these 104 million who cast their ballots, 43 percent, or 44.7 million people, voted for Slick Willie

for president. This means that 23.6 percent of voting-age Americans voted for Clinton: less than one-quarter of our fellow-Americans. *That's* a "landslide"?

One of the most truly repellent pronouncements of that dismal Election Night was made by my least favorite pollster-pundit, Bill Schneider, left-liberal whose position at the American Enterprise Institute fools many people into thinking of him as a conservative. On CNN, Schneider bumbled happily that the Electoral College is so wonderful because winning politicians are given "the appearance of a mandate," or landslide. In short: the Electoral College enables the winning president to sucker the public into thinking that they have given him a sweeping mandate.

Hold on to this truth: 24 percent ain't no mandate!

WHAT TO DO NOW?

Left-wing anarchist Joe Hill, before being executed for murder, urged his followers: "Don't mourn, organize." It's good advice for any movement suffering a loss, especially since none of us can truly mourn the defeat of George Bush in the first place. Bush deserved to lose; it's just that we didn't deserve to have Clinton win. We have a long row to hoe; we must organize a movement to Take Back every aspect of America: its politics, its economy, its culture, from triumphant Fabian-Clintonian social democracy.

In a sense, even though our path is now more difficult, our task is at least far clearer, made more evident by the collapse of the conservative movement and of the Libertarian Party. We must build a new movement from under the rubble of the old. But because of this rubble, we have an opportunity to start from scratch, to build a brand new movement on far firmer and stauncher principles: rolling back the Leviathan State, and restoring the Old Republic in all of its aspects and facets. We must build a frankly "reactionary" movement dedicated to "turning the clock back": to restoring the principles and institutions and culture on which America's liberty and prosperity and genuine greatness were founded. That means we must set our face from the very beginning against opportunism and "pragmatism," against forming a Loyal Opposition to the Enemy, and against succumbing to the siren song of "caring" and "compassion" that undermine passionate concern for liberty and justice.

As a political vehicle, the Democratic Party is patently hopeless. In Las Vegas, an old-fashioned "Jeffersonian Democrat" ran for the State House against a liberal Republican. As a Jeffersonian Democrat myself, I was delighted to see this quixotic gesture; but the gentleman, Knight Allen, had no money from the puzzled Democrats and he was beaten by two-to-one. The old "conservative Southern Democrat" party is also gone with the wind. The Democrat Party must be written off as irredeemable.

That leaves the Republican Party as the political vehicle that must be taken back before any other political goal can be achieved. Here, the mass of

conservatives who still think of Jack Kemp or Bill Bennett as beloved leaders must be awakened, and fast, to the true statist nature of these neocon Pied Pipers. Paleocons must also have the maturity to use third-party vehicles as clubs with which to hammer both Kempian and Bush-Baker country club Republicans into continuing defeat. Here, perhaps Howie Phillips's Taxpayer Party network will be able to play an important role.

In forging a new paleoconservative movement, two tasks in particular must be accomplished: Developing the principles of a new, revitalized "reactionary" movement; and instructing the right-wing masses, on the basis of such principles, who the good guys and the bad guys are, and how they can be distinguished. Both of these cognate tasks are intellectual ones, goals which must be achieved before any further attempts at mass organizing. Organizing without first deciding on principles and people can only end in another, and more rapid, disaster. ■

EDUCATION: RETHINKING "CHOICE"

May 1991

Now that George Bush has ended all problems in the Middle East by exterminating several hundred thousand Iraqis, he has moved to fulfill his campaign threat to become our "Education President." His first step was to fire bumbling education bureaucrat Lauro Cavazos as Education Secretary, and to replace him with the beloved Governor Lamar Alexander, who is under the control of those baleful neocons. In particular, Alexander's control is neocon education theorist Chester Finn, aided by educational historian Diane Ravitch. Essentially, the neocon program for education is to bring us more of the problem rather than the solution: that is, to escalate the already calamitous statization of the family, and to bring all kids under the domination of the swollen and monstrous educationist bureaucracy. In the battle over education, the neocon view is all power to the teachers and administrators (good)—that is, to the State's technocrat New Class, whom the neocons represent, and all power to be taken from the parents (bad). More renamed "magnet" schools, expensive national testing—to be administered by you know who—and we can expect that, sooner or later, the spectre of "merit pay" boodle for the aforesaid "New Class" will not be far behind. (N.B. Neocon attacks on the "New Class" are not to be taken seriously. They are essentially nuanced though nonetheless bitter family feuds *within* the statist New Class, waged between Truman-Humphrey

Democrats [the neocons] and McGovern–Kennedy Democrats [“left-liberals”].)

But what about the tiny carrot of “choice” held out by the Bush administration? Shouldn’t libertarians welcome any elements of parental choice in education? Shouldn’t we therefore favor some form of federal aid to private schools, thereby allegedly expanding parental choice?

There is no doubt about the ultimate libertarian position on the public school question: it is to abolish that monstrous system root and branch, and return education to the total control, management, and choice of the parents. Another plank in the libertarian program is to abolish the despotism of compulsory school laws, which dragoons kids into either the public school system itself or into private schools *duly certified and approved by the State*.

That last clause should be noted and underlined, because it underscores the major problem with many “transition programs” that libertarians have fallen for in recent years. Simply calling for abolition of the public school system seems too sectarian to most libertarians, who yearn to advance their ideas idealistically in the public arena. Hence, in education as in many other areas, libertarians have latched onto transition demands that would bring us half or third of the libertarian loaf as better than achieving nothing at all. While I agree that half a loaf is better than achieving nothing at all, it is of the utmost importance to make sure that the transition demand is (a) substantial and radical enough to worry about, and (b) helps to achieve the full program rather than undercutting it. In other words, the transition goal must not be such as to undercut our work against the ultimate goal itself.

On education, the favorite transition demand, pushed particularly by Friedmanite “free-market” economists is the “voucher” plan, touted as expanding parental choice. The parent receives a voucher which he can use to pay tuition at a private as well as a public school of his choice. I have always opposed the voucher scheme bitterly, because it enshrines in “libertarian” favor a policy forcing taxpayers to pay for the education of other people’s children. It is in no sense a privatization or market policy.

Furthermore, Friedmanites do not even label vouchers as a transition demand, but hail it as a good in itself. But in that case, why not have taxpayer-financed vouchers for everything else: housing, food, clothing, etc.? Vouchers look like nothing so much as a slightly more efficient freer form of welfare state, and it would be especially pernicious in diverting libertarian energies to enshrining and sanctifying that State.

As an alternative to the Friedmanite voucher scheme, I have long supported the idea of tuition tax-credits. Parents would be able to deduct their private school tuition *off the top* from their income tax bills (that is, as a tax “credit” and not as a mere *deduction* from taxable income). The standard free-marketeer critique of tax credits is that such credits are really “subsidies” fully as much as vouchers, but I have rebutted vehemently that tax credits or

exemptions are *not* “subsidies,” because it can never be a “subsidy” to allow people to keep more of their own money. A subsidy to X only exists when the State takes money out of Y’s pocket to give to X. And, of course, if you don’t pay enough income tax to cover school tuition, then your credits are indeed limited to your tax payment, so that the credit scheme can never entail a genuine subsidy.

Well, once in a blue moon, I change my mind on a political issue, and this is one case. I have now abandoned support for tax credits. I have been convinced by an argument relayed to me from an old friend, paleoconservative Dr. Gary North, and seconded by other leading paleos. My God, have I abandoned liberty at last, under the terrible influence of these “horrible fascists,” as one Modal has called them? Not quite. North’s argument is as follows, and it will be instructive for all Modals out there to parse it carefully: whether it be vouchers or tax credits, the State will decide which private schools are worthy to receive them. If those schools are not deemed worthy, that is, if they are not Politically Correct in all sorts of ways, they will be stricken from the approved list. The result, then, of vouchers or tax credits will be, *in the name of expanding parental choice*, to destroy the current private school system and to bring it under total governmental control. Parents who want to send their kids to *really* private schools, schools which may be Politically Incorrect in many ways, will then have to pay tuition to a *third* set of genuinely private schools, after paying taxes to support two sets of schools, the public and the Officially Approved Private.

I had only to hear this argument to be converted. It’s not that I never thought of the problem of approved private schools before, it’s just that I had not given it sufficient weight. One argument that paleoconservatives make about libertarians is that we tend to become so enamored of our “abstract” though correct theory that we tend to underweigh concrete political or cultural problems, and here is a lovely example. Once we focus on the question, it should be clear that, *in our present rotten political and cultural climate*, there is no way that the State would allow parents to choose genuinely private schools in a tax credit system. So the problem with tax credits is not the Subsidy Question, but granting the State any right to rule over our choices.

So do we have any transitional demands left in education, short of abolishing the public-school system? Sure we do. In addition to abolishing compulsory schooling (i.e., school truant laws), we can battle against every school bond issue, every expansion of public-school budgets, and in favor of all attempts to cut and restrict them, and *within* those budgets to slash away at federal and state budgets, and to try to decentralize and localize as much as possible. Is that enough to do? ■

NEW YORK POLITICS '93

August 1993

It's 1993, and this means that the quadrennial political extravaganza has hit New York City. New York's mayor, other high elected city officials, and the city council, are all up for election this year.

New York is of course a famously left-wing city, and has therefore, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, been going down the tubes for decades. But while the city may be overwhelmingly leftist and Democratic, a complicating factor is race. New York has always been a hotbed of ethnic and racial conflict, but in the days of the old-time political bosses, the guys in the smoke-filled rooms could come out with electoral tickets that were carefully racially and ethnically balanced. Now, however, that primaries, in the name of "democracy," have destroyed the old-time pols and their control of the political parties, ethnic and racial conflict has become naked and unalloyed.

In 1989, New York elected its first black mayor. David Dinkins, famously dubbed the "fancy *shvartze*" by Jewish comedian Jackie Mason, first defeated long-time mayor Ed Koch in the Democratic primary, and then went on to defeat Rudolph Giuliani, the Republican-Liberal candidate, in a narrow squeaker in the general election. The city was hungry for racial harmony, and Dinkins, even though a down-the-line leftist, was perceived as "unthreatening" because of his habitually soft-spoken, nerdy, and worried demeanor. Koch, in contrast, was a typically loud-mouth, perpetually kvetching (complaining) and egomaniacal New Yorker, in politics a "moderate" (English translation: left neocon). Because of the differences in style, Koch was considered a racial aggravator, while Dinkins was held up as a "racial healer."

In the closely fought general election, Giuliani, being almost as left-liberal as his opponent, could not fight on ideas, and so he battled on general style. Giuliani's only claim to fame was as a tough prosecutor, particularly his reign of terror as U.S. Attorney against Wall Street investment bankers and traders who dared to compete effectively with the Rockefeller World Empire. And so Dinkins the black "healer" ran against Giuliani, the proudly proclaimed tough SOB. It should be no surprise, given our present political culture, that "healing" managed to win against to-the-knife toughness.

For the past four years, Rudolph Giuliani has been "mayor-in-exile," waiting to run again this year. In the meanwhile, Dinkins's reign has been an admitted disaster, as the city has sunk even further into poverty, bums-in-control-of-the-streets, and racial conflict. Dinkins the fancy leftist "healer" has turned out to be Dinkins the fancy leftist who has been totally ineffective at his presumptive healing task. New York City contains three broad ethnic groups: whites, blacks, and Hispanics (in effect Puerto Ricans). In 1989,

the whites were overwhelmingly for Giuliani, blacks for Dinkins, and the PRs, the swing votes, were two-thirds for Dinkins. Now, however, the increasingly disillusioned Hispanics are reportedly split fifty-fifty.

And yet, oddly enough, Dinkins is still the favorite, largely for lack of an attractive alternative. Giuliani's chances are better this time, however, and not only because the PRs are more favorably inclined. The big difference is campaign staff. The 1989 Giuliani campaign was a technical disaster, with Giuliani coming across as both mean and wooden. This year, Rudi has hired as his manager the legendary Grand Old Man of political consultants, who virtually pioneered this profession, Little Napoleon David Garth. Garth, who has been around since the 1950s, has won five out of seven mayoral campaigns. Garth's first step was to "humanize" Rudi as much as possible, in the process changing his severe hairdo which had tried unsuccessfully to cover up his bald area.

More substantive, however, was Garth's brilliant decision to revive the old New York City tradition of "fusion" campaigns. New York has been overwhelmingly Democratic for a century, and so the way that Republicans can win the mayoralty is in the name of "reform" and "fusion"—that is, a fusion of Republicans and other self-proclaimed "clean government" elements ("clean" largely because they had had few opportunities at the public trough). In fact, there used to be a small but important liberal-wealthy WASP "City Fusion" Party which stood ready to lend its patina to Republican fusion candidates. The most notorious beneficiary of this "fusion" gimmick was the much-beloved ultra-leftist mayoralty of Fiorello La Guardia during the 1930s.

And so David Garth proceeded to reconstitute the Fusion concept. He also proceeded to revive the old, time-honored "balanced" ticket of ethnic and geographical groups as well as parties underneath the "fusion" umbrella. The three major offices are mayor, city council president, and comptroller. City council president is an office similar to the U.S. vice president; the office-holder succeeds the mayor (president) upon death, and presides over the city council (U.S. Senate). Hence, while important sounding and officially Number 2, the office-holder has virtually no real function; hence it gets no respect. Indeed, in the latest constitutional "reform" in New York, there was an almost successful attempt to abolish the office altogether. Instead, the Old Guard managed to save the post, and, as "compromise," changed its name to public advocate, an absurd term which draws only a horselaugh from knowledgeable New Yorkers.

To fill the three slots, there are four possible parties: Republican, Liberal, Democrat, and Conservative. The Liberal Party was founded by Social Democrats, in particular the Hat Workers (under Alex Rose) and the Ladies Garment Workers (under David Dubinsky), in the 1940s as a secession from the Communist-dominated American Labor Party. It now remains, since Rose's death, a patronage fiefdom under its maximum boss

Raymond Harding. The Conservative Party, to its credit, spurned Giuliani this time as well as last, noting Giuliani's liberalism, and has now nominated on its own line the estimable George Marlin, a young bond-dealer and editor of the collected works of the great G.K. Chesterton. But the Liberals are in Giuliani's camp this time as well.

Dave Garth also had to juggle ethno-religious balance, as well as geographic balance from New York's four major boroughs: Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. In the ethnic balance, there was no need to consider a black, since Giuliani is implicitly, though of course not explicitly, running on a white racial slate against the Dinkins (black) domination of New York.

Rudi Giuliani is a Republican-Liberal from Manhattan. For public advocate, Garth reached into the Brooklyn Democrat Party, and chose City Councilwoman Susan Alter. Not only does this bring in both the populous borough of Brooklyn *and* Jewry, but Alter's husband is a prominent Orthodox Jew, which both cements and dramatizes the reaching out to Brooklyn Jewry, which in contrast to left-liberal Manhattan Jewry, tends to be Orthodox, socially conservative, and has also been embroiled with blacks in the most conspicuous confrontation of Dinkins's mayoralty. In the late summer of 1991, long-standing tensions erupted between blacks, who tend to be more militant in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section than are the blacks in Harlem, and the Hasidic Jewish community of neighboring Crown Heights. When the Lubavetcher Rebbe was returning in an auto caravan from his weekly visit to his wife's grave, a driver of one of the cars went through a red light, caromed off another car, and ran over and killed a black kid. In their "rage," the black "community" of Crown Heights escalated their standard behavior, and rioted for three days, particularly seeking out Jews (that is visible Jews, such as Hasidics, who wear the garb of eighteenth-century Eastern Europe) to beat up. In the course of this continuing riot, blacks murdered a visiting Australian Hasid, Yankel Rosenbaum. The alleged murderers of Rosenbaum were freed by a predominately black jury; and while Brooklyn Jewry was "enraged," for some reason they did not "express their rage" at the jury verdict in the rioting, looting, and murdering way that the "black community" of Los Angeles "expressed itself" after the first verdict in the trial of the LA cops who beat up the criminal Rodney King.

This left the comptrollership, where Dave Garth pulled off another coup. There were originally several people running against Dinkins in the Democrat primary for mayor, hoping that lightning will strike them as it struck Dinkins in the primary against Koch four years ago. One of them was Herman Badillo. Badillo is an odd case. A formerly beloved and most prominent Puerto Rican leader from the major PR borough, the Bronx, Badillo seemed to be the Golden Boy of Puerto Ricans in New York. He held many high city offices, including deputy mayor, but he never achieved the brass ring; running many times for mayor and never making it, Badillo

has been out of politics for years, and was and is in danger of becoming the Puerto Ricans' Harold Stassen.

What happened to Herman? He was prickly, but so are a lot of other politicians. He was and is far more intelligent than most politicians, but that might well be his problem: for he was too intelligent, too white (in both skin color and demeanor), and too moderate in his views to be considered an "authentic" *barrio* Puerto Rican by his ethnic confreres. He would never pass muster before some Puerto Rican Lani Guinier. Furthermore, he was and is married to a Jewish wife, and sometimes it seemed that Jews were more enthusiastic about Herman than were the Puerto Ricans.

Still and all, Herman threw his hat into the Democratic ring for mayor, and now, in 1993, his views had become far more conservative than his previous left-liberalism. But Badillo ran out of money early, and had to drop out of the mayoral primary. Hence, he was ripe for Dave Garth's coup. Badillo is now back, running for comptroller, on Democratic, Liberal, and Republican slates, with the warm endorsement of Giuliani. Not only that: his old friend Mayor Koch enthusiastically embraced Badillo, perhaps a harbinger of Kochian endorsement for Giuliani himself later in the summer or fall.

Everything was now in place for the Fusion ticket: Manhattan Italian Catholic and Republican Rudi Giuliani for mayor, Brooklyn Orthodox Jewish Democrat Susan Alter for public advocate, and Bronx Puerto Rican Protestant Democrat with a Jewish wife, Herman Badillo for comptroller.

What about the Democrat, or Dinkins, side? Here there are no "tickets," and it is every man for himself. Dinkins originally had a formidable primary opponent, Andrew Stein, now city council president and formerly borough president of Manhattan. Stein was slated to be the Jewish Golden Boy of New York politics. Blessed with a very wealthy, smart, and power-broker father, the publisher Jerry Finkelstein, there seemed to be no stopping Andy (who apparently changed his name to "Stein" in a feeble attempt at Anglicization). Moving up the political ladder, Stein supposedly had everything: money, good looks (his once callow youth now changing to fashionable graying at the temples), and a power-broker father. But there was one pall hanging over Andy: even in a profession not exactly peopled by intellectual giants, Andy became known as overweeningly, disastrously, DUMB. Being dumb is not necessarily a disqualification in politics, of course, but it means that he must be careful to pick very smart managers and handlers.

Usually, Andy, aided by his pop, managed to pick smart advisers. But this year, he became a cropper. Raising and spending millions, Andy made the disastrous boo-boo of picking as his top political consultant one Phil Friedman, who made a series of terrible mistakes. Even now, that Andy has dropped out of the mayoral race and fired his staff, he finds himself locked into an ironclad and long-term contract, in which he pays Friedman an enormous \$22,000 *a month*.

One of Andy's big mistakes was ideological. Sensing that the way to beat Dinkins was to Go Right, Andy had been getting increasingly conservative, hanging around the free-market think-tank, the Manhattan Institute, and picking up ideas for tax-cutting and privatization. Unfortunately, whether he knew it or not, Andy also picked up the other idea dominant among left-libertarian think-tanks: to combine free-market ideas in economics with leftism in social issues. As a result, Andy enthusiastically endorsed the pro-gay Rainbow Curriculum, which the heroic Queens parent, Mary Cummins, managed to stop permanently in the board of education; and Andy marched in every gay parade he could find. While the idea of "fiscal conservatism"-and-social leftism may be big at preppie/yuppie cocktail parties, there are not many votes for this combo out on the hustings. Hence, the public support for Andy kept dropping like a stone, and he was finally forced, by his own political allies, and despite his money and Koch's endorsement, to drop ignominiously out of the race.

What to do? Poor Andy was reduced to running for re-election to his own city council president (oops, public advocate) seat. But Andy's election is far from assured. Before he even gets the general election, he faces a crowded and formidable group in the Democrat primary.

In addition to facing La Alter in the Democrat primary (who will continue on the Republican and Liberal ballots in the general election), Stein faces another Brooklyn Jewish candidate, State Senator Donald M. Halperin, and a serious black candidate, Harlem's State Senator David A. Paterson, son of the important black leader and friend of Dinkins, Basil A. Paterson. In addition, Stein faces a formidable Puerto Rican, Bronx State Assemblyman Roberto Ramirez. Finally, perhaps Stein's most formidable obstacle to re-election is the high-profile and abrasive leftist Manhattan Jew, Mark Green. Green, former U.S. Senate candidate against Al D'Amato, and Dinkins's former Commissioner for Consumer Affairs, was a Naderite lawyer who has appeared often as the leftist on *Crossfire*. Green was reportedly vetoed by Pat Buchanan as his *Crossfire* counterpart after Tom Braden was kicked out by CNN.

The Stein-Green race is expected to be close, and predicting becomes very difficult with so many in the field. Although Stein has already raised and spent over \$4 million in his mayoralty campaign, he is expected to raise plenty more in his race for re-election. Green, on the other hand, has the high-profile image. An interesting cross-current: Paterson will by no means collar "the black vote." On the contrary, as a Harlem leader, he faces a tremendous conflict between the blacks of Harlem and of Brooklyn and Queens. This conflict transcends ideologies, as witness the fact that the leftist Congressman Major R. Owens of Brooklyn has endorsed Stein over his black "brother" Paterson.

Amidst this murk, Dinkins decided the better part of valor is to endorse no one, and to smile benignly on all. Hence, there will be no "ticket" on the Democratic side.

In the meanwhile, there is also a hot fight for comptroller. The incumbent, running for re-election, is former Congresswoman Liz Holtzman, the tough, mannish woman from Brooklyn whose pit bull attack on the ethics of Geraldine Ferraro, trying for a comeback in the primary for U.S. Senate last year, managed to dump Ferraro and to nominate Bob Abrams. Running against Holtzman in the primary are Herman Badillo and Queens Assemblyman Alan Hevesi. Openly rooting against Holtzman is La Ferraro, thirsting for revenge.

Andy Stein's and Badillo's withdrawal leaves Dinkins himself without significant primary opposition, but there remains the fascinating phenomenon of Roy Innis, head of the Congress of Racial Equality. Innis has long since become a conservative, and his role is not so much of a "spoiler" as an aid to Giuliani, since Innis is allowed to "play the racial card," which Giuliani cannot openly do. Innis, in short, can and has denounced Dinkins for black racism against white, a charge all the more effective because Innis's own skin color is far "black" than the beige-skinned Dinkins. Innis can thereby play to the hidden tensions within the "black community," which itself has always been rife with jealousies and "prejudices" among varying degrees of skin color. Darker-skinned women, for example, are anxious to marry "upward" with lighter-skinned males. It is no accident, therefore, that such black conservatives as Tom Sowell and Alan Keyes are very dark-skinned, and that their rhetoric against the black leftist elite is often shot through with attacks against these leaders' generally light-skinned mulatto color. Sometimes they accuse the leftist leaders of not being "authentically" black.

Thus, Innis will definitely not win the mayoral Democrat primary, but he will be useful to Giuliani by openly raising racial issues.

Meanwhile, since substantive issues are scarce, the big battle between Dinkins and Rudi during June has been over semantics. Our age is all too often a battle over the politics of language, and its Political Correctness, and the big issue now is what term to use in referring to the Crown Heights riot of blacks against Jews in the late summer of 1992. Jews call it a "pogrom," and then raise the question why Mayor Dinkins stood idly by while a pogrom raged in Brooklyn. Giuliani has now taken up the cry, and denounces the "pogrom" at every opportunity, especially when addressing Jewish groups. Dinkins, on the contrary, denies it was a "pogrom," a term, he says, that only refers to assaults against Jews organized by the government (as in Czarist Russia). Dinkins therefore maintains it was only a "riot." From a strictly linguistic viewpoint, Dinkins is probably right, but of course his position opens him up to the well-known charge of "insensitivity" to Jewish concerns, and, of course, always peeping just beneath the surface, to Hitler and the Holocaust. One Jewish reply on the linguistic front is that Crown Heights riot was a "*de facto-pogrom*," whatever that may be.

Talk of politics as the triumph of symbolism over substance! ■

THE BRINGING DOWN OF LIZ HOLTZMAN

November 1993

Joy oh joy! Hosanna! It would be difficult to pick, out of an all-too-jammed field, the most repellent politician in American life, but surely Elizabeth Holtzman would run anyone a very close race for that honor. Tough, dour, butch, pencil-thin, and ultra-left, Liz Holtzman has been plaguing New Yorkers, and Americans in general, for many years. She has always played the scene as a brutal avenging angel—or devil. In the Watergate affair, Holtzman, as a member of the House Judiciary Committee from Brooklyn, was prominent on TV as the stern avenger, bringing and enforcing justice, helping to bring down the Nixon administration. And then, in her congressional stint, in the 1970s, she conceived and introduced the bill that has been tormenting the country ever since: creating the Office of Special Investigations as a virtually independent fiefdom in the Department of Justice where Alan Ryan, Neil Sher, the Anti-Defamation League and their minions can drag elderly-Eastern European immigrants out of their beds and get them deported and often executed abroad for allegedly “Nazi” activities engaged in half a century ago. John Demjanjuk is only one of the innocent victims of Holtzmanesque “justice.”

But now, hallelujah! Justice has at last triumphed; the stars are once again in their courses; the avenger has been on the receiving end of vengeance and how does she like it? For the famed Bringer Down and what a plop! Liz Holtzman has been cast into total ignominy. For all political purposes, she is finished, kaput, stone cold dead in the market. For she lost the September 28 run-off Democratic primary for re-nomination (and eventual re-election) as Comptroller of the City of New York to a previously unknown opponent by no less than two-to-one, 67 to 33 percent. Wow!

At the beginning of this year’s New York City political campaign, Liz Holtzman looked to be a shoo-in for renomination and reelection. She has been around a long time, had big name recognition, and was in solid with feminist, left-Jewish, and black voters.

But in the late spring and early summer, as the weather got warmer, and homeowners began to settle in their summer or weekend homes at Fire Island, a small but politically powerful bevy of homeowners in the community of Saltaire began to get together and plot and scheme for the downfall of Elizabeth Holtzman. For non-New Yorkers, Fire Island is a long and narrow strip of sand and beach south of the Long Island mainland. Contrary to myth, it is not solely a summer haven for homosexuals (as is the Fire Island community of Cherry Grove, for example). A unique feature of Fire Island is that, by design, there are no roads and automobiles allowed on the island. Each community is reached by separate ferries from the mainland.

The result is very little interrelationship among the various communities, but lots of togetherness *within* each village. Saltaire is a community of middle-class politicians and assorted power-brokers from the borough of Queens, a borough whose political complexion is moderate-to-conservative Democratic.

A particular leading-light in Saltaire is former Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro, and the charming and likable Ferraro was very, very ticked off. Mad as Hell. And the object of Geraldine's total wrath was none other than La Holtzman. It all stemmed from the 1992 race for the U.S. Senate. Incumbent Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato was vulnerable, he had "ethics" problems stemming from the activities of his beloved brother Armand (convicted after the election). It looked like a sure Democratic seat in a Democratic year, and several politicians vied for the right to oppose D'Amato in the Democrat primary. A supposed shoo-in was Geraldine Ferraro, making her comeback after declining from her peak as vice presidential candidate in the ill-fated Mondale campaign of 1984. Her major opponent was the nerdy, colorless State Attorney General Robert Abrams, who felt that it was his turn for high office. Also running were City Comptroller Liz Holtzman, splitting the feminist vote to the tune of a lot of wailing and breast-beating from the Sisterhood, and clownish black agitator "the Reverend" Al Sharpton, who seemed to be in the race just to get some credibility for future scams.

It was late in the primary season in 1992, and Ferraro had a comfortable lead in the polls. While the hard-core feminists such as Bella Abzug preferred Holtzman, Ferraro's friendliness and—yes, let's say it, *femininity*—charmed far more voters. Ferraro seemed to have it in the bag. And then, in a last-minute blitz, La Holtzman put on her Darth Vader uniform and struck. Borrowing over \$400,000 from her buddies at the Fleet Bank, Holtzman flooded the airwaves with bitter negative spots against Ferraro—dredging up the old whispered rumors about "Mafia" and "Mafia pornographers" that had virtually ended Ferraro's Congressional career. The Mafia stuff had emerged during the spotlight of the presidential campaign, when Ferraro's husband John Zaccarro, a commercial real estate tycoon in New York, was revealed to have alleged Mafiosos and pornographers among his tenants.

So Gerry Ferraro was not allowed to have her comeback. Defeat was snatched from the jaws of victory, as Holtzman's savage attacks reopened old wounds, and Bob Abrams, who had mildly seconded the attacks on Ferraro, squeezed into victory. But oddly enough, Holtzman herself only succeeded in self-destructing. Only hard-core feminists were convinced by Holtzman's line that if *men* can be allowed to be tough and negative, why can't a woman? Everyone else was, well, repelled, and at the election Holtzman plummeted to single digits in percentage of votes, falling even below the clown Reverend Sharpton.

Ferraro was so upset that she refused to endorse Abrams after his primary victory. After lengthy negotiations between the two camps, Ferraro made a grudging TV spot endorsing Abrams, but as one wag put it, it had all the sincerity of Saddam's Western hostages praising their captor. D'Amato's brilliantly organized campaign led enough indignant Italo-Americans to shift to his camp and narrowly beat out Abrams.

After the election, Ferraro, of course, still burned for revenge against her tormentor. Hence, the plotting at Saltaire. The Saltaire group came up with a long shot to oppose Liz Holtzman's presumed breeze of a re-election campaign: they decided to put up against her the totally unknown product of the Queens Democrat machine, State Assemblyman Alan Hevesi.

The Saltarians started with a huge problem: no one in New York politics had ever heard of Hevesi, including his own constituents, who are scarcely alive to their local assemblyman. How could this unknown quantity topple the mighty Holtzman? Who even knew Hevesi's ethnic background, always a crucial factor in New York politics: Was he Italian, or Hispanic, or what?

The first vital step: the Saltarians put the Hevesi campaign in the hands of one of the great political managers of our epoch: Hank Morris, who had run a losing Hevesi campaign four years ago against Holtzman in the primary, and who went on from there to manage one of the best political campaigns of our day: Diane Feinstein's for U.S. Senate in California.

Since no one had ever heard of Hevesi, Morris began the campaign by making use of that very fact: by turning a liability into a near-asset. The TV spots featured: "Alan Who?" "Hevesi Who?" The next step was to show countless rounds of Hevesi greeting the masses. Hevesi turned out to be a tall, good-looking, and very amiable middle-aged gentleman, and by showing an affable Hevesi, the point was implicitly but effectively made in pointing up the contrast to La Holtzman, whose rare smile makes her look like a ghostly and ghastly wraith. Hevesi's ethnic background was cleared up by letting it be known that his grandfather had been one of the most distinguished rabbis in Hungary. The Jewish vote! And moderate Jews who were fed up with the leftist and pro-black Holtzman now knew they had somewhere to turn. Ferraro's visible and ardent support for Hevesi of course worked the Italian and moderate feminist voters.

The next Hank Morris line was a brilliant masterstroke. Everyone knew that Holtzman really wanted to be a senator, and was using the comptrollership as a base for her next move; by the summer, Herman Badillo, whose Democratic primary race for mayor had flopped totally, had decided to run instead for comptroller on Democrat, Liberal, and Republican tickets (this cross-filing can be done in New York), and he became part of the Guiliani-for-Mayor ticket. Badillo was bound to wrap up the Puerto Rican vote, which otherwise could have gone either way. So Hank Morris now came up with this great line: "Hevesi—the only candidate *who wants to be Comptroller!*" Not

Mayor, not Senator, but Comptroller, the spot for which all these people were vying.

The race was tightening, and now the final clinching blow was suddenly hammered home. It became known that the city's Department of Investigation was investigating the curious circumstances of La Holtzman, Ms. Integrity, and her \$450,000 loan from Fleet Bank. Not only was this loan made on security of returns from a future Holtzman fund-raiser, a benefit that raised less than half the sum pledged and left Holtzman in a continuing financial hole. Even more intriguing was the fact that a few months after the election, Fleet Securities, a corporation closely connected with Fleet Bank, received a lucrative municipal bond contract from Holtzman's comptroller office. Aha! Hanky-panky! Payoff?! The news of the inquiry hit the press in the last few weeks before the primary, and the report itself was finished shortly before the September primary. Not only that; it became known that the Department of Investigation report was highly critical of Ms. Integrity, La Holtzman. Now a bizarre situation exists in New York: Department of Investigation reports on someone cannot be made public unless the subject of the inquiry consents. The inquiry has to spend several months being sifted by the Conflict-of-Interest Bureau.

Hevesi and Badillo naturally demanded that Holtzman release the report; surely the people have the right to know about their servant! But astonishingly, at the last minute before the primary, La Holtzman refused—to the bitter denunciation of the press. Her flimsy claim was that the voting public wouldn't have time to sift through the report before voting. An egregious blunder, since the public doesn't sift anyway, and of course Holtzman's rivals and the media made the most of her *gaffe*.

As a result, in the September primary, a walkaway for Holtzman was transmuted into a very tight three-way race. Each of the three rivals got approximately one-third of the vote, with Hevesi coming in a narrow first, and Holtzman edging out Badillo for runner-up spot, the top two then being plunged into a runoff two weeks later, in late September. Where would the Badillo vote go? It was likely to go more to Hevesi, since those who liked the incumbent Holtzman would probably vote for her from the beginning. One point was noted: Holtzman depended on the black vote, and blacks don't vote in primaries, especially in a runoff when neither Mayor Dinkins nor any other black would be running.

As soon as the election was over, Holtzman surrendered on the report, and released it, now maintaining that the public would have a full two weeks to do the sifting. In the event, they didn't need two weeks: the Investigation report was damning, demonstrating Holtzman's lies about not knowing that the two Fleets were involved; the report actually accused La Holtzman of "gross negligence" in office. But if she was a tough and nasty, knuckle-wielding leftist, but was not Ms. Integrity, but a quasi-crook like all the rest and caught with her hand in the cookie jar to boot, why in the world vote for her?

And so in the two weeks remaining until the runoff, a massive shift took place: Hevesi was looking better and better: Mr. Affability, Mr. Wants-to-be-Comptroller; whereas La Holtzman suddenly began to look like someone who had no virtues to offset her glaring and irritating vices. And so, on September 28, Hevesi swamped Holtzman two-to-one. No one in New York is going to ask "Alan Who?" anymore. If anything, it will soon be "Liz Who?" Was the timing of the Investigation Department report a mere coincidence, or was it all brilliantly plotted by Hank Morris and the gang? Who knows, but you can bet your bottom dollar on this: Hank Morris will be able to write his own ticket in the next election campaign. ■

WITHIN A MONTH! THE BRINGING DOWN OF BOBBY RAY INMAN

March 1994

On December 16, President Clinton named retired Admiral Bobby Ray Inman to fill the post of secretary of defense. To say that the nominee was universally hailed would be a masterpiece of understatement. To pundits, media people, politicians, and leading "well-informed sources" inside the Beltway, Bobby Ray Inman could walk on water. He was the perfect choice to bring order and prestige to Clinton's troubled and screwed-up foreign and military policies. Bobby Ray was brilliant, sober, knowledgeable, the Insiders' Insider, Mr. Intelligence. When Bobby Ray retired from many years of public service in Washington in the early 1980s, and returned to Texas, the reporters at Austin put on an affectionate show in his behalf, singing, to the tune of "Jesus Christ, Superstar": "Bobby Ray, Superstar/Are you the messiah that they say you are?" Clearly, Washington greeted his return on December 16 with the fervent answer. Yes!

Moreover, Inman had come highly recommended. The main person pushing for his appointment within the administration was Clinton's First Friend in the Trilateralist Establishment, Rhodes Scholar and Oxford roomie Strobe Talbott, now deputy secretary of state, and secretary of state-in-waiting. Inman's coronation seemed secure.

And yet, in just three weeks from that date, on January 16, Bobby Ray Inman, reeling from bitter attacks by *New York Times* columnist Bill Safire, attacks seconded by a couple of other media people, decided to withdraw from the fray. He waited a couple of weeks to tell the president, until Clinton's mother's funeral and his Russian trip were out of the way, and then Inman went

out in a blaze of fury, in a remarkable televised press conference on January 18, less than a week before his Senate confirmation hearings were slated to begin.

The almost monolithic response by the media was the most instructive and revealing aspect of the Inman Affair. Almost exclusively, the media focused on speculations of the supposedly odd psychological state of mind of Admiral Inman. How could Inman retreat just because Bill Safire and a couple of other columnists were criticizing him? How could he possibly conjure up a “conspiracy” between Safire and Senator Dole to attack him and besmirch his character? Inman talked about “sources” but he couldn’t *prove* his charges, could he? Inman was denounced as remarkably “thin-skinned,” his behavior in charging conspiracy treated as “weird” and “bizarre,” and the general reaction echoed that of Senator Dole: that someone harboring “fantasies” of this sort was not really equipped to be the captain at the helm of America’s defenses. In the psychobabble beloved by the media, it was noted (which Inman had never denied) that Inman was always reluctant about taking the job, and that therefore these fantasies and this thin skin were really excuses for Inman’s not taking the position.

Amidst all the stress on Bobby Ray’s supposedly fragile psyche, it was overlooked that very little space was devoted to the content of the charges that Safire and the others were leveling against Bobby Ray; and virtually *no* space to Bobby Ray’s explanation of the hostility that Safire and the others had long harbored against him, and which led to their anti-Inman campaign.

The media accounts all stress that no Senators were opposing the Inman nomination; but the Senate staffers were preparing detailed and thorough “scrutiny” of Inman’s affairs. The media all imply that Inman was “paranoid” and engaging in fantasies. But if Bobby Ray, formerly Deputy Director of the CIA and head of the National Security Agency, is not equipped to distinguish between “paranoia” and genuine conspiracies, who is? Surely, “Mr. Intelligence” is better equipped for this task than reporters for the *New York Times* or the *Wall Street Journal*.

So let’s stop the juvenile psychoanalyzing of Bobby Ray and cut to the content. The charges about to surface against Inman in the hearings included possible financial and even criminal peccadilloes in the private sector, centering around two companies. One was Inman’s role as a member of the board of International Signal and Control, a firm found by a federal district judge to be a criminal enterprise engaged in illegal arms dealing, money laundering, and business fraud on a massive scale. The other firm was Tracor, Inc., an Austin, Texas military contractor of which Bobby Ray was chief executive, but not before Inman received nearly \$1 million in executive compensation. Then, of course, there was Inman’s Nannygate, in which he hastily paid \$6,000 in back Social Security taxes for an aged part-time housekeeper only *after* he had been nominated for secretary of defense.

Furthermore, Bill Safire was not above ridiculing Inman's name in his widely influential column. Brushing aside the knowledge that a name like "Bobby Ray" is common in Texas and throughout the South, Safire ridiculed such a name for a grown man.

There was also a particularly ugly side to the media campaign against Inman. One of the points dredged up against Inman was that, while a high official in intelligence in 1980, he had acted to keep a gay in the National Security Agency from being fired from his post. Part of the anti-Inman tactic was a vicious whispering campaign to the effect that Inman himself, though married, is a secret gay. Before he dropped out, Inman told friends that no less than four reporters had called him up to ask him if he is gay.

Is it any wonder that Inman, who had left Washington because he hated the chronic back-stabbing, decided to Hell with it, and that, in fury, he decided to strike back at his tormentors instead of giving the usual bromides about "personal reasons" for withdrawal and making a quick exit from the scene?

It is fascinating, by the way, that so many of the Liberal media, always quick to attack "homophobia" and to proclaim that they are pro-gay than thou, should not be above vicious gay-bashing against political figures they dislike. (The last time they pulled this stunt was against Vladimir Zhirinovsky, after he won the Russian election, but of course the U.S. media are still a bit less powerful in Moscow than they are in Washington, D.C.)

Saluting "The Withdrawal of Admiral Inman," the *New York Times* (Jan. 20) crowed that "there was no politician or commentator so contrarian as to believe his [Inman's] improbable parting charge of a conspiracy" between Senator Dole and William Safire. Hey, not so fast, fella! You forgot to check with us at *Triple R*. Why not believe it? Stranger things have happened in Washington, and in recent weeks many neocons (e.g., at the *Wall Street Journal*) have been making noises about shifting their allegiance for 1996 from Jack Kemp to none other than Senator Dole, who of course is eagerly seeking media support. And Bill Safire is a powerful leader of the neocon forces. And, as we said above, who in the U.S. is in a position to know more about political conspiracies than Admiral Inman?

This is not to say that Inman's conspiracy charge is proven. What we need to find out the truth is an all out, tough congressional investigation, armed with subpoena power, to get to the bottom of the entire mess. None of the principals or their henchmen should be spared. Big Media has become an excessively powerful and malignant force in American political life; and it is high time that its machinations are exposed to public view.

The most fascinating, but oddly enough the least reported, aspect of the Inman Affair, is the source of the implacable hostility that Safire and his allies have borne for many years toward Bobby Ray Inman. Inman revealed the source in his famous January 18 press conference, but he failed to bring out the background. The source: In early 1981, Israel suddenly bombed

Iraq's nuclear reactor. Puzzled, Inman, then deputy head of the CIA, realized that Israel could only have known where the nuclear reactor was located by having gotten access to U.S. satellite photographs. But Israel's access was *supposed* to be limited to photographs of direct threats to Israel, which would not include Baghdad. On looking into the matter, furthermore, Inman found that Israel was habitually obtaining unwarranted access to photographs of regions even farther removed, including Libya and Pakistan. In the absence of Reagan's head of the CIA, Bill Casey, Inman ordered Israel's access to U.S. satellite photographs limited to 250 miles of its border. When Casey returned from a South Pacific trip, his favorite journalist and former campaign manager, Bill Safire, urged Casey to reverse the decision, a pressure that coincided with complaints from Israeli Defense Minister General Ariel Sharon, who had rushed to Washington to try to change the new policy.

Secretary of Defense Cap Weinberger, however held firm, supported Inman, and overruled Casey, and from then on Safire pursued a vendetta against Bobby Ray Inman.

This incident must be understood against its structural background: the CIA had long consisted of two clashing factions: the hard-line hawks, fanatical Cold Warriors, pro-Zionists and close to Israel's spy agency Mossad; and the moderates, close to the Establishment and the Rockefeller World Empire. The hard-liners and Mossadniks were big in the Operations department, and included Ops chief James Jesus Angleton, and Bill Buckley's CIA mentor and buddy E. Howard Hunt; they were headed by William J. Casey. The moderates were strong in the Intelligence department, and included William Colby and Admiral Inman.

Cut to the present, and the conspiracy charge by Inman against Safire and Company begins to make sense. For one point rarely mentioned in the media accounts is that Inman, in his press conference, did not only mention Safire and Senator Dole. He also mentioned, as part of the campaign against him, not only the editors of the *New York Times*, but three other media powers: *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, *Boston Globe* columnist Ellen Goodman, and *Washington Post* cartoonist Herblock (Herbert Block). On the face of it, a concerted campaign by these people against Inman would seem implausible; after all, Safire is a neocon, whereas the *New York Times*, Tony Lewis, Ellen Goodman, and Herblock are all notorious left-liberals. What could they all possibly have in common?

The answer is that they all have one important thing in common, one tie that binds. They are all ardent Zionists, and the source of the hostility to Inman at not being sufficiently pro-Israel now makes sense in underpinning the vendetta when Inman reluctantly agreed to Clinton's and Talbott's importuning to return in triumph to Washington.

In a fuller perspective, then, Admiral Bobby Ray Inman does not seem to be a paranoid nut after all. On the contrary, no one can blame him for

saving himself and fleeing back to the warmer milieu of Austin, Texas. It is no wonder that Bobby Ray feels more “comfortable” in Austin than in Washington, to use one of his favorite words. But it would have been far healthier for America, and for Americans’ knowledge of the political forces at work in this country, if Bobby Ray had stood fast, and had forced a knock-down drag-out confrontation, in the course of which much of the truth might have come to the surface. As it is, it is inevitable that Safire & Company will be accorded near-legendary political influence from now on. In a town that worships Power, Bill Safire has now virtually attained the status of a Rajah. ■

THE APOTHEOSIS OF TRICKY DICK

June 1994

It is another fiendish turn of the screw, the latest acceleration of rampant statolatry in our culture. Every eighth-rate Supreme Court Justice who retires now gets elevated to the pantheon: First it was the nitwit “Thoroughgood” Marshall, keened over as a giant among men; and now it is the little creep Blackmun, hailed as a “spokesman for the oppressed,” as if *that* is supposed to be a proper function for a high level jurist. (How about “upholding the Constitution,” for starters?)

But Supreme Court judges, while close to divine status, sit only at the right hand of the godhead Himself, El Presidente. It is the president, any president, who now embodies the Supreme Power, and must be invested with divine attributes to match the scope of his powers. And so in death, every ex-president, regardless of party, of his status or reputation in life, must become clothed in the robes of magnificence, wisdom, and glory.

It keeps getting worse. For now the very man driven out of office in disgrace, returns, first as Wise Elder Statesman, and now, in death, cloaked in the robes of splendor. His nominal political enemy, Slick Willie, whose wife once helped Bring the Monster Milhous Down, now declares a “day of national homage” to none other than Tricky Dick, and we are even to be deprived of a day of postal delivery in Devious Dick’s honor—as if these intrepid couriers needed any encouragement to deprive us of our mail!

And so the State, both parts of our sacred Two-Party System, bands together, swiftly and easily, to pay tribute to one of Their Own, and the rest of us are sucked into Playing the State’s Game. And now it turns out that Willie has been receiving Wise Counsel from the Tricky One ever since his accession to the Throne. Would that Tricky had advised Clinton to concoct some potion that would make Willie disappear, once and for all!

And so history is revised and twisted out of all substance. All presidents, and especially ex-presidents, are noble and good, and they all get trotted out, like vultures perched on a wire, every time the current president wants to put across another “bipartisan” scam on the American people, such as Nafta, or Gatt. How long has it been since an ex-president roundly denounced the current occupier of the office? Has *anyone* done so since Hoover went after FDR?

In this entire scam, the Respectable Media, of course, participate enthusiastically in the anointment. If a man is perceived as an eighth-rater before taking office (such as Truman), then he, inevitably is hailed for “growing in stature” in office, so that he leaves, four or eight years later, close to the gods. And if his term of office is brief or shameful, as in the case of Jimmy Carter or the Tricky One, then the man Grows as ex-president. So that Carter’s disastrous term is overlarded by his dotty Good Works ever since—maybe we can send Jimmy to supervise closely, the next “free elections” in, say, Rwanda? And Devious Dick’s shattered term is buried in the encomiums for his buttinski role as Elder Foreign Policy Statesman. Even more irritating, if possible, than Nixon’s Foreign Policy status as a Kissinger-and-a-half, was his obvious delight in posing as yet another of the host of “Value-Free” Political Pundits that already infest the airwaves. Given a few more years, he might even have surpassed the likes of Wolf Blitzer and Bill Schneider.

But regardless how it’s done, the key point is to make sure that by the time the ex-president shuffles off his mortal coil, the Bad is swiftly interred with his bones, and the Good, real or fabricated, lives after him, in a blare of trumpets.

It is fitting, I suppose, that Tricky Dick should go down in life and in History as a “conservative.” If any one man may be picked to sum up the victory of statist substance over the tinpot rhetoric, of the triumph of Big Government Conservatism, Richard Nixon is that man.

Let us consider the Nixonian record—*in office*, that is, and not as the prosecutor of Alger Hiss or the Invisible Man on post-Nixon National Security Councils. What essentially did the Tricky One do? He succeeded in propelling the United States more vigorously toward socialism than even his power-mad, brutish, and blackguardly predecessor, Lyndon Baines Johnson. The Tricky One, despite or perhaps because of his “conservative” billing, managed to:

- give an enormous and significant push to the march of socialized medicine—it is a straight and short line from the Tricky One to Hillary;
- accelerate the welfare state;
- give an enormous boost to “civil rights” and affirmative action;
- propose a monstrous plan to replace welfare by a guaranteed annual

income for all—a far worse scheme even than Slick Willie’s proposal to “end welfare as we know it”;

- go totally off the gold standard, and thereby usher in a quarter-century of accelerated inflation and volatile economies;
- impose a disastrous system of price and wage freezes and controls, a scheme which he cynically imposed even though he realized before, during, and afterwards that it could never work;
- fastening the horrors of OSHA regulation on industry in the name of “safety”;
- giving a crucial impetus to environmentalism by pushing through the horrible Environmental Protection Agency.

We are told that Nixon was willing to turn over the entire vital realm of domestic policy to the liberals so that he could concentrate on his real love: foreign policy. But what precisely did he accomplish in foreign affairs?

Allegedly trying to end the Vietnam War, he lengthened and greatly widened it, stepping up the mass murder.

But what about *détente*? Well, yes, he eased tensions a bit in the Cold War, but all that really amounted to is that he didn’t go to war against the Russians. But, after all, none of the other presidents, for all their bluster, did either.

But what of Nixon’s allegedly supreme triumph, his Opening to China? But, after all, so what? It was nice to ease tensions with China, but, after the Chinese kicked the American rear in the Korean War, there was never a chance that the U.S. would go to war against the ChiComs either.

I submit that Richard Nixon’s record was as empty and as bleak in foreign affairs as in domestic. Any achievements *at all* in the midst of the Nixonian miasma? Well, he *did* get rid of the draft. And he was personally a bright man, if that’s any consolation.

And what of Watergate? What are its lessons? The most fascinating lesson is that the very Liberals who Brought Him Down with such glee are the ones busily rehabilitating his image from the grave, and burying Watergate in all the hoopla about Nixon’s alleged wisdom.

But did Nixon deserve to be brought down? And wasn’t Nixon’s third-rate burglary no worse than the dark deeds committed by his predecessors? Yes, and yes. What Nixon did was no worse than FDR before him, or of course, Slick Willie did after him. The point is that they all, all, deserved to be Brought Down, and the sooner the better. The great thing about Watergate is that it made the unthinkable thinkable at long last, that it established the precedent for impeaching the Monster in the White House. And while they can bury Watergate, and they can rehabilitate the Tricky One’s image all they want, they can install him in the Valhalla reserved for all ex-presidents, but they can’t take away from us the lovely knowledge that he—and Agnew just before him—was Brought Down, and if it can happen

to him, it can happen to any one, even to whoever the current occupant may be. To throw one of the Liberal's favorite words in their face, what I loved most about Watergate was "the process"—the process of impeachment, of Bringing the Man Down.

For a heady year or two, I actually believed that Watergate had permanently discredited the Office of the president, and not just the man Nixon, that never again would the American public trust any politician, especially any occupant of the Oval Office. I was of course wrong—especially after Ronald Reagan restored The Trust that the Establishment yearns to inspire in every American sucker. But still he was tossed out; they can never take that knowledge away from us. And for that, in an ironic sense, we are forever indebted to the Man Milhous. ■

THE NEW YORK POLITICAL CIRCUS

September 1994

For political junkies like myself there is nothing quite so bracing as the tangle, the complexity, the ethnopolitics, the back-stabbing, and the downright sleaze of New York politics in an election year. The state elections law establish, for each primary, a state convention in late May, or early June, followed by a primary in September. A party convention endorsement carries more than moral or financial clout; one crucial clause mandates that a losing candidate for a state post gets automatically on the ballot in the party's September primary, *provided* that he gets at least 25 percent of the vote at the convention. Getting anything less than the magic 25 percent means that the poor candidate can only get on the primary ballot via petition, a route which, in New York, has been deliberately made arcane and extremely difficult by the state's ruling political class. Going the petition route costs a great deal of time, money, and energy, and only someone with the unlimited funds or support of Ross Perot in 1992 never has to worry about the process.

1994 is an election year for all the major New York posts: governor and lieutenant-governor, comptroller, and attorney-general in the executive branch, and U.S. senator. All these plum jobs are now in Democrat hands, and the Republicans, rising up throughout the nation in this horrible Age of Clinton, have been feeling their oats this year. Unfortunately, as usual, the New York Republicans quickly began their traditional mode of shooting themselves in the foot.

There have long been not two but four major (or at least quasi-major) parties in New York. In addition to the Democrats and Republicans, there is the

Liberal Party, founded by Jewish Social Democrats in the Ladies Garment Workers and Hat Workers Unions after World War II to provide a left-Democrat alternative to the Communist-dominated (now defunct) American Labor Party; and the Conservative Party, founded by the Buckley family to form a principled conservative opposition to the then Rockefeller-dominated, leftist Republican party. Ever since, the Conservative Party, now dominated by Brooklyn Conservative head Michael Long, has been struggling between principle and pragmatism, with the latter, of course, all too often winning out.

This year seemed to present a golden opportunity to topple the famed three-term governor: the smart, eloquent, witty, alert, thin-skinned pretend-philosopher and left Catholic lay theologian Mario Cuomo. A disciple of the late left-heretical French Jesuit Teilhard de Chardin, Mario is the well-known expounder of the view that America (the world?) is an organic “family.” The result is the sort of collectivist ideology one might expect from that kind of world-outlook.

Mario, however, has palled in office; New Yorkers are tired of Mario, of his lousy performance, the rampant crime, the high taxes and spending, the visible decay of New York in his twelve years of office. His coy and evasive performance in every national election finally irritated and exhausted his supporters after he finally pulled out of the presidential race in 1992. The Republicans sensed victory, and their theme at this year’s convention is the plausible “It’s all Mario’s fault.”

In 1988, however, Mario seemed vulnerable too, and the Republicans kicked away any chance of toppling him by alienating their natural allies, the Conservatives, by nominating the unknown and tom-fool leftish economist and former adviser to President Nixon, Pierre Rinfret. Rinfret, the only Nixon adviser who *actually* believed in price controls, proved to be a clown and a disaster on the stump, and as a result he barely edged out the Conservative nominee, Jewish academic Dr. Herbert London.

The 1994 lesson for Republicans, and for Conservatives, seemed clear: unity against Mario. But, on deeper look, the question is not so simple. For both parties, the question soon became: Unity at what price? How much principle would have to be abandoned?

Unity turned out not to be easy to achieve. For one thing, the two major Republican leaders, both Italo-Americans: U.S. Senator Alfonse D’Amato, and State Senate Majority Leader Ralph Marino, are ferocious enemies. D’Amato, the abrasive product of the notorious Margiotta machine of Nassau County, is the leader of the center-right of the party. As the champion of conservative forces, however, D’Amato is, to say the least, a weak reed; if ever there was a politician who fit the word “opportunist” D’Amato would be it. Marino, for his part, is the leader of the Republican left; a close friend of the governor, he might well be termed a “Mario Cuomo Republican.”

As the Republican convention approached in late May, it was clear that the D'Amato machine was in charge of the delegates. Unfortunately, however, D'Amato could come up only with a hand-picked unknown, State Senator George Pataki of Peekskill. Running hard against Pataki was Herb London, appealing to the conservative elements of the party, and fresh from his sterling campaign in 1988. One of the critical issues in the New York right is the vexed abortion question; D'Amato had been pledged against abortion, but, his finger characteristically to the wind, he has begun to move leftward on the issue. Pataki, an economic conservative and a Hungarian-American Catholic, is pro-choice but opposed to taxpayer funding of abortions. London, an Orthodox Jew, is strongly anti-abortion.

Herb London came into the Republican convention with a pledge of something like 35 percent of the votes. If D'Amato had only treated his opposition with respect, he would have gotten the 65–70 percent of the delegates for Pataki, and allowed London to get his merited automatic spot on the primary ballot. But since no one, including his own state Senatorial constituents, had ever heard of Pataki, D'Amato didn't want to take the chance. As a result, D'Amato and his machine played hardball, exercising an unseemly display of political muscle, and managed in 24 hours to jimmy London's votes down to *just* below 25 percent. It was reminiscent of one of Clinton's one-voters, and all hands denounced D'Amato for being "thuggish," "disgusting," etc. Displays of political muscle should never be that blatant, for then they become counterproductive.

Herb London was justifiably livid. He felt he had been robbed, and he denounced D'Amato and the convention in no uncertain terms. But if London was permanently alienated, what would happen to the Conservative alliance (Conservatives were coming up with *their* convention in early June). London was threatening to run for governor on the Conservative ticket.

Something had to be done, but to D'Amato that something was all too narrow: buy off Herb London and thereby corral the Conservative Party line. I don't know what D'Amato had his henchmen tell London in the next 24 hours. It must have been a wild time, for at the end of it, Herb London had taken his place as a happy nominee for comptroller on the Republican ticket for the fall. There had, of course, never been a smidgen of interest displayed by London in the comptroller's spot; on the contrary, the popular Assemblyman James Faso had been running for the comptroller position for a year, and expected to get it. Poor Jimmy Faso was induced to take the fall, and to withdraw gracefully from the comptroller's nomination on London's behalf.

The rest of the ticket engineered by D'Amato, however, was a slap in the face to the conservative principles, if not the Conservative Party. Shifting dramatically leftward, D'Amato decided to discover...Women! Or is it "Womyn"? Sex! For U.S. Senate against Daniel Patrick Moynihan (more

later), D'Amato put up Bernadette Castro, who has no political experience, and is only known to the public for her longtime Castro convertible sofabled commercials. Castro favors not only abortion, but also taxpayer funding, and gay rights. While putting up for attorney-general the little-known Italo-American U.S. Attorney for Buffalo Dennis Vacco, D'Amato's major publicity coup was selecting for lieutenant-governor under Pataki, the beautiful blond bombshell Dr. Elizabeth ("Betsy") McCaughey.

The conservativish Murdoch-run tabloid *New York Post* went ga-ga at this choice. Grabbing the heaven-sent opportunity to combine its two favorite things: Sex and conservatism, the *Post* ran a large picture of Betsy replete in clinging evening gown (from *Vanity Fair*), and the choice was particularly heralded by *Post* sob sister Andrea Peyser, who gushed all over the page: She's beautiful! She's blond! She's sexy! She's brainy! Isn't it wonderful how the Republicans have become mature, and now realize that brains and beauty can go together? And on and on.

The Brains of La McCaughey was attested to by the fact that she has a Ph.D. in political science (Ooh! Wow!), and is also a certified brainy free-market economist. The certification came from the fact that Betsy Baby is on the staff of the left-libertarian/neocon Manhattan Institute, a New York think-tank. Not only that: Betsy wrote a celebrated article in the *New Republic*, attacking the Clintonian health plan for imposing price controls and medical rationing, and criminalizing the free choice of doctors by patients, whenever such choice breaks the decrees of the Clintonian Health authorities. McCaughey won the accolade of drawing bitter attacks by the White House, which McCaughey and Manhattan Institute justifiably treated as a badge of honor.

Brains, beauty, and free-markets too; ethno-religiously, McCaughey, like the colorless and virtually unknown incumbent Lieutenant-Governor, Stan Lundine, is an authentic WASP. The difference is that Lundine is a WASP from Upstate New York, where WASPs indeed abound, whereas Betsy is an Episcopalian from New York City, where such folk are virtually on the endangered species list. No one knew Betsy's views on social matters, but everyone assumed she took the Pataki line of pro-choice but anti-taxpayer funding, thus, she seemed to fit the new ideal Image for a Republican of the 1990s: "economic conservative" but (moderately) social liberal. All this and a blond too!

Thus, two WOMYN had gotten key slots on the Republican ticket, and the hordes of militant Democrat womyn looked at the looming Democrat ticket and they were not pleased. Cuomo, an Italian male; Lundine, a male WASP; Carl McCall for comptroller, a black male from Harlem; and of course Moynihan, Irish Catholic male from Manhattan, for U.S. Senate. Where in the world were the WOMYN in their Democrat heartland? The only possible female spot was for attorney-general. After the hapless Bronx-based Attorney-General Bob Abrams had resigned to run for Senate and

was roundly beaten by D'Amato, Cuomo appointed a fellow-Democrat hack from the Bronx, the undistinguished Assemblyman Oliver Koppell. Koppell, of course, had every intention to run for re-election, but he was opposed at the Democrat convention by two left dissidents. One was Queens U.S. Attorney Charles Hynes, an Irish Catholic who had won notoriety by persecuting alleged "white racism" in the Howard Beach incident. The other was a WOMYN, if not perhaps a *woman*, the beloved Jewish ultra-left-lesbian activist State Senator Karen Burstein from Nassau County, formerly from New York City. As a leftist and as a lesbian, and also in possession of an androgynous personality, La Burstein had a lot of brownie points going for her; and the organized WOMYN were demanding her nomination.

In its own quiet way, however, the Cuomo machine at the Democrat convention proved every bit as ruthless as the D'Amato crew among the Republicans. Charlie Hynes threw his support to La Burstein, who came into the convention, once again, with a pledge of about 25 percent of the vote; but once again, come the vote, she got slightly excruciatingly under the magic 25.

It was now left for the Conservatives to have *their* convention in early June. Among the Conservatives, it was Michael Long's turn to wield the Bludgeon. Long had determined upon unity under Pataki, and now that Herb London had caved in, nominating the entire Pataki ticket seemed easy. (Except that the Conservatives refused to swallow La Castro, and selected instead Henry Hewes, senatorial candidate of the small single-issue Right to Life Party, which often functions as the conscience of the Conservatives on abortion matters. The Right-to-Lifers pose no real challenge to the Conservatives, however; if anything, their leadership is left-liberal on all questions except abortion.)

The principled opposition among the Conservatives was led by Thomas Cook, head of the Rochester party, as well as several other upstate county leaders. Cook looked desperately around for someone to run against Pataki. Michael Long, denouncing Cook's opposition, waded in with absurd rhetorical overkill. Cook, he thundered, suffered from a "Napoleonic complex," and Cook ruled by "force, fraud, and terror." Come again? Among the *conservatives*? Finally, after several biggies such as former Republican state chairman J. Patrick Barrett refused to run, Cook and Company fell back to support the unknown Robert Relph from upstate Watertown. Relph *did* get the requisite 25 percent of the delegates, however, and so at least there will be a primary challenge among the Conservatives.

Thus, the lines were drawn, although how many people will be able to make the petition route won't be known until later. Richard Rosenbaum, former New York State Republican chairman and the booming, bald voice of Rockefeller Republicanism for many years, and long hated by conservatives in the party, issued left-wing denunciations of the Republicans, and threatens to go the petition route for governor.

We are left with the beauteous La McCaughey. Exactly *how* free-market, how much of an “economic conservative,” is she? The answer, despite her Manhattan Institute credentials, is not very. Allegedly Our Gal against Clintonian Health, her phoniness as a free-marketeer was revealed by our own Lew Rockwell on a conservative panel on health. For Betsy turns out to be a strong supporter of *the* crucial plank of Clintonian Health: guaranteed universal access. In other words, her criticisms in the *New Republic* article were peripheral, not central. In fact, she was stunned that *anyone* such as Lew was, in this day and age, opposed to guaranteed universal access, i.e., opposed to socialized medicine. Betsy went so far as to accuse our Lew of “lacking compassion,” which is, of course, the ultimate charge of every statist scoundrel.

If Betsy McCaughey’s “economic conservatism” is mostly malarkey, how much of a “social liberal” is she really? Republican leaders were stunned in early June to find out that the beautiful Betsy did not exactly take the moderate Pataki line on abortion. On the contrary: they found, to their horror, that Betsy is strongly in favor of taxpayer funding for abortions. So once again: “economic conservative, social liberal” turns out to be a formula that merely provides a convenient camouflage for...our old buddy, left-liberalism, with an updated, blond and evening-gown patina.

At this writing, Pataki and the Conservatives are livid. Fred Dicker, the *New York Post*’s expert on New York politics, writes (June 6) that McCaughey has struck political professionals as a “prima donna” and “even more narcissistic than most politicians.” Will it all be smoothed over? Will McCaughey back down? Or will she be dumped from the ticket after all the Hoopla?

And what of Daniel Patrick Moynihan? I don’t want to disillusion any idealistic readers, but Moynihan is set for life in his senatorial position. Why? Because he is a centrist Irish Catholic, touched with the requisite bit of blarney, neatly fueled by Irish whiskey. Centrist Irish Catholic Democrats who have the advantage of incumbency cannot lose in a state-wide race in New York. In his first race for Senate, Moynihan beat out the then leader of the Democrat ultra-left, the loud-mouthed, big-hatted Jewish Congresswoman Bella Abzug by a very small margin. Once he squeaked through the primary, however, Moynihan was as good as elected, and this has continued ever since. Why? Because left-wing Jews vote heavily in the Democratic primary; centrist Irish and Italian Catholics are generally evenly split between Democrat and Republicans; blacks and Puerto Ricans vote overwhelmingly Democrat but don’t bother voting in primaries; and Upstate WASPs constitute the mass base of the Republican party in the state. Once Moynihan got past Abzug, the Irish and Italians, who constitute the wing vote in the state, were bound to vote heavily for a centrist Catholic, and the pattern has continued to this day. In 1988, the Republicans put up virtually no campaign against Moynihan, and it is only the new liberal-WOMYN

ticket that got them to surface this year. But in the senatorial race, it won't matter a bit. Unfortunately, Moynihan and his rococo rhetoric are a permanent fixture in the U.S. Senate.

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There is nothing quite like New York in a year where a governor and senator are both at stake. One decision made by all the biggies in both parties: that they would not challenge petitions to get on the September primary ballot by candidates who were muscled out of the minimum 25 percent needed at the May convention to get automatically on the ballot. Why did the leaders of both parties make this decision? A sudden attack of fairness? Not hardly. Undoubtedly because it would look bad to the public in a tight election year.

In the latest *New York Post* poll (Aug. 10), Cuomo has a 9-point lead over Pataki (46-37) but this is by no means fatal, since a hefty 17 percent are listed as undecided, and Pataki's name recognition is still very low. Old-time Rockefeller Republican Richard Rosenbaum is running against Pataki in the primary by petition route, and the policy of no-challenge assures him of a ballot spot. Rosenbaum is clearly a stalking horse for Cuomo, timing his attacks on Pataki to coincide with the Cuomo line. Although he has virtually no chance of beating Pataki, Rosenbaum has adopted a cunning strategy to embarrass the front-runner. Under the tutelage of prominent conservative political strategist Dick Morris, Rosenbaum has maneuvered sharply *to the right* of Pataki: advocating very large tax cuts, budget cuts, and substantial privatization; and then calling for Pataki to unveil his own undoubtedly puny program.

On the other hand, the pull-out of Howard Stern from the race on the Libertarian Party ticket will probably mean a several percentage points edge to Pataki. In the polls, Stern ranged from 5-to-12 percent of the vote, most of which probably came from Pataki.

In the senatorial race, "the Rev." Al Sharpton, clownish black radical, was muscled below his 25 percent in his challenge to Democrat Senator Daniel Patrick ("Pat") Moynihan. Sharpton is running against Pat in the primary, and with the newfound "tolerance" permeating the state, the bonafides of his primary petitions will not be challenged. There is no problem for Moynihan: his poll lead is a phenomenal 78-to-12 over Sharpton. But there is more involved. Sharpton is threatening, after losing the primary, to set up his own "third party" Freedom Party, to run someone against Cuomo in November; in particular, Sharpton expressly desires to punish the Liberal Party for endorsing Giuliano for mayor last year against his beloved Mayor Dinkins. Sharpton wants Cuomo to repudiate the Liberal endorsement this year; of which there is a chance of a snowball in Hell. Moynihan is safe whatever happens; but if Sharpton actually gets the Freedom Party on the ballot, black defections from the Democracy may just cost Mario the governor's mansion.

Another fascinating race is for attorney-general of New York State. Bob Abrams, previous holder of the office, fell on his sword in opposing Al D'Amato for senator; he later resigned, and his place was taken by appointment only last December by veteran Bronx party hack G. Oliver Koppell. Since Koppell is running for election to legitimize his recent appointment, few people know who he is, and his most formidable primary challenger (under the no-challenge rule) is the tough, abrasive, ultra-leftish lesbian Jewess, former assemblyman and former Family Court Judge Karen S. Burstein. Burstein has a unique style of grass-roots campaigning, a style that could only hope to succeed in sado-masochistic New York City. Burstein stands near a subway station, and stretches out her hand to greet the passing voter. When, as usually happens in New York, the mark rushed by refusing to acknowledge the intruder, La Burstein denounces him! "You know, that's rude," she snaps. "Would it hurt to shake a hand?" she yells out. Finally, Burstein proclaims to a reporter that as attorney general, she will be obliged to transform human nature: "I've got to get these people better prepared as human beings. As attorney-general, I've got to do something about this absence of civility." And you're the one to do this transforming eh babe? That's all New York needs: another "politics of meaning," a Jewish version of Hillary Rodham.

The latest A-G poll in the Democrat primary rates the race as very close: Koppell at 22 percent, Burstein at 19, and "anti-racist" Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes at 14 percent. Unknown former Asst. D.A. Eliot Spitzer, who's been running a lot of ads on TV, is only getting 1 percent of the poll so far, perhaps the least productive TV campaign ads in memory. The undecided vote is very high at 44 percent. Whoever wins the primary will face former Buffalo U.S. Attorney Dennis Vacco in the general election.

The final statewide race is over comptroller; here, Manhattan black incumbent Carl McCall, will face Republic Conservative Herb London. So far, in the early going, McCall is leading London by only five percent, 27 to 22.

Finally, former New York Republican chairman, the self-made millionaire (Avis) J. Patrick Barrett, has been denouncing the antics of the D'Amato machine at the convention, and has threatened to refuse to back Pataki, even if he wins the primary. Strange behavior for a recent Republican party chairman! But that's New York. ■

BIG-GOVERNMENT LIBERTARIANS

November 1994

W e have been all too familiar in recent years with the phenomenon of Big Government Conservatives, of people who have betrayed and seemingly forgotten their principles and their heritage in a quest for power and pelf, for respectability and for access to the corridors of power, people who have moved inside the Beltway both in body and in spirit.

Not all of us however are familiar with an allied and far more oxymoronic development: the acceleration and takeover in the last few years by Big Government Libertarians, who now almost exclusively dominate the libertarian movement. The weird thing about Big Government Libertarianism, of course, is that it clearly violates the very nature and point of libertarianism: devotion to the ideal of either no government at all or government that is minuscule and strictly confined to defense of person and property: to what the ex-libertarian philosopher Robert Nozick called “ultra-minimal” government, or what the great paleolibertarian writer H.L. Mencken called “government that barely escapes being no government at all.” How extensive has been this development, and how in the world could such a thing happen?

Big Government Libertarianism now permeates and dominates what, in analogy with conservatives, may be called the Official Libertarian movement. From a tendency or what the Marxists called a “groupuscule” two decades ago, libertarianism has developed an Official Movement, even though it has never, thank the Lord, achieved anything like political power. While there is fortunately no libertarian counterpart to National Review to rule over the movement and purge it of heretics, there is a network of institutions and periodicals that constitute an Official movement.

A central institution for more than twenty years has been the Libertarian Party, which beginning early, oddly and in many ways created rather than reflected the movement as a whole. Until recent years, the Party militants prided themselves on the purity and consistency of their devotion to libertarian principle. The libertarian movement, however, has always been far wider than the Party itself. It consists of a loose network of libertarian and free-market think-tanks, national ones that include lobbying groups, who gravitate inside the Beltway, and state or regional think-tanks, who necessarily remain in the heartland in body if not alas in spirit. There are now legal organizations that allegedly pursue cases in behalf of liberty and against government tyranny. The movement also includes two monthly magazines, as well as others that have fallen by the wayside: a relatively affluent but excruciatingly boring magazine based in Santa Monica, California, *Reason*, and an amateurish “fanzine” in Washington State, *Liberty*.

There are also allied networks of institutions which, like an extensive number of “hard money” and investment newsletters, cannot be considered strictly movement outfits but are sympathetic to the cause. The libertarian movement is even large enough to include an incomprehensible “post-libertarian” academic journal, which tries to integrate libertarianism, Marxism, and deconstruction, a periodical doggedly edited by a Chekhovian type of Permanent Graduate Student, except that he is considerably less harmless and better funded than Chekhov’s rather lovable character.

The fascinating point is that virtually all of these movement institutions, from the think-tanks to the magazines to the once purist Libertarian Party have, in the last few years, moved at remarkable speed to abandon any shred of their original principles: devotion to minimizing government or defending the rights of private property.

Part of the reason, of course, needs no explanation: a pale shadow of Big Government conservatives who crave respectability, social acceptance at Washington cocktail parties, and, not coincidentally, power, cushy jobs, and financial support. But there is a lot more at work here. At bottom is the point which many of us had to learn painfully over the years: that there can be no genuine separation between formal political ideology and cultural views and attitudes.

Libertarianism is logically consistent with almost any attitude toward culture, society, religion, or moral principle. In strict logic, libertarian political doctrine can be severed from all other considerations; logically one can be—and indeed most libertarians in fact are: hedonists, libertines, immoralists, militant enemies of religion in general and Christianity in particular—and still be consistent adherents of libertarian politics. In fact, in strict logic, one can be a consistent devotee of property rights politically and be a moocher, a scamster, and a petty crook and racketeer in practice, as all too many libertarians turn out to be. Strictly logically, one can do these things, but psychologically, sociologically, and in practice, it simply doesn’t work that way.

Thus, Justin Raimondo pointed out, in pondering what went wrong with the libertarian movement, that the early movement of the 1970s grievously erred by deliberately cutting itself off from any sort of right-wing or any other culture or tradition in the United States. Following the spirit of Ayn Rand, of whom most libertarians had been ardent followers, libertarians claimed to be genuine individualists and revolutionaries, totally separate from the right-wing, and bringing to the world their own brand new political revelation. And indeed, the libertarian movement has always been almost willfully ignorant of any history or any aspect of foreign affairs. Arcane syllogisms of libertarian theory, science fiction, rock music, and the intricacies of computers, have been the sum and substance of their knowledge and their interest.

Part of this grandiose separatism, which I did not fully realize at the time, stemmed from an intense hatred of the right-wing, from libertarian anxiety never to be connected with or labeled as a conservative or a right-wing

movement. And part of that hatred has come from a broader and even more intense hatred of Christianity, some of which was taken over from Ayn Rand.

To be specific, one important aspect of the recent shift toward statism and Big Government consists of a spill-over, of an infection, of libertarians' political views by their deep-seated egalitarianism. Scratch an egalitarian, and you will inevitably find a statist. How does the libertarians' burgeoning and pervasive egalitarianism square with their supposed belief in individualism, and for allowing every person to rise by his own merit unhobbled by government? The resolution of this problem is much the same as other, more common versions of Political Correctness.

Libertarians are fervently committed to the notion that, while each individual might not be "equal" to every other, that every conceivable group, ethnic contingent, race, gender, or, in some cases, species, are in fact and must be made "equal," that each one has "rights" that must not be subject to curtailment by any form of "discrimination."

And so, flying in the face of their former supposed devotion to the absolute rights of private property, the libertarian movement has embraced almost every phony and left-wing "right" that has been manufactured in recent decades.

Shortly before I left the libertarian movement and Party five years ago, a decision which I not only have never regretted but am almost continually joyous about, I told two well-known leaders of the movement that I thought it had become infected with and permeated by egalitarianism. What? they said. Impossible. There are no egalitarians in the movement. Further, I said that a good indication of this infection was a new-found admiration for the Reverend "Doctor" Martin Luther King. Absurd, they said. Well, interestingly enough, six months later, both of these gentlemen published articles hailing "Dr." King as a "great libertarian." To call this socialist, egalitarian, coercive integrationist, and vicious opponent of private-property rights, a someone who, to boot, was long under close Communist Party control, to call that person a "great libertarian," is only one clear signal of how far the movement has decayed.

Indeed, amidst all the talk in recent years about "litmus tests," it seems to me that there is one excellent litmus test which can set up a clear dividing line between genuine conservatives and neoconservatives, and between paleolibertarians and what we can now call "left-libertarians." And that test is where one stands on "Doctor" King. And indeed, it should come as no surprise that, as we shall see, there has been an increasing coming together, almost a fusion, of neocons and left-libertarians. In fact, there is now little to distinguish them.

Throughout the Official Libertarian Movement, "civil rights" has been embraced without question, completely overriding the genuine rights of private property. In some cases, the embrace of a "right not to be

discriminated against” has been explicit. In others, when libertarians want to square their new-found views, with their older principles and have no aversion to sophistry and even absurdity, they take the sneakier path blazed by the American Civil Liberties Union: that if there should be so much as a smidgen of government involved, whether it be use of the public streets or a bit of taxpayer funding, then the so-called “right” of “equal access” must override either private property or indeed any sort of good sense.

Thus: when Judge Sarokin, soon to be elevated, by bipartisan consensus in the U.S. Senate, to the august federal court of appeals, ruled that a smelly bum must be allowed to stink up a New Jersey public library, and follow children to the bathroom, because it is public and therefore he cannot be denied access, the national chairwoman of the Libertarian Party issued an official statement praising the decision. In the same way, libertarians join the ACLU in protecting the alleged “right of free expression” of bums and beggars on the streets of our big cities, no matter how annoying or intimidating, because these streets are, after all, public, and therefore, so long as they remain public, they must continue to be cesspools, although precisely how this is implied by high libertarian theory is a bit difficult to grasp.

In the same way, the leading left-libertarian Beltway legal activist maintains proudly to this day that he was only following libertarian principle when, as an official of the federal Department of Justice—which in itself is not too easy to square with such principles—he aided the federal judiciary in its truly monstrous decision to threaten to jail the City Council of Yonkers, New York, because this council had refused to approve a low-income public housing project on the grounds that it would soon become an inner-city sewer of drugs and crime. His reasoning: that this resistance was a violation of egalitarian nondiscrimination doctrine, since Yonkers already had other public housing projects existing within its borders!

But not only literal government operations are subject to this egalitarian doctrine. It also applies to any activities which are tarred with the public brush, with the use, for example, of government streets, or any acceptance of taxpayer funds. Indeed, actual government actions need not be involved at all. Sometimes, libertarians fall back on the angry argument that, nowadays, you can’t really distinguish between “public” and “private” anyway, that everything is semi-public, and that trying to maintain property rights in such a climate is unrealistic, naive, blind to reality, and generally a “purist” throwing of sand into the machinery of neoconservative or left-libertarian “progress.”

Recently, there was a fascinating interchange between a paleo-libertarian attorney in California and an official of a new California-based allegedly “libertarian” legal outfit, the Center for Individual Rights, run by the prominent neocon David Horowitz, who likes to call himself a “libertarian.” This Center, by the way, is a leading example of explicit neocon and left-libertarian fusion, since its masthead features several prominent members of the libertarian movement.

The paleo lawyer was protesting that the Center is backing the idea of legally prohibiting colleges from setting down rules infringing on what the Center people claim are “the constitutional rights of freedom of speech” of students and faculty. Our paleo critic agreed with the idea of combating political correctness and codes restricting alleged “hate speech,” but he pointed out what not long ago was considered self-evident and unexceptionable, not only by conservatives and libertarians, and by all judges, but by all Americans: that First Amendment, or free speech, rights, can only apply to government, and that only government can infringe upon such rights. Private individuals or organizations can require anyone using their private property to follow rules of conduct or speech, and anyone using such property agrees contractually to abide by these rules. Any laws restricting such rules, therefore, infringe upon the rights of private property as well as the right to make free and unhampered contracts concerning its use.

The Center official, in reply, heaped scorn on such allegedly unrealistic and purist arguments: these days, to official libertarians, almost everything is in some way public, so that, in contrast to every fiber of libertarian doctrine, “private” and “public” are simply co-mingled. The Center official did not even balk when the paleo attorney used what any sensible person would consider a *reductio ad absurdum*: that, logically, this approach would imply that government should prevent any private employer from firing an employee who exercises his alleged “free speech rights” by denouncing or cursing at his boss, even on company property.

One problem with using *reductio ad absurdum* arguments among libertarians has always been that they are all too happy to embrace the *absurdum*. And thus our so-called “libertarians” are in the process of going further than even Justice Hugo Black in severing free speech from private-property rights, and from exalting the former at the expense of the latter. Even a “First Amendment absolutist” such as Justice Black proclaimed that “freedom of speech” gives no one the right to break into your home and harangue you at length.

“Civil rights” and “free-speech rights,” and the co-mingling of “private” and “public,” are only the beginning of the libertarian movement’s Great Leap Stateward. One of the cultural features of most movement members has always been a passionate adherence to the morality and to the practice of so-called “alternative lifestyles” and “sexual orientation” out of favor with traditional or bourgeois customs or moral principles. The high correlation of this “libertinism” with their endemic hatred of Christianity should be obvious.

While this cultural attitude has always been pervasive among libertarians, the new feature is their embracing of so-called “gay rights” as one of the “civil rights” of non-discrimination. Things have gotten to the point where one of the most prominent of the libertarian think-tanks practices its own form of gay affirmative action, hiring or promoting only openly-proclaimed

gays, and, at the very least, firing any staff member who is less than enthusiastic about this procedure or about gay rights in general.

At another libertarian think-tank, which deals only with strictly economic matters in its actual work, the No. 2 staff member recently took advantage of the No. 1's vacation to call a staff meeting and to proclaim his gaydom openly to one and all. He then asked the staff's reactions to his fervent announcement, and later urged No. 1 to fire any staffers who had expressed a lack of sufficient enthusiasm for this development.

The Libertarian Party has for many years had within it a Gay and Lesbian Caucus. In the old days, the program of the caucus was confined to urging the repeal of anti-sodomy laws, an unexceptionable libertarian position. Now, however, in our brave new era, the theoreticians of this Caucus are calling for public nudity and public sex acts, something which their colleagues in ACT-UP achieved this summer in a Gay Pride parade in New York City which was technically illegal, but the illegality of which was conspicuously not enforced by the new Republican mayor. One rationale, of course, is that the streets are public, aren't they? and therefore all things must be permitted.

Until very recently, the devotion to gay rights by left-libertarian institutions has been more implicit than explicit, either under cover of some sort of public action or resource, or as their own form of affirmative action. But only last month, a new escalation embraced gay rights openly and officially. David Boaz, a leader in the most prominent left-libertarian think-tank, Cato, wrote an astonishing op-ed piece in the *New York Times*, astonishing not for the venue, of course, but for the content.

The content of the think-tanker's article was unusual on two counts: One, in perhaps a first for a proclaimed libertarian institution, he treats the various anti-gay initiatives across the country as an "assault" on gay "rights," without discussing the actual proposals which in fact were attempts to prohibit anti-gay discrimination laws. In short, these initiatives denounced by the libertarian think-tanker were actually measures to protect the rights of private property against assault by laws conferring special privileges upon gays. The odd feature of this error is that, if libertarians are competent to distinguish anything, it is the difference between protecting property rights and aggressing against them.

The second bizarre feature of this *Times* op-ed piece is that this prominent think-tanker is chiding conservatives for what he says is "scapegoating" of gays, while at the same time allegedly ignoring what he considers the real moral and social problems of our time: unwed motherhood and, with a blare of trumpets, divorce!

Why do the conservatives write far more about gays? In the first place, it seems clear to me that unwed motherhood has actually loomed large among conservatives. As for divorce, it seems odd that left-libertarians dedicated to modernism and change should wax nostalgic over the Good Old Days when any divorced woman was shamed out of town. But the real point here is the

stupefying and willful failure to connect with the real world in this argument.

Why do pro-family conservatives spend more print worrying about gays than about divorce? Well, for one thing, there are no strident parades of militants of the “divorced movement” marching up Fifth Avenue in New York on “Divorce Pride” day, marching naked and committing sex acts between the varied “divorced” in public, demanding anti-“divorced” discrimination laws, affirmative action for the divorced, “divorced” districts in the legislature, and continuous public affirmation by the non-divorced of the equal or even superior morality of divorce over staying married.

The change has developed to the point where the word “libertarian” has a new connotation when used in the media. The word used to mean opposition to all forms of government intervention. Now, however, “libertarian” in the public mind has virtually come to mean adherent of “gay rights.” Thus, the favorite presidential candidate for 1996 of all libertarians who will not rigidly confine themselves, in thought and in deed, to the Libertarian Party, is unquestionably Massachusetts Republican Governor William Weld, who even refers to himself as a “libertarian.”

The reason for Weld’s embrace of this term is not his alleged “fiscal conservatism.” Weld and his acolytes have depicted him as a heroic slasher of the state’s taxes and budgets. Weld’s so-called “budget-cutting” amounts to taking Michael Dukakis’s grotesquely swollen last budget and cutting it by a very modest 1.8 percent, but even this toe-in-water cut has been more than offset by big budget increases every year since. Thus, the next year Weld made up for his fiscal conservatism by increasing Massachusetts expenditures by 11.4 percent; and this year he is raising it again by an estimated 5.1 percent. In other words, William Weld’s gesture in cutting his first year’s budget by less than 2 percent has been more than made up by his raising the budget in the last two years by 17 percent. That’s “fiscal conservatism”? The story is the same on the tax front; Weld’s loudly trumpeted piddling tax cuts were more than offset by large tax increases.

But this is all window-dressing to sucker the conservatives. Weld’s “libertarianism,” in the minds of himself and his left-libertarian admirers, consists almost completely of his passionate devotion to “gay rights,” as well as his practicing gay affirmative action by appointing to high state positions a large number of open gays. To round out the picture, I should also mention that Weld is a fanatical adherent of environmentalism, and its despotic crippling of the living standards of the human race.

But recently, left-libertarians have not confined themselves to backing liberal Republicans; they have also made a foray into the Democratic Party. Several leading Cato libertarians leaped into the Doug Wilder campaign in Virginia, one of them actually becoming a member of Wilder’s finance committee. Presumably the attraction of Wilder over liberal Republican Coleman is that Wilder, in his person and in his life, embodies both the racial

and sexual “diversity” so beloved by left-libertarians. It is typical of their political acumen, however, that they jumped enthusiastically onto the Wilder ship just before it sank without a trace.

The virtual mantra for all left-libertarians in weighing candidates to the Libertarian Party has become: “fiscally conservative, but socially tolerant.” “Fiscally conservative” can and does mean very little, usually spending, or proposing to spend, a bit less money than their political rivals, or not raising taxes by a great deal.

“Socially tolerant,” a murky phrase at best, seems to be a code term for a package of several policies and attributes: devotion to gay rights, to civil rights, and generally and above all, to not being “hate-filled,” like the Christian right, Pat Buchanan, and the *Triple R*. While all of us are by definition scowling brutes who emanate “hate” from every pore, the left-libertarians, as many of us know all too well, are just helluva nice guys, their entire beings emitting vibrations of love, benevolence, and warmth of spirit. And, as we say in New York, they should live so long! In fact, I haven’t had the personal experience of neocons that many of you have had, but I can assure you that left-libertarians can match neocons any day in the week as people you simply would not want to interact with. Trust me on that.

Part of “social tolerance,” of course, is uncritical and unlimited devotion to open borders; as in the case of most left liberals and all neocons, any proposal for any reason to restrict immigration or even to curb the flow of illegals, is automatically and hysterically denounced as racist, fascist, sexist, heterosexist, xenophobic, and the rest of the panoply of smear terms that lie close to hand. (Although neocons seem, oddly enough, to make a glaring exception for what they loosely call “Arab terrorists.”) Things have come to such a pass that the Libertarian Party, which used to be strongly and consistently opposed to any taxation or to any expenditure of tax funds, is rapidly changing its policies and attitudes even on this subject long close to libertarian hearts.

California, this November has on the ballot a wonderfully simple Proposition, called the “Save Our State” Proposition, which can be endorsed by every regular middle-class and working-class American. Those who hear of it, in fact, enthusiastically favor it at once. The Save Our State Proposition simply bars any use of taxpayer funds in behalf of illegal aliens. Most people, of course, think that illegals should be rounded up and shipped home, and certainly not be the beneficiaries of tax-supported medical care, public schooling, and all the rest of the far-flung apparatus of the welfare state.

As you can imagine, every Establishment, every right-thinking group is hysterically opposed to this proposition, and this of course includes Big Business, labor unions, teachers associations, the media, the pundits, the professoriat, and all the opinion-molding elites: in short, all the usual suspects. These groups denounce Save Our State as encouraging the spread of ignorance and disease, and its proponents as hate-filled, racist, sexist,

heterosexist, xenophobic, and all the rest. The only groups in favor of Save Our State are a proliferation of unknown, truly grassroots organizations, organizations which try to avoid rather than court publicity because they have been the recipients of numerous bombing threats and death threats, presumably from members of the “illegal community,” a community, which in other, not Politically Correct, contexts would simply be called “gangsters.”

Our own Justin Raimondo, I am proud to say, is the San Francisco coordinator for Save Our State, and he reports that the head of the San Francisco Libertarian Party (and here I should point out that the California Party is perhaps the only state party which has a substantial membership and is not simply a paper organization), that the head of the San Francisco Party, opposes the Save Our State Proposition—a first among libertarians in opposing a tax-cutting measure.

What is the rationale for the Party’s scuttling the taxpayer and the rights of private property in favor of Political Correctness? Because the enforcement of this proposition might pose a threat to civil liberties! But of course the enforcement of any measure, good or bad, might pose some sort of threat to civil liberties, and thus is scarcely an excuse for not passing any worthwhile bill. Borders, apparently, are not only supposed to be open, that openness has to be encouraged and paid for heavily by the U.S. taxpayer. The co-mingling of public and private, the change in the definition of “rights,” has apparently gone so far that every illegal has the right to leach the taxpayers of Lord Knows how much. Welcome to Big Government Libertarianism!

Opposition to taxes in fact, is being weakened across the board. Cato has recently come out in favor of the well-financed campaign to eliminate the “personal income tax” and to replace the revenue completely by a national sales tax. The Old Right, or older paleo call that I remember fondly from the days of my youth, was to repeal the Sixteenth Amendment and to abolish the income tax, period. The current variant is a very different proposition. In the first place, it falls for the slogan first foisted on the conservative movement by the supply-siders and then adopted, left and right, by virtually all economists and alleged statesmen: that whatever happens, and whatever changes are made in the tax laws, that the changes must be “revenue neutral,” that is, that total federal revenue must never fall.

It is never explained how this axiom got smuggled into alleged conservative or free-market doctrine, or why in Heaven’s name total tax revenues must never be allowed to fall. Why in blazes not? To the common answer that we have to worry about the federal deficit, the proper reply, which no one seems to make any more, is to cut government spending by huge amounts; and that means, of course, the old-fashioned definition of “budget cut” as an actual cut in the budget, and not its current meaning of a cut in its “rate of growth” or a cut from some presidential or congressional projection, based on

inevitably shaky assumptions, of future growth in spending. As pointed out recently in the Mises Institute's *Free Market* newsletter there are several grave flaws in the idea of replacing the personal income tax by a national sales tax.

In the first place, contrary to the alleged "realism" or "pragmatism" of this proposal, it will not, in practice, result in repeal of the income tax, but rather in adding on of the sales tax to the current rotten tax structure. Secondly, if the "personal" income tax were eliminated, the corporate income tax would remain. In that way, the hated IRS Gestapo would remain intact, examining records and poking into lives. Moreover, a 30-percent sales tax would also require heavy enforcement tactics, so that a new division of the IRS would soon be poring over the records of every retailer in the country. It seems to me that to foresee these consequences does not take a Ph.D. or extensive theoretical acumen, which leads one to question the *bona fides* of outfits advocating this program.

And speaking of *bona fides*: one of the most disgraceful performances of virtually all free-market think-tanks, and of all Official Libertarian journals and institutions, was their falling into line like the many sheep to agitate on behalf of Nafta, and now for the proposed World Trade Organization. The Canadian Fraser Institute managed, with no resistance, to herd almost every free-market think-tank in this country into what they called the "Nafta Network," which devoted an unprecedented amount of resources to almost continual agitation, propaganda, and so-called "research," in behalf of the passage of Nafta. And not only the think-tanks: they were also joined by the considerable number of libertarians and libertarian sympathizers among syndicated columnists, writers, and assorted pundits.

The unfolding process provided us with some grisly amusement. The original line of these left-libertarians and freemarketeers was the Clinton-Bush line: namely, that Nafta was promoting, indeed was indispensable to, the lovely concept of free trade, which had become an article of conservative Republican faith during the Reagan administration. The only opposition to Nafta, therefore, by definition, came from an alliance of confused or more likely evil protectionists, who were either socialistic union leaders, the hated Ralph Nader, or were inefficient domestic manufacturers seeking protective tariffs or were their hirelings. Even worse, were their allies the hate-filled protectionist xenophobes, racists, sexists, and heterosexists, such as Pat Buchanan.

At that point, Pat Buchanan pulled off a master stroke, totally discombobulating the pro-Nafta forces. He pointed out that ardent and purist free-traders such as Lew Rockwell, myself, and the Mises Institute, and people at the Competitive Enterprise Institute, opposed Nafta because it was a phony free-trade measure, and because it piled numerous new government restrictions upon trade, including socialistic labor and environmental controls. And further, that these restrictions were particularly dangerous because they added on international, inter-governmental restrictions, to be imposed by new inter-governmental agencies accountable to no one and to the voters of no nation.

The amusing point was that the pro-Nafta propagandists were forced to make a hurried and immediate change of front. They were forced to add attacks on us, either printing our dread names or relying on general themes. Since they couldn't call us protectionists, they had to fight simultaneously a two-front war, attacking at the same time evil protectionists of right and left, while also denouncing us as excessively pure free-traders, and therefore, in the Voltairian phrase which I am coming to detest almost as much as words like "alienation" and "tolerance," using the best as the enemy of the good. In fact, of course, Nafta and WTO are in no sense "good"; they make the current situation far worse, and therefore qualify as "bads" in any libertarian of genuinely free-market sense.

Some left-libertarians replied to our strictures against international government that only xenophobes and statists can worry about "national sovereignty," because in high libertarian theory, only the individual is sovereign and not the nation. I don't want to comment on this point at length now. But, as far as I'm concerned, it should be almost self-evident to any libertarian that the piling up of larger and higher levels of government can only add to the scope and intensity of despotism, and that the higher these levels go, the less they are subject to check, curtailment, or removal by the subject population.

But increasingly I find that nothing can be taken for granted, or considered self-evident, among supposed libertarians. Indeed, Clint Bolick, one of the leading libertarian legal theoreticians and activists has written a book for Cato, rather astoundingly looking around at today's America and concluding that the real tyranny, the real menace to our liberty, is not the federal Leviathan, not Congress or the Imperial Executive or the increasingly totalitarian despots-for-life who constitute the federal judiciary, no, not these. To the contrary, that the real menace to liberty nowadays are grassroots local governments.

It seems to me that there is very little reasoning, or discourse, that can be used with people who look at American life today and come to these kinds of conclusions. To call such people "libertarians," much as to call Nafta propagandists "free traders," stretches those words beyond all meaning or sense. As in the case of the deconstructionists, with left-libertarians we are plunged into a Humpty Dumpty world, where words mean just what they choose them to mean, and the real question is who is to be master.

Speaking of who is to be master, the Nafta propagandists had the unmitigated gall, or chutzpah, to charge the coalition of protectionists and unreconstructed free traders with being in the pay of the evil textile industry. This charge, mark you, comes from institutions heavily supported by the Mexican government, the Canadian government, by Mexican and Canadian lobbyists, and by corporations and donors in the export industries. For one widely unreported truth about American economic foreign policy since World War II, and even since the late 1930s, including government trade negotiations, treaties and agreements, alleged "free trade" and reciprocal

trade, as well as all programs of foreign aid, is that their major motivation was to constitute a taxpayers-funded subsidy to export industries and to the bankers who finance them. Talk about people in glass houses!

I don't want to leave the case of Nafta without briefly mentioning the amusing response of the Libertarian Party. Once again, the Party had always in the past been consistently opposed to all forms of inter-governmental restrictions or controls on trade. And yet, the august National Committee, which governs the party in between its increasingly rare national conventions, felt compelled at the height of the controversy to issue a statement in support of Nafta, throwing its entire weight into the debate.

The person who is in effect the ruler of the National Committee is himself a libertarian theorist of note. And either nostalgia for his former views or a certain modicum of integrity impelled him to actually try to answer our criticisms. Unfortunately, to do so, he had to fall back on the sort of arguments formerly used by such sectarian outfits as the tiny handful of people once gathered in such grandiosely named organizations as the International Revolutionary Workers Party. That is: he and therefore the National Committee acknowledged that there may be some problems with Nafta, the international bureaucratic rule might well impose restrictions that overwhelm its supposed free trade features. But, the National Committee concluded, not to worry, because should such a thing begin to happen, the Libertarian Party would throw its great political weight into stopping it. Well, it's certainly a relief to know that the Libertarian Party will hurl its body between Nafta and its inevitable consequences!

As the paleo alliance has become increasingly influential, we have drawn for quite a while fevered attacks by neoconservatives, and now by the burgeoning Official Libertarians. Indeed, Virginia Postrel, editrix of the Santa Monica monthly *Reason* has, in a sense, specialized in attacks on the Buchananite right-wing. Usually, she denounces it for its alleged opposition to "change"; indeed, she often sounds like the assorted harpies of the media echoing the Clintonians during the presidential campaign, trumpeting the necessity of "change," apparently change for its own sake, which she confuses with some sort of Opportunity Society. The real question, however, is change for what, and in what direction? Paleos, after all, are big devotees of change and radical change to boot, except that somehow I think that the type of change we seek—appropriately reactionary and hate-filled—is not exactly the sort of "change, change, change" that this editor and various other neocons and Clintonians like to talk about.

This month, she has an editorial denouncing the anti-Gatt coalition, which the editor very oddly sees as "partisans of stasis...appealing to state power to block the dynamic processes of markets and individual choice." How she can interpret a measure fervently supported by President Clinton and the rest of the statist establishment as an example of market and individual choice defying state power passeth understanding.

There is another recent instance that also draws the ire of the editor in the same editorial. This issue she also sees as a coalition for stasis trying to block the beneficent processes of economic growth on the free market. Here we have a coalition of liberals, conservatives, local residents, historians, and all people concerned with conserving and honoring America's heritage, trying to block the development of an American history Disney theme park on the grounds of the Battle of Manassas. One major reason for trying to block this Eisnerizing of northern Virginia, is the politically correct history that Eisner's top historian, the notorious Marxist-Leninist Eric Foner, was planning to foist on the unsuspecting visitors to the park.

Foner, by the way, in a striking example of a leftist-neocon alliance, was the main "expert" in the first Reagan year helping Irving Kristol and the neocons to smear Mel Bradford as a "racist" and a "fascist" for having the temerity of being critical of one of the leading despots in American history, the sainted Abraham Lincoln, who in many ways is the leading predecessor of "Dr." King in enabling us to separate quickly the right-wing sheep from the various species of left-wing goat.

Postrel describes this anti-theme park coalition as "a coalition of anti-growth liberals and blood-and-soil conservatives." Somehow, it is not surprising that the editor, as a left-libertarian, does not mention and so doesn't seem to be concerned with the projected bombardment of innocent tourists with a politically correct, Marxist-Leninist version of American history. But here, once again, Pat Buchanan threw a monkey-wrench into the works of the left-libertarian propaganda machinery by highlighting the fact that yours truly, in an article in the Mises Institute's *Free Market*, uniquely attacked the Disney theme park as not being free-market development at all, since the project explicitly depends on a subsidy of \$160 million to be contributed by the taxpayers of the state of Virginia.

Is it really pro-stasis, anti-growth, and anti-free market, to oppose a project requiring a \$160 million subsidy by the taxpayers? How does the editor presume to defend her support against such a criticism from someone who, at the very least, may be a lot more libertarian and anti-statist than she herself? Her defense is actually quite interesting if singularly unimpressive. Her comment, in full, is that "the free-market objection that the park is getting state subsidies isn't part of the main debate." Well, that takes care of *that* argument.

One of the main grounds that have supposedly led to libertarians' hatred of religion is that they, the libertarians, are staunch advocates, above all, of reason, whereas theists are eternally mired in what rationalists like to refer to as "superstition." Well, it is instructive to ponder the quality of the reasoning power that these people have used in defending their flight from liberty and the rights of property.

Let us now turn to a final measure that illustrates the Great Leap Stateward of the libertarian movement. This is their championing of the school voucher scheme, which the left-libertarians literally wrote for the

California proposal voted on, and defeated, last November. Neoconservatives and left-libertarians happily plunged into, and largely financed, the California voucher drive, secure in the supposed knowledge that their only opponents would be the usual array of left-liberals and teachers' unions.

The left-libertarians featured their favorite buzzword, "choice," which they first applied to women's choice on abortion and now to the expanding choice of parents and children on which schools to attend and whether or not to attend private or public schools. Anticipating the framework of the debate, the voucherites were having their own way, but this time they were, once again, blindsided by an extremely influential article that Lew Rockwell wrote in the *Los Angeles Times*, which the distressed voucherites later ruefully admitted was the greatest single force in scuttling their plan. For Lew bypassed the standard debate by making points that appealed especially to embattled California parents and taxpayers critical of the public school system.

Lew pointed out (1) that the welfare state, and the burden on the taxpayers, would increase instead of being reduced by the voucher scheme; and (2) that while the public school teachers might well oppose the plan, it is more important and more dangerous that the voucher scheme would greatly increase government control and dictation over the private school system, now still largely free of government intrusion. The government always controls what it subsidizes, and in the case of vouchers, the government would be obliged to define what a "school" is, in order to let the school be eligible for the voucher subsidy.

As in all redistribution schemes, the range of choice of the beneficiaries can only expand by restricting the choices of the losers, in this case the choices of the parents of children now going to private schools. Not only did this argument prove to be a blockbuster, but Lew also raised, for the first time I believe, another sensitive and compelling argument; (3) that the voucher plan would destroy the relatively good and now carefully safeguarded suburban public schools, because these suburban schools would be forced to accept anyone who applies from any other school district.

In short: that these neighborhood schools, which are at least to some extent under the control of local neighborhood parents and taxpayers, would now be forced to accept hordes of uneducable and even criminal youth from the inner-cities. The choices of suburban parents would be restricted. Not only would the suburbanites' children be in danger, but their property values, much of which had been built up by moving into districts with relatively good schools, would be gravely endangered.

While Lew Rockwell's last magnificently Politically Incorrect argument met the predictable hysteria from left-libertarians, who accused him of the customary racism, sexism, hetero-sexism and all the rest, his argument was extremely effective where it counted: namely, among the middle-class suburbanites previously inclined to vote for the school voucher plan. There is

no greater testimony to the power of ideas, regardless of pre-existing political clout or the extent of funding.

A general note: fourteen years ago, the Libertarian Party ran its best-funded, and therefore its most widely publicized, presidential campaign. The campaign, run by what even then was its decidedly non-purist wing, was asked by the media, now interested for the first time, to tell them in a few words what this “libertarianism” is all about. The campaign’s answer: libertarianism is “low-tax liberalism.”

The absolute ruler of that campaign, Ed Crane, is now the head of one of America’s most prominent libertarian think-tanks. Recently, he and his colleagues provided another summation of the essence of the libertarian creed. The answer: “market liberalism.” Note that while the older definition made at least a vague reference to lower taxes, the current credo is one that can be agreed to by literally everyone. After all, since most socialists call themselves “liberals,” and all socialists now agree on having some sort of market, this phrase could be, and probably has been, embraced by such not-exactly libertarians as our beloved president, William Jefferson Blythe Clinton IV, as well as by the unlamented last head of the defunct Soviet Union, Mikhail S. Gorbachev. Talk about being respectable and mainstream!

In recent weeks, this same prominent theorist of “market liberalism” has moved to ward off what he sees as the great danger of the rising right-wing populist movement. Instead, he offers as a counter what he calls “The Velvet Revolution,” a term that seems far odder and more exotic in the United States than it did in the Czech Republic.

This Velvet Revolution, which, according to this leading left-libertarian, will limit the federal government “without disruption,” is simply a triad of statutory measures. One is replacing the personal income tax by a national sales tax, which I have discussed already. A second is term limits; and a third is the balanced budget amendment. The problem with the entire triad is that they will either have no effect or make matters worse; at best, they might con the populist masses into thinking that Washington has been curbed and dropping the whole issue. And maybe that’s the point.

Very briefly, the balanced-budget amendment is a fraud and a hoax. In addition to escape clauses for Congress to override the amendment easily, and that it will provide an excuse for raising taxes, and the fact that the federal government can and does easily shift its expenses to “off-budget activities,” the so-called “balancing” is only for projected future expenditures and not for the actual budget, and anyone can literally project any future expense.

And, finally, there is no enforcement provided: will all Congressmen who vote for unbalanced budgets be taken out and shot?

Which brings me to the third leg of the Velvet triad: the much-praised term limits. I have no problem with the concept *per se*; the problem is that Term Limits only restricts Congress or state legislatures, and the legislative arm is the one that has lost most power among the three branches of government.

Congress and the state legislatures are, of all branches, the only ones quickly subject to public accounting and retaliation at the polls. These are the only people we can get rid of rapidly and peacefully. But contrast the other dangerous branches, which are conspicuously not to be subject to term limits.

There is the Imperial Executive, where only the president is limited, much to the griping of all champions of “democracy.” The rest of the vast and swollen federal bureaucracy is not only not subject to public removal, they have been frozen into place as permanent despots by the so-called “civil service” or “merit” system, which was put across on the public by the intellectual and media elites of the late nineteenth century. And finally, there are the real monstrous tyrants of our day, the unchecked and runaway federal judiciary, which enjoy virtually absolute power over every town and village and every person’s life. And at its pinnacle the Supreme Court are our unchecked despots for life. If the term limit people begin to advocate, say the abolition of the federal civil service, and two-year term limits for every federal judge, I will begin to take them seriously as part of the solution instead of being very much part of the problem.

In conclusion: I am confident, in contrast to this desperate left-libertarian attempt to draw the teeth of the populist revolution, that the days of Beltway “realism,” both among conservatives and left-libertarians, are doomed. There is now a powerful and truly grass-roots movement awake throughout the heartland of America, a movement that is radical, right-wing populist, and possessed of a deep hatred and contempt, first of course for the Clintons and their whole repellent crew, and second, for Washington in general, for the Beltway, its ideologies and its culture, and for all politicians, especially those located in Washington.

This grass-roots right-wing is very different from anything we have yet seen. It profoundly dislikes and distrusts the mainstream media. And, by extension, it has no use for Beltway organizations or their traditional leaders. These grass-rooters are not content to kick into the coffers of Beltway organizations and obediently follow their orders. They may not be “socially tolerant,” but they are feisty, they hate the guts of the federal government, and they are Rising up Angry. In this burgeoning atmosphere, the supposedly pragmatic Beltway strategy of cozying up to Power is not only immoral and unprincipled; it also can no longer work, even in the short run. The oppressed middle and working-classes are at last rising up and on the march, and the new right-wing movement will have no time and no room for the traitorous elites who have led them by the nose for so many years. ■

THE NOVEMBER REVOLUTION AND ITS BETRAYAL

January 1995

On the November election and its aftermath, there's wonderful news and there's terrible news. The wonderful news, of course, is that the great right-wing grass roots revolution against Big Government, a revolution we at *Triple R* had been heralding since last summer, struck the Democrat Party in November everywhere it could, and swept it out of power. The terrible news is that it took less than twenty-four hours for that revolution to be grievously betrayed. From his own perspective, Ralph Nader put it very well: that most Congressional revolutions are betrayed no sooner than the following January, whereas this one was sold down the river in December. Nader was speaking, of course, about the most glaring example of that betrayal: Dole, Gingrich, Armey and the rest of the new Republican leadership leaping to collaborate with the hated and repudiated Clinton to bring back the discredited lameduck Democrat Congress to ram Gatt down the throats of the American people.

Bringing back the defeated Foley, Sasser, and the rest of the gang was a direct slap in the face by the Republican elites of the very voters who had just put them into power. In England, there is a custom at meetings for the rank-and-file of organizations to shout "Shame!" and "Resign!" when their leaders do something particularly odious. There should have been such an outcry from every rooftop in America at this act of treachery by the quisling Gingriches and Doles.

Why couldn't the Republicans wait a few weeks for their own Congress? The argument that the new Gatt-WTC was supposed to begin this January is absurd; most countries haven't even ratified Gatt yet. The real reason is that the unconstitutional "fast track" provision expired at the end of 1994; in that rule, which applied only to trade agreements like Nafta and Gatt, Congress agreed to tie its own hands, and eliminate all possible voting on amendments, so that Congress could only vote "yes" or "no" on an agreement handed to it by the president. But couldn't Gatt then have been "amended to death"? Yes, and that's the whole point. Just like any other important measure, including the annual budget. That's what representative republican government, in contrast to dictatorship and its stooge parliaments, is supposed to be all about.

The news of the betrayal of the revolution is appalling but unfortunately not surprising. And Gatt is only the most immediate and evident example of the looming across-the-board treachery. Both parties, the Republican as well as the Democrat, have long been run by an effectively bipartisan Big Government elite that is strongly opposed to the interests and the values, economic, moral, cultural, and religious, of the vast majority of the American

people. This bipartisan elite is in the minority, but it has managed to control public policy for a half-century because it is strong in wealth (important sectors of Big Business and high-finance—summed up in the old phrases “Rockefeller Republican” and “Eastern Establishment”) and in the opinion-moulding classes and institutions: e.g., writers, technocrats, policy wonks, planners, and bureaucrats. A combination of vast wealth and numbers of writer-intellectuals means that the respectable and influential big media—the press and television—endorse and push for the statist, Big Government cause.

A quick rundown of the crucial issues that helped ignite and propel the November revolution, and where all elites, including the new Republican Party leaders, strongly oppose the public will:

Open Borders: Everyone agrees that the public wants to crack down on illegal immigrants and restrict immigration *per se*; the elites say no.

Foreign Aid: Everyone also agrees that the American people are against foreign aid, especially now that the Cold War is dead and gone. But all the Republican elite are hysterically opposed to any whittling down of foreign aid.

Foreign Intervention: Now that the Cold War is over, why does the United States have to intervene everywhere; why do we have to push every other country around for its own alleged good, and at vast expense to the American taxpayer? Everyone agrees that the American public couldn’t care less about the fate of Bosnia, or Rwanda, or Somalia, or Haiti. And yet the only criticism the Doles and Gingriches are leveling at Clinton’s foreign policy is that he is not slaughtering *enough* Serbs.

Welfare: The American people want to abolish welfare altogether. The Gingrich–Armey “reform” only wants to add expensive government-financed orphanages to Clinton’s own phony welfare reform. The key point to look at is that all of these so-called reforms would *add* to the taxpayer financing of welfare, not sharply reduce or abolish it.

Victimological Regulations: The American people want to get rid of affirmative action, all sorts of “civil rights,” and other victimological special privileges that oppress the majority of Americans, injure the consumers and cripple businesses. The Gingrichian response? Zero. The elites want to keep the current system, and at most only tinker with it around the edges.

Gun Control: A crucial spark for the November Revolution was the intensifying tyranny of gun control. The current Republican response? Virtually zero. The bipartisan ruling elite loves gun control, and the Gingrichians only oppose it in rhetoric, not in deeds. Has any Republican leader called for repeal of the Brady Bill?

Deficits and Government Spending: The liberal Democrats may be hypocritical about deficits, but they have a point. The supply-side alibi, except for such comparatively minor areas as capital-gains taxes, is clearly wrong. Deficits *are* bad, as the public realizes, and to cut them requires

extensive, far-reaching slashes in government spending. And that means *real* cuts, *not* phony “cuts” in rate of government growth, cuts in projected future government expenses, or “caps.” And it also means big cuts in federal government functions, as well as abolition of entire departments and agencies. The public demands such action. But there have been no budget *cuts* proposed in any Gingrichian program, and no mention of abolishing the Departments of Education and Energy, let alone other agencies.

Instead, all we are offered is the Gingrichian balanced-budget amendment which not only slows the reform process to a crawl of many years through the amendment procedure, but is also an unenforceable hoax and a sham. Why can't Gingrich and Dole avoid this posturing and simply present their own *balanced budget* this winter as an alternative to Clinton's? Because they too favor Big Government and centralized power in Washington, D.C., that's why.

Money: Any serious people's revolution would do something to curb or abolish the inflationary government-banker cartel, the Federal Reserve. The American people are far more opposed to the Fed than are the Republican elites, who virtually worship the Fed and whoever its chairman happens to be. The people not only distrust and dislike the Fed, they also believe correctly that the only genuine money is gold. Why does no Republican leader call for return to the gold standard, a truly free-market money?

There is an acid test that every leader can apply for himself for the next two years, about the Republicans in Congress, be they the Doles or the Gingriches. At each stage forget the rhetoric and ask yourself: what did they *do*? Did the Republicans, did the conservative Republicans, singly or together actually *reduce*, substantially and sharply, the scope and impact of Big Government? Did they roll back—*really* roll back—the power of Washington, D.C., over your lives and your property?

I should emphasize that I don't believe that all is hopeless, or that we might as well retire to some island. On the contrary, the good news is not only that the mass of the public have become fierce opponents of government intrusion and enemies of Leviathan; the good news is also that some of the freshmen Congressmen and Senators, especially in the House, are dedicated, fiery right-wing populist conservatives and libertarians, who are true embodiments of the November Revolution. They are beholden to their principles and to their constituents, not to the perks and power that might be handed out by Newt Gingrich and his cohorts. Many of them only became Republican candidates because the party elite had no idea that they would win. There are many hardcore paleos in Congress, and other sympathizers who are open to persuasion, either by conviction or because they realize that this is what their constituents demand. One of the leading Republicans in the Senate, for example, was converted against Gatt by reading the Mises Institute's sparkling booklet, *The WTO Reader*. Such impact can be multiplied many-fold.

Of the many worthy freshmen in the House, two can be singled out. One is Jack Metcalf, a new representative from Washington State. I have met Jack several times. A former State Senator, Metcalf is a veteran paleo-libertarian activist, an Old Rightist champion of the Tenth Amendment and strict constitutional government, a knowledgeable advocate of the free-market gold standard, and an implacable foe of the income tax and of the Federal Reserve. A promising young newcomer to the House is the Texan Steve Stockman, who, with very little money, toppled the powerful liberal Judiciary Committee Chairman Jack Brooks. Stockman, who featured a poster "FIGHT CRIME, SHOOT BACK," stressed three magnificent themes in his campaign: (1) an accountant, he has dedicated himself to the abolition of the dread Internal Revenue Service; (2) he hammered away at Brooks's sellout to the gun-control forces in voting for the ban on "assault" weapons; and (3) he played on TV, over and over again, spots of the Janet Reno-BATF holocaust of the Branch Davidians at Waco, interspersed with Rep. Brooks's cruel pronouncement: "those people got what they deserved." No Jack, *you* got what you deserved on November 8.

The important thing now is for the mass of the public *not* to be lulled, *not* to think that the war is over, now that Gingrich has been elected, and that we all might as well go home. On the contrary, the first battle has been won, but many others remain in this glorious but protracted struggle. The next vital step is to keep alert, study the continuing record of this Congress, and to keep putting the pressure on the Republican party and its elites. In short, to help the paleo-type populists in the House and Senate, the militant backbenchers and their sympathizers, to assist them in putting pressure on the reluctant elites of their own party. Keep their feet to the fire; never let up. And let us all remind the new Masters of the Universe, in their arrogance, that what the people have given them, the people can and will take away. They have two years to put up, to shape up, or be shipped out. And if a threat of a viable third party, whether Perotvian or some other, begins to loom large for '96, so much the better. If Slick Willie and his rotten collectivists gang are doomed, as it certainly appears, great. It couldn't have happened to a more deserving crew. But the Republicans should be constantly put on notice that, if they don't get with the Revolution, they will soon follow Slick Willie into the ashcan of history. ■

*A RIVEDERCI, MARIO**January 1995*

In one sense of course, the toppling of Mario Cuomo from his New York throne was part and parcel of the nationwide people's revolution against the Democrat Party. But the shock was a lot greater in New York than in most of the country. In the first place, Mario had for years been the Great Shining Prince of Democrat left-liberalism: witty, brainy, eloquent, left-Catholic theologian (an *acceptable* Catholic, for Heaven's sake, now that Teddy was old, fat, and discredited), a man who had taken the nation's liberals by storm at his speech at the Democrat convention of 1984. Ever since, he had been the Numero Uno *presidentabile*, if we may coin a term.

But second, and more strikingly, Mario was *supposed* to win; until Election Day, the polls had Mario comfortably in the lead. In contrast, for example, everyone knew that Tom Foley was doomed many weeks before the election. And the Cuomo lead was not part of what looked like a massive media disinformation campaign from mid-October on. Nationally, the Democrats were first supposed to lose badly, and then came the Gingrich contract, and then Clinton looked presidential while out of the country, and the media began to hype the Comeback Kid and the Comeback Party. The polls claimed that the Republican surge had stopped; they peaked too early; Clinton is up in the polls; the Democrats are now surging ahead; the public has had a chance to look at the "contract" and blah blah. The Democrats are up again! I had been optimistic about a Democratic collapse before that, by the final weekend before Election Day I was getting worried, snowed by the "scientific" media onslaught. But then, magically, the day before Election Day, whoops! the polls showed that the Democrat surge had magically stopped; the Republicans are up again, and by Election morning the polls were at least in the ballpark (although plaudits to political analysts Robert Novak, Michael Barone, and Stuart Rothenberg for getting the Senate shift right on the button, and they called the House pretty closely as well).

What was with the media? My astute colleague Lew Rockwell plausibly speculated that the media, after trying to hype their wish-fulfillment as long as they dared, *had* to preserve their credibility and start telling the truth by the Monday before Election Day.

But in any case, New York was different. *Everyone* in the media expected Cuomo to win handily down to the wire by several percentage points. Instead, Pataki won by 4 percent. What in the world happened? One straw in the wind; in its pre-election issue, the politically savvy weekly *New York Observer* had two interviews with the supposedly winning Cuomo camp. To the reporter's stunned surprise, David Garth, the legendary campaign head for Cuomo, instead of being euphoric or cocky, was elegiac, mournful,

apologetic about his mistakes. And another *Observer* journalist reported that the pre-election mood in the Cuomo camp was one of “quiet desperation,” trying mightily to bring out the black vote in New York City. As Rockwell explains, if political candidates have a lot of money, *they* can see what’s happening far better than the media, because they take daily “tracking polls” that can pinpoint the coming election results. The media were off base, but *Garth knew*.

THE SUPER BOWL OF CAMPAIGN CONSULTANTS

At the heart of the Cuomo–Pataki struggle was a war between the rival political consultants-campaign managers, arguably the two best in the business. Both men are tough, smart, abrasive, New York ethnics. Heading the Cuomo camp was Dave Garth, the Founding Father of modern political consulting, who cut his eye teeth in the Adlai Stevenson campaign of 1952. Garth began as a liberal Democrat, but has moved rightward over the years to become a centrist Democrat. In recent years, Garth has been most comfortable conducting campaigns *from the right*: his last great triumph was the centrist “fusion” Republican–Liberal campaign of Rudolph Giuliani for Mayor of New York, ousting the black leftist incumbent David Dinkins.

In the opposite corner handling George Pataki: the conservative–libertarian Republican, the shadowy, reclusive Art Finkelstein. Finkelstein’s most recent *coup* was the brilliantly-run campaign of 1992, electing Al D’Amato for U.S. Senate against the anointed liberal Democrat klutz Bob Abrams. D’Amato managed to overcome “ethics” charges to defeat the colorless, over-confident Abrams. Particularly notable was Finkelstein’s slogan for Al D’Amato, intoned repeatedly on TV: “Bob Abrams, hopelessly liberal.”

Dave Garth had a big problem on his hands. Not only was 1994 looming as a Republican year, but New York was sick, sick, sick of their former darling, Mario. Mario had begun as witty and eloquent; he originally won the governorship in 1982 in a tight race against the bright but humorless conservative Republican Lew Lehrman. Cuomo won it in debates with Lehrman, his quick wit effective on radio and TV. A highlight was the time that Lehrman tried to explain to fiercely pro-gun control New Yorkers why he was opposed. Lehrman drifted off into an elaborate and rambling explanation how he had grown up in rural Pennsylvania, and how it was important to know how to shoot gophers because horses would stumble into gopher holes and break their legs. Mario’s riposte was in the best tradition of devastating New York wit: “Lew,” he said, “in all the fifty years I have lived in the borough of Queens I have never once seen a horse fall into a gopher hole.” End of Lehrman.

The wit has long gone, however. Mario had also charmed New Yorkers by his nagging, hectoring, intrusive style. Let any radio or TV talk show host criticize Mario, and the governor was immediately on the phone, rebutting, attacking, griping. Any journalist who criticized him got an

angry or a needling phone call. At first, this seemed great: Mario was alive, aware, in-your-face, a true New Yorker. But after years of this, New Yorkers grew weary, especially since Mario didn't *do* anything. As term after term dragged on, and after twelve years in office, Mario's accomplishments were nil: the only results he brought in his wake were higher taxes, more crime, more welfare. During the summer, one of those incidents occurred that stuck in New Yorkers' minds as summing up the bog of decay that had slowly but surely settled in New York. The state maintains a recorded I-Love-New-York phone line, that anyone could call to get information on what's going on in the city. But during the campaign it was revealed that because of high costs and high taxes in New York, the actual phone operation had to be moved to rural Pennsylvania! Oh, Mario, Mario!

How would Garth play the Cuomo campaign? For the first several months, Garth went positive, showing commercials stressing Mario's nobility, his stature, his accomplishments, etc. But *what* accomplishments, exactly? Here we have to realize that while most politically aware Americans have long regarded Cuomo as the leader of the liberal-left, New York's strident and voluble Hard Left has long felt very differently. It is precisely because of Cuomo's great gifts that the Hard Left has felt bitterly betrayed. Apart from speeches, a thirst for power, higher taxes and a stubborn insistence on vetoing the death penalty, Mario hadn't really done a darn thing to bring socialism to New York State.

For the left and for the blacks, Mario's biggest betrayal was his implicit collaboration with Giuliani in 1993 to dump the disastrous David Dinkins. The left and the blacks couldn't forgive or forget the fact that the decisive element in swinging that tight race to Giuliani was Cuomo's investigator's strategically-timed report on the famed August 1991 black riot in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. The Australian Hasidic scholar Yankel Rosenbaum had there been killed by a black mob. The Cuomo appointee's report laid conspicuous blame for total incompetence on Dinkins and on his inept black Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward. The Cuomo Crown Heights report was the decisive factor in beating Dinkins and electing Giuliani.

So when Garth went positive for Cuomo, there wasn't really much positive to say. As a matter of fact, the copious TV spots showing Mario saying "elect me for another four years, so I can finish the job," struck most New Yorkers as a grotesque joke. Finish *what* job, Mario?

The left in New York, usually loud to proclaim the importance of "issues" versus personalities, implored Mario to go negative against the virtually unknown Pataki, a farmer and then State Senator from Peekskill, up the Hudson Valley from New York City. Apparently, leftist reporters uncovered some shady "ethics" dealings by the bland, handsome, slightly goofy-looking Pataki.

Garth, however, was no longer comfortable going negative against conservatives. He launched another tack: he went negative against Al

D'Amato, continually blasting D'Amato and deriding Pataki as a mere puppet of the Republican Senator. There were D'Amato's ethical problems, for which he had been cleared, and particularly the rather confusing, highly technical but still serious indictment of Al's beloved brother Armand, for lobbying on behalf of a corporation from the Senator's office. (That, however, was not illegal though it looked bad; the actual criminal charge was a bizarre accusation that Armand had committed some sort of fraud by *pretending* to lobby for the company, but not really doing so.)

As a short-run tactic, the demonizing by Garth of D'Amato was highly effective, and Al got rattled, committing a series of gaffes in mid-October. The most damaging error, in this P.C. age, was a quip D'Amato was overheard making to Pataki's glamorous lieutenant-governor running mate, Betsy McCaughey. D'Amato was anxious to line up the coyly neutral Rudolph Giuliani for an October endorsement of Pataki for governor; after all, they were both in the same party. D'Amato laughingly suggested to Betsy: "Why don't you make Rudy an offer he can't refuse?" Immediately, the assembled harridans of left feminism rose up in their righteous wrath and denounced poor Al from one end of the stable to the other. It got to the point, where, at a crucial late October stage of the race, Al D'Amato had to skip town on "vacation" and leave for California.

Shortly afterward, on October 24, Garth pulled his seemingly decisive coup: inducing his old client Rudy to cross parties and endorse Cuomo for governor. Everyone was all smiles at the photo-op: Rudy yammering about how good this would be for the city of New York (i.e., New York State funds and goodies galore), and Cuomo and his stooges blathering about how Giuliani showed high "courage," devotion to "principle," etc. *What* "principle," pray tell? Picking the highest bidder? The Giuliani October betrayal was one of many cases where liberal Republicans made their late, cheap hit against the candidates of their own party, participating in what Sam Francis aptly calls the "Backstabbing Faction" of the Republican Party. It shouldn't be forgotten, however, that Rudy was taking a neatly calculated risk; not only did his action seem decisive, but Rudy's other power base in New York politics, the Liberal Party, should not be overlooked. They, as Cuomo backers, were pleased. Giuliani had been the "Republican-Liberal" candidate for mayor in 1993.

There was another reason why Mario seemed to have it wrapped up by late October. During the summer, a third-party candidate suddenly popped up, a man who had far greater potential for damaging Pataki than the floperoo ex-Libertarian candidate, radio shock jock Howard Stern.

The centerpiece issue of Pataki's campaign was the promise of a large 25-percent income tax cut, basing himself on the successful Christine Whitman race for governor of New Jersey in 1992. But all of a sudden there popped up an unknown mini-Perot, a centi-millionaire computer payroll magnate from Rochester, B. Thomas Golisano. Running on the small but

permanent ballot line, the Independence Fusion Party, Golisano poured millions of his own money into the campaign, attacking Pataki *from the right*, and promising much deeper tax cuts than Pataki was supporting. By the end of October, Golisano was getting 14 percent in the statewide polls, and over 30 percent, in his home area of Rochester. Since almost all of these votes would be drawn from Pataki, the Golisano race seemed to insure a Cuomo reelection.

And Cuomo had accomplished this feat without going negative against his opponent, thereby maintaining his high-minded, quasi-theological image as some sort of secular saint. His campaign did orchestrate a press conference at City Hall in New York four days before the election, where Giuliani and his No. 2, nasty leftist New York Public Advocate Mark Green, denounced federal HUD grants that had found their way to a Pataki legal client in Peekskill. But the media, themselves lazy, adopted a strategy of not airing any negative reports, in other words, not giving free publicity to any material that the campaign itself wasn't willing to push on television. In other words, no free media rides, unless the Cuomo campaign was willing to pay for TV spots. But neither Garth nor Cuomo were willing to lower Mario's dignity by going public with such material. Besides, why do so when the triumphal reelection of Cuomo was wrapped up?

THE COMEBACK KID

In the meantime, Art Finkelstein had not been idle. Before things seemed to fall apart in the fall, Pataki had been doing very well. Pataki went negative very early, keeping the emphasis on everyone's weariness with Mario. For positives, Pataki stayed pleasant and vague, concentrating on the tax cut issue that had elected Christine Whitman in New Jersey, supplemented of course by attacking the high crime rate. For the negative, Finkelstein drew on the highly effective slogan that had elected Al D'Amato in his very tight race for U.S. Senate against Bob Abrams. In the new Pataki slogan repeated again and again: "Mario Cuomo, too liberal, for too long," Finkelstein brilliantly encapsulated in the last five words both the liberalism and the long twelve years that people had had to put up with Cuomo.

By the time of Giuliani's endorsement, two weeks and one day before the election, Pataki had held a substantial 7-to-8 points lead in Pataki's internal tracking polls. Giuliani's late hit endorsement of Cuomo reversed the standing radically; by October 28, eleven days before election day, Cuomo had vaulted into an enormous 13-point lead. Panic ensued in the Pataki camp. What to do?

Art Finkelstein's response was the brilliant masterstroke of the campaign. While the Cuomo camp understandably crowed about the endorsement, the Pataki campaign hammered away constantly at what Finkelstein astutely labeled "the deal"—what John Randolph of Roanoke once famously called "the corrupt bargain." It was "a deal," the Pataki people

charged, for New York City to get still more taxpayer funding to leach off upstaters in the rest of the state. After all, why else would Giuliani stab Pataki in the back at the last minute? The Cuomo–Garth emphasis on Rudy’s “courage” and “integrity” didn’t cut much ice with an electorate already sick of politicians. Moreover, Giuliani administration officials, hailing the endorsement of Cuomo, incautiously told newsmen that they were counting on \$150 million in increased state aid to New York City once Mario was re-elected.

That admission was all that Finkelstein needed. Keeping Pataki himself above the fray, Finkelstein ran a TV commercial using surrogates charging Cuomo with “buying votes” by cementing the deal with the Mayor. On October 29, Pataki was sent on a whirlwind trip to several upstate cities, hammering on the corrupt bargain theme and raising the red flag of still more taxes going to the City: “Mr. Cuomo is sending your hard-earned tax dollars to New York City.” The hated City: a city that had already been draining upstaters of vast sums of taxes, and for what? The City: heartland of crime, and of welfare, where fully one-third of the population is on the dole. In the meanwhile, in a two-pronged strategy, the Pataki camp implored the upstate votes not to “waste their vote” against Cuomo and high taxes by pulling the lever for Tom Golisano.

On the same day that Pataki began his whirlwind tour upstate, Dave Garth made his big tactical error of the campaign. He sent Rudy Giuliani on an upstate tour of his own to counter Pataki. But why in the world would Garth think that Giuliani, the symbol of the hated City, would be popular upstate? All it did was underline the Pataki attack strategy. Immediately, Finkelstein purchased additional anti-Giuliani TV ads on upstate stations, and also mobilized visible protests outside all of Giuliani’s upstate news conferences. After the election, Kieran Mahoney, another top Pataki strategist, gloated: “I thank the mayor for making that upstate swing. It was sporting. It was timely. It was needed. And he energized our base by doing it.” Another Democrat miscalculation was on how many votes the Giuliani endorsement would actually draw for Cuomo. It is true that the mayor’s regime has been popular in New York, for getting the cops to crack down on street bums and making some visible budget cuts. But who not already voting for Cuomo in New York would be swayed by a Giuliani endorsement? Precious few. Liberals were already pro-Cuomo, and those too fed up with Mario to vote at all were not about to be persuaded by the endorsement of a Republican—a tiny breed in the city as it is. More important, the blacks in the City could not forgive Giuliani for overthrowing their beloved Mayor Dinkins, and his endorsement of Cuomo only underscored the substantial Cuomo role in defeating Dinkins. Generally, blacks and Hispanics need a strong motivation to go to the polls *at all*. The blacks now had no such motivation, despite the best efforts of Dinkin’s former deputy mayor, the advertised black “political genius,” Bill Lynch, to get out the vote in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

In the wake held at Cuomo headquarters on Election Night, Mario's top two political strategists—Garth and head boss of the Liberal party, Raymond Harding—admitted that the much-sought Giuliani endorsement had proved counterproductive. Too late now!

Moreover, in retrospect, it is clear that the basic Garth strategy of demonizing Al D'Amato didn't really work either. After all, Al D'Amato may be rude, crude, and in-your-face, but in this and in the way he looks and talks, Al is a true New Yorker. He may be an abrasive ethnic to heartland Americans, he might not play in Peoria, but he is quintessentially New York. Why should a demonizing strategy work? After all, it was only two years ago that Al swept in, defeating Bob Abrams by over a million votes. Hard as it may be for non-New Yorkers to realize, they love D'Amato in New York. He became known years ago as "Senator Pothole," for his assiduous attention to the humdrum, day-to-day needs of his constituents. And shortly before election day, Al was gloriously vindicated, for his beloved brother Armand was not only freed by the appeals court, but the judges threw out Armand's indictment and conviction as outrageous; why was this man being persecuted at all? Go get 'em on Whitewater, Al!

HOW PATAKI DID IT

Politically and geographically, New York State may be divided into three sections: heavily liberal and Democratic New York City, the moderately Republican suburbs of the City (Long Island and Westchester), and heavily Republican upstate. The key to a statewide victory, by either party, is (a) the size of the margin in each region, and (b) the size of the regional turnouts. New York State has a total of 8.8 million registered voters; of these, 57 percent came out to vote. But the turnout rates differed radically over the regions: the suburbs turned out a modest 53 percent of eligible votes, upstate a sizzling 69 percent, while the city came out with a feeble 46 percent. The size of the margins reflected the outpouring of anti-New York City votes upstate. Thus, New York City gave 70 percent of its total vote to Cuomo, only down two percent from his last electoral victory in 1990; Cuomo's percentage in the suburbs, however, dropped sharply from 50 to 43 percent; while his percentage upstate fell like a stone, from a respectable 46 percent four years ago to only 32 percent this year. Combine the low turnout in the City with the anti-Cuomo outpouring upstate, and you have the fateful defeat.

Upstate, the key was the vote of the three large cities, Buffalo, Rochester, and Syracuse, usually so heavily Democratic that they carry their respective counties solidly for the Democrats (Erie, Monroe, and Onondaga respectively). In 1990, each of these counties had gone substantially for Cuomo. This year, however, the worm turned: Erie going for Pataki by 36,000 votes, Monroe by 21,000, and Onondaga by 49,000—the latter a whopping 2:1. The Pataki campaign was also remarkably effective in smashing the Golisano vote:

estimated before the election at about 14 percent overall and at more than 33 percent in his home base of Rochester, Golisano wound up with a measly 4 percent of the total, and only 20 percent in Monroe.

THE REST OF THE TICKET

There were two other statewide races this year in New York. The attorney-general's race was supposed to go handily to the very left-wing, very abrasive Democrat, Jewish lesbian Karen Burstein. A former state senator and family judge in Brooklyn, Burstein had been around for a long time, whereas her Republican opponent, Dennis Vacco, a former U.S. Attorney from Buffalo, was virtually unknown. The New York City left was set to celebrate the election of an open lesbian. The problem was that, while her supporters were of course familiar with and celebrated Burstein's gay agenda, the rather naive and socially conservative upstate public had no clue to what was going on. This of course often happens with special interest groups: *They* know the real poop, while the majority, blissfully unaware, don't have a clue.

It was important, then for *someone*, some Republican, to call attention to Karen Burstein's potential electoral disability upstate. But who was going to do it? No one wanted to be the sacrificial lamb, to incur the wrath of the left and the liberal media, no one wanted to be denounced as reactionary and "socially intolerant." Certainly not the "socially tolerant" Pataki. D'Amato wasn't going to stick his neck out on this one. And neither was Vacco, who had been pounding away credibly on crime and the death penalty but hadn't caught fire, willing to do the job himself. Which surrogate would step forward and tell the important but unpalatable truth?

Finally in mid-October, up to the plate stepped the conservative Guy V. Molinari, borough president of Staten Island, a small conservative Italian and Irish Catholic borough of New York City which had voted last year in favor of secession from the detested city. Molinari, who couldn't care less about the *New York Times* or the *Village Voice*, had the courage to point out the Emperor's lack of clothes. Karen Burstein is an open lesbian, Molinari charged, and as a lesbian she should not be in charge of enforcing the law of New York State, which sometimes includes the outlawry of lesbian activities. A storm of liberal abuse heaped upon Molinari's head, while Vacco himself protested that one's sexual activity is no one else's business. But as the issue caught fire, Vacco added that private activity was one thing, but a political lesbian agenda was something quite different, and a legitimate issue to attack. By the end of the campaign, Vacco was able to point out that a Burstein campaign flier proudly proclaimed that she would "help lead the fight for lesbians and gay men in New York and across America." *What* "fight," exactly?

In the end, Vacco won narrowly but substantially, by three percentage points. The outcome was a big surprise and a shock to the left. Karen

Burstein holding a kind of therapy group for her lesbian sisters at campaign headquarters, everyone sobbing and denouncing “homophobia,” and Burstein reading a poem from Auden that was solemnly quoted in full by the adoring press the next day. Go quote Auden in private, Burstein!

After the election, Molinari summed it up: “By the time the election rolled around, I don’t think there was a tiny hamlet in that state that wasn’t aware not only was she a lesbian but...that she had a gay and lesbian agenda....It probably made the difference in the election.”

Apart from Senator Moynihan, a centrist Irish Catholic who won his inevitable smashing victory against the hapless, Republican liberal millionaire, Bernadette Castro, the only statewide Republican who lost, shockingly snatching defeat from the jaws of a Republican tide, was Herbert London. London lost the comptrollership race to the only black on either ticket, the bland Carl McCall from Harlem, who had been appointed to the vacancy by Cuomo eighteen months before. McCall was supposed to be the weakest Democrat on the statewide ticket. So how did he manage to beat the conservative London, who had run a very good race for governor on the Conservative ticket four years earlier, almost beating out the tomfool Republican candidate, the Wall Street economist Pierre Rinfret?

McCall and London were supposed to be neck-and-neck in the polls; so how did he wind up with a six point margin, the first black ever to be elected to a statewide office in New York?

In the first place, McCall, a former banker, raised a lot more money, and he poured out TV attacks on London’s conservative views. As a black, moreover, he was able to bring out more support than the others from black neighborhoods. But, after all, it was a conservative and a white political year, and these factors were not the keys to McCall’s surprising victory. The key is that Herb London blew the race, committing a series of wrong-headed and almost ludicrous miscalculations. Let’s face it: Herb London goofed.

One problem is that Herb was a visible sorehead. He had tried to run for governor, and his delegates at the Republican state convention were strong-armed by D’Amato so as not only to nominate Pataki, but also to deprive London of the 25 percent he needed to get automatically on the primary ballot without having to go through the difficult process of gathering signatures. London denounced this deed as an outrage, and threatened to run against Pataki on the Conservative ticket, whereupon he was persuaded by the D’Amato forces to take the comptroller’s spot on the ticket. But London couldn’t keep his mouth shut, and twice he deeply angered the Republicans by openly attacking Pataki, the head of his own ticket, and suggested that Pataki either lead or get out of the way.

But worse than that: London, an Orthodox Jew, made as the central theme of his campaign: anti-Semitism! denouncing the Crown Heights riot and trying to implicate McCall as a black anti-Semite. This absurd charge was promptly rebutted by the McCall camp, bringing out several prominent

Jews to protest this outrage. But more importantly, Herb London never seemed to realize that while Crown Heights and charges of anti-Semitism may go over big in Brooklyn, upstate WASPs and Catholics really don't spend their days worrying about Jews and anti-Semitism. It is simply not their central concern, and until he wises up to this central fact of life, Herb London will never win a statewide election.

CODA

And so justice pretty much triumphed in the New York election. After the election, George Pataki moved swiftly if quietly to punish the Backstabbing Republican Left. It took two weeks for Pataki to return Giuliani's Election Night congratulatory phone call, and it is pretty clear that goodies are not going to flow Rudy's way in the next few years. In addition, Pataki moved effectively behind the scenes to dump the long-time Nestor of the Republican left in New York State, State Senate majority leader Ralph Marino, whom the Senate Republicans kicked out on behalf of the conservative Joseph Bruno. In a desperate attempt to save his precious power job, Marino offered to sacrifice his widely hated long-time counsel and theoretician, Angelo Mangia, but Marino had no takers. Both Mangia and his boss are out, and Marino is now talking elegiacally of immediate retirement. 1994 was the end of a political era in New York State in more ways than one. ■

1996! THE MORNING LINE

February 1995

Before last November, there was no point in weighing the various presidential possibilities for 1996, since elections are always bound to bring crucial changes; and this one did, and how! Now, however, a mad early scramble for the Republican nomination has already begun, and will emerge in full force by this summer. Now that many states have pushed their 1996 primaries much earlier to obtain influence over the nomination ("front-loading"), it becomes more important than ever to get into the race, and to start raising money, as soon as possible. The standard early ploy is to speak at Republican or other key gatherings in crucial early primary states, and to appoint committees to "investigate the potential for entering the race" (i.e., to see how much money can be raised and how many supporters can be rallied).

A word of caution: many of the names floating out there are people who don't seriously expect to get the nomination. What they *really* want is the vice-presidential nod, but *nobody* ever announces: "I want to run for vice

president!" The thing to do is to get your name out, get some support, and hope that lightning will strike in the shape of whoever gets the party's nod for president.

THE "EASTERN ESTABLISHMENT"

Dominant in both major parties for decades is what has been loosely called the "Eastern Establishment," which, in the Republican party, boils down to a close but sometimes uneasy alliance between two powerful and wealthy groups: the Rockefellers and their numerous industrial, corporate, and financial coterie ("the Rockefeller World Empire") (RWE); and the neoconservative-Wall Street group, the latter being a tight coalition of neoconservative foundations, academics, pundits, journalists, and think-tankers, along with their Wall Street allies.

Here we focus on the Republicans; the ruling elites among the Democrats are in some ways different—e.g., multi-gendered, multicultural, victim groups and the Hard Left, though the Rockefellers and the left-neocon Wall Streeters are also powerful if not dominant there. The neocons, who joined the Republican right, and soon took it over, in the late 1970s, brought to the alliance with the Rockefellers the crucial opinion-moulding elite (academia, pundits, technocrats, think-tankers, etc.), plus lots of money from endowed foundations, originally Old Right, which the neocons managed to capture totally in the early 1980s. Whereas the Rockefellers undoubtedly have more money altogether than the neocons, they are obliged to *do* things with their money—like producing oil—whereas neocon foundation money is free to exert all of its influence in a singleminded drive for State power. In addition, the moulding of public opinion is crucial for any wielding of power, since intellectuals must be relied on to spin the apologia for the exercise of power, and for getting the public to go along with the policies which violate all their sound instincts, e.g., higher taxes, government regulation, foreign aid, open borders, condomania, gun control, affirmative action, the welfare state, or the virtual expulsion of Christianity from the public square.

The Establishment within the Republican party *is* The Enemy, and always has been. The Eastern Establishment has been the key force in ruling the country for decades, and has guided the Republican party into aiding and abetting the Democrats in their continuing drive toward socialism; in the case of the Establishment, a corporate-statist socialism. It was in rebellion against this elite that the Old, pre-Goldwater right, essentially middle class and businessmen from the Midwestern heartland, waged its determined though losing struggle. And it was against the kindred Democrat elite that the American people waged their glorious populist revolution last year.

The composition of the Republican Eastern Establishment, however, has changed over the decades. From World War II until the 1970s, they

consisted of the Rockefeller World Empire; since the late 1970s, however, the RWE has been joined by the neocon-Wall Street forces. In fact, the neocons have successfully achieved primacy over their Rockefeller allies in dominating the Republican party. One crucial reason is that the Rockefellers were always openly leftists (or “moderates” in the whitewash term of the liberal media), so that Nelson Rockefeller and the phrase “Rockefeller Republican” became a stench in the nostrils of every conservative, grass-roots American. But the neocons were sneakier; they moved rightward from being Truman–Humphrey Democrats in the late 1970s; they claimed to be “conservative” and in short order managed to take control of the entire conservative movement.

How did the neocons accomplish such a feat? For one thing, as self-proclaimed New York Intellectuals they brought to the Republicans and to the conservative movement a veneer of High Theory that the party and the movement had long lacked: and as ardent “anti-Communists” and “ex”-leftists they were warmly embraced by conservatives as prodigal children and as knowledgeable comrades in the Great Crusade against the Soviet Union. Overlooked in this enthusiasm was the fact that the neocons’ anti-Communism was rooted, not in the anti-socialism of the right, but in an adherence to other, anti-Stalin wings of the Marxist Church (e.g., Trotskyite, Bukharinite, Menshevik, and, generally, “right-wing Social Democrat”). This bloodless surrender to the neocons could never have been achieved without leadership in this process by the Pope of the Right since the late 1950s; Bill Buckley and his *National Review*. Buckley was motivated, not only by the anti-Soviet Communism common to the right, but even more by his yearning for respectability and social acceptance in the fetid hothouse atmosphere of the New York *intelligentsia*—an acceptance that could be secured by the Kristols and the Podhoretzes.

Once they were welcomed into the conservative tent; it was duck soup for the neocons to take over: propelled by their organizing skills and their drive for power honed for decades in the Marxist–Leninist movement, and clinched by their rapid takeover of wealthy foundations endowed by Old Right heartland businessmen who doubtless have been spinning rapidly in their graves. Hence, the neocon dominance in much of the Reaganite movement, especially in foreign policy, in the upper strata of conservatism, and now in elite sectors of the Republican party.

THE NEOCON STABLE

Many of those lining up in the presidential race are opportunists ready to bend to pressure from the most powerful quarters: few are leaders of genuine principle. But, in light of our analysis, it is important to distinguish between opportunists (or “pragmatists,” as they like to be called) who are willing to bend to the popular will, versus those whose allegiance, and whose sellouts, will not be in obedience to the popular will but to the

malignant elites of the neocons or the Rockefeller World Empire. In view of the neocons' overriding strength in the conservative leadership, it is particularly vital for paleos and populists, for those who yearn to advance the great American revolution for liberty and against Big Government, to oppose those whose prime allegiance is owed to the neocon power elite. While it would be wonderful to nominate a principled paleo, a genuine populist, we must recognize that we may not be able to have our druthers, and that it would be far better to nominate a pragmatist bending to the popular will than someone who is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Neocon Empire. This is especially true because the American people are now dedicated to rolling back Big Government. Far better, in other words, *our* opportunist than *theirs*.

The neocons, as we shall see presently, have a large number of wholly-owned nominees in their stable; they constitute, in horse-racing lingo, an "entry." How did they get so many? For one reason, the way you get to be a potential candidate is to be *mentioned* in the media; and the more you get mentioned, the more of a viable candidate you become. Who controls the number of mentions? In the Republican-oriented or allied media, the neocons, who constitute the "respectable" conservative spectrum of journalists, pundits, "experts," political consultants, and so on. And so neocon favorites get most of the mentions.

JACK KEMP

Jack Kemp was the prime neocon candidate for a long time; he has been the neocon fair-haired boy for almost two decades. Plucked out of obscurity as a congressman from Buffalo, Kemp became the Great Thinker, the prince of "progressive" conservatism, the leader in "outreach" to blacks, gays, and all of the increasingly numerous ranks of the "oppressed," champion of their "empowerment" and of the "conservative opportunity society." Kemp's enthusiasm for unions and for the welfare state was demonstrated in his proudly calling himself a "Lane Kirkland Republican" (Lane Kirkland is the leftist longtime head of the AFL-CIO). During the Reagan years, Kemp's devotion to ever Bigger Government and the welfare state could be covered up by the exclusive Reaganite emphasis on cutting capital gains taxes and income taxes in the upper brackets. But when he joined the Bush cabinet as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), his odious record in expanding statism and the HUD budget—exposed in devastating critiques by the Mises Institute's Jeff Tucker—began to grate on the conservative grassroots.

Kemp has especially become a cropper in recent years as the conservative grassroots has become angrier at Big Government and the welfare state, and in particular as they have emphasized social and cultural issues. For Kemp's stubborn hostility to cultural conservatism, his refusal to embrace moral or religious values, has finally lost him the support of the religious and

cultural right. Kemp has at last become an embarrassment to his neocon masters, and there are increasing signs that they are preparing to ditch him as a candidate. Not that the neocons *disagree* with Kemp's positions; it's just that in their lust for power, the neocons realize that they must continue to bamboozle and thereby rule over the religious right as an essential building block and base of their coalition; therefore, neocon candidates are expected at least to give due lip-service to morality and "family values" while getting ready to betray them in practice. Either through stupidity or stubbornness, Jack Kemp has refused to accept the open signals and gentle pleas by neocon pundits to get with the morality rhetoric.

In addition to all that, let's face it, Jack Kemp is a lousy candidate. It is no accident that he got almost no votes when he ran in the presidential primaries in 1988. Despite his vaunted "optimism," he has none of the optimist Reagan's famed charm; indeed, Kemp never smiles, and likes to babble on in his squeaky, high-pitched monotone about supply-side economics, not exactly a winner on the stump. Like Clinton, Kemp talks too much, but unlike Slick Willie he has no personal magnetism and no appetite for chatting up the voters. In recent years, moreover, Kemp has grown testy and has Lost It in personal appearances and debates—a sure way to lose votes.

Jack Kemp, it's a pleasure to say, has Had It.

BILL BENNETT

Whereas Kemp at least made it to Congress on his own, Bill Bennett has always been a total creature of the neocons. He was nothing, and had no career, until he was plucked out of the lowest ranks of obscure, know-nothing academia to become Irving Kristol's creature as head of the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). Kristol, at the beginning of the Reagan administration, had organized a monstrous and successful smear campaign that deprived the great scholar and genuine conservative Mel Bradford of that post. From NEH, Bennett vaulted to become secretary of education during the second Reagan term. There he advanced the socialistic neocon educational agenda of nationalizing education under the direction of the federal government. On the advent of the Clinton administration, neocon foundation money installed Bennett and Kemp as co-heads of Empower America, twin presidential possibilities. Bennett was also placed in a host of lucrative and essentially no-show posts by his munificently funded neocon mentors.

Unlike Kemp, Bennett talks about morality and religion all the time; and indeed, he is the best-selling "expert" on Virtue. For a while, it looked as if Bennett would be the top neocon candidate, but one problem is that he has never *run* for, much less been elected to, anything. So he has never been tested. Still, Bennett was able to con the lovable but gullible Christian right into becoming its favorite candidate, and for a while it looked as if Bennett were destined to replace Kemp as the preferred neocon candidate. But then

Bennett goofed, admonishing the Christian right that organized homosexuality should be none of their concern; that in fact lesbianism is positively benign. Instead, the Christian right should turn their focus of moral disapproval to the evils of divorce, a battle that most of us thought had been settled a long time ago.

Bennett's high standing with the Christian right took a predictable nosedive as a result: a fall accelerated by Bennett and Kemp's joint trip to California late in the 1994 campaign to denounce the very popular Proposition 187, which cut off taxpayer funding to illegal immigrants. The two men jointly cut their political throats at the behest of their lord and master, Bill Kristol, heir to papa Irving's neocon throne. Presumably, open borders, and even defiance of the manifest popular will, means enough to the neocons that they are willing to sacrifice their two most prominent presidential candidates. When their master's voice spoke, Bennett and Kemp of course had to bend the knee. Fortunately, this takes Bennett out of the presidential sweepstakes.

THE OTHER NEOCONS

Don't cry for the neocons, however: they have plenty of candidates left in their stable. Most prominent, and unfortunately also beloved of the Christian right, is the man once properly derided by Pat Buchanan as "little Danny Quayle." Quayle benefits from the new American custom of making a vice president the natural heir to the throne; in the good old days, vice presidents remained obscure forever and no one thought that they had any built-in edge for the presidency.

A Quayle nomination would be a disaster; he is perhaps the only Republican whose stature is lower than Bill Clinton's in the eyes of the American public. And deservedly so; the man is a flyweight, his face indelibly stamped with the look of a bewildered kid. His status as a butt of perpetual ridicule was not simply a creation of the liberal media; the media found it and were delighted to run with the news. Only a Danny Quayle would take the main moral stand of his career in an idiotic confrontation with a fictional TV character. It is true that his memoirs were a bestseller, but he was incautious enough to attack his presidential rivals openly, not a move calculated to endear him to the party faithful. That he is wholly owned by the neocons is demonstrated by the fact that the evil Bill Kristol was his control ("chief of staff") throughout his vice presidency, as well as by the frequency of his joining in neocon smears against Pat Buchanan.

Until the day of writing this article, Dick Cheney would be included in our roster of neocon entrants. Cheney's withdrawal, however, has just been announced. A cautious, uninspired and uninspiring Gerry Ford liberal, Cheney became George Bush's cautious and uninspired secretary of defense. Only the fact that he became a wholly-owned neocon accounts for the durability of his being mentioned and cosseted by Republican conservatives.

But while Cheney has been running for president for a long time, his campaign never caught fire. To become a presidential candidate, it is not enough to be cosseted and adopted by the elites; you also have to be able to get votes and support among the public. But no one liked Dick Cheney—no one, that is, except corporate executives, and whatever their strengths and virtues, corporate executives do not constitute a very large bloc of the voting population.

I saw the same curious phenomenon at work in the 1980 campaign. An old and dear friend of mine, a retired corporation executive, told me that while his heart was with Reagan, he was supporting for president John Connally. “Why *Connally*?” I asked, in surprise. “Because Connally can win,” he replied solemnly.

So spectacularly wrong was my friend’s judgment, that I suspect another very different factor was at work in the disastrous Connally, as well as the Cheney, presidential races. There was apparently something about the personalities of Connally and Cheney that appealed to corporate executives. Maybe they *looked* every inch the CEO: I don’t know. Perhaps a kind corporate exec reader will enlighten us further. At any rate, Dick Cheney no longer constitutes a problem.

But there is another dark horse neocon entrant left: one who has been running for a long time, who remains virtually unknown to the American public and yet who *keeps* being mentioned over and over as a viable presidential candidate. He keeps being mentioned, as we have noted, because he is yet another wholly-controlled neocon stooge. I refer, of course, to the sainted Lamar Alexander, former governor of Tennessee a long while back. As Bush’s secretary of education, Alexander pushed the nationalized education plan of his malignant deputy, neocon theoretician Chester (“Checker”) Finn. Since Alexander has been called “everybody’s (hah!) No. 2 favorite,” don’t be surprised if he gets the vice-presidential nomination, either as a “conservative” or as a “moderate” “southern governor,” depending on what label is needed by the neocons at the time of the Republican convention.

NEWT!

That leaves us with the newest and perhaps most dangerous neocon of them all, Speaker Newt Gingrich. Most dangerous because his sometimes flaming revolutionary rhetoric makes rank-and-file conservatives think that he is a red-hot opponent of Big Government and champion of the right-wing populist revolution. Newt is anything but. He is a Big Government man to his toes, a long-time champion of Franklin Roosevelt, the New Deal, and the welfare state, even more ardent than the Democrats in his devotion to the New World Order and to the extermination of Serbs or of anyone else who gets in the way of neocon-imposed “global democracy.”

We shall be dealing more with Newt in *Triple R*. Suffice it to say here that he is a total neocon, but with a wacko, futurist, technobabble,

psycho-babble twist. A half-baked pretend intellectual, loaded with motivational-managerial jargon, he imposes reading lists on his Republican charges, reading lists loaded with books by his futurist, technobabble advisers. Furthermore, as keen observers from different parts of the ideological spectrum have already noted, his personality is disturbingly akin to Clinton's. Like Clinton, Gingrich talks too much, babbling incessantly on tangential topics; like Clinton, he changes his mind rapidly; and like Clinton he brings with him a team of kooky, Utopian-minded statist advisers determined to drag America into "The Future." And, like Clinton, Gingrich has already demonstrated an enormous appetite for personal power. Already, he has made himself the most powerful Speaker of the House since the notorious Joe Cannon. And, at least somewhat like Clinton, Gingrich already brings with him a baggage of ethical problems. He seems to lack a personal ethical compass. Distressingly volatile, even in our post-Cold War age, Newt still makes one uncomfortable about the prospect of his finger being anywhere close to the nuclear button.

For make no mistake: Newt Gingrich is a definite possibility for the presidential race in '96. Already the rumor is hot in Washington that Newt will build on his Speakership to run for the White House. Through his massive fundraising for his own personal GOPAC, he has built up a formidable machine of House Republicans beholden to him throughout the country.

OUTSIDE THE NEOCONS

To sum up: the prime overriding task of paleos and populists for the Republican race in '96 is to stop The Enemy: to oppose the nomination of any and all neocon-owned and controlled candidates: that is, to stop Kemp, Bennett, Quayle, Alexander, or Gingrich. They are all, to put it simply, unacceptable. No matter how unprincipled or opportunistic their rivals may be, they may be subject to pressure and influence, and are therefore not entirely hopeless: but the neocon-handled are beyond the Pale.

How about the Rockefellers? Unlike the old days, there are no Rockefeller stooges in this race; the unlamented George Bush was one, and his fate demonstrates where the straight Rockefeller types are today: nowhere. The only possible such nominee is the once famed James R. Baker, Bush's former heir apparent. Once the prince of the liberal media, Baker's total floperoo as alleged savior of the Bush campaign has knocked him totally out of the box. Actually, before that debacle, Baker, as secretary of state, was stabbed in the back by fellow cabinet member Jack Kemp and the neocons for what they deemed insufficient devotion to the State of Israel, which was the major reason—and not his tax increase—for the neocon knifing of Bush in 1992 and their overt as well as covert support for Bill Clinton. Baker has no chance, and of course this is no great loss to the right-wing populist cause.

The favorite of the left-libertarians within the Republican party, as well as of the Republican gays, is Massachusetts Governor William Weld, whose alleged devotion to budget-cutting and fiscal conservatism is as phony as his commitment to gay “rights” and to gay affirmative action is real. A wealthy preppeie patrician, Weld, in both content of policy and in personal style is a virtual standing provocation to Christian conservatives, and therefore stands zero chance of the nomination.

Other possibles from the left fringe of the party are Bushie Secretary of Labor Lynn Martin, hoping for lightning to strike as vice president and Woman; and Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who has long been an announced candidate for the White House in '96. But the Year of the Woman is long gone, and 1994 saw the remarkable uprising of the Angry White Male (who voted Republican no less than 2 to 1). As for Specter, in addition to being Jewish, he is on the far left fringe of Republicans in the Senate. Specter has only done two conservative things in his life: he was tough in questioning Anita Hill (for which he has been abjectly apologizing to organized Womanhood ever since), and, mindful of his presidential prospects, not joining Theresa Heinz in trying to sabotage the recent successful senatorial race of conservative Republican Rick Santorum. (Theresa is the beloved widow of left-liberal multi-millionaire Jack Heinz, who died in a plane crash.) Sorry: not good enough. Presumably Specter too is hoping to emerge as the first Jewish vice presidential candidate in American history. Happily, no chance.

BOB DOLE

The probable frontrunner: Everyone knows Bob Dole, and knows him all too well. The ultimate Insider, he has been around too long, is too old in an era when Washington insiders are rightly deeply suspect. Not only that: Dole is a statist to the core; he is High-Tax Dole, Dole the Compromiser, always ready to cave in to the Democracy. Furthermore, in an age when politicians are expected to be friendly, smiling, and charming, Bob Dole, to the contrary, is bitter and sardonic. As far as I am concerned, that bitterness is his only attractive quality; but my view is scarcely the typical voter reaction. Sellout and statist in content; snarling and bitter in form: not the best recipe for national success. Indeed, in national affairs and politics outside Kansas, Dole is a perpetual loser. He is trusted by no one, and quite rightly, except perhaps by Kansas agricultural interests. Though he might well be nominated, the selection of Dole would bring electoral disaster to the Republican party.

PHIL GRAMM

Now we get to the more interesting candidates, from the paleo-populist perspective. Gramm is first of all perhaps the brightest of the candidates: unlike Gingrich, he is an intelligent academic, having taught economics at the distinguished Friedmanite economics department of Texas A&M.

Unlike the other candidates, when Gramm sells out principle, which he will do often, he *knows* he is selling out and why, which I guess is a virtue. Since he knows better, he *knows* that liberty, the free market, and small government is the proper policy for the country. Since libertarianism and small government has now become the will of the grassroots public, Gramm has proven to be amenable to populist grassroots pressure. Since he bends to the political winds, and since he knows in his heart that we are right, he is the likeliest of all the major candidates to be an opportunist in *our* direction. Unlike the above-mentioned candidates, Gramm is neither a leftist, nor is he owned by either the neocons or the Rockefellers. Hence, with him, the populist cause has a fighting chance for significant influence.

An interesting example of such successful pressure came in the critical fight for Texas Republican chairman in 1994, and for consequent control of the ever-stronger Texas party. Phil Gramm and his senatorial ally, Kay Bailey Hutchison, in the course of her triumphal reelection over trumped-up criminal charges brought by the Democrats, joined in pushing the selection of right-centrist Congressman Joe Barton for chair. Barton was opposed, from the left, by a liberal Republican Woman, heroine of course of the liberal media, and from the right by the paleo Tom Pauken, a former Reagan official who was the candidate both of the Christian right and of libertarian Republicans. Pauken, who was of course demonized as a Christian by the media, has always been friendly to sensible libertarians, and his successful race is an inspiring example of the ability of Christian conservatives and libertarians to join in a common cause.

Tom Pauken, last summer, was the candidate of the mighty grassroots people's revolution against Big Government. At the convention, shrewdly perceiving the groundswell to the right, and being a rightist at heart himself, Gramm, instead of petulantly insisting on Barton to the last, had Barton withdraw his candidacy, and got behind Pauken, who swept to victory to the anguish of the media.

In short, put enough right-wing populist pressure on Gramm, and, his head joining his heart he will cave; he will be happy to be *our* opportunist. That cannot be said of any of the dedicated neocon or Rockefeller candidates.

PETE WILSON

All his political life California Governor Pete Wilson was the very model of a liberal Republican: high tax and cultural liberal, he was long the bane of California conservatives and Christian rightists. But he had one important virtue: he was *not* under Rockefeller or neocon control. If he was a "pragmatist" or opportunist, he was at least *his own* opportunist. By the summer of 1994, high tax Wilson looked doomed to defeat, and left-Democrat Woman Kathleen Brown, of the famed Democrat Brown family, was far ahead in the polls.

And then Pete Wilson did a remarkable thing: he showed brilliant "political entrepreneurship" by following the public will, even if he had to

change his political views a full 180 degrees. Sensing the public will, and being happy to adjust to it, he had the courage to go the whole way: he swung sharply rightward, lowering taxes, and latching on to the one political issue where the mass of the California public stood totally opposed by every single one of the powerful financial and opinion-moulding elites in the nation: open borders. In particular, Wilson was the only leading California politician of either party to support Prop. 187, which barred taxpayer funding to illegal immigrants. Wilson had the enormous courage to weigh in on the side of the people and against the hysterical opposition by all of the elites: all the media, economists, academics, neocons, Big Business, Big Unions, Big Medicine, Big Teachers, you name it. Offhand, it might seem odd to brand as “courageous” taking the side of the voting public; but as we all know, in reality, it does take enormous grit for any political leader to incur the febrile opposition of all the financial, political, and media elites in the country. But in doing so, Pete Wilson’s gamble paid off: and he rode to a reelection sweep on the 2:1 tidal wave of Prop. 187.

Not only that: Wilson is consistent. He continues to support national immigration restrictions and cracking down on illegals, he supports the constitutional struggles for Prop 187, and now he has taken the lead on the outrageous “motor-voter” measures of the Democrats, which essentially act as an open invitation to voting fraud and to leftist voting by illegal aliens. Motor voter laws and decisions makes the old Tammany Hall “voting cemeteries” seem like child’s play.

In short, Pete Wilson is *our* opportunist *extraordinaire*. He is willing to follow the public will, regardless of how many neocon or Rockefeller or other Big Government elites he has to oppose. I never thought I’d live to be saying *from the right* what the *New York Times* and other establishment media have for decades been saying smugly from the left. As politicians and presumed conservatives sell out in their direction, these media will hail them for “growing in office,” for “maturing,” “growing in stature,” and “accepting the responsibilities of governing.” Well, by God, Pete Wilson has indeed grown in stature and in office, he has matured, and he has accepted the responsibilities of governing. He is governor of the biggest state in the Union, he is a genuine “Comeback Kid,” and he will be a fascinating possibility for ’96. Before he died, Richard Nixon, no mean political analyst, predicted that Pete Wilson would be reelected, and that he would become the Republican nominee for president in 1996. Wilson has vowed to remain governor, but such vows in politics are made to be broken. Don’t sell Pete Wilson short in ’96.

WHY CAN’T WE MENTION SOME PEOPLE? TWO SOUTHERN GOVERNORS

In political and social movements, as in sports or war, it is fatal to spend all one’s time on the defensive. So far, we have all sat back and let the neocon

media mention names, and thereby create their own boomlets for presidential hopefuls. We must begin to think *offense*, we must attack, take the initiative, create our own possibilities. Why can't *we* start mentioning names, and develop our own presidential possibilities?

In recent years, we have all gotten beyond the view that a presidential nominee must come from a large state. The Democrats have already saddled us with two small-state southern governors as president: Jimmy Carter and Slick Willie. But *we* have two magnificent small-state governors of our own. So why don't we start pushing them, and try to create our very own groundswell? I offer two excellent candidates: both successful and sterling paleos. First: For president, Alabama Republican Governor Fob James. Fob James is a foursquare, hardcore paleolibertarian. A Democratic governor of Alabama during the 1980s, he just came roaring back as a Republican, upsetting folksy liberal Democrat governor Jim Folsom, son of the famous Governor "Kissin' Jim" Folsom of decades ago. Last year, Fob led an upsurge of Alabama Republicans throughout the state, wiping out the old memories of nineteenth-century Republicans as the instruments of coercion and Reconstruction.

Second, we offer Mississippi Republican Governor Kirk Fordice, a hardcore paleoconservative, champion of the view, as against hostile neocons, that America is indeed a "Christian nation." At a recent post-election meeting, Fordice challenged the Gingrichian future schlockmeisters Al and Heidi Tofler, insisting that the American people don't want to leap into a future cyberspace; what they want is a return to the peace, quiet, and charm of American life in the 1950s. And so we also offer: For president, Kirk Fordice.

There: let it never be said that we are always "negative" about political leaders! Wouldn't it be wonderful, if, like the neocons, we could create our *own* narrow ideological spectrum, all the way from, say, James to Fordice? Anyone *within* that spectrum would be welcome!

WHAT ABOUT PAT?

Finally, we come to Pat Buchanan, whom we backed enthusiastically in the 1992 primary. Pat has already appointed a committee to investigate his possible candidacy, and there is every indication that he is going to run for president. Obviously, we are sympathetic to his candidacy. Pat wants to Take America Back for the old culture and the Old Republic; and he is one of the few, if not the only, candidate on the horizon who is not only not controlled by the Rockefellers or the neocons, but who would take a principled paleo and America First—let us call it a "pro-American"—position.

But Pat should be asking himself some key questions before he decides to launch a campaign. In 1992, the focus of his campaign was easy: Pat raised the banner of all conservative Republicans who felt betrayed by George Bush. But Bush is gone now; we are in a different era, an era of an emerging populist revolution against Clinton and Big Government, being led and misled by

Speaker Gingrich and the rest of the Republican elites. Pat needs to define the focus of his second campaign in the current historical context.

We know what Pat *should* be doing: He is in a unique position to take up the reins of leading a so far inchoate and leaderless grassroots populist revolution against the egalitarian, collectivist, internationalist ruling elites. This is a revolution of white Euro-males, and Pat needs to focus on their grievances and concerns: their focus should be his focus as well.

What are these concerns? Briefly: high taxes, Big Government regulation (including victimology, affirmative action, anti-human environmentalism); the welfare system and the welfare state; violent crime, including inner-city crime; gun control; foreign aid; foreign military intervention; world government and managed world trade; immigration by hordes of foreigners not assimilated into American culture; the secular attack on the Christian religion.

Right now, there are some troubling rumors that Pat intends to focus almost exclusively on protectionist arguments against foreign imports. It is fine and correct to denounce Nafta, Gatt, and all the other internationalist arrangements for managed bureaucratic trade in the name of “free trade.” But the populist grassroots movement is much more than that. It aims to restore the vital Tenth Amendment and to roll back gun control. Why has Pat failed to mention the gun issue?

What Pat must do is to raise the banner of right-wing populism: if Ralph Nader and the rank-and-file of the AFL-CIO rally behind Pat’s candidacy, that’s fine. But a coalition with pro-American (as against pro-foreign, or pro-internationalist) liberals is all well and good, *provided that* the left joins in on terms laid down by the populist right. What Pat needs to guard against is getting entrapped, in pursuit of such a coalition, into becoming just another variety of “Lane Kirkland Republican.” We don’t think it will happen, but it is important to get the campaign guidelines straight at the very beginning.

Most lines of strategy for 1996 are necessarily murky. For one thing, no one really knows if there will be a Perotvian populist third party in 1996, with or without Perot as the candidate. It is even possible, though not likely, that there will be *five* major parties and presidential candidates in 1996: Democrat, Republican, Jesse Jackson left, Tsongas-Powell center, Perotvian right-center, and a Buchananite or whatever Hard Right. In this murky and volatile situation, the important thing for us paleo-populists is that we find a candidate as soon as possible who will lead and develop the cause and the movement of right-wing populism, to raise the standard of the Old, free, decentralized, and strictly limited Republic. Pat Buchanan has the opportunity to lead this glorious cause and to fashion it into a viable, coherent, and powerful political movement and party. Certainly he has the principles and he has the intelligence to do so. Does he have the will? ■

STOP NAFTA!

October 1993

Once again, libertarians and conservatives are being played for suckers. And once again, free-market think-tanks and alleged devotees of “free trade” are serving as point-men and front-men for a sinister centrist Establishment whose devotion to freedom and free trade is somewhat akin to Leonid Brezhnev’s. The last time that “free market economists” played such a repugnant role was in the 1986 “tax reform,” engineered by Jacobin egalitarian economists in the name of “fairness,” “equality,” and free markets. (Tip: genuine free markets have nothing to do with “equality,” and nothing whatever to do with modern leftist notions of “fairness.”) The “social compact” devised by the 1986 Republican Jacobins was to cut upper income tax rates in exchange for “closing the loopholes,” “broadening the tax base,” and thereby keeping everything “revenue neutral.” (Query: what’s so great about keeping tax revenues up, the eternal aim of supply siders? Why not drastically lower tax rates *and* tax revenues? Isn’t that the *real* free-market position?)

Well, they closed the loopholes all right, thereby leveling a blow to the real estate market from which it has still not recovered. Thanks, Jacobins. And, as some of us predicted without being heeded in 1986, it took only a few years for the upper income tax rates to be raised again. This year, the rightist Jacobins feebly protested when Clinton put through his horrible budget. So Clinton broke the social compact of 1986! Does anybody really care?

The current Pied Piper, or Judas goat, role of free-market economists is being played over the North American Free Trade Agreement (Nafta). Just call it “free trade,” and free-market economists and libertarians will swallow anything. When Pat Buchanan ran for President, one of the main arguments of Our People in sticking with Bush is that Bush was a “free trader,” while Pat had become a protectionist. Never mind that Bush’s trade record was the most protectionist in many a moon. He talked a good “free trade” game, and rhetoric is all that counts, right?

Bush’s major trade legacy, now coming to a head, is of course the much heralded Nafta. Well, it *says* “free trade” right there in the title, so it must be good, right? Wrong. But unfortunately, the push is on, and free-market economists are leading the hysterical propaganda parade for Nafta. In addition to the usual neocon suspects such as the *Wall Street Journal*, and free trade supply-siders such as Robert Novak, virtually every free-market think-tank has joined in an unusual “Nafta Network,” to beat the drums for Nafta.

Real free trade, of course, doesn’t require years of high-level government negotiations. Real free trade doesn’t require codicils and compromises and agreements. If the Bush administration had wanted real free trade, all

they'd have had to do is to cut tariffs and quotas, abolish the International Trade Commission, the "anti-dumping" laws, and the rest of the panoply of monopolistic trade restrictions that injure American consumers and coddle inefficient producers.

What the Establishment wants is government-directed, government-negotiated trade, which is mercantilism *not* free trade. What it wants also is institutions of internationalist super-government to take decisionmaking out of American hands and into the hands of super-governments, which would rule over Americans and not be accountable to the American people. The mercantilist Establishment, emphatically including the right-centrist Bush-types, wants government-regulated trade as well as *subsidized* exports. Negotiated trade, whether Bush or Clinton is doing the negotiating or David Rockefeller were doing the negotiating directly, lowers import barriers only as bargaining chips to force-feed American exports into foreign countries. In addition, there is "foreign aid," essentially a vast racket by which the American taxpayer is forced to hand out billions to export firms and industries.

The renegade free marketers and free traders who endorse Nafta have two contrasting rebuttals to our argument, rebuttals which virtually cancel each other out: (1) that by opposing Nafta we are being "too purist," that we are, in the common phrase, "using the best to oppose the good"; and (2) that we are associating with the absurd arguments and the sinister interests of Left Liberals, the AFL-CIO, and/or such conservative protectionists as Pat Buchanan.

On the first point, No. Though we may be purists, we don't think that "half a loaf is worse than no loaf at all." I grant, for example, that some of the nineteenth-century treaties, such as the Anglo-French Treaty of 1860, were great steps toward free trade (e.g., Richard Cobden in England, Michel Chevalier in France). They were made in a general atmosphere of devotion to free trade. The current treaties are very different; they are made by centrist mercantilists to advance such anti-free trade and collectivist policies as internationalist supra-government, regulated trade, and export subsidy. Whatever tariffs may be reduced, they are *more than offset* by the march toward regional, and eventually world, super-government that is the essence of Nafta and all similar treaties in today's world. Nafta would not bring us "half a loaf" of free trade; if we can continue the analogy, it would bring us a "negative loaf." Nafta is *worse* than no agreement at all.

In particular, the super-government. We should heed the warning of the leading free-market expert on Nafta, James Sheehan of the Competitive Enterprise Institute (a generally estimable outfit which has unaccountably joined the Nafta Network). Sheehan points out that Nafta would set up three governmental regional commissions, that would have the power to levy fines on businesses, search the premises of business, and sue in American courts, in order to enforce three-country labor or environmental regulations.

It's like the European Community, which is being sold to the public as a wonderful European "free trade zone." But European superbureaucrats in Brussels have the power to enforce "harmonization" of: taxes, welfare state regulations, etc., in all these countries. In order to insure a "level playing field" (another synonym for left-wing "fairness"), the Eurocrats can and have *forced* low-tax countries to raise their taxes to be on par with their fellow-countries, and to impose a greater welfare state or more stringent labor regulations. The *same powers* would be placed by Nafta into the hands of these North American bureaucrat Commissions.

The point is this: while leftist critics of Nafta are wailing about evil Mexico avoiding those wonderful statist and welfarist U.S. "labor" and "environmental" regulations, the real problem is precisely the opposite. The real problem is that these rotten statist measures will be enforced by supra-government commissions, commissions which have acquired super-sovereignty, over Americans, Canadians, and Mexicans, thereby injuring the consumers and the economies of all three nations.

Article 756 of Nafta requires these three-country commissions to "harmonize" their labor, health, and environmental laws, which means, as in Europe, harmonizing all of these measures in a statist and collectivist direction.

For example: do the citizens of Texas, Arizona, and other right-to-work law states know that Nafta would give these bureaucratic commissions the right to challenge right-to-work laws in American courts, on the grounds of violating the Nafta treaty? And do they realize that because the Eisenhower administration managed to kill the great old right Bricker Amendment in the 1950s, that treaties have been interpreted as constitutionally overriding all other parts of the U.S. Constitution? And if the Clinton administration should fail in its ambition to prohibit employers from replacing strikers, the Nafta Commission might be able to sue to impose such prohibitions because union-ridden Canada and Mexico have them.

Article 1114 of Nafta prevents any country from "lowering any environmental standard." So this means that the U.S. would be prevented by this super-sovereign commission from trying to get out of any environmental rules and restrictions imposed by Canada and Mexico, who are often more in the grip of environmentalist socialists than we are.

Ironically, it was precisely the power of the super-bureaucratic commissions that led Canadian Prime Minister Kim Campbell to withhold her consent from Nafta. In a last minute deal, the U.S. then agreed to let Canada off the hook and keep its sovereignty, while the rest will be ruled by the Commissions. Canada can decide these disputes for itself, while the U.S. and Mexico have agreed to abide by Commission rulings.

Why aren't Americans allowed the same powers of self-government as Canadians?

The second rebuttal is Guilt-by-Association. No, we are not buying the absurd protectionist argument that “high-wage Americans” should not have to compete with “low-wage Mexicans (Taiwanese, or...)” This argument from economic ignorance puts the cart before the horse: and it doesn’t treat the deeper question: why *are* U.S. wages so high, while Taiwanese or Mexican wages are much lower? The reason is that American employers can *afford* to pay such high wages while Mexican employers cannot. The reason for that is the superior capital investment of the American economy, which has made the productivity of U.S. workers far higher than in Mexico. This means that the *labor cost* per unit of product in the U.S. tends to be much lower than in Mexico, even though the *wage rate* is higher. For high labor productivity means low labor cost.

Moreover, the very fact that the U.S. exports a lot of goods to Mexico, Taiwan, etc. demonstrates that there is something very wrong with this protectionist “low-wage” argument.

But the problem, as we indicated above, is the reverse of the standard protectionist line. The problem with Nafta is not that it will allow U.S. businesses to move to “low-wage” Mexico (they can do that now!). The problem is not that Mexico might be able to escape U.S. union, wage, and environmental regulations. The problem is that the United States is going to suffer *even more* of these regulations as imposed by the supra-sovereign North American Commissions.

Besides, people in glass houses, etc. If *we* are “associating” with the AFL–CIO, you guys have to look in the mirror every morning after associating with President Clinton and Mickey Kantor (Yucch!).

It is important that freedom-lovers in the American public not get fooled by the “free-market” think-tank monolith. Nafta, like the European Monetary System now virtually dismantled, is bad news. It’s worse than open socialism; for it’s internationalist socialism camouflaged in the fair clothing of freedom and free markets. Populists, even protectionist populists, are right to view it with deep suspicion.

Kill Nafta—and strike a blow directly in the gut of the Clinton administration. A good rule of thumb: other things being equal, if the Clinton administration is for it, whatever it is, it should be opposed on general principles. The more the Clinton administration fails, the more it withers and dies, the more American freedom and prosperity, the more the Old Republic, shall live. ■

WHY THE PRO-NAFTA HYSTERIA?

November 1993

I'm puzzled. I'd like to know why so many free-marketeers, so many free-market think-tanks and pundits, are not simply pro-Nafta, but are fervently, frantically, almost hysterically pro-Nafta. Look, I can understand, though not agree with, mild approval. An old libertarian friend of mine, for example, told me that he was mildly pro-Nafta but not really interested in the entire topic. That seems sensible. So why the furor, the passion, the enormous resources poured into praising Nafta and reviling its critics? Why is there a highly active free-market Nafta Network, when no one has ever bothered forming a Repeal-the-Income Tax Network, or an Abolish-the-Fed Network? And if we want to confine passion to more directly political issues, why was there no Lower-Taxes Network, or Stop-the-Clinton-Budget Network? Why is the entire pack: the Cato crowd, the rest of the Kochtopus or Koch Machine, the majority of Heritage, the Tony Snows and the Steve Chapmans, why are they going all out, playing hardball, in their frenzy to get this thing passed? Why are these gentry acting *as if their lives depended* on the passage of Nafta? Could it be because if not their lives, at least their fortunes (though scarcely their sacred honor), *do in fact* depend on it?

The twists and turns of this crowd have been truly a sight to see. First, they confidently strode forth to represent the "free trade" cause, denouncing their opponents as leftists or ignorant protectionists. But then, when hardcore free marketeers and free traders such as people at *Triple R*, the Mises Institute, and the Competitive Enterprise Institute weighed in to attack Nafta as a managed trade and international statist scam in "free-trade" clothing, the pro-Nafta gang wheeled around to denounce *us* as free-trade "purists," or, as Tony Snow called it in all his tom-fool ignorance, "the Adam Smith objection." But even if this crowd has no shame, surely their sudden change of front must be causing them some tactical embarrassment. For how can they pose as the champions of free trade while *at the same time* denouncing genuine free traders as "purists"?

The "free traders" for Nafta confront their biggest problem when we point out that, under Nafta, super-governmental commissions, unaccountable to any taxpayers, will be able to enforce and "upwardly harmonize" ever greater environmental and labor regulation standards against the wishes of the citizens of each country. The reply of the pro-Nafta people is that these are scare tactics, that these enforcement provisions are really petty and minor—nothing to worry about. Well, let's consider the crucial enforcement provisions that Nafta and its side agreements hand over to these supra-national commissions. Tony Snow and Steve Chapman assure us that these provisions are petty and meaningless. But on the other hand, Kathleen Rogers, counsel to the savvy environmentalist Audubon Society, supports

Nafta precisely because of these enforcement provisions. Most important, Clinton's own Trade Czar, Mickey Kantor, assures one and all that under Nafta, "no country in the agreement can lower its environmental standards—ever," and he applies that assurances of all-out enforcement to labor regulations (e.g., labor laws, workplace standards, minimum wages) as well.

So, if there's a difference of opinion on the strength of enforcement between Snow and Chapman on the one hand, and Mickey Kantor of the Clinton administration on the other, whose interpretation *do you think will win out*?

There is only one sensible interpretation of these "free marketeers": that they are serving as a rather feeble figleaf for the naked seizure of power by international statism. To return to the \$64 question: why are they investing so much passion in this effort?

Here is a possible clue to this puzzle. Take this seeming anomaly. On the one hand, in Annex 602.3 to Nafta, the allegedly "free-market" Salinas government of Mexico "reserves to itself," in no uncertain terms, all possible provision of and investment in every aspect of the exploration, production, or refining of crude oil and natural gas. And yet, despite that grim fact, the heads of both the Natural Gas Supply Association and the American Gas Association, express their great enthusiasm for Nafta. As President Michael Baly of the American Gas Association puts it: "The AGA supports Nafta because it would benefit natural gas energy, equipment, technology, and services trade with Mexico and Canada."

Oh? How can this be, if the Mexican government insists on socializing all aspects of oil and natural gas? Methinks we can smell a rat. It is not generally known that the most enthusiastic advocates of socialized energy production in the case of electricity, in the 1930s—of Boulder Dam, TVA, etc.—were the private electric utility companies. For the government built the dams, provided the electricity at cheap rates subsidized by the hapless taxpayers, *and then* resold that electricity to the private utility companies, who benefited from government-subsidized primary electricity. The private energy middlemen reaped the profits.

There is a vital lesson here: much of Big Government, much of the welfare-interventionist State, is pushed by private businesses in order to force the taxpayers to subsidize their own costs. (Just as in the even more flagrant case of military industries, the government provides contracts at whatever cost plus a guaranteed profit.) In short, business groups don't mind socialism at all when the government is *socializing their cost*.

So may it not be true that American natural gas companies expect to benefit by purchasing gas, whose cheap production will be subsidized by the unfortunate Mexican taxpayer? And doesn't this provide a lesson about our own "free-market" institutes and pundits, many of whom are subsidized heavily, past, present or hopefully in the future, by Wichita, Kansas, oil

billionaires Charles and David Koch, whose mammoth privately held Koch Industries concentrates on the transportation of oil and natural gas? Query: Does Koch Industries—which in November 1992 purchased 9,271 miles of natural gas pipelines to Mexico for \$1.1 billion—expect to benefit heavily from Nafta? And so such expectations account for the passion, for the fervor, of those persons and institutions who form part, in reality or in hope, of the giant Koch Machine?

As for those free marketeers not in the Koch network, how much of the massive Mexican government lobbying in Washington is funneling moolah into these institutions? Let us not forget that part of “free-market” Nafta involves an estimated \$20 billion of foreign aid which the conned U.S. taxpayers will be pouring into the coffers of the Mexican government. How much Mexican lobbying, and how many of the possible bribes, are a down payment on this promised boodle?

If we really had a press and a media responsive to the American people not to the malignant power elite, these questions would be investigated, and fast. In the meanwhile, we should follow our noses, and apply to the “free-market” and “free-trade” protestations of these worthies a liberal dose of salt. How many times will we be fooled until we realize that it is concrete policies, not cheap and cloudy rhetoric, that counts? ■

WAR

MR. BUSH'S WAR

October 1990

August 1990. Things were looking grim for Mr. Bush and the Establishment. Now that Communism in Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe had surrendered, the Cold War was suddenly over. How could U.S. imperialism be justified, now that combating the Red Menace was no longer available? Bush's enormous military budget was in some trouble: how to justify those missiles, bases, and all the rest? What is more, paleo voices on the right, notably headed by Pat Buchanan, wanted to know: now that the Cold War is over and Communism is defeated, why shouldn't America Come Home? A good question; so what was the answer?

The Establishment tried to run many answers up the flagpole; the uncertain world (true but a bit vague); "international narco-terrorism" (fine for small-scale stuff but not really BIG); German reunification (Hitler!—fine, but a bit old-hat); anti-Semitism in Russia (Pamyat! the Protocols! Great stuff but what exactly are we supposed to do about it?); Islamic fundamentalism. (Irving Kristol's point; good, but a bit passe, and besides that scary old Ayatollah is dead.)

Finally, the Bush administration got its fondest prayers answered: an authentic-seeming menace popped up, as Saddam Hussein, maximum leader of Iraq, launched a lightning-fast, brilliantly executed attack on August 2 against neighboring Kuwait. Aha! Saddam is a despotic dictator who attacked a small nation (another Hitler!), in a quick strike (blitzkrieg, just like you know who!). That's it! Since Hitler kept attacking one country after another (to take back the territory taken from Germany at Versailles), it follows that Saddam will also keep attacking unless he is stopped!? Stopped, of course, by you know who—the divinely appointed international Policeman against Bad Guys all over the world: Uncle Sap! To save our beloved friend "Saudi Arabia," perhaps to kick the evil Saddam out of poor little Kuwait, the U.S. sends in a huge chunk of its army, air force, marines, and almost the entire navy to Arabia.

I. Golitsin! Here's a beautiful chance to test the North–Abraham–Gray et. al thesis that the entire collapse of Communism was a brilliant trap to lure the West to lay down its arms, and then to receive the ultimate hammer blow from the Soviet Union (as "predicted" by a KGB defector some years ago, Colonel Golitsin). Well, guys, here's the Window of Opportunity at long last. While virtually the entire armed forces of the U.S. are squaring off across the "line in the sand" at the evil Saddam, Soviet Russia...strikes! sending the missiles, parachuting guys across the Bering Straits into North Dakota, moving south. *Red Dawn*! John Milius, where are you now that we need you? (Note: this isn't my theory, folks.)

And so George Bush got his lovely war. Everyone, of all parties and ideologies left, right, and center, all the media, the entire parade of Washington Middle East “experts” who all seem to have just stepped out of a Mossad meeting, are unanimous in praise of Bush and okaying the alleged necessity to stop this “megalomaniac,” “this Hitler.” America must “stand tall” and all the rest. (How about sitting for a change?) Bush’s approval rating, shaky because of S&L failures, zooms upward; no one in Congress so much as mentions the War Powers Act designed to curb this sort of shenanigans, and everyone but everyone is saluting the marching bands and the soldiers off to war. Bush gets his military budget hands down. And as we go marching, virtually only Pat Buchanan, Joe Sobran, and Robert Novak show any reluctance or appreciation of the complexities on which we are embarked.

Comment 2. All right, for a moment forget Vietnam: Remember Lebanon! Does anyone remember when Mr. Stand Tall himself, Ronald Reagan, got U.S. Marines into Lebanon, and how he/we turned tail and ran when the Marines were chopped up? Strange that no one, then or now, ever remarked on this fiasco, much less absorbed its lessons. Lesson of Lebanon: U.S., stay the hell out of the Middle East! (Another lesson: don’t trust the Israeli state. A new book by ex-Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky reveals that the Mossad had advance warning of the car bomb attack on the Marine barracks, but withheld it to further “poison U.S.–Arab relations.”)

WHY FIGHT FOR ARABIA?

OK, let’s examine the arguments for the U.S. march into Arabia and its war against Iraq.

“He’s Another Hitler!” Oh come on, knock off the Hitler analogy already. What are you saying, for God’s sake? That “if we don’t stop him on the Euphrates, we’ll have to fight him in the streets of New York?”

Wouldn’t it be great, by the way, if everyone observed a moratorium on Hitler for at least a year? No more “another Hitler” every time someone starts a war someplace, no more bellyaching about Hitler in general. There is more hysteria now, 45 years after his death, than when he was still alive. Isn’t this the only case in history where the hysteria against the loser in a war continues, not only unabated but intensified, 45 years *after* the war is over? And consider too, the guy was only in power for 12 years! In a sense, Hitler will achieve his “1,000-year Reich” after all, because it looks as if we’ll be hearing about him for another 900 years or so.

“Saddam’s a megalomaniac, he’s crazy.” Yeah, crazy like a fox. He looks pretty shrewd to me: knocking off Kuwait quickly, and not trying to take on the U.S. frontally. “He’s unpredictable.” A code word for crazy. But look, Bush and all his apologists keep saying that Bush should always “keep his options open” so as to keep the Enemy guessing and off-base. But how come when Saddam does that it’s “crazy” whereas when Bush does it it’s the height of sound strategy? Double standard fellas?

“He’s BAD.” Very bad, no question about it. (As Dana Carvey, ace Bush imitator, would put it: “Saddam: B-A-A-A-A-D.”) But Marshal Kim Il-Sung, Maximum Leader of the still-Stalinist regime of North Korea, is even WORSE. So? Why aren’t we launching a big propaganda campaign against Marshal Kim, to be followed by sending army, navy, air force, and U.N. stooges on North Korea’s border, itching for a fight?

And furthermore, the WORST guy, by far the worst guy of the post-World War II era, worse than Saddam, worse even than the Ayatollah (or is he kinda good now?), is the genocidal monster Pol Pot, Maximum leader of the Khmer Rouge, who, as head of the Democratic Republic (Communist) of Kampuchea (Cambodia) genocidally slaughtered something like one-third of the Cambodian population. (His own people! As the media have correctly charged Saddam of doing in dropping poison gas during his war with Iran. Although it wasn’t “his own,” it was against the poor, hapless Kurds, who have yearned for their own country for 1,000 years, and have experienced nothing but oppression from Iraq, Iran, and Turkey.)

Not only that: the punch line is that the Reagan-Bush administration has been allied with the monster Pol Pot in his guerrilla war against the Vietnamese Communist-puppet regime in Cambodia (Gorbyish Commies as against the ultra-Maoist Pol Pot), shipping Pol Pot weapons, so that he is just about to take over Cambodia once again! (Very recently, the Bush administration has, in response, pulled back slightly from that commitment to Pol Pot.)

So if we’re supposed to go to war against Bad Rulers, why are we allied with—or certainly not hostile to—the mass murderer Pol Pot? To say nothing of a host of other dictators, despots, etc. who have been dubbed “pro-West” by the U.S.?

But let us return to Saddam. Saddam is definitely BAD. But—and here’s the point—he was just as bad a few short years ago when he was the heroic “defender of the free world” against the BAD fanatical mullah-run Shiite Iranians (Remember them?). Remember how, in the extremely bloody eight-year war between Iraq and Iran (which, by the way, Saddam launched, shortly after the Iranian Revolution, to grab a key waterway), the U.S. “tilted toward” (in plain English: sided with) Iraq? Well, the current Butcher of Baghdad was the same Butcher of Baghdad then. He was the same totalitarian despot; and he was also the aggressor. So how come the lightning-fast change? And not only that: does anyone remember, not long ago, when two Iraqi fighter planes crippled an American warship in the Persian Gulf, and the U.S. immediately blamed it on Iran? After which we shot down an Irani civilian airliner, killing hundreds?

But, you see, Iran was ruled by fanatical theocratic Shiite mullahs, and pro-Iranian Shiites constituted a subversive threat, at the beck and call of evil Iran, to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the other Gulf States! So whatever happened to those Bad Guys, and that threat? Answer: they’re still there. But the U.S. government, and its kept sheep in the media, have decided to

forget them, and so, presto changed! They just disappear in the public press. A couple of years ago, the U.S. government gave the signal: Iran Bad, Iraq Pretty Good, and the media and the politicians all jumped into line. And now, bingo, with no conditions changed, the administration gives the signal to reverse course: Iraq Bad, Iran Pretty Good, and everyone shifts. And we used to ridicule the Commies for changing their Line (on war and peace, Hitler, etc.) with lightning speed!

But, “he invaded a small country.” Yes, indeed he did. But, are we ungracious for bringing up the undoubted fact that none other than George Bush, not long ago, invaded a very small country: Panama? And to the unanimous huzzahs of the same U.S. media and politicians now denouncing Saddam? But Noriega, so Bush and the media told us, was intolerable: he was untrustworthy and thuggish, he used and even sold drugs, and, moreover, he was pock-marked (“Pineapple-Face,” as he was elegantly called by the U.S. media), and he was odiously short. (George Bush, we are told, has an immense aversion to uppity short guys.) Gee, this dislike of short, pock-marked people, never kept Noriega from being a pet of Bush’s so long as he continued to take orders from the CIA; it was Noriega’s infidelity to the CIA that got him into deep trouble.

And another invader of a small country not universally condemned in the U.S. media was Israel, invader of Lebanon, and invader and occupier for over two decades of the Arab lands of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Why don’t the U.S. and the U.N. band together to drive Israel out of these occupied areas? Double standards, anyone? “But Noriega was opposed to democracy.” Ah, come on, don’t give me that one. Of course, if the goal of the U.S. action was, as the Bush administration claimed to “restore democracy to Panama” (when did they ever have it?), then how come Bush angrily refused the pleas of Panamanians after the invasion to hold free elections? Why did we insist on foisting the Endara clique upon them for years?

By the way, the one refreshing aspect of the U.S. war against Iraq is that no one has yet had the gall to refer to Kuwait as a “gallant little democracy” or to Saudi Arabia in the same terms (see below).

“But Saddam’s short-lived ‘people’s revolutionary’ regime” in Kuwait was a puppet-government of Iraq’s. Absolutely. But so was the Endara government in Panama, sworn in on a U.S. army base a few minutes after the U.S. invasion began. So?

Repeat query: Does anyone really think that we would ever have to fight Saddam in the streets of New York?

DON’T CRY FOR KUWAIT!

Before we get all weepy about gallant little Kuwait, about the obliteration of the Kuwaiti nation by an unprovoked bullying attack, etc., let’s look at some history.

In the first place, there is no “Kuwaiti nation” in any proper sense. The Middle East is very much like Africa, where the existing “nations” are simply geographical expressions resulting from the arbitrary carving up of the continent by Western imperialism. Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, et al., were simply carved out as mere geographical expressions by Great Britain after the British Empire conquered and sliced up the Ottoman Empire during World War I. Moreover, Britain shamelessly betrayed its promises that it made (through T.E. Lawrence) to give the Arabs independence after the war. Winston Churchill, the quintessential British imperialist, used to boast that he created “Jordan” one Sunday afternoon at the stroke of a pen.

Furthermore, before Great Britain finally granted independence to its Kuwait colony in 1961, it was so little respectful of the “historic borders” of this alleged nation that it carved away one-half of old Kuwait and granted about a half each to the states of Iraq and Saudi Arabia.

And what about historic Kuwait? During the pre-World War I days of the Ottoman Empire, Kuwait was simply a part of the Ottoman district whose capital was Basra, a city in southern Iraq. Iraq has had border struggles with Kuwait since 1961, and it once invaded and conquered Kuwait, which “ransomed” restoration of its independence by paying a huge amount of oil money to Iraq. More recently, the major Iraqi grievance is that Kuwait has been literally stealing Iraqi oil. The Rumaila oil field straddles the Iraq–Kuwait border, and Iraq charges that Kuwait has been drilling diagonally from its side of the border to tap reserves from Iraqi territory. An article in the *Wall Street Journal* admits that “U.S. officials say there is reason to think the Iraqi claim may be true.” (Gerald Seib, “Iraq Has Shaky Claim to Kuwait,” *WSJ*, August 13, p. A5)

Another reason not to cry for Kuwait: its rotten social system. Has anyone wondered why the neocons and the rest of the Establishment haven’t referred to Kuwait as a “gallant little democracy?” Because it might be little, but it sure ain’t no democracy. Little Kuwait (a bit smaller than New Jersey), has a population of 1.9 million; of this only one million are Kuwaitis. The rest are immigrants; including 400,000 Palestinians (who are all pro-Iraq and anti-Kuwait): and several hundred thousand once-dreaded Shiites. These immigrants are not citizens.

Of the three classes of Kuwaiti citizens, however, only the “first class” citizens are allowed to vote. Second and third-class citizens are late-comers who “only” emigrated to Kuwait during the twentieth century. They don’t count. The “first-class” citizens are limited to those Kuwaiti tribesmen who have been residents in Kuwait since the mid-eighteenth century, when these Arab tribes settled there. They constitute 12 percent of the Kuwaiti population (about 230,000). Of these, women—of course—can’t vote, reducing the ruling elite to 6 percent of the total.

The 6 percent elite are allowed to vote for a National Assembly, the Kuwaiti rulers’ feeble concession to representative government. The National

Assembly, when allowed to meet, often calls for more powers to itself, and more democratic rule. Two weeks before the Iraqi invasion, in an important action not mentioned in the U.S. media, the Emir of Kuwait angrily dissolved the National Assembly. So much for that!

When you get right down to it, then, the ruling elite of Kuwait consists of one ruling family, the al-Sabahs, who staff all the top government positions from the ruling Emir on down, and of course run its oil. The al-Sabah family consists of 1,000 males, a family of tribal chieftains. Kuwait, in short, is a ruling Emirocracy or Sabahklatura, who have all become multimillionaires because the land they unjustly rule happens to contain an enormous amount of oil. This is the “legitimate government” of Kuwait that George Bush has pledged himself to restore! The crucial questions: Why must any American die for the Sabahklatura of Kuwait? Why are American taxpayers being plundered to keep that crummy family in their ill-gotten gains? Why die for Kuwait?

IT'S WAR, NOT...

Make no mistake, it's war. It's not a “police action.” Note how the Bush administration, scorning Saddam for calling the interned Americans “restrictees,” is itself engaging in absurd euphemism. An embargo is bad enough; a blockade is, by any standards of international law, an act of war. That's why the Bush administration insisted on calling the blockade an “interdiction.” Rubbish.

Bush began his undeclared war as soon as Kuwait was attacked, rushing troops to Arabia, thereby giving no warning and no time for American citizens to leave Kuwait or Iraq before hostilities started. Therefore, Saddam Hussein's detention of the 2,500 American citizens (plus citizens of other countries engaged in the blockade) is not a “barbaric” or megalomaniacal “taking of the hostages.” In international law, citizens of enemy states are interned for the duration. German citizens were interned by the U.S. for the duration of World War II. So the entire American “hostage” problem is a creature of the unseemly and precipitate rush to war of George Bush. And when the Iraq government warns that the American internees will be treated no better than Iraqi citizens as food shortages develop, they are perfectly correct. Any harm that comes to the American internees is on Mr. Bush's head. Is this how Bush goes about “protecting Americans” abroad?

And what kind of war George Bush is waging! The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century “laws of war,” a product of Catholic teaching and libertarian international law, brilliantly separate “government” and “military” from “civilian.” Treating war as a conflict between governments or states, the laws of war bade governments not to injure civilians but only to injure each other. As far as possible, then, warfare was to be confined to military or governmental targets; civilians were not to serve as targets of war. So what did Mr. Bush do, from the very beginning of the Iraq war; not

only blockade all exports of oil, but also all imports of food, upon which the Iraqi people depend. In older international law blockades, ships were only to be searched and the cargo seized if it were “contraband,” that is, if it were arms and ammunition. But food was of course never considered contraband, and was supposed to be allowed to pass.

In the Iraq War, however, Mr. Bush is specifically targeting the shipment of food: in a deliberate, brutal, and truly barbaric effort to inflict starvation on the mass of Iraqi peoples. If the blockade is effective, Mr. Bush will be a mass murderer of innocent civilians.

WHAT ARE BUSH'S WAR AIMS?

And so George Bush has launched his war, but what precisely are his war aims? They are vague and unclear, made worse by the fact that, in refusing to negotiate with Iraq, the U.S. is escalating and maximizing the scope and the length of the war. How long is this going to go on?

Possible war aims:

(a) The minimal. Defense of Saudi Arabia against Iraqi aggression. An ostensible reason. But the evidence of impending aggression against the Saudis was minimal. Iraq has had specific grievances and quarrels against Kuwait; it has had none with Saudi Arabia. Besides: we didn't have to rush in troops and planes; we could simply have announced that any attack on Saudi Arabia would be defended to the hilt by the U.S. Why didn't Bush do that?

Besides, why defend Saudi Arabia anyway? The “international Arab effort” is a joke, a transparent cover for Bush's aggression in the Middle East. As soon as Kuwait was invaded, the Bush administration bludgeoned the Arab states and the rest of the U.N. Security Council into submission (see below), using maximum muscle to get them to provide a cover for a blatantly U.S. operation. Before the Arab nations were brought into line, the Bush administration was openly referring to the Saudi and other Arab leaders as “wimps” not willing to “defend themselves.” Why don't we let the Arabs slug this out? Furthermore, even after the embargo decision, the Security Council was completely unenthusiastic about Mr. Bush's rush to a naval blockade. The *New York Times* reported on August 14 that Bush's announcement of a blockade “left the United States largely isolated” at the Security Council.

Moreover, is defending Saudi Arabia yet another blow in behalf of “democracy?” Saudi Arabia makes the Kuwait emirate seem like a democratic haven. In Saudiland, there's not even a pretense of elections. The Arab people are ruled, absolutist fashion, by the 5,000-man royal tribal family of the Sauds—now oil millionaires. Neither is Saudi Arabia some sort of bastion of “the free world.” Women are prohibited from driving a car, or from walking on the street unescorted by a male relative. Pork and alcohol are outlawed. Why must one American boy die for the absolute rule of the

Saud family? Why must the American taxpayer pay untold billions to support and maintain this corrupt family?

One scary point about even this minimal aim: the commitment is endless. If the U.S. feels it has to keep troops in Arabia to defend against possible (not actual) Iraqi aggression, then the commitment is endless: already, even before any shooting, the U.S. has virtually its entire army, air force, and marines in and around Arabia, and we're already calling up the Reserves. Endless commitment; permanent war for permanent peace; war footing; and enormous continuing military budgets, are our future.

(b) The wider aim of kicking Saddam out of Kuwait and restoring the "legitimate" government of the Sabah emirate. How can this be accomplished? Only by a shooting land and air war launched by the U.S. against Iraqi troops. A bloody and unpredictable prospect. Also: even if Saddam is driven out by war, doesn't this mean a permanent garrison of U.S. troops in Kuwait to keep Iraq out forever? And all the criticisms of the narrower (a) aim apply *a fortiori* to the wider objectives. And in what sense is that rotten al-Sabah rule "legitimate?"

(c) The maximum objective: to crush and topple the Saddam Hussein regime. This aim will involve the greatest costs of them all. Besides, the murder of Saddam, which is what is contemplated (remember the U.S. air strike that murdered Kaddafi's baby?) will not eliminate the problem. Saddam is not just one man; he is the head of a military-Baath party (secular-socialist) regime, which will continue even if Saddam is murdered. And, what's more, Saddam will be left as a permanent martyr for the Arab world and a standing object of hatred for brutal U.S. imperialism.

And if Bush proposes to destroy not only Saddam, but also the entire military-Baathist regime, then after such monstrous mass murder, does he expect the U.S. to keep occupying Iraq forever?

Bush's repeated references to "Hitler" and "Munich" are a strong signal that the U.S. will not negotiate with Iraq, and is tantamount to a call for Iraq's unconditional surrender. This was the U.S. decision in World War II, which insured that the Germans would fight to the last man. Unconditional surrender maximizes the war and mass murder. In short, no one in war surrenders unconditionally, so proclaiming such an aim means that peace cannot be achieved on any terms short of eradication of the enemy.

Furthermore, we should not forget the reason that Saddam Hussein fought on for eight years after his original aggression against Iran had been foiled, and both countries were left battling in a bloody stalemate: because the Ayatollah Khomeini insisted that a non-negotiable war aim was the removal of Saddam from power. Iran finally had to give up on that insistence on unconditional surrender: why don't we? Are we as fanatical as the Ayatollah?

Let us also stop and consider the grisly and unsatisfying record of U.S. war and quasi-war in the Middle East since World War II: the fiasco in

Lebanon, the air strike killing Khaddafi's baby, the shooting down of the Iranian civilian airliner in the Gulf. As Robert Fisk recently pointed out in the London *Independent*: "Not once has a foreign military adventure in the Middle East achieved its end." U.S. out of Arabia!

THE REVIVAL OF THE U.N. AND "COLLECTIVE SECURITY"

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of Mr. Bush's war against Iraq is the sudden resurrection of the United Nations as originally conceived. The U.N. was dedicated to the old, disastrous, and failed League of Nations concept of "collective security against aggression." Given existing national boundaries, any "aggression" of one state against another must trigger the nation-states of the world to band together to combat and "punish" the designated aggressor. The effect of this misguided policy is to enshrine every dubious state boundary as moral and just, and to maximize every pip-squeak, boundary dispute into a world crisis. It is also a mechanism for freezing the unjust status quo in place forever. For at any time, any zero point, when the policy begins, countries which had previously used force to expand their boundaries find their ill-gotten gains locked in permanently. The "have-not" nations (in terms of land area) are permanently crippled for the benefit of have nations.

The United Nations was founded to put more teeth into the abject failure of the League of Nations attempt to enforce collective security. The Security Council was supposed to designate and move against "aggressors." The U.N. reflected Franklin D. Roosevelt's disastrous idea of a condominium of large, allied nations permanently running the world, in particular a condominium of the U.S., Britain, China, and the Soviet Union. (The Soviet Union had been committed to collective security ever since the pronouncements of Maxim Litvinov during the Popular Front period of the 1930s.) The one good thing about the Cold War is that it split the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., and ended any policy of a superpower condominium in service of collective security, since each superpower has a veto in the Security Council. Fortunately, the exercise of the veto power by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. had reduced the U.N. to an ineffectual "debating society." (Contrary to U.S. propaganda, the U.S. has often used the veto power, especially to veto resolutions against Israeli aggression.) In short, the one good thing about the Cold War is that it kept the U.S. out of war.

But now, Gorby, in addition to liquidating socialism as fast as possible, has unfortunately totally sold out to U.S. imperialism, going along abjectly with Mr. Bush's bludgeoning of the "international community" into war against Iraq. Maybe, soon and hopefully, this will all end as the U.S.S.R. dissolves into many constituent sovereign republics, each of which will be busy with its own concerns. And since many of these republics seem to be

devoted to private property, free markets, and national self-determination, perhaps they will also proceed onward to the libertarian foreign policy of isolationism and nonintervention.

But we can't wait for such events. The time has come to reevaluate the entire concept of the United Nations, and to revive that grand old slogan: "Get the U.S. Out of the U.N. and the U.N. Out of the U.S.!"

WHAT KIND OF AN "OIL WAR"?

Bush has had the gall to proclaim in his Pentagon speech of August 15 that "our jobs, our way of life, our own freedom" are at stake in the war against Iraq. Freedom? Way of life? How? Then comes the reference to oil and its importance to the U.S. And so: under cover of the "war against a new Hitler" and "against aggression," comes the frank proclamation of an oil war. In one sense, this is refreshing, for it is seldom that U.S. imperialism acknowledges an overriding economic motive to its aggression.

But what sort of oil war are we embarked on? The standard media account is that unless we fight for Kuwait or Arabia, the evil Saddam Hussein will "control" the world's oil, will be "king of the world's oil," as one TV reporter put it.

Most commentators have, understandably, focused on the trials of the American oil consumer, on how there is danger of Saddam, once taking over oil reserves and wells, jacking up the price of crude oil stratospherically, thus injuring the U.S. consumer and economy.

But let's look at the question rationally. Iraq is a member of OPEC, and has been recently attacking Kuwait for producing more crude oil than its OPEC-assigned quota. OPEC is a cartel of oil-producing governments, and the only way the OPEC can raise the price of oil, as economics tells us, is to cut crude oil production. And to agree upon production cuts (which no one likes to do), there must be maximum production quotas for each country.

Cartels, however, do not have unlimited power. Their revenue depends on the demand schedules of purchasers. OPEC could not raise oil prices stratospherically, because its revenues would fall as buyers purchase far less oil.

The peculiar aspect to the current "crisis" is that OPEC had far more power to raise oil prices—and did so—in the 1970s. In the early 1970s, it was able to quadruple the price of oil (because of the Arab embargo of oil to the U.S. during the Israel-Arab Six Day War), and to double it again in 1979 (after the shutdown of Iranian oil because of the Khomeini Revolution). But OPEC has nothing like such power now. Since the oil shocks of the 1970s, more oil has been discovered, and produced, in non-OPEC countries (such as Mexico, the North Sea), and U.S. and other consumers are using less petroleum per product. The OPEC proportion of world oil output fell from 56 percent in 1973 to only 32 percent today. And since 1973, the amount of oil and gas needed to produce a dollar of GNP in the

United States has been cut by 43 percent. All this can be predicted from economic theory: that higher prices call forth a greater supply, and that consumers and other buyers restrict their demands for oil and move to other sources or to more oil-efficient energy uses.

In fact, it is generally agreed that, even if Iraq could tighten OPEC production further, it could not raise oil prices by more than a few dollars a barrel. Is it worth waging an incalculably heavy and endless war to save consumers a few dollars a barrel on oil, or a few cents a gallon gasoline?

Besides, if oil price increases are the problem, why didn't the U.S. move in force in 1973 against the OPEC countries, sending troops into Saudi Arabia and Kuwait to take them over and force them to lower the price of crude oil? Why should the U.S. balk at a few dollars a barrel now when it stood still for a quadrupling of the price of oil two decades ago?

Not only that: the U.S. government's concern for the consumer might be better gauged if we realized that the very same liberals and centrists now whooping it up for war against Iraq, have been agitating for a huge (say 50 cents a gallon) tax on gasoline, thereby shafting the U.S. consumer far more than Saddam could possibly do. Why is gouging the consumer unmercifully perfectly OK if it is government gouging by the U.S.? These same liberals and centrists are even now advocating a higher federal tax on gasoline.

Further: Our embargo and blockade on oil can only have the effect of raising the prices of oil and gasoline higher than Saddam could ever have done without this crisis manufactured by the United States.

And finally: If the Bush administration and the mob of media and political liberals and centrists are so dad-blamed interested in lowering oil prices and in the American consumer, why aren't they calling for getting U.S. government restrictions off American oil supply: specifically, allowing expansion of production of Alaskan oil (and the hell with the caribou!), and allowing off-shore oil drilling off Santa Barbara and other areas (and the Hell with the pristine beaches and the sea view enjoyed, without paying for them, by upper-class Californians!).

The war against Iraq, then, has nothing to do with any "national interest" that Americans may have in abundance of oil and in keeping its price low. Does that mean that this war is in no sense an "oil war?" No—it means that it's a very different—and far more sinister—kind of oil war: a war not for the American consumer but for the control of a supply and of the vast profits from oil. A war, in short, for narrow economic interests against the interests of the American consumer, the taxpayers, and of Americans who will die in the effort.

Specifically, why the U.S. hatred of the cartel Saddam and its great tenderness and concern for the cartel Saudi?

First, the long-term "friendship" with the "pro-West" despots of the Saud family. This "friendship" has been concretized into Aramco (the Arabian-American Oil Co.), the Rockefeller company that has total control

of Saudi Arabian oil—and long-time heavy influence, if not control, over U.S. foreign policy. After World War II, Aramco (owned 70 percent by Rockefeller companies—Exxon, Mobil, and Socal, and 30 percent by Texaco) produced all of Saudi oil.

Originally, Aramco owed King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia \$30 million in royalty payments for the monopoly concession. And so, James A. Moffet, former vice president of Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon), who had been appointed as Federal Housing Administrator in World War II, used his influence to get the U.S. Treasury to pay Ibn Saud the \$30 million. In addition the King got an obliging “loan” of another \$25 million from the Rockefeller-dominated U.S. Export–Import Bank, at taxpayer expense, to construct a pleasure railroad from his capital to his summer palace. In addition, President Roosevelt made a secret appropriation out of his boodle of war funds, of \$165 million to Aramco to do preparatory work for its pipeline across Saudi Arabia. Furthermore, the U.S. Army was assigned to build an airfield and military base at Dhahran; the base, after costing U.S. taxpayers over \$6 million, was turned over gratis to King Ibn Saud in 1949. Dhahran, not coincidentally, was close to the Aramco oilfields.

During the 1970s, Aramco was “nationalized” by Saudi Arabia, a process completed in 1980. But the nationalization was phony, because the same Aramco consortium immediately obtained a contract as a management corporation to run the old, nationalized Aramco. More than half of Saudi oil production goes to the old Aramco–Rockefeller consortium, which sells the oil at a profit to whomever they wish, in obedience to Saudi cartel regulations. The remaining part of Saudi oil is run and distributed by the Saudi government directly, through Petromin (the General Petroleum and Marketing Organization), the marketing arm of the Saudi Petroleum Ministry.

It all boils down to a happy case of the “partnership of industry and government”—happy, that is, for the Saud family and for the Rockefeller oil interests.

Iraq, on the other hand, has very little dealings with the Rockefeller Empire. In contrast to heavy dealings with Iran (in the Shah’s day), Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and the rest of the Gulf states, the big Wall Street banks reported that they had virtually no loans outstanding or deposits owed, to Iraq. Thus, Citibank (Rockefeller) reported that its risk of loss to Iraq was “zero,” and similar reports came from Chase Manhattan (Rockefeller) and the rest of Wall Street.

And so: the war against Iraq is a war over oil, all right, but not on behalf of cheap oil or abundant oil to the U.S. consumer. It is a war of the Rockefeller Empire against a brash interloper. Bush’s Pentagon speech takes on heightened meaning when he talks about everyone suffering “if control of the world’s great oil reserves fell into the hands of that one man, Saddam Hussein.”

Let us consider George Bush, until stepping in as vice president, a member of the ruling executive committee of David Rockefeller's powerful Trilateral Commission. Let us consider preppe George and his Texas oil friends, who will benefit, not simply from a rise in the oil price, but from controlling the supply and profits therefrom.

Must Americans fight and die, and American taxpayers be looted, so as to ensure further profits for the Rockefeller Empire? That is the choice that faces us all.

Let us heed the wise words of retired Admiral Gene LaRocque, head of the pro-peace Center for Defense Information, who attacked the Iraq war in tones of Old Right isolationism: "This is a war over the price of oil and I don't think we want to sacrifice the life of one American boy to keep the price of oil down or the king of Saudi Arabia on the throne."

We should also heed the words of Mrs. Jeanne Kirkpatrick, scarcely known for isolationist sentiments. Saddam, she writes, "is not directly dangerous to the United States or to our treaty allies." She goes on to charge that Bush is fighting the war in the spirit of the U.N. doctrine that also fueled our fighting of the Korean and Vietnam wars: collective security. "Those wars," she points out, "did not work out well." Mrs. Kirkpatrick concludes that only the Arabs themselves, not the U.S., can solve the Saddam problem. (Jeanne Kirkpatrick, *New York Post*, August 13)

A final cause must be noted for Mr. Bush's war: the influence of the powerful Zionist lobby. Saddam Hussein poses no threat whatever to the American consumer, or to U.S. national interests, but he does pose a threat, not only to Rockefeller profits, but also to the State of Israel. Note how the Zionists in the media and in Congress are leading the pack calling for war, and how they call, with relish, for "destroying Saddam and his military capacity."

Two of the most powerful influences on American foreign policy are the Rockefeller interests and the Zionist lobby. When those two groups join, look out! How can the average American and American interests ever prevail?

EPILOGUE: W.C. FIELDS AND THE FOOD FIGHT

My favorite foreign-policy analyst, W.C. Fields, was asked during World War II to write an essay in a *Saturday Evening Post* series on "How To End the War." "Uncle Bill" Fields sat down, and quite seriously, proposed that the heads of all the warring countries be invited to the Hollywood Bowl, there to "fight it out with sackfuls of dung," the winner to be declared victor in the war. Naturally, the *Post* did not run the article.

I was reminded of this tale, when, during the abortive Arab League summit of August 10, and after Kuwaiti Foreign Minister Sabah al-Ahmed al-Jaber denounced all Iraqis as "haramiyee" (thieves), Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz took the grilled chicken on his plate and hurled it at Sabah,

hitting him full in the face. Sabah promptly collapsed to the floor. Well that's it, gang. Tariq won the food fight (by a country mile); Sabah is a wimp; so let's award the victory to Iraq and let's all go home! ■

THE POST-COLD WAR WORLD

April 1990

WHITHER U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

With the collapse of Communist rule in Eastern Europe, and of Soviet domination of its former satellites, whatever Russian threat that may have existed is now over. The Brezhnev Doctrine, under which Russia used force to prop up Communist rule in the "socialist bloc," has been replaced by the charmingly named "Sinatra Doctrine," where every country can go its own way. The Cold War is therefore finished, and every intelligent person, wherever he stands in the political spectrum, acknowledges this fact.

But if the Cold War died in the Communist collapse of 1989, what can the ruling conservative-liberal Establishment come up with to justify the policy of massive intervention by the U.S. everywhere on the globe? In short, what cloak can the Establishment now find to mask and vindicate the continuance of U.S. imperialism? With their perks and their power at stake, the Court apologists for imperialism have been quick to offer excuses and alternatives, even if they don't always hang together. Perhaps the feeling is that one of them may stick.

The argument for imperialism has always been two-edged, what the great Old Rightist Garet Garrett called (in his classic *The People's Pottage*) "a complex of fear and vaunting." Fear means alleged threats to American interests and the American people. To replace the Soviet-international Communist threat, three candidates have been offered by various Establishment pundits.

One is "international narco-terrorism." As long as the drug hysteria holds up, this menace is useful in justifying any and all invasions of Third World countries, since there are usually drugs grown and traded somewhere in each of these nations. The phrase is useful, too, since it combines fear of dark, bearded Terrorists (remember the non-existent "Libyan hit men" of a decade ago, allegedly in the U.S. to get Reagan?), with the drug menace. It is doubtful, however, that narco-terrorism can justify all those super-expensive missiles and nuclear weaponry, since one hopes, at least, that the U.S. government is not contemplating H-bombing Colombia or Peru out of existence.

Second, a threat that loomed no more than one day after the wonderful demise of the Berlin Wall, is the pending reunification of East and West Germany. Since there is no ethnic or national “East Germany,” the disappearance of a Communist East Germany would mean there is little reason for the two parts of Germany not to become one nation. And so, Establishment pundits trotted out the old slogans, as if the last half-century of German history had never existed.

Hitler! was brandished once more, with scarce any realization that Hitler only ruled Germany for twelve years, whereas a full forty-five years have passed since his demise. But not only Hitler. For article after article raised the spectre of Germany’s having assaulted the rest of Europe twice in one century—thereby resurrecting the old nonsense that Germany was the sole guilty party in World War I.

It’s as if all knowledge of the causes of World War I in this century have been wiped away and we were back to repeating the vicious, lying propaganda of the Entente nations (Britain, France, Russia). In fact, the German government was probably the least guilty of the warring governments in that monstrous catastrophe—a disaster that set the stage for the emergence of Bolshevism and Nazism and led directly to World War II.

Most bizarre of all, some articles have actually blamed Germany for the Franco-Prussian War of 1871—one which observers at the time as well as later historians generally pinned on the expansionist ambitions of the French imperial tyrant, Napoleon III.

A third threat has been raised in the *Wall Street Journal* by that old fox, the godfather of the neocons, Irving Kristol. Kristol, in a rambling account of the post-Cold War world, leaps on the “Islamic fundamentalist” threat, and even suggests that the U.S. and the Soviet Union should discreetly cooperate in putting down this looming world period. Here we see a hint of a new conservative-liberal concept: a benign rule of the world by the United States, joined by the Soviet Union as a sort of condominium-junior partner, along with Western Europe and Japan. In short, an expanded Trilateral concept. Of course, pinpointing Islamic fundamentalism comes as no surprise from the neocons, to whom defense of the State of Israel is always the overriding goal.

But in addition to the negative there is the positive. The vaunting along with the fear. The positive carrot is the old Wilsonian dream of the U.S. as global imposer of “democracy.” Since very few countries can pass the “democracy” test, or have ever done so, this poses an objective that suits the Establishment interventionists fine: for here is a goal that can never possibly be achieved.

A goal that can never be reached but can always be kept shimmering on the distant horizon is perfectly tooled for an endless policy of massive expenditure of money, arms, blood, and manpower in one foreign adventure after another: what the great Charles A. Beard brilliantly termed “perpetual war for perpetual peace.” Of course, egalitarians will be cheered

by the fact that from this point on, American women will undoubtedly have the privilege of dying in combat along with their male colleagues. For the armed forces will soon be an employer offering equal opportunity death to all races and genders.

THE PANAMA INVASION

The U.S. invasion of Panama was the first act of military intervention in the new post-Cold War world—the first act of war since 1945 where the United States has not used Communism or “Marxism–Leninism” as the effective all-purpose alibi. Coming so soon after the end of the Cold War, the invasion was confused and chaotic—a hallmark of Bushian policy in general. Bush’s list of alleged reasons for the invasion were a grab-bag of haphazard and inconsistent arguments—none of which made much sense.

The positive vaunting was, of course, prominent: what was called, idiotically, the “restoration of democracy” in Panama. When in blazes did Panama ever have a democracy? Certainly not under Noriega’s beloved predecessor and mentor, the U.S.’s Panama Treaty partner, General Omar Torrijos. The alleged victory of the unappetizing Guillermo Endara in the abortive Panamanian election was totally unproven. The “democracy” the U.S. imposed was peculiar, to say the least: swearing in Endara and his “cabinet” in secrecy on a U.S. army base.

It was difficult for our rulers to lay on the Noriega “threat” very heavily. Since Noriega, whatever his other sins, is obviously no Marxist–Leninist, and since the Cold War is over anyway, it would have been tricky, even embarrassing, to try to paint Noriega and his tiny country as a grave threat to big, powerful United States. And so the Bush administration laid on the “drug” menace with a trowel, braving the common knowledge that Noriega himself was a longtime CIA creature and employee whose drug trafficking was at the very least condoned by the U.S. for many years.

The administration therefore kept stressing that Noriega was simply a “common criminal” who had been indicted in the U.S. (for actions outside the U.S.—so why not indict every other head of state as well—all of whom have undoubtedly committed crimes galore?) so that the invasion was simply a police action to apprehend an alleged fugitive. But what real police action—that is, police action over a territory over which the government has a virtual monopoly of force—involves total destruction of an entire working-class neighborhood, the murder of hundreds of Panamanian civilians as well as American soldiers, and the destruction of a half-billion dollars of civilian property?

The invasion also contained many bizarre elements of low comedy. There was the U.S. government’s attempt to justify the invasion retroactively by displaying Noriega’s plundered effects: porno in the desk drawer (well, gee, that sure justifies mass killing and destruction of property), the obligatory picture of Hitler in the closet (Aha! the Nazi threat again!), the

fact that Noriega was stocking a lot of Soviet-made arms (a Commie as well as a Nazi, and “paranoid” too—the deluded fool was actually expecting an American invasion!), and that Noriega engaged in occult practices—even being so sinful and depraved as to wear red underwear! Well, that tears it! (conveniently overlooking Nancy Reagan’s putting herself under astrological guidance and wearing a red dress—her best astrological color). Noriega’s possession of a signed picture of the Pope was, of course, downplayed by the sickeningly obedient media. Is all the destruction of life and property worth the vengeance wreaked on Noriega for thumbing his nose at Bush—to say nothing of the many billions it will cost the U.S. taxpayer to build up the economy that we have destroyed?

THE U.S. AND THE SINATRA DOCTRINE

In the meanwhile, the Soviet Union has been pursuing the Gorbachev–Sinatra Doctrine. The Soviets have consistently refused to intervene to prop up the Communist tyrannies in Eastern Europe, if anything, giving the rulers a nudge to quit before the people saw to it that they were forcibly removed.

When confronted with an insistent demand of the Lithuanian and other Baltic nations, not only for non-Communism but even for independence, Gorby has so far refused to send in troops to prevent what would be a breaking away from the Soviet Empire itself—an empire that is essentially the old Czarist Russian Empire plus the Baltic states acquired by a deal with Hitler in 1939. Instead, Gorby has unsuccessfully attempted to persuade the Lithuanians to stay in the U.S.S.R. So far, Gorbachev’s stance contrasts admirably with the policy of the sainted Abraham Lincoln, who used massive force and mass murder to force the seceding Southern states to remain in the Union.

But how has the U.S. government reacted to Gorby’s Sinatra doctrine? At first, with surprised acclaim. But after a while, a curious note began to seep into the American comment. When the Romanian revolution came, when Secretary of State Baker publicly as much as urged the Soviet Union to send troops into Romania to topple the monster Ceausescu and impose “democracy”—to which the Russians replied in some puzzlement that they couldn’t do that, since they had just gotten through repudiating the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

How could they then turn around and repeat the performance? Furthermore, they had just finished denouncing the United States for its military aggression against Panama. The United States expressed befuddlement: why are the Russians sticking to this “narrow” principle of non-intervention? Once again, when the Lithuanian crisis arose, the U.S. let it be known that it would look with some sympathy on the U.S.S.R. sending troops into Lithuania—for after all, wouldn’t this be an internal matter, and didn’t Lincoln do the same?

And finally, when Gorby did send in troops to try to stop the fierce civil war between the Armenians and the Azeris in Azerbaijan, the Bush administration and the assorted Establishment pundits practically whooped with glee, perhaps a bit relieved that the mighty Soviet state was prepared to send in troops somewhere, at some time. Maybe the Establishment was getting nervous, thinking that perhaps the Soviet Union had gone all the way to libertarianism—thereby embarrassing the bullying foreign policy of the United States of America no end, and establishing a beacon-light for the world. ■

MR. BUSH'S SHOOTING WAR

February 1991

On January 16, 1991, a day which shall live in infamy, George Bush finally got his cherished shooting war. The United States launched an avalanche of mass murder and mass destruction upon a small, impoverished third-world country. Bush and the military finally got to uncork their high-tech devastation; and the military-industrial complex, secure in the vanishing of the short-lived "peace dividend," can stand tall once more. By personalizing the war and narrowing it to Saddam Hussein, Bush has managed to make Americans forget about the countless number of Iraqi civilians he is going to maim and murder. Or maybe there is nothing to forget: one reason why a U.S. war is always depressing to libertarians is because each new war is yet another demonstration that many Americans are *only* concerned about American lives and body bags, and care not a fig for the annihilation of citizens of other countries.

George Bush was, of course, able to maneuver us into a shooting war by aggressively and viciously, in barracks-room language, denying Saddam anyway out, any compromise, any avenue of negotiation. "Just get out, unconditionally...He doesn't need any face...I'm going to kick his ass." What head of State, ever, is going to submit under such terms? Every promising initiative by a third party was shot down brusquely by Bush; even the last-minute proposal by France that the U.N. simply implement *its own resolutions* by holding a Mid-East conference (as suggested by Tariq Aziz) was shot down quickly by Bush as "linkage" and "rewarding the aggressor."

George Bush worked his evil will in the face of a sharply divided country and of an anti-war movement of unprecedented scope at this early stage of a U.S. war. He was aided and abetted in this course by a supine Congress. The iniquity of Congress was bipartisan. What happened to the conservative Republicans, so defiant in opposition to Bush's tax increase? They folded totally in the face of the power of the president. As for the Democrats, led by

George Mitchell and Tom Foley—they deliberately waited cravenly to debate until the last minute, when they could effectively be clobbered by the cry to support the president in his last hours of negotiation. And when they finally did allow a debate, they refused to use any muscle to rally the Democrats behind them. In that way, they could support the president, while keeping their voting records clear in case the war should eventually turn sour.

In the highly touted and self-congratulatory Great Debate on the eve of war, congressman after congressman got up to admit that the mail from his constituents was running 9-to-1 or 11-to-1 against the war resolution, but he was, blah, blah, blah, voting for it anyway. Why? Amidst all the congratulations, why did no one ask what kind of “democracy” are we living under, when the Congressmen are willing to defy so blatantly the expressed will of the public?

HAWK THEORY DISPROVED

Throughout the preparation period until January 15, the Bush administration and its stooges operated on one and only one dimwit theory, which they intoned endlessly: That if Bush could only send a “clear message” that the U.S. will be ultra-tough and will exert maximum force against Iraq on passing the deadline, Saddam Hussein will certainly turn tail and leave Kuwait. As time went on, Saddam showed no signs of buckling, Bush kept reiterating that “he must not have gotten the message clearly...he doesn’t understand the message.” Indeed, the decisive argument that convinced the pro-Bush Democrats in Congress was that, especially at that late date, a defeat would weaken or negate that “message.” Hence, as Doug Ireland pointed out in the *Village Voice* (Jan. 22), “the debate was conducted almost entirely in Orwellian terms: those who voted war spoke for peace.” Ireland also pointed to the “bilge” of the *New York Times* editorial after the debate that “Congress has armed the president, first and foremost, for peace.” Yeah sure. And that’s what we got, right?

In vain did Tariq Aziz, in his eloquent but totally unheeded press conference at Geneva, rebut that Iraq understood the “message” all too well that “We know very well what the president is saying. We too watch CNN.”

And so Saddam Hussein did not surrender, did not quit, and thus successfully knocked the Bush-hawk theory into a cocked hat. Did Congress, after the deadline of January 15, rush to recognize this fact and rescind its approval of Bush’s war, as it logically and morally should have done? To the contrary, Congress capped its abject and spineless role by rushing to pass a unanimous resolution, after the war began, commending George Bush! O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.

The only war hawk who momentarily saw the light was none other than Henry Kissinger. The night the shooting war started, Kissinger, in a rare moment of self-criticism on television, admitted that he was greatly

surprised that, after all the ultra-toughness on the part of the U.S., Saddam Hussein had not cut and run.

Well, I have news for Kissinger and the other war hawks, to the extent that their toughness-surrender model was not simply a coverup for a cherished war. Answer me this, war hawks: when, in history, when did one State, faced with belligerent, ultra-tough ultimatums by another, when did that State ever give up and in effect surrender—before any war was fought? When? Certainly not the Japanese, who responded to Secretary of State Cordell Hull's "get out of China" ultimatum of November 27, 1941, by going to war at Pearl Harbor. Then who? I can't think of a single instance. My old friend, Dr. David Gordon, Mr. Erudition, mentioned an instance in the nineteenth century when Belgium caved in to a French ultimatum, but that proves my point: you really have to reach. No head of State with any pride or self-respect, or who wishes to keep the respect of his citizens, will surrender to such an ultimatum. The whole point, is that by belligerently sealing off any face-saving or way out for Saddam, the Bush administration in effect insured that war would come.

Television commentators on the Congressional debate observed that the two sides had two contrasting models of previous wars in their minds when they cast their votes. The pro-Bushers were operating on the "Hitler appeasement" model, the antis on the "Vietnam War" model. The odd thing is that no one, in Congress or out, has referred to a far more apposite model: World War I, the monstrous granddaddy of all the major wars of the incredibly bloody twentieth century. In World War I, no one "appeased" anyone else, everyone was ultra-hawkish, mobilized, and hanged tough, and the result was a momentous, totally disastrous, and useless four-year war that devastated Europe beyond repair, and ineluctably set the stage for the victories of Communism and Nazism, neither of which would have gotten anywhere if peace had prevailed. War-hawk theory is not only grievously and evidently incorrect, it has the blood of countless millions on its hands.

Will the conspicuous failure of this theory in the case of Saddam discredit it at long last? Hah! That'll be the day. To quote the great Mencken in a different but similar context: it will happen "on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November preceding the Resurrection Morn."

Neither was World War II in Europe a case where toughness worked. On the contrary, Hitler disregarded the English guarantee to Poland that brought England and France into the German-Polish war in September 1939. And even if that failure can be dismissed as sending "mixed signals" to Hitler after Munich, no country could have had a tougher and hawkier foreign policy than Colonel Josef Beck and his ruling junta of Polish colonels in the late 1930s. Geopolitically, the new country of Poland faced the two Great Powers of Germany and Soviet Russia on its borders. Any sort of rational foreign policy at the time would have required Poland to be friendly and dovish with *at least one*, and preferably both, of these powers to insure

national survival. Instead, in a burst of hawkish idiocy that should remain as a permanent alarm bell against a tough, hawkish foreign policy, the Polish colonels stubbornly refused to negotiate at all on the substantial territorial demands or grievances of either power, thus assuring Polish doom for half a century.

To return to the present war, let us finally assess the hawk theory by indulging in a lovely hypothetical: suppose that some miracle occurred, and a superpower United Nations was sending the United States a series of stern resolutions ordering U.S. troops out of Panama unconditionally, and by January 15. As the U.S. refuses to pull out, suppose, too, that the U.N. sends a series of “clarifying” messages, warning Bush of crushing consequences and maximum force if the U.S. does not pull out, replete with comments that the U.S. must not be rewarded for its aggression against Panama, that no excuses will be entertained, and that if Bush does not pull out in accordance with U.N. orders, Perez de Cuellar will “kick his ass.” Does anyone imagine for a single second that Bush would comply? But, *why not*, if the hawk theory is true?

A COVER FOR GORBY

And in the meanwhile, as all U.S. power and attention are focused on Saddam, Gorby unsheathes his claws, forgets about “democracy,” and launches a crackdown against the gallant Baltic states. What is Bush’s reaction? Does he show at least as much concern for “freedom” and the “rights of small nations” in the Baltic as he does for a phony “nation” that is merely an oil company wholly-owned by the Sabah kleptocracy? Fat chance. No, with Gorby, Bush is the essence of politeness, tapping his wrist with faint regrets and mild hopes for improvement. No, nothing must be allowed to disturb the billions of dollars that Bush is shoveling into the maw of the Gorbachev regime, helping to fasten repression once again upon the Baltics and the peoples of the Soviet Union. To say that this is a “double standard” is scarcely enough to describe the shamefulness of the Bush foreign policy. Truckling to monstrous dictatorial regimes such as the Chinese and the Soviets, while trumpeting the high morality of our defense of “small nations” and the New World Order in the case of Kuwait, is simply sickening.

And it is not enough for neoconservatives like Frank Gaffney to call (on *Crossfire*) for a hawkish policy toward *both* the U.S.S.R. and Iraq. In the first place, even as crazed a war-hawk as Gaffney only wants all-out war against Iraq; against the Soviet Union, he only wants diplomatic pressure and economic sanctions. But more importantly, the whole point of the Bush foreign policy is that the establishment and enforcement of his beloved New World Order *requires* the support and consent of China and the U.S.S.R., both of whom have permanent veto power on the U.N. Security Council. American *de facto* dominance under the *de jure* cover of the United Nations

and the “world community” requires the U.S. to purchase the consent of these two still-monstrous regimes.

The seemingly eerie coincidence of Gorby cracking down on the Baltics with the Soviets cracking down on the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 under cover of the Anglo–French–Israeli war against Egypt, has already been noted widely. But it is no mere coincidence. A more interesting question is this: was there a private agreement between Bush and Gorby at one of their summits that Bush would look the other way from a Gorby crackdown if Gorby loyally supported us on Iraq? It sure looks like it.

This suspicion has met with the usual barrage of “paranoia” and “conspiracy theory of history.” Conspiracy analysis is hardly a “theory of history”; the analyst is trying to make sense out of seemingly peculiar or senseless actions, by postulating rational, if cynical, motives on the part of historical actors. Since the archives won’t be opened for decades, we have to proceed in political life on our best guesses, and such guesses can only be enriched by considering plausible causal theories. In this case, our “conspiracy” analysis fits all the facts and has terrific predictive value. And as for “paranoia,” I like to recall the definition of an old friend of mine, “today’s ‘paranoia’ is tomorrow’s headlines.”

Does no one remember our pre-Cold War Soviet policy? I refer, of course, to our World War II alliance with Stalin, and to its fruits in such pro-Soviet deals as Potsdam, Yalta, and the murderous Operation Keelhaul. And above all, that reached its culmination in the United Nations, designed to bring about a New World Order run jointly by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. In the new post-Cold War Era, it is precisely that self-same New World Order that is now being trumpeted by George Bush.

I am of course not calling for a revival of the Cold War against the Gorby regime. What I am proposing is simply old-fashioned “isolationism”: that is, a policy that is neither engaged in warfare against the Soviet Union nor busily subsidizing it. That is, a foreign policy where the U.S. does not spend its time trying to decide which countries are “bad guys” who we war against, as versus “good guys” upon whom we lavish all manner of favors and aid.

It would be nice, too, if the Bush administration ceased all the hokum about our “Coalition partners” throughout the world. As Tariq Aziz pointed out, the pitiful contributions to the war effort of our “partners” were purchased by the U.S. with “billions and billions of dollars” of aid, that is, of the money of American taxpayers.

RANDOM NOTES ON THE WAR

Particularly heroic in the Congressional vote was Senator Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.). Not only was Hatfield one of only two Republican Senators to vote against the war resolution (the other was Charles Grassley of Iowa), but he *also* voted against the Democratic resolution, because he is opposed to the Democratic policy of sanctions. In short, Hatfield, a prominent

anti-Vietnam War dove, was against the U.S. being in the Persian Gulf to begin with. Hatfield has also long been the most ardent opponent of conscription in the U.S. Congress.

All this reminds me that during 1970–71, Senator Hatfield was seriously contemplating running against President Nixon in 1972. During that era, I and several other libertarians met the Senator in his office, during which he flatly declared himself to be an old Taft Republican and a “libertarian.” At one point, he spontaneously assured us that “I have not, like Faust, sold my soul to politics.” When I set forth the “New Libertarian Creed” in the *New York Times* (Feb. 9, 1971), in reply to an attack on libertarianism by Bill Buckley, Hatfield read it into the *Congressional Record* (Feb. 24), and also wrote a favorable review of my *Power and Market* (*The Individualist*, Feb. 1971).

At any rate, nostalgia has now been greatly reinforced by Hatfield’s current vote; his deviations from economic liberty in the past two decades surely pale in comparison.

I was glad to see a powerful article against the imminent war by my old friend, New York Reform Democrat and quasi-libertarian George N. Spitz. (“Why Not Let Iraq Save Face?” *USA Today*, Jan. 15) Spitz wrote that “as an Orthodox Jew who respects Torah (biblical) values, I am distressed by the belligerence of Israel and many U.S. Jews...I was surprised and gratified when a majority of Jewish members of Congress voted against the resolutions authorizing military force.” Typically, Spitz was once a member of the Libertarian Party of New York, but was driven out by the gaggle of youthful Modals because he wasn’t “pure.”

It is all too possible that the last-minute decision of Brooklyn’s Representative Charles Schumer to vote against the war was influenced by a predicted reapportionment primary battle with fellow-Brooklyn Democratic Stephen Solarz, a Vietnam dove who rivals even Senator D’Amato (R., N.Y.) in his thirst for Iraqi blood.

After a night and day of merciless pounding by U.S. missiles, Iraq finally got off seven SCUD missiles in the direction of Israel. They landed in the cities of Haifa and Tel Aviv, and yet did not succeed in killing a single Israeli. *This* is the great military threat to the United States, against which we had to take action now? Who’s been conning us?

Whatever happened to our alleged original purpose in dispatching U.S. troops to Arabia: to save Saudi Arabia from allegedly imminent attack? Remember when the role of the troops was supposed to be “purely defensive?” Does anyone really think now that Saddam had the slightest intention of invading Saudi Arabia?

Whatever happened to the defensive posture of the U.S.? I'll remind you: just *two days* after the November elections, the defensive was abruptly abandoned by Mr. Bush, who announced the doubling of our troops in the Gulf, and the objective of kicking Saddam out of Kuwait. No wonder that the *Village Voice*, in its trenchant editorial against the war, calls Bush "our prevaricating president." And more important, we see why the *Voice*, in this context, cites Gore Vidal's perceptive remark that "America is a country that has elections instead of politics" (*Village Voice*, Jan. 22), that is, phony circuses instead of exercising genuine choices.

No sooner did the war start, when those sports writers who aspire to become pundits called for the closing down of the football play-offs and the Super Bowl. No matter that sports (except, of course, for the Olympics) went on as usual during all of World War II. No matter that closing down sports or other entertainment would add not one whit to the war effort. All it would do is ts then, should always proceed as normally as possible. But, as, Jackie Mason likes to say: "Every *schmuck* becomes a philosopher!"

In the first days of the war, when every channel featured wall-to-wall coverage, I quickly evolved my own personal rules for when to switch channels. I hit the remote control button at (1) pickups from the man-in-the-street (knew nothing); (2) interviews with any politician (ugh!); (3) official U.S. pool coverage (shots of U.S. planes landing in a dark airfield); (4) any pictures of Wolf Blitzer (is there *any* TV channel or radio station that does not feature this ex-Mossadnik?).

CALVIN TRILLIN, POLITICAL ANALYST

Once again, Calvin Trillin, left-liberal political humorist, is revealed to be one of our most perceptive political analysts. Trillin has enunciated two keen, if chilling, political rules: One is that "sooner or later, every president makes you nostalgic for his predecessor." I now have to confess that George Bush is making me yearn for Ronald Reagan. Why? Not only did Reagan move to end the Cold War, he never got us into a war in the Middle East. Or rather, after a kamikaze attack killed two hundred Marines, Reagan, quietly, but quickly, making no noise about it, got us clean out of Lebanon!

The second insight of Trillin was an explanation of why Reagan was successful whereas Carter was not. Because Reagan launched a very big, and therefore successful, invasion of a very small country (Grenada.) In contrast, Carter launched a very small and therefore unsuccessful, invasion of a very big country (Iran). George Bush, Trillin wrote, followed up the Reagan course by a very big invasion of the next smallest country (since he couldn't very well re-invade Grenada): Panama. So is Iraq *this* year's Bush invasion? Who's next?

RALLY ROUND "OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF"?

The orthodox line, even among many critics of the war, is that, at least for a while, or "until the body bags start coming home," we must rally round "our" commander-in-chief. Sorry folks, I ain't rallyin. In the first place, he is not "our" commander-in-chief. The Constitution makes him the commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and as yet, we have not been conscripted. I do not propose to be a cheerleader for Mr. Bush's immoral, unjust, and unnecessary war, now or later. I stand with the great John Randolph of Roanoke, who set forth his principles thus:

"Love of peace, hatred of offensive war, jealousy of the state governments toward the general government; a dread of standing armies; a loathing of public debt, taxes, and excises; tenderness for the liberty of the citizen; jealousy, Argus-eyed jealousy, of the patronage of the president."

Or, let H.L. Mencken have the last word with this bit of perceptive doggerel:

When after many battles past,
Both, tired with blows, make
peace at last,
What is it, after all, the people
get?
Why, taxes, widows, wooden
legs, and debt. ■

NOTES ON THE NINTENDO WAR

March 1991

THE TV WAR

For the first two days and nights of the war, I, like many other people, stayed glued to my TV set, watching the war, concentrating on CNN but flipping in and out of the networks. Then, suddenly, it hit me: I wasn't getting any *news*. And it remains true. What we have been getting is:

1. Endless repetitions of the same few static shots: A plane landing or taking off on a darkened field. A missile thrusting upwards. The same damn bird covered with oil. (How many hundreds of times did we see that *one*? And that was a fake—a shot taken after some oil accident several days *before* Saddam's oil strike.) If you turn on five minutes of news per day you get the full 24 hours.

2. Slides of maps, with radio voices cracking from Middle East spots. No news.

3. Press conferences, with Bush, Cheney, and various Pentagon biggies sounding off with braggadocio: We've got him; we've crushed him; we'll crush him again.

4. Press conferences where Bush and Pentagon biggies engage in schoolyard tantrums. After five months of routinely calling Saddam a monster, a madman, and a Hitler, every time Saddam does something, e.g., putting our pilot POWs on television, or unloosing all that oil, our biggies invariably say: "That's it. Now we're *really* mad." But why is this fatheaded behavior taken seriously?

5. The rest of the airtime is filled with the talking heads of seemingly every retired colonel and general on the armed forces pension rolls. All these mavens invariably say one thing: We've got him; we've crushed him; we'll crush him again.

Several astute critics notably Leslie Gelb in the *New York Times* and Howard Rosenberg in the *L.A. Times* have pointed out that this first "television war" is not in any sense bringing us *the war*, but only a highly censored, sanitized high-tech computer Nintendo game, with U.S. missiles going off, gallant Patriot (whichever PR man thought up *that* name should be getting a million bucks a year) missiles intercepting evil Scud (ditto for *that* PR man) missiles. It's a TV-high-tech phony war that the average Americano can really get behind, sending the Bush approval rating up to—what is it?—110 percent?

CIVILIAN CASUALTIES?

And yet, every once in a great while, some bit of truth manages to peek through the facade: Iraqi refugees in Jordan note that blood is running in the streets in residential neighborhoods in Baghdad; and Ramsey Clark reports that in the major Southern Iraqi city of Basra civilians are being targeted and killed in great numbers. Concerned that more of these reports might shake the "Nobody Dies" theme, the Pentagon has issued a preemptive strike against such revelations by assuring us that we never, ever, target civilians, that our pilots have gone out of their way and even sacrificed themselves to avoid hitting civilians, but that sometimes—even with "smart" precision bombs—there is unavoidable "collateral damage" (sort of like "side effect" in medicine?) to civilians, and anyway it's all that evil Saddam Hussein's fault for putting military targets near civilian areas. Oh. Like at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, right?

Even when a smart bomb killed 400 civilians, it was all Saddam's fault.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAVENS?

Another curious aspect of the war is: what in blazes happened to the mavens, to all those military and strategic experts upon whom we all rely for sober judgment on world affairs? Before January 16, most of the mavens sounded pretty good: they warned sternly that launching a war would be

decidedly inadvisable, and that a ground war would be even worse. Then, Bush blows the whistle on the Night of January 16, and the mavens totally flipflop. From then on, it's: Hey, hey, high-tech! Missiles! B-52s! Pounding! No living person can stand up to it! We'll win the war in ten days, two weeks at the outside!

There were two parts to this total switcheroo of the mavens. Partly it was the very same mavens changing their tune within a few hours. But partly, too, many of the old mavens were dumped and new ones—the B team—substituted. Suddenly, the sober and thoughtful Brzezinskis and Admiral Le Rocques and Carrolls were gone, and the second team of mindless retired colonels are trundled in to whoop it up for imminent victory. Is this a coincidence?

Also, what happened to that fascinating pre-war session on *Crossfire* when former Secretary of the Navy James Webb and the military expert from the *Chicago Tribune* slated to debate the possibility of a draft, stunned both Pat Buchanan and Michael Kinsley by agreeing that the U.S. Army and Air Force were not equipped to fight a Gulf war for longer than four weeks. After gaining a brief news flash, this item was dropped and never referred to again. What do these two say now? Inquiring minds would like to know.

GRINDING IT OUT

It occurs to me that U.S. military strategy, ever since U.S. Grant, has been dogged, plonky, and unimaginative. Mencken once wrote that the Americans love to boast about U.S. military victories, but that we make sure, before launching any war, that we outnumber the enemy by at least five to one. And then, in every war, we amass the men and firepower, and just slog it out, wearing the enemy down—something like the hated New York Giants in football. With a few exceptions such as General Patton, brilliant surprises and strategy are left to the opposition.

In this war, so far all the surprises again have come from Saddam, who despite being vastly out-numbered—in fire-power, but *not* in men on the ground—is constantly keeping the U.S. Behemoth nervous, puzzled on edge. “*Why* is he laying back?” or “*Why* didn’t he fire all his Scud missiles or fly all of his planes at once? (so we can spot them).” “*Why* did he unloose all that oil? MiGod he’s worse than Exxon!” (Maybe because we insisted on embargoing it. What *else* should he do with it than confuse us, slow us down, maybe even wipe out the desalinization plants in Saudi Arabia? Saddam’s brain, after all, has not been addled by the Environmentalist Movement.)

But we have an all-too-effective PR reply to any surprises that Saddam can pull. The endless litany: “We’re right on schedule. Everything’s on schedule.”

DRAMATIC NON-EVENTS OF THE WAR

1. **Gas Attacks.** With all the fuss and feathers about gas masks, issuing of gas masks, practicing in sealed rooms, constant agitation in Israel and in Saudi Arabia, *not one* gas attack has yet occurred. How about waiting until something happens before featuring it everywhere? Or is that asking too much of our Nintendo war?

2. **“Terrorism.”** (Assaults upon Western or Israeli civilians, that is, *not* against Iraqi civilians.) The great Old Right journalist Gareth Garrett analyzed U.S. imperialism in the 1950s as a “complex of fear and vaunting.” His analysis has been unfortunately confirmed in spades. On the one hand, endless bragging and blustering: Hey, hey, USA! We’ve got him, we’ll crush him, we’ll kick his ass! On the other hand, craven cowardice, endless whimpering about prospective “terrorism.” Travel has plummeted, security measures have tightened everywhere. My God: if *you* were an Iraqi terrorist, with after all strictly limited resources, would *you* plan your first strike thus: “OK, let’s get the Shubert Theatre in New York!” And all the nonsense about the Super Bowl! Hey people, do you think anyone outside the U.S. gives a tinker’s damn about football? They have more pressing things to think about or to target.

And in all the hot air and prattling about “Iraqi terrorism,” there has not yet been one terrorist incident! (“Watch out! He’s *holding back!*”) In fact, the only authentic incident so far—the shelling of Number Ten Downing Street—was committed, not by the evil Arabs, but by the good old Irish Republican Army, who antedate Saddam by about seventy years. Again: how about waiting until one certified incident occurs before spreading this alleged problem all over the front pages?

Besides, do you realize that they *never caught* those once-famous “bearded Libyan hit men,” who supposedly snuck onto our shores to get President Reagan? Where are they now?

AND WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE “DRUG WAR?”

Answer: Who needs more than one war at a time?

ONE SMALL PLEA

Please, please, won’t someone, somewhere, do something, to get the ubiquitous man with the improbable name of “Wolf Blitzer” off the air? I know that it’s a small thing to ask amidst the grand follies and tragedies of this war, but it would be so...blissful.

RED-BAITING THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

The conservative movement (apart from the paleos) reminds me of a punch-drunk boxer who has been in the ring several fights too many. When he hears the bell, all he can do is to look around wildly, swing aimlessly, and

red-bait. *Human Events* recently tried to do this by pointing out darkly, and correctly, that Ramsey Clark's anti-war Coalition is dominated by the Workers' World Party, a Marxist-Leninist group. It darkly pointed out that the Coalition failed to condemn the invasion of Kuwait. It then tried to draw an analogy to the Marxist-Leninists who opposed the Vietnam War, hoping to bring about a Marxist-Leninist Asia, and eventually a Marxist-Leninist world.

Very feeble, guys. It's true that the Workers' World Party (WWP) which originated long ago during the beginnings of the Soviet-Chinese Communist split, are demon organizers and run the Clark Coalition. But so what? The WWP, a pro-Maoist splinter from Trotskyism, has about fifty members, and is a threat to no one. Its Maximum Leader, theoretician, and organizer is one Sam Marcy, and its crackerjack organizer and editor is Dierdre Griswold. They never had any clout within Trotskyism or Leninism, much less in America as a whole. Their effectiveness comes from the fact that they early decided to abandon abstruse theoretical argument and concentrate on practical organizing and street demonstrations against any and all U.S. wars. But to see the imbecility of the analogy with Vietnam, ponder this: no one, but no one, not even Comrades Marcy or Griswold, is writing letters to each other signed, "Yours for a Baathist America." No one wants to model the U.S. or the world after Saddam's polity. Get it?

Furthermore, a careful analysis of the left's reaction to this war cuts totally against this standard conservative reflex. As a matter of fact, one can almost use the position on the war to figure out *who* on the left has been in the Communist orbit all along, and who has been truly independent. Many prominent leftists have spouted what could only be called the Gorby-Soviet line, i.e., that Saddam must be stopped, that it's wonderful to have the U.N. back again battling for a New World Order, that there should have been sanctions against Iraq; but that Bush is being too jingoistic and going too far in the war. Take, for example, Alexander Cockburn, the last of the unreconstructed Old Left whose writings on politics and U.S. foreign policy before August 2, 1990, were radical, punchy, and delightfully satiric and hard core. But since August 2, Cockburn has suddenly turned Judicious, writing stodgy and tedious articles in the *Nation*, denouncing the "extreme left" for attacking Mr. Bush's War and U.S. imperialism and for overlooking the vast complexities of the new era. In fact, one of the many casualties of the Gulf War has been Cockburn's once fascinating writing.

So what does that tell you where Marxists-Leninists stand? In contrast, it should now be clear, if it ever was murky, that such staunch anti-war leftists as Erwin Knoll, editor of the *Progressive*, or Ramsey Clark, should never have been red-baited, and are truly independent persons.

THE YELLOW RIBBON CONSPIRACY?

Surely, one of the main beneficiaries of the war so far has been the yellow ribbon industry. Has any intrepid journalist looked into this question: who are the major yellow-ribbon manufacturers? Do they have any ties with the Trilateralists? the Bilderbergers? With Neil Bush or any of the other little Bushes? And how did this yellow stuff start anyway?

Color scientists: is there any color, on the color spectrum, that may be considered *anti*-yellow?

THE RIGHT TO A SPEEDY TRIAL

And when, Oh when is General Manuel Noriega (remember him? He was *last year's* "Hitler") going to get his constitutional right to a public, speedy trial?

THE WAR HERO AS PERMANENT PROBLEM

Among the baleful consequences of nearly every American military victory has been the War Hero who emerges from the war and then plagues us for years as president. The American Revolution brought us High Federalism and George Washington, the Mexican War gave us President General Zachary Taylor, the Civil War the rotten regime of President U.S. Grant, and World War II brought us Ike Eisenhower, who fastened the New-Fair Deal upon the nation at a time when there was a good chance of getting rid of it. (World War I gave us no military heroes, but it did elevate Herbert Hoover to political fame and eventually his disastrous presidency. Hoover was the aptly-named Food Czar during the collectivized economy of World War I.)

If the U.S. wins a short, casualty-free Glorious Victory in this war (or if just as effectively the Washington spin-doctors are able to persuade the dazzled media and the deluded masses that this Glorious Victory occurred), then *who* will be the War Heroes emerging from this war to torment us in the years to come?

George Bush, thank God, is too old, unless of course, the neocon political theorists manage to get rid of the anti-Third Term Amendment and he can be elected President for Life. General Kelly has too raspy a voice (being short in the intellect department is no longer a bar to the Highest Office). General Schwarzkopf is too fat and thuggish looking. Brent Scowcroft is too old, and besides, he lacks charisma. We are left with: Dick Cheney, who I am sure is willing to shoulder the burden, and General Colin Powell, who could be our first Affirmative Action President, an event that would send the entire Cultural Left, from left-liberals to neocons to left-libertarians, into ecstasy. What, you ask, are his *views* on anything? Surely you jest; no one ever asked that question of any of the other War Heroes. We know that he wears his uniform smartly and comes across well on television; what *else* would anyone want?

A NIGHTMARE SCENARIO FOR 1996

In case no one is worried about more proximate problems, here's a lulu for 1996: who should become George Bush's heir apparent, to run all of our lives from January 1997 to January 2005: Dan Quayle or General Colin Powell? Sorry: None of the Above is not a permitted option in our Glorious Democracy. ■

LESSONS OF THE GULF WAR

April 1991

Every war supplies us with lessons we must learn. There were the lessons of Munich and the lessons of Vietnam. It is not too early for us to learn the lessons of the Gulf War, lest we lose the peace.

1. **War is Wonderful.** We have learned at last that war is glorious, war is wonderful. As they said about the Spanish-American war, this was a "splendid little war." Our war effort from now on can be so high-tech that no American need die in one ever again. Three times as many American soldiers died in accidents in the Gulf before the war began than during the actual fighting. Deaths among enemy soldiers and civilians are solely the fault of the Evil Enemy.

From now on, the only opponents of an American war will be traitors, yellow-bellies, Commies, neo-Nazis, and anti-Semites.

War is also a great unifier. Petty domestic problems, such as taxes, deficits, banking crises are forgotten in the great uplifting current that brings back to America a sense of unity, of belonging, of common national purpose. Those who grumble at that unity are traitors and yellow-bellies.

2. **Don't Let Them Surrender.** Too many times Americans have won a splendid war only to lose the peace. One problem is the end game, the whole problem of surrender, who we accept surrender from, on what terms, etc. During the Gulf War we approached perfection by not letting them surrender. First, we set the goal of "unconditional Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait." When Iraq accepted these terms, we complained that they didn't accept reparations, they weren't clear about coming out with their hands up, and besides, we wanted to hear it from Saddam himself. When Saddam himself complied, we raised all the above objections, and we kept bombing, or "pounding." (Hey guys, how about coming up with a synonym for "pound"? If I had a dime for every time the media used "pound," I'd be a very rich man.)

And then, when they obviously began to withdraw, we said: "*That's* not 'withdrawal' (good); that's 'retreat' (bad)."

Demanding “unconditional surrender,” as we did in World War II, was great, but again we got bogged down in end-game problems. Clearly, the best strategy for the end game is never to accept any surrender at all. Let’s just keep “pounding” the enemy *till nobody moves*. Let’s keep it simple and clear-cut. Or to use the common American slogan of divine impatience: “Let’s get it over with,” or “let’s finish the job.” If we pound until we kill them all, until nobody moves, then we won’t have to worry anymore about “losing the peace.” The peace will be ours forever, the job will be finished forever.

To put a more rigorous twist on the old song:

We’ll be over,
We’re comin’ over,
And we won’t be back
Till there’s *nothin’* over there.

3. Take Over the Media. We did a great job, in the Gulf War, in censoring, curbing, and confining the media. The media lost us the Korean and Vietnam Wars. The media are a bunch of traitors, yellow-bellies, etc. The media injure American morale. The media prattle about “gathering the news,” and “giving us the truth.” What they don’t understand is that only the president deserves the truth. All public truth helps the Enemy.

The American people, thank goodness, now hate the media, with their subversion and their prying questions. The media are a bunch of individualists who won’t go along with the program. Now we must finish the job. The federal government must take over the media. Issue licenses, certificates of convenience and necessity, to all media people. And if they don’t knuckle under and show proper respect to the president and his officers, just pull their licenses.

What, you say this would violate the First Amendment? Rubbish. We do it now with radio and TV; the FCC can pull their licenses at any time. All we’d have to do is have the FCC show some spine. And the much-reviled Alien and Sedition Acts were never declared unconstitutional. The Supreme Court will follow the election returns.

The objective should be for all the media to be, in effect, agit-prop arms of the president and the federal government. They’re mostly at that point already. Let’s finish the job.

4. Abolish Congress. Congress is a pain in the neck, a bunch of quibblers and fusspots who accomplish nothing, who only obstruct and delay (sometimes) the plans of the president. As neoconservative theorists have instructed us, the president embodies in his person the entire national and public interest. The president represents each and every one of us. But Congressmen are only bogged down in petty, narrow concerns of each district or state. So let’s get rid of Congress; let’s finish it off.

Or rather, let's have a constitutional amendment that abolishes elections, which are at best an expensive drain on the taxpayers, and replaces them with the best and wisest men and women appointed by the president and replaceable at his will. Then he could get the best counsel for the national interest, free of partisan, political considerations.

5. Let's Get Rid of Political Parties. We keep praising the "two-party system" without realizing that there is nothing in the Constitution that mandates parties, two or whatever. The Founding Fathers hated parties, which they called "factions." Parties are divisive, they cripple American unity, and they cost the taxpayer money by requiring elections. Besides, the Republican Party will never again lose a presidential election, and since we will get rid of Congress anyway, why not face reality? Let's combine both parties into one glorious party, call it the Democrat-Republicans, as under Jefferson, or maybe Republican-Democrats to reflect current realities. Then we'd all be united, and any disagreements could be ironed out *within* a one-party framework.

If anyone suspects that there's something dictatorial or un-American about a one-party system, think nothing of it. There is ample precedent; America had a one-party system (Democrat-Republican) from about 1815 to 1827. No one suffered; in fact, it is called by historians the Era of Good Feelings. No problem.

6. Let's Make George Bush President for Life. Everyone knows that elections are too darn frequent, forcing our leaders to turn away from their great leadership at the helm of state to worry about our petty concerns. And besides, it's expensive for the taxpayer. So we can simply make George Bush president for life, and then, when he dies or retires, we can have a glorious Democratic-Republican convention, to select his successor. What could be more truly democratic?

7. Free Up the President. If Lessons 1 to 6 were put in place, our president would then at last be free, free of the crippling restraints of Congress, of elections, and of the yellow-bellied, traitorous, etc. media. With Congress and the media united in service to the president, he would be free to unify the nation, he could write laws in the form of his own executive decrees, he could set his budget and levy his taxes (and cut the capital gains tax, by God). He would also be free to run his New World Order abroad, to obliterate the Enemy for, say, \$100 billion, and then spend another \$100 billion to rebuild the enemy lands. War and reconstruction contractors will be happy and prosperous, and this will provide plenty of jobs and keep America prosperous as well. The president will get 98-percent approval rating in the polls, which can serve as a scientific substitute for messy and grubby elections.

Some carping critics (the 2 percent yellow-bellies, etc. above—and there are always a few rotten apples in every glorious barrel) might claim that we would lose our freedom and that the president would be a dictator.

But that would be the biggest lie of them all. For we must always remember that the president represents us, that in the deepest sense the president is us and that we are the president, and that therefore when the president is set free and is unrestrained, we are all free. ■

WHY THE WAR? THE KUWAIT CONNECTION

May 1991

Why, exactly, did we go to war in the Gulf? The answer remains murky, but perhaps we can find one explanation by examining the strong and ominous Kuwait Connection in our government. (I am indebted to an excellent article in an obscure New York tabloid, *Downtown*, by Bob Feldman, "The Kissinger Affair," March 27.) The *Sabahklatura* that runs the Kuwait government is immensely wealthy, to the tune of hundreds of billions of dollars, derived from tax/"royalty" loot extracted from oil producers simply because the Sabah tribe claims "sovereignty" over that valuable chunk of desert real estate. The Sabah tribe has no legitimate claim to the oil revenue; it did nothing to homestead or mix its labor or any other resource with the crude oil.

It is reasonable to assume that the Sabah family stands ready to use a modest portion of that ill-gotten wealth to purchase defenders and advocates in the powerful United States. We now focus our attention on the sinister but almost universally Beloved figure of Dr. Henry Kissinger, a lifelong spokesman, counselor, and servitor of the Rockefeller World Empire. Kissinger is so Beloved, in fact, that whenever he appears on *Nightline* or *Crossfire* he appears alone, since it seems to be *lese-majeste* (or even blasphemy) for anyone to contradict the Great One's banal and ponderous Teutonic pronouncements. Only a handful of grumblers and malcontents on the extreme right and extreme left disturb this cozy consensus.

In 1954, the 31-year-old Kissinger, a Harvard political scientist and admirer of Metternich, was plucked out of his academic obscurity to become lifelong foreign policy advisor to New York Governor Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. Doctor K continued in that august role until he assumed the mastery of foreign policy throughout the Nixon and Ford administrations. In that role, Kissinger played a major part in prolonging and extending the Vietnam War, and in the mass murder of civilians entailed by the terror bombings of Vietnam, the secret bombing of Cambodia, and the invasion of Laos.

Since leaving office in 1977, Dr. Kissinger has continued to play a highly influential role in U.S. politics, in the U.S. media, and in the Rockefeller world empire. It was Kissinger, along with David Rockefeller, who was decisive in the disastrous decision of President Carter to admit the recently toppled Shah of Iran, old friend and ally of the Rockefellers into the United States, a decision that led directly to the Iranian hostage crisis and to Carter's downfall. Today, Kissinger still continues to serve as a trustee of the powerful Rockefeller Brothers Fund, as a counselor to Rockefellers' Chase Manhattan Bank, and as a member of Chase's International Advisory Committee. Kissinger's media influence is evident from his having served on the board of CBS, Inc., and having been a paid consultant to both NBC News and ABC News. That takes care of all three networks.

But Kissinger's major, and most lucrative role, has come as head of Kissinger Associates in New York City, founded on a loan obtained in 1982 from the international banking firm of E.M. Warburg, Pincus and Company. Nominally, Kissinger Associates (KA) is an "international consulting firm" but "consultant" covers many sins, and in KA's case, this means international political influence-peddling for its two dozen or so important corporate clients. In the fullest report on KA, Leslie Gelb in the *New York Times Magazine* for April 20, 1986, reveals that, in that year, 25 to 30 corporations paid KA between \$150,000 and \$420,000 each per annum for political influence and "access." As Gelb blandly puts it: "The superstar international consultants [at KA] were certainly people who would get their telephone calls returned from high American government officials and who would also be able to get executives in to see foreign leaders." I dare say a lot more than mere access could be gained thereby. KA's offices in New York and Washington are small, but they pack a powerful punch. (Is it mere coincidence that KA's Park Avenue headquarters is in the same building as the local office of Chase Manhattan Bank's subsidiary, the Commercial Bank of Kuwait?)

Who were these "superstar international consultants?" One of them, who in 1986 was the vice chairman of KA, is none other than General Brent Scowcroft, former national security advisor under President Ford, and, playing the exact same role under George Bush, serving as the chief architect of the Gulf War. One of the General's top clients was Kuwait's government-owned Kuwait Petroleum Corporation, who paid Scowcroft for his services at least from 1984 through 1986. In addition, Scowcroft became a director of Santa Fe International (SFI) in the early 1980s, not long after SFI was purchased by the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation in 1981. Joining Scowcroft on the SFI board was Scowcroft's old boss, Gerald Ford. One of SFI's activities is drilling oil wells in Kuwait, an operation which, of course, had to be suspended after the Iraq invasion.

Brent Scowcroft, it is clear, has enjoyed a long-standing and lucrative Kuwait connection. Is it a coincidence that it was Scowcroft's National Security Council presentation on August 3, 1990, which according to the

New York Times (February 21) “crystallized people’s thinking and galvanized support” for a “strong response” to the Iraq invasion of Kuwait?

Scowcroft, by the way, does not exhaust the Republican administrations’ revolving door among Kissinger Associates. Another top KA official, Lawrence Eagleburger, undersecretary of state under Reagan, has returned to high office after a stint at KA as deputy secretary of state under George Bush.

Also vitally important at KA are the members of its board of directors. One director is T. Jefferson Cunningham III, who is also a director of the Midland Bank of Britain, which has also been a KA client. The fascinating point here is that 10.5 percent of this \$4 billion bank is owned by the Kuwait government. And Kissinger, as head of KA, is of course concerned to advance the interests of his clients—which include the Midland Bank and therefore the government of Kuwait. Does this connection have anything to do with Kissinger’s ultra-hawkish views on the Gulf War? In the meantime, Kissinger continues to serve on President Bush’s Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which gives Kissinger not only a channel for giving advice but also gives him access to national security information which could prove useful to KA’s corporate clients.

Another KA client is the Fluor Corporation, which has a special interest in Saudi Arabia. Shortly before the August 2 invasion, Saudi Arabia decided to launch a \$30 to \$40 billion project to expand oil production, and granted two huge oil contracts to the Parson and Fluor corporations. (*New York Times*, August 21)

One member of KA’s board of directors is ARCO Chairman Robert O. Anderson; ARCO, also one of KA’s clients, is engaged in joint oil-exploration and oil-drilling in offshore China with Santa Fe International, the subsidiary of the Kuwait government.

Other KA board members are William D. Rogers, undersecretary of state in the Eisenhower administration, and long-time leading Dewey-Rockefeller Republican in New York; former Citibank (Rockefeller) Chairman Edward Palmer; and Eric Lord Roll, economist and chairman of the board of the London international banking house of S.F. Warburg.

Perhaps the most interesting KA board member is one of the most Beloved figures in the conservative movement, William E. Simon, secretary of treasury in the Nixon and Ford administrations. When Simon left office in 1977, he became a consultant to the Bechtel Corporation, which has had the major massive construction contracts to build oil refineries and cities in Saudi Arabia. In addition, Simon became a consultant to Suliman Olayan, one of the wealthiest and most powerful businessmen in Saudi Arabia. Long a close associate of the oil-rich Saudi royal family, Olayan had served Bechtel well by getting it the multi-billion contract to build the oil city of Jubail. In 1980, furthermore, Olayan hired William Simon to be chairman of two investment firms owned jointly by himself and the influential Saudi Prince Khaled al Saud.

Bechtel, the Rockefellers, and the Saudi royal family have long had an intimate connection. After the Saudis granted the Rockefeller dominated Aramco oil consortium the monopoly of oil in Saudi Arabia, the Rockefellers brought their pals at Bechtel in on the construction contracts. The Bechtel Corporation, of course, has also contributed George Schultz and Cap Weinberger to high office in Republican administrations. To complete the circle, KA director Simon's former boss Suliman Olayan was, in 1988, the largest shareholder in the Chase Manhattan Bank after David Rockefeller himself.

The pattern is clear. An old New Left slogan held that "you don't need a weatherman to tell you how the wind is blowing." In the same way, you don't need to be a "conspiracy theorist" to see what's going on here. All you have to do is be willing to use your eyes. ■

U.S., KEEP OUT OF BOSNIA!

September 1992

*When Johnny comes marching
home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
They'll give him a hearty welcome
then, Hurrah! Hurrah!
There'll be bankers and writers
and Englishmen
To send him off to war again,
They'll all be there when Johnny
comes marching home.*

—Isolationist ditty, 1941

And so, are we off to war again? Add Social Democrats, and, considering the malignant role of the warmonger, Lady Thatcher, keep the "Englishmen," in the ditty, and guard your son (and daughter now) Mom and Dad, because they're beating the war drums again.

It's a heavy irony. *Triple R* has been in the forefront, for the last two years, in denouncing the Serbs. Not long ago, the entire New World Order crowd, from the *New York Times* to the *New Republic* to every "foreign policy expert" on TV, that is our entire Social Democrat elite, were defending the Serbs, who spoke for the "territorial integrity of Yugoslavia," the rest of their time was spent desperately trying to help Gorbys keep the old rotting Soviet Union together.

The Bush administration was obedient to their call. Every Establishment article on Yugoslavia was not considered complete unless the beleaguered

Croats were attacked for being “Nazis,” with the Ustashi regime of World War II lovingly dredged up. The Serbs, on the other hand, were supposedly “anti-Nazi” and “pro-West,” this grossly over-simplified version of World War II in the Balkans presumably defining their positions for all time.

But now, suddenly, it’s a different story. Suddenly, the Social Democrats, the same old suspects, now including the Clinton–Gore ticket are denouncing the Bush administration for not making war upon the Serbs, instantly, and for not pressuring and squeezing our “European allies” in the UN, i.e., forcing them to go along to give a war policy an internationalist veneer.

Is there to be no conflict, no war, no problem anywhere in the world that the poor United States, already declining in productivity and living standards, mired in depression and groaning under a \$400 billion annual deficit, must send its troops and its treasure to set everything right? How long is it going to take to learn the lesson: that just as government throwing money at social and economic problems only makes those problems worse, so the United States government is not able to cure all the ills of mankind?

The problem is that increasingly we have government by TV clip. All the media have to do is to send some newsmen to a war-torn area, show pictures of torture or detention camps or starvation, and the sentimental fools who constitute Western public opinion, especially in the U.S., where sentiment and demagoguery have long replaced thought, will pressure the U.S. government to “do something” to set everything right. As usual, it is the fat cat civilians, the “experts” and media elite sitting in their plush, air-conditioned offices and bars, that are thirsting for blood, and the youth of the armed forces and the taxpayers who are supposed to supply it.

To his credit, President Bush is at least cautious at getting in a Balkan quagmire, reflecting the position of the Pentagon, who are very mindful of the lessons of Vietnam and of Lebanon. Military experts estimate that it would take an army of 500,000 men to secure Sarajevo and Bosnia alone, and far more to try to occupy Serbia. Even the Nazis had a great deal of trouble with Serbian guerrillas in World War II. What can we expect, blundering into an area of intense and ancient ethnic hatreds, armed only with empty clichés about “aggressions” and “territorial integrity?”

And what of the Europeans, our NATO “allies,” the French and the Germans and the rest? Why are they so reluctant to send troops, why are they confining their reaction to handwringing? Why? Because they are right there, and they know a lot more about what’s going on than the foolish, quixotic U.S., always ready to leap in where everyone of sense refuses to tread.

This good sense, of course, does not apply to that neocon heroine, that old shrew, Mrs. Thatcher. On Thursday, August 6, our cup ran over, for on that day the organ of Social Democracy Central, the *New York Times*, published on its op-ed page, back to back, two solemn articles by certified

Big Shots demanding immediate war against the Serbs. One was Mrs. Thatcher. That aging jingo, unchastened by the repudiation of her own party, is back, urging the U.S. and the West to give an immediate ultimatum to the Serbs to comply with a series of absurd Western demands, or else face maximum military force. Those demands include “demilitarization of Bosnia” and the entire region (Yeah! Fat chance!), and, in particular, the protection and enforcement of the “territorial integrity” of Bosnia. Mrs. Thatcher adds that the West’s aim should be to “restore the Bosnian state,” which must also be guaranteed as a unitary country, “not allowing for its partition into three cantons.”

What in the world is this? “Territorial integrity” of Bosnia? For Heaven’s sake, Bosnia didn’t even exist until a few months ago! These are the same characters who, a short time ago, insisted on defending the “territorial integrity” of Yugoslavia! Does all someone have to do is declare some area a “country,” and then the entire world, led of course by the U.S., must rush in with money and men to guarantee its “integrity?” And what’s wrong with partition, at least as a concept, and apart from the fact that the Serbs want to grab a lot more than their ethnic regions?

In fact, while the Bosnian Muslims running the new little country may be lovable, gentle people, the idea of maintaining Bosnia-Herzegovina as a unitary, multi-ethnic “democracy” was and continues to be idiotic. It cannot succeed, and can only cause continued, permanent trouble and conflict for everyone. Since the Bosnian Muslims are gentle folk without much of an armed force, they have gotten the dirty end of the *de facto* partition, but they should be happy, eventually, to take their ethnic areas and forget the multi-ethnic nonsense. In the Balkans, where every group hates the other, it’s simply not going to work. American Social Democrat busybodies should understand that in the Balkans, at least, there is and won’t be any “melting pot” or even a “gorgeous mosaic.”

In the accompanying article, *Times* foreign policy maven Leslie Gelb repeats the Thatcher argument. So: what about the quagmire problem? Both Thatcher and Gelb, especially the latter, and the other warmongers, claim that U.S. ground troops won’t be needed. Again: the old seductive nonsense that we have heard since Mayor deSeversky in the 1930s is trotted out: we can do it all by air power. Cheap, effective, and only foreigners get killed (except for one or two American pilots who might get shot down by ground-fire).

Again, it’s not going to work, as the Pentagon knows all too well. The original idea, floated by the poor Bosnian Muslims themselves: All we want is for the American air force to bomb the gun emplacements in the hills around Sarajevo. Well, that’s been given up. Even Gelb admits that the gun emplacements can’t be knocked out from the air, and also that the Serb guerrillas will smash the blue-helmeted UN “humanitarian” troops. So: what to do? Aha! Punish the civilian Serb population! The warmongers are

talking about tightening the embargo (yeah, lots of luck, with all the land routes into Serbia).

And don't forget, this ain't the Middle East desert; this is a land of lots of mountains and trees. But the key proposed punishment is to bomb the Serbian population: bridges, military stores and "installations," airfields, "military factories." So what they are saying, when we peel away the occasional lip-service to "military," is to bomb Serbian civilians, and to bomb and bomb and bomb again until the Serbs cry uncle. Well guys, it's never worked. It didn't work in World War II, it didn't work in Vietnam, it didn't work anywhere. No country or people get bombed into submission. They just get madder and find ways of carrying on the war despite the bombing. And that means that after the lack of success of the sanctions and the "punishment," a million or so American troops will have to be sent in to occupy Bosnia and Serbia forever, to get pounded and shot at year in and year out, forever.

What's the alternative? All right, say it: "Nuke Belgrade." Are you prepared to come to that? And what if, after we kill a million or more Serbs in Belgrade, what if that doesn't work either?

Many of the mavens acknowledge that our choices are hard, that the problem is difficult (no difficulty, of course, is acknowledged by the Iron Lady). But they are prepared, of course, for Serb civilians, young Americans in the armed forces, and the U.S. taxpayer, to pay any price needed for ultimate victory. But why? Why is the U.S. supposed to be the world's policeman and nanny?

And then we have it: not only the ultimate, but the only argument: Hitler! Just as Hitler did not stop when he was "appeased," so we have to stop the Serbs, before it is "too late." Too late for what? Perhaps this common imbecility was expressed by my least favorite Senator (yes I know, it's a tough choice): Joseph Lieberman (D., Conn). Lieberman said that if we don't stop the Serbs in Bosnia, then they will go on next to Kosovo, and then maybe even Macedonia. Ooohh?! Must we go all-out to stop them before they get to Skopje? And if that happens, the war will spread, Bulgaria, and Turkey will step in (Eh?!). And then the rest of the sentence after "and then" is always left hanging. And then what exactly, Senator? If we don't stop the Serbs in Sarajevo, they will wind up swimming the Atlantic and, with daggers in their teeth, invade Connecticut? Is that what you're saying, Senator?

The argument about stopping the Serbs now, now before they invade New York, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the favorite warmongering thesis that "aggression" must be nipped in the bud, as if "aggression" were a disease, an infection that must be caught early or else it will overwhelm us all. It is a *reductio ad absurdum*, and yet no one laughs. The degeneration of American culture, the descent to absurdity, has no clear demonstration. And this argument, of course, is based on the Hitler analogy. In the space of no

more than a year, the Social Democrat elite that runs American opinion has discovered no less than five “Hitlers,” against each of whom we have had to be mobilized to the teeth.

Let’s call the roll: Saddam Hussein, David Duke, Pat Buchanan, H. Ross Perot, and Slobodan Milosevic. All, all, have been denounced hysterically by our Social Democrat elite of media and intellectual “experts,” and all have been treated as an immediate menace to the American Republic. You’d think that, after a while, this baloney wouldn’t work. How many times does the kid have to cry “Wolf” before no one takes him seriously? As for me, I can’t wait. ■

THE DECEMBER SURPRISE

February 1993

Nothing embodies the monumental klutziness of George Bush so much as his manner of leaving office: bringing us a December surprise! Only a George Bush could get us into a war after he has safely lost his election. With luck, indeed, this “foreign policy” president might have us fighting in no less than three wars by the time he leaves office: Somalia, Bosnia–Kosovo, and Iraq. The media have been writing of Bush’s possible cleverness in sticking Clinton with two and possibly three quagmires as he takes office. The heck with Clinton; what about the legacy that this preppy Trilateralist boob is bequeathing to us? At the end, in an allegedly major speech, Bush specifically tried to reverse the wise advice of George Washington’s Farewell Address, and to keep us fighting in foreign entanglements forever. The vaunted “graciousness” of the Bushes during the interregnum completes the package, as the average Americano is supposed to be reassured by the perception that both the incoming and the outgoing elites are virtually the same, Clinton only a younger Bush with a hoarse Arkansas accent. To top it off, Ronnie left the confines of his Santa Barbara ranch to call for a permanent UN army to police the world, while that other conservative icon, Maggie Thatcher, keeps yowling for the immediate carpet bombing of the Serbs. It is high time for conservatives to rethink their recent history, to jettison the Reagans and Thatchers and Goldwaters, and return to the older tradition of the Tafts and Brickers and Wherrys. Catch any of *them* calling for a UN army!

The Somalia intervention is a genuine horror, for it is an intervention that possesses not a single shred of national self-interest: strategic, military, resource, or whatever. Hence, of all U.S. coercive actions since World War II, this one is beloved of the entire “anti-war” and “pacifist” left. For the

first time in a half-century, veteran anti-war leaders such as the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, and the troubadour Pete Seeger, have signed up in a U.S. war. The veteran left-liberal and ex-Communist Murray Kempton, sounding for all the world like a villain in an Ayn Rand novel, writes that the wonderful thing about the Somalian intervention is precisely that the U.S. has no “selfish” interest in the war: that it is pure “humanitarian” altruism. And he is seconded in this monstrous analysis by none other than veteran “conservative” leader, William F. Buckley, Jr.

The idea of marching out with gun and missile to end starvation in the world, carrying machine-gun in one hand and CARE package in the other, is perhaps the most repellent vision of foreign policy ever concocted. The United States and the Western world in general have not escaped mass starvation out of sheer good luck or by “exploiting” the impoverished Third World. On the contrary: the natural lot of mankind, at least since our expulsion from Eden, is mass starvation—starvation that can only be overcome by steady hard work, by productive capital investment, and by creating the conditions and social institutions guaranteeing private property free of depredation. In that way, people will be able to keep and exchange the fruits of their hard-won labor. These conditions do not exist in the Third World, especially in areas such as Somalia. The United States is not wealthy enough, and hopefully not masochistic enough, to strip ourselves to the bone in order to feed the entire world, a world that is starving only because their social order has broken down, and because they are not guaranteeing private-property rights.

The end of the year is the time to make awards, and surely the Horse-laugh Award for 1992 goes to whichever joker in Washington promised that the U.S. troops would be out of Somalia by January 20. Yeah, sure. Somalia is a land of “criminal anarchy”—the sort of country that gives anarchism a bad name, a land where, instead of peacefully competing defense agencies, there is no settled government, certainly no effective peace-keeping agency, and warring bands are trying to steal from each other and from the general populace. In short, sort of like Harlem, only worse. But a land without a settled government, whether criminally anarchic or anarcho-capitalist, is almost impossible for an external power to occupy and govern. For there is no political infrastructure, no settled government to whom the occupying imperial power can transmit orders. How was little Britain, in the old days, able to occupy the vast and far more populous lands of the British Empire, e.g., India? British forces could conquer the Rajahs, and then settle down to transmit orders to the Rajahs, who in turn would govern the indigenous population. But in areas where there was no indigenous political authority—the Ibos, in West Africa, for example, who were also devoid of political authority—the British found it almost impossible to occupy and govern. Similarly in Somalia. Lands without government are peculiarly porous; sure, the American soldiers came ashore, brandished guns, and were met

with little resistance at first; but soon we will find that we are only occupying the actual small territory our troops are walking on; the rest of the country—that is, all the areas not physically occupied by our troops—will remain ungoverned and beyond our ken.

The worst inciter in this mess is Boutros Boutros-Ghali, probably the peskiest and most dangerous UN Secretary-General to date, who keeps whooping it up for us to do more, more, to occupy, stay there forever, and, most outlandish of all, disarm every Somalian. Yeah, great; Boutros-Ghali wants us to fight to the last dollar and the last soldier. Liberal gun-control in Somalia? Disarm the “thugs” in Mogadishu when we don’t seem able to disarm them in Harlem or Washington, D.C.?

The United States, pestered continually by Boutros-Ghali, and understandably reluctant to disarm all of East Africa, decided on a silly compromise: OK, we would disarm or confiscate the dreaded “vehicles”—the jeeps with mounted weapons that were the main tools of battle and power for the various clashing tribes and sub-tribes in southern Somalia. (Oops, you’re supposed to say *clans*, not tribes since the masters of PC have decided that “tribe” has a “racist” connotation.) Well, we started to disarm and confiscate the vehicles in Mogadishu, much to our satisfaction, when lo and behold! we found that at least the vehicles had been imposing some sort of power structure in the city, since only the largest and best-financed “thugs” could afford them. But now, without the vehicles, everyone is down to his own Kalashnikov, and armed conflict in the town is fiercer and more anarchic than ever. Typical example of government creating more problems than it solves!

Have you ever wondered, by the way, why all the turmoil and hence starvation is in *southern* Somalia, while *northern* Somalia remains peaceful and relatively well-fed? It’s because there’s only one tribe in northern Somalia, instead of the clashing welter, the glorious “diversity,” the gorgeous mosaic, of the tribes in the benighted South.

Some truly loony-tunes ideas have come out of Washington for solving the Somalian crime problem. One is for the U.S. to *buy* all the guns from the Somalis. Right. The U.S. taxpayers pay a steep price to bring the guns in, the Somalis take the money and buy still more guns, as this “solution”—happy for Somali warriors, disastrous for the U.S. taxpayers, spirals out of control. An even nuttier proposal states that the United States should literally swamp southern Somalia with food, so much food that gluts will occur, and the price will be driven downward toward zero, so that no one will bother stealing it. Brilliant! But what would prevent the Somali warriors from buying all this cheap food, and reselling it at a higher price out of town or out of the country, thereby reaping ever-higher profits at U.S. taxpayers expense, while the Somali population continues to starve? Or do these Washington geniuses think that food never travels from one spot of earth to another, or perhaps they think they can glut the entire world?

And so we can predict that our short-term feeding will solve no longer-run problems in Somalia, and that criminal anarchy will continue to reign outside the physical presence of U.S. troops. The United States, therefore, will quickly be presented with a critical choice: either declare victory and get the blazes out of Somalia, or send in ten million American troops, occupy every square inch of that besotted land, pick some “pro-American” puppet, hold “free elections,” and the rest of the trappings, and then be prepared to maintain Somalia as a U.S. ward in perpetuity. And if so, when and where will it all end?

And by the way, if the left strongly opposes all U.S. wars against Communism, but endorses (all?) other interventions, what does it say about the quality of their alleged opposition either to war or to U.S. imperialism? And what does it say about their *own* political ideology?

There are some other fascinating problems attending the Somalian caper. One is the accelerating castration of the American armed forces, which are already in the process of being weakened by feminization and gayization. I am no great fan of militarism, but if the military is to have any role at all—it’s got to be *really* military; tough, purposive, disciplined, generally John Wayne or Clint Eastwood-like. But our entire left-liberal culture detests nothing more than John Wayneish “macho” heroes, and it has assiduously been trying to transform the American military, perhaps successfully. It was therefore chilling to read of the Marines distributing food in Mogadishu happily burbling “*now*, I feel that it’s right to be a soldier.” Ohhh?

This odious theme of the humanitarian-with-the-gun is strongly reminiscent of one of the great essays in political philosophy, the chapter “The Humanitarian with the Guillotine” from *The God of the Machine* (1943), by the marvelous Old Right novelist and literary critic Isabel Paterson. The “humanitarian,” writes Paterson, makes it the primary purpose of his life to help others, even though of course he himself hasn’t the funds to do so. But “if the primary objective of the philanthropist, his justification for living, is to help others, his ultimate good *requires that others shall be in want*. His happiness is the obverse of their misery...The humanitarian wishes to be a prime mover in the lives of others. He cannot admit either the divine or the natural order, by which men have the power to help themselves.”

“But,” Isabel Paterson goes on, “he is confronted by two awkward facts: first, that the competent do not need his assistance; and second, that the majority of people, if unperturbed, positively do not want to be ‘done good’ by the humanitarian....Of course, what the humanitarian actually proposes is that *he* shall do what he thinks is good for everybody. It is at this point that the humanitarian sets up the guillotine.”

“What kind of a world,” Paterson concludes “does the humanitarian contemplate as affording him full scope? It could only be a world filled with breadlines and hospitals, in which nobody retained the natural power of a human being to help himself or to resist having things done to him. And

that is precisely the world that the humanitarian arranges when he gets his way...Hence the humanitarian feels the utmost gratification when he visits or hears of a country in which everyone is restricted to ration cards. Where subsistence is doled out, the desideratum has been achieved, of general want and a superior power to 'relieve' it. The humanitarian in theory is the terrorist in action." (Paterson, *God of the Machine*, pp. 241–42)

Another grave problem confronting us in the Somalia caper is yet one more demonstration of the tremendous power of the TV media to make foreign policy. It's policy made not by thought, but by instant visual emotion. Consider: (1) TV cameras come to Somalia; (2) TV cameras show horrible shots of emaciated and diseased children, surrounded by flies; (3) shots are carefully arranged for maximum emotional impact upon the American viewer (American soldiers were stunned to find, when they invaded Somalia, many areas of productive farms and happy, well-fed farmers—*they*, of course, were not shown on TV); (4) the American masses, stampeded by shots of starving Third World kids, bombard Washington for calls to do something—*anything*—to save the situation; (5) America sends troops, despite all Pentagon or cost-benefit warnings. The fact that the intervention will not stop starvation or will likely prove counter-productive, means nothing: for long-run starvation, or superior alternative use of resources *cannot* be shown on television. This is foreign policy—in fact, public policy in general—made by images cleverly selected by TV. All that is needed to get the U.S. to send troops anywhere is for TV cameras to *show* starving children—and there are plenty available at a moment's notice: Zaire, southern Sudan, Haiti, Afghanistan, are just a few of the numerous places crying for TV attention. There is no hope for any rational public policy in America so long as we continue to have rule-by-TV camera. What can be done about it? I don't know, but it is a question that needs serious consideration. When Lew Rockwell, in response to the doctored Rodney King-tape, humorously suggested outlawing camcorders, he was deluged by protests from dimwit and *serioso* libertarians. But he was the first person to raise a serious concern that must be dealt with.

And then there is Bosnia. George Bush is obviously itching to get heavily involved against the Serbs. Well, you gotta hand it to the Serbs: they are a proud and gutsy people. In mid-1992, the U.S. accepted a deal in which Serbian-American California millionaire Milan Panic went back to his Serbian childhood home as Prime Minister of the rump of old Yugoslavia, a rump consisting only of Serbia and its sister Serb republic of Montenegro. Panic was arbitrarily exempted by the State Department from the law requiring loss of citizenship by any American who presumes to take foreign political office. Serbian President Slobodan ("Slobo") Milosevic offered the deal expecting it would get U.S. and UN sanctions off his back. But when Bush wouldn't go for eliminating sanctions, and Panic kept urging peace upon the Serbs, then launching a bitter political struggle against Slobo, the

Serbs got fed up, understandably and perhaps correctly denouncing Panic as a tool of U.S. imperialism and of the CIA.

Finally, in December elections, the conflict came to a head: Milosevic vs. Panic for election as President of Serbia. In addition to suspicions of American manipulation, the Serbs couldn't cotton to Panic as a person: he has a strong American accent, he waves his arms around on the stump—more like a Serbian-American than like a Serbian-Serb, apparently—he cracks jokes, is a former champion bicycle racer, and in general impressed the Serbs as more American than Serb.

At this juncture, the U.S. and other Western nations made it very clear that they wanted Milosevic out, and they threatened invasion and even war-crimes trials if the Serbs dared to reelect Sloba. It was a dumb as well as repellently arrogant move by the U.S.; for the Serbs are not the sort of people to cave in to threats of force, even from the mighty United States. The Serbs, bless them, responded with an overwhelming victory by Milosevic, about 55 percent to 36 percent to his nearest rival, Panic. It was a resounding repudiation of U.S. intervention, current and prospective.

As usual, when they don't like the results, our vociferous champions of democracy reacted by threatening to shoot the winners of a democratic election. They claim that the election was stolen, and for a while the Panic forces were demanding another vote. But soon the feebleness of their case forced the Panic people to shut up. Good Lord! Five percent of the voters were not registered, and so their votes were lost! Well so what, that's about the number of fraudulent voters, or fraudulent non-voters, in any given election in Las Vegas! The international election observers couldn't find much fraud either. Then, the grumblers had to fall back on the charge that Milosevic was able to use the State-owned media to his own advantage. Yes, but you see this argument cuts a bit close to the "democratic" bone. Media bias? You mean unlike the good old USA—where the media were virtually pushing Clinton across the line with every move they made, every word they uttered? Come on, guys! Eventually, then, the "Democrats" had to shut up, and accept the overwhelming nature of the Milosevic victory, Panic was then kicked out by Parliament as Prime Minister.

But isn't Milosevic a damned Commie? Yes, but his popularity is not due to his Communism, but to the fact that he quickly seized the torch of Serbian nationalism. Commie, shmommie, he's a Serb! More interesting than Sloba in the Serbian picture, and a comer for the future, is the Serbian Radical Party, second only to the Sloba Socialists, and headed by Vojislav Seselj. The "Radical" name deliberately harkens back to the old Radical party of pre-World War II Serbia, the classic party of royalism, right-wing nationalism, and Greater Serbianism. It is Seselj and the Radicals, and not Sloba, who is in communion with the Serb guerrillas in Krajina (Croatia), Bosnia, and presumptively, in Kosovo, now represented in the Yugoslav Parliament by their legendary leader (thug/Freedom Fighter) "Arkan."

Meanwhile, the U.S. continues to try to inflict pain on the Serbs by maintaining sanctions against any inflow of arms, material, manufactured goods, indeed everything except food. But the Serbian border is like a sieve, and all manner of vital goods are getting through all the time. In their frustration, the U.S. has finally found a violator of the sanctions to crack down on: beleaguered American chess wizard Bobby Fischer, who played a chess match in two spots in Serbia; a resort hotel on an island off the Montenegrin coast, and then in Belgrade itself. For defying U.S.-UN warnings, the U.S. is pressing charges against Bobby, threatening him with: confiscation of Bobby's \$3.6 million winnings, an extra \$200,000 fine, and several years in jail. This for playing chess! I would like the U.S. authorities to explain something to me: just exactly how did Bobby Fischer's chess transaction aid the Serb economy, much less provide them with the sinews of war against the Serbs' ethnic enemies? Bobby played chess in Serbia, in return for which a Serb millionaire paid Bobby \$3.5 million plus expenses. The Serbs find themselves with \$3.5 million dollars less to spend on sinews, while their enjoyment of chess scarcely helps build one more plane or one more military base. How wackily vindictive can the U.S. government get? Bobby of course is not going to return to the U.S. to face the indictment, so the latest is U.S. threats of extradition. Hey! Get that dangerous chess player!

Once again, *Triple R* raises the cry which we pioneered last year: Free Bobby Fischer and all Political Prisoners!

The latest noise from Washington on the Serbian question is that the U.S. may not send troops against the Serbs unless the Serbs "carry their aggression" to Kosovo. But that is arrant nonsense; the Serbs have no need to "extend" aggression to Kosovo; they are *already* governing it. A couple of years ago, Sloba ended the autonomy of Kosovo (south of Serbia) within the Serbian Republic, and imposed Serb rule. The problem is that only 10 percent of Kosovo is Serb; no less than 90 percent are Albanian! So there will be no conflict with Kosovo unless and until the Albanians will rise up and try to claim national self-rule, something the Kosovo Albanians so far seem incapable of doing. Then there is the specter of Albania itself intervening on behalf of their ethnic comrades in Kosovo (on its northeast border); but Albania, just recently out from under a long-term super-Maoist regime, seems in no condition to intervene against anyone. A special fillip to this ethnic conflict is the religious factor: the fact that the vast majority of Albanians are Muslims, adding, as in Bosnia a special Christian vs. Muslim Holy War ingredient to the seething Balkan cauldron. There is also a special historical twist: the Christians in the Balkans rightly suspect the original conversions by the Bosnian Slavs (ethnically mainly Serb) and by the Albanians to Islam to have been motivated not so much by sincere religious conviction as by the opportunity to escape taxes under the Ottoman Empire. History always heavy, especially among history's losers.

So thanks a lot for your rotten legacy, George, in foreign as well as domestic affairs! The most appropriate song with which to pipe George out of office and back to Kennebunkport is the old ditty we used to sing in camp:

We hate to see you go
We hate to see you go
We hope to Hell you never come back
We hate to see you go. ■

“DOING GOD’S WORK” IN SOMALIA

March 1993

And so to every sailor, soldier, airman, and marine
 who is involved in this mission, let me say you’re
 doing God’s work.

—President George Bush
 December 1992

In his scintillating article on the Somalian incursion, *Harper’s* editor Lewis Lapham, one of the few left-liberals who remains staunchly anti-foreign intervention, quotes the above words from our recent president. (Lewis H. Lapham, “God’s Gunboats,” *Harper’s Magazine*, February) Lapham notes that Bush issued his “prelate’s benediction” to the troops even though lacking “both the miter and the shepherd’s staff.” He also notes—in a timely reminder to those conservatives who have not yet re-examined their devotion to the preceding president—that on that very same December day Ronnie Reagan, speaking at Oxford University, urged the United Nations to develop “an army of conscience” to confront the “evil (that) still stalks the planet” even after the death of the Soviet Union. Since it is difficult to imagine evil stamped out from the world very quickly, this presumably implies a permanent standing world army to vanquish and keep down evil and sin in whatever quarter of the globe they might raise their ugly heads. In short, a permanent global Crusade.

The *real* evil—this crusading spirit itself—first swept over America in the late 1820s in the form of what is technically called “post-millennial pietism” (PMP). In the dominant “evangelical” form that PMP assumed in the “Yankee” communities of the North (New Englanders and their transplanted kin in upstate New York, northern Ohio, northern Indiana, etc.), this meant that every man had the bounden and overriding duty to maximize the salvation of his fellowmen, by stamping out sin and the temptations thereto. In short, he was bound to work his darndest to establish a

Christian Commonwealth, a Kingdom of God on Earth. It very quickly became clear that sin was not going to be stamped out very quickly by purely voluntary means, and so the PMPers rapidly turned to government to do the stamping out and the creating and the uplifting. In short, as one historian perceptively put it, for the PMPers, “government became God’s major instrument of salvation.”

This turn to government was facilitated by the “pietist” part of the PMP doctrine, for this meant that the old Puritan emphasis on creed and God’s Law, much less the Catholic or Lutheran emphasis on liturgy or the sacramental Church, was swept aside. Christianity became totally focused in a vaguely pietist, “born again,” mood on the part of each basically creedless and Church-less individual soul. Shorn of Church or creed, the individual PMPer was necessarily forced to lean upon government as his staff and shield.

Slowly but surely over the decades since 1830, this mainstream Yankee Protestantism became secularized into an only vaguely Christian but passionately held Social Gospel. After all, with this sort of mindset, it was easy for God to gradually drop from sight, and for government to assume a quasi-divine role. It was left to the monster Woodrow Wilson, a PMPer to his very bones and a Ph.D. as well, to take this domestic creed and extend it to foreign policy. It was essentially a “today the U.S., tomorrow the world” credo. Once the PMPers took over the U.S. government and imposed a Kingdom of God at home, their religious duty got raised to the planetary level. As the historian James Timberlake put it, once the Kingdom of God was being established in the United States, it became “America’s mission to spread these ideals and institutions abroad so that the Kingdom could be established throughout the world. American Protestants were accordingly not content merely to work for the kingdom of God in America, but felt compelled to assist in the reformation of the rest of the world.” (James Timberlake, *Prohibition and the Progressive Movement, 1900–1920*, New York, Atheneum, 1970, pp. 37–38)

Since Woodrow Wilson, every American president has followed faithfully in the footsteps of the Wilsonian creed. The content of the Kingdom of God to be imposed on other nations may have changed slightly (from alcohol prohibition and coerced global “democracy” in Wilson’s day to smoking prohibition, free condoms, and global democracy in our own) but the form and the spirit remain all too much the same.

In the February *Triple R*, we blasted the Somalian invasion and cited Isabel Paterson’s perceptive and prophetic denunciation of the “Humanitarian with the Guillotine.” Now, in an uncanny, unconscious echo of Paterson, Michael Maren writes a chilling and significant article in the leftist *Village Voice* (“Manna from Heaven: Somalia Pays the Price for Years of Aid”, Jan. 19) about his own experiences as an American aid worker in Somalia in the early 1980s. Before that, Maren had spent four years as a leading relief

worker in Kenya. From his African experience, Maren learned a crucial fact about the African polity: that the urban technocratic and bureaucratic ruling class in the African countries (generally educated in Marxism in the imperial motherland) has nothing but total contempt for the productive peasant classes off whom this ruling elite battens. To the ruling elite, which taxes, controls, and coerces the peasantry, the peasantry are scum to be “modernized”; particularly scorned are the often prosperous tribal, cattle-raising nomads, whose nomadic way of life seems to be a constant reproach to Marxoid technocrats intent on emulating Stalin and forcing their rural populace into the “twentieth century.” Maren had seen thousands of the nomadic Turkana tribe starve in Kenya, largely due to the policies of the Kenyan officialdom, who would “exploit the starving (Turkanas) by offering to trade small amounts of donated relief food for the hides of their animals, the last remaining things of value the refugees owned... Ultimately it dawned on me that the suit-wearing, tea-sipping, Europhile politicians in Nairobi didn’t really give a s—t about the ‘primitive’ nomadic people in the north.”

Maren, who shifted from Kenya to Somalian relief in early 1981, then gives us a good, concise history of the Somalian polity. Somalia became an independent state in 1960, as the British and the Italians pulled out of their respective Somalian colonies and the two joined into one nation. From the beginning, the Somalian government was obsessed with fulfilling the promise of the five-pointed star of the new Somali flag: to incorporate a Greater Somalia uniting all five groups of ethnic Somalis. Two of those points: Italian Somaliland in the east and British Somaliland in the north, had already been achieved, but there were (and still are) three remaining: little Djibouti in the northwest, formerly French Somaliland and still a client state of France and containing 5,000 French troops; northeastern Kenya, to the southwest of Somalia, which is 60 percent Somali; and the Ogaden desert, to the west of Somalia, which is called Western Somalia by the Somalis but happens to be groaning under Ethiopian tyranny.

Not much could be done about combating French imperialism in Djibouti, but the other two goals were considered achievable. Kenya attained independence a bit later than Somalia, in December 1963, and Somalia had hoped to lop off northeastern Kenya for its own (called in Kenya the Northern Frontier District (NFD)). When the Kenyan government insisted on keeping the NFD, the Kenyan Somalis, egged on by Somalia, began a long guerrilla war against Kenya, an as yet futile war that still continues, out of sight and out of mind of the United Nations.

More explosive was the Ogaden, where Somalia and Ogaden Somalis launched a guerrilla war against Ethiopia, but stood no chance against the superior American-trained Ethiopian army under the “freedom-loving, pro-Western” yet slave-holding Emperor, Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah. In 1967, the Somalian government, led by Prime Minister Mohammed Egal,

decided to succumb to reality, and to make peace with their more powerful neighbors. Egal's peace process had the merit of facing reality, but it angered the Somali military, who accused Egal of selling out Greater Somalia and betraying the five-pointed star; a military coup, led by Major General Mohammed Siad Barre, ousted Egal and established a dictatorship in October 1969.

Barre promptly threw in his lot with "scientific socialism," and he and his Supreme Revolutionary Council established an alliance with the Soviet Union, happy to welcome another "Marxist-Leninist" state and to ship arms to a useful enemy of the "pro-American" Haile Selassie. A massive Soviet arms buildup, and thousands of Soviet military advisers training the Somali army, led Ethiopians and Kenyans to become even more ardent in their "pro-American" passions.

Five years later, however, came the great sea-change in the Horn of Africa: a military coup of Marxist-Leninist army officers overthrew the Lion of Judah in 1974 and established a Marxist-Leninist military dictatorship under the junta, the Dergue, led by Colonel Meriam. The Soviets embraced the new military junta, and amidst the turmoil, General Barre took advantage of the Ethiopian crisis and invaded and conquered the Ogaden in 1977. Another point in that star!

The Soviets, however, poured arms and the Cubans sent troops to aid Ethiopia, at which point Barre turned to the United States, playing down his Marxism-Leninism and undoubtedly discovering a new commitment to "freedom" and "democracy." But the Carter administration was slow in delivering aid, and the Soviet-aided Ethiopian army drove the Somalian army out of Ogaden in the spring of 1978.

Barre's popularity was plummeting in Somalia; the hero of the Ogaden had become the loser. And so Barre stepped up his dictatorship in Somalia, increasingly narrowing the ruling clique to his own Marehan tribesmen and within that to his own relatives. Impervious to any of this development, the new Reagan administration sent none other than Dr. Henry Kissinger to Mogadishu in early 1982 to assure the despot Barre of our eternal support for this "scientific socialist" dictator, all of course in the name of anti-Communism and the Cold War. As Maren puts it, "From Washington, the barren wastes of Somalia suddenly looked like downtown Berlin."

Enter Michael Maren into Somalia as a food monitor for the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID). Maren was in charge of tracking the relief food from Mogadishu to the Hiran desert district in the north, which contained nine refugee camps near the Ethiopian border. Maren quickly found that fully two-thirds of the U.S. food to the refugees was being stolen, most of the theft being conducted by the refugee camp commanders, Somali army officers who sold the food, or else it was just taken by the soldiers, or by the Somali-supported Ogaden guerrillas of the Western

Somali Liberation Front (WSLF). The WSLF also systematically raided the refugee camps for able-bodied young men, whom they would conscript into their continuing guerrilla warfare against Ethiopia in the Ogaden.

What about the refugees in the nine camps? Why were they there, and were they really starving? Maren discovered the truth: in the first place, the refugees were there because they were nomads fleeing the Ogaden, where they had been caught between the Ethiopian army and WSLF. Second, the number of refugees was deliberately highly inflated by the Somali government, in order to sucker Americans into sending aid. Barre was claiming two million refugees when there were far less (he had originally claimed half a million). Thus, Maren found that one camp, Amalow, which was supposed to have 18,503 refugees, and had food allotted for that many, really had only about 3,500. As a result, *far too much food* was being shipped into Somalia and into the camps by the bamboozled Americans.

Not only that: just as occurred eleven years later, the American excess of food was inspired by duplicitous journalists, “who took pictures of the sick and the hungry, and the relief agencies arrived on the scene with food. And the food was being stolen.”

Moreover, Maren reveals, despite the massive theft, “no one was starving to death in the refugee camps.” Oh, there was plenty of death all right, but the death was caused by disease: malaria, measles, dysentery, diphtheria, pneumonia, river blindness. But food, though not the problem, kept pouring in and being stolen.

There was more method to this madness than simply providing free American food for Barre’s army and for the Ogaden guerrillas. As Maren perceptively points out, the Somali government, like the Kenyan government, hates nomads. Even though the nomadic Somali refugees weren’t starving, they were attracted to settling in the refugee camps by the promise of free food. After all, it’s easier to sit in a camp and receive food for free than to have to hunt and work for it. As Maren puts it:

“Somalis are nomads who spend most of their time looking for food. If you put a pile of food in the desert they will come and get it...The famine camps were set up and they came.”

And so the American food unwittingly played into the hands of Barre and later Somali rulers: helping to build a modern socialist state by settling nomads. Maren puts the point trenchantly:

“African leaders like to settle nomads. Nomads make it hard to build a modern state, and even harder to build a socialist state. Nomads can’t be taxed, they can’t be drafted, and they can’t be controlled. They also can’t be used to attract foreign aid, unless you can get them to stay in one place.

“In addition, many African leaders, trying hard to be modern, view nomads as an embarrassment and a nuisance. Anything ‘primitive’ is an embarrassment and a nuisance. From Bamko to Nairobi I’ve listened to Africa’s elite discuss nomads as if they were vermin.”

Maren then concludes about the American relief program of the early 1980s:

“So not only was the refugee relief program feeding Barre’s army, it was settling his population of nomads...And all this was happening with the assistance of energetic young foreigners who were helping to build the infrastructure of those new, refugee-populated towns, setting up clinics, drilling wells, trying to teach the former nomads how to settle down and grow food.”

What had happened to the cattle of the nomad refugees? Some was lost to drought; the rest was left behind with family members. Traditionally, nomads who had lost their cattle to drought got assistance from relatives and other clan members; but now, in 1981, they had another option: free food in the refugee camps.

But, as Maren points out, the Ogaden desert is sparsely settled: one family would have eight to ten square miles of desert for grazing their camels and goats. But the refugee camps played hob with, you should excuse the expression, the nomad’s eco-system. Now each family was packed into a few square yards. There is no need to learn about sanitation when you’ve always got ten square miles of desert to roam around in. But sanitation became a big problem in the refugee camps: hence, rampant disease and death.

After monitoring the relief situation in the Hiran district, Maren and his colleague Doug Grice, who was performing the same task in the Bardera region and near the Kenyan border, sat down and wrote reports to their bosses in the USAID program. The reports concluded that the relief program was killing at least as many people as it was saving, and that the net result was to ship food to Somali soldiers who added to their income by selling food, and to enable the WSLF to use the food as rations to conduct the guerrilla war in the Ogaden. Their boss rejected the report, saying: “You guys know you can’t write this stuff. Stick to the facts,” i.e., to the amount of food missing and stolen. And, too, keep the reports technical and boring, so that no critics of the program might figure out what’s going on.

In his final report to his bosses before quitting the program, Michael Maren pointed out an economic absurdity created by the program: people in the towns wanted to know why they were not entitled to the food and health care handed out free to those refugees who had settled in the camps. A man in the town of Belet Huen—the headquarters town in the Hiran region—working for the very high salary of 800 shillings a month, could not supply his family with the amount of food the refugees in the camp received for free.

Maren concluded his report with a prophetic insight into the future: he noted that the American Private Voluntary Organizations (PVOs) were submitting hundreds of proposals to improve services to the refugees. But Maren warned:

“Expanded services to the refugees will only aggravate the problem by encouraging them to stay, and more refugees to arrive. It will spread more thinly the resource base leaving the door open for a real emergency situation in the future. The future for refugees in the camps holds only years of relief.” Instead, Maren declared, the efforts of the international community should be to get the refugees out of the camps, not to attract more.

A study of the Somali economy at the time discovered that the relief industry constituted no less than *two-thirds* of the Somalian economy. No way that the Somali government would give that up. And now, twelve years later, the 1981 camps are still there, “the residents of those camps are still dependent on relief food and still have no way to earn a living on their own.”

So the question is: how could Somalia, a land that used to be self-sufficient in food, have gotten to the point where virtually everyone seems to be dependent on U.S. and other outside relief? Michael Maren was succeeded in Somalia by one Chris Cassidy, who spent seven years there with USAID, Save the Children, and FAO. Cassidy told Maren recently:

“One of the things that got Barre and his henchmen p——d off was when you wrote reports saying that Somalia was self-sufficient in food. That was because free food is what controls the place. The mentality is, ‘Why should we let people produce their own food and control their own lives when we can keep them under our thumbs and under the gun? We claim famine, flood, and refugees and get the food shipped in here for free. Now we’ll tell you when to eat and when you can’t eat!’”

In short, the food “crisis” has been deliberately created by the Somalian government—by Barre and his successors—in order to exert control over the Somali population, to tell them when and who shall or shall not eat. The humanitarian, said Isabel Paterson, is only happy when a country is filled with breadlines and hospitals. The humanitarian with the guillotine!

During the Reagan and Bush administrations, and until 1988, the Barre regime received the phenomenal sum of \$100 million a year in military and economic aid from the United States. Finally, in May 1988, the major opposition to Barre, the Somali National Movement of the Issaq tribe in northern Somalia, seized a few towns; the Barre regime replied hysterically, bombing, shelling, and gassing their opposition, killing at least 50,000 people. The regime proceeded to search for, and execute, unarmed Issaqs, and the result was a civil war that raged until Barre was finally toppled in the fall of 1990. By the fall of 1989, Barre’s massacres could no longer be overlooked, and the U.S. cut off its aid to his regime.

Maren’s analysis of the current situation is that this is simply more of the same ills that have created the problem. The U.S. marines are handing everything over to the PVOs, the relief people, who aggravate the problem still more by pouring in more free food. And what do the PVOs get out of it? Fat government contracts, as well as fat donations by deluded humanitarians who think that these relievers are doing good and helping to solve the

problem. Journalists help the PVOs by getting their information from them and featuring these heads of CARE, Catholic Relief Services, and World Vision on television. The press assumes “that these are humanitarian agencies whose only goal is to help people.” In fact, warns Maren, “they are organizations that stand to reap huge benefits in the form of lucrative contracts to deliver food.”

These are the do-good relief organizations that have only made all the problems worse: “These are the same organizations that have failed for the past 10 years in Somalia and all over Africa. (Hundreds of billions of dollars of aid in Africa over the last thirty years have left the continent more famine-prone and dependent on outside relief than ever.) They had thousands of refugees in camps in 1981, and they failed to get them out of the camps. They didn’t get them their cattle back. They didn’t teach them to grow food and to be independent. They just delivered food and collected grants for development projects.” These relief agencies, Maren declares, *want* to fail, for “failure means a chance to try again with new grants, new film footage for fundraising campaigns, and fresh new volunteers who haven’t learned yet that aid kills.”

For the real objective of these agencies, Maren has concluded, is to raise money. These outfits are essentially rackets. Even though sending food hasn’t really helped, what these agencies can do best is to raise money. “Aid,” Maren declares, “is a business. It is a business in which people make careers, earn a good living, get to see interesting places, and have great stories to tell when they get stateside. It’s a business that has to earn money to pay its executives, pay for retreats and for officials to attend conferences in Rome, buy four-wheel drive vehicles, buy advertising time on television. It’s a business that makes money by attracting clients, i.e., starving, needy people.”

Maren declares that he has among his friends several dozen long-time workers for these African relief agencies. All of them “thought they could do some good while enjoying the adventure.” And not one of them thinks that the years of work and millions of dollars have helped, have done more good than harm. “All of them are convinced that whatever the original intentions of an aid agency, inevitably raising money becomes the primary objective.” That money consists of funds raised among the American public, but primarily from U.S. government contracts. Cooking up more projects means getting more funds, which also means expanding the relief agency. Expanding the agency means more power for the top executives, and the more money it gets the more people the agency can claim to be helping.

The crucial point, Maren concludes, is that “reckless use of food aid causes famine. It depresses local market prices and provides disincentive for farmers to grow crops.” All this makes the food shortage worse, and causes greater calls for food relief; and so the well-meaning foreign intervention grows and cumulates, fueled by agency venality, and causes the spiral of

famine-aid-famine to get worse and worse. Until finally the marines land to try to solve the problem. The humanitarian with the guillotine.

The only way to solve the problem, Maren declares, “is a way that may seem cruel”: it is to *stop the food*—to “wean Somalia from dependence on donated food.” And then, Maren states, “all of them—the marines and the relief agencies—should get out as soon as possible.” All in all, Maren concludes, “in the fragile political and environmental ecosystem of Somalia it is much easier to screw things up than it is to set them straight...the longer they (the marines), stay, the worse it will get.” No paleolibertarian could have put it better.

Meanwhile, some rationality seems to have burst into the pages of the *New York Times*, not usually a place receptive to paleolibertarian concerns. “Does Free Food Hurt?” cries a headline (Jan. 13), and it turns out that there is a “paradox” of famine relief: food charity has just about ruined the previously prosperous farm population of Somalia. For who will buy food from local farmers when they can get food free from international suckers?

The “paradox” that so confused the *Times* correspondents is actually natural law—economic law—at work. It is a law that decrees: government intervention, out! In Somalia, or, for that matter, anywhere else. ■

HANDS OFF THE SERBS!

June 1993

I used to think that the ultra-left, *not* the Social Democrats or the Commies, but the “independent-radical” left, a floating melange of left Trotskyites, pacifists, and left-anarchists, while hopeless and evil on “domestic” questions, were at least sound and consistent in opposing American war and intervention abroad. (I also used to think they were good on free speech, but *that’s* all gone with the rise of the Hate Crime and Sexual Harassment movements.) After all, they proudly called themselves. “the anti-war movement.” But there’s no “anti-war left” left anymore. So either they’ve changed radically without even realizing it, or I was naive and they were Commies all along. (I suspect the latter, otherwise how could a “dedicated anti-war” movement become pro-war so darned *quickly*, that is as soon as the Cold War against Communism was over?)

It started with the Gulf War, when lifelong anti-war warriors, people like the Red troubadour Pete Seeger and the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, suddenly whooped it up for war. Even Noam Chomsky, left-anarchist and always a gutsy battler against American war, supported the Gulf

War. The argument given by these people was that this was the holy “United Nations” conducting the battle and not really the United States. In short, that the cause of a war-making world government is more important to them than anti-war principles. Showing that these people were not really against imperialism or foreign military intervention (they were always, of course, in favor of foreign *economic* intervention such as foreign aid), but in favor of world government imperialism, and war-mongering.

Well, I like to say that everyone is entitled to one deviation. Maybe it was an aberration. Maybe the full moon was out.

But there are no excuses left anymore. The entire “anti-war left” has now joined the rest of the rotters on the Respectable Spectrum: liberals, Establishment centrists, Official Conservatives, neoconservatives, and virtually everyone else, in hysterical calls for intervention against the Serbs in Bosnia. *This time*, it’s not because the United Nations is behind the war; on the contrary, the UN is getting as much flak as the U.S. from this “international community” of war-mongers. Why have they “sat it out,” they charge, in the face of “Serbian aggression” and expansionism against the poor Bosnian Muslims?

As usual, there are disagreements about the extent of military intervention demanded; but as usual, the “moderates” are either liars or self-deluders, since timid and moderate first steps will obviously not work, and then the precedent being set and intervention begun, the pressure will become irresistible for ever more accelerated steps, until the maximum pain is inflicted. No-fly zones, air strikes against artillery, all will fail; and now, the war crowd is beginning to call, *not yet* for bombing Belgrade—the only Serbs they can find and target—but for bombing the “bridges” near Belgrade where supplies are being sent to the Serbs in Bosnia. Bombing Belgrade itself will follow, and when that won’t work, which it won’t, the Unthinkable will be voiced: nuking Belgrade, using “clean” nukes of course to avoid the fallout’s harming other peoples. And when *that* doesn’t work, American ground troops—under a UN cover, of course, with half a dozen Brits, Canadians, and Indians thrown in—will be next.

And one of the reasons none of these measures will work, is because the Serbs are a magnificently gutsy people, a “primitive” folk who don’t give a tinker’s damn for “world opinion” the “respect of the international community,” and all the rest of the pretentious cant that so impresses readers of the *New York Times*. What do the Serbs want? It’s very clear what they want, and there is no need for the sort of eternal *kvetching* that Freud indulged in about “what do women want?” The Serbs want all the Serbs in former Yugoslavia to be part of a new Greater Serbia being carved out of the ethnic mess in the Balkans. They want a Serb nation, and they don’t give a rap for any of the considerations that so intensely motivate Establishment World Opinion, and God bless them for that. World Opinion, in turn, doesn’t give a rap for a Serb nation. But why should World Opinion hold sway *anywhere*?

Before dealing with the Serbs in depth, let us focus a bit more on the pro-war anti-war movement people whom Harry Elmer Barnes bitterly used to call “the pro-war pacifists.” This gang has just written an open letter to the UN, President Clinton, and the U.S. Congress (published in *In These Times*, April 19–May 2). Of course, they are “moderate”; no call, yet for nuking Belgrade. Also, there are the usual Marxoid obeisances to the “democratic opposition in Serbia,” and “opposition” generally confined to Belgrade, and virtually non-existent on the Bosnian front. What they want is the supposedly “even handed” approach of lifting the arms embargo on the Bosnians, so that the Bosnian Muslim government can “defend itself.” Sounds fine and balanced on the surface, except that these and similar groups egregiously omit the fact that the UN, prodded by the U.S., has been cruelly imposing an embargo, not just on arms, but *on everything else*, on the Serbs for many months. I would be all in favor of lifting our arms embargo on the Bosnians *provided that* all international sanctions against the Serbs were lifted as well. But, of course, our pro-war anti-warriors say not a peep about this. Instead, they demand: “vigorous prosecution of war criminals” (who? where? and who’s going to do all this, and who will kidnap these “criminals,” and how will they get a fair trial and on precisely *what ex post facto* charges?); and “air lifting humanitarian aid, under military protection, to all civilians in need.” (You mean like dropping those food mounds?) Furthermore, in addition to denouncing “aggressive Serb expansionism” these bloodthirsty “anti-war” warriors also have the nerve to demand that the U.S.–UN insist that “the Croats cease their aggression in Bosnia.” (*What* aggression? The Croats have only occupied Croatian areas in Bosnia, notably Herzegovina in the southern part of that province.) This attack on the Croats shows what these ex-anti-warriors are up to: shilling for the Bosnian Muslim government, which presumes to speak for a non-entity called the “Bosnian nation” and its alleged “territorial integrity,” a “nation” that sprang into existence only a few short months ago.

Let us emphasize: there is not, and never was, anything called a “Bosnian nation.” There was and is a Serbian nation, a Croat nation, and a Slovene nation, each with identifiable longtime national, cultural, and ethno-religious characteristics. There is no more a “Bosnian nation” than there is a “nation” of North Dakota. Bosnia is simply a geographical entity, in which have lived three very different, clashing, and mutually antagonistic nations: the Serbs, the Croats, and the “Bosnian” Muslims. These are three nations slugging it out in one small territory.

But first let us name these traitorous ex-anti-warriors, now shilling for global military intervention on behalf of the Muslim government. The signatories include: Israeli Hegelian political theorist Shlomo Avineri; Noam Chomsky; Christopher Hitchens; CUNY shrink Robert Jay Lifton; Michael Lerner, editor of the “pro-peace” *Tikkun*; Michael Foot, dotty guru

of the left-wing of the British Labor Party; Bogdan Denitch, of CUNY and long-time socialist; Chilean poet Ariel Dorfman; Berkeley sociologist Todd Gitlin, participant-historian of the old New Left; Joanne Landy, of the "Campaign for Peace (sic) and Democracy," former leader of the Draperite "Third Camp" wing of international Trotskyism; Phyllis Jacobson, of *New Politics* magazine, another spinoff magazine of "independent Marxist-Leninists"; Peter Weiss, long-time financier of leftist causes in New York; and Columbia University's lionized moderate Palestinian Arab and literary deconstructionist, Edward Said.

May they all wind up in Srebrenica to greet the Serbs as they come marching in!

But what about us at *Triple R*? Haven't we, too, flip-flopped in the opposite direction? Aren't we former anti-Serbs now born again as pro-Serbs?

Not quite. To recall those dear dead days of only a few months ago: the United States, along with the UN, and all Received Opinion, including leftists/liberals/Centrists/Official Conservatives/and neocons, were all fanatically pro-Serb, calling for the old Wilsonian-Rooseveltian "guarantee of the territorial integrity of Yugoslavia," and therefore bitterly hostile to all national secessionist movements, including the Croats and Slovenes. The Croats, in particular, were constantly smeared by Received Opinion as being "Nazis."

We at *Triple R*, on the other hand, always Out of Step with Received Opinion, recognized from way back that "Yugoslavia" is not, and never has been, a nation, that it was born of the rotten Victor's Peace imposed by the Entente Powers (redubbed the "Allies" Britain, France, and the U.S.) at Versailles, and in other dictated settlements after World War I. Yugoslavia was a geographical expression which served only as a mask for Serbian imperialism and dictatorship over the other peoples incarcerated into that expression: notably the Croats and the Slovenes.

For the problem with the Serbs was, and still is, that while yearning for the perfectly acceptable ideal of a Greater Serbia, that they have not been exactly reticent or scrupulous in avoiding expansion of the Serbs' unwelcome embrace to the Croats, etc. in the Balkans.

So we at *Triple R* were always, and still are, staunchly opposed to "Yugoslavia" or any of its pomp and works.

But now that Yugoslavia has fallen apart, and has collapsed into its constituent peoples and nationalities, the situation is very different. The Serbs seem to have abandoned the goal of a Greater Yugoslavia, and have moderated their demands into the perfectly reasonable one of a Greater Serbia. And the guerrilla warfare on the ground has, more or less, sorted it all out, as it always does: with each nationality getting more or less its own ethnic areas. Much of Croatia in the hands of Serbian guerrillas and incorporated into the Republic of Krajina is ethnically Serb; the Slovenes have ethnic Slovenia, etc.

Bosnia, with its ethno-religious mixture of villages and population, is particularly difficult to sort out, but even Bosnia now enjoys rough ethno-religious justice with the Croats running the Croatian areas of Herzegovina, the Serbs running their areas and so on. The Bosnian Muslims have less territory than the others because most of the Muslims are concentrated in the large Bosnian cities, such as Sarajevo.

And so rough ethnic justice has come to Bosnia, and it will sort itself out provided that the blankety-blank U.S.–UN combo keeps its hands off. If the Bosnian Muslims get a bit less than their quota, so what? The main problem now in former Yugoslavia is not the Serbs but the pretensions of the Bosnian Muslim government to run and dominate *all* of Bosnia-Herzegovina. It is the Muslims and their shills in “world opinion” who keep bleating about the “territorial integrity” of this non-existent nation, an “integrity” that didn’t even exist before 1991. It is the Muslims and their shills who refuse to agree to the “cantonization” of Bosnia, a process that that area sorely needs. The Vance–Owen plan was only a feeble step in that direction, for it insisted on preserving the powers of a central Bosnian (Muslim) government. Instead, the only hope of genuine peace and justice is to destroy “Bosnia” and to allow this non-country to be divided completely into its constituent parts.

What is really incomprehensible is the intensity of the flip-flop on the Serbs from the serried ranks of Received Opinion. The Serbs...are Serbs, and always have been, with their vices and virtues. The Serbs are a constant factor; they want a Greater Serbia, as much as they can get, but are willing in the end to settle for Serb lands. And so are all the other nationality groups in the area. But what about the dread term “ethnic cleansing,” repeated like a mantra in every news item in the West for months? Well, in the first place, the Serbs didn’t *say* “ethnic cleansing”; they used some Serbo–Croat phrase that doesn’t sound so bad. Serbs have recently claimed mistranslation; that what they really meant is “ethnic transfer.” And it makes sense: the Serbs don’t want to exterminate clashing peoples; they just want them *out* of predominantly Serb areas, out of Greater Serbia. And let us not forget that it has been the sainted Bosnian Muslim troops who have done their darndest to prevent UN workers from getting Muslim civilians out of Srebrenica and other Muslim towns; they want the Muslim civilians staying there in mortal danger, to keep world pressure on for these towns to become part of Muslim Bosnia. *All* these clashing groups perform ethnic transfer—cleansing when they can get away with it.

And what about the mass rapes, which have brought left feminists screaming into the kill-the-Serbs camp? Well, I don’t want to disillusion any tender souls, but almost all victorious troops through history, commit systemic rapin’ and lootin’ of the vanquished. It’s called the “spoils of war,” and will continue to exist, despite received opinion, so long as war exists. Trying to expand the war, as the Establishment is doing, will only prolong

and expand the looting and raping. And yes, it hasn't only been the Serbs who have committed these crimes, believe me; all the groups do it and it's just that the Serbs have been better fighters in this civil war and so have had more occasion to indulge in this time-honored practice.

American meddling is made even more futile by the fact that it is impossible for Americans to understand, not only these fierce rivalries, but the tremendous sense of *history* they all possess. How can Americans, who have no historical memory whatever and scarcely remember when Reagan was president, possibly understand these peoples of the Balkans, to whom the great fifteenth-century battle against the invading Turks is as real, nay *more* real, than yesterday's dinner? To the Serbs and the Croats, the Bosnian Muslims are not the "gentle people" lionized in Western propaganda. The Bosnian Muslims are not only still reviled as traitors selling out to the hated Turks, but in addition, the very quality of their devotion to Islam is in question. For the Bosnian Muslims were once the hated Bogomil heretics, a Manichaean heresy with horrifying implications, and there is much evidence that the Muslims still practice their Bogomil rites in secret, engraving its symbols on their tombstones. The Bogomils were what Ayn Rand followers wrongly believe all Christians to be: believers that the world of matter and the flesh are pure evil created by Satan, whereas the spirit is good and created by God. As for the Nazi question, the Serbs tried to be as much "pro-Nazi" as the Croats (a minority) but weren't trusted by the Germans, whereas the "gentle" Bosnian Muslims enlisted in proportionately far greater numbers in the Waffen SS than did the Croats or Serbs. So let's stop romanticizing the Bosnian Muslims. Let them take their chance on their own.

So what to do about Bosnia? What to do about the Serbs? The answer, as repugnant as it is to this meddling age, is to stay the Hell out. Let the peoples of Bosnia and the Balkans slug it out and sort it out.

U.S. Out of Bosnia and the Balkans, hands off the Serbs, and let these people sort it out among themselves. If any of our host of desk-bound warriors, from Abe Rosenthal to Mrs. Thatcher to Christopher Hitchens to Noam Chomsky, want to fight the Serbs, let them parachute into Krajina or Srebrenica and slug it out, mano a mano. Frankly, in any kind of a fair fight, my nickel is on the Serbs. Every time. And, by the way, if you were caught in an ambush, wouldn't you love to have a few Serbs on your side? ■

WHERE INTERVENE NEXT?

September 1993

It must be fun being an interventionist these days. The world is his oyster, and it presents a cornucopia of riches on where to intervene next. So many tempting opportunities to “cure starvation” or impose “democracy,” to kill “warlords” and other bad guys, to bomb and strafe and feed and occupy.

SOMALIA

There is the bipartisan Bush–Clinton Somalia caper. It began last fall, if you remember, as a purely “humanitarian” operation. The problem was that there was “anarchy” in Somalia, no regular government, just a bunch of battling warlords, and it became the U.S. armed forces’ mission to go in there with food and CARE packages to pacify the warlords and feed everyone. Purely short-run mission. Out by Clinton Inaugural Day. It was supposed to be a perfect mission for America’s New Model Army, a “sensitive” army that doesn’t kill any more, just hands out food to starving children, the sort of army built for today’s sensitive soldiery.

Well, things immediately and predictably began to go sour. We at *Triple R* might have written the script. First starvation *increased*, because the blundering free aid screwed up the Somalian food supply system. Second, the happy Somalians, who first greeted the American–UN army as liberators and feeders, began to turn sullen, especially since the U.S. decided that among the slew of “warlords” there was one really *bad guy* warlord, General Aidid, who controlled half of the capital city of Mogadishu. Americans have a deep need to see all foreign quarrels as two-sided: Bad Guys vs. Good Guys, the GG being defined as all opponents of the Bad Guys. The idea of multi-sided Equally Bad warlords fighting each other is too nuanced for the average Americano to comprehend: besides, multi-faceted warfare can scarcely justify massive American intervention on one side or the other. And so Aidid, who actually had been the original major welcomer of U.S. troops, now became the sole U.S. target. And when some Paki UN troops fired into a protesting unarmed Somali crowd, the U.S. shelled some Aididian posts in retaliation, killing more Somalis. (Why are Americans supposed to avenge Paki—and Moroccan—troop losses?)

All these events escalated and unified Somali hatred against the UN and against the U.S. in particular, as usual the main agitator and arm-twister inside the UN for massive intervention. Finally, Aididians ambushed American troops, killing four U.S. servicemen. U.S. blood is now drawn, and the Clinton regime is, of course and we predicted, dropping the humanitarian–food mask, and taking up more and more of the gun, vowing retaliation, war crime trials, and the usual apparatus of armed vengeance. Isabel Paterson’s Humanitarian has indeed trotted out the Guillotine.

Is it too late to stop this senseless escalation? Hey look, this is not New Model intervention; it's the same old Wilsonian baloney, the same crazed crusade to feed and dominate and rule the world. Talk about your quagmires! Out, out before it's too late! The Italian UN troops finally got out, to much U.S. recrimination, because the Italians wanted the UN to negotiate with Aidid instead of singling him out for demonization. The reason: the Italians know something about Somalia; they ruled the region in the 1930s. But of course the U.S. never bothers to listen to people who know something about a region; it might learn something it doesn't want to hear. As Harry Schwartz, an economist and former *New York Times* editorialist not known for "isolationism," wrote prophetically in *USA Today* (July 19):

Somalia's basic problem was not lack of food.... It was and is the existence of warring factions... Each faction has a leader we call a warlord, but his followers all think of him as a Somali George Washington.... To the Somalis, the current U.S. policy there looks as though we are trying to impose our rule on that country. Of course, we can continue machine-gunning Somalis in Mogadishu streets from our helicopters.... It is time to recognize we made a mistake and get U.S. soldiers—and the rest of the UN forces—out of Somalia. Let the Somalis decide their own problems and their own fate.

BOSNIA

I guess it was inevitable. The one and only place, foreign or domestic, where Clinton had evolved a fairly sensible policy, a policy of restraint, was in Bosnia. Not of course because his intentions were good. But because any military person or anyone familiar with the Balkans was counseling abstention from the Balkan mess; intervention could only be futile and counter-productive. But Clinton, as we all know by now, can't stand up to any pressure, and the anti-Serb hysteria by the dozen or so neoconservative pundits (aided and abetted by liberal pundits) proved irresistible. And so the Clinton administration began making bomb-the-Serb noises once again. And not only *bomb* the Serbs; because now it turns out that bombing in those crowded mountains and forests wouldn't work; therefore we need American spotters *on the ground* in Bosnia to direct U.S. planes where precisely to drop the bombs (as well as other spotters, I suppose, to direct planes where to drop those food packages). In short, the U.S. is going to need to *put troops* on the ground in Bosnia to support the air offensive.

Well! *How long* do any of you think a Yankee Serb-spotter is going to last in those Balkan mountains? I shudder to think of the death rate in *that* little operation.

Query: why is it that the same pundits who keep yowling about every Muslim being a "terrorist" want Americans to kill and die to save Muslims in Bosnia? What is there about Bosnian Muslims that makes them uniquely lovable?

TAJIKISTAN:
“UNCLE SAM WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING”

I have long wished upon our interventionists' heads that they decided to intervene in Afghanistan! Afghanistan, the graveyard of the Soviet Union, where heavily armed and trained Soviet troops, equipped with planes and helicopters and all the rest, could never conquer. In the decade Soviet troops invaded and tried to occupy Afghanistan, 15,000 Soviet troops died in those harsh mountains, taking the Soviet Union down with them.

But look at Afghanistan. It's got all the requirements for U.S. intervention: it's got lots of genocide—a huge chunk of the population are either dead or refugees; it's got warlords and armies that are still fighting; it's got Communist or “ex”-Communist dictators; it's got lots of Islamic “fanatics”; it's got bitter ethnic warfare, largely between the Pushtoons in the East, the Tajiks in the North, and the Turkmens in the West; it's got a lot of starvation; and there's hardly a “democrat” in sight. Perfect fodder for the massive intervention that, if handled properly, could last a lifetime. And who knows, the U.S. Empire might even follow the USSR down the chute.

Well, nothing has even been hinted about U.S. intervention—invasion of Afghanistan, but things are warming up nicely in neighboring Tajikistan to the North. Tajikistan, part of the old Soviet Union, has been having a deeply satisfying ethnic civil war, full-scale war for the past year. In the last six months, out of a population of 5.1 million, fully a tenth has been shifted or “cleansed,” and 20,000 people have been killed. The official government holding on to the western Tajik capital of Dushanbe is the old Commie, or “ex”-Commie government, resting for its support on the governments of Russia (including the sainted Boris Yeltsin), of neighboring Uzbekistan in the West (also in the hands of “former” Communist rulers), and the clans or tribes in the northwest who had been favored by the old Soviet regime. Opposing the Commie Tajik government of Emomali Rakhmonov, on the other hand, is a rebel coalition, resting on peasants and mountain tribes in the East and South, near the Afghan border; the rebels are observant Muslims.

Indeed, the rebels are a coalition of anti-Communist Democrats and Islamic fundamentalists.

“Ex”-Communists like Yeltsin and Uzbek President Islam A. Karimov, are justifying their strong support for the Commie government of Tajikistan by invoking the menace of “Islamic fundamentalism” spreading northward from Afghanistan like the plague. On the other hand, the presidents of Kyrgyzstan, on the northeastern border of Tajikistan, and of Turkmenistan, west of Uzbekistan, have been openly critical of the fundamentalist alibi.

The United States, which finds it hard to resist intervention anywhere, is edging toward getting into this hot potato. The Clinton administration has already appointed James Collins, deputy chief of its Moscow Embassy,

as “regional coordinator” to “help resolve disputes” in the old Soviet Union, the job to begin in the fall. Yeah right. I’m glad to see that *Pravda* (Moscow) had the proper sardonic response to this Clintonian move. It wrote that the Clinton administration had not yet decided whether to use the Somalian or the Bosnian model of “pacification” in Tajikistan. In any case, *Pravda* concluded, “Soon the Russians won’t have to worry about their fate anymore. Uncle Sam will take care of everything.”

But Uncle Sam will have a difficult time trying to figure out on *which side* to intervene. How is it going to sort out the Good Guys from the Bad Guys? Let’s see: on the one hand, Commies Bad; on the other hand, Democrats Good but Islamic Fundamentalists Bad. The Commie-Islamic problem of course reached its peak during the Soviet war in Afghanistan, when Uncle Sam decided that the Afghan resisters to the Soviet army were heroic freedom fighters, anti-Communist democrats who were inveterate readers of John Dewey, Sidney Hook, and all the other champions of global democracy. As a result, we armed the Afghans to the hilt, supplied them with hand-held anti-aircraft missiles which they used to shoot down Bad Soviet helicopters, etc. But no sooner did the Soviet troops pull out, when it turned out that the democratic Afghan Freedom Fighters had transformed themselves *overnight* into evil Islamic fundamentalist fanatics, dedicated to putting the veil back on women. Inside the dust jackets of the books of Hook and Dewey there turned out to be the Koran!

Indeed, the fat, diabetic “fanatic” blind sheik, he of the terrorists and the UN building, got his start as a freedom fighter in Afghanistan, reputedly a CIA asset in that brave struggle for democracy. Poor blind sheik: a victim of the latest twist of the historical dialectic!

So: if Mr. Collins and the Clinton administration play their cards right, who knows? We might wind up with American bombers, helicopters, and ground “spotters” invading the mountains of Tajikistan, if not of neighboring Afghanistan itself.

IRAQ

And then, of course, if he’s got nothing else to do, Bill Clinton can always bomb Baghdad again. Hell, that’s always good for a few points in the approval ratings.

HOW ABOUT KOREA?

Ruminating over our next intervention, an old friend of mine the other day brought up that old unresolved problem: Korea. Here’s what Korea offers for our interventionists’ delectation:

- An authentically hard-line, dictatorial, unreconstructed Commie regime, headed by the evil Marshal Kim II-Sung.
- A “democratic” “pro-Western” South Korea.

- An unresolved war, or even American defeat, that cries aloud for vengeance. In contrast to Vietnam, Korea for left-liberals was the last Good War of the Cold War. North Korea had “aggressed” against the South, violating all left-liberal-neocon canons of international behavior.
- North Korea is rumored to be working on nuclear weapons.

So: we can bomb, nuke North Korea back to the Stone Age to our hearts’ content, and the terrain is not as inconveniently jungle-y as it was in Vietnam.

And the war could take a satisfyingly l-o-n-g, L-O-N-G time! ■

KOREAN WAR REDUX?

January 1994

Sometime last summer, I was talking to my old friend and libertarian colleague, the historian Joe Peden, about where, against what “Hitler,” would the crazed William Jefferson Clinton strike next? Which of dozens of possible Bad Guys, “aggressors,” or “non-democrats,” would be next on the receiving end of American sanctions, bombs, missiles, or troops? I went down the list: would it be Bosnia, Somalia, Colonel Khaddafy, Saddam, the Iranian mullahs, etc.? “Nah,” said Joe, who is very perceptive in these matters. “It’s going to be North Korea.”

I was startled, but as I mulled it over, the prospect became ever more likely. And so I was not totally bewildered when I turned on the tube and had the bad luck to catch that beefy face and that hoarse Arkansas voice I detest so much: “North Korea will cease to exist as a nation.” Ye gods! What better way for Willie to put together the pieces of his shattered and incoherent foreign policy: the image of weakness, the Bosnian, Somalian, Haitian disasters? North Korea! The very name reeks of the Golden Age of the Cold War. The “last good war” that united both liberals and conservatives was not World War II, but Korea, in which the U.S. got the United Nations to mobilize “the free world” against the Commie aggression by the North. And here was a war that was never really *finished*, was it? By harping on Korea, Slick Willie might sucker conservatives into reviving Cold War memories and rallying behind his foreign policy. North Korea, after all, is indisputably Commie as well as indisputably a dictatorship. And they’re supposedly working on a possible nuclear weapon. Ye gods! Time for the U.S.A., which only has nuclear weapons strong enough to destroy the old Soviet Union many times over, to go into its old fear-and-trembling act. We cannot allow it! Nuclear strike!

The hope is that this is largely hot air and hype. On the part of the U.S., that is. For the new North Korean threat is, as usual, totally bogus. I refer the reader to a man who is probably the foremost expert on the Korean War, author of the massive two-volume *The Origins of the Korean War* (Princeton University Press). This man, University of Chicago historian Bruce Cumings, is admittedly a leftist, but his analysis of the current phony “crisis” makes a great deal of sense. (Bruce Cumings, “Crazy Kim,” the *Nation*; Nov. 29)

Cumings points out that the latest “crisis” began with stories on the weekend of November 5–7, coinciding with the visit of our defense secretary, the klutz Les Aspin, to Seoul. Suddenly a spate of U.S. stories descended upon us: crazed North Koreans were readying a nuclear bomb, they were forbidding access to international inspectors, and they were massing a full 70 percent of their troops on the South Korean border. All this, of course, was heavy with the implication that North Korea was imminently going to attack our beloved South; hence Clinton’s “cease to exist as a nation,” supposedly a warning that the U.S. would retaliate massively against a North Korean attack on the South, presumed to be coming at any moment. Major source of these stories: Pentagon officials flying home from Seoul along with Aspin.

The truth, as Cumings reveals, presents us with a very different picture. First: more than 75 percent of North Korean troops have been “massed” near the South Korean border *ever since* the late 1970s, in response to new and threatening U.S. nuclear strategies! Second: North Korea has allowed numerous international inspections of its nuclear facility at Yongbyon, and is only balking at “special inspections” of a supposed nuclear waste dump for various technical and minor reasons. Aspin himself admitted that there is “no evidence that North Korea is now producing or reprocessing plutonium.” A third aspect of this supposed crisis is that the North Korean forces would be led either by the “dying” despot Kim II Sung or, even worse, by his “unstable” and “possible psychotic” son, Kim Jong II.

But here again, the story about the younger Kim’s alleged psychosis has been put about by South Korean intelligence for the last quarter century, and the guy has apparently not flipped as yet.

The real story, Cumings shows, is that hysterical alarms about imminent North Korean attacks have been trumped up for the past four decades, usually accompanying one of two periodic events: the annual Congressional debates on defense appropriations; and talks between the secretary of defense and South Korean defense officials. This last scare is in the glorious U.S.–South Korean talk-crisis tradition. The last time a U.S. defense secretary visited South Korea was in November 1991, when Secretary Dick Cheney went to Seoul, and an anonymous U.S. defense official rattled the missiles: asserting that if North Korea “missed Desert Storm, this is a chance to catch a rerun.”

Professor Cumings concludes his dash of realistic cold water on the latest hysteria on Korea: “No one knows the state of Kim Jong II’s mind,

but if I were Kim I'd be a bit paranoid too, since on any given day there is someone in Washington willing to say that we might wipe his country off the face of the earth—and sometimes it's the president himself." ■

INVADE THE WORLD

September 1994

When Communism and the Soviet Union collapsed several years ago, it seemed evident that a massive reevaluation of American foreign policy had to get under way. For the duration of the Cold War, U.S. foreign policy was simply a bipartisan interventionist crusade against the Soviet Union, and the only differences were precisely how far the global intervention should go.

But when the Soviet Union fell apart, a rethinking seemed absolutely necessary, since what could form the basis of U.S. policy now? But among the intellectual pundits and elites, the molders of U.S. and even world opinion, virtually no rethinking has occurred at all. Except for Pat Buchanan and us paleos, U.S. foreign policy had proceeded as usual, as if the Cold War collapse never happened. How? Buchanan and the "neo-isolationists" urged that American intervention be guided strictly by American national interest. But the liberal/neocon alliance, now tighter than ever before (now that Soviet Communism, which the neocons were harder on, has disappeared), pretended to agree, and then simply and cunningly redefined "national interest" to cover every ill, every grievance, under the sun. Is someone starving somewhere, however remote from our borders? *That's* a problem for our national interest. Is someone or some group killing some other group anywhere in the world? *That's* our national interest. Is some government *not* a "democracy" as defined by our liberal-neocon elites? *That* challenges our national interest. Is someone committing Hate Thought anywhere on the globe? *That* has to be solved in our national interest.

And so every grievance everywhere constitutes our national interest, and it becomes the obligation of good old Uncle Sam, as the Only Remaining Superpower and the world's designated Mr. Fixit, to solve each and every one of these problems. For "we cannot stand idly by" while anyone anywhere starves, hits someone over the head, is undemocratic, or commits a Hate Crime.

It should be clear that there is now virtually no foreign policy distinction between the liberals and the neocons, the Tony Lewises and Bill Safires, *Commentary* and the *Washington Post*. Wherever the problem is, the liberal-neocon pundits and laptop bombardiers are all invariably whooping it up for U.S. intervention, for outright war, or for the slippery-slope favorite

of “sanctions.” Sanctions, the step-by-step escalation of intervention, is a favorite policy of the warmongers. Calling for immediate bombing or invading of Country X as soon as a grievance starts would seem excessive and even nutty to most Americans, who don’t feel the same sense of deep commitment to the U.S.A. as Global Problem-Solver as do the pundits and elites. And sanctions can temporarily slake the thirst for belligerence. And so it’s sanctions: starving the villains, cutting off transportation, trade, confiscating their property in terms of financial assets, and finally, when that doesn’t work, bombing, sending troops, etc. Troops are usually sent first as purely “humanitarian” missionaries, to safeguard the “humane” aid of the UN “peacekeepers.” But in short order, the benighted natives, irrationally turning against all this help and altruism, begin shooting at their beloved helpers, and the fat is in the fire, and the U.S. must face the prospects of sending troops who are ordered to shoot to kill.

In recent weeks, in addition to humanitarian troops, there had been escalating talk of American “sanctions”: against North Korea of course, but also against Japan (for not buying more U.S. exports), against Haiti, against the Bosnian Serbs (always referred to as the “self-styled” Republic of Srpska,—this in contrast to all other governments “styled” by others?). Jesse Jackson wants the U.S. to invade Nigeria pronto, and now we have Senators Kerry (D., Mass.) calling for sanctions against our ancient foe, Canada, for not welcoming New England fishermen in its waters.

OK, the time has come to get tough and to get consistent. Sanctions are simply the coward’s and the babbler’s halfway house to war. We must face the fact that there is not a single country in the world that measures up to the lofty moral and social standards that are the hallmark of the U.S.A.: even Canada is delinquent and deserves a whiff of grape. There is not a single country in the world which, like the U.S., reeks of democracy and “human rights,” and is free of crime and murder and hate thoughts and undemocratic deeds. Very few other countries are as Politically Correct as the U.S., or have the wit to impose a massively statist program in the name of “freedom,” “free trade,” “multiculturalism,” and “expanding democracy.”

And so, since no other countries shape up to U.S. standards in a world of Sole Superpower they must be severely chastised by the U.S., I make a Modest Proposal for the only possible consistent and coherent foreign policy: the U.S. must, very soon, Invade the Entire World! Sanctions are peanuts; we must invade every country in the world, perhaps softening them up beforehand with a wonderful high-tech missile bombing show courtesy of CNN.

But how will we Look in the Eyes of World Opinion if we invade the world? Not to worry; we can always get the cover of our kept stooges in the UN, NATO, or whatever. Boutros Boutros-Ghali, who is already reneging on his agreement to run for only one term as UN secretary-general, is perfect for the job; no more power-hungry UN official has ever existed. But

what about the Security Council? That's OK, because we can always buy off the abstention of China or whoever for a few billion. No problem.

And then the whole world will subsist under the U.S. and UN flags, happy, protected, free of crime and poverty and hate. What could be more inspiring?

A few isolationist, narrow-minded, selfish, callous, and probably anti-Semitic gripers, however, are bound to complain. They like to talk about various "lessons," for example, Somalia. They like to say: well sure we can get in and "win" easily, but how do we get out? In order to fix up democracy, genocide, poverty, hate, etc., we the United States, must create the country's infrastructure, set up and train its entire army and police (preferably in the U.S.). We must teach the benighted country about freedom and free elections, create its two Respectable political parties, and begin with a massive multi-billion dollar aid program to make everyone healthy, wealthy, and wise, provide an educational program (replete with dropping huge bags of food by plane so CNN can do handsprings—even if some of the "helped" are killed by the bags), outlaw smoking and junk food, and feed them all with tofu and organically grown mangoes.

But what about the Getting Out Party? What about our universal experience that when U.S. troops get out, the whole aid, infrastructure, etc. go down the drain? The solution is simple, though it has been far overlooked because some narrow-minded selfish fascist stick-in-the-muds will raise a fuss. The solution: We Don't Get Out! Ever. So we don't have to worry about preparing the natives for transition. We should stay in there and cheerfully Run the World. Permanently for the good of all. A Paradise on Earth. We can call it, the "politics of meaning."

But how will we have the manpower to do the job of occupying? Don't worry about it. In the first place, we can have a 20-million man and woman army, suitably gayized and feminized and Politically Corrected, marching in there with food packages, medicines and hypodermics in one hand, and guns and condoms clutched in the other. We've got plenty of manpower options; we could bring back the draft, we could restore the Peace Corps, and/or we can set up a huge Buckley-Clinton type National Service program, where kids "pay back society" by spending two healthful, fun-filled maturing years setting up infrastructure in Zaire or Haiti or North Korea. With this program, the kids could "pay back" the Earth. What? You say that some of our kids might pick up diseases or get shot along the way? Well, that's OK, because, as they say these days, every failure is a "learning experience."

And then, of course, the U.S.A. will only provide the backbone of the permanent forces of World Occupiers. The rest of the slots will be filled by troops from every other world country, headed by the UN, NATO, etc., providing equally healthful and joyful experiences for other occupiers: Zairians, Ukrainians, Vietnamese, etc. To see Vietnamese troops, for example,

occupying Holland, would provide instructive and globally democratic lessons in multiculturalism and mutual love of all peoples. The hardcore narrow-minded will of course have to be dealt with severely, but I am confident that massive educational programs, orientation courses, teachers, books and pamphlets, etc. will change the common climate of ethnic hate to love and understanding. In addition to teachers, hateful and undemocratic attitudes will be stamped out by a legion of shrinks, therapists counselors, etc.

How will all this be financed? Every nation will, of course, contribute its "fair share" of expenses, but since the U.S.A. is the world's Only Superpower, we must face the fact that the U.S. will have to be paying the lion's share—maybe 80 or 90 percent—of the program.

And of course there are always narrow-minded, backward, selfish dogmatists, who will balk at this program, and claim that it is too "costly." There are always a few rotters who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. But again: not to worry. There will be a massive transpartisan educational effort, from all parts of the spectrum, from the Clintonian or Jacksonian left to the dozens of self-proclaimed "free-market" think-tanks, who, suitably financed by government and by corporate elites, will pour forth tomes instructing us that the program will "pay for itself," that it is in the best tradition of the Free Market and Democracy; that these expenses are not really costly because they constitute "investment in human capital" and will therefore *save* the taxpayers money in the long run, etc. Thus, clearing up all the hookworm in the world will so reduce medical costs that we will all be paying *less* money. Eventually.

Any residue of complaint, any who survive this educational effort—and let's face it, there are a few rotten apples in every barrel—will be sent to "educational retraining centers," where their objections will be put to rest, and, after a few healthful years in these camps, chopping logs and reading the collected works of left, liberal, neocon and Pragmatic Libertarian pundits, I am sure that they will emerge, happily adjusted to the Brave New Global Democracy of tomorrow.

The above presents the consistent implications of our persistent policy of intervention, and it outlines the system toward which this country has been tending.

The question is: How do we derail this trend? How do we Take it Out? How do we prevent "1984"? Unfortunately, the Republican Party, while significantly better than the Democrats on domestic policy, has been, if anything, worse and more interventionist on foreign affairs. Note the Republican take on Slick Willie: they accuse him of bumbling, evasion, continual changes of line (all true), but except on Haiti, they don't really oppose intervention *per se*. Sure, it would be nice to have a clear-cut, consistent foreign policy, but clear-cut in *what* direction? A clear-cut Enemy is not exactly an unmixed blessing.

Meanwhile, things are far from hopeless. There is both an anti-war and paleo-grassroots ferment in this country that is heartwarming. There are all sorts of manifestations: Conservative Citizens Councils, county militia movements, sheriffs who refuse to enforce the Brady Bill, rightist radio talk show hosts, lack of enthusiasm for American troops getting killed in Somalia or Haiti, a Buchananite movement, and increasingly good sense on this question from syndicated columnist Robert Novak. Meantime, the least we at *Triple R* can do is accelerate the Climate of Hate in America, and hope for the best. ■

THE
NATIONALITIES
QUESTION

THE NATIONALITIES QUESTION

August 1990

Upon the collapse of centralizing totalitarian Communism in Eastern Europe and even the Soviet Union, long suppressed ethnic and nationality questions and conflicts have come rapidly to the fore. The crack-up of central control has revealed the hidden but still vibrant “deep structures” of ethnicity and nationality.

To those of us who glory in ethnic diversity and yearn for national justice, all this is a wondrous development of what has previously lived only in fantasy or longing: it is a chance in Europe at long last, to begin to reverse the monstrous twin injustices of Sarajevo and Versailles. It is like being back in 1914 or 1919 again, with a chance for the map of Europe and near Asia to be righted and redrawn.

For the first time since the end of World War II, or arguably since Versailles, the world is in a “revolutionary situation.” There are many problems and costs to such a revolutionary situation, costs that are well-known and need not be repeated here; but there are also many benefits: currently, not only the collapse of Socialism–Communism, but the sense that all things are possible, and that justice may come at last to a long-suffering area of the world.

Most Americans, however, are puzzled and disturbed rather than delighted at the re-emergence of the nationalities question. We can separate the worried or hostile reactions into four groups: (a) the average American; (b) Marxist–Leninists; (c) global democrats, which include the liberal and neoconservative wing of the ruling American Establishment; and (d) modal libertarians.

HOSTILES: THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

First, the average American is uncomprehending of the very problem. Why can't all these groups live-and-let-live, and join peacefully together as has the United States in its “melting pot” of varied immigrant groups? In the first place, this Pollyanna view of America overlooks the black question, which has scarcely settled into any melting pot, and is more mired in deep conflict now than at any time since the late nineteenth century. But even setting that aside no peaceful “melting pot” existed in the nineteenth century. From the 1830s until after World War I, northern, “Yankee,” mainstream Protestants (with the exception of old-style Calvinists and high-church Lutherans) were captured by an aggressive and militant post-millennial pietism whose objective was to use government to stamp out “sin” (especially liquor and the Catholic Church), and who made the lives of Catholic and German Lutheran immigrants miserable and put them under constant attack for nearly a century. Finally, the pietists succeeded in imposing immigration restrictions and national origin quotas after World War I.

But even setting all that aside, the United States of America was a unique development in the modern world: a roughly “empty” land (with the notable exception of American Indians), peopled by a large number of mainly European religious, ethnic, and national immigrant groups, within the framework of a mainly free, constitutional Republic under the rubric of English as the common, public language.

Other nations in Europe and Asia developed very differently, often with native nationalities conquered and dominated by “imperial” nations. Instead of one public language, the oppressor nationalities invariably tried to obliterate the languages and even the names of conquered nationalities. One of the most moving cries during last year’s implosion of Communism came from the suppressed Turkish minority in Bulgaria and the conquered “Moldavians” (i.e., Romanians) in Soviet Moldavia, grabbed from Romania after World War II: “give us our names back!”

The Moldavians want to shed the hated Russian names imposed by the Soviet state, as well as the even more hated Cyrillic forced upon them in place of their Latin alphabet. And this national obliteration is not just a product of Communism. It is an age-old practice: “imperial” France still forbids the Celts of Brittany to name their children according to Celtic nomenclature; and the Turks, still not admitting their genocidal massacre of the Armenian minority during World War I, also refuse to acknowledge the very existence of their Kurdish minority, referring to them contemptuously as “mountain Turks.”

HOSTILES: THE MARXIST–LENINISTS

The Marxist–Leninists are a dying breed, but it is fascinating to consider their now vanishing role on this issue. Their reputation as “anti-imperialists” has nothing to do with classical Marxism. In fact, Marx and Engels, consistent with their pro-modernizing approach, aggressively favored Western imperialism (especially that of the Prussians as against the hated Slavs). This stance accorded with their view that the faster capitalism and “modernization” advance, the sooner the “inevitable final stage” of history, the proletarian communist revolution, will take place.

Lenin, however, pragmatically junked Marxism to side with the Third World and other peasantry, which he saw perceptively as far riper for revolution than the advanced capitalist nations. In practice, however, Leninism, while giving lip-service to the right of national self-determination (enshrined on paper in the Soviet Constitution but always ignored in practice), was a centralizing universalist creed transcending nationalities. More important, the actual Leninist cadre in every country were deracinated intellectuals (often colonials educated by Marxist–Leninist professors in the imperial centers of London, Paris, and Lisbon), who were generally ignorant of, and contemptuous or hostile toward, ethnicity, religion, and culture. The official compulsory atheism of Marxist–Leninists was only the most overt example of this hostility.

This riding roughshod over national cultures in the name of universalist Leninist ideology is most starkly evident in the regimes of Africa. The Marxist centralizing governments of Africa are descendants of the regimes of Western imperialism established in the late nineteenth century.

Britain, France, and Portugal marched into Africa and carved it up into provinces totally heedless and uncaring of the realities of the varied and highly diverse tribes which constituted the African polity. Many tribes, most of which hated each other's guts, and had nothing—neither culture, language, customs, nor tradition—in common, were coercively incorporated into “colonies” with arbitrary borders imposed by the imperial Western powers. In addition to this forced marriage, many of the artificial borders split tribal regions into two or more parts, so that tribesmen seasonally migrating into age-old occupied regions, found themselves stopped at the border and accused of being “illegal immigrants” or “aggressors.”

The tragedy of modern Africa is that the imperial powers did not simply withdraw and allow the natural tribal formation to resume their original occupation of the continent. Instead, the coercive centralizing regimes of these so-called “nations” were turned over to the deracinated Marxist intellectuals educated in the imperial capitals, who soon became a parasitic bureaucratic class taxing and oppressing the peaceful peasantry who constitute the bulk of the actual producers in Africa.

HOSTILES: THE GLOBAL DEMOCRATS

The most significant negative reaction to the recent eruption of the nationalities question is that of our “global democracy” Establishment. Theirs is the most significant because they constitute the dominant opinion-molding force in American life. Essentially theirs is a far more sophisticated version of the reaction of the average American. The concerns and demands of nationalities are dismissed as narrow, selfish, parochial, and even dangerously hostile *per se* and aggressive toward other nationalities. Above all, they interfere with the most sanctified value in the global-democratic canon: “the democratic process,” which inherently means “majority rule,” albeit sometimes limited by the restraints of “human” or “minority” rights. Therefore, the ultimate curse leveled against nationalities and their demands is that they are perforce “undemocratic” and hence not suitable for the modern world.

Thus, there is a deeper reason than realpolitik for the seemingly strange coolness of the Bush administration toward the heroic national independence movement of the Lithuanians and the other Baltic nations. It's not just that the United States is supposed to sacrifice them on the altar of “saving Gorbys.” For there was unalloyed joy at the liberating of Officially Accredited Nations, such as Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, from Soviet and Communist yokes. But the Baltic nations, after all, are different: they are “part” of the Soviet Union, and therefore their unilateral secession,

against the will of the majority of the USSR, becomes an affront to “democracy,” to “majority rule,” and, last but far from least, to the unitary, centralizing nation-state that allegedly embodies the democratic ideal.

The fact that the United States had never recognized the forcible incorporation of the Baltic nations into the USSR in 1940, is now demonstrated to be a Cold War sham to win the votes of East European ethnics living in the United States. For when push comes to shove, how can little parts of a great nation be permitted to secede in opposition to the “democratic will” of the larger nation? Not only the Bush and Establishment coolness toward the Baltics, but also their palpable relief when Gorby sent troops in to Azerbaijan, allegedly to stop Azeris and Armenians from killing each other, shows that far more is at stake here than helping Gorby against the Stalinists.

For the U.S. global democrats had gotten worried that Gorby might fail to carry out the alleged fundamental responsibility of a great modernizing nation: to use force and violence to settle disputes among its various regions and nationalities. That is, in fact, to maintain the unitary force of the central “imperial” power against the nationalities within its periphery.

The clinching argument of the global democrats in all this may be summed up as “after all, didn’t Lincoln?” The most sanctified figure in American historiography is, by no accident, the Great Saint of centralizing “democracy” and the strong unitary nation-state: Abraham Lincoln. It is fascinating and no accident, and reveals the vital importance of history and of historical myth even in as amnesiac a nation as the United States, that a major reason that the neocons and their stooges have tried to read such paleocons as Mel Bradford and Tom Fleming out of the conservative movement is that they are highly critical of “honest Abe.”

And so didn’t Lincoln use force and violence, and on a massive scale, on behalf of the mystique of the sacred “Union,” to prevent the South from seceding? Indeed he did, and on the foundation of mass murder and oppression, Lincoln crushed the South and outlawed the very notion of secession (based on the highly plausible ground that since the separate states voluntarily entered the Union they should be allowed to leave).

But not only that: for Lincoln created the monstrous unitary nation-state from which individual and local liberties have never recovered: e.g., the triumph of an all-powerful federal judiciary, Supreme Court, and national army; the overriding of the ancient Anglo-Saxon and libertarian right of *habeas corpus* by jailing dissidents against the war without trial; the establishment of martial rule; the suppression of freedom of the press; and the largely permanent establishment of conscription, the income tax, the pietist “sin” taxes against liquor and tobacco, the corrupt and cartelizing “partnership of government and industry” constituting massive subsidies to transcontinental railroads, and the protective tariff; the establishment of fiat money inflation through the greenbacks and getting off the gold standard;

and the nationalization of the banking system through the national Banking Acts of 1863 and 1864.

It is particularly fascinating that many conservative defenders of Lithuania and the other Baltic nations, try themselves to preserve the Lincoln myth and the general U.S. hostility to secession. They argue that since the Baltic states were forcibly incorporated by Stalin in 1940, they at least should be allowed to secede without the punishment of Lincoln-style repression!

Let us set aside the fact that most of the other incorporations of nations into the Soviet Union were just as compulsory albeit more venerable: e.g., the Ukraine, Armenia, or Georgia in the early days of the Bolshevik Revolution. Let us instead cut to the heart of the democratic political theory that is involved in the pervasive hostility to secession. For democratic theory, including the theory of most “minarchist” laissez-faire libertarians, holds that government, whether broadly social-democratic or confined to police, defense and the judiciary, should be chosen by majority rule in free elections. Minority secession movements are accused of violating democratic majority rule. But the crucial and always unanswered question is: democratic rule over what geographical area?

Let us put the problem another way: minarchist or democratic theory says that the State should have a monopoly of force in its territorial area. Let us agree for the sake of argument. But then the big unasked, and unanswered, question arises: what should be the territorial area? To paraphrase a favorite gambit of Ayn Rand’s, the near-universal response is: Blankout!

Nationalities secessionists are implicitly challenging this pervasive blankout as a serious response to their concerns. So far, whether under Lincoln or, to a much lesser extent under Gorby, their crucial question has been met only by violence and force majeure: by the unquestioned mystique of might-makes-right and the coercive unitary nation-state. But the inner logic of that mystique, and the basic logic of minarchist political theory, is at once simple and terrifying: unitary world “democratic” government. The minarchist argument against anarcho-capitalist libertarians is that there must be a single, overriding government agency with a monopoly force to settle disputes by coercion. OK, but in that case and by the very same logic shouldn’t nation-states be replaced by a one-world monopoly government? Shouldn’t unitary world government replace what has been properly termed our existing “international anarchy?”

Minarchist libertarians and conservatives balk at the inner logic of world government for obvious reasons: for they fear correctly that world taxation and world socialization would totally and irreversibly suppress the liberty and property of Americans. But they remain trapped in the logic of their own position. Left-liberals, on the other hand, are happy to embrace this logic precisely because of this expected outcome. Even the democratic Establishment, however, hesitates at embracing the ultimate logical end of a

single world democratic state, at least until they can be assured of controlling that monstrous entity.

Short of the world State of their dreams, how does our global democratic Establishment deal with the crucial problem of where State boundaries should be? By sanctifying whatever State boundaries happen to exist at the time. Sanctifying status quo boundaries has been the axiom of the foreign policy of every U.S. administration since Woodrow Wilson, and of the League of Nations and its successor the United Nations, all based on the incoherent and disastrous concept of “collective security against aggression.” It was that concept that underlay U.S. intervention in World Wars I and II, and in the Korean War: first we determine (often incorrectly) which is the “aggressor state,” and then all nation-states are supposed to band together to combat, repel, and punish that aggression.

The theoretical analogue of such a concert against “aggression” is held to be combating criminal action against individuals. A robs or murders B; the local police, appointed defenders of the right of person and property, leap to the defense of B and act to apprehend and punish A. In the same way, “peace-loving” nations are supposed to band together against “aggressor” nations or states. Hence, Harry Truman’s otherwise mystifying insistence that the U.S. war against North Korea was not a war at all but a “police action.”

The deep flaw in all this is that when A robs or murders B, there is a general agreement that A is in the wrong, and that he has indeed aggressed against the person and just property rights of B. But when State A aggresses against the border of State B, often claiming that the border is unjust and the result of a previous aggression against country A decades before, how can we say *a priori* that State A is the aggressor and that we must dismiss its defense out of hand? Who says, and on what principle, that State B has the same moral right to all of its existing territory as individual B has to his life and property? And how can the two aggressions be equated when our global democrats refuse to come up with any principles or criteria whatsoever: except the unsatisfactory and absurd call for a world State or blind reliance upon the boundary *status quo* at any given moment?

JUST BOUNDARIES AND NATIONAL SELF-DETERMINATION

What, then, is the answer? What national boundaries can be considered as just? In the first place, it must be recognized that there are no just national boundaries *per se*; that real justice can only be founded on the property rights of individuals. If fifty people decided voluntarily to set up an organization for common services or self-defense of their persons and properties in a certain geographical area, then the boundaries of that association, based on the just property rights of the members, will also be just.

National boundaries are only just insofar as they are based on voluntary consent and the property rights of their members or citizens. Just national

boundaries are, then, at best derivative and not primary. How much more is this true of existing State boundaries which are, in greater or lesser degree, based on coercive expropriation of private property, or on a mixture of that with voluntary consent! In practice, the way to have such national boundaries as just as possible is to preserve and cherish the right of secession, the right of different regions, groups, or ethnic nationalities to get the blades out of the larger entity, to set up their own independent nation. Only by boldly asserting the right of secession can the concept of national self-determination be anything more than a sham and a hoax.

But wasn't the Wilsonian attempt to impose national self-determination and draw the map of Europe a disaster? And how! But the disaster was inevitable even assuming (incorrectly) good will on the part of Wilson and the Allies and ignoring the fact that national self-determination was a mask for their imperial ambitions. For by its nature, national self-determination cannot be imposed from without, by a foreign government entity, be it the United States or some world League.

The whole point of national self-determination is to get top-down coercive power out of the picture and, for the use of force to devolve from the larger entity to more genuine natural and voluntary national entities. In short, to devolve power from the top downward. Imposing national self-determination from the outside makes matters worse and more coercive than ever. Moreover, getting the U.S. or other governments involved in every ethnic conflict throughout the globe maximizes, rather than minimizes, coercion, conflict, war, and mass murder. It drags the United States, as the great isolationist scholar Charles A. Beard once put it, into "perpetual war for perpetual peace."

Referring back to political theory, since the nation-state has a monopoly of force in its territorial area, the one thing it must not do is ever try to exercise its force beyond its area, where it has no monopoly, because then a relatively peaceful "international anarchy" (where each State confines its power to its own geographical boundary) is replaced by an international Hobbesian chaos of war of all (governments) against all. In short, given the existence of nation-states, they should (a) never exercise their power beyond their territorial area (a foreign policy of "isolationism"), and (b) maintain the right of secession of groups or entities within their territorial area.

The right of secession, if fearlessly upheld, implies also the right of one or more villages to secede even from its own ethnic nation, or, even, as Ludwig von Mises affirmed in his *Nation, State, and Economy*, the right of secession by each individual.

If one deep flaw in the Wilsonian enterprise was its imposition of national self-determination from the outside, another was his total botch of redrawing the European map. It is difficult to believe that they could have done a worse job if the Versailles rulers had blindfolded themselves and put pins arbitrarily in a map of Europe to create new nations.

Instead of self-determination for each nation, three officially designated Good Guy peoples (Poles, Czechs, and Serbs) were made masters over other nationalities who had hated their guts for centuries, often with good reason. That is, these three favored nationalities were not simply given ethnic national independence; instead, their boundaries were arbitrarily swollen so as to dominate other peoples officially designated as Bad Guys (or at best Who Cares Guys): the Poles ruling over Germans, Lithuanians (in the Lithuanian city of Vilnius/Vilna), Byelorussians, and Ukrainians; the Czechs ruling over Slovaks and Ukrainians (called “Carpatho-Ruthenians”); and the Serbs tyrannizing over Croats, Slovenes, Albanians, Hungarians, and Macedonians, in a geographical abortion called “Yugoslavia” (now at least in the process of falling apart).

In addition, the Romanians were aggrandized at the expense of the Hungarians and Bulgarians. These three (or four if we include Romania) lopsided countries were also given the absurd and impossible task by the U.S. and the Western allies of keeping down permanently the two neighboring great “revisionist” powers and losers at Versailles: Germany and Russia. This imposed task led straight to World War II.

In short, national self-determination must remain a moral principle and a beacon-light for all nations, and not be something to be imposed by outside governmental coercion.

PARTITION AND REFERENDUM

One practical way of implementing self-determination and the right of secession is the concept of a partition referendum in which each village or parish votes to decide whether to remain inside the existing national entity or to secede or join another such nation. The much disputed area of Nagorno-Karabakh, for example, would undoubtedly vote overwhelmingly to leave the hated Azerbaijan Republic and join Armenia. But what of the fact that Nagorno-Karabakh is not contiguous with greater Armenia, that there is a sliver of ethnically Azeri land inbetween? But surely good will on both sides (which of course is obviously non-existent at this point) could permit a free zone or free entry across that zone. Not only an airpath, but also a road corridor proved to be viable for decades after the explosive Berlin crisis.

Partition referenda were used fitfully after World War I; the most renowned case was the separation of Northern Ireland from the rest of the country. Unfortunately, the British deliberately promised referendum for a second partition was never carried out by the British government. As a result, a large amount of Catholic territory in the north was forcibly incorporated into the Protestant state, and the existence of that Catholic minority, which undoubtedly would vote to join the South, has been responsible for the tragic and unending violence and bloodshed ever since. In short, a genuine partition based on referenda, would probably lop off

from Northern Ireland the territories of counties Tyrone and Fermanagh (including the city of Derry) and South Down. Essentially, Northern Ireland would be much reduced in land area, and left with a belt around Belfast and county Antrim. The only substantial Catholic minority would then be in the Catholic section of Belfast.

One criticism of partition by referendum is that parishes and villages are often mixed, so that there could not be a precise separation of the nationalities. In the vexed region of Transylvania, for example, Hungarian and Romanian villages are intermixed in the same region. No doubt; no one ever said that such referenda would provide a panacea. But the point is that at least the degree of voluntary choice would be enlarged and the amount of social and ethnic conflict minimized, and not much more can be achieved. (Transylvania, by the way, is largely Hungarian, especially the northern part, and the wrong done to Hungary after World War I should be rectified.)

There is one criticism of the referendum approach that is far more cogent and troublesome. The Azeri claim to Nagorno-Karabakh rests on the thesis that, while the Armenians are now admittedly in the overwhelming majority, the region was, centuries ago, a center of Azeri culture. This claim from history may properly be dismissed as the dead hand of the past ruling the living, perhaps with the proviso that ancient Azeri shrines be protected under Azeri care.

But more troubling is, say, the current situation in Estonia and Latvia, where the Soviets deliberately tried to swamp and destroy native culture and ethnic nationalism by shipping in a large number of Russians after World War II to work in the factories. In Latvia, the Russian minority is only slightly under 50 percent. Here, I believe the recency of this migration and its political nature tip the scales in favor of maintaining native nationalism. In fact, libertarians believe that everyone has the natural right to self-ownership and ownership of property, but that there is no such thing as a natural "right" to vote. Here, it would make sense not to allow Russians to vote in Latvia and Estonia, to treat them as guests or immigrants of indefinite duration, but not with the voting privileges of citizenship.

THE HOSTILES: THE LIBERTARIANS

Libertarians are, by and large, as fiercely opposed to ethnic nationalism as the global democrats, but for very different reasons. Libertarians are generally what might be called simplistic and "vulgar" individualists. A typical critique would run as follows: "There is no nation; there are only individuals. The nation is a collectivist and therefore pernicious concept. The concept of 'national self-determination' is fallacious, since only the individual has a 'self.' Since the nation and the State are both collective concepts, both are pernicious and should be combated."

The linguistic complaint may be dismissed quickly. Yes, of course, there is no national “self,” we are using “self-determination” as a metaphor, and no one really thinks of a nation as an actual living entity with its own “self.”

More seriously, we must not fall into a nihilist trap. While only individuals exist individuals do not exist as isolated and hermetically sealed atoms. Statists traditionally charge libertarians and individualists with being “atomistic individualists,” and the charge, one hopes, has always been incorrect and misconceived. Individuals may be the only reality, but they influence each other, past and present, and all individuals grow up in a common culture and language. (This does not imply that they may not, as adults, rebel and challenge and exchange that culture for another.)

While the State is a pernicious and coercive collectivist concept, the “nation” may be and generally is voluntary. The nation properly refers, not to the State, but to the entire web of culture, values, traditions, religion, and language in which the individuals of a society are raised. It is almost embarrassingly banal to emphasize that point, but apparently many libertarians aggressively overlook the obvious. Let us never forget the great libertarian Randolph Bourne’s analysis of the crucial distinction between “the nation” (the land, the culture, the terrain, the people) and “the State” (the coercive apparatus of bureaucrats and politicians), and of his important conclusion that one may be a true patriot of one’s nation or country while—and even for that very reason—opposing the State that rules over it.

In addition, the libertarian, especially of the anarcho-capitalist wing, asserts that it makes no difference where the boundaries are, since in a perfect world all institutions and land areas would be private and there would be no national boundaries. Fine, but in the meantime, in the real world, in which language should the government courts hold their proceedings? What should be the language of signs on the government streets? Or the language of the government schools? In the real world, then, national self-determination is a vitally important matter in which libertarians should properly take sides.

Finally, nationalism has its disadvantages for liberty, but also has its strengths, and libertarians should try to help tip it in the latter direction. If we were residents of Yugoslavia, for example, we should be agitating in favor of the right to secede from that swollen and misbegotten State of Croatia and Slovenia (that is, favoring their current nationalist movements), while opposing the desire of the Serb demagogue Slobodan Milosevic to cling to Serb domination over the Albanians in Kosovo or over the Hungarians in the Vojvodina (that is, opposing Great Serbian nationalism). There is, in short national liberation (good) versus national “imperialism” over other peoples (bad). Once we get over simplistic individualism, and this distinction should not be difficult to grasp. ■

YUGOSLAVIAN BREAKUP

June 1991

Yugoslavia is at the point of civil war, but before anyone starts blubbering about what in the world can have gotten into this “proud nation,” be assured that there ain’t no such animal. There is no such nation nor is there such a thing as a “Yugoslav people.” Yugoslavia is not a nation but a geographical abortion, a monstrosity that ensued from the chaos, the vengeance, and the cabals of World War I and its sorry aftermath. The victorious allies split apart and fractured the defeated Austro-Hungarian Empire. This sundering was performed not in the name of “national self-determination,” but in the equality of this process some nations were destined to be far more equal than others. Particularly privileged was Serbia, a nation on Austria-Hungary’s southern border, which had set off World War I by contriving to assassinate Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914. Out of the tragedy and ferment of that war, Serbia managed to carve a new Greater Serbia out of parts of the defeated Empire, particularly by suckering the intellectual leaders of the Croats and the Slovenes into adopting a phony and artificial “South Slav” (Yugoslav) ideology and then forming a new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. When the Croats found that this kingdom, instead of a fraternity of “south Slavs,” was merely a mechanism for Serb hegemony, they grew restless and began to move for greater Croat freedom. When the Serbs assassinated the great Croat peasant leader Stefan Radic in 1928, the Croats moved to form a separate Croatia, whereupon the Serb King Alexander established a unitary royal dictatorship and called it “Yugoslavia.”

Another hapless people forcibly incorporated into Yugoslavia were the Macedonians, on the southern border of Serbia, another people seeking restoration of their ancient independence. The results of the crumbling of the Ottoman Empire and of World War I, however, were the carving up of Macedonia among the Greeks and the Serbs. Bulgaria, arrogantly claiming that the Macedonians are only “western Bulgars,” was aced out by unfortunately picking the losing side of the last Balkan War and of World War I.

Macedonians forced into Yugoslavia formed the militant revolutionary organization, IMRO (International Macedonian Revolutionary Organization), which assassinated the tyrant King Alexander in 1934. After that the Yugoslav Regent Prince Paul, particularly after 1939, moved toward devolution of power toward the nationalities, actually bringing Croat ministers into the Cabinet. Paul also followed a neutral policy in World War II. British intelligence therefore engineered a military *coup* on March 27, 1941, installing a hard-line Serb military dictatorship in Yugoslavia.

This pro-British government quickly moved to sign a Treaty of Friendship with the Soviet Union on April 5.

Mussolini, boobishly trying to revive and expand the Italian Empire, had invaded Greece at the end of October, 1940, but his war of conquest was going badly, and the Greeks were counterattacking successfully. Hitler was preparing to mobilize the countries of Eastern Europe for his mighty assault against the U.S.S.R., but he was obliged to delay this strike to bail out his Axis partner in Greece. Hitler's offer to mediate the Italy-Greece dispute was rebuffed by a Greece prodded by Great Britain, and so Hitler determined to launch his conquest of Greece before mounting an invasion of Russia. The sudden British coup in Yugoslavia in March 1941 induced Hitler to include that country in his Greek campaign ("Operation Maritsa"), which he began on April 6. The Yugoslav campaign was successfully concluded in eleven days, and Greece was mopped up two weeks later.

Ever indulgent to his unreliable Axis partner, Hitler allowed Italian troops to help invade Croatia, while German forces invaded Serbia. Serbia was, understandably enough, treated as hostile, and subjected to permanent German military occupation, whereas the Germans and Italians treated the Croats as fellow enemies of the Serbian Yugoslav regime. Croatia was allowed to form a separate national state, naming the Italian Duke of Spoleto as its king.

The new Croat kingdom was run by Ante Pavelic and his Ustasha movement. Every time any newspaper account speaks of Croat nationalism or Croat-Serb rivalry nowadays, the writer invariably raises the spectre of Croatia's "pro-Nazi" regime. But it should be clear that the Croats were not pro-Nazi; they were, simply, anti-Serb, while neutral in more remote European affairs, and the genesis of this attitude should now be clear. It is true that during the war, the Croat Ustasha killed a lot of Serbs, but so too did Serb forces kill a great many Croats. The feelings were all too mutual.

Because the Croats had their own state during World War II, there was no need for them to engage in partisan activities. The Serbs, on the other hand, were impelled to resist the direct military rule of the Germans. A Serb guerrilla force, the Chetniks, arose under Draza Milhailovic, paying more attention to the killing of Croats than of Germans. A Communist partisan force also arose, under Josip Tito. Although a Communist, Tito was able to win out over a Milhailovic because Tito, being a Croat, was able to appeal far more strongly to all the non-Serb groups in Yugoslavia. None of them would any longer trust a Serb.

Tito's remarkable shift away from Stalinism and central planning, beginning about 1950, took a decisive turn in the mid-1960s, with the institution of market reforms, and the ousting from office of the Serb Alexander Rankovic, vice-president and head of the secret police. It became clear that, even among Communist intellectuals and economists, the major

drive for freedom and market economy was among the Croats and Slovenes, whereas the Serbs were the most devoted to Communism and central planning. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* in July 1966, the distinguished Croat economist Rudolf Bicanic noted, too, that the Serbs were dominant in central institutions—the army, the secret police, central administration—even during Tito's Yugoslavia, and he postulated that perhaps the Serbs had learned the ways of statism during generations of independent statehood, whereas the Croats and Slovenes, under Austro-Hungarian rule, had never learned bad statist habits. Perhaps. But perhaps, too, one answer lies in the Croat and Slovene devotion to western institutions, including a transnational Catholic Church. In contrast, the Serbs are Eastern Orthodox, and hence are used to a tradition of a State-ruled Church.

Ethnic devolution proceeded side by side with market reform until the early 1970s, when an evident desire for Croat independence drove Marshal Tito into a counterrevolutionary crackdown and a blockage of further ethnic and economic reform.

Tito's death in 1980 led to the current Yugoslavian polity: headed by a rotating collective presidency, consisting of one representative from each of six republics, and of two "autonomous" provinces, of Serbia.

In the current situation, it is, again, no accident that the increasingly independent Croat, Slovene, and Macedonian republics have elected non-Communist regimes, and that Croatia and Slovenia have been pushing for independence, whereas the Serbs, headed by their Communist leader, Slobodan Milosevic, have been strong for both unitary centralism and a communist command economy. At a recent climactic vote, Milosevic tried to stampede the eight-man presidency into a central troop crack-down on breakaway Croatia. He was voted down by 5-to-3, and the regional votes are instructive. Voting for the crackdown were Serbia, Montenegro, and Serbia's autonomous province of Voivodina. Voivodina, a northern Serb province acquired from Hungary, has only about 10 percent Hungarians; the rest are Serbs.

That leaves Montenegro, like the Serbs ruled by a one-party Communist regime. Does the stand of Montenegro vitiate our analysis of Serb hegemony? No, because there are no such people as "Montenegrians." Montenegro ("Black Mountain") is simply Western Serbia, and is the mountainous area where Serbs were able to hole up indefinitely and maintain their independence from the Ottoman Empire. Because of this history, Montenegro was also an independent kingdom outside Austria-Hungary and the Ottomans, but it is ethnically simply Serb.

On the other hand, the five presidents voting against the Serb-Milosevic grab for power hailed from Slovenia, Croatia, Macedonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the southern Serbian autonomous province of Kosovo. Bosnia-Herzegovina is a mixed region, consisting of Serbs, Croats and a plurality of Bosnian Muslims, who became Muslims under the Ottoman Empire. Kosovo, which has been much in the news lately, is 90

percent ethnic Albanian, and is trying to get out from under Serb rule and achieve republic status. The stubborn Serb attempt to keep an iron grip on Kosovo is grounded in history: in the fact that centuries ago, Kosovo was the very heartland of the Serbs.

Why not allow each of these nationalities to go free, to recognize each others' independence, and then hope for peaceful relations and a free-trade zone among the nationalities of what used to be called Yugoslavia? That would surely be the libertarian aspiration. The major stumbling block is Serb imperialism and statism, although in all fairness a welcome sign was the recent mass demonstrations in Belgrade (capital of Serbia) against Milosevic-Communist rule. But, in addition, those of us who consider ourselves Croats-in-spirit have to acknowledge the beam in our own eye. For just as Serbs call Croats "traitor to Yugoslavia" and threaten to send in the national army (the officer corps are two-thirds Serb), so does the new, national anti-Communist Croat republic consider the Serbs living in Serb areas in southern Croatia "traitors" to Croatia. If each nationality is to be independent, these Serbs, rather than live under Croat rule, have proclaimed themselves citizens of the new republic of Krajina, in the southern border regions of Croatia. Well, why not? And if they wish, why shouldn't the Krajinans be able to merge with their brethren in Serbia proper?

Even if there is peace and a free-trade zone, it is important to ground them upon firm recognition of independence for each of these nationalities. And if this should mean, after the anti-Communist revolution in Albania proceeds further, that the Kosovo Albanians wish to merge with their brethren in Albania proper, why shouldn't they? And perhaps even the Macedonians will be able to find their place in the sun once more. Watch out, Greece! Border rectification is the need of the hour, and all we need ask is that the United States no longer stand in the way, prating about a New World Order grounded on a so-called "territorial integrity" that exists only in the minds of fanatics like Woodrow Wilson and his plague of successors. ■

WELCOME, SLOVENIA!

September 1991

At the time of writing, it looks very much as if those wonderful, truly heroic Slovenes are going to Make It. Against all odds, against the determined opposition of the United States, the Soviet Union, and all the other European states—all devoted to the common State interest of preserving whatever State *status quo* happens to exist—it looks as if Slovenia, after a thousand years of subjection, is going to be allowed to

become free and independent. If so, this will be the first new nation in Europe since the aftermath of World War I, and unlike those besotted countries, Slovenia is indeed a genuine nation in every sense, with a common religion, language, and culture. Unlike post-Versailles nations, Slovenia does not contain one ethnic group lording it over another. Slovenia is almost totally ethnically Slovene, a marvelous productive group of two million in the extreme northwest of Yugoslavia, on the border between Austria and Italy.

The Slovenes, unlike the Croats, have never been independent. For centuries before World War I, the Slovenes existed under the comparatively mild rule of the Austro-Hungarian Habsburg Empire. When the Austro-Hungarian Empire collapsed, why did the Slovenes join newly-created Yugoslavia? Unlike the Croat leadership, which was tragically sucked in by the honeyed and mendacious Serb rhetoric about a new “south Slav” people to be forged out of many different and clashing nationalities, the Slovenes joined up for more practical and rational reasons. As staunch defenders of Austria-Hungary against Italian aggression during World War I, the Slovenes were afraid, and for good reason, that Italy, puffed up by being on the winning side during the war, would take the occasion to punish the Slovenes and annex Slovenia to the wannabee Italian Empire. Hence, the Slovenes joined Yugoslavia in self-defense, and were rewarded by managing to keep their territory against the Italian threat.

The Slovenes, however, had even less in common with the Serbs than the latter’s ancient enemies, their fellow westerners, the Croats. In Tito’s Yugoslavia, Slovenia proved to be more Western, thriftier, more bourgeois and more progressive than even the Croats, let alone the rest of benighted Yugoslavia. Like the Croats, Catholic in a sea of Eastern Orthodoxy, the Slovenes have a separate language, and have the highest income in Yugoslavia, many times that of the rest of the country. The land is industrialized, the streets neat and clean in the Austrian and Swiss manner. Even more than the Croat “Communist” economists, the Slovene economists led the country as early as the 1960s, in calling for free markets and privatization. I well remember meeting, long ago, the cheery Slovene economist Alexander Bajt, I suppose nominally Communist, at the University of Virginia campus, who was even then writing on behalf of capitalism and free markets.

And so the Slovenes, like the Croats, wanted out of Yugoslavia, and particularly wanted out from under the domination of the imperialist, and still strongly Communist, Serbs. And the Slovenes, while much smaller in number than the Croats, did not have the embarrassment of a large Serb minority within their mountainous borders. And yet of course the Serbs were not about to let go. How, then, have the Slovenes come to achieve their independence, despite the U.S. and other powers moaning about the “territorial integrity of Yugoslavia?”

Unfortunately, the agent of triumph was not devotion to abstract justice. What did it was the force of Slovenian arms. In the latter two weeks of June, the Yugoslav army, dominated by Serb officers and a devotion to Communist rule bolstered by being a highly paid elite within the country, determined to bring Slovenia to heel, and to capture its frontier posts. The federal Yugoslav army bent on taming the Slovenes was headed by two Serb fanatics: General Bogojc Adzic, the chief of staff, and tank commander General Zivota Avaramovic, fresh from crushing the overwhelmingly Albanian-Serb-run region of Kosovo. And yet the haughty Yugoslav army, one of the most powerful in Eastern Europe, and its mighty tank corps was fought to a standstill by the heroic Slovene guerrillas, who beat back the Yugoslav army and inflicted unacceptable losses. Once again, as in all guerrilla victories, the key was ardent, virtual unanimous support by the Slovene people in defense of their freedom against a hated external force, as well as intimate knowledge of the terrain by the guerrillas. Moreover, the conscripted Yugoslav soldiers, generally not Serbs, deserted in droves, or surrendered under fire.

By early July, the more moderate Serb who is defense minister of Yugoslavia, Veljko Kadijevic, threw in the towel, and admitted that the operation against Slovenia had been a big mistake. Assessing the situation in mid-July, the Yugoslav military came to the conclusion that it faced only two choices: either occupying every inch of Slovenia and preparing to massacre the entire population, or withdrawing totally and allowing the Slovenes to decide their own fate. Almost unanimously, they decided that withdrawal was the only way; even the Serb fanatics concluded that letting the Slovenes go would allow them to concentrate more closely on the even more hated Croats. And the Slovenes, who before the battle had been willing to settle for sovereignty within a loose Yugoslav confederation, were now both embittered by the Serb aggression and emboldened by their heroic victory against far superior numbers and firepower. A free Slovenia had been baptized in blood, and the die appeared to be cast.

During the 1980s, and long before the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, I had the occasion to visit Slovenia, and fell in love with the land and its people. I was able to stay in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, in a Holiday Inn, unique in the then-Communist bloc. Holiday Inn enjoyed a strange co-ownership arrangement with an old "people's owned" Communist hotel, which literally surrounded the Holiday Inn. While eating dinner in a Ljubljana restaurant, I was surrounded by charming young people who saw that I was western, and peppered me with questions about life in the United States. (Needless to say, we spoke in English, since I knew no Slovenian.) I tried to tell them that they were better off than the Soviet-dominated countries, but they were hearing none of it. They all found life in Communist Yugoslavia "boring," and they longed to get out to the West.

Welcome, Slovenia, and bless you. You are now part of the West, and no thanks to George Bush *et al.* You won your freedom, like the American revolutionaries, both with ideology and with the sword. ■

THE CYPRUS QUESTION

November 1991

Now that George Bush has offered to help solve the long-standing Cyprus Question, it is high time to review what this problem is all about. In the first place, even though there are now two Cyprus Republics, there is no such thing as a Cypriot nation or language or culture. Whether there are one or two Cyprus Republics, they are still only artificial creations.

In the first place, Cyprus is one of the numerous, mainly Greek-populated, islands that dot the eastern Mediterranean. However, since the island of Cyprus is only 44 miles from Turkey, the island is 80 percent Greek (in the southern and central part of the island) but 18 percent Turk (in the north). The island of Cyprus had long been occupied by British imperialism. When Britain decided to divest itself of the island in 1960, it created as a replacement an independent Republic of Cyprus. Now, the point is that neither the Greeks nor the Turks thought of or think of themselves as "Cypriot" in nationality or culture, or in anything except mere geography. The Greek Cypriots had only one thought on their minds: the age-old desire for *enosis* (union) with the Greek motherland. Unfortunately, the Brits (backed by the U.S.) had other objectives, such as an elusive balance of power, in mind. The British installed as head of the Cypriot Republic Archbishop Makarios, formerly a beloved spokesman for *enosis*, but now widely regarded as a sellout of the cause. General George Grivas took to the hills to engage in pro-*enosis* guerrilla warfare. Finally, in 1974, the pro-Greek guerrillas (backed by the Greek government) were able to throw out Makarios and to seize power. But immediately, the Turkish government, fearing for its Turkish brethren at the hands of a militant Greek government, invaded Cyprus, and occupied the northern 40 percent of the island.

Since 1974, the forces on Cyprus have existed in uneasy stasis. The Cypriot Republic backed off from *enosis*, while the Turks established a Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus in 1983. But the Northern Cyprus Republic is only recognized by Turkey, and it subsists by the backing of 29,000 Turkish troops remaining in northern Cyprus.

Undoubtedly, Bush's instincts would be to impose a unitary Cyprus Republic, with guarantees for the Turkish minority, but that was precisely the failed plan imposed by the outgoing British in 1960. Greeks and Turks have hated each other with a purple passion for centuries, and it is absurd to believe that the Turks will ever again fall for being a minority within a unitary Greek state. Actually, ratifying the *status quo* would not be a bad solution, while also allowing the Greek Cypriots their cherished dream of *enosis* with Greece. Why not have a separate Northern Cyprus Republic for the Turks? The Turkish zone now is almost totally Turk, and likewise for the Greek zone. The big problem, however, is that when the Turks invaded Cyprus in 1974 they were, as usually happens in these matters, interested less in ethnic justice than in helping out their own ethnic comrades. As a result, they grabbed far too much territory, ensuring that the excess land would be Greek-free by forcibly ejecting 200,000 Greeks from their northern zone. Justice would require the Turks allowing the Greek expellees back into their homes, compensating them for their losses and even reducing the extent of Northern Republic territory and transferring the excess land into the Greek zone. The chances of the Turks agreeing to any such plan—they who are deeply convinced that the only good Greek is a dead Greek—are of course minimal.

The chances, indeed, are not good that George Bush will somehow blunder into a solution to the Cyprus problem. Already the *New York Times* reports that "Mr. Bush seemed taken aback when he was asked by a Greek reporter why he did not 'liberate' Cyprus from the Turkish troops, as he 'liberated' Kuwait." But while the Cyprus Question might not get closer to a solution, we can be assured that before this episode is over a lot of U.S. taxpayer money is going to get funneled into all countries involved. ■

EX-CZECHOSLOVAKIA

September 1992

We at *Triple R* were among the first to hail the breakup of that misbegotten whelp of Versailles: the "country" called Yugoslavia. The inherent lie of such a country is now exposed to all the world, and the phony "nation" of Yugoslavia is gone forevermore. Now we must add another hosanna: the impending collapse of the other grotesque product of Versailles tyranny: the "nation" called Czechoslovakia.

How beloved that "nation" always was, in respectable circles, in the *New York Times*, the Council of Foreign Relations, among all the right-thinkers and uplifters, all the certified experts that float back and forth from the CFR

to the state department to various foreign policy think-tanks! At Versailles, the English, the French, and the Wilson administration set up the phony “nation” of Czechoslovakia, carved out of the beaten Germany and Austria–Hungary in World War I. And just as Yugoslavia was a mask for Serb tyranny over other ethnic nationalities, so Czechoslovakia was a cover for despotism of the Czechs over other nationalities in the area: specifically, over the Sudeten Germans, Poles in the Teschen area, Hungarians in Southern Slovakia, the “Carpatho-Ruthenians” in the eastern tail (actually western Ukrainians), and in particular, the Slovaks in the eastern part of the country, west of the Carpatho-Ruthenian tail.

The difference is that the Serbs were never as incredibly beloved in the *New York Times*, CFR et al., as were the Czechs, and their virtually canonized leader, Dr. Tomas Mazaryk. And just as the Croat desire for independence and freedom from Serb oppression was (and still is) denounced in the Western Establishment press as “Nazi,” so too the Slovak desire for independence and getting out from under the Czechs was attacked similarly.

There were other similarities. Whereas the Czechs are part Protestant, part Catholic, and secularist in their old ruling elite, the Slovaks were solidly Catholic—as are the Croats. And when Germany occupied these countries during World War II, it granted independence to Slovakia, under Monsignor Tito, as they did to the Croat Ustashi government. Both small countries were quasi-puppets of the Germans, although Tito was far more independent of the Nazis. In both cases, the Germans trusted neither the Serbs nor the Czechs, and hence kept them under protectorates or under direct occupation.

After World War II, Soviet occupation drove out the Sudeten Germans, in quasi-genocidal fashion; Poland kept Teschen; and Carpatho-Ruthenia was, sensibly, incorporated into Ukraine. This left the Czechs, Slovaks, and some Hungarians, with the Czechs continuing to dominate under Communism.

But now, with the collapse of Communism and the advent of national freedom, the Slovaks, at long last, are demanding their freedom from Czech rule; such trivia as changing the name to include a hyphen; “Czecho-Slovakia,” proved scarcely enough to satisfy Slovak demands.

The difference is that the Czechs are not Serbs, and also that the Czechs now have probably the most genuinely free-market government in all of Eastern Europe; hence, the Czechs are setting an example for all such ethnic struggles by having the sense of justice, and the simple magnanimity, to take national self-determination seriously, and to agree, ruefully but respecting the Slovaks’ wishes, to let the Slovaks go. Let secessionists depart: would that all attempts at secession, including that of the South in 1861, been treated the same way!

So, farewell Czechoslovakia, what took you so long? And welcome to the family of nations, Slovakia and Czechia! ■

THE NEW YORK TIMES COMMUNISM, AND SOUTH AFRICA

November 1992

It would of course, be absurd to call the New York Times in any sense pro-Communist. Absurd. Ridiculous. Daft. Surely not the Field Marshal of Establishment Left-Liberalism. And yet, and yet...

Take the recent thinkpiece in the Sunday *New York Times* (the day for thinkpieces) by top *Times*man Bill Keller, "South Africa's Communists Navigate a New Politics" (Sept. 20). The entire article is devoted to praising the merits, the intelligence, the downright *lovability*, of the Communist Party of South Africa, a possibly guiding powerhouse within the leftist African National Congress that is poised to take over the Republic of South Africa.

The article features the greatness of one Chris Hani, General Secretary of the South African CP, who, unlike most Communist leaders in our "post-Soviet world" is "not geriatric, irrelevant or former." Hani, whose picture is featured in the article—looking suitably young and thoughtful—has won an "enthusiastic young following" among blacks. Keller admits that the Communist Party exerts disproportionate influence within the ANC. Even though the CP has a membership of only 35,000 out of a million members in the ANC, somehow it has managed to acquire "at least" 10 of the 26 seats on the ANC's national working committee, its main policy body. But Keller tries hard to trivialize this disproportion, attributing it to the nobility, the heroism of the CP leaders as individuals. The *Times*man quotes a South African political scientist that "the reason so many (Communists) have risen to leadership positions, is that they've done the fighting and dying. It's not necessarily their credentials as socialists." Well, whew! *That's* a relief!

Besides, reports Keller, the CP has really been a *good* influence within the black movement in South Africa. "The Communists," Keller notes, "are generally credited with persuading the African National Congress to adopt a nonracial policy in the 1950s." Keller then quotes "Mr. Hani": "We contributed to the elimination of narrow nationalism, of South Africa for the blacks only," adding that "we also brought into the ANC the culture of militancy, of sacrifice."

Well, gee, those Commies are really wonderful, harmonious, noble, multiracial idealists, aren't they? What a lovable bunch! It's also remarkable how, under the *Times* gentle aegis, seventy-five years of butchery, of despotism, of enslavement, of mass murder of scores of millions on an unprecedented scale, all this monstrous record of world Communism, just simply washes away. History and memory disappear, and we are back in the most naive fantasies of the Western fellow travelers of the 1930s, those fools and

liars who whitewashed the Communists' black record. More than a half-century after the lies of *New York Times* Soviet "expert" Walter Duranty about the Soviet Union lies, for which the *Times* has never deigned to apologize, all this guff that we had thought was gone is back—at least when the Commies possess a color that is politically correct.

Another piece of Keller naiveté is his excited discovery that the CP of South Africa admits its past error, one of its top ideologists admitting that the Party had been too reflexive in supporting the Soviet invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan. "We are living down a sort of ignoble recent past," said this theoretician. Darn nice of him to rethink his "sort of ignoble" past, isn't it? Keller also notes that there are many factions within this small but highly influential CP, ranging from "neo-Stalinists" to "moderates" akin to the British Labor Party. Keller doesn't seem to realize that CPs almost always have many factions within them, *especially* when they are not in power.

And yet, despite this manifest moderation and lovability of the CP, the *Times*man laments that President de Klerk, from whom so much has been expected in his drive to divest the white regime of power, has, in recent weeks, gone back on this policy and has "hammered with rising fury at the theme of Communist influence." Why has de Klerk suddenly started worrying about Commies? This harks back to the September march of the ANC upon the autonomous black republic of Ciskei. The ANC, angry at the rule over Ciskei by the conservative black Brigadier Gqozo, has voted to overthrow Gqozo, and organized the march on Ciskei's borders to step up the pressure and to threaten an invasion. President de Klerk is exercised by the fact that the march, which led Gqozo's troops to shoot and kill two dozen marchers in defense of their country, was led by the notorious militant Ronnie Kasrils, member of the governing committees of both the ANC and the Communist Party.

One would think that de Klerk had a point in worrying about Kasrils and the Communist influence. But not to Mr. Keller, who regards de Klerk's warnings as merely a cynical way to "sow division in the black alliance and frighten voters" away from supporting the ANC. And, of course, we wouldn't want any of *that*, would we?

The culmination of Keller's nonsensical position is to warn that de Klerk's strategy is "risky," for de Klerk, by "raising the Communist specter," will frighten off foreign investment and polarize the country. As if the specter of a leftist government with powerful Communists within it is not enough to scare foreign investors!

Keller concludes by discussing the relationship of ANC President Nelson Mandela, than whom there is no one more beloved in the left-liberal press, with the Communist Party. Mandela, Keller assures us, is not a Communist; in fact, the ANC is getting ever more respectful of private property. (Yeah, sure. Tell us another one, Bill.) But we have to realize that

Mandela is “wedded to the Communists by personal and political loyalties” of half a century. Well, sure, of course, good old loyal Nelson. And, in a particularly neat touch by Keller, Mandela’s partnership with the Commies “helps protect (him) against charges...that he is drifting comfortably into compromise, forsaking his roots.” Well, sure, we wouldn’t want Mandela to forsake his militant Commie roots, now would we?

Besides, Keller ends wistfully, an ultimate split between the ANC and CP is inevitable. Communists seem more comfortable as “outsiders” than running the country (wanna bet, Bill?) and besides, the CP’s “ultimate goal” is “an economy dominated by public ownership and large-scale redistribution of wealth.”

An interesting portrayal of Communism’s “ultimate goal.” No mention, of course, of murdering dissenters, totalitarianism, slave labor camps, and all the rest. No: just a little more socialism and redistributionism than Mandela or Keller would want. In short, Communists are wonderful, heroic, self-sacrificing idealists who want a bit more socialism than Mandela or Social Democrats, the Mensheviks or the *New York Times*. There are several morals to this little tale. One is that, just because Communism disintegrated in the USSR and Eastern Europe does not mean that we should abandon our insights into the evils of Communism. There are still Commies around. In fact, the end of the Cold War makes “red-baiting” less dangerous because it can no longer be used as a cover for a warmongering, interventionist foreign policy, for a foreign policy designed to spread social democracy throughout the globe.

And secondly, Mr. Keller’s piece is testimony to the fact that the illusions about Commies as heroic idealists, which we thought had died along with Duranty and the myth of the Chinese Communists as “agrarian reformers,” are still all too prevalent.

And finally, if we needed yet another demonstration, that there is, down deep, not very much difference, after all, between Communism and Social Democracy, between Bolshevism and Menshevism. ■

ETHNIC FURY IN THE CAUCASUS: SORTING IT OUT

February 1993

The Caucasus, as usual, is aflame, and we are in danger of forgetting about this little mountainous region in our absorption with Bosnia and Somalia. I dare say that there are more ethnic nationalities per square inch there than any other place in the world, and, having learned

about each other and rubbed elbows for many centuries, they are all out to cut each other's throats. World peace through understanding? Hah!

We all know about the fierce Armenian–Azeri struggle, with the Armenian stronghold of Nagorno (Mountain)–Karabakh locked as an enclave within Azerbaijan. So let us skip over that one.

Let us start by focusing on the Western Establishment's favorite Man-in-the-Caucasus, the incredibly beloved (in the U.S., that is) Georgian, Eduard Shevardnadze.

Shevardnadze, once Gorby's right-hand man as foreign minister, charmed his way into the hearts of the U.S. media and diplomatic corps, his greatest asset being the fact that he had converted from Communism to Social Democracy. How much better could he be? After Gorby was booted out, "Shevy" went back to take control of Georgia, by engineering the ouster of Georgian strongman Zviad Gamsakhurdia.

Gamsakhurdia's sin was to be elected as head of Georgia as a nationalist, and then to establish a dictatorship of himself and his family ("Gamsakhurdian socialism") over the country. Shevy then led a "democratic" *coup d'état* that ousted Zviad, who retreated to his homeland and stronghold in the west of Georgia to carry on resistance and guerrilla warfare against the Shevy regime.

Enter the heroic and much-persecuted Abkhazians. Abkhazia is an autonomous republic *within* the northwest of the republic of Georgia. The Abkhazians are particularly exercised by the fact that they, the Abkhazians, are not masters even in their own republic, where they constitute only 18 percent of the sub-country of Abkhazia, the rest being such foreigners as the Georgians and other ethnic groups in the region.

The Abkhazians took advantage of the turmoil, and rose up against Georgian tyranny, capturing the main Abkhazian city. Shevardnadze typically forgot about his own professed devotion to ethnic national freedom, and sent an army to put down the Abkhazians, under the flimsy pretext that these were only pseudo-Abkhazians fronting for the dread Gamsakhurdia, whose region is only a few miles southward on the west coast of Georgia.

In the meanwhile, the Georgians were also suppressing another sub-nationality on their north-central border, the South Ossetians. The South Ossetians are spending their lives yearning to break away from their Georgian oppressors, and to join their brethren across the border in North Ossetia. The two halves of the Ossetian territory were arbitrarily separated by Stalin and dumped into different republics, in a typical Stalinist ploy to split and wreck peoples who were insufficiently Stalinist.

Meanwhile, on the northern border, the North Ossetians are cheek-by-jowl with another autonomous sub-republic within the Russian Federated Republic, Chechen-Ingushia. In my ignorance I had thought that this had always been the name of the region, but it turns out that Stalin—again!

—had punished both the unruly Chechens and the Ingush by forcing them to merge into one sub-republic.

Now it turns out that the Ingush, in the western half of Chechen-Ingushia, had been forced to hand a chunk of their land to North Ossetia, and the Ossetians are showing no signs of giving it up. In the meanwhile, the Chechens complain that *they* had been shoved under the tyranny of the Ingush by Stalin's actions.

So: to sum up the goals for ethnic justice in the Caucasus:

Nagorno-Karabakh *is* Armenian.

Abkhazia for the Abkhazians; Georgians Out!

Ossetia: One Land, One People, One Nation!

But: The North Ossetians must give the Ingush back their land,

And: the Ingushis must allow the Chechens out from under their tyranny.

OK, got it straight? Now all we need is for the United States to send about 500,000 troops to the Caucasus—under UN direction, of course—and in about twenty years we should be able to straighten it all out. ■

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HUNGARIANS?

March 1993

Since the collapse of the despotic centralizing USSR, we all know that nationality after once-submerged nationality has arisen to seek, and often achieve, ethnic justice at long last. *Triple R* has been in the forefront of the clamor for ethnic justice and self-government, from the Slovenes to the Abkhazians, from the Chechens to the Croats. We have tried to track all of them, and to sort out their often tangled conflicts. Generally, they have done pretty well; even the most despised and oppressed of all, the Germans, have achieved the unity of West and what was falsely called “East” Germany (actually, it was *Middle* Germany, and there are the lost lands to the *real* East, but that’s another and sadder story). But in all this reaching for a place in the sun, one oppressed and despised ethnic group remains immobile, and no one seems to care: I speak of the marvelous and ancient people, the Hungarians. No banners wave for the restoration of justice to the Hungarians; undoubtedly achievement of such justice would be inconvenient to the New World Order, an order that is grounded squarely on the “territorial integrity” of borders as they existed before 1989 or 1991; but heck, the Croats and Slovenes happily got away with such breaches in “territorial integrity,” and there is no reason why the Hungarians cannot do the same.

Just as Germany was shattered and torn apart by the monstrous Treaty of Versailles in 1919, so Hungary, also burdened with phony “war guilt” for World War I by the victorious and vengeful Entente powers (Britain and France), was carved up by the equally monstrous and corollary Treaty of Trianon the following year. In rewriting the map of Europe after World War I, the Wilsonian slogan of “national self-determination” for each ethnic group was used like the Orwellian slogan in *Animal Farm*: ethnic groups discovered that some were more equal than others; some ethnic groups were set by the post-war order to rule over others. Poor Hungary was shorn of fully one-third of its ethnic and linguistic brethren. And, after all the vicissitudes of the next seventy years, this situation *still* obtains. Hungary now is Hungary after Trianon; several hundred thousand Hungarians groan under Slovak (instead of Czech) tyranny in southern Slovakia; and the Hungarians who people the northern Vojvodina are now suffering under direct Serb rule, after previously enjoying semi-autonomous status. And most grievous of all is the status of legendary Transylvania, the land of Dracula and other classic vampires. Transylvania was torn from the Hungarian bosom at Trianon and given to “pro-Western” Romania, and Stalin put it back the same way after World War II.

Is Transylvania ethnically Hungarian or Romanian? Both nationalities are in this land, and it is obviously a matter of much dispute. The distinguished historian Bela Kiraly, a top general in Hungary who escaped to the West after the heroic and failed Revolution of 1956, told me, when I asked him about ethnic boundaries in Transylvania: “I hate to say this, but Hitler’s imposed boundary was probably about the best solution.” The point is that, during World War II, both Hungary and Romania had right-wing governments friendly to Germany, so that Hitler could afford to be “objective” and concentrate on ethnic justice between the two. Hitler granted northern Transylvania to Hungary, and southern to Romania. Friends of mine claim, however, that this shortchanged Hungary which should have obtained either the northern two-thirds, or even all, of Transylvania.

And then there is the neglected problem of Carpatho-Ruthenia, the eastern tail grabbed from Hungary by the Czechs after World War I. After World War II, this land was incorporated into the western Ukraine, Ukraine claiming that these were long-lost Ukrainians. I understand that the Ruthenians are beginning to make noises about independence, of wanting out of the Ukraine. In any case, it seems that Hungarian ethnic claims to this small area are fairly weak.

But, in any case, why is nothing more said and done about restoring Hungary? Hungary’s territory should definitely be expanded to include: southern Slovakia, the northern Vojvodina in Serbia, and something like two-thirds of Transylvania. Hungarians arise!

Of course, there *are* nationalist stirrings in Hungary; technically these are *irredentist*, dedicated to redeeming unredeemed lands lost to an ethnic

nationality. The great playwright Istvan Czurka, leader of a nationalist faction of the ruling party in Hungary, is calling for such a movement. More militantly, agitation is led by the “1956 Anti-Fascist and Anti-Bolshevik Association,” headed by the artist Istvan Porubszky, who had fled to Canada after 1956. The 1956 Association is also organizing teenage youth, called the National Conservative-Thinking Boys, who listen to lectures on Hungarian history, celebrate statues of the *turul*, a mythological eagle-like bird that symbolizes Hungarian unity, and shout “Down with Trianon!”

Only one guess how these groups and this agitation is regarded by the “pro-Western” (i.e., Social Democrat) Hungarian establishment, plus the Social Democrats of the *New York Times* and the rest of the U.S. received opinion. Like all Social Democrats, who hate and revile all nationalisms except that of the U.S. and Israel, these groups fear and loathe these nationalists, the youth being denounced as “skinheads” simply because the teenage lads like to wear their hair crew-cut.

It’s clear that Hungarians will never achieve their true place in the sun so long as their rulers are more interested in currying favor with the United States government than they are in justice for themselves.

(Once again, I take the opportunity to declare that I am not a descendant of, related to, or connected in any way, with any of the ethnic groups I have celebrated in *Triple R*. Except in spirit, I am not Hungarian nor a Croat nor an Abkhazian.) ■

HUTUS VS. TUTSIS

June 1994

The mass butchery in Rwanda provides several important and instructive lessons to the American people, lessons which—surprise, surprise!—are emphatically *not* being pointed out by our beloved media.

In the first place, we see starkly revealed the idiocy of the New World Order and the attempt of our global social democrats to impose “democracy,” multiculturalism and multiethnicity on the entire world. The blue-helmeted troops of the United Nations, mainly French and Belgians as a legacy of Belgian imperialism in Rwanda and neighboring Burundi, have had to stand by helplessly while the massacre proceeded, and some of them were even cut down in the crossfire. So, what next, Slick Willie? Shall it be the usual American “solution”: air strikes against Hutu and/or Tutsi, or maybe send in a few hundred thousand ground troops to establish “free elections” and “human rights” in Rwanda and Burundi? Lotsaluck.

In dealing with crime, liberals like to concentrate on “root causes” rather than on crime, whereas conservatives want to zap the criminals. The two concerns are not really mutually exclusive, however; the real problem is that the liberals are concentrating on the *wrong* “root causes.” That is, on “poverty” or “child abuse” instead of a rotten immoral character and the factors that may give rise to such a character, e.g., lack of respect for private property, unwillingness to work, and emphasis on sort-run “kicks” instead of forethought about the future. In the Rwanda massacres, liberals are again unwilling to face the root causes: clashing tribes in a fairly small territorial area.

Contrary to myth about the “overpopulated” Third World, African density is generally very low compared to the rest of the world. The reasons are not difficult to figure out: if there is little or no capital equipment or economic development, the African land area will only support a small population. Before the European imperialism of the nineteenth century, then, various African tribes had a considerable amount of room to roam around in, without getting in each other’s hair. European imperialism, however,—British, French, German, Belgian, Portuguese—carved out and conquered land areas, creating various phony “countries,” with total disregard for the integrity of the various tribes, most of whom, as in the Balkans, the Caucasus, and nearly everywhere else, have little or nothing in common and hate each other’s guts. European imperialism, however, artificially incorporated various clashing tribes into one “country,” and, on the other hand, split up the same tribes imposing artificial “borders” within their territory. Setting the stage, of course, inevitably, for bitter conflicts and warfare after the imperialists pulled out after World War II. The manner of pulling out made things worse: for the retiring European empires turned over these “countries” to Marxoid bureaucratic elites who had been de-tribalized and had been educated—or better, “trained”—in the Marxist-dominated elite universities of the imperial capitals: London, Paris, Brussels, or Lisbon.

The ethno-racial clashes between African tribes have been particularly murderous in Rwanda and Burundi because these two small areas are the densest in Africa. Rwanda, for example, has about seven million people in an area the size of Vermont—not a lot by Western European standards, but very dense for Africa. In this relatively small area there have lived for centuries, side by side and at each other’s throats, two very different racial tribes: the Hutu and Tutsi. The Tutsi are familiar to all those who saw the grand epic movie, *King Solomon’s Mines* (the 1950 version with Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr); they are a tall, slender, graceful, noble-looking tribe, there called the Watusi. The Tutsi are an Ethiopid, Nilotic people. The Hutu, on the other hand, are short, squat Bantu, a closer approximation to what used to be called “Negro” in America. “Negroes” are now called “black,” but the problem here is that the skin color of both the Tutsi and the

Hutu are much the same. The real issue, as in most other cases, is not skin color but various character traits of different population groups.

The crucial point is that, in both Rwanda and Burundi, Hutus and Tutsis have coexisted for centuries; the Tutsi are about 15 percent of the total population, the Hutu about 85 percent. And yet consistently, over the centuries, the Tutsi have totally dominated, and even enserfed, the Hutu. How are we to explain this consistent pattern of domination by a small minority? Could it be—dare I say it—that along with being taller, slimmer, more graceful and noble-looking, the Tutsi are far more *i-n-t-e-l-l-i-g-e-n-t* than the Hutu? And yet what else explains this overriding fact? Note: as a libertarian, I neither advocate nor condone the centuries-old pattern of domination by Tutsi over Hutu. I would love to see them coexist peacefully, participating in a division of labor joined together by a free market. But there is not a chance of a whoop in Hell for such a coexistence to take place. Or do you think that the UN or the U.S. or NATO or some other super-coercive force, should march into Rwanda and Burundi with millions of highly armed troops to impose a “free market” on these people, or even, God forbid, social democracy? Again, lotsa luck.

Speaking of armies and intelligence, it is a remarkable fact that the current race war was touched off by the assassination of the two Hutu presidents of Rwanda and Burundi, who were flying in a plane over the Rwanda capital—and that this assassination was perpetrated by a Tutsi rocket fired from the ground, blowing up the plane. Now here we have a fascinating high-tech innovation in assassination theory and practice.

Usually, heads of state are killed by rifle or revolver; or, sometimes by a bomb placed in a plane. But to assassinate by rocket! Wow! Looking at the recent exploits of our trillion-dollar Pentagon: dropping dud bombs on a Serbian truck, and shooting down our own helicopters over northern Iraq, maybe we should cut the military budget a lot more, and import some Tutsi engineers! ■

ON RESISTING EVIL

ON RESISTING EVIL

September 1993

How can anyone, finding himself surrounded by a rising tide of evil, fail to do his utmost to fight against it? In our century, we have been inundated by a flood of evil, in the form of collectivism, socialism, egalitarianism, and nihilism. It has always been crystal clear to me that we have a compelling moral obligation, for the sake of ourselves, our loved ones, our posterity, our friends, our neighbors, and our country, to do battle against that evil.

It has therefore always been a mystery to me how people who have seen and identified this evil and have therefore entered the lists against it, either gradually or suddenly abandon that fight. How can one see the truth, understand one's compelling duty, and then, simply give up and even go on to betray the cause and its comrades? And yet, in the two movements and their variations that I have been associated with, libertarian and conservative, this happens all the time.

Conservatism and libertarianism, after all, are "radical" movements, that is, they are radically and strongly opposed to existing trends of statism and immorality. How, then, can someone who has joined such a movement, as an ideologue or activist or financial supporter, simply give up the fight? Recently, I asked a perceptive friend of mine how so-and-so could abandon the fight? He answered that "he's the sort of person who wants a quiet life, who wants to sit in front of the TV, and who doesn't want to hear about any trouble." But in that case, I said in anguish, "why do these people become 'radicals' in the first place? Why do they proudly call themselves 'conservatives' or 'libertarians'?" Unfortunately, no answer was forthcoming.

Sometimes, people give up the fight because, they say, the cause is hopeless. We've lost, they say. Defeat is inevitable. The great economist Joseph Schumpeter wrote in 1942 that socialism is inevitable, that capitalism is doomed not by its failures but by its very successes, which had given rise to a group of envious and malevolent intellectuals who would subvert and destroy capitalism from within. His critics charged Schumpeter with counseling defeatism to the defenders of capitalism. Schumpeter replied that if someone points out that a rowboat is inevitably sinking, is that the same thing as saying: don't do the best you can to bail out the boat?

In the same vein, assume for a minute that the fight against the statist evil is a lost cause, why should that imply abandoning the battle? In the first place, as gloomy as things may look, the inevitable may be postponed a bit. Why isn't that worthwhile? Isn't it better to lose in thirty years than to lose now? Second, at the very worst, it's great fun to tweak and annoy and upset the enemy, to get back at the monster. This in itself is worthwhile. One shouldn't think of the process of fighting the enemy as dour gloom and misery. On the contrary, it is

highly inspiring and invigorating to take up arms against a sea of troubles instead of meeting them in supine surrender, and by opposing, perhaps to end them, and if not at least to give it a good try, to get in one's licks.

And finally, what the heck, if you fight the enemy, you might win! Think of the brave fighters against Communism in Poland and the Soviet Union who never gave up, who fought on against seemingly impossible odds, and then, bingo, one day Communism collapsed. Certainly the chances of winning are a lot greater if you put up a fight than if you simply give up.

In the conservative and libertarian movements there have been two major forms of surrender, of abandonment of the cause. The most common and most glaringly obvious form is one we are all too familiar with: the sellout. The young libertarian or conservative arrives in Washington, at some think-tank or in Congress or as an administrative aide, ready and eager to do battle, to roll back the State in service to his cherished radical cause. And then something happens: sometimes gradually, sometimes with startling suddenness. You go to some cocktail parties, you find that the Enemy seems very pleasant, you start getting enmeshed in Beltway marginalia, and pretty soon you are placing the highest importance on some trivial committee vote, or on some piddling little tax cut or amendment, and eventually you are willing to abandon the battle altogether for a cushy contract, or a plush government job. And as this sellout process continues, you find that your major source of irritation is not the statist enemy, but the troublemakers out in the field who are always yapping about principle and even attacking *you* for selling out the cause. And pretty soon you and The Enemy have an indistinguishable face.

We are all too familiar with this sellout route and it is easy and proper to become indignant at this moral treason to cause that is just, to the battle against evil, and to your own once cherished comrades. But there is another form of abandonment that is not as evident and is more insidious—and I don't mean simply loss of energy or interest. In this form, which has been common in the libertarian movement but is also prevalent in sectors of conservatism, the militant decides that the cause is hopeless, and gives up by deciding to abandon the corrupt and rotten world, and retreat in some way to a pure and noble community of one's own. To Randians, it's "Galt's Gulch," from Rand's novel, *Atlas Shrugged*. Other libertarians keep seeking to form some underground community, to "capture" a small town in the West, to go "underground" in the forest, or even to build a new libertarian country on an island, in the hills, or whatever. Conservatives have their own forms of retreatism. In each case, the call arises to abandon the wicked world, and to form some tiny alternative community in some backwoods retreat. Long ago, I labeled this view, "retreatism." You could call this strategy "neo-Amish," except that the Amish are productive farmers, and these groups, I'm afraid, never make it up to that stage.

The rationale for retreatism always comes couched in High Moral as well as pseudo-psychological terms. These "purists," for example, claim that *they*, in contrast to us benighted fighters, are "living liberty," that they are

emphasizing “the positive” instead of focusing on the “negative,” that they are “living liberty” and living a “pure libertarian life,” whereas we grubby souls are still living in the corrupt and contaminated real world. For years, I have been replying to these sets of retreatists that the real world, after all, is good; that we libertarians may be anti-State, but that we are emphatically *not* anti-society or opposed to the real world, however contaminated it might be. We propose to continue to fight to save the values and the principles and the people we hold dear, even though the battlefield may get muddy. Also, I would cite the great libertarian Randolph Bourne, who proclaimed that we are American patriots, not in the sense of patriotic adherents to the State but to the country, the nation, to our glorious traditions and culture that are under dire attack.

Our stance should be, in the famous words of Dos Passos, even though he said them as a Marxist, “all right, we are two nations.” “America” as it exists today is two nations; one is *their* nation, the nation of the corrupt enemy, of their Washington, D.C., their brainwashing public school system, their bureaucracies, their media, and the other is *our*, much larger, nation, the majority, the far nobler nation that represents the older and the truer America. We are the nation that is going to win, that is going to take America back, no matter how long it takes. It is indeed a grave sin to abandon that nation and that America short of victory.

But are we then emphasizing “the negative”? In a sense, yes, but what else are we to stress when our values, our principles, our very being are under attack from a relentless foe? But we have to realize, first, that in the very course of accentuating the negative we are also emphasizing the positive. Why do we fight against, yes even hate, the evil? Only because we love the good, and our stress on the “negative” is only the other side of the coin, the logical consequence, of our devotion to the good, to the positive values and principles that we cherish. There is no reason why we can’t stress and spread our positive values at the same time that we battle against their enemies. The two actually go hand in hand.

Among conservatives and some libertarians, these retreats sometimes took the form of holing up in the woods or in a cave, huddling amidst a year’s supply of canned peaches and guns and ammo, waiting resolutely to guard the peaches and the cave from the nuclear explosion or from the Communist army. They never came; and even the cans of peaches must be deteriorating by now. The retreat was futile. But now, in 1993, the opposite danger is looming: namely, retreatist groups face the awful menace of being burned out and massacred by the intrepid forces of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms in their endless quest for shotguns one millimeter shorter than some regulation decrees, or for possible child abuse. Retrea-tism is beginning to loom as a quick road to disaster.

Of course, in the last analysis, none of these retreats, generally announced with great fanfare as the way to purity if not victory, have amounted to a hill of

beans; they are simply a rationale, a half-way house, to total abandonment of the cause, and to disappearance from the stage of history. The fascinating and crucial point to note is that both of these routes—even though seemingly diametrically opposite, end up inexorably at the same place. The sellout abandons the cause and betrays his comrades, for money or status or power; the retreatist, properly loathing the sellouts, concludes that the real world is impure and retreats out of it; *in both cases*, whether in the name of “pragmatism” or in the name of “purity,” the cause, the fight against evil in the real world, is abandoned. Clearly, there is a vast moral difference in the two courses of action. The sellouter is morally evil; the retreatist, in contrast, is, to put it kindly, terribly misguided. The sellouts are not worth talking to; the retreatists must realize that it is not betraying the cause, far from it, to fight against evil; and not to abandon the real world.

The retreatist becomes indifferent to power and oppression, likes to relax and say who cares about material oppression when the inner soul is free. Well sure, it's good to have freedom of the inner soul. I know the old bromides about how thought is free and how the prisoner is free in his inner heart. But call me a low-life materialist if you wish, but I believe, and I thought all libertarians and conservatives believed to their core, that man deserves more than that, that we are not content with the inner freedom of the prisoner in his cell, that we raise the good old cry of “Liberty and Property,” that we demand liberty in our external, real world of space and dimension. I thought that that's what the fight was all about.

Let's put it this way: we must not abandon our lives, our properties, our America, the real world, to the barbarians. Never. Let us act in the spirit of that magnificent hymn that James Russell Lowell set to a lovely Welsh melody:

*Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or flight,
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.
Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own. ■*

GUILT SANCTIFIED

July 1990

Earlier in this century, Left-Liberalism came to Americans preaching the alluring gospel of Liberation from Guilt. Americans, they boldly proclaimed, are repressed, inhibited, guilt-ridden for giving in to their natural desires and impulses. We come to preach you a joyous removal of guilt, hammered into you by repressed ministers and priests. We preach hedonism, the end of guilt, following your desires, and to put it in a common rebarbative phrase of the 1960s Sexual Revolution: “if it moves, fondle it.” Sex, furthermore, is “only a drink of water,” natural and harmless.

The era of guiltlessness under our Left-Liberal culture lasted, as I remember, about six months. Now, the entire culture is characterized by massive collective guilt, and if anyone fails to give due public lip-service to a long list of solemnly avowed guilts, he is literally driven from public life. Guilt is everywhere, all-pervasive, and brought to us by the same scoundrels who once promised us easy liberation. A brief rundown: guilt for centuries of slavery, guilt for the oppression and rape of women, guilt for the Holocaust, guilt for the existence of the handicapped, guilt for eating and killing animals, guilt for being fat, guilt for not recycling your garbage, guilt for “desecrating the Earth.”

Note that this guilt is never confined to the specific individuals, say, who enslaved or murdered or raped people. (There are, I dare say, very few enslavers left in America today—say a Southern slaveholder aged 150?) Effectiveness in inducing guilt comes precisely because the guilt is not specific but collective, extending throughout the world and apparently for all time.

In the old days, we reviled the Nazis for their doctrine of collective guilt; now we embrace the same Nazi concept as a vital feature of our ethical system. For confining guilt to specific criminals would not do, because it would not fit with what Joe Sobran has brilliantly called our doctrine of Accredited Victimology. Some groups are accorded the status of Official Victims; everyone not in the Victim groups are, therefore, criminals and Official Victimizers. The Victimizers are expected to feel guilty about the victims, and therefore—because there is no point to guilt without a pay-off—to pay through the nose in money, privileges, and “empowerment” forever and ever without end. Amen.

There is never a way of getting out from under. And this is what our liberators have brought us. In return for old-fashioned Christianity and guilt about sex, they have brought us a new religion of Victimology and of the Goddess Nature. And even sex, the last bastion of hedonism, is no longer guilt-free; with the onslaught of “sex exploits women,” and ravening condomania in the interest of “safe sex,” it might be better to scrap the whole thing and go back to Christian guilt. Certainly it would be simpler and more peaceful.

As in all other aspects of our rotten culture, the only way to save the day is to raise the banner high and engage in a frontal and all-out onslaught against the Left Guilt-inducers. In such an onslaught lies the only hope of taking back our lives and our culture from these malignant pests and tyrants. ■

“TOLERANCE,” OR MANNERS?

September 1991

Like ladies' hemlines, there are changing fashions in libertarian writing. Libertarians, who pride themselves as individualists, are all too often lemmings following the latest trend. The very latest trend among libertarians is to write vehemently, indeed “intolerantly,” about the importance of tolerance, and how much they grrr, *hate* “intolerant people.” Every manjack and his brother is denouncing “intolerance” these days, along with a lot of gaseous pseudo-philosophic hokum about the relationship between one's ideas and one's “tolerance” toward the ideas of others.

There is a curious anomaly here that has gone unnoticed. One of the things that strikes a person who first encounters Modal Libertarians is their surpassing rudeness, their overwhelming boorishness, their total lack of manners. It is libertarians, and only libertarians, who will call you up, as a perfect stranger, and proceed to denounce you for various deviations, or for alleged contradictions on page 851. It is only libertarians who, learning a few syllogisms about liberty, and having read next to nothing, consider themselves perfectly qualified to harangue learned men on their alleged errors. It is only libertarians who conclude, simply by virtue of announcing themselves as libertarians, that your house is their house and your possessions their possessions: an implicit assumption of communism of libertarian possessions. And oddly enough, or maybe not so oddly, the very people who are bleating most loudly against “intolerance” are some of the worst offenders. The “philosophy” is really a smoke screen, for the real problem is decent manners and their lack of them; and when some of us react against those boors, we are of course denounced for being “intolerant.” The ill-mannered wish to ride roughshod over the rest of us, and then howl about “intolerance” whenever we decide to resist. Note the typical Modal ploy: shifting the focus of attention from manners and behavior to abstruse discussions of philosophy. This move enables them to focus on the charge that we are intolerant of their “ideas,” that we are betraying our responsibility of engaging in continuing dialogue or “conversation” about ideas, when the real problem is them; their boorish “aggression” and lack of manners.

Manners are vital to the quality of life; civility is a crucial requirement of civilization. It softens edges, and makes social life worth living. Note that I am not calling for the punctilio of a seventeenth-century Spanish grandee: just ordinary decent behavior. But that is what is so sorely lacking. Much of the current wave of Political Correctness is a crazed attempt to continue and to justify swinish behavior, while trying to substitute a host of formal rules for decent politeness. But these formal rules are the reverse of manners, for they are used as clubs to impose one's will on others, all in the name of "sensitivity."

Thus, suppose that someone is talking or speaking, either at a gathering or a formal lecture, and happens to refer to Ms. X as a "distinguished actress." The feminist language police are then apt to appear, shouting out that "actress" is an "insensitive" and sexist word and that the speaker must use the gender-neutral term "actor" (or who knows, maybe next it will be "actperson"). Here is a typical case where in the name of imposing "sensitivity," the thought police are deliberately taking over in a power play, cowing the speaker through smears when everyone knows he was simply using standard terminology, and being unbearably rude and barbaric in the course of that takeover.

The thought police have only one virtue: clarity. At least you know what side they are on. But how about our "anti-intolerance" Modals? What would they have to say here? Would they condemn the feminists for being "intolerant?" Or would they condemn us for being "intolerant" of the thought police? Or maybe both? All is confusion. On the other hand, focus on decent manners and the answer becomes clear. The rude boors in this example are the feminist thought police. The philosophic tail-chasing that says, as one recent Modal writer put it, "we must be tolerant even of the intolerant" would be simply irrelevant here. For there is no obligation of any sort to be polite to rude people. On the contrary, those who have breached civility are "the aggressors," and should be tossed out on their ear. To absorb and agree with this point, one does not need any high-flown philosophic theory: just plain common sense and a sense of decency.

It strikes me too that since Modal libertarianism is lifelong adolescent rebellion against one's parents, one's neighbors, and the bourgeoisie generally, that this revolt against good manners, and its displacement into bleating about the "philosophy of tolerance," is characteristic Modal behavior. The Modal rebels against what used to be standard parental teaching about manners, and challenges such teachings with pseudo-profound blatherings about tolerance, metaphysics, and the theory of knowledge.

A final point about the private telling of jokes, which can be one of the great charms of social intercourse. Jokes, of course, almost always have *some* group or other as the butt of the joke: whether it be gender, age, religion, occupation, or ethnic group. The Politically Correct grinchers, having no sense of humor whatever, are trying in effect to outlaw

every joke as “insensitive” to some group or other, and therefore not politically correct. But hyper-sensitivity is one of the great barriers to civilized discourse and social relations, and can make such relations virtually impossible. Every such group, instead of being encouraged to bellyache, should get off its high horse. Modal Libertarians, of course, are up there with the anti-joke grinchies, in the name of “tolerance” rather than “sensitivity.” The Modals are just as despotic and just as crippling of joy through rotten manners.

Suppose, for example, someone, Mr. A, is telling a joke of which the butt is Group G. Simple politeness and good manners would lead Mr. A not to tell the joke if one of his listeners, say Mr. B, is obviously a member of Group G. On the other hand, if A doesn’t realize it, or it turns out that one of B’s friends or relatives happens to be a G, it would be incredibly boorish for B to denounce A as bigoted, insensitive, and all the rest. Modals should be stuck here; for they would have to figure who to denounce: A, for being “bigoted” against Group G; B for being “intolerant” of A’s jokes; or both for being intolerant of the other. In practice, of course, we know how Modals come down, and it is invariably with the “sensitive” and the Politically Correct. The emphasis on manners, in contrast, would, in effect, tell B to pipe down, stop being boorish, and lighten up: humor is one of the great joys of the world. ■

EXHUME! EXHUME! OR, WHO PUT THE ARSENIC IN ROUGH-N-READY’S CHERRIES?

August 1991

So what if it didn’t work out? It was a great theory. Like Miss Clara Rising, I, a long-time fan of historical whodunits, had long been suspicious of the remarkably sudden death of Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of what used to be called These United States. The difference is that Miss Rising, a descendant of Old Rough-and-Ready, had the moxie to do something about it. Getting the necessary bureaucratic clearances, she plunked down \$1,200 to get old Zack’s body disinterred and exhumed, to find out at last what done him in.

The facts of the case are these. Zack, though a man with no political experience, was inflicted on the country in 1848 by the increasingly desperate Whig Party, purely on the strength of his being a hero of the Mexican War. It proved, indeed, to be the last presidential election won by the Whigs. At a July 4 picnic, after eating a bowl of cold cherries in milk, he was taken

violently ill and died several days later. As in every other case of a president dying in office, his death was minimized. The invariable rule has been: if a president is not visibly shot, then his death, though sudden, must have been by natural causes. If actually and visibly shot, then the perpetrator must have been a “lone nut.” God forbid that more than one person might have been involved in the assassination, because that, heaven forbid, would be a “conspiracy theory,” and we all know that the Establishment in the U.S. has virtually outlawed any such theory. Or, at the very least, it has been quite beyond the pale of correct thinking and permissible discourse.

To return to old Zack: his death had always seemed peculiar to me. If ptomaine or whatever had run rampant at this presidential picnic in the July heat of our nation’s capital, why is it that only Zack Taylor, of all the picnickers, had caught this disease? Was the stomach disease aimed only at him? In short, was he poisoned?

It’s peculiar that no one else seems to have even thought of this possibility. Miss Rising reveals that the Taylor family has long been rife with such speculation, but it took until 1991 for a family member to do something about it. The suspicion is that Taylor had been put under by a massive dose of arsenic, and the body was now exhumed to test for that poison.

Naturally, Establishment historians, as always, sniffed at the very idea. Take, for example, the reaction of Professor Roger Brown, distinguished expert, at American University, on the history of violence in the United States. “If you’re going to construct a theory of assassination, you’ve got to find somebody who would stand to gain from killing Taylor, I’m not sure that she has constructed a persuasive hypothesis about what somebody would gain.” Cutting through the convoluted English, this strikes me as an astonishingly silly remark. Look, Professor Brown: In any death of a president, there is always one person who clearly stands to gain: the vice president, in this case Millard Fillmore, who, because of these possibly lethal cherries vaulted to the august office of the presidency.

Is this being outrageous? But as everyone knows, in any murder or suspicious demise, the first suspect that the police investigate is the person who most stands to gain by the death. Who is the beneficiary of granddaddy’s will? Etc. Now, this does not of course mean that the main beneficiary was actually responsible for grandpa’s death. But at least the theory has to be investigated. So why not also in a sudden death of someone who means more to most of us than one wealthy individual: the president of the U.S.? Shouldn’t the vice president always be the first suspect, his whereabouts checked, etc.? So why has this never happened? Why, for example, did not Lyndon Baines Johnson immediately become the first prime suspect in the indubitable murder of John F. Kennedy?

If anything, Miss Rising’s own theory of the assassination is a bit too broad. Zachary Taylor, though born in Orange County, Virginia and himself a slaveholder, surprised everyone by leading the battle to prohibit any

admission of western slave states into the Union. He also opposed the Compromise of 1850, which managed to delay the War Between the States for a number of years. So Miss Rising postulates that Southern slaveowners bumped off this dangerous traitor to his region and culture. Well, that's certainly interesting, but where's the evidence? Surely Millard Fillmore is a more plausible *a priori* bet.

It turns out that the exhumation shows only normal trace quantities of arsenic in Old Rough-n-Ready's remains. Shucks. The terrible thing is that this result might discredit the exhumation movement. It shouldn't. Let's find out, at long last. Let's follow the path blazed by the courageous Miss Rising; let's exhume the body of every president who died in office, and let's take another more scientific look.

Let's go down the list. First was "Old Tippecanoe" William Henry Harrison, another *verdamte* war hero (the War of 1812), who allegedly spoke too long at his inaugural, walked out in the rain, caught the flu, and died, only a month after his inaugural. Supposedly natural causes. Humph. Let's exhume Old Tippecanoe and look for poison. Beneficiary? John Tyler, a Democrat when Harrison was a Whig. Another Southern Democratic plot?

Then came Zack Taylor. The third death in office, of course, was the sainted Abraham Lincoln. Oddly, even though his killing was clearly a conspiracy, the Establishment has injected into the popular consciousness the image of a lone nut, John Wilkes Booth, declaiming wildly after he shot Lincoln. Moreover, the conspiracy was hushed up, military courts delivering summary justice in secret. There is a substantial revisionist review that the major conspirator was Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, who contrived to have every one above him in the line of succession to the presidency shot at (only the assassination of Lincoln was successful). I don't know exactly how an exhumation of Lincoln's body would help test the Stanton thesis, but since the body is being exhumed anyway (to test for Marfan's Syndrome, and why should anyone care whether Abe had Marfan's Syndrome or not?), they may as well poke around further and see what they can find. It sure can't hurt.

Next came James A. Garfield, bumped off by someone eternally tarred with the epithet "disappointed office-seeker." Another lone nut. Charles Guiteau was apparently driven off his nut by not getting a job in the Garfield administration, and this was then successfully used by the Establishment to inflict the monstrous Civil Service system on this country, protecting every bureaucrat for life in his invasion of the pockets and the liberties of the taxpayer. Let's exhume and investigate. Beneficiary? Vice President Chester A. Arthur, a New York corruptionist and protectionist, opposed to Garfield's relatively laissez-faire wing of the Republican Party. Or maybe the civil service reformers were responsible, using Guiteau as an excuse for pushing through their Civil Service.

Next president to die in office was William McKinley of Ohio, long-time Rockefeller tool. Another lone nut was responsible, the “anarchist” Leon Czolgosz, who, like Guiteau, was quickly tried and executed by the Establishment. Even though Czolgosz was considered a flake and was not a member of any organized anarchist group, the assassination was used by the Establishment to smear anarchism and to outlaw anarchist ideas and agitation. Various obscure anti-sedition and anti-conspiracy laws trotted out from time to time by the Establishment were passed during this post-McKinley assassination hysteria. Beneficiary? The vaulting to power of Teddy Roosevelt long-time tool of the competing Morgan (as opposed to Rockefeller) wing of the Republican Party. Teddy immediately started using the anti-trust weapon to try to destroy Rockefeller’s Standard Oil and Harriman’s Northern Securities, both bitter enemies of the Morgan world empire. Exhume McKinley, and also start a deep investigation of the possible role of Teddy and the Morgans. Was Czolgosz only a lone nut?

Next sudden death in office was that of my favorite president of the twentieth century, Warren Gamaliel Harding, in the camp of the Rockefellers. His death was quickly dismissed by the Establishment as of natural causes, but Gaston Means, a Secret Service agent in the Harding White House, wrote a sensational book, *The Strange Death of Warren Harding*, charging that Harding was poisoned by his wife, for two possible, though somewhat contradictory reasons: (a) Harding’s notorious womanizing, and (b) to spare Harding the scandal of the Teapot Dome revelations, which were just emerging. Means’s charge was brusquely dismissed on the grounds that he was an unreliable character. Perhaps, but so what? Surely, the grounds for exhumation are overwhelming. Chief beneficiary of Harding’s death? Vice President Calvin Coolidge, member of the prominent Massachusetts family long in the Morgan ambit. (Hmmm. Another sudden death that replaced a Rockefeller person with a Morgan man?!)

The next presidential death in office was of course that of the revered Franklin Delano Roosevelt. This is perhaps the most mysterious death of all. FDR’s health had long been swathed in layer after layer of official and medical lies. And when he died, in his fourth term, the official mystery was unprecedented: his coffin was covered, and an autopsy was never performed on the body. All sorts of rumors abounded: that he died of syphilis, or of a gunshot wound, either self-inflicted or inflicted by someone else. Was Mrs. Lucy Mercer there when he died? And what was the role of the mysterious Russian painter, Mrs. Elizabeth Shoumatoff? The cause of historical truth and justice cries out for exhumation and deep analysis of FDR’s remains.

Main beneficiary of FDR’s death was, of course, Harry S. Truman. In broader political terms, a pro-Commie president, manipulated as we know now by brain truster, top foreign policy adviser, and unregistered KGB

agent Harry “the Hop” Hopkins, was suddenly replaced by the first launcher of the Cold War, at the behest of such venerable Establishment “Wise Men” (as they modestly called themselves): Henry L. Stimson, W. Averill Harri-man, Dean G. Acheson, and John J. McCloy. Exhume, exhume!

Finally, of course, matching FDR in mystery is the last president to die in office; the shining prince of Camelot, whose shine gets more tarnished every year: John Fitzgerald Kennedy, allegedly assassinated by lone nut Lee Harvey Oswald, who in turn was promptly assassinated by another, independent lone nut: Jack Ruby! This is the shakiest, most convoluted Establishment theory of all: for the two lone nuts had to be independent, couldn’t have known each other so that this kooky official theory could work. So much so in fact that the mysteriously sudden deaths of all those who knew both Oswald and Ruby and who knew that the two were linked, is one of the most powerful counter-indications to the official doctrine. Here the number of books and investigations rebutting Establishment theory is legion, although orthodox writers still act as if dissenters are somehow tetchy: powerful works from such writers as Mark Lane, the bullet-and-body revisionism of David Lifton (in his *Best Evidence*), the work of the smeared Jim Garrison, etc.

Here the case for a new investigation with subpoena power is overwhelming. Not only is there persuasive evidence that the Parkland autopsy report was to say the least deeply flawed, as well as the possibility that the Kennedy body was switched, but also we find that Kennedy’s brain is mysteriously “missing” from the National Archives. Hell, libraries lose books all the time, right? Exhume, investigate!

Beneficiary? As I indicated, Lyndon Baines Johnson, who as Texan students of his career know, was not above using a little hanky-panky to advance his political career. And what about that intrepid Kennedy assassination researcher who, analyzing the motorcade with Zapruder, etc. films, concluded that Lyndon hit the deck of his car 2.7 seconds before the sound of the first shot? More broadly, the assassination of Kennedy removed from power, by force and violence, a representative of the “Yankee” Eastern Establishment, and replaced him by a leader of the Sun Belt (Florida, Texas, southern California) “Cowboys”—as explained in Carl Oglesby’s perceptive work, *The Yankee and Cowboy War*. On this analysis, the Watergate Affair consisted of a counter-coup leveled by the Yankees, installing Establishment rep Gerald Ford, and ousting Cowboy (southern California) Richard Nixon (see Carl Oglesby, *The Yankee and Cowboy War*, Kansas City: Sheed Andrews & McMeel, 1976).

All this is not only of fascinating interest to the history buff. Who knows: there might come a time when yet another beloved president dies, unexpectedly and quite suddenly, in office. What we need to adopt is a mind-set that, if and when such an event occurs, we better be prepared to cast a cold eye and ask all the right and the upsetting questions. ■

BEHIND WACO

November 1993

These days, when the Respectable Media form a virtual monolith, rehashing government press releases and confining the Respectable Spectrum of opinion to the tiny distance from left-center to right-center, truth can often be found only at the “extremes” whether left or right, where anti-Establishment people dare to stray beyond these prescribed limits. So we have to thank leftist Alexander Cockburn, in his column in *The Nation* (Oct. 18), for straying into Forbidden Ground in reporting on the story behind the terrible Waco massacre.

Cockburn cites the report of Nancy Ammerman, of the Candler School of Theology at Emory University, who was recruited by the Justice and Treasury Departments to review internal documents on the Waco case, in preparation for their own whitewash report on Waco. Professor Ammerman ignored sound cautionary advice from religion experts and from the FBI’s own Behavioral Science Services Unit. Instead, the BATF and FBI relied heavily on the sinister Cult Awareness Network (CAN), which kept goading the federal authorities to use maximal force against the Branch Davidians. Thus, in April, before the Waco holocaust, CAN president Patricia Ryan was quoted in the *Houston Chronicle* as calling for the arrest of David Koresh, using lethal force if necessary.

Particularly ominous is the crucial role played at Waco by a leading “deprogrammer”; “deprogrammers” are professional brainwashers who kidnap “cult” adherents, and then use brainwashing techniques to “deprogram” them, thereby allegedly setting them mentally free. Since deprogrammers are felons who are often convicted and sent to jail, CAN has to have an arms’-length relationship with them, but even so their joint connections to Waco are disturbingly intertwined. Thus, the man whom the BATF and FBI relied on most heavily for advice on the Branch Davidians was Rich Ross, whom Professor Ammerman says “clearly had the most extensive access to both agencies of any person on the ‘cult expert’ list and he was apparently listened to more attentively.” Ross, who boasts of performing many “deprogrammings,” was frequently quoted by the media during the Waco siege, and he was featured in the *Waco Tribune-Herald* series on the Branch Davidians that began at the end of February. Ross, a convicted jewel thief known as such to the federal authorities, is now facing charges of unlawful imprisonment arising from one of his deprogrammings in Washington State.

Rick Ross, who admits to hatred of all religious cults and whose aim is to destroy cults, was hailed by Cynthia Kisser, executive director of CAN’s national office, as “among the half dozen best deprogrammers in the country.” Ross got much of his information on the Branch Davidians from a

deprogramming session held at the Los Angeles home of Priscilla Coates, head of the Southern California CAN. Someone, either Ross or a colleague, “deprogrammed” a former Branch Davidian member, David Block, at these sessions, and information from the brainwashed Block was featured heavily in the initial BATF search warrant presented to a Waco judge.

Professor Ammerman concludes that major sponsors of the first bloody and unjustified assault on the Branch Davidians included people such as Rick Ross and CAN, who “have a direct ideological [and financial] interest in arousing suspicion and antagonism against what they call ‘cults.’”

It is horrifying that the acolytes of the “therapeutic state” are increasingly turning to coercive brainwashing techniques, ranging from “sensitivity training sessions” to kidnapping and “deprogramming” for stamping out the Politically Incorrect. Our “soft” totalitarian liberals are increasingly taking on “harder” and rougher trappings. This trend must be combated and uprooted, and one important step would be a deep investigation of the Cult Awareness Network. Who are these people? And how did they acquire their power? ■

AMERICA'S MOST PERSECUTED MINORITY

August 1994

Quick: which is America's Most Persecuted Minority? No, you're wrong. (And it's not Big Business either: one of Ayn Rand's more ludicrous pronouncements.)

All right, consider this: Which group has been increasingly illegalized, shamed and denigrated first by the Establishment, and then, following its lead, by society at large? Which group, far from coming *out* of the “closet,” has been literally forced back *into* the closet after centuries of walking proudly in the public square? And which group has tragically internalized the value-system of its oppressors, so that they are deeply ashamed and guilty about practicing their rites and customs? Which group is so brow-beaten that it never thinks of defending itself, any attempt at which is publicly condemned and ridiculed? Which group is considered such sinners that the use of doctored statistics against them is considered legitimate means in a worthy cause?

I refer, of course, to that once proud race, tobacco-smokers, a group once revered and envied, but now there are none so poor as to do them reverence.

So low has this group sunk in the public esteem that, in rushing to their defense, I am obliged to point out that I myself am not and never have been a smoker. Can you imagine having to put in such a disclaimer against special pleading in behalf of the rights of blacks, Jews, or gays against oppression?

The crusade against smoking is only the currently most virulent example of one of the most malignant forces in American life: left neo-Puritanism. Puritanism was famously defined by my favorite writer, H.L. Mencken, as “the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy.” The major problem with the Puritans is not so much that they were a dour lot, but that they were believers in the dangerous Christian heresy of “post-millennialism” that is, that it is man’s responsibility to establish a thousand-year (give or take a few centuries) Kingdom of God on Earth as a precondition of the Second Advent of Jesus Christ. Since the Kingdom is by definition a perfect society free of sin, this means that it is the theological duty of believers to establish a sin-free society. But establishing a sin-free society, of course, means taking stern measures to get rid of sinners, which is where the rub comes in.

Now I recognize that in being obliged to depict the crusaders as neo-Puritans, I am in a deep sense not doing justice to the original Puritans. The original seventeenth-century New England Puritans were not so much crusaders as people who wanted to establish their own sin-free Kingdom in their own new settlements, their own “city on a hill.” The original Puritans, too, were Calvinists, who believed in Christianity and a Christian commonwealth as a strict code of Biblical and God-determined law. But over the years, the original Puritanism was replaced, especially by a wave of pietist revivalism in the late 1820s, by a far more crusading and hence menacing version of Protestant Christianity: what is technically known as “post-millennial evangelical pietism” (PMEP). This PMEP took particular root among the ethno-cultural descendants of the old Puritans, people who became known as “Yankees,” and who had migrated from New England to populate such areas as upstate New York, northern and eastern Ohio, northern Indiana, and northern Illinois. (No, “Yankees,” as in “damn Yankees,” did not mean simply “Northerners.”)

This new, and malignant, form of PMEP, of neo-Puritanism, which literally dominated all the mainstream Protestant churches in the North for literally one hundred years, had the following traits: (1) Creed, or liturgy, is formalistic and unimportant. So long as you are a Protestant, it doesn’t matter what church you belong to. Churches don’t matter; the only thing that matters is the individual’s salvation. (2) To achieve salvation, the individual must believe and must be free from sin. (3) “Sin,” however, is very broadly defined as virtually any practice that is enjoyable, in particular, anything which might “cloud your mind” so that you might not achieve salvation: in particular, liquor (Demon Rum); any activity on the Sabbath except praying, reading the Bible, and going to church (and not the Roman

Catholic Church, the instrument of the Antichrist in the Vatican); (4) Since each individual is weak and subject to temptation, his salvation must be aided by the government, whose theological duty it is to stamp out such occasions for sin as liquor, activity of any secular sort on the Sabbath, and the Catholic Church. As one historian aptly summed up the PMEP attitude toward the State: "Government is God's major instrument of salvation." After all, how are liquor or Catholics to be stamped out by persuasion alone? (5) (the crucial icing on the cake): *You* will not be saved unless you try your darndest to maximize everyone else's salvation (i.e., get the government to stamp out sin).

Armed with this five-point world-outlook, the neo-Puritan PMEP hurled himself (and *herself*, and how!) into a devilishly energetic, hopped-up, unrelenting crusade to stamp out these evils, and to set up paternalistic Big Government on the local, state, and national levels to crush sin and to usher in a perfect sin-less Kingdom. In politics, this meant a full century of crusading against liquor, and to keep the Sabbath Holy. (Do you know that in libertarian, anti-neo-Puritan Jacksonian America, the Post Office used to deliver the mail on Sundays?) But since it would be clearly unconstitutional to outlaw the Catholic Church, the PMEP substitute was to try to force all children into a network of public schools, the object of which was to inculcate obedience to the State *and*, in the popular slogan of the day, to "Christianize the Catholic" kids, since Catholic adults were clearly doomed.

It took archetypical neo-Puritan Woodrow Wilson not only to bring Prohibition to America, and thereby fulfill the PMEP's most cherished dreams, but also to take PMEP crusading on to a world scale. For after the Kingdom was established in America, the next holy step was to bring about a worldwide Kingdom. (The Prohibitionist crusaders, however, soon found their dreams of a liquor-free Europe dashed beyond repair.)

The ethno-religious group that felt the most severe oppression from the fanatical haridans of the PMEP (for yes, the most fanatic crusaders were Yankee women, especially spinsters) were the German-American Catholics and High-Church Lutherans. Both of these groups imported into America the charming and admirable custom of going to church on Sundays with their family in their best finery, and then repairing to a beer garden in the afternoon, where they could drink beer and listen to their beloved oom-pah-pah bands. You can imagine the reaction when hordes of PMEP haridans descended upon them crying "Sin! Evil! Smash!" for committing what to the Germans was harmless, but what to the PMEPs was the grave *double* sin of drinking beer, *and on Sundays*! And, furthermore, both the Catholics and the German Lutherans wanted to bring up their kids in their own parochial schools, and not in the secularist (or rather, PMEP) public school system!

The high-water mark of PMEP crusading was, of course, the outlawing of all liquor (and by constitutional amendment, no less!). The result used to be common knowledge in America; absolute disaster: tyranny, corruption,

black markets and *more* alcoholism as people went underground to get more intense “fixes” such as hard liquor rather than beer before the cops could close in. And, of course, organized crime, which was almost non-existent before Prohibition. But now, only groups willing to be criminals were available to supply a much desired and demanded product.

This grim lesson used to be known to all Americans, but it has been lost in the enthusiasm for recent neo-Puritan crusades; against drugs, and now against smoking. What is little realized is that the current reason for the crusade was also present during the old PMEP war against liquor. As the decades wore on, the neo-Puritans used *both* theological and medicinal arguments; liquor will not only send you to Hell, but would also ruin your temporal body, your liver, your body-as-a-temple. Liquor would cause you to beat your wives, have more accidents, and, a little later, injure yourself and others on the road. Increasingly, over the years, the PMEPs married theology and Science in their crusade.

So what happened to the aggressively Christian features of neo-Puritanism, to the emphasis on salvation and on the Kingdom? Interestingly, over the decades, the Christian aspect gradually disappeared. After all, if *as a Christian activist*, your major focus is not on creed or liturgy but on using the government to shape everyone up and stamp out sin, eventually Christ fades out of the picture and government remains. The picture of the Kingdom of God on Earth becomes secularized or atheized, and, in the Marxist version, the secular sin-free Kingdom is brought about by the terrible swift sword of the “saints” of the Communist Party. We have arrived at the grisly land of Left Puritanism, of a Left Kingdom which proposes to bring about a perfect world free of tobacco, inequality, greed, and hate-thoughts. We have arrived, in short, in the land of The Enemy.

And so, smokers! Are you mice or are you men? Smokers, rise up, be proud, throw off the guilt imposed on you by your oppressors! Stand tall, and smoke! Defend your rights! Do you *really* think that someone can get instant lung cancer by imbibing a bit of smoke from someone sitting twenty feet away in an outdoor arena? How do you explain the fact that millions of people have smoked all their lives without ill effect?

And remember, if today they come for the smoker, tomorrow they will come for you. If today they grab your cigarette, tomorrow they will seize your junk food, your carbohydrates, your yummy but “empty” calories. And don’t think that your liquor is safe either; neo-Prohibitionism has been long on the march, what with “sin taxes” (revealing term, isn’t it?), outlawing of advertising, higher drinking ages, and the neo-Puritan harpies of MADD. Are you ready for the Left Nutritional Kingdom, with everyone forced to confine his food to yogurt and tofu and bean sprouts? Are you ready to be confined in a cage, to make sure that your diet is perfect, and that you get the prescribed Compulsory Exercise? All to be governed by a Hillary Clinton National Health Board?

Smokers, if you have the guts to form a Smokers Defense League, I will be happy to join a Non-Smokers Auxiliary! How about smokers as one important mass base for a right-wing populist counterrevolution? ■

HUNTING THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT

August 1994

Watch out, Johnnie and Janie, the Christians are out to get you! There is nothing that gets liberal dander up so much as a witch hunt. (Is that because there aren't any witches or because so many liberals are part of a covenant?) And the big rap against Joe McCarthy and other anti-Communists in the old days was that they were engaged in a witch hunt (presumably because there *were* no Commies, although recent revelations by ex-KGB biggies tell a very different tale). But now the left-liberals in the media and among the Democrats are off on a new and bigger witch-hunt of their own: a *Christian* hunt!

(Readers over 40: did you *ever* think that, in America, a "Christian" would be an object of reproach, of shame, of pointing-the-finger?)

You see, the problem is that Christians—those sneaky devils!—are on the march; they're *taking over*, in particular, the Republican Party. And, once again, as they have done effectively so many times, left-liberals, who wouldn't be caught dead voting Republican, are rushing, dewy-eyed, to try to save the wonderful old GOP from those terrible, *extreme*, Christians.

The left-media hype approaches the Christian "invasion" or "takeover" in the vein of that grand old-science-fiction-horror movie, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. (The Don Siegel–Kevin McCarthy original of the 1950s, not the later gory imitators.) Look! They look like people! They go to precinct meetings like people! They claim they're Republicans! But they're really, down-deep, Christians! They are "stealth candidates." They're taking over!

So what's wrong with these Christians, anyway? They're "extremists!" Oooh! On what? Well, they're single-issue types: they're *only* interested in abortion. Soon, it turned out patently that that wasn't true: for example, the Christian right (for they indeed, are the Christians under attack) are also passionately interested in saving their children from multicultural, socialistic, condomaniacal, anti-Christian public schooling.

And so the anti-Christian left retreated to another line of attack: they're "creationists"! They're interfering with the separation of church and state! They want voluntary prayer in the schools! But why is even discussing a Christian view in the schools a breach in this holy wall of "separation of church and state," while presenting all sorts of New Age propaganda,

channeling, pantheistic mysticism, etc. is not a breach in such a wall? It is pretty clear that the only separation of religion from the public schools that left-liberals are interested in is from Christianity, not from religion in general.

The liberal media have spun an entire web of disinformation and lies around the Christian right. First, there is the notion that there are two types of Republicans: the Christian right only interested in “social issues (bad), and economic conservatives interested in safe issues like taxes and economic controls (good). Or, alternatively, that there are *three* types of Republicans: the Christian right (bad), the economic conservatives (so-so), and the “moderates” (wonderful), who are left-liberal on all issues, or who are willing to cave into the left everywhere.

All this is baloney. The Christian right might well have been inspired into activism by abortion or by the horrible state of the public schools, but by this time the nature of the Enemy is clear, and they have become “conservatives” on all issues, anti-tax and pro-free market as well as cultural rightists. Recently some of the media left have tried to take this glaringly obvious fact into account. Note the “Invasion of the Body Snatchers” way they’re going about it: “they’re *pretending* to be economic conservatives too, but they’re really still only social conservatives.” Come again?

Hey, I think I see the liberals’ problem: they’re believers in the “conspiracy theory of history”!

And then of course there is the Orwellian rewriting of history: blaming the disastrous Bush defeat on Pat Buchanan’s and Pat Robertson’s speeches at the Houston convention. Ooh, they were so “negative,” so “hate-filled.” Even little Danny Quayle, in his recent apologia, has bought into this nonsense. Actually, the Bush campaign went up in the polls after the Buchanan and Robertson speeches; the campaign fell again later as Bush fumbled everything, took no stand, and failed to be “negative” on any important issue. Hence, the collapse.

No denunciation of Christians or the Christian right would be complete without the good old canard of “anti-Semitism,” and sure enough, leave it to the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai B’rith [ADL], which has been peddling this nonsense for half a century, to step up to the plate. But this time, in its booklet smearing “The Religious Right,” the ADL has gone much too far, and its hatred of Christianity, now out of the “closet” so to speak, is bound to cause a powerful backlash. For the ADL now takes after Pat Robertson and the Christian Coalition, probably the most prominent group on the Christian right. But how in the world can the ADL smear Robertson as “anti-Semitic” when he and his group have been slavish supporters of Israel, largely on pre-millennialist religious grounds? Dropping its automatic Seal of Approval for pro-Zionists, in the interest of a greater cause, the ADL attacks Robertson because one of his major assistants is a Jewish convert to Christianity! Aha! The agenda revealed! For is it

indeed “anti-Semitic” for a Jew to convert to Christianity, or for Christians to place him in a position of responsibility? Similarly, the ADL attacks the prominent evangelical minister Louis Sheldon, because his mother was an Orthodox Jewess. If the ADL is indeed taking the position that for a Jew to convert to Christianity is “anti-Semitic,” it should proclaim such an absurd position loud and clear: because no one, except a few Jewish religious fanatics, is going to go along with such an argument.

The ADL, in its booklet, goes on to condemn a number of Jews for endorsing and allying themselves with the Christian right, making it, at least to some extent, a Christian + Jewish religious right. Long-time conservative syndicated columnist Don Feder is attacked for supporting the Christian right, and Orthodox Rabbi Daniel Lapin, head of an interesting new Seattle-based group, *Toward Tradition*, is denounced by the ADL for being “too strident.” So, are these nonconverted Jews also to be considered “anti-Semitic” because they praise the Christian right? To such a depth has the ADL sunk, a depth that is so idiotic as to lose it all credibility. And that couldn’t happen to a more deserving organization.

In taking on Rabbi Lapin, by the way, the ADL has gone up against a formidable figure. Tough, bright, savvy, and libertarian, Rabbi Lapin is an impressive person who should be better known on the conservative scene. One of Rabbi Lapin’s central organizing principles is defense of the Christian right, and to form a new kind of Christian–Jewish dialogue on rightist principles.

We have learned to defend ourselves from the Democrats, from the biased and destructive liberal media; we must now learn to guard against the worst foes, the traitors from within Republican ranks. It was the French Marechal Villars who is supposed to have said: “Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.” And so the worst enemies of the right are those Republican left-liberals (so-called “moderates”) who stab in the back, who refuse to accept the results of fair political contests within the Republican Party. Thus, in late June the Iowa Republican Party invited various possible Republican presidential candidates to speak at a fund-raising dinner, and then took a straw poll of the 1350 delegates. The important point is not the inclusive very early poll, but two speeches which viciously attacked the Christian right, echoing the absurd attacks by the media and the Democrats. One was by left-liberal former New Jersey Governor Tom Kean; another, and particularly reprehensible, was by Pennsylvanian Arlen Specter, who has compiled one of the most left-wing voting records among Republicans in the Senate. Specter denounced the Christian right “take-over” in the Texas party by stating that “it was wrong philosophically because it violated the basic American principle of separation of church and state.” Look, being tough on Anita Hill is about the only conservative deed ever performed by Specter; one good deed in a lifetime of liberal hackery is scarcely enough.

I'll say it only once more: it does not violate the separation of church and state principle for Christians to get involved in politics, or to take political stands. Or even for Christian ministers or priests to do so. For people who use this absurd argument, this point should be thrown into their face: All right, are you prepared to repudiate all the political activities of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King? Or of all the other black ministers? Are you prepared to condemn Catholic Bishops when they agitated for civil rights legislation? And if not, why not? And if not, please inter this idiotic argument once and for all. The blatant hypocrisy of left-liberals on this entire matter is a stench unto one's nostrils. They must not be allowed to get away with this intellectual fraud.

THE "BIG TENT"

During the month of June, the Christian Right allegedly took over the Republican Party in three important states: Virginia, Texas, and Minnesota. We shall examine these states in turn. But first, let us consider the Republican Party as the vehicle for the right-wing populist counterrevolution (and let us assume for the moment that it is), then, the right-wing task is two-fold: one, to battle within the Republican Party to control that party and to name its candidates and write its platform; and two, to support loyally whoever wins *within* the Republican Party against the evil Democracy in the general election. In this view, the Republican Party is indeed a "big tent" in that we welcome all votes against the Democracy, and also a "big tent" in that we are willing to support whoever wins within the party in November. But it is in no sense a "Big Tent" in which we are supposed to abandon fighting for our principles and for those who will represent them within the party. In short, we battle to control the party and its platform, as much as possible to mold that party into the vehicle of counterrevolution, of returning to the Old Republic; but we support whoever wins against the Democrats. I don't know why this should be so difficult a strategy to understand or explain; indeed, this has always been the basic strategy of most ideological groups within either party.

So evidently proper is this strategy, in fact, that we can only consider the hysterical attacks on the "religious right" for being narrow, for employing litmus tests, etc. as willful misrepresentations of the Christian right's strategy by its enemies: media, Democrats, and leftist Republicans. Indeed, it is instructive to compare Pat Buchanan's strategies during his run for the presidency in 1991–92 to the traitorous course of the Official Cons and neoconservatives. First, Pat ran as the voice of the conservative opposition against the crumbling Bush presidency in the primaries; during that period, all of Pat's enemies, liberals, Official Cons, and neocons, denounced Pat for treason to the Republican administration and betrayal of President Bush. Then, after Pat's loss in the primaries and the convention, he took what used to be considered the normal strategic course (such as we are advocating here),

and came out wholeheartedly in favor of Bush's reelection; for consider the alternative! But then, the very same neocons and Official Cons who had denounced Pat for betrayal, *themselves* stabbed President Bush in the back at every opportunity, some openly jumping the fence to side with the "New Democrat" Clinton (only "new" if new means "worse"), and others doing their best to undercut and sabotage the Bush campaign from within. Which strategy was more honorable? Or more defensible in the long run?

VIRGINIA

Let us now take the three Christian takeover states in turn. Virginia, of course, was the most famous, as Ollie North repelled the hysterical attacks of the entire Republican Establishment, from Ronald Reagan on down, and won a smashing victory among the mass of activist delegates at the Republican convention. The media and the Establishment, down to the wire, claimed that the Establishment candidate, Jim Miller, might well win; the polls had North ahead by 53 to 47 percent; and the liberals slyly pointed out that the ballot would be *secret*, so that Miller might win—implying, of course, that many delegates pledged to North could vote their conscience free of intimidation by Christian nightriders. In the actual event, however, reality once again showed up liberal ties: for the final count was a smashing 55 to 45 percent victory for North, even *more* than the polls had estimated.

How did the Republican opposition react to the North victory? Did they loyally get behind Ollie once the votes were taken, as the Christian right loyally got behind such non-Christian-rightists as Paul Coverdell in Georgia and Kay Bailey Hutchison in Texas propelling them into the Senate? To give them their due, most of the Republican Establishment did the right thing, and came loyally to Ollie's support: including Jim Miller, Governor Allen, Dick Cheney, Haley Barbour, Phil Gramm, Bill Bennett, and Jack Kemp (although Kemp waffled on Minnesota).

But not Bob Dole. High-tax Bob, Mr. "Compromise" (i.e., surrender to Democratic schemes). Off attending D-Day celebrations in Europe, Dole was out of town and out of touch. He was off together with the evil, prune-faced, traitorous, left-liberal Virginia Republican Senator John Warner. Warner, who did not bother attending his own state party's convention, had led the vicious attack on North; he had already made it clear that he would bolt the ticket and sponsor an independent candidate for governor this year: former State Attorney-General J. Marshall Coleman. After the convention, then, Dole made public noises about possibly bolting North and endorsing the Coleman race. Well, everything hit the fan, and Republican biggies as well as people all over the country informed Dole in no uncertain terms that, if he persisted, he could kiss the presidential nomination goodbye in 1996. It took him almost a week, but Dole finally came around to support North. But it's a good bet that this flirtation with Coleman has put the kibash on a Dole for President race in 1996. And high

time, too; do we need to nominate one of the few Republicans almost guaranteed to lose to Clinton in '96?

And talk about losers: the highly touted J. Marshall Coleman is precisely that. The bland, colorless Coleman is a three-time loser; twice he ran for governor of Virginia, and once for lieutenant-governor, and every time he lost. Write him off, even in a tangled four-way race.

As for Warner, he comes up for re-election in 1996, and it is absolutely vital that he be punished and retired to private life. Anyone but Warner! In addition to having a voting record almost as leftish as Specter, traitors must be disposed of, and fast. Warner, by the way, liked to take the High Moral Ground on Ollie and say that he lied to Congress. Ooh, unforgivable! But Warner is a two-time traitor, because he also sabotaged the heroic Mike Farris, who was on the Republican ticket for lieutenant-governor last year. Farris, a young attorney of sterling integrity, never lied to anyone; but *he* was openly sabotaged by Warner because Farris is an "extremist," and of the "religious right" to boot. Farris's "extremism" is the fact that he is one of the national leaders of one of the most hopeful, inspiring, and yes—*libertarian*—movements in America today: the home schooling movement. America is groaning under a massive, rotten, oppressive, socialistic, multicultural, aggressively degenerate institution: the public school system. There are many excellent ideas among the Christian Right on doing something about the public schools, to roll them back, to restrict their horror, but the most consistent, most radical, and best plan is to dump them altogether, and the best way to dump them is through home schooling. There is talk that Farris might run against the monster Warner in '96, and it would be poetic justice for Farris to take his place in the U.S. Senate.

Warner, by the way, is a millionaire country-club Republican, who only got elected in the first place during the year or two he was Mr. Elizabeth Taylor.

There will be a four-way race in Virginia, because Democrat Governor L. Douglas Wilder is running as an independent, in order to destroy his mortal intra-party enemy, Senator Chuck Robb, who is running for reelection. Robb, like Clinton a phony "New Democrat" who is simply a left-liberal, has severe morals problems with babes and coke reminiscent of Slick Willie himself. Wilder should get the black votes, and in the melee, the chances for Ollie to enter the U.S. Senate look very good indeed.

TEXAS

In Texas, too, there is a lot of liberal wailing and gnashing of teeth at the "takeover" by the religious right. The big fight was over state chair. A liberal lady from Houston, and Congressman Joe Barton, backed by the Gramm-Hutchison establishment, were overwhelmed by the religious right candidate, Tom Pauken, who was backed by Pat Robertson and the Christian Coalition.

However, from friends in Texas, I find that, once again, the idea of religious fanatics or theocrats taking over the Republican Party is a typical liberal smear. Actually, Pauken, a Catholic and a former Reagan administration official, is an upstanding person who made open overtures to libertarians within the Texas Republican Party. Indeed, Pauken's anti-gun control assistant is a man who co-founded the Texas Libertarian Party over twenty years ago. What distinguishes the Paukenites is that they are anti-Establishment populists; they embody a new wave in the Republican Party, of conservatives-and-libertarians, of paleos if you will, rising up to challenge the quasi-sellout, country-club Republican establishment. Again, Phil Gramm, who is nothing if not shrewd, quickly absorbed his loss and praised Pauken and his new populist movement.

The Texas Republican Party is, at this point, a "Big Tent" coalition. Rightists have to support George W. Bush for governor in the interests of dumping the horrid, wise-cracking, whiskey-soaked Ann Richards from the gubernatorial post. But the Texas Party machinery is now in good hands.

MINNESOTA

I have the most personal knowledge of the situation in Minnesota, a classically left-wing state where the Christian right victory in the Republican Party has been attacked almost as much as Ollie North's in Virginia. For decades, ever since the Harold Stassen-Luther Youngdahl tradition got established, Minnesota Republicans have been nearly as left-wing as the notoriously leftist Minnesota Democracy. (It wasn't always that way. During the 1940s and 1950s, Minnesota's magnificently Old Right Congressman Harold Knutson was the outstanding opponent of high taxes in the Congress.) For the past four years, by a fluke, Minnesota has been stuck with a left-wing Republican governor, Arne Carlson, whom *Human Events* has properly characterized as a "Ted Kennedy Republican." It's not just that Carlson is leftish on social or moral issues; he's also high-tax, high-control, high-spend. The conservative rebellion within the Republican Party is led by Allen Quist, a farmer and former state legislator. In mid-June, at the Republican state convention, Quist accomplished the feat of crushing a sitting Republican governor, by a vote of 69 to 31 percent. Unfortunately, the two will have to face off in a September primary, but the convention endorsement should give Quist a hefty boost for the primary battle.

I was invited to give the keynote address to the Minnesota Young Republican Convention two weeks before the state party meeting. I was enormously impressed by the devotion to principle, the intelligence, and the organizational savvy, of the Minnesota YR leaders, who were a driving force in the Quist campaign. Of the 200 or so people who turned out for my after-dinner talk, all the top conservative candidates were there, from Quist on down to several conservative possibles for U.S. Senate (won at the

convention by Congressman Rod Grams), and conservative candidates for Congress and other posts. Several of the leading Minnesota YR cadres are enthusiastic *Triple R* subscribers (always a great sign), and knowledgeable paleos.

I was slated to speak on the Clinton Health Plan, and was urged by the organizers to hold nothing back. That was the only encouragement I needed! I gave a slam-bang address, holding nothing back in escalating from the health problem to call for a right-wing populist counter-revolution against the Menshevik social democratic elite who have foisted their evil socialist program on America. I denounced the typical Republican program of consolidating previous socialistic gains, and called for a rollback to Take Back America. I was delighted to find that no one gasped in horror; everyone loved it, and cheered for more.

Perhaps the single point I made that drew most fervent support was to say that the real problem in America is not the so-called “religious right” or “Christian right”; the real problem is the monstrous *religious left*: the collectivist, egalitarian, condomaniacal, communalist New Age-“Christian” left: it is this left that has virtually taken over the country and the culture, and must be rolled back!

THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT

The Christian Right is doing very well, and is on the march in the Republican Party. Hence, the torrent of abuse and smear, from media, Democrats, and traitorous Republican “moderates.” It is important for Christians not to wilt under the abuse. It is high time for Christians to stop being shamefaced. Christians should come out of the “closet,” and proclaim, “we are out and we are proud!” They have the principles, they are becoming all-round conservatives and libertarians, and they are acquiring the necessary organizational and political savvy. And they should no longer allow their enemies to “define” them, to say that they must not carry religious or moral principles into the political arena, or that they must confine themselves to “conserving,” but never take the offensive to return to the old American Republic. Christians should have the courage to be “right” and to be “radical right,” let the radical left, or “radical wrong,” try to make the most of it.

Christians must also refuse to let their enemies set their agenda. The left is already saying that it is terribly wrong to use such terms as “evil” in relation to one’s enemies. No, no, say they, we should only use terms like “cost-ineffective” or “too rapid.” Well, too bad, because there is only one way to fully portray the socialistic, degenerate program that the Clintonians are trying to foist upon America. And that word is “evil.” What other word can best sum up Slick Willie, and “St. Hillary,” Doc Joycelyn and the rest of that scurvy crew? ■

THE MENACE OF THE RELIGIOUS LEFT

October 1994

All the hysteria thrown up about the “religious” or the “Christian” right by left-liberals serves as a convenient cover for the *real* menace to America and even to the rest of the world, not only of our time but of the last few centuries: the deadly threat of the “Religious Left,” a left which began, in the Middle Ages and even earlier, as a hellish Christian heresy, and by now can only be considered “Christian” in the most remote and twisted sense. This menace, which reached its most influential early form in the views of the charismatic and highly influential late-twelfth century Calabrian Abbot, Joachim of Fiore, is “postmillennial”: that is, it struggles to bring about, either immediately or as quickly as possible, a thousand-year Kingdom of God on Earth, a “perfect” and sinless world, a world which would be Communist, collectivist, and egalitarian, although that “equality” would be supposedly assured by the totalitarian rule of a cadre or vanguard of “saints,” presided over by a self-proclaimed Messiah or proto-Messiah, whose reign would supply the pre-conditions for the eventual Second Advent of Jesus Christ. Private property would be stamped out, and all “heretics,” that is, any dissenters from this messianic rule, would be slaughtered.

After Joachim, there came waves of these heretics, including the Amaurians, the Brethren of the Free Spirit, and the left-wing of the Czech Hussite Revolution. But before the Protestant Reformation, the Catholic Church was able to contain this plague successfully. Say what you will about the Reformation, even Martin Luther came to acknowledge that he had opened Pandora’s Box, that he had unleashed, perhaps forever, the furies and crazies of fanaticism and horror.

In 1520, young Thomas Muntzer, a Lutheran pastor in southern Germany, unleashed upon Western Europe the scourge of what came to be known as Anabaptism: the imposition by force and terror of an alleged Kingdom of God on Earth, with a cadre of rulers, headed by himself, communizing all persons and property and killing all “heretics” who might dissent from his rule. For a brief but frenzied fifteen-year period, there was a real danger of Germany and Holland falling sway to groups of Anabaptist fanatics. Fortunately, when Muntzer urged Luther to join him in this messianic crusade, arrived at by alleged divine revelation, Luther immediately saw the deadly danger; at the end, the Anabaptist movement was crushed by an alliance of Catholic and Lutheran princes.

Movements can be stamped out, but ideas, good or bad, often keep marching on, and the same was true of the idea of imposing a totalitarian

Kingdom. In troubled times, the idea popped to the surface: among the Familists, the Diggers, the Ranters, and the Fifth Monarch Men during the English Civil War of the Seventeenth Century; and before and during the French Revolution. By the early and mid-nineteenth century, the main carrier of a Communist Kingdom was the burgeoning “socialist” or “Communist” movement in Europe. (In those days, before the split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, the two concepts were considered by all adherents to be identical.) What is little realized today is that at the time of the flourishing of Karl Marx as a socialist–Communist leader, at least half of the Communist movement was heretically Christian, the other half following Marx’s atheized version of the search for an apocalyptic and secular Kingdom. The victory for Marx’s atheist version was not preordained; it was touch and go, until Marx’s superior organizing ability and the dispersals following the failed revolutions of 1848 led to the complete triumph of Marxian atheism within the socialist–Communist movement.

Indeed, the Marxist Communist utopia is virtually a replica of sixteenth-century Anabaptism: once again, private property is stamped out, all resources—and people—are owned in common by a cadre of “saints,” a vanguard headed by a messianic leader, and all dissent to this collective organism is crushed. Marx’s theoretical problem was that since he could not rely on God, Providence, or some mystical force to bring about the allegedly inevitable Kingdom, he had to seek out “material forces”—the class struggle, productive forces, the “dialectic” of history—to constitute the inevitable engine of social change.

But the idea of messianic, Christian Communism never disappeared, and during the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries it showed up in various forms: as Christian Socialism, the Social Gospel, and other variants of left-wing Christians and Christian leftists. Perhaps most fascinating and most blatant was the widely beloved East German Stalinist Ernst Bloch, whose widely known three-volume *The Principle of Hope* was translated into English in the late 1980s. Early in his lengthy career, Bloch—in common with many other Marxists—wrote a laudatory study of Thomas Muntzer, whom he hailed as magical or “theurgic.” The inner “truth” of things, wrote Bloch, will only be discovered after a “complete transformation of the universe, a grand apocalypse, the descent of the Messiah, a new heaven and a new earth.” For Bloch, mystical ecstasies and the worship of Lenin and Stalin went hand in hand. Thus, Bloch’s culminating work, *The Principle of Hope*, contains such remarkable assertions as: “Ubi Lenin, ibi Jerusalem” [“Where Lenin is, there is Jerusalem”] and that “the Bolshevik fulfillment of Communism” is part of the “age-old fight for God.”

How is all this seemingly bizarre stuff relevant to the present day? My contention is that, bizarre and weird and horrifying as all this may be, we are not dealing merely with erratic oddballs or with irrelevant history. My contention, ever since the Clintonian Democrat convention in New York in

1992, is that the Clintonian movement is not “centrist,” or simply erratic, confused, or evasive, but that it is in essence a dedicated movement of the “Christian” or religious left. It is an attempt to impose, not immediately as in the case of Muntzer or Lenin, but over a period of years, and as quickly as politically possible, a Kingdom of God on Earth, at least in the United States. The horrifying New York convention had very definite religious and even messianic overtones. The Kingdom, of course, is not the orthodox Christian Kingdom: it is collectivist, egalitarian, multicultural, and “multi-gendered”; it deliberately overthrows and “transvalues” our entire structure of traditional or “bourgeois” Christian values and principles.

It might be thought that one crucial difference between the current left and the medieval or post-Reformation heretical Christian left is that the current movement of course trumpets the glories and even the superior morality of various sexual what used to be called “perversions,” but are now worthy and even morally superior “alternative families” or “alternative lifestyles.” But that isn’t new either. The Anabaptists, the Brethren of the Free Spirit, and the rest were aggressive “antinomians,” that is, claiming to be saintly, quasi-divine or even divine and therefore without sin, they believed in publicly demonstrating and even flaunting their alleged sinlessness by committing all manner of sins imaginable, including adultery, theft, and murder. The Clintonians have nothing on these older “Christian” movements.

The Clinton Inaugural was, of course, a horrifying display of a neopagan, multicultural, New Age religious left at work, a fact, which was only discerned by the liberal but highly perceptive New York humorist Fran Lebowitz, who struck a delightfully sour note, saying that even watching the Inaugural orgy of religious leftism on television had driven her to “a new planet of fury.” Then, in the crucial early months of the Clinton administration, Michael Kelly wrote an insightful and quickly famous article in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* (May 23, 1993), entitled “Saint Hillary,” replete with a painting of Hillary on the front cover dressed as Joan of Arc, significantly wearing a sword but not a cross. After a lengthy and discerning interview with Hillary, the article, which was carefully neutral in tone but all the more effective, pointed out that Hillary thought of herself as leading the charge for “something on the order of a Reformation: the remaking of the American way of politics, government, indeed life.” Hillary, the article explained, had set out “to make things right,” to “make the world a better place,” to install a “politics of virtue” or “politics of meaning.”

Hillary was converted to her current grandiose stance, first by her hometown Methodist preacher, who introduced her to “alienation,” the Social Gospel and Paul Tillich, and then to the admonition of that other trendy left Protestant theologian of our century, Reinhold Niebuhr, that we must never be reluctant to wield Power in the service of The Good. An admonition that the power-mad Hillary took to as a duck takes to water.

Hillary's most recent guru, of course, is the socialistic pro-war (Gulf War that is) peacenik, Michael Lerner, editor of the pretentious glossy magazine *Tikkun* and notorious coiner of the phrase "the politics of meaning."

Armed with an all-encompassing ideology, and with what many interviewers have noted as her arrogance and complete self-assurance and self-righteousness, Hillary was now ready to wield total Power in the service of her own hellish conception of The Good.

It was reported that Hillary and her camp in the White House were furious at the Kelly article and its important revelations, and since then she has said not a word about the importance of remaking all of America by wielding State power. But the goal and the means are, unfortunately, still there.

And Slick Willie, too, Hillary's co-president and ideological puppet, underlying his continuing stream of lies, evasions, and tactical changes to front, is deeply committed to the very same goal. Considering his rotten character, does the Slick One's commitment to *anything* seem improbable? But consider two points. First, each and every one of his programs, regardless of attractiveness of label, whether it be "crime" or "welfare reform," is designed to increase the power of the State, that is, the federal government, and to diminish the liberties and the property rights of every American.

And finally, ponder this: Remember that weekend in August when Willie began his frantic and febrile, but unfortunately successful, drive to reverse his House defeat on the crime bill? He gave a speech in Maryland before the grandiosely named Full Gospel African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. What the media reported Clinton to proclaim was odious and blasphemous enough: that "God wants us to pass the crime bill," and that his, Clinton's "ministry" (!) was devoted to that task. But he said something else in that speech, of far greater purport, that received almost no publicity. He said that the goal of his "ministry" was to bring about no less than the "Kingdom of God on Earth"! Yes, he said it, he actually said it! Now I have no idea how Clinton's "parishioners" reacted to this phrase, or what the almost uniformly secular media people thought they were hearing. Maybe they thought they were merely hearing a grandiloquent metaphor for improving society.

But *we* know what he said, and it is our business to inform America of its import before it is too late. *We* know that William Jefferson Blythe "Clinton" IV, that Monster in the White House, was at last revealing, perhaps in a typical moment of unguarded vainglory and exuberance, the cloven hoof, the face of pure evil, the unholy mission of himself and his Lady Macbeth. *We* know the truly diabolic nature of the Kingdom that the Clintons are trying to put over on an unsuspecting America.

And still the liberal media wonder: *Why* do so many people hate this charming and wonderful couple and with such intensity? ■

SAINT HILLARY AND THE RELIGIOUS LEFT

December 1994

For some time I have been hammering at the theme that the main cultural and political problem of our time is *not* “secular humanism.” The problem with making secularism the central focus of opposition is that, by itself, secularism would totally lack the fanaticism, the demonic energy, the continuing and permanent drive to take over and remake the culture and the society, that has marked the left for two centuries. Logically, one would expect a secular humanist to be a passive skeptic, ready to adapt to almost any existing state of affairs; David Hume, for example, a philosophic disaster but quietly benign in social and political matters, would seem to be typical. Hardly a political and cultural menace.

No: the hallmark and the fanatical drive of the left for these past centuries has been in devoting tireless energy to bringing about, as rapidly as they can, their own egalitarian, collectivist version of a Kingdom of God on Earth. In short, this truly monstrous movement is what might be called “left-post-millennialist.” It is messianic and post-millennialist because Man, not Christ or Providence, is supposed to bring about the Kingdom of God on Earth (KGE), that is, in the Christian version, that Christ is only supposed to return to earth *after* Man has established the 1,000 year KGE. It is leftist because in this version, the KGE is egalitarian and collectivist, with private property stamped out, and the world being run by a cadre or vanguard of Saints.

During the 1820s, the Protestant churches in the Northern states of the U.S. were taken over by a wave of post-millennial fanatics determined to impose on local, state, and federal governments, and even throughout the world, their own version of a theocratic statist KGE. A “Yankee” ethnocultural group had originated in New England, and had migrated to settle the northern areas of New York and the Middle-Western states. The Yankees were driven by the fanatical conviction that they themselves could not achieve salvation unless they did their best to maximize everyone else’s: which meant, among other features, to devote their energies to instituting the sinless society of the KGE.

These newly mainstream Yankee Protestant churches were always statist, but the major emphasis in the early decades was the stamping out of “sin,” sin being broadly defined as virtually any form of enjoyment, and included (for theological reasons) slavery. By the later years of the nineteenth century, however, economic collectivism received increasing attention by these left millennialist Protestants, and strictly theological and Christological concerns gradually faded away, culminating in the explicitly socialistic Social Gospel movement in all the Protestant churches. While every

one of the Yankee Protestant denominations was infected and dominated by left millennialism, this heresy prevailed almost totally in the Methodist Church.

SAINT HILLARY

Which brings us to our beloved First Couple. I have already mentioned that Slick Willie, in addressing a black Gospel church in Maryland on behalf of God's alleged commandment to pass his crime bill, revealingly told the assembled congregation that the goal of his "ministry" is to bring about "the Kingdom of God on earth." That should have sounded the fire alarm throughout the nation. Unfortunately, to an American public possessing little knowledge of history or theology, Clinton's remarkable statement went unreported.

But, as we all know, it is Hillary, not Slick Willie, who is the hard-core ideologue in the White House. Hillary's theological agenda was perceptively unveiled recently by the knowledgeable, if admiring and liberal, Kenneth L. Woodward, religion editor of *Newsweek*. (Kenneth L. Woodward, "Soulful Matters," *Newsweek* (Oct. 31, 1994) pp. 23–25) In a lengthy exclusive interview with Hillary, Woodward reports that our Lady Macbeth simply considers herself "an old-fashioned Methodist."

Hillary's pronouncement is not as absurd as it might first seem. Hillary Rodham was born in northern Illinois Yankee country, in the Chicago suburb of Park Ridge. Her grandparents told stories about their Methodism in early-nineteenth-century England, not many generations removed from the founding of Methodism by John Wesley. Hillary's family were pious Methodists, and Hillary herself was inducted into the Social Gospel by the Rev. Donald Jones, the then youth minister at her Park Ridge First United Methodist Church. I am sure that we are all gratified to learn how Hillary got her start in the cause of "social reform"; as Woodward fondly puts it, the Rev. Jones "developed his privileged suburban students' social consciences by taking them to visit migrant workers' children."

The most important passage in Woodward's article is his explanation of the importance of Methodism within the American Protestant spectrum: "More than other Protestants, Methodists are still imbued with the turn-of-the-century social gospel, which holds that Christians have been commissioned to build the Kingdom of God on earth."

Only a few brush-strokes are needed to complete the picture. The Rev. Jones, a frequent visitor to the White House, but who seems at least to have a sense of humor and perspective that the arrogant and self-righteous Hillary totally lacks, puts it this way: Even today, says Rev. Jones, "when Hillary talks it sounds like it comes out of a Methodist Sunday-school lesson." And: "Hillary views the world through a Methodist lens. And we Methodists knew what's good for you."

Now obviously, and of course, a lot of this is Hillary's drive to "rein-vent" herself, that is, to create a duplicitous false image, to make herself less threatening to the angry American public. And surely the late-nineteenth-century Social Gospelers would be horrified at the current multi-gendered, condomaniacal Clintonian left, to say nothing of the rapid revolving of poor John Wesley in his eighteenth-century English grave. But there is definitely a direct line of descent from the Methodist Social Gospelers of the nineteenth century to St. Hillary and the monstrous Clintonian left. Mix into "old-fashioned Methodism" liberal doses of Marxism, the New Left, the pagan pantheist New Age, and the multicultural and sexual revolutions, stir briskly, and you get the current ruling horror that we all face, and are trying to roll back out of our lives. We face, in short, regardless of what hairdo or persona she affects next week, the evil Witch in the White House. ■

KULTURKAMPE!

KULTURKAMPF!

October 1992

Yes, yes, you rotten hypocritical liberals, it's a culture war! And high time, too! It is, of course, typical of our liberal "intellectual" and media elite: after having ridden through and captured our culture, after twenty-odd years (at least!) of their cultural conquest of America proceeding almost unopposed, after completing their successful Gramscian (note: much revered Italian Stalinist of the 1920s) "long march through our institutions," liberals were just about ready to sit down and treat us as their conquered province. When suddenly, some of us beleaguered provincials began to fight back—rallied, of course, by Pat Buchanan's speech at the Republican National Convention.

And then, oh the *geschrei* and oh the *gewald*! Once again, doffing the few shreds that remain of our Respectable Media's guise of objectivity, the wailing and the whining blared throughout the country: Buchanan is "dividing us," he has "exposed the dark side of America," and once again everyone referred to Pat's perpetual "scowl." (Who, by the way, has ever seen Pat scowling? No social observer or political figure has been more sunny, or more good-humored—in the face, of course of unparalleled viciousness and perpetual smear.)

Gee, since when has politics ever "divided" us? I thought, and until the twentieth century it was gloriously true, that the whole point of politics is to "divide" people, to separate people by principle and ideology and to have them slug it out, each trying to gain a majority support of the population. Isn't that the point of democratic politics, of a more-than-one party system?

No: of course not, not in the view of the liberal ideologues and sleaze-merchants who dominate our culture. To them, the point of being radical in politics is indeed to divide, and then to gain control; but, after left-liberalism has gained that control, then the point is to drug the country and the political system, then the point is to unite everyone, including both parties, under their own rule, then the point is to keep everyone united and to denounce anyone who exposes their errors and sins as terribly and viciously "divisive."

It's an old ploy, and yet it seems to work every time. As Joe Sobran put it in his syndicated column (8/30): "The Democrats are the party of economic parasites, using the taxing power to allow one sector of the population to live off the other." Naturally, Joe adds, "they and their media allies hold 'divisiveness' to be a cardinal sin. The parasitical organism doesn't want the host to think of itself as a distinct entity, with interests of its own. So it tries rhetorically to 'unify' the two organisms in the undifferentiated pronoun 'we'." Exactly!

GOVERNMENT AND CULTURE

The liberal elite was confident that their monstrous smear campaign had disposed of Pat Buchanan forever, but here he was, back, on prime time on Monday night, and not only that: setting the stage, and the tone, for the entire convention: raising the standard of cultural war, of Taking Back Our Culture.

And then, the hypocritical liberals, led by my least favorite McLaughlin Grouper Eleanor Clift, mockingly whined: “How can you conservatives who are against government treat culture as a political issue?” Simple. It’s because you liberals have used government massively to take over our culture. Therefore, government has to be used to get itself out. Consider the items:

Victimology: government has been used to create a phony set of “rights” for every designated victim group under the sun, to be used to dominate and exploit the rest of us for the special gain of these cosseted groups. Go down the list: black “rights,” gay “rights,” women’s “rights,” lesbian “rights,” handicapped “rights,” Hispanic (or more P.C., “Latino”) “rights,” “Senior Citizen rights,” and on and on. Hillary Clinton (see below) is a specialist in the special “rights” of another “victim” group: children. On and on the assault grows: and in every case government, technocrats, official “therapists,” and the malignant New Class grant themselves and accredited victim groups ever-increasing power to exploit, dominate, and loot an ever-dwindling group of: middle-aged, white, English-speaking, Christian, and especially heterosexual male parents. Culture war? It was launched decades ago and liberals were almost into the mopping-up stage before the oppressed finally woke up.

Want some more examples of government in culture? The monstrous and swollen public school bureaucracy, ever-widening its grip, inculcating the helpless young charges in its care, not only in statism and the “virtue” of obedience to the state and the dominant elites, but also: infecting them with the culture of nihilism, feel-good hedonism, anti-Christianity, topped off by the distribution of free condoms over the objection of parents. As even President Bush noted it’s a “rum” world where kids can’t pray in school voluntarily, but condoms are distributed coercively by the state. And there are continuing lessons in stamping out hate-thought, with any kid or teacher suspected of hate-thought subjected to compulsory “sensitivity training” and brain-washing “therapy” sessions. Culture separate from government? Don’t make me laugh.

In my many decades of “extremist” political writing, probably the least inherently controversial was my column in the *Los Angeles Times*, “Hold Back the Hordes for Four More Years” (July 30), in which I reluctantly but firmly advocated Bush over Clinton in November. I had thought it was one of my most innocuous writings. I did not, after all, invent the concept of

“the lesser of two evils.” And yet, go figure. It was reprinted in dozens of papers across the country, drawing an unprecedented number of angry letters, some published, more anonymous and written in the usual crayon.

Vituperative? Wow! A “disabled Holocaust survivor” wrote that, as such, he is trained to detect Nazis, and he knows, from this column, that I would have been a top Nazi commandant at a gas chamber. My office at Las Vegas was defaced several times.

Less frenetic was a published letter protesting my attack on “lesbian rights,” and asking rhetorically: would I also object to the term “Jewish rights?” The answer, of course, is Yes. I am against all “rights” for special groups, because these “rights” are simply unjust claims on the pocketbook, on the status, and on the trumped-up guilt feelings of all those not in these specially privileged groups. The only rights I favor are the rights of each individual to his person and property, free of the vicious assaults of phony “rights” creators.

In this view, I am not being original. I am in the “radical Lockean” tradition of the founders of the American Republic, of the Commonwealthmen, of the American Revolutionaries, of the Anti-Federalists, the Jeffersonians, etc. These are the “natural rights” for which the Founding Fathers fought against the statism of the British Empire. And, as Richard Tuck makes clear in his excellent book on *Natural Rights Theories*, these are the “active natural rights” of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Dominican Order, where each man has dominion over his own person and property free of molestation, as against the “passive rights” or claims-on-everyone-else pushed in the thirteenth century by the Dominicans’ great rivals, the Franciscans. Unfortunately, while the Catholic Church sided with the Dominicans by the fourteenth century, the latter-day “Franciscans” seem to have won out.

Government and Culture: Hillary, who promised to be a virtual co-president before she alienated millions of people, is an expert in the brand-new legal field of “children’s rights.” She is praised as a pathbreaking legal theorist by ultra-leftist Gary Wills in the *New York Review of Books*. In a Hillarious world, children begin with the presumption of competence, and are encouraged to run their lives without parental control or sometimes even consent: e.g., on such important matters as motherhood and abortion, schooling, cosmetic surgery, treatment of venereal disease, or employment.

In all the welter of talk about “family values” this campaign season, one point is crystal clear: either parents run kids, or the State runs them via its host of New Class lawyers, licensed “therapists,” social workers, counselors, child specialists, and the rest, all in the name of children’s “rights” or “empowerment.” For we know darned well that 12-year-old children going to court to sue their parents are going to be run by shrewd and manipulative lawyers, and the rest of the New Class crew.

The lines are clearly drawn: the defenders of family values are the Buchananites, the Schlaflyites, and the other conservative Republicans who want to preserve, or to recover the traditional two-parent family as it has flourished in the West. Hillary and the army of left-liberals in total control of the Democratic Party and who constitute the intellectual and media elites, aim to pursue the ancient utopian, socialistic dream of destruction of the family, the destruction of private lives, on behalf of the universal State-family.

The model is Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, a novel published in the early 1930s, which caught the left-liberal spirit of our century: children brought up by the State and its army of professional "helpers," firmly encouraging each kid to engage in hedonism and polymorphously perverse sexual play, kept content by an opiate drug called "soma," and kept docile and obedient by the State elite. A frightening and perceptive picture—and a lot closer to reality now, sixty years later.

The culture war has to be fought, tooth and nail, inch by inch, yard by yard. We have got to Take the Culture Back, and that's what the new *kulturkampf* is all about.

After denouncing Hillary in his speech, Pat Buchanan pointed out that Hillary has "compared marriage as an institution to slavery," and then he denounced the "Clinton & Clinton agenda" for America: which includes "radical feminism," abortion on demand, "homosexual rights," discrimination against religious schools, and the sending of women into combat. Pat commented that this "is not the kind of change America wants. It is not the kind of change America needs." And, in a thundering conclusion: "it's not the kind of change we can tolerate in a nation that we still call God's country."

That Pat's speech was correct is demonstrated by the orgy of hate the media promptly heaped upon him—and by their friendly reception to Reagan's absurdly inappropriate repetition of his standard "Morning in America" optimism. For the whole point of the new cultural war is that it is now far from Morning in America. If anything, the time is more like the old atomic clock drawn by the anti-nuclear war scientists: It's Five Minutes to Midnight in America. Our backs are to the wall.

And so Pat sounded the trumpet call: "My friends, this election is about much more than who gets what. It is about who we are. It is about what we believe. It is about what we stand for as Americans. There is a religious war going on in our country for the soul of America. It is a cultural war...And in that struggle for the soul of America, Clinton & Clinton are on the other side, and George Bush is on our side." Yes! Yes!

Pat concluded his great address—this man who has been widely accused of "hating immigrants"—by praising the "brave people of Koreatown." It is instructive that of all the people at both conventions, Pat Buchanan was the only one to mention one of the defining events of our time, certainly of 1992 and beyond: the L.A. riots. Pat talked about how the youthful federal troops,

finally arriving after two days of bloody rioting, “took back the streets of Los Angeles, block by block.” And so, Pat proclaimed, “we must take back our cities, and take back our culture, and take back our country.” Yes, yes, yes!

Furthermore, I, along with other paleos, am convinced that the Old Culture, the culture pervading America from the 1920s through the 1950s, yes the culture of the much-derided *Ozzie and Harriet* and the *Waltons*, that that culture was in tune not only with the American spirit but with natural law. And further, that the nihilistic, hedonistic, ultra-feminist, egalitarian, “alternative” culture that has been foisted upon us by left-liberalism is not only not in tune with, but deeply violates the essence of that human nature that developed not only in America before the 1960s, but throughout the Western world and Western civilization.

Since I am convinced that left-liberal, and the now dominant, culture is profoundly anti-human nature, I am convinced that removing the poison, as Mel Bradford put it, and getting government out of the picture, would spark a return to natural law and the Old Culture with much greater speed. If it took the intellectual-media political elites twenty-five years to effect their own Cultural Revolution, then we should be able to lead a successful counter-Revolution in much less time.

But to do so, of course, requires identification of the nature of the problem and of the enemy, and then the willingness of leaders to rise up and provide the call to “arms.”

MEDIA BIAS AND FAKING REALITY

But how will we take back the media? Or rather, how do we insure a level playing field in this vitally important battle of ideas? In many ways, from simple reading or listening to scholarly studies we know that the media, especially the Respectable Media, the respectable press, and national TV, are overwhelmingly left-liberal in ideology. And we know, too, that the media have been, for a long time, biased against conservatives and libertarians and in favor of left-liberalism. (I’m not talking so much of the *owners*, who range from mildly liberal to mildly conservative but the editors, writers, newsmen, actors, entertainers, comics, etc.—the “cultural elite.”) But, until very recently, and with the exception of the Goldwater campaign, the media—except when they are clearly labeled as columnists, commentators, or Op-Ed writers—sometimes tried to cleave to an ideal of objectivity and fair-mindedness, to provide some kind of balance, so that the public has the tools to make their own judgments and decisions.

That is no longer true. Within the last year, beginning with the Anita Hill confrontation, and then the Rodney King uproar, and now with the media love affair with Clinton and hatred of conservative Republicans—the media have cast aside any pretensions of objectivity. Bias, love of liberals and hatred of their enemies, oozes out of the media at every pore. Take the way the TV and press treated the two conventions. Everything about the

Democratic Convention was prettified and glorified to make it seem a love-feast of unity and reasonable “moderation.” Any sour notes were played down or buried by the media.

And then, at the Republican Convention: everything any Republican said was immediately countered, even in headlines, either by some Democrat “refutation,” or by the journalist’s own phony “correction” of the record. No stone was left unturned in this quest. The media made the Republican convention out to be disunited, riven, captured by “right-wing extremists”; when the truth is that conservatives were no more dominant at this convention and on this year’s platform than they have been for a generation and that Ann Stone and her pro-choicers had only pitiful support among the delegates.

Often the public, which has a healthy distrust of the liberal media, can see through the distortions, as it did in persisting in disbelieving the “martyr” Anita Hill. But how can the public see the truth when the media are not only systematically biased but are now engaged in faking reality? A glaring example: the media’s constant replaying of the doctored Rodney King tape, and, with the honorable exceptions of CNN and Court-TV, not allowing us to see and hear the truth, the other side of the story, the non-doctored tape.

The American public, because of this organized mendacity, still believes that Rodney King was an innocent “motorist” beaten because he is black; and therefore it is convinced that the verdict of the jury (who had the opportunity to hear both sides and see everything) must have been a “racist” miscarriage of justice. And when the media all say that the jury trying the police officers were “all white,” how is the public supposed to find out there was one black on the jury as well as a couple of Hispanics? And how is the public to know the truth when the media formed a praetorian guard around the very damaging Gennifer Flowers tape, and brusquely dismissed that tape as “edited” without ever repeating what Clinton and Gennifer said?

So how do we dislodge the biased, faking media? The existence of new cable networks such as CNN, C-SPAN, and Court-TV—the latter two in particular being studiously objective and not getting in the way of the public’s view of reality—has done a lot of good by providing alternatives to the networks. Just as “little” magazines provide some alternatives to the “respectable” newspapers and journals. But they are not enough. More ways must be found to obtain a level playing field, to obtain a chance for truth to break through the Media Curtain.

WOODY ALLEN, MURPHY BROWN,
AND THE ART-FOR-ART’S SAKE SCAM

Arrant liberal hypocrisy pops up every time someone criticizes fiction or art from a traditional-values perspective. The mocking sneers: don’t they know it’s only fiction? As if art, fiction, movies, have no consequences, no

role in molding the attitudes and values of the imbibers of that culture! Doesn't Dan Quayle know that *Murphy Brown* is "only fiction?" and yet how clear is the line between fiction and "reality," when the fictional *Murphy Brown* angrily replies to Dan Quayle in her "fictional" role as TV anchorlady; when real-life left-liberal TV anchorladies happily appear along with "Murphy Brown" on the latter's show, and when the Emmy Awards are turned into a lengthy round of such obvious Quayle-bashing that even left-liberal *Los Angeles Times* TV critic Howard Rosenberg was appalled? And when Candice Bergen herself exemplifies the leftist values and the leftist politics of her "fictional" embodiment?

And so: whenever conservatives and traditionalists attack nihilistic, leftist, or obscene art or fiction, liberals smugly trot out the "art-for-art's-sake" ploy, claiming that only idiots and Philistines don't realize that art is and should be totally separate from ethics or politics. And yet, the hypocrisy becomes all too glaringly evident whenever leftists don't like the art in question. Let a script, or a novel, or play, or movie, or artwork, tread on all-too-sensitive liberal toes, and oh the outrage! Then we hear about the necessity to purge the artwork of all possible "racism, sexism, homophobia," hate thought, or any other in the lengthening thesaurus of political "incorrectness." What price "art-for-art's-sake" then?

In point of fact: *l'art pour l'art* has been a scam and a hoax from the very beginning. From the onset of civilization down to the end of the nineteenth century, the idea of art-for-art's-sake would have been considered absurd, by the critics, the general public, and by the artists themselves. While each art of course has its own aesthetic criteria, these criteria have always been intimately intertwined with ethics, religious values, world views, and even directly with political philosophies held by the artist. Aristotle's definition of art in the *Poetics*: depicting man as he can be and should be, is typical of all art and not the eccentric statement of one philosopher.

All artists have had moral messages and moral outlooks entwined in their art. The culmination of human civilization: the art and architecture of the Renaissance, and the art, architecture, and music of the Baroque, were dedicated to the promulgation of a strongly Catholic world-view. The Renaissance was a conscious movement to celebrate and embody Incarnation theology, the view that Jesus Christ was fully human as well as fully divine, in reaction against the then-pervasive medieval heresy that Jesus was only a divine spirit in ghostlike form. Hence the emphasis on three-dimensional representationism, in fidelity to nature, and in particular the Renaissance emphasis on the nude baby Jesus in depictions of the Holy Family.

After the collapse of the Renaissance into the nihilistic and proto-modern art Mannerism of the mid-sixteenth century, the Baroque arose as a conscious expression and embodiment of the spirit of the Catholic Counter-Reformation as laid down in the great Council of Trent: to confront the iconoclastic hatred of religious art and architecture permeating Protestant-

ism, and to create works of art and architecture that celebrate Man, nature, and the beauties of God and the created Universe. To use a current vulgarianism, the glorious and magnificent Baroque was a conscious “in-your-face” Catholic answer to Protestantism.

The art-for-art’s sake scam that permeates the modern liberal worldview, was launched by nineteenth-century aesthetes as a camouflage of their own morbid, nihilistic, pessimistic, and violently anti-traditional outlook: the French poets Baudelaire and Rimbaud, the Impressionists, Dadaists, and later the Bloomsbury Set and the literary and art critic Roger Fry. Since they could not get anywhere at the time by openly advocating their nihilistic values and epistemology, or their “alternative life-styles,” they pushed—unfortunately with great success—the “art has its own reasons” rationale.

Indeed, the twentieth-century assault on traditional values and mores proceeded in phases, as if we were confronted by a conscious phased plot. First, the left-liberals preached *l’art pour l’art* in aesthetics, and, as a corollary, in ethics, trumpeted the new view that there is no such thing as revealed or objective ethics, that all ethics are “subjective,” that all of life’s choices are only personal, emotive “preferences.”

After the destruction of a rational or objective ethics was accomplished, the left proceeded to the current Phase II. Having managed to subvert traditional Christian and bourgeois values and mores in the West, by destroying the religious and rational groundwork for those values, the left moved on to their present stance: yes, there is morality, but this “morality” is totally the reverse of the Old Culture: now we find (1) that the “moral” is pure hedonism: “do your own thing,” but also, and contradictorily, (2) that it is self-evidently deeply immoral to engage in all manner of “hate thought,” personal discrimination, judgments of demerit that can be construed as “racist, sexist, homophobic, anti-disabled,” or whatever. (1) and (2) are contradictory if “doing one’s own thing” means becoming a skinhead. In that case, of course, political correctness must trump hedonism.

Apart from PC, the myth has been spread that pushing hedonism is gloriously “non-judgmental,” except, of course, if “doing your own thing” means refusing to join in polymorphous perverse play. If the kids in *Brave New World*, or in modern, “therapy”-ridden America don’t want to follow the venerable counter-culture motto: “If it Moves, Fondle It,” then of course this shows that the kids are seriously “repressed,” and they are sent off to the monstrous dwarf Dr. Ruth or to some other “therapist” who will straighten the kid out. Not that moral judgments are being made by the therapists and counselors—Heaven forbid!—but that the kids’ behavior is being gently but firmly corrected for the sake of their own alleged “mental health.”

And so, Dan Quayle has a point. Of course, *Murphy Brown*, along with countless other manifestations of our left-liberal culture, glories not in “single motherhood”—a portmanteau phrase that includes widowhood and divorce—but girls who have kids out of wedlock. Shall we use the term

“sluts”? Compassion for pregnant widows and divorcees is one thing; admiration for sluts with kids is quite another. Also, leftists seem to think it is particularly evil for Dan Quayle to criticize *Murphy Brown* or the Hollywood cultural elite. But why is that?

If it is OK—as clearly it is—for artists, entertainers, writers, etc. to criticize politicians, why isn’t it OK for politicians to criticize back? Why isn’t Dan Quayle free to express *his* values and critiques? To do his own thing? In fact, Hollywood has been a sewer of left-wing thought and expression since the 1930s (no, not the owners, but the writers, actors, directors, producers). It is high time that the cultural elite be subjected to withering and systematic criticism, scorn, and denunciation.

The outbreak of the Woody–Mia scandal during the week of the Republican Convention was a fortuitous coincidence that highlighted the cultural warfare theme. For decades Woody Allen has been the very embodiment of left-liberal values and expression. Beginning as a very funny comic, Woody’s movies have become increasingly pretentious and fake-philosophic, mouthing nonsense about religion, the meaning of life, and all the rest—all in a manner congenial to the equally pretentious leftist intellectuals that people Manhattan’s Upper East and West Sides, where Woody, Mia, and most of Woody’s fans live, and congregate. Throughout, Woody’s ideology has been implicitly leftist—sometimes explicitly, as in the pro-Communist movie *The Front*.

But not only that: Woody’s and Mia’s living arrangements constituted a veritable metaphor of what left-liberal “alternative lifestyles” are all about: out-of-wedlock, separate apartments, Mia’s adopting a veritable zoo of multicultural kids, one after the other—all very mod, very trendy, very politically correct. And then, whamo! Woody goes over just about the last line, or, if you want it put that way, the “last frontier”—incest. Well, OK, it’s not legal incest, but it certainly, morally, encompasses what incest is all about: bringing up a kid from early age, as a step-(common law) father, and then taking advantage of her innocent daughterly trust to launch an affair, replete with nude photos.

It has been almost too much for Woody’s fans. You mean “If It Moves, Fondle It” could include incest? Shocking! But after all, why not? If all bets are off, if there are no religious or moral restrictions on behavior, why not “go with the flow,” why not go with your heart, feelings, gonads, why not Do It? Particularly shocking to Woody’s army of left-liberal fans has been his obtuse refusal to see any moral problem in his behavior. She (Woody’s quasi-step-daughter) “has turned my life around in a positive way.” Well, isn’t that it? Woody’s movie characters—clearly a metaphor for himself—always follow their heart/gonads but only after a lot of *kvetching* and pseudo-philosophizing; Woody in real life has apparently transcended all that into the purely hedonic.

I am usually not a fan of Dan Quayle or of his control William Kristol, but Kristol was exactly right when asked to comment on the Woody Allen

affair: "I'm sure that Woody Allen is a good Democrat." Yes. And here we are: it's Woody Allen, "If It Moves, Fondle It," alternative "families" as any-two-or-more-beings coupling, versus the Traditional, two-parent family, moral principles and restraints, and yes, *Ozzie and Harriet*, the Cleavers, and the *Waltons*. The corrupt, rotten New Culture, versus the glorious life-affirming Old. There is our Cultural War, and it has come none too soon, and just in time.

MARIO FLIPS OUT

I used to admire Mario Cuomo, not for his principles or policies, but for his intelligence and wit. No more. Good at dishing it out, Mario can't take it. His response to the Republican Convention, and to its announcement of *Kulturkampf*, was to Flip Out. Speaking on *Face the Nation* on the Sunday after the Houston convention, Mario was a man crazed with hate. He denounced the Bush campaign and the Republicans with the very same invective with which left-liberals have denounced David Duke, Pat Buchanan, and H. Ross Perot.

The Republicans, said Mario, are "Nazis." Why? Get this: because "the Nazis used the word 'culture'." Breathtakingly imbecilic. Is Mario claiming that only Nazis have ever used the word or concept of "culture?" Are all anthropologists, sociologists, literary critics, social observers "Nazis?" Not only that: Mario was too frenzied to remember that the Nazis, if anything, hated the word almost as much as he does. It was a young Nazi novelist, after all, who made the famous remark: "Every time I hear the word 'culture,' I reach for my Browning."

Also Mario claimed that the Republican convention was "racist." How so? Because a lot of the speakers attacked New York. "Why do they attack New York all the time," asked Mario, answering his own question with: "Because when you see New York City, you see all those different colors, all that ethnicity, all those poor people."

Yes, Mario, and you also see a veritable cesspool of crime and mugging and filth and drug addiction and garbage and bums amidst the most socialistic city government in the country. How in the world could anyone criticize New York? Just look around you, Mario. Our once wonderful city has been taken over by scum, with the help of you and your buddies.

Not content with all this, Mario also claimed that the Republican Convention was "anti-Semitic." What? How do you get that? Because Newt Gingrich attacked Woody Allen, and said that the Democratic family values platform clause was a "Woody Allen plank." And why would anyone in his right mind criticize Woody Allen these days? Because, opined Mario, Gingrich was attacking "short Jewish guys." Victimology run rampant! Gee, Mario, as a short Jewish guy myself, I don't feel that Gingrich was using Woody Allen as a code name to attack me! In fact, Woody Allen is

indeed an excellent metaphor for the Democrat Party and for our entire left-liberal dominated culture.

Moreover, Mario claimed the Republican Convention was “anti-Italian.” Huh? He said all over the convention were “T-shirts of Italians as the Mafia.” Wrong, Mario, there were no such T-shirts. There was, however, a satirical movie poster—being sold by one merchant—of a movie, “Slick Willie,” featuring Teddy Kennedy as “the chaperone” and Mario as “the Godfather.” Whatsamatter, can’t take a joke, Mario? If you remember, Mario, it was not a Republican, but your own beloved standard-bearer, Slick Willie, who told Gennifer on that tape that you “act like a member of the Mafia.”

At first, Mario was going to make the New York taxpayers foot the bill for his trip to Washington to make his outrageous and odious comments on *Face the Nation*, but, after a storm of protest, he finally agreed to pay for it out of his campaign pocket.

Mario’s gutter flipout should have been page one news in every media outlet in the country. And yet, as far as I know, the news appeared in only one place: in an article by Fred Dicker in the lively tabloid, *The New York Post* (August 24). And that’s it. Apart from that one source, the news media, once again, faked reality by suppressing this item and protecting their own heroes, of whom Mario is a star.

I used to think Mario Cuomo was smart and funny. He’s still smart, I guess, but he’s no longer funny. He’s a national disgrace. Do we want this creep on the Supreme Court? Because that’s who we’ll get if the leftists, left-libertarians, neocons, and short-sighted dog-in-the-manger types have their way, and Slick Willie becomes president.

Bumbling Bush is no great bargain, but to keep undercutting the oresident from now until Election Day means, that whatever your intent, you are objectively pro-Clinton, and that you are helping a future Clinton administration to dig the grave of liberty, of the free market, and of what’s left of traditional American culture. ■

FROM THE BENCH— DOWN WITH THE DE-E-E-FENSE

November 1990

I’m going to say it flat out, and damn the consequences: despite the “purists,” I hate games and teams that emphasize defense. Games of defense are invariably slow, thuggish, and B-O-R-I-N-G. And as an allied point, I don’t care much for “well-balanced teams” where everyone is “unselfish” either.

What I like and what we see all too little of, are games that stress offense and are studded with heroic superstars. What the true sports fan craves is excitement, not games that are slow, grinding, and low-scoring, and who cares about purism (whatever “purity” is supposed to mean in this context?).

For example, one of the potentially most exciting sports of them all—pro basketball—is rapidly going to Hell in a handbasket because of the influence of the slow, boring, and incredibly thuggish Detroit Pistons. Since victorious dynasties get imitated by other teams, the prognosis for pro basketball is grim unless the Pistons can be toppled. Surely, by the way, it is no accident that the advanced hooliganism of the Pistons reflects the state of affairs of the “community” from which they hail. Detroit, a city which has taken on something of the aspect of Beirut, and which makes New York City look like Palo Alto, “celebrated” this summer’s (yes, basketball is now virtually a year-round game) victory by murdering a few of its citizens. Such are its “folkways”: like city, like team. Except, of course, the Pistons don’t actually play in Detroit, since any sports arena there would soon get to look like Dresden, 1945.

In sports as everywhere else in our culture, however, official opinion is dominated by media experts, and these experts exalt the “great defense” of the Pistons, who keep all of their opponents below 90 points a game. What’s so great about low scoring? The “great defense” is, of course, accomplished by thuggery: by physically preventing the offense of the other team from shooting. And that has been accomplished by the referees losing their nerve over the years, and failing to crack down and penalize hooliganism. Basketball, unlike football or boxing, is sport. In fact, in order to keep the highly-paid thugs in the game, the solons are now moving to change the rules so that one cannot foul out which will be a disaster.

To be specific, Michael “Air” Jordan is far and away the greatest basketball player today, and in a just basketball order his Chicago Bulls would have won the championship for the past two years, and future teams would attempt to emulate Jordan rather than the muggers from Detroit.

D-e-e-fense is also what everyone saw—and scoffed at—in this year’s World Cup soccer. Since the media critics have no emotional or economic ties to professional soccer, they were free to vent their spleens at the boring, low-scoring game that is inexplicably beloved in the rest of the world. Being diffuse and scattered, soccer play is inherently tedious at best, but few people realize that soccer is much more defensive, and hence monotonous, than it was in the days of my youth. (Yes, I played compulsory soccer in high school, and definitely managed, soccer being the game it is, to stay out of the action all of the time while pretending to be an eager participant. In those antediluvian days, soccer had five forwards, and only two full-backs, and the result was a relatively high-scoring game (say 5–4, instead of 1–1). Then the defense took over, there are only a couple of forwards, and everyone else spends the game huddling in front of their goal, so that scoring has almost become a

lost art. A one-goal lead becomes virtually insurmountable. Yecch! Two basic rule changes are needed to salvage soccer: (a) eliminating the “off-sides” rule, which prevents anyone from starting to dribble the ball unless at least two defenders are in front of you; and (b) imposing a strict maximum on the number of defenders who can be in the back third of the field.

Fortunately, there is hope. Pro football has been moving in the opposite direction, favoring the offense. Let the purists bewail the loss of the “good old days” of the slow, crunching offense and defense, of the Green Bay Packers, and the subsequent low scoring. The last couple of decades have seen the triumph of the quarterback and the forward pass: and hence, a satisfyingly explosive and high-scoring offense. This year, a new and even more offense-oriented strategy, the “run-and-shoot,” is coming to the fore. A creation of the legendary coach, Mouse Davis, the “run-and-shoot” is highly forward-pass-oriented, putting no less than four wide-receivers (pass-catchers) plus only one running back on the team, so that every play is either a pass or a fake-pass (the “draw”). Not only that—and here the strategy relies on the brightness and quickness of the quarterback and the four receivers—every play is an “option play.” In contrast to orthodox strategies where the coach spells out the precise details of each play in advance, the five key players react quickly and on the spot to whatever defense is put up against them.

In his illuminating article on the “run and shoot,” Bob Oates writes that most football observers and coaches “instinctively abhor it. To NFL traditionalists, football is a game of muscle and power. They distrust the run-and-shoot because it is a game of mind and finesse.” (Bob Oates, “The Mouse is Roaring,” *Los Angeles Times*, Sept. 3, 1990. Also see Thomas George, “See How They Run and Shoot,” *New York Times*, Sept. 2, 1990)

This fall may tell the tale. Mouse Davis is the offense coordinator for the Detroit Lions. And several other NFL teams will be stressing run-and-shoot; the Houston Oilers, the Atlanta Falcons, and the Seattle Seahawks. If these teams do well the entire league may throw in the towel and move to run-and-shoot. ■

THE RIGHT TO KILL, WITH DIGNITY?

July 1991

For a long time now we have been subjected to a barrage of pro-death propaganda by left-liberals, and by their cheering squad, left, or modal, Libertarians. The “right to die,” the “right to die with dignity” (whatever that means), the right to get someone to assist you in suicide, the “right to euthanasia,” etc. Up till now, left-liberals have at least

appeared to be scrupulous in stressing the crucial importance of consent by the killed victim, because *otherwise* the right to die with dignity looks very much like the right to commit murder. For what is compulsory euthanasia but murder, pure and simple?

But now the mask has begun to slip. One of the great enthusiasms of the right-to-die forces has long been the Living Will, in which the prospective candidate for euthanasia signs a form requesting his family, medical authorities, etc., to pull the plug under specified conditions. I have long been queasy about the consensual bona fides of the right-to-diers and have wondered what would happen if somebody wrote a Living Will that was spunky instead of spineless, that insistently favored his own life as against his death.

Now we know, and the answer to say the least, is not good. Helga Wanglie, an elderly lady in Minneapolis, wrote a Living Will, but she opted for being kept alive if she lapsed into a vegetative state. Now 87, she is indeed in such a state, and her husband, respecting Helga's wishes in realizing that only while there is life can there be hope, is anxious to respect Helga's wishes and keep her alive. Note, too, that Helga's medical cost is being covered privately, by private health insurance; Helga is no burden on the taxpayer.

So what's the problem? The problem is that the medical authorities, in their wisdom, have decided that since Helga's case is hopeless, they should have the right to pull the plug, overriding the wishes of Helga on this issue. But what are the medical authorities, whose very profession pledges them to keep patients alive to the best of their ability, advocating here if it is not mere murder? The Minnesota doctors having decided that Helga Wanglie is not fit to live, propose to murder her, and they, and other liberals, are sneering at the Wanglies for being backward Neanderthals in trying to affirm her life. Will somebody explain to me how this attitude differs from that of Nazi doctors, with their zeal to exterminate people whose lives they considered unfit?

The right to kill seems to be the established medical position. Thus, Minnesota "medical ethicist" Dr. Steven Miles: "We are certain this person cannot change from her present condition. Shouldn't we be making sure that we're responsible in allocating the resources...to keep costs down for everybody?" Notice the paramount consideration given to the collective "we," with individuals not allowed to decide their own costs, and with the Doctor, long professionally accustomed to playing God, now playing Satan.

Maryland University professor Oliver Childs declaims, "Despite the feelings of the family...the final decision should be made by the medical authorities. Prolonging life creates a burden on family and friends...It can also be very expensive." Expenses which the burdened family is not to be allowed to shoulder.

No social-medical problem is complete without a pronouncement from neoconservative medical economist Harry Schwartz, for three decades an

editorial writer for the *New York Times*. Schwartz sneers at the “values of individual autonomy and the sanctity of human life” which have to give way to more important values, such as that health resources are limited, and that health care must be allocated rationally. Schwartz is nothing if not hard-nosed: “the harsh truth is that most of these people will never wake up. So, the basic problem is why we let so many vegetables receive useless care for so long.” The problem, opines Schwartz, is that our health insurance systems, private as well as public, are “too mindlessly generous.” Schwartz concludes: “The time to end this idiocy is now.” (*USA Today*, May 30)

Our final specimen is Derek Humphry, head of the Hemlock Society, the most venerable of the right to suicide groups, and careful up to now to stress consent. Where does *he* stand on the case of Helga Wanglie? Humphry begins by saying that patients “should always have the right of choice to live or die,” and if they are in a persistent vegetative state, their families should decide. OK, so what about Helga Wanglie? Here is Humphry’s new and contradictory position: “If overwhelming medical opinion says treatment is pointless, courts should arbitrate disputes between doctors and families.” Now just a minute, where do *courts* get the right to decide life or death? Does government have more of a right to commit murder than doctors, or what? And on what principles are the courts supposed to decide that “arbitration”?

No, the mask is off, and Doctor Assisted Death and Mr. Liberal Death With Dignity, and all the rest of the crew turn out to be simply Doctor and Mister Murder. Watch out Mr. and Ms. America: liberal humanists, lay and medical, are not only out to regulate your lives, and to fleece your wallets and pocketbooks. They’re out to kill you! Libertarians, as embodied in the sainted “Nolan Chart,” have always assumed that conservatives are in favor of economic liberty, whereas liberals are in favor of civil, or personal liberty. *This is* “personal liberty”?

The excuses of these killers is that far more important than prolonging life is the “quality of life.” But what if a key part of preserving and enhancing that quality is getting rid of this crew of murdering liberals, people whom Isabel Paterson, with wonderful perception and prophetic insight termed “the humanitarian with the guillotine”? What then? So where do we sign up to assist *their* death? ■

WICHITA JUSTICE? ON DENATIONALIZING THE COURTS

October 1991

One baleful feature of American political debate is its trivialization by the mass-dominated and left-liberal media. The media, and the American public, seem to be incapable of keeping more than one issue in their noodle. And so the only issue that anyone talks about in the Wichita Operation Rescue case is abortion, whether one is pro or con abortion rights. And since the media are almost totally pro-choice, we then have inevitable personalization of the issue: in this case, the grandstanding white-haired Judge Patrick Kelly, a supposedly heroic Irish-Cherokee Catholic, willing and eager to rise above his religion to obey the 1973 (*Roe v. Wade*) Supreme Court version of the Constitution. The media, anxious to clear Operation Rescue of any “higher law” connection with their beloved civil rights disobedients of the 1960s, claim that the civil righters were violating the law in behalf of “constitutional rights” whereas the Operation Rescuers are defying such rights. Well, it all depends which, or whose, Supreme Court you’re talking about. In the days of the Founding Fathers, no one believed that the Supreme Court, much less the Court on any given day, always spoke the last word on the Constitution. Every public official, indeed, almost every person, had his own view of constitutionality and was willing to battle for it. No one proposed to leave such vital matters up to nine oligarchic hacks in Washington.

Humphrey Democrat John Kelly, leftist Harvard constitutional lawyer Lawrence Tribe, and many others profess their outrage at the Department of Justice’s weighing in against Kelly’s injunction against Operation Rescue, and his calling out the federal marshals to enforce that order. They accuse the D.J. of being “legalistic.” Perhaps. But in its legalism the Department of Justice has raised a vitally important issue, one overlooked by all sides eager to slug it out on the abortion fray. This may indeed be a “legalistic” issue, but it is no less a vital one, especially *since* the legal question of when any particular organization or institution may use violence is the very heart of libertarian political theory.

To put it bluntly, I am firmly pro-choice, and here I agree with most libertarians. But, and I particularly direct this question to fellow pro-choicers: *which institution* is entitled to protect abortion rights? To put it another way: most libertarians, including myself, are strongly opposed to foreign intervention and to world government. But in that case, would you favor the United States, or what is very similar, the United Nations dominated by the United States, sending troops into Communist China to prevent them from engaging in compulsory abortions? The point is that just because an institution proposes to do something that libertarians

agree with, must not automatically mean that we should favor such power. For we are strongly opposed to foreign intervention or world government to impose human rights, even libertarian rights, on some foreign country. We believe that each nation should work out its own destiny.

But in that case, where is it written that the swollen United States imperium must inexorably be treated as one unitary country, with one army, one set of courts and police, etc.? On the contrary, one of the great imperatives of our time is the decentralization of the swollen Great Powers, and in particular the decentralization, and denationalization of the U.S. imperium. As libertarians, and as paleos, we must strive to roll back the monstrous centralization that has increasingly afflicted us since the Civil War. And that means to denationalize the court system. We must return to the radical Jeffersonian view of the U.S. government and hence of the federal courts. That is, to watch with deep suspicion any attempt to aggrandize its power and reduce the rights and powers of the states. And yet that aggrandizement has been one of the main features of this century.

In contrast, to say, France or the United Kingdom, we possess, in the heritage of the U.S. Constitution, a powerful instrument to take up the cudgels of the grand old cause of denationalization and the devolution of the federal government into the states and localities. Libertarians have always, and correctly, been strong on the great libertarian Ninth Amendment to the Constitution. But it is time to realize that we must also take up the old paleoconservative cause of the Tenth Amendment, the decentralization aspect of the Bill of Rights.

Let us take specifically the Wichita case. It is clear in our Constitutional heritage that the “police power” in this country belongs only to the state and local governments, and in no sense to the federal government. There is and should be no federal police in the United States, although we unfortunately have the FBI as an approach to such a power. Therefore, the power to defend, say, the Wichita abortion clinic belongs solely to the state of Kansas. The federal courts should not have a darn thing to say about it. If I were a Kansan, I would be calling upon the Wichita authorities or the Kansas state police to devote more resources to defending the Wichita abortion clinic. But I am not a Kansan, and Judge Patrick Kelly, in his capacity not as a Kansan but as a federal judge, has no proper jurisdiction in this case. All the rest of us, non-Kansans and feds, should butt out. Decentralization and denationalization must mean that we come to look upon any use of force by Washington, D.C., or by federal marshals against Kansas as just as illegitimate as the use of force by Washington against Romania or Kuwait. The slogan here should be “U.S. Out of Kansas,” or “Kansas for the Kansans”; let the Kansans settle their own affairs.

But what of the beloved precedents? What of President Eisenhower sending federal troops to Little Rock? The answer is that he shouldn't have done it. Schools, like police, are purely a state jurisdiction, and are no proper

concern of the federal government, in that case, of non-Arkansans. And what of the old federal “anti-Ku Klux Klan law” of the 1870s which Judge Kelly invoked to send in federal marshals? In the first place, this was a Reconstruction Era law which itself was a period when the Constitution was systematically violated and states’ rights trampled on. It is an obsolete law that should be repealed rather than invoked. And secondly, the law was ostensibly designed to move against the KKK “crossing state lines” to harass blacks—a flimsy excuse to bring in federal jurisdiction.

No; libertarians should no longer be complacent about centralization and national jurisdiction—the equivalent of foreign intervention or of reaching for global dictatorship. Kansans henceforth should take their chances in Kansas; Nevadans in Nevada, etc. And if women find that abortion clinics are not defended in Kansas, they can travel to New York or Nevada or many other states where abortion rights are more in tune with local sentiment. But then, of course, there is the inevitable retort—the exact same retort that is made to pro-choicers such as myself who are also strongly opposed to government funding of abortions: what are poor women who want abortions going to do? But this argument from the poor has nothing to do with abortion; it is a way for leftists and egalitarians to sneak in a plea for total socialization of all consumption. After all, how can poor men or women afford *anything*, whether it be food, clothing, or TV sets? The left-liberal plea for free abortion on demand is tantamount to a plea for the free supply of *everything* on demand—all to be supplied by the hapless and exploited taxpayer. ■

THE J.F.K. FLAP

May 1992

The most fascinating thing about *JFK*, as exciting and well-done as it is, is not the movie itself but the hysterical attempt to marginalize, if not to suppress it. How many movies can you remember where the *entire* Establishment, in serried ranks, from left (*The Nation*) through Center to Right, joined together as one in a frantic orgy of calumny and denunciation. *Time* and *Newsweek* actually doing so *before* the movie came out? Apparently, so fearful was the Establishment that the Oliver Stone movie might prove convincing that the public had to be thoroughly inoculated in advance. It was a remarkable performance by the media, and it demonstrates, as nothing else, the enormous and growing gap between Respectable Media opinion and what the public Knows in its Heart.

You would think from the shock of the Respectable Media, that Stone's *JFK* was totally outlandish, off-the-wall, monstrous and fanciful in its accusations against the American power structure. And you would think that historical films never engaged in dramatic license, as if such solemnly hailed garbage as *Wilson* and *Sunrise at Campobello* had been models of scholarly precision. Hey, come off it guys!

Despite the fuss and feathers, to veteran Kennedy Assassination buffs, there was nothing new in *JFK*. What Stone does is to summarize admirably the best of a veritable industry of assassination revisionism—of literally scores of books, articles, tapes, annual conventions, and archival research. Stone himself is quite knowledgeable in the area, as shown by his devastating answer in the *Washington Post*, to the smears of the last surviving Warren Commission member, Gerald Ford, and the old Commission hack, David W. Belin. Despite the smears in the press, there was nothing outlandish in the movie. Interestingly enough, *JFK* has been lambasted much more furiously than was the first revisionist movie, Don Freed's *Executive Action* (1973), an exciting film with Robert Ryan and Will Geer, which actually *did* go way beyond the evidence, and beyond plausibility, by trying to make an H.L. Hunt figure the main conspirator.

The evidence is now overwhelming that the orthodox Warren legend, that Oswald did it and did it alone, is pure fabrication. It now seems clear that Kennedy died in a classic military triangulation hit, that, as Parkland Memorial autopsy pathologist Dr. Charles Crenshaw has very recently affirmed, the fatal shots were fired from in front, from the grassy knoll, and that the conspirators were, at the very least, the right-wing of the CIA, joined by its long-time associates and employees, the Mafia. It is less well established that President Johnson himself was in on the original hit, though he obviously conducted the coordinated cover-up, but certainly his involvement is highly plausible.

The last-ditch defenders of the Warren view cannot refute the details, so they always fall back on generalized vaporings, such as: "How could *all* the government be in on it?" But since Watergate, we have all become familiar with the basic fact: only a few key people need be in on the original crime, while lots of high and low government officials can be in on the subsequent cover-up, which can always be justified as "patriotic," on "national security" grounds, or simply because the president ordered it. The fact that the highest levels of the U.S. government are all-too capable of lying to the public, should have been clear since Watergate and Iran-Contra. The final fallback argument, getting less plausible all the time is: if the Warren case isn't true, why hasn't the truth come out by this time? The fact is, however, that the truth *has* largely come out, in the assassination industry, from books—some of them best-sellers—by Mark Lane, David Lifton, Peter Dale Scott, Jim Marrs, and many others, but the Respectable Media pay no attention. With that sort of mindset, that stubborn refusal to face reality, no

truth can ever come out. And yet, despite this blackout, because books, local TV and radio, magazine articles, supermarket tabloids, etc. can't be suppressed—but only ignored—by the Respectable Media, we have the remarkable result that the great majority of the public, in all the polls, strongly disbelieve the Warren legend. Hence, the frantic attempts of the Establishment to suppress as gripping and convincing a film as Stone's *JFK*.

Conservatives, as well as centrists, are smearing *JFK* because Stone is a notorious leftist. Well, so what? It is not simply that the ideology of the teller has no logical bearing on the truth of the tale. The case is stronger than that. For in a day when the Moderate Left to Moderate Right constitute an increasingly monolithic Establishment, with only nuanced variations among them, we can only get the truth from people outside the Establishment, either on the far right or far left, or even from the highly non-respectable supermarket tabloids. And it is no accident that it is an open secret that the heroic "Deep Throat" figure in *JFK* is Colonel Fletcher Prouty, who is certainly no leftist. And one of the outstanding Revisionist writers is the long-time libertarian Carl Oglesby.

One particularly welcome aspect of *JFK*, by the way, is its making Jim Garrison the central heroic figure. Garrison, one of the most viciously smeared figures in modern political history, was simply a district attorney trying to do his job in the most important criminal case of our time. Kevin Costner's expressionless style fits in well with the Garrison role, and Tommy Lee Jones is outstanding as the evil CIA-businessman conspirator Clay Shaw.

All in all, a fine movie, for the history as well as the cinematics. There are some minor problems. It is unfortunate that the founding Kennedy Revisionist Mark Lane, felt that he had to leave the movie-making early, with the result that the film does not bring out the crucial testimony of Cuban ex-CIA agent Marita Lorenz, who has identified right-wing CIA operative E. Howard Hunt, Bill Buckley's pal and control in the CIA, as paymaster for the assassination. (See the brilliant new book by Lane, *Plausible Denial*.) According to Lane, heat from the CIA during the filming led Stone to underplay the CIA's role by spreading the blame a little too thickly to the rest of the Johnson administration.

As the case for revisionism piles up, there is evidence that some of the more sophisticated members of the Establishment are preparing to jettison the Warren legend, and fall back on an explanation less threatening than blaming E. Howard Hunt or the CIA: that is to lay blame solely on the Mafia, specifically on Sam Giancana, Johnny Roselli, and Jimmy Hoffa, none of whom are around to debate the issue. A convincing attack on the Mafia-only thesis was leveled by Carl Oglesby in his *Afterward to Jim Garrison's book of a few years back* (which formed one of the bases for *JFK*) *On the Trail of the Assassins*. The Mafia simply did not have the resources, for example, to change the route or call off military or Secret Service protection.

Many conservatives and libertarians will surely be irritated by one theme of the film: the old-fashioned view of Kennedy as the shining young prince of Camelot, the great hero about to redeem America who was chopped down in his prime by dark reactionary forces. *That* sort of attitude has long been discredited by a very different kind of Revisionism—as tales have come out about the sleazy Kennedy brothers, Judith Exner, Sam Giancana, Marilyn Monroe, et al. Well, OK, but look at it this way: a president *was* murdered, for heaven's sake, and good, bad, or indifferent, it is surely vital to get to the bottom of the conspiracy, and bring the villains to justice, if only at the bar of history. Let the chips fall where they may.

One happy result of the film was the conclusive Stoneian argument: if everything is on the up and up, why not open up all the secret government files on the assassination? It looks as if the pressure for opening will win out, but once again, phony “national security” will prevail, so we won't get the *really* incriminating stuff. And some of the crucial material is long gone, e.g., the famed Kennedy brain, which mysteriously never made it into the National Archives. ■

BOBBY FISCHER: THE LYNCHING OF THE RETURNING HERO

October 1992

Twenty years ago, Bobby Fischer was the hero of the American media. A remarkable chess prodigy and genius, Bobby surmounted a concerted attempt by the dominant Soviet grandmasters to keep him out of the world championship. His defeat of then champion, Soviet grandmaster Boris Spassky, at the match at Reykjavik was the toast of the world; here was the first American chess player to become the best in the world. Fischer's victory revived chess in the U.S. and across the globe, and succeeded in making tourneys a big business.

Bobby was an eccentric, but many geniuses are eccentric, and virtually every top chess player shares that quality. As in the case of many geniuses, Bobby made many demands of officials around him, in his case tournament directors; from a distance, the demands seemed picky and a little batty. His demands not being met, Bobby retired from world chess, and has not played in public for seventeen years. Now, lured by a multi-million dollar gate guaranteed by a Yugoslav businessman, Bobby, still maintaining that he is undefeated world champion, agreed to play his old rival Spassky, the first ten-game winner to be declared the victor.

One would think that the media would hail the return of the colorful, charismatic, and memorable Bobby. Americans, after all, are sentimental and love “Comeback Kids,” as Slick Willie has realized. And yet, oddly enough, Bobby’s return has been greeted with a stream of frenetic and hysterical abuse by the once-admiring media, the Smear Brigade being led by such Respectable organs as the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, the *Post* being particularly vicious. The other organs of opinion duly followed the line set down by the elites.

Let us note some of the common charges.

One: Bobby is “paranoid,” having charged that the Soviet grandmasters delayed his championship for a decade by conspiring to draw against each other, saving all their ammunition to turn against him. And yet, years later, defecting Soviet grandmaster Victor Korchnoi backed up Bobby’s “paranoid” charges to the hilt.

Two: Bobby makes excessive, trivial, and loony demands of tournament directors. And yet, virtually all of these supposedly wacko demands have now been adopted, and chess experts have begun to see their merits. For example: It was Bobby’s correct charges of Soviet conspiracy that forced the international chess authorities to change the way they pick championship contenders, turning from tournaments (where deliberate draws can be concocted) to one-on-one matches, where such conspiracies cannot take place. Bobby has also pioneered in changing tournament time clocks, to guard against being rushed to beat the time clock. This innovation showed a principled regard for the good of the game, since one of Bobby’s attributes as a chess player is that he himself was virtually never in time trouble.

Three: Bobby, now 50, is older and fatter and balder than he was as a gangling youth twenty and more years ago. Well, gee, that’s a helluva charge: tell me, guys, who *isn’t* older and fatter and balder twenty years later?

Four: Bobby *must* be a nut, since he lived as a “recluse” for these lapsed seventeen years. Well, being a “recluse” is often in the eye of the beholder. In Bobby’s case, it seems to mean guarding his privacy against the prying of the barracuda press. Is it really nutty, for a celebrity to want the press to leave him alone?

Five: The writer in the *Washington Post*, who reached the acme of frenzy in denouncing poor Bobby, noted that since Bobby is in violation of the absurd UN “sanctions” against Yugoslavia, his “dealing with the enemy” Serbs by playing chess could subject Bobby to a large fine and ten years in jail. For playing chess?! The *Post* writer declared that prison for Bobby wouldn’t be bad, since it would compare favorably with the residential motels in Pasadena where Bobby has been living for the past two decades. I’m sure this writer is one of these guys bleeding with compassion for the “homeless.” How would his fans like it if he said that jail is fine for the homeless, since jail is better than living on the streets? If the *Post* guy would never make such an “insensitive” statement, does he really think that living in cheap motels is worse than being homeless?

Six: Bobby is now accompanied by an 18-year-old Hungarian girlfriend, a fellow tournament chess player who thinks Bobby is the greatest. Fischer has actually been denounced for having a young girlfriend, by people who liken this fact to the Woody Allen case of quasi-incest!

So why the unfair and out-of-line hysteria about Bobby? Well, it turns out that Bobby, an independent thinker in other fields than chess is definitely not Politically Correct. Apparently, even chess players are not allowed to stray beyond the narrow bounds of PC without being severely punished. When asked about the “sanctions” against him, Bobby heroically pulled out a letter from the U.S. Treasury, warning him that if he went through with the match, he would be violating UN sanctions and subject to fine and imprisonment. Bobby met this challenge by heroically spitting on the Treasury letter, and declaring that he doesn’t recognize the sovereignty of the United Nations in fact, that the world would be a lot better without the UN. Bobby then magnified his deviation from the accepted norm by denouncing Zionism as racism, and declaring that “Bolshevism is a mask for Judaism.” The stunned journalist pointed out that, as a lad born in Brooklyn of Jewish descent, Fischer is himself a Jew under “Jewish law” because his mother is Jewish. One wonders why the supposedly secular American press treats “Jewish law” as if it were the law of the land; would they accord the same reverence to, say, Muslim law?

So we are faced with the important question: are we going to insist that successful people in every walk of life, in order to maintain their positions, will have to sign on to the entire barrage of political correctness? Before we honor or consult a dentist, an actor, an astronomer, a baseball pitcher, a composer, are we going to run them through the gauntlet of p.c., quiz them unmercifully, and make sure that every one of them is sound on the Jewish, black, gay, Hispanic, disabled, animal rights, and dozens of other issues of the day? Are we going to fit everyone, regardless of occupation, to the Procrustean bed? How far are we going to forge the chains of totalitarianism in our society?

Are we going to have say, metaphorically, and even literally if he is nabbed for “violation of sanctions”: Free Bobby Fischer and All Political Prisoners?! ■

FLUORIDATION REVISITED

January 1993

Yes, I confess: I’m a veteran anti-fluoridationist, thereby—not for the first time—risking placing myself in the camp of “right-wing kooks and fanatics.” It has always been a bit of mystery to

me why left-environmentalists, who shriek in horror at a bit of Alar on apples, who cry “cancer” even more absurdly than the boy cried “Wolf,” who hate every chemical additive known to man, still cast their benign approval upon fluoride, a highly toxic and probably carcinogenic substance. And not only let fluoride emissions off the hook, but endorse uncritically the massive and continuing dumping of fluoride into the nation’s water supply.

First: the generalized case for and against fluoridation of water. The case for is almost incredibly thin, boiling down to the alleged fact of substantial reductions in dental cavities in kids aged 5 to 9. *Period. There are no claimed benefits for anyone older than nine!* For this the entire adult population of a fluoridated area must be subjected to mass medication!

The case against, even apart from the specific evils of fluoride, is powerful and overwhelming.

(1) Compulsory mass medication is medically evil, as well as socialistic. It is starkly clear that one key to any medication is *control of the dose*; different people, at different stages of risk, need individual dosages tailored to their needs. And yet with water compulsorily fluoridated, the dose applies to everyone, and is necessarily proportionate to the amount of water one drinks.

What is the medical justification for a guy who drinks ten glasses of water a day receiving ten times the fluorine dose of a guy who drinks only one glass? The whole process is monstrous as well as idiotic.

(2) Adults, in fact children over nine, get no benefits from their compulsory medication, yet they imbibe fluorides proportionately to their water intake.

(3) Studies have shown that while kids 5 to 9 may have their cavities reduced by fluoridation, said kids ages 9 to 12 have *more* cavities, so that after 12 the cavity benefits disappear. So that, *at best*, the question boils down to: are we to subject ourselves to the possible dangers of fluoridation *solely* to save dentists the irritation of dealing with squirming kids aged 5 to 9?

(4) Any parents who want to give their kids the dubious benefits of fluoridation can do so *individually*: by giving their kids fluoride pills, with doses regulated instead of haphazardly proportionate to the kids’ thirst; and/or, as we all know, they can brush their teeth with fluoride-added toothpaste. How about freedom of individual choice?

(5) Let us not omit the long-suffering taxpayer, who has to pay for the hundreds of thousands of tons of fluorides poured into the nation’s socialized water supply every year. The days of private water companies, once flourishing in the U.S., are long gone, although the market, in recent years, has popped up in the form of increasingly popular private bottled water even though far more expensive than socialized free water.

Nothing loony or kooky about any of these arguments, is there? So much for the general case pro and con fluoridation. When we get to the

specific ills of fluoridation, the case against becomes even more overpowering, as well as grisly.

During the 1940s and 50s, when the successful push for fluoridation was underway, the pro-forces touted the controlled experiment of Newburgh and Kingston, two neighboring small cities in upstate New York, with much the same demographics. Newburgh had been fluoridated and Kingston had not, and the powerful pro-fluoridation Establishment trumpeted the fact that ten years later, dental cavities in kids 5 to 9 in Newburgh were considerably lower than in Kingston (originally, the rates of every disease had been about the same in the two places). OK, but the antis raising the disquieting fact that, after ten years, both the cancer and the heart disease rates were now significantly higher in Newburgh. How did the Establishment treat this criticism? By dismissing it as *irrelevant*, as kooky scare tactics. Oh?

Why were these and later problems and charges ignored and overridden, and why the rush to judgment to inflict fluoridation on America? Who was behind this drive, and how did the opponents acquire the “right-wing kook” image?

THE DRIVE FOR FLUORIDATION

The official drive began abruptly just before the end of World War II, pushed by the U.S. Public Health Service, then in the Treasury Department. In 1945, the federal government selected two Michigan cities to conduct an official “15-year” study; one city, Grand Rapids, was fluoridated, a control city was left unfluoridated. (I am indebted to a recent revisionist article on fluoridation by the medical writer Joel Griffiths, in the left-wing muckraking journal *Covert Action Information Bulletin*: “Fluoride: Commie Plot or Capitalist Ploy?” [Fall 1992], pp. 26–28, 63–66.) Yet, before five years were up, the government killed its own “scientific study,” by fluoridating the water in the second city in Michigan. Why? Under the excuse that its action was caused by “popular demand” for fluoridation; as we shall see, the “popular demand” was generated by the government and the Establishment itself. Indeed, as early as 1946, under the federal campaign, six American cities fluoridated their water, and 87 more joined the bandwagon by 1950.

A key figure in the successful drive for fluoridation was Oscar R. Ewing, who was appointed by President Truman in 1947 as head of the Federal Security Agency, which encompassed the Public Health Service (PHS), and which later blossomed into our beloved Cabinet office of Health, Education, and Welfare. One reason for the left’s backing of fluoridation—in addition to its being socialized medicine and mass medication, for them a good in itself—was that Ewing was a certified Truman Fair Dealer and leftist, and avowed proponent of socialized medicine, a high official in the then-powerful Americans for Democratic Action, the nation’s central organization of “anti-Communist liberals” (read: Social Democrats or Mensheviks). Ewing

mobilized not only the respectable left but also the Establishment Center. The powerful drive for compulsory fluoridation was spearheaded by the PHS, which soon mobilized the nation's establishment organizations of dentists and physicians.

The mobilization, the national clamor for fluoridation, and the stamping of opponents with the right-wing kook image, was all generated by the public relations man hired by Oscar Ewing to direct the drive. For Ewing hired none other than Edward L. Bernays, the man with the dubious honor of being called the "father of public relations." Bernays, the nephew of Sigmund Freud, was called "The Original Spin Doctor" in an admiring article in the *Washington Post* on the occasion of the old manipulator's 100th birthday in late 1991. The fact that right-wing groups such as the John Birch Society correctly called fluoridation "creeping socialism" and blamed Soviet Communism as the source of the fluoridation campaign (no, not *Bolsheviks*, guys: but a Menshevik-State Capitalist alliance, see below) was used by the Bernaysians to discredit all the opposition.

As a retrospective scientific article pointed out about the fluoridation movement, one of its widely distributed dossiers listed opponents of fluoridation "in alphabetical order reputable scientists, convicted felons, food faddists, scientific organizations, and the Ku Klux Klan." (Bette Hileman, "Fluoridation of Water," *Chemical and Engineering News* 66 [August 1, 1988], p. 37; quoted in Griffiths, p. 63) In his 1928 book *Propaganda*, Bernays laid bare the devices he would use: Speaking of the "mechanism which controls the public mind," which people like himself could manipulate, Bernays added that "Those who manipulate the unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country...our minds are molded, our tastes formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of..." And the process of manipulating leaders of groups, "either with or without their conscious cooperation," will "automatically influence" the members of such groups.

In describing his practices as PR man for Beech-Nut Bacon, Bernays tells how he would suggest to physicians to say publicly that "it is wholesome to eat bacon." For, Bernays added, he "knows as a mathematical certainty that large numbers of persons will follow the advice of their doctors because he (the PR man) understands the psychological relationship of dependence of men on their physicians." (Edward L. Bernays, *Propaganda* [New York: Liveright, 1928], pp. 9, 18, 49, 53. Quoted in Griffiths, p.63) Add "dentists" to the equation, and substitute "fluoride" for "bacon," and we have the essence of the Bernays propaganda campaign.

Before the Bernays campaign, fluoride was largely known in the public mind as the chief ingredient of bug and rat poison; after the campaign, it was widely hailed as a safe provider of healthy teeth and gleaming smiles.

After the 1950s, it was all mopping up—the fluoridation forces had triumphed, and two-thirds of the nation's reservoirs were fluoridated.

There are still benighted areas of the country left however (California is less than 16 percent fluoridated) and the goal of the federal government and its PHS remains as “universal fluoridation.”

DOUBTS CUMULATE

Despite the blitzkrieg victory, however, doubts have surfaced and gathered in the scientific community. Fluoride is a non-biodegradable substance, which, in people, accumulates in teeth and bone—perhaps strengthening kiddies’ teeth; but what about human bones? Two crucial bone problems of fluorides—brittleness and cancer—began to appear in studies, only to be systematically blocked by governmental agencies. As early as 1956, a federal study found nearly twice as many premalignant bone defects in young males in Newbergh as in unfluoridated Kingston; but this finding was quickly dismissed as “spurious.”

Oddly enough, despite the 1956 study and carcinogenic evidence popping up since the 1940s, the federal government never conducted its own beloved animal carcinogenicity test on fluorides. Finally, in 1975, biochemist John Yiamouyiannis and Dean Berk, a retired official of the federal government’s own National Cancer Institute (NCI), presented a paper before the annual meeting of the American Society of Biological Chemists. The paper reported a 5 to 10 percent increase in total cancer rates in those U.S. cities which had fluoridated their water. The findings were disputed, but triggered congressional hearings two years later, where the government revealed to shocked Congressmen that it had never tested fluoride for cancer. Congress ordered the NCI to conduct such tests.

Talk about foot-dragging! Incredibly, it took the NCI twelve years to finish its tests, finding “equivocal evidence” that fluoride caused bone cancer in male rats. Under further direction of Congress, the NCI studied cancer trends in the U.S., and found nationwide evidence of “a rising rate of bone and joint cancer at all ages,” especially in youth, in counties that had fluoridated their water, but no such rise was seen in “non-fluoridated” counties.

In more detailed studies, for areas of Washington state and Iowa, NCI found that from the 1970s to the 1980s bone cancer for males under 20 had increased by 70 percent in the fluoridated areas of these states, but had *decreased* by 4 percent in the non-fluoridated areas. Sounds pretty conclusive to me, but the NCI set some fancy statisticians to work on the data, to conclude that these findings, too, were “spurious.” Dispute over this report drove the federal government to one of its favorite ploys in virtually every area: the allegedly expert, bipartisan, “value-free” commission.

The government had already done the commission bit in 1983, when disturbing studies on fluoridation drove our old friend the PHS to form a commission of “world-class experts” to review safety data on fluorides in water. Interestingly, the panel found to its grave concern that most of the

alleged evidence of fluoride's safety scarcely existed. The 1983 panel recommended caution on fluoride exposure for children. Interestingly, the panel strongly recommended that the fluoride content of drinking water be no greater than two parts per million for children up to nine, because of worries about the fluoride effect on children's skeletons, and potential heart damage.

The chairman of the panel, Jay R. Shapiro of the National Institute of Health, warned the members, however, that the PHS might "modify" the findings, since "the report deals with sensitive political issues." Sure enough, when Surgeon General Everett Koop released the official report a month later, the federal government had thrown out the panel's most important conclusions and recommendations, without consulting the panel. Indeed, the panel never received copies of the final, doctored, version. The government's alterations were all in a pro-fluoride direction, claiming that there was no "scientific documentation" of any problems at fluoride levels below 8 parts per million.

In addition to the bone cancer studies for the late 1980s, evidence is piling up that fluorides lead to bone fractures. In the past two years, no less than eight epidemiological studies have indicated the fluoridation has increased the rate of bone fractures in males and females of all ages. Indeed, since 1957, the bone fracture rate among male youth has increased sharply in the United States, and the U.S. hip fracture rate is now the highest in the world. In fact, a study in the traditionally pro-fluoride *Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA)*, August 12, 1992, found that even "low levels of fluoride may increase the risk of hip fracture in the elderly." *JAMA* concluded that "it is now appropriate to revisit the issue of water fluoridation."

Clearly, it was high time for another federal commission. During 1990–91, a new commission, chaired by veteran PHS official and long-time pro-fluoridationist Frank E. Young, predictably concluded that "no evidence" was found associating fluoride and cancer. On bone fractures, the commission blandly stated that "further studies are required." But no further studies or soul-searching were needed for its conclusion: "The U.S. Public Health Service should continue to support optimal fluoridation of drinking water." Presumably, they did not conclude that "optimal" meant zero.

Despite the Young whitewash, doubts are piling up even within the federal government. James Huff, a director of the U.S. National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, concluded in 1992 that animals in the government's study developed cancer, especially bone cancer from being given fluoride—and there was nothing "equivocal" about his conclusion.

Various scientists for the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) have turned to anti-fluoridation, toxicologist William Marcus's warning that fluoride causes not just cancer, but also bone fractures, arthritis, and other disease. Marcus mentions, too, that an unreleased study by the New Jersey Health Department (a state where only 15 percent of the population is

fluoridated) shows that the bone cancer rate among young males is no less than six times higher in fluoridated than in non-fluoridated areas.

Even coming into question is the long-sacred idea that fluoridated water at least lowers cavities in children five to nine. Various top pro-fluoridationists highly touted for their expertise were suddenly and bitterly condemned when further study led them to the conclusion that the dental benefits are really negligible. New Zealand's most prominent pro-fluoridationist was the country's top dental officer, Dr. John Colquhoun.

As chairman of the Fluoridation Promotion Committee, Colquhoun decided to gather statistics to show doubters the great merits of fluoridation. To his shock, he found that the percentage of children free of dental decay was *higher* in the non-fluoridated part than in the fluoridated part of New Zealand. The national health department refused to allow Colquhoun to publish these findings, and kicked him out as dental director. Similarly, a top pro-fluoridationist in British Columbia, Canada, Richard G. Foulkes, concluded that fluoridation is not only dangerous, but that it is not even effective in reducing tooth decay. Foulkes was denounced by former colleagues as a propagandist "promoting the quackery of anti-fluoridationists."

WHY THE FLUORIDATION DRIVE?

Since the case for compulsory fluoridation is so flimsy, and the case against so overwhelming, the final step is to ask: why? Why did the Public Health Service get involved in the first place? How did this thing get started? Here we must keep our eye on the pivotal role of Oscar R. Ewing, for Ewing was far more than just a social democrat Fair Dealer.

Fluoride has long been recognized as one of the most toxic elements found in the earth's crust. Fluorides are by-products of many industrial processes, being emitted in the air and water, and probably the major source of this by-product is the aluminum industry. By the 1920s and 1930s, fluorine was increasingly being subject to lawsuits and regulations. In particular, by 1938 the important, relatively new aluminum industry was being placed on a wartime footing. What to do if its major by-product is a dangerous poison?

The time had come for damage control; even better, to reverse the public image of this menacing substance. The Public Health Service, remember was under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, and treasury secretary all during the 1920s and until 1931 was none other than billionaire Andrew J. Mellon, founder and head of the powerful Mellon interests, "Mr. Pittsburgh," and founder and virtual ruler of the Aluminum Corporation of America (ALCOA), the dominant firm in the aluminum industry.

In 1931, the PHS sent a dentist named H. Trendley Dean to the West to study the effects of concentrations of naturally fluoridated water on people's teeth. Dean found that towns high in natural fluoride seemed to have fewer cavities. This news galvanized various Mellon scientists into action. In

particular, the Mellon Institute, ALCOA's research lab in Pittsburgh, sponsored a study in which biochemist Gerald J. Cox fluoridated some lab rats, decided that cavities in those rats had been reduced and immediately concluded that "the case (that fluoride reduces cavities) should be regarded as proved." Instant science!

The following year, 1939, Cox, the ALCOA scientist working for a company beset by fluoride damage claims, made the first public proposal for mandatory fluoridation of water. Cox proceeded to stump the country urging fluoridation. Meanwhile, other ALCOA-funded scientists trumpeted the alleged safety of fluorides, in particular the Kettering Laboratory of the University of Cincinnati.

During World War II, damage claims for fluoride emissions piled up as expected, in proportion to the great expansion of aluminum production during the war. But attention from these claims was diverted, when, just before the end of the war, the PHS began to push hard for compulsory fluoridation of water. Thus the drive for compulsory fluoridation of water accomplished two goals in one shot: it transformed the image of fluorine from a curse to a blessing that will strengthen every kid's teeth, and it provided a steady and substantial monetary demand for fluorides to dump annually into the nation's water.

One interesting footnote to this story is that whereas fluorine in naturally fluoridated water comes in the form of *calcium* fluoride, the substance dumped into every locality is instead *sodium* fluoride. The Establishment defense that "fluoride is fluoride" becomes unconvincing when we consider two points: (a) calcium is notoriously good for bones and teeth, so the anti-cavity effect in naturally fluoridated water might well be due to the calcium and not the fluorine; and (b) sodium fluoride happens to be the major by-product of the manufacture of aluminum.

Which brings us to Oscar R. Ewing. Ewing arrived in Washington in 1946, shortly after the initial PHS push began, arriving there as long-time counsel, now chief counsel, for ALCOA, making what was then an astronomical legal fee of \$750,000 a year (something like \$7,000,000 a year in present dollars). A year later, Ewing took charge of the Federal Security Agency, which included the PHS, and waged the successful national drive for water fluoridation. After a few years, having succeeded in his campaign, Ewing stepped down from public service, and returned to private life, including his chief counselship of the Aluminum Corporation of America.

There is an instructive lesson in this little saga, a lesson how and why the Welfare State came to America. It came as an alliance of three major forces: ideological social democrats, ambitious technocratic bureaucrats, and Big Businessmen seeking privileges from the State. In the fluoridation saga, we might call the whole process "ALCOA-socialism." The Welfare State redounds to the welfare not of most of society but of these particular venal and exploitative groups. ■

NEVER SAY “JAP”!

February 1993

Poor Marge Schott! This lovably eccentric lady, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, is the latest American to fall victim to the piranhas of Political Correctness, Though-Police division. One slip, her blood is in the water, and the rest is only a grisly mopping-up operation.

Marge Schott's sin, so unforgivable as to be beyond redemption, was to use a few Incorrect Words and phrases. The fact that she committed these sins in private, and not even as the public television comments that brought down Al Campanis and Jimmy the Greek Snyder, apparently makes no difference. The Constitution may be held to guarantee the right of privacy in the bedroom, but never for Hate Thoughts. Then you're finished. Sports commentators, who lead the jackal pack, assert that a huge fine and suspension from baseball, would not be enough; apparently no punishment meted out to Marge would be sufficient. They are backed by such as Abraham Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation League, who has no known connection with baseball, but who chimed in that Marge had “tainted and sullied baseball.” How about this, fellas: How about a public drawing-and-quartering of Marge on TV, accompanied by “We Shall Overcome”? Would *that* be enough?

What terrible criminal deeds did Marge commit? She either agrees, or does not deny, that she has, on occasion, used the words: “nigger,” “Jap,” and, about certain people, “money-grubbing Jews.” She also acknowledged keeping a swastika armband in her drawer at home. And that's IT! Enough for capital punishment, right?

How did these terrible Hate Thoughts come to light? It seems that one Tim Sabo, who is neither black nor Jewish nor Japanese, was fired by Schott as the controller for the Cincinnati Reds. Sabo had the nerve to sue Schott for \$2.5 million—nerve because Ohio is, fortunately, an “at will” state that allows an employer to fire any employee as he sees fit. (And why not? Why should anyone have a legal obligation to pay money to anyone else for a service the former no longer wants?) The suit was thrown out of court, as surely Sabo's lawyers knew it would be. But, and here's the kicker, part of Sabo's suit claimed that one reason he was fired is because he disliked Marge's “racial and religious slurs.” Poor sensitive soul, ethnically altruist to the core!

Obviously, the idea was to bulldoze Marge Schott into settlement, on the threat that her Political Incorrectness would emerge from the deposition that she was forced to make to answer Sabo's vindictive charges. But, she didn't bite, and as a result, her deposition, by some magic process, hit the public media like a firestorm. Her blood was poured into the water.

Poor Marge never realized what her deposition would get her into. “Nigger” was a joke term, she said, and she vigorously denied calling two of

her players “million-dollar niggers,” because she admires and loves them. She denies being anti-Semitic, since one of her managers is Jewish and he “is like a son to me.” As for the swastika armband, she explained that she got it as a gift from one of her employees who had “taken it off a dead German” soldier during the war. As she explained: “It’s what they call, what, memorabilia? It’s no big deal. I keep it in a drawer with Christmas decorations.”

Poor Marge. All of these explanations, perfectly sensible as they are, would have been totally acceptable not too many years ago. Why aren’t ethnic slurs “joke terms,” especially if not made to the people involved? How indeed can one be anti-Semitic while having Jewish friends? Have no Jews ever been “money-grubbing”? And what’s wrong with keeping memorabilia of wartime? Do you mean to tell me that all those millions who have purchased virtually every book ever published about Hitler are all secret Nazis, worshiping the icons in private?

A final charge emerged during the process, as the bloodhounds descended upon Marge for interviews after her deposition was leaked to the press. Asked about Germany in the 1930s, where Marge’s family resided at the time, Marge opined: “Hitler was good in the beginning, but he went too far.” This statement is supposed to wrap it all up, and to warrant shipping her off to the guillotine. But after all, what’s so terrible about this sentence? Those who are unfortunately Keynesians might well state that Hitler, at the beginning, put the unemployed back to work, brought about prosperity, etc. And weren’t Hitler’s worst deeds committed in the latter part of his reign? It was during World War II that left-liberals at Columbia University told me that “we should learn from Hitler” about government planning of the economy.

There are, of course, no longer any “joke terms” that violate the increasingly rigid canons of Political Incorrectness. Left-liberals are a crew as *serioso* and humorless as Robespierre or some KGB administrator of a Gulag. The only “humor” permitted now is nasty insults directed at white Christian males.

Indeed, left-liberals have managed to redefine “obscenity,” urging taxpayers to subsidize art that used to be called obscene, while substituting a new category of the *Verboten*. In the late 1960s, a young libertarian graduate student, now a distinguished investment newsletter editor, formed the Filthy Speech Movement, an offshoot of the Free Speech Movement, at Berkeley. The height of his radicalism came when he challenged the obscenity law as follows: getting up in public in the outdoor political speech area on campus, and starting, slowly and portentously, uttering words on a spectrum of titillation, each one increasingly closer to the obscene. Finally, when he uttered a word that Went Too Far, he was hauled away by the *polizei* to the pokey. He had made his point about the silliness of words being a jailing offense.

So that’s what we should do with the new Hate words. Start, for example, with the French “*negre*” (for Negro). Then “Negro.” Still OK? Then “ni-gra.” And then, finally, the ultimate shiver: “nig-ger.” Oooh,

wow! Many years ago, the militant black comic Dick Gregory, taking his cue from Lenny Bruce, published a book entitled *Nigger*, explaining that anyone who used the word from then on was advertising his book. How about treating the whole trumped-up issue with humor?

But the most idiotic charge of all against poor Marge is that she habitually uses the word "Jap." As in: gifts that she had received from "the Japs" while touring Japan with some Reds players. As the *serioso* sports reporter Ira Berkow wrote wonderingly in a lengthy piece on Marge in the *New York Times* (Nov. 2), "she made the comment (about gifts from the "the Japs") without a seeming concern or understanding of its pejorative implications." Marge insisted that she didn't mean to insult the Japanese, that she loves and respects them. Berkow deserves to explain to us further; just *why* is "Japs" pejorative? Tell us, Ira.

Because here the PC brigade has Gone Too Far: they are interfering with a practice that every American stubbornly considers as his birthright: contraction. The American contracts: he doesn't say "Pep-si Co-la"; he says "Pepsi." He doesn't insist on "Bud-weiser," he says "Bud." And now he can't say "Jap"? You mean he has to dutifully say "Ja-pa-nese"? Rubbish. They'll never get away with it. On "Japs" they lose one.

Back to the Negro Question. The PC blacks have been leading us a merry chase for many decades. Every ten or twenty years we have to learn a new term, because the older one has suddenly become "racist" and "Uncle Tom." When I was growing up, the good people of my parents' generation all referred to them as "the colored." (I don't know what the Bad Guys, the racists, called them in those days, since I had never met one: perhaps, after all, "nigger.") But us younger progressives regarded "colored" as racist and Uncle Tom, for some reason that I've never grasped: we used the Good word "Negro." No sooner had "Negro" swept the boards, however, and "colored" been vanquished, when the radical blacks of the late 60s denounced the good old word "Negro" as racist and Uncle Tom and insisted on the word "black." (Although, oddly enough, in older decades, "black" was considered terribly racist and pejorative, referring as it did to *color*.) Finally, after a sharp but short fight, "black" was triumphant, and "Negro" sent to the brig, beyond the pale of civilized people.

From the point of view of the average American, the word "black" had a great advantage: it has only one syllable. But, a couple of years ago, the black leadership put their heads together and decided that "black" was now racist and Uncle Tom, and that the only satisfactory term is "African-American." No guys, no way. No way that a word of seven syllables "Af-ri-can A-mer-i-can" is going to replace a word of one syllable. Never. There are still some verities that the average American holds to with great firmness; and contracting syllables is one of them.

I see signs on the horizon that "African-American" might already be obsolete, and that a new phrase is coming onto the horizon. Get this, it's:

“people of color.” So: after a hundred years of putting us through the hoops the upshot is almost the same phrase with which we started, oh so long ago. Except that for the two syllable “col-ored” we now have the five-syllable “people of co-lor.” I suppose some would call that “progress.” ■

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE OLYMPICS

May 1994

I know that everyone has by now OD'd on the millions of words poured out on Tonya, Nancy, and the rest, but there are still aspects of the late Winter Olympics that have been largely overlooked.

1. It was a real pleasure to see the healthy, happy people of Norway enjoy their Olympics, and to see them zipping along the snow and ice of Lillehammer streets on their vertical sled contraptions (I think called “sparks”) while all the tourists were slipping and sliding. It was a pleasure to see Norway come in 1-2-3 in skiing.

2. From the above it is obvious that I dissent from the American ultra-chauvinism that has always been endemic to TV coverage of the Olympics. If Americans are not competing in a sport it doesn't get covered at all, and when they do compete, some American coming in 32nd is closely followed while the leaders get ignored.

One of the worst things about left-liberalism is its insistence on politicizing all of life, and the chauvinist hype is one aspect of the politicization. Sports are supposed to be individual, or team, efforts, and should have nothing to do with government or politics, and what used to be hailed as the “Olympic ideal” was set against such emphasis on the State. All of this has been long forgotten, the turning point coming with the disgraceful banning of South African athletes from the Olympics because of disagreement with that country's political system.

The feminist slogan, “the personal is the political,” sums up much of what conservatives and libertarians should be dedicated to combat and crush. The counter to that is the reverse: “the political is the personal,” and “conspiracy” analysis of the nefarious activities of power elites, right down to Whitewatergate, is an expression of that counter-slogan.

3. There's almost a one-to-one correlation: every leftist pundit, every left-liberal sports writer (and they are legion) came down fervently in favor of Tonya Harding. It's almost like a test; virtually every despicable person I know turns out to be a Tonya fan. Interviewed on TV during the Olympics, the pompous quasi-nitwit Frank Rich, the latest entry in the horrible stable

of *New York Times* op-ed writers, started to explain why he was pro-Tonya. "It's a class thing," he said, referring to the famous Tonya-Nancy controversy. He started to explain that Tonya came from a poor background, when he suddenly caught himself, and was reduced to mumbling from then on, since he obviously realized that the Kerrigans were poor too.

The difference is not "class," and it is disingenuous for the left to pretend otherwise. The difference is character, what the nineteenth century used to call the "deserving" versus the "undeserving" poor. The Kerrigans were poor but honest Boston Irish, the father working at three jobs to raise the money for Nancy's skating lessons. Tonya, on the other hand, is a true product of her rotten white-trash family. She is at one and the same time an inveterate thug and a whining victimologist—and come to think of it, these two spectacularly unattractive qualities often go together. (Leftists, of course, like to use pseudo-scientific psycho-babble terms such as "dysfunctional" family, as if the problem were some sort of disease rather than a rotten moral character.)

Thuggish: apart from the Gilhooley charge of complicity in the knee-capping assault on Nancy; taking a baseball bat to another woman in a parking-lot dispute; snarling "I'll kick her butt" about Nancy Kerrigan, etc. Whining victimologist: the incredible shoelace caper at the Olympics which was the *fourth* time in recent years that Tonya started skating, did badly, and then went whining to the judges about her untied shoelace, her broken skate, and all the rest. How come that no one else in championship skating, has *ever* had an alleged problem with her skates or shoes in the middle of a competition? And why is it that *each* and *every* time the wimpy judges caved in? At the Olympics, the result was to ruin the performance of the poor Canadian skater who was scheduled to skate after Tonya and who was rushed prematurely onto the ice by the authorities.

I mean, *my* shoelaces are often untied, but I don't pretend to be a championship skater.

Leftist shrinks and pundits, when they got off the class kick, were more accurate in their description of the difference between Tonya and Nancy, although, of course, they came out on the wrong side. As one shrink put it: "It's like a Rorschach test. The people who are pro-Nancy believe in 'playing by the rules.' (How square of them!) The pro-Tonya people identify with her resentments at the hard knocks of life."

There's an important corollary difference between the pro-Nancy and pro-Tonya forces. Leftists hate Nancy because her skating is elegant, her demeanor ladylike and Katherine Hepburn-ish. (The Hepburn illusion, I'm afraid, shattered whenever Nancy opened her mouth to speak.) Whereas Tonya didn't even try for an illusion of ladylike. Even before the Tonya-Nancy incident, I always disliked Tonya's skating, which reflects her personality, heavy-footed, clumpy, thuggish. Figure-skating is a blend of the athletic and the elegant. Harding was always more athletic than Kerrigan,

but spectacularly *inelegant*. A couple of years ago, Tonya's athleticism began to slip, whereas Kerrigan's has been improving. Hence, the perceived need, at least among Tonya's "husband" and Gang-Who-Couldn't Hit Straight entourage for measures that, to say the least, don't play by the rules.

4. And speaking of rules, the entire Harding incident brings into stark relief the wimpiness, the cowardice of the Olympic and figure-skating authorities. Let Tonya flash a couple of lawyers at the Olympic salons, and they crumpled immediately. The left-liberal doctrine, advanced at the time by no less than our beloved Slick Willie, speaking of course as an expert on ethics (and who, naturally, was pro-Tonya), was that Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics because she hadn't been "convicted of a crime." (And Slick Willie hasn't been convicted yet either, right?) What is this nonsense about being convicted of a crime? What happened to the good old days when participation in an Olympic event was a privilege to be taken away from an athlete at the slightest hint of "unsportsmanlike conduct"? At the very least, Tonya's unsportsmanlike conduct was glaring and evident.

All this made me yearn for the good old days, the many decades when Avery Brundage, a crusty Old Rightist, ruled the Olympics with an iron hand. One time, he tossed out Eleanor Holm from the Olympic swimming team because she dared to drink a glass of liquor! Also Brundage was firm in upholding the "amateur ideal"; none of this Nike endorsement nonsense for *his* Olympic athletes. I must confess that at the time, when I was growing up, I believed that Brundage was too autocratic and the amateur ideal too rigid. But look how the Olympics have degenerated since his demise! *Mea culpa*, Avery. And Avery, where are you now that we need you so desperately?

The best comment on all this came recently when I was lamenting the situation to an old friend and said that I yearned for the days of Avery Brundage. "Yes," said my friend bitterly, "that was before athletes had 'rights'."

5. Not that I was aggressively pro-Kerrigan. On opening her mouth, she turned out to be ungracious. Besides, she virtually never *smiled*, the figure skater should be joyous about her craft. And so I thought all's well that ended well when Tonya, despite favoritism from the judges, finished way behind, and Oksana Bayul, the Ukrainian charmer, won the gold. Oksana was the best athlete as well as the most elegant; despite Kerrigan's grouching, Oksana had the presence of mind to recover her failure to do a triple and insert it at the end of her program, something that Nancy had failed to do.

So the figure-skating soap opera ended fittingly. Now, if we can only get rid of the international authorities and Bring Back Brundage, we should be able to sit through the next Olympics with some enthusiasm. ■

I HATE
MAX LERNER

I HATE MAX LERNER

November 1990

November 1990. All my life, it seems, I have hated the guts of Max Lerner. Now, make no mistake: there is nothing personal in this rancor. I have never met, nor have I ever had any personal dealings with, Max. No, my absolute loathing for Max Lerner is disinterested, cosmic in its grandeur. It's just that ever since I was a toddler, this ugly homunculus, this pretentious jackass, has been there, towering over the American ideological scene. In the fifty-five years that I have been aware of Max's presence, in all of his many permutations and combinations and seeming twists and turns, he has taken the totally repellent position at every step of the way. Thus:

I hated Max Lerner when he was a brilliant young editor of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, spreading his Marxo-Veblenian poison for the decades that that publication was highly influential in American intellectual life.

I hated Max Lerner when (in 1937) he wrote an introduction to the Modern Library edition of the *Wealth of Nations*, in which he dismissed Adam Smith, in Marxo-Freudo lingo, as "an unconscious mercenary in the service of the rising capitalist class."

I hated Max Lerner when he was a Stalinist apologist before, during, and after World War II. I hated his pompous, sing-song Stalinoid delivery when he was a radio commentator in New York just after the war.

I hated Max Lerner when, in the unforgettable imagery of that hilarious and perceptive work by Dwight Macdonald, *Confessions of a Revolutionary*, reporter Lerner, advancing through Germany at the end of World War II, leaped from an army jeep to confront an elderly shell-shocked German farming couple, asking them: "Do you feel guilty?" after which he proceeded to a gala banquet with Red Army generals, wolfing down caviar and toasting each other with champagne.

I hated Max Lerner when, leaping on the "consensus" bandwagon in the 1950s, he ignored all conflicts and problems and celebrated *America as a Civilization*.

I hated Max Lerner when, in his insufferably clotted and tedious column in the *New York Post*, he began to boast about being the "patriarch" of his newly-burgeoning family.

I hated Max Lerner when he abandoned that family to take up permanent residence in Hugh Hefner's Playboy Mansion, there celebrating the sleazy joys of hedonism.

I hated Max Lerner when he became a pro-Vietnam War liberal and then a Reaganite.

And now I hate Max Lerner especially when, now—of course—a neocon, he emerges, at the age of 180 or whatever, out of his residence at the Playboy Mansion (Hefner himself having thrown in the towel on the hedonic life), to join the Smear Bund in their assault on Pat Buchanan (*Washington Times*, Oct. 8). But leave it to Max to add that special Lernerian twist, in which he shows himself not at all different from the Original Lerner of long ago. In his newspaper column Lerner commits his foul act in the course of a running smear of Charles Lindbergh (the excuse is a review of a documentary on the Lone Eagle) in which Lerner shamelessly resurrects the old, discredited Rooseveltian–Stalinist lies about Lindbergh being pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic.

So, Max. Here we are again, old buddy. What goes around comes around, eh? After fifty-five years we can close the books at last. Marxist, Veblenite, Stalinist, 50s consensus-man, pro-war liberal, Reaganite, neocon, what in Hell's the difference? Nothing's changed. Two constants loom through all the gyrations of your life. You've always been a pompous, humorless egomaniac. And you've always worshiped at the shrine of war and the State. So what else is new? ■

MAX LERNER: AGAIN?!

April 1992

Drat! I thought I had disposed of Max ("Slapsy Maxie") Lerner once and for all. But the guy simply doesn't know when he's licked. His syndicated column is called "Civilization Watch," and I guess it figures, because as the neocon's 2000-year-old man, he's seen every human civilization come and go. Now (Feb. 28) he's back at the old stand, trumpeting about how he, Max, stood side-by-side with FDR in their heroic battle against the "menacing isolationism" of the 1930s, against Lindbergh, Father Coughlin, the German–American Bund (as if all these had about equal weight!), and, especially against the "original sinister "America First" movement out of which Patrick Buchanan's new one has arisen. Max and FDR, shoulder to shoulder, were fighting, Max says, for Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy, and for "collective security." Then, after the war, Megalomaniacal Max "joined with" Dean Acheson to battle against the equally sinister "opponents of the Marshall Plan."

Well, I'll tell you, Max. All those battles that you and the other lesser guys, like FDR and Acheson, fought together, I was there too, every time, on the other side, trying my best to kick you in the shoulder. (Max's shoulders are about on a level with other people's shins.)

On the basis of his 2,000-year perspective, Max has some sage advice for all of us American youngsters. What is it? Surprise: that we should once again follow this path of what he calls “the fusion of Wilsonian idealist ends with realistic Hamiltonian means.” Sure: as someone who has never been able to make up his mind about who is the single most evil politician in American history: Hamilton, or Wilson, that’s a real appealing combination. Myself, I prefer a counter-fusion: isolationist ends (Borah? Nye? Lindbergh?) joined to Jeffersonian means. Now how does *that* grab you, Max?

Now comes the concrete applications of Max’s fusion for today’s world. First, Max urges *both* parties to embrace his fusion: “Only thus can they show they are ‘presidential’.” That’s it, Max: above all, the dice must be loaded in this wonderful “democratic” game you’re always prating about: make sure that the dumb American masses get no choice. Right?

And what does this fusion entail? First, “heroic alliance measures” (English translation: massive subsidy and control) “to shore up the new Russian republics” (well, only *one* republic is “Russian,” but Max can’t allow petty details to disturb the grand sweep of his strategic vision). “Shore up” against *what*, exactly? Here it comes: “against plunging into a ‘Russia first’ ethnic and anti-Semitic nationalism.” Ahh. I guess, in his own heavy-footed way, Max Lerner has outlined for us with great clarity the neocon version of the New World Order: an order where not only any America First trend is stamped out, but also any “Russia first” or anyones else first movement everywhere in the world, in order to eradicate all nationalisms and “anti-Semitism.” Does this mean that the United States is supposed to run the world in order to crush all nationalism and anti-Semitism throughout the globe? Can this foreign policy doctrine be sold, in all its candor and clarity, to the American public? Is Max willing to take a democratic vote on this issue?

All nationalisms must be stamped out, it seems, but one. For Israel must be supported to the hilt and beyond. Of course, bipartisan all-out support for Israel would mean, in Max’s words, “a rejection of Patrick Buchanan and America’s most dangerous isolationist movement since the dark days on the eve of World War II.” But Max admits he’s got a tough row to hoe. For President Bush is persisting in terrible anti-Israel policies, “his petty personal grudge against Yitzhak Shamir” (who, knowing Shamir, could possibly have a personal grudge against this lovable character?); his “false realism” in courting “terrorist” Arab countries (Hey, Max, your pal Shamir has no mean terrorist record himself); and Bush’s “indifference” to the “plight” of new immigrants to Israel (English translation: Shamir’s urge to settle these immigrants in Arab areas). And behind Bush, says Max, is the even more terrible “James Baker and his media clique” (Go ahead, say it, Max: his “amen corner”). Well, how about the Democrats? No, because none of the Democratic candidates are denouncing Bush and Baker for their “betrayal of the American-Israeli alliance” (alliance against *whom* exactly, Max?).

Sorry, methinks the chances for Max's bipartisan fusion are dwindling every day. The glory days of you and those other guys battling the German-American Bund are long gone, Max. Face it, and come on, for Heaven's sake. Max, shut up already.

Frankly, I prefer the wisdom of Mel Brooks's 2000-year-old man. Any day in the week. ■

THE EVIL EMPIRE STRIKES BACK: THE NEOCONS AND US

June 1992

It was bound to happen, as the night follows the day. Organized Neocondom, perpetually manning the parapets against heretical challenges to their rule, would attempt to Strike Back. Sure enough, the first fruits have arrived in the form of an extension of the usual Anti-Buchananism in the May issues of two prominent neocon monthlies...a lead editorial in the Rev. Richard John Neuhaus's *First Things* ("The Year that Conservatism Turned Ugly,") and an article by Norman Podhoretz in his *Commentary* ("Buchanan and the Conservative Crackup").

The Rev. Neuhaus is an interesting case. Once the neocons' tentacle inside the Lutheran clergy, pastor Neuhaus has recently flip-flopped to become one of their appendages in the Catholic priesthood. A former employee of the Rockford Institute, the then-Pastor betrayed his employers with their donors behind his employers' back, for which he was properly ejected by Rockford. It was that firing that gave rise to the neocon smears of Rockford for "anti-Semitism," "nativism," and all the rest of the neocon variant of the bundle of Politically Correct garbage. Things have come to a pretty pass in America when the firing of a disloyal Lutheran/Catholic employee can automatically give rise to accusations of "anti-Semitism."

Norman Podhoretz, of course, is the Field Marshal of the Neocon network and *Commentary* its central organ. As they say in the espionage business, Podhoretz is the "control" of Neuhaus and the other neocons operating in the field.

It is important to realize that, for all their complaints about left Political Correctness, it was the neocons who pioneered in that odious practice. For the neocons first developed the practice of smearing all critics of Israel or of Zionism as "anti-Semitic," and all opponents of civil Neocons, Mensheviks, Social Democrats rights despotism and of compulsory integration as "racist." It was the neocons who first developed Victimology to a fine art by

egregiously extending collective guilt for Nazi crimes first to all Germans, and then to all of Christendom. Left Victimology simply shifted the victimological emphasis to blacks beyond what neocons would accept, and then to women, homosexuals, Hispanics, and finally to anyone not a white, heterosexual, middle-aged, male. In a sense, then, Left Victimology is just punishment for the neocons: chickens coming home to roost. Unfortunately, the rest of us, of course, are caught in the crossfire.

The first point to make about the two articles is that they are oddly—or not so oddly—alike. Their line is much the same: that we are marginal no-account inhabitants of the remote “fever swamps” of the right, and yet, contradictorily, that we are in danger of taking over the conservative movement. Even more revealingly, Podhoretz and Neuhaus quote at length almost the same words, in the same paragraph, of my speech. Surely this is coordination and concordance (dare we call it “conspiracy”?) rather than the effusions of two independent minds.

PODHORETZ

Of the two, Poddy is far less interesting, so we will dispose of him first. In style as well as in thought, Poddy is very much the stolid, plodding Commissar of Thought Police, much like his Kremlin counterparts of days gone by. There is the usual hackneyed recitation of Buchanan’s alleged sins; Poddy is particularly agitated about the name of “America First,” which sets him off on the usual smears of Charles Lindbergh, et al. Amusingly, Poddy cites for support the fevered smear of Joshua Muravchik in his own *Commentary*, adding as a supposedly objective historian of America First, Alonzo Hamby, without noting that Hamby is a notorious isolationophobe. If Poddy were a serious intellectual, he at least would come to grips with the recognized leading authority on the America First Committee, Professor Wayne Cole, but serious intellectual discourse is hardly what *Commentary* or the neocons are all about. Poddy is a commissar, not a thinker.

There is one interesting revelation embedded in Podhoretz’s rant. He mentions that Governor Wilder of Virginia stressed the term “America First” when he launched his brief campaign for the Democratic nomination for president. But then, says Poddy, Wilder was “clearly unaware of or had forgotten about these [terrible, terrible] associations [of the term America First], and he dropped it as soon as they were called to his attention.” Interesting use of the passive tense: just *who* called them to his attention, Poddy? Which lobbyists or smear artists? What pressures (threats?) were used to induce Wilder to drop the centerpiece of his campaign?

Poddy expresses satisfaction that most of the conservative spokesmen fell into line in not supporting or not smearing Pat Buchanan. One exception was *Human Events*, whom Poddy writes off as such blind admirers of Buchanan that in their eyes “he could say or do no wrong.” Ridiculous. At the beginning of his campaign, *Human Events* was cautious about Pat’s

foreign and trade policies, and it was only the malignantly vicious smear of Pat by the neocon shrink Krauthammer that led *Human Events* to all-out support of Pat's campaign. Actually, *Human Events'* policy is *genuinely what National Review's is supposed to be*: an eclectic supporter or friend to all movements on the right. *Human Events* is therefore not at all anti-neocon (except for the monster Krauthammer) but it is not anti-paleo either, and for that Poddy cannot forgive it.

Evans and Novak (who surmounted neocon smears in the past) are attacked as "even more hostile to Israel" than Buchanan. (Are they then "anti-Semites?" Tell us, Poddy!) The paleos are "a group of *enraged* academics whose isolationist fervor" predated Buchanan's "and was if anything more extreme." (Hooray!) He also says that the paleos are "fanatical nativists," to whom "immigration from anywhere except Western Europe (or perhaps only England)" is a great threat to "the health and integrity of American society."

Sorry Poddy, you were only accurate on the previous point. Paleos, including Pat Buchanan, have no quarrel with immigration from any section of Europe, West or East. Pat Buchanan is deservedly a hero to all Croatian-Americans, and to virtually all East European nationality groups in the United States (with the understandable exception of the Serbs). *Chronicles'* first editor, the late Leopold Tyrmand, was a Polish Jewish immigrant, but he was not a Menshevik, and so he doesn't count among the neocon scorekeepers. Paleos are all committed to a Euro-American culture as a vital groundwork of the American Republic. But, unlike the neocons, there are no commissars and no party line amongst the paleos: and so we differ, for example, about the value of the North Asians, particularly the Japanese, Koreans, and Chinese, to American culture.

After praising conservatives who went along with the "anti-Semitic" smear of Buchanan, Poddy spends the rest of his article denouncing Bill Buckley for betraying the anti-Buchanan cause by not being anti-Buchanan *enough*, especially in his tactical support for Pat in the New Hampshire primary. How, how, Poddy wails, can his old buddy Buckley support a horrible anti-Semite, even tactically? Podhoretz cites the Neuhaus article in blaming *National Review* editor John O'Sullivan for (a) believing that Pat is not an anti-Semite, and (b) for convincing Buckley to go along with the tactical support of Pat in New Hampshire. In a gentle reproof of his Lutheran/Catholic satrap, Commissar Poddy states that "Neuhaus is being too kind to Buckley"; after all, Buckley allowed himself to be convinced by O'Sullivan and is therefore equally culpable, and even added an allegedly new sin: guessing that Buchanan is "not anti-Semitic." Poddy treats this as a new horror injected by Buckley in his reply to a letter of "thirteen eminent conservative intellectuals" in *National Review* who had protested Buckley's tactical support of an "anti-Semite." But Poddy conveniently forgets that in his original "In Search of Anti-Semitism" essay, Buckley had already guessed

that Buchanan's statements stemmed not from anti-Semitism but from an "iconoclastic" turn of mind. ("Thirteen eminent conservative intellectuals" is neocon talk for thirteen willing stooges, who include, of course, Pastor/Father Neuhaus. Poddy's sense of intellectual discrimination may be gauged by the fact that this label includes *American Spectator* editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., but then, of course, commissars can't be choosy.)

Poddy then turns to the correct point that O'Sullivan's attempt to bring all sides together, and, even more bizarre, to get Pat to "apologize," is doomed because one of Pat's major goals is to "take back" the conservative movement from the neocon conquest. That's where Paddy quotes my speech, astonished that "even Buckley and *National Review* themselves have come under assault." And high time, too!

Poddy is worried that I might be right, and that the Buchananite legions might actually gain control of the conservative movement. It's Poddy's worst nightmare, and he then rants about the usual villainies in the neocon catechism: anti-Semitism, racism, xenophobia, and nativism. In short: all the shibboleths of the older Political Correctness of the neocons. (With "sexism" and "homophobia," of course, missing from the incantation.)

In the course of his peroration, Poddy lets the cat out of the bag on the genuine nature of neo-"conservatism." Our takeover of conservatism would be "as destructive in its way as the obverse radicalization of liberalism turned out to be in the late 60s." Poddy adds: "The surrender then of so many liberals to the perspective of the New Left resulted in the corruption of a healthy political tradition." And there we have it: Poddy, is not a "conservative" at all, but still a Truman-Humphrey liberal driven by the New Left and its successors out of the Democratic Party, and roosting among conservative Republicans. Podhoretz and his ilk are simply Old Leftists: not of the Bolshevik, but of the Menshevik wing of the church.

NEUHAUS

In contrast to the habitually plodding Poddy, Pastor/Father is a snarling pit bull, straining at the leash to impress his Master. Certainly, there is a striking lack in Neuhaus of the Christian love that is supposed to be suffusing the works of the rev. clergy.

Plunging into the Buckley/anti-Semitism question, Neuhaus writes of the "vicious" personal attack on Buckley launched by *Chronicles*, "the flagscow publication of something called the John Randolph Society." It is remarkable how many errors the Rev. Neuhaus, in his own mind a distinguished editor, can cram into a mere half a sentence. In the first place, *Chronicles*, as the Pastor/Father knows only too well, is not the publication of the John Randolph "Society" (sic), but of an organization which he, the Rev. Neuhaus, used to work for: the Rockford Institute. Second, it's not "something called the John Randolph Society," but the John Randolph

C-I-U-B. Third, it was not *Chronicles* that leveled the attack, but an author named Dr. Samuel Francis. F-R-A-N-C-I-S. It would be nice, Pastor/Father, if you get a few elementary things straight, in order to justify the lush neocon funding of your magazine.

Then, revealing the inner workings of *National Review* editorship, the rev. goes on to denounce O'Sullivan for betraying the anti-anti-Semitic cause *in re* Buchanan. The rev. professes himself astonished how Pat Buchanan could vigorously deny being anti-Semitic, and yet persist in "refusing to...apologize for making statements that lent themselves to such hurtful misunderstanding." Look, Pastor/Father: I'll do my best to explain. Pat Buchanan, as he insists, is not anti-Semitic; therefore, the "misunderstanding" for these statements is the fault of "the malevolent and the manipulated" as you correctly if satirically put it, who are determined to smear any conservative leader who refuses to truckle to the victimology of the Israel First lobby. *Capice?* Our culture is suffering from an epidemic of absurd and generalized apologizing, apologizing to the world, to every conceivable victim group. In Pat Buchanan, you and your neocon ilk tremble because here is a man who will not bend the knee to your victimological blackmail. If any apology is in order, it is that of you and your malignant crew of neocon hatchetmen, all the more repugnant for your wearing the cloth of the Christian clergy.

When the Pastor gets to the substance of the anti-Buckley replies in *NR*, he inadvertently makes the mistake of quoting a few sentences from the scintillating retorts in *National Review* of Joe Sobran and of the great literary critic Hugh Kenner. For their quotes stand out as a sparkling beacon in the malignant miasma of the Pastor's prose. "An 'anti-Semite,'" Neuhaus quotes Joe Sobran, "in actual usage, is less often a man who hates Jews than a man certain Jews hate." And this marvelous quote from Hugh Kenner: Anti-Semitism "has no stable meaning; it can run all the way from gas ovens to a mere wish that Abe Rosenthal...would moderate his frenzies."

Even the Pastor/Father balks at calling Kenner an "anti-Semite." Instead, he pronounces himself intrigued by Kenner's point: indeed, he runs up against the crucial question in this whole miserable controversy: what is an "anti-Semite" anyway? How can one "convict" (as Poddy puts it) Mr. X of anti-Semitism if we are never enlightened on what in blazes we're talking about? Neuhaus goes on to say, in the neocon manner, that Kenner is right on such recent left terms as "sexism" and "homophobia," but not on "racism" and "anti-Semitism." Why the difference? Because, says the Pastor/Father, "Sexism" and "homophobia" are terms of recent ideological invention and are designed to discredit opponents in the culture wars in which our society is embroiled." But, gotcha! Pastor/Father, for that is precisely the function of *your* beloved terms, "racism" and "anti-Semitism." The only difference is that these latter terms are of slightly *less* recent origin, employed continually by you and your buddies in the culture wars. Both terms have been mainly used during this century, for smear purposes.

Neuhaus does try to come up with a definition of “racism”: “the view that different races are inherently superior or inferior, and that the superior race(s) should dominate the inferior.” Not a very satisfactory definition, because it contains two clauses that don’t necessarily go together. The problem is the “and” term: for (a) one may hold that Race A is superior to Race B, but *not* advocate that the former dominate the latter—one may advocate, for example, separateness of the races rather than domination; and (b) one may hold that Race A should dominate Race B even though the former is not necessarily superior, but for various utilitarian or religious reasons. Very foggy, Reverend.

But though he at least makes a stab at defining racism, the Reverend comes up empty on the issue he clearly considers the most crucial of all: anti-Semitism. He simply airily refers to his previous editorial; but, look at his previous editorial in the March issue and there is no definition at all, but only cloudy vaporings. Carefully avoiding a definition, the Pastor/Father can feel free to accuse me, and virtually everyone else, of “trivializing” anti-Semitism.

In my defense of Pat Buchanan in the *Los Angeles Times* (Jan. 6), I offered a definition: of *personal* anti-Semitism as someone who hates all Jews, and of *political* anti-Semitism as someone who wishes to levy political disabilities on Jews. Not only is this the only cogent definition I know of, but it’s the only one that accords with the ordinary-language view of this concept. Put this baldly, it is patently obvious that neither Pat Buchanan nor Joe Sobran nor any other prominent American could possibly qualify under this dread label. Far from “trivializing” anti-Semitism, this definition at last reduces the term from a bogey to a sensible concept, and reveals that whatever the state of anti-Semitism in other countries it is, as it has always been, virtually non-existent in America.

Pastor Neuhaus then arrives at my speech before the John Randolph “Society.” Humorless like all neocons, he of courses misses the wit. When I “rant” and “rail” against Buckley’s long-time self-appointed role as Pope of the conservative movement excommunicating heretics, Neuhaus absurdly implies that I endorse each of these “heresies”: Randians, Birchers, anti-civil rightsers (*not* “white supremacists,” Pastor/Father) and “anti-Semites” (no, I said anti-*Zionists*, Father, a slip that obviously stems from your own neocon belief that the two are identical). It’s *not* that I agree with all of these variants, Pastor; it’s that I am opposed to their being excommunicated from the conservative movement. Neuhaus’s mindset should be clear: this Pastor/Father/Commissar cannot conceive of peacefully co-existing with views with which he disagrees. Scratch a neocon, and you get a totalitarian, but of course always a “democratic,” a Menshevik, totalitarian.

Not catching the wit is evident in Neuhaus’s simply stating, as if it were self-evident, that Gore Vidal is filled with “anti-Semitic bile,” and he darkly notes that *Chronicles* admires Vidal. Well, look Pastor/Father: Gore Vidal is anti-war and anti-imperialist, he is an American patriot, and he is very, very funny. But of course your neocon tin ear can never pick up the vibes.

The Pastor ends his philippic by solemnly averring that the “heresies” I mention “are in fact heresies.” And then he runs down his familiar neocon Politically Correct litany: “racism,” “nativism,” “paranoid conspiratorialism,” and “anti-Semitism.” “Paranoid conspiratorialism” is the neocon Establishment smear term against any radicals who are outside whatever respectable consensus happens to exist at any given time. It is the use of psychobabble to discredit opponents and to make sure their *ideas* are never heard. And indeed, that is exactly what our Totalitarian Pastor/Father wants: these heresies, he thunders, “have no place in civilized public discourse,” and, furthermore, “those who invited them back in to the public square invite the conclusion of others that *they* have no place there either.”

Well, so much for us, and so much for freedom of speech and inquiry, and all those other goodies that most people think are implied in the neocons’ vaunted concept of “democracy.” No, “democracy” is very much democracy guided by the Pastor/Father and his cronies, to make sure that dissident voices, politically incorrect voices, are permanently barred from “the public square.” Neuhaus goes on to say that he and his ilk are “defending the *civitas*” against “barbarians at the gates and within the gates.” Well, if *that’s* democracy, and *that’s* the *civitas*, then I say the Hell with them; give me the “barbarians” any day in the week. For it is crystal clear that the “heresies” that the Pastor/Father is so worried about constitute, plain and simple, opposition to neocon rule. “Democracy” and “*civitas*” are only code words for the submission of all of us to that rule.

Like Poddy, Neuhaus is worried, that despite all this kookiness, we might well win! Yes, say your prayers to the god of your choice, Pastor/Father, for the future does belong to us.

And I’ll make a deal with you, Pastor/Father: let *me* worry about anti-Semitism, and why don’t you devote yourself for once to your allegedly real job: defense of the Catholic faith against a host of enemies from without, and against a horde of modernist heresies from within. So far, all you seem to have done to defend the Catholic faith is to praise Martin Luther (!) after becoming a Catholic priest, and to worry your head about the spectre of “anti-Semitism.” Why don’t you clean up the mess in your own house? ■

LIBERAL HYSTERIA: THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

October 1992

An old paleocon friend of mine and I were musing the other day, “why are leftists so hysterically opposed to the reelection of an innocuous president like George Bush?” My friend and I agreed that we hadn’t seen such naked media bias since the days of the demonized Joe McCarthy. Why? Is it abortion? Feminism? What?

The first time I had seen left-liberal frenzy at work was growing up in the thirties in New York City. In the late thirties, my leftist family, friends, and neighbors were in a paroxysm of fear and rage over the counterrevolution of Franco and of the looming defeat of the leftist Spanish government in the Spanish Civil War. There abounded denunciations of Franco, and calls for everything from milk to arms to soldiers—the volunteer “International Brigade” to defend the Spanish left (dubbed “Loyalists” in the value-loaded term adopted by the *New York Times* and other Respectables).

Note, these were people who displayed no interest whatever, before or since, in Spanish history, culture, or politics. So why all the bother about Spain? Left-liberal historian Allen Guttman has even recorded and celebrated this hysteria over Spain in his book, *The Wound in the Heart* (the title says it all). One time I asked my friend Frank S. Meyer, who had been a top American Communist, about this puzzle. “Why all the emotionalism about Spain, Frank?” Frank shrugged: “We [the Communists] could never figure it out. But we made use of the liberal emotionalism on the issue.”

The orthodox explanation of historians is that American leftists were especially sensitive to the “threat of fascism,” and that they were frantically pro-Spanish left because they saw the Civil War as a preview of an inevitable World War II. But the problem with *that* explanation is that, while left-liberals were of course enthusiastically in favor of the “good” World War II against the Axis, they never summoned up quite the same emotionalism, quite the same frenzy, even against Hitler, as they had done against Franco.

To come back to the present: is the abortion issue the key to the mania, to the fear and loathing? Yes and no. Yes, abortion is an important issue to the left, but consider the situation *before* *Roe v. Wade* in 1973. While liberals were of course always in favor of abortion rights, it was never a big political issue for them. In the decades before 1973, there were no “abortion rights” marches, no unkempt harridans shrieking, “get your hands off my vagina!” So, what’s the key?

I submit that a clue can be found in the mini-hysteria that the American left displayed over the counterrevolution against the leftist Allende regime

in Chile, a counterrevolution that put Pinochet in power. The left has *still* not forgiven or forgotten the Chilean right and the CIA for the *coup*; Allende is still a beloved martyr on the left and his wife Isobel an icon. Is it because a Commie regime was rolled back? Close, but still no cigar; for the left showed no particular emotion, no great rending of clothes, when the Communist regimes collapsed in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

I submit that The Answer to the mystery is as follows: the left are, in their bones, “progressives,” that is, they believe, in Whig or Marxoid fashion, that History consists of an inevitable March Upward into the light, toward and into the Socialist Utopia. They believe in the myth of inevitable progress; that History is on their side. As Social Democrats or Mensheviks, as kissin’ or sometimes feuding cousins of the Communists or Bolsheviks, they have a similar, though not the identical ideal goal: A socialist, egalitarian State, run by bureaucrats, intellectuals, technocrats, “therapists,” and the New Class in general in collaboration with accredited victim pressure groups striving for “equality.” These groups including, blacks, women, gays, Latinos, the disabled, and on and on. They believe that History is marching inevitably toward that goal. A vital part of that goal is the destruction of the traditional, “bourgeois,” two-parent, nuclear family, and the bringing up of all children by the State and its New Class of licensed counselors, child-care “givers,” and therapists.

The Utopian march of History, goal of the Social Democrats is similar to, but not quite the same as, that of the Communists. To the Commies, the goal was the nationalization of the means of production, the eradication of the capitalist class, and the coming to power of the proletariat. The Social Democrats realize that it is far better for the socialist State to retain the capitalists and a truncated market economy, to be regulated, confined, controlled, and subject to the commands of the State. The Social Democrat goal is not “class war,” but a kind of “class harmony,” in which the capitalists and the market are forced to work and slave for the good of “society” and of the parasitic State apparatus. The Communists wanted a one-party dictatorship, with all dissenters stamped out or confined to the Gulag. The Social Democrats far prefer a “soft” dictatorship, what Marcuse called, in another context, “repressive tolerance,” with a two-party system where both parties agree on all fundamentals and joust politely over minor issues. (“Should we increase taxes by 5, or by 7, percent this year?”) Freedom of speech and press will be tolerated by Social Democrats, but again only within minor and trivial limits. Social Democrats shuddered at the naked brutality of the Gulag; what they prefer is sending dissidents to endure the “soft,” “therapeutic” dictatorship of “sensitivity training” and “being educated in the dignity of alternative life-styles.” In other words: *Brave New World* instead of *1984*. The “upward march of democracy” rather than the “dictatorship of the proletariat.”

Also typical is the distinction, in the two Utopias, about the handling of religion. Communists, as fanatical atheists, aimed to stamp out religion

altogether. Social Democrats prefer the softer way: to subvert Christianity so that religion will become the Social Democrats' ally. Hence, the shrewd Social-Democrat co-optation of the Christian left: emphasizing modernism among Catholics, and left-pietist evangelicalism among Protestants, the latter aiming to bring about a Kingdom of God on Earth that will be a coercive, egalitarian "community of Love." It is a much shrewder strategy: to join in multi-cultural singing of "We Shall Overcome" rather than murdering priests and nuns and nationalizing churches. We should never forget, however, that the latter was done by the liberals' own beloved Spanish Republican regime, and by its Trotskyite and left-anarchist supporters, with nary a peep of protest by their adoring liberal and social democrat supporters in the United States.

The difference in goals—soft vs. hard totalitarianism—is also reflected in the marked difference in means and strategies. The Communists, at least in their classic Leninist phase, looked forward to a violent, apocalyptic revolution to destroy the capitalist State and usher in the proletarian dictatorship. The Mensheviks, or Social Democrats, or Neocons, true to their "democratic" ideal, have always been uneasy about revolution, and have much preferred the more gradual "evolution" brought about by democratic elections. The elections are to be primed, of course, by a Gramscian long march in conquest of the nation's cultural and social institutions. Hence, the discrediting of the Gulag and of revolution, and the disappearance of their Bolshevik cousins and competitors, have not been mourned by social democracy. On the contrary, Social Democrats now remain with a monopoly of the "progressive" march of History toward Utopia.

Which brings me back to The Answer about left-liberal hysteria. They become hysterical when they perceive a rollback, or the threat thereof, of the Inevitable March of History. They become hysterical at setbacks, at regressions in that march, regressions which have, of course, been dubbed "reactions." In both the Communist and the Social Democrat worldview, the highest, if "progressive," to be in touch with, on the side of, being the "midwife" of (in Marx's famous term), the inevitable next phase of history. In the same way, the deepest, if not the only, immorality, is to be "reactionary," to be devoted to opposing inevitable progress, or even and at its worst, working to *roll back* the tide, and to restore the past, "to turn back the clock." *That* is the worst sin of all, and it calls out all the frenzies, perhaps because any successful rollback would call into question the deepest, most powerfully held "religious" myth of left-liberals: that historical progress toward their Utopia is inevitable. Let reaction occur, let the phases be rolled back, and these people be rolled back, and these people flip out, go into orbit, for then maybe their religion is a false one after all.

We are engaged, in the deepest sense, as Pat Buchanan said in his Houston convention speech, in a "religious war" and not just a cultural one,

religious because left-liberalism/social democracy is a passionately held world-view, “religion” in the deepest sense, held on faith: the view that the inevitable goal of history is a perfect world, an egalitarian socialist world, a Kingdom of God on Earth, even if that God is pantheized (as under Hegel and the Romantics) or atheized (as under Marx). It is a religious worldview toward which there must be no quarter; it must be opposed and combated with every fiber of our being.

Who will win this war? No one knows. On which side lies the majority of Americans? It’s probably up for grabs. Most Americans are confused, pulled one way and the other, torn between conflicting world views. They can go either way. During his numerous factional battles inside the Marxist movement, Lenin once wrote that there were two battling poles, each in a minority, and in the majority were the confused whom he referred to as The Swamp. Most Americans are confused and constitute The Swamp; they are the terrain over which most of the battles will be fought. And the metaphor is properly military. The looming struggle is far wider and deeper than over indexing the capital gains tax. It is a life-and-death struggle for our very souls, and for the future of America. And now we see why Pat Buchanan drove the liberals into frenzy when he called for a war to “take back our culture, to take back our country”; it was not just the “war,” it was the *taking back*, the trumpet call to become openly and gloriously *reactionary*.

For left-liberals don’t very much mind, in fact they welcome the sort of liberal-conservative cycle that Arthur Schlesinger likes to celebrate: a decade or so of left-liberal “advance,” followed by perhaps a decade of consolidation, or slower rate of advance, effected by “conservatives.” That indeed has been the much-lauded historical function of “conservative” Republican regimes ever since the 1930s: the function of Eisenhower, of Nixon–Ford, and yes even of Reagan and Bush. It is the prospect of conservatism becoming *reactionary*, of actually rolling back liberal “gains,” that drives them berserk: hence, the hysteria about Franco and Pinochet, hence the lynching of Joe McCarthy (because he was threatening to succeed in rolling back not just Communists but even liberals and Social Democrats) and now the response to at least a perceived threat of conservative Republicans rolling back some of the gains on abortion, feminism, gay “rights,” black “rights,” and victimology in general.

The war for reaction will require, above all, courage, the guts not to buckle at the all-too-predictable smear response of the media, of the pollsters, and all the rest. Above all, the goal must *not* be to become beloved by the *New York Times* and the Respectable Media. That way can only mean more sellout, more defeat.

And above all we need what the left fears above all: An adherence to the military metaphor, to the concept of us vs. them, good guys vs. bad guys, to Taking America Back. We must aim, not only for rolling it all back, not only

for saving us from the Leviathan State and nihilist culture, and not only for restoring the Old Republic. For eventually we must drive the wooden stake through the heart of the Enemy, to kill once and for all the monstrous dream of the Perfect Socialized World. ■

KING KRISTOL

January 1995

On November 8, the American people carried through a mighty and glorious revolution against Big Government and its embodiment in King William (Jefferson Blyth IV “Clinton”). But what we got for our pains is Big Government headed by yet another King William (Kristol). A left-liberal (Socialist) in the guise of a New Democrat (Social Democrat) was replaced by a neoconservative (Social Democrat) in the guise of a conservative.

Officially, of course, our new Maximum Leader is Newt Gingrich, whose seat on the throne was hardly warm before he had maneuvered to grab more House power than any Speaker since the notorious Joe Cannon. Newt is a neoconservative (Social Democrat, wacko techno-futurist division), in the guise of a fiery revolutionary quasi-libertarian. In actuality, however, we are now being ruled by a duumvirate, by two kings, a two-headed monster: King Newt and King Kristol. Newt is the nominal chief, the outside front man who deals with the media and the public; William is the shadowy inside man, the “theoretician” who sets the public policy agenda and cracks the whip over the “intellectuals,” policy wonks, and strategists of the Republican Party.

There are advantages and disadvantages to each role, and who plays what is a function of many factors, including personal temperament. Gingrich, as the politician who gets elected, clearly loves the open exercise of power. Kristol, as the “intellectual” in this division of labor, is better suited for the inside handing down of the policy line to pundits, think-tankers, and the battery of neocon syndicated columnists.

One advantage to the intellectual slot is that the front man-politician gets the glory but also takes all the heat. Gingrich has already been subject to a lot of media “scrutiny” (the current euphemism for hostile profiles and articles) mainly by hard leftists outside the “mainstream” left center-right center neocon–social democrat spectrum. But Bill Kristol has gotten no scrutiny whatsoever, and to my knowledge has never been subjected to this process. King William has become a king beyond criticism for one reason:

because the general public has no idea of Kristol's enormous new power in tandem with Gingrich.

The neoconservatives, after having been dominant under Reagan, grew to detest George Bush toward the end of the Bush Administration. And so the tightly organized neocon ranks, extraordinarily well-funded and represented way out of proportion to their numbers in the ranks of journalists and syndicated columnists (a common quip is that there are 33 neocons in this country of whom 32 are syndicated columnists), openly or quietly threw their weight behind Bill Clinton, leading the Backstabbing Faction of the Republican Party. In fact, it was mainly the neocons, headed by their "left" faction who are nominal Democrats, such as columnist Ben Wattenberg and the media-hyped Democratic Leadership Council, who persuaded the American public that Bill Clinton was really not a bad Old Liberal but a centrist New Democrat.

After he assumed power, however, King Willie, the Slick One, betrayed his neocon supporters. In two ways: first, his policies, driven by his Gorgon spouse, were much Harder Left than the neocons had been led to believe. (Yes, everyone, even neocons, makes mistakes.) But secondly, and more important, Clinton appointed almost none of the neocons to high office. Instead, the multi-cultural, multi-gendered Hard Left got the appointments. And patronage, of course, is the key to politics and to power.

Nothing is more dangerous than a neocon scorned. And so, the neocons joined the rest of the American public in revolt against the hated Clintons. While the lower ranks of the neocons had to make do with menial jobs waiting for Their Turn, the neocon rulers of course did not exactly suffer economic deprivation during the dry two years of the reign of King Willie. While Bill Bennett made a small fortune in no-show jobs at a number of heavily neocon funded institutions, Bill Kristol segued neatly from his Bush-era job as chief of staff ("control") of Vice-President Quayle, to head of the new, munificently-funded "Project for the Republican Future." Kristol is chairman of the tiny board of directors of the Project, which also includes *National Review* publisher Thomas Rhodes, and, most significantly, Michael S. Joyce, head of the extremely wealthy Bradley Foundation of Milwaukee. Joyce is a long-time protégé of Kristol's father, Irving, the "Godfather" of the neoconservative movement. Irving had led the long march of the neoconservatives from Trotskyite to Democratic liberal to Reaganite, and is still the chief theoretician of the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*.

In recent years, however, the aging Irving has passed the mantle of power to his apostolic and dynastic successor, William. No sooner had William set up shop at the Project in Washington, than he began to issue ukases and edicts to his mailing list of God knows how many tens (hundreds?) of thousands, which includes every Republican, conservative, or libertarian leader or institution of any prominence. Strange to relate, his

orders to the Republican/Official Con/Official Libertarian troops always seem to be obeyed. When the Clinton health plan took shape, King William issued a decree to the Republicans to close ranks and—sorta—oppose it. Sure enough, they did. Fortunately, the Clintonians stuck stubbornly to their Hillary–Ira Magaziner Hard Left health plan, so that Congress wound up passing nothing, nothing being a whale of a lot better than Kristol’s soft-core alternative. Before the election, moreover, William Kristol managed to “persuade” Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett to cut their own potential presidential throats by coming out strongly against Proposition 187, thereby going against, not only the overwhelming mass of the public, but also against Governor Pete Wilson and the bulk of the California Republican Party.

The groveling adulation of Bill Kristol by virtually every conservative leader in the country has to be seen or read to be believed. Conservative bigshots vie with each other in heaping the kind of extravagant praise upon William that Ayn Rand devotees used to heap upon their Leader. Thus, Bill Kristol is routinely referred to by virtually everyone as “the most brilliant conservative intellectual in the country,” the only permissible range of dispute being those who gently demure and claim that Bill is merely second in brilliance to his beloved poppa. Liberal pundits go along with this assessment, in their case with grudging but not worshipful admiration. To paraphrase Tom Fleming’s pungent comment on the allegedly increasing brilliance of *The Bell Curve*’s heralded “Cognitive Elite”: If the Kristols, William & Irving, are the “most brilliant intellectuals” in the conservative movement, that movement is in deep doo-doo indeed.

When the American people voted on November 8, they were not consciously voting to elevate William Kristol to Supreme Power. Indeed, the vast majority of the American public, fortunately for their peace of mind, have never heard of William Kristol. But such are the wonders of the Guided Democracy that the neocons have arranged for us, that is what has happened.

No sooner had the election been won, than Bill Kristol leaped to assume the reins of command. The first order of business of the Betrayers of the Revolution was to rush Gatt–WTO through the lame-duck Democrat Congress. It should occasion no surprise that one of Kristol’s first decrees after the election was to order the Republicans to “Pass Gatt-Quickly!” Of course, the Republicans, including the “libertarian revolutionary” Gingrich, hastened to obey.

Of some interest is the quality of the intellectual reasoning that Kristol used in his “Memorandum to Republican Leaders” of November 21 to persuade them to obey. The Republicans, said Kristol, have won, they should be strong and confident, they should stick to principle and not compromise or dicker with Clinton—and *therefore* they should hasten to pass Clinton’s Gatt proposal right away, without delay or qualifications! If

you can make sense out of *that* line of reasoning, you're a better man (or woman) than I. But sense, intellectuality, persuasive reasoning, have nothing to do with the case. Argumentation is here only a figleaf for the naked exercise of power, in this case the power of King William K. and the neocon movement which he heads and controls.

After succeeding in suppressing Bob Dole's abortive attempt to delay Gatt in order to gain more concessions from Clinton, King K. turned his attention to shaping up the conservative intellectual front. On December 16, he headed a panel of Official Con/Left Libertarian think-tankers on "What to Kill First: Agencies to Dismantle, Programs to Eliminate, and Regulations to Stop." Despite previous bold talk by Kristol and the others about "principle" and rolling back the welfare state, left Libertarian think-tankers, under King William's watchful guidance, decided to suddenly "mature," to "grow in stature," to "accept the responsibilities of power," as the liberal media always like to dub sellouts to statism. Except for Wall Street's favorite, capital gains tax cut, no calls came for cuts in taxes, only their "limitation," in effect, the stopping or slowing down of tax *increases*. No appeals rose up for *abolishing* any agency or program. The merger of neoconservatism and left-libertarianism, of Official Conservatives and Libertarians is now virtually complete.

King K. followed up this panel with a foreign policy panel a few days later. The "spectrum" on foreign policy was narrowed to one tiny band of "bipartisan" neocon interventionists and warmongers, including former Defense Department biggie Paul Wolfowitz, and former State Department heavies Robert Kagan and Robert Zoellick, topped off by the sinister syndicated columnist Charles Krauthammer. How's *that* for a broad range of "Republican" opinion?

And yet, in all of the commentary on the election by the conservatives and libertarians, only one person has broken into print with sharp criticisms of King Kristol. As might be expected, that person is our very own paleo point man, my colleague Lew Rockwell. Writing in the *Washington Times* ("Striking the Pose on Welfare Reform," Dec. 4) Lew revealed William Kristol's repeated post-election denunciations of any attempt to carry out a revolution or genuine rollback of the Welfare State. Lew points to Kristol's execrable advice to the neocon-controlled (Kemp-Bennett) "Empower America" conference: "Don't take a kamikaze approach," ordered King K. For that would "wipe out everything at once that took 60 years to build up." Awww! Perish the thought! Would K.K. take the same view toward the painstaking 72-year "buildup" of the Soviet Union? Bill Kristol elaborated by telling the *New York Times* that Republicans "should shed the minority mindset" of "let's do everything we can all at once." Instead, he explained, the important thing is not to worry about principle or rollback but to elect a Republican president in 1996 (i.e., do nothing). In short, don't do what we told the American people we were going to do. Instead, wait comrades!

Wait for a Republican president! And then it will be wait for his re-election!
Wait for the Second Millennium! Wait for the light at the end of the tunnel!
Pie in the sky by and by!

During the first two years of the Clinton administration, our prime political task was to expose, expose, and attack, attack the collectivist schemes of the Clintonian Democracy, and to help build a right-wing populist revolution against Clintonian rule. Now that the people have made that revolution and it has already been betrayed, our task is to expose, expose, and attack, attack the leading betrayers, the Gingriches and the Kristols as well as their support system of the neocon/Official Con/Official libertarian punditocracy. The grassroots right-wing have marvelous libertarian and anti-statist instincts, but they are unsophisticated about people and political leaders, especially those who clothe their treason in the fair garb of rightist and libertarian-sounding rhetoric. Our task is to strip the glowing rhetoric from our misleaders, and reveal the ugly reality underneath. Our task, in short, is to show, once again, that despite the systemic deceit practiced by our Official movement apologists and word-spinners, our Emperors, be they Willie or William or Newt, are wearing no clothes. ■

FEMINISM
AND OTHER
VICTIMOLOGIES

THE WOMEN/LADIES/GIRLS/SPOILED BRATS OF MILLS

July 1990

When President Mary Metz and the administration of upper-class women-only Mills College made the mournful announcement that this venerable Oakland, California, institution would have to admit males, the reaction of the Mills undergraduates was recorded by TV for all posterity. Suffice it to say that they did not act like the responsible Women Leaders of tomorrow. On the contrary: they sobbed, cried, yelled, and set up such a *geschrei* that one would have thought that a third of their number had just been mowed down by assassins' bullets.

The Mills ladies then proceeded to unleash a rather genteel strike and campus takeover, which cunningly got them past final exams, and was treated with obvious sympathy by the Metz administration, which only pointed out plaintively that the unwanted admission of males was mandated by stern financial necessity. But then, with a blare of trumpets, the alumnae (cavalry) saved the day, rallying around with enough financial pledges and plans to stave off the dreaded day of male admissions for at least three years.

A few of the more astute observers thought they saw a double standard at work. In fact, there were at least two sets of double standards. The most obvious is the fact that after a decade of feminist battering at the alleged evils of all-male colleges ("sexism," segregation, discrimination, refusal to prepare females for adult careers, etc.) suddenly feminists have shifted gears to defend the glory, the importance, and the superior life-preparing education of single-sex female colleges.

When gently asked about this clear contradiction by Forrest Sawyer on *Nightline*, a Mills strike advocate could only answer with evasive gobbledygook. But there is another anomaly, too. For the partisans of an all-female Mills claim that women need the "nurturing, caring" environment that only an all-female atmosphere can give, free of the competition and aggressiveness of males. The problem here, clearly, is this: does feminism preach, as it has for decades, that there is no difference whatever (except the famed *le petit difference*) between the two sexes, that their capacities, traits, etc. are all equal, the same, or are they saying, as feminists have recently taken to arguing, that women are very different, that they are nurturing, caring, etc., and therefore superior to men? And how can they say both at the same time, or have it both ways?

These are cogent questions, but they have not penetrated to the heart of the feminist agenda. Here is how these seemingly embarrassing contradictions and double standards can be resolved: men are the evil, victimizer sex; women are the good, victimized sex. The two genders are ineluctable enemies. Therefore, all tactics and strategies are permissible and valuable if

they result in the victory of women over the Male Enemy. Hence, attack one-sex colleges if they are male, proclaim their greatness if they are female. If you are talking about qualities such as career advancement, intelligence, success, proclaim women as exactly man's equal and denounce as "sexist" any intimation to the contrary; but if you are talking about such good things as nurturing, peace, etc., proclaim women's innate superiority. Don't worry about such "objective" qualities as fairness, logic, truth, or non-contradiction; remember, all's fair in hate and war.

Epilogue: When President Metz proudly announced that the alumnae had come through (to the tune of happy shrieks, sobs and cries), she proclaimed that this passionate devotion to women's education had "made history." But the Mills Leaders of Tomorrow promptly "corrected" her, shouting back, "herstory." This is expensive, elite education in today's America? Hey, President Metz, do you believe that the Greek word *historia* means "his story"? ■

SPORTS, POLITICS, AND THE CONSTITUTION

November 1990

The personal is the political" in today's common leftist chant. It is also a formula for totalitarianism, for regimenting every aspect of our daily life. Relations with friends and spouses, whether or not you open a door for a female or use a deodorant, every twist and turn of life is scrutinized to root out the "politically incorrect."

The only way to combat this nefarious slogan is root-and-branch, total resistance, war to the knife. And that total opposition is libertarianism. For the essence of the libertarian creed is the reverse slogan: "No, dammit, the political is the personal." The personal is the personal, while for the libertarian the political is systematically demystified from its lofty and obscurantist collective perch.

"Sovereignty," "the State," et al. are broken down into their methodologically individualist parts, and seen boldly and candidly as people being permitted to act in a swinish and criminal manner. The State, the political, is individuals acting badly and criminally in ways which they could never get away with if the reality of their personal activity were brought into view. The libertarian, to borrow a phrase from Karl Hess's single contribution to libertarianism, his article in *Playboy* during the 1960s, seeks "the death of politics," its liquidation into the personal, into society and the market economy.

Of all areas of life, sports should be the arena least touched by politics. For the glory of being a sports fan is precisely that we are engaging in fun and play, that we are permitted the freedom to be “irrational”; that is, to be Yankee or Mets fans, to love our team and to hate the enemy, without having to ground these passions in a systematic, moral or metaphysical theory. So it is particularly obnoxious when the gaggle of left Puritans invades and takes over the field of sports. Which they have done, of course, with a vengeance.

The Hate Thought squad has run rampant in sports for years. Veteran and respected sports figures, such as Al Campaneris and Jimmy the Greek, have seen their careers mercilessly destroyed because they gave one politically improper answer to an interviewer’s question. No one dares even explore whether or not their answers were correct; their very expression is a hate-thought-crime; unlike other, seemingly graver, crimes, from their punishment there is no reprieve.

I like to think that sports writers are above politics; that sports and only sports fills their minds. But now, they too have succumbed, and are, in fact, viciously leftish whenever politics is deemed to be relevant to sports. The writers for *The National*, the cream of the sports writing profession, invariably lead the vanguard of the Hate Thought Police. The latest flap, of course, is the Locker Room Controversy. Male pro football players of the New England Patriots, getting edgy and distracted when a female reporter invaded their locker room after a game, surrounded her and made suggestive remarks. Ohh, wow! What a fuss! What a twitter: The female reporter, asserting her rights as a “professional” among hundreds of other female sports journalists, insisted that she was “mind raped.” What in blazes is “mind rape?” A new crime invented for the occasion, a crime apparently only slightly less odious than rape-rape. When Victor Kiam, owner of the Patriots, defended his players, organized feminism threatened all sorts of sanctions, including a boycott of Kiam’s Lady Remington razors.

Finally, to top it off, when Sam Wyche, coach of the Cincinnati Bengals, insists on barring female reporters from locker rooms in which male players are naked, the gods of wrath will descend upon him. *The National*, the rest of the sports media, and organized feminism, lament the evil reactionary nature of Wyche as well as Kiam. “We thought this had all been settled—female reporters’ locker room rights had been decided years ago!” There is nothing that infuriates leftists more than a slipping back, a slackening of the Tide of Progress. Wyche was duly fined the whopping sum of \$30,000 for disobeying NFL rules, to the general chorus of: “not strong enough for that heinous offense.”

It turns out, too, that the august U.S. courts had indeed decided the issue. The egregious federal Judge Constance Baker Motley had decreed that women have a constitutional right to enter male locker rooms! Talk about your judicial activism!

But I thought that the ERA was stopped because of such threats as compulsory integration of men's and ladies' rooms! Well, to be fair, Judge Motley did not exactly decree that females have a constitutional right to enter male locker rooms at will. It's just that female reporters, being duly certified professionals, and not simply sluttish thrill-seekers, have the "constitutional right" to equal access with male reporters to locker rooms. Oh. It still seems to me like sneaking the ERA in through the back door. But how about male reporters? Are they entitled to equal access to female locker rooms? Hey, what's the matter with you, you evil sexist exploiter of women!

But why can't Sam Wyche bar all reporters from the locker room, and make reporters wait until after the players are dressed? Well, it's true that the action would probably be constitutional, but it would violate NFL rules, which compel football teams to admit the press to locker rooms immediately after the game. Those rules, in turn, were imposed at the behest of the press, along with organized feminism. Reporters, you see, are professionals, and professionals have to meet deadlines, and besides they want to interview the players right after the game, before they have a chance to catch their breath and collect their thoughts. Catch them off guard, in short. What? You say players have some sort of right of privacy? What are you? Some sort of rotten reactionary judicial-activist?

Poor honest Sam Wyche has a Plan B which he is prepared to fall back on: To admit all reporters, male and female, to the locker room right after the game, but to keep the players fully clothed and out of the showers until the press is kicked out. No, it won't work, Sam. The football players would not be vulnerable enough then. Besides, all reporters, male and female, have the God-given, constitutional right to see football players naked: male players, that is. Have we got the Constitution all straight by now? ■

THE GREAT THOMAS & HILL SHOW: STOPPING THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT

December 1991

Let it be said: I was never a Thomas enthusiast. I am no fan of affirmative action in any sense. I do not believe in ethnic or racial seats on the Supreme Court, and I can only scoff at the patent Bushian lie that race played no role in Clarence Thomas's selection, or that he was the best qualified person in the nation for the job. Neither am I impressed with the depth of Thomas's juristic insight or with the consistency of whatever his principles have not been shredded during the confirmation "process." Even at best, Thomas was never any sort of libertarian or

Randian; at most, Thomas was a Jaffaite, his “control” and theoretician being a Japanese–American Jaffaite aide. To the uninitiated in the mysteries of modern conservatism, Harry Jaffa is the leader of the Western Straussians—in contrast to the Eastern Straussians—both groups ardent and abject disciples of the late Professor Leo Strauss. The Straussians (who include “prince” William Kristol, son of Irving, chief aide and “theoretician” to our beloved vice president, Dan Quayle) provide whatever intellectual patina the neoconservatives may possess. In contrast to Eastern Straussians (e.g., Allan Bloom, Walter Berns), the Jaffaites believe in natural rights. That’s the good news. The bad news is that prominent among these alleged rights is “equality,” egalitarianism, a concept illegitimately grafted onto the Jeffersonian doctrine of natural rights of person and property. To Professor Jaffa, Abraham Lincoln and “Dr.” Martin Luther King constitute the modern incarnation and fulfillment of Lockean natural rights. In short, “civil rights” are encouraged to ride roughshod over property rights. Whatever this is, it is leagues away from the rights set forth by John Locke and by the Founding Fathers.

And that was Clarence Thomas at *his best*. From then on, it was all downhill, as Thomas, going far beyond even the counsel of his “pragmatist” White House handlers, scrapped everything he might ever have believed in his scramble for the Court appointment. His Randian, or natural rights statements of the past were dismissed (much as in the case of Randian Alan Greenspan before him) as “philosophic musings,” unrelated to the judiciary, or indeed to political life generally. One unfortunate effect of Greenspan, Thomas, etc., is that Yahoos who are convinced that philosophy is a trivial game unrelated to any of life’s problems have had their views confirmed in spades.

And so, by the end of the regular hearings, I was genuinely neutral on the Thomas Question. (To lapse into the jargon of the four or five Lost Days of the open hearings, “This Senator would have been undecided.”) When I first heard of the Hill charges and the idea of open hearings, my initial reaction was to oppose both sides equally, and call cheerily for open hearings for many weeks or months, so that all conceivable witnesses could be called and every negative detail be dredged up or confirmed about everyone concerned.

THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT

But then came the Monstrous Regiment, a phrase derived from the title of one of the great religious tracts of the vexed sixteenth century; the essay by the great Scottish Calvinist leader, the Rev. John Knox, who, in 1558, published his delightfully titled *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*. From the moment that Pat Schroeder and the other Democrat viragoes of the House invaded the Senate, the entire regiment, nay army, of organized Left Feminism, including their wimpo Male Auxiliaries, rose up in hysteria to support Hill and denounce Thomas.

The truly horrible part is that virtually the entire media, including every TV and press reporter, threw aside the last pretense of objectivity and filled the press and the airwaves with an enormous mass of frenzied bias. TV interviewers, usually studiously neutral, threw caution to the winds, and tossed puffball questions at Hill supporters, while being snarling and argumentative with pro-Thomas leaders. And in between, the airwaves were filled with every feminist “expert” and shrink available, lending a frenetic pro-Hill spin to the proceedings. *The Los Angeles Times*, generally an excellent paper, turned itself into a house organ for NOW, if not for SCUM, for the week before and after the open hearings. (SCUM was an early manifestation of the feminist movement, the Society for Cutting Up Men, headed by one Valerie Solanis, who capped her alleged principles by shooting in the head her one-time close friend, Andy Warhol.) No holds were barred; it was war to the knife.

The basic premise of the Regiment, always implicit, sometimes explicit, is that whenever any woman whatsoever makes a charge of “sexual harassment” (or date rape, or rape, or whatever), that the charge must be taken by everyone as *per se* true. Any doubt expressed, let alone any challenge to try to impeach the witness, is considered *per se* evil, an attempt to blame or once again “harass” the “victim.” Note that this truly monstrous view can only make sense if one holds as a basic axiom that any woman’s charge must always be treated as gospel truth.

When the defenders of Thomas pointed out, quite correctly, that a basic principle of American justice holds that a man must be considered innocent of any charge until proven guilty, the Regiment replied that this was not a criminal trial, but a hearing to help decide a nomination for Supreme Court Justice. In the first place, this is a disingenuous reply, because the Monstrous Regiment of organized feminism believes the same thing about a criminal trial, and would push this view if they could get away with it. (Look, for example, at the attitudes of the left-liberal media toward (a) the accused rapist Willie Kennedy Smith, whose name is blackened everywhere, and (b) The Woman, who must never be named, and any impeaching of whose credibility is treated as a “second rape” by “her accusers.”)

But second, even though this was not a criminal trial, the idea of the presumption of innocence to the accused is simply a basic principle of fairness, even though there is no need for the strict criminal standard of proof “beyond a reasonable doubt.” Add to this the inescapable fact that the sexual harassment (s.h.) charge was unsupported and unsubstantiated, and that the alleged event occurred a decade ago, way beyond the brief “statute of limitations” in s.h. cases. Add to this, too, the Pearl Harbor surprise aspect to the charge: made deliberately at the last minute to try to torpedo the nomination. And made by a woman who admittedly not only followed Thomas from one job to another, called him up frequently afterward (a fact La Hill denied until confronted with the inescapable evidence of the phone

logs), was extremely pleasant to Thomas (“there was such joy” on their faces—Dean Kothe), and even as late as August 1991, after the nomination, expressed her joy about it to the former aide of Thomas at the A.B.A. convention. In short, even if the charge was true, Anita Hill’s action was an act of betrayal against a mentor who had advanced her career and whom she has treated as a friend. There is simply no excuse for Hill’s vicious action.

Dredging up psychobabble, the Regiment claimed that this was a typical action of an s.h. victim—a claim effectively smashed by the various pro-Thomas female aides, many of whom had themselves been s.h.ed. At best, playing along with Thomas was cynical and calculating, and can hardly justify her later betrayal after she had finally achieved tenure.

Hill’s charge was totally unsupported, to which the Regiment hotly replies that this is the nature of the “crime” of s.h. But that of course is the main point. Unsupported charges must never be given credibility. In rape charges there is often physical evidence to substantiate the claim, but by definition the verbal “crime” of s.h. can never be proven, which is one of the reasons why *it should not be a crime at all*. (See below.)

Where there can be no evidence, the only defense can be to impeach the credibility of the accuser or of other pro-accuser witnesses. As a law professor with an admittedly shocking ignorance of the law, “Professor” Hill would certainly understand that the defense would have to impeach her credibility. And yet, the whining, and the moaning, and the general *geschrei* by La Hill and the rest of the Regiment! How dare anyone attack this lovely woman’s character? But what else is any defense supposed to do—except of course, to follow the feminist program of every defendant’s lying down and submitting to total female Power?

Why did the defense have to attack La Hill’s motives? Well, how else could her credibility be impeached? The Senators posed the question: who is lying? (And obviously at least one was lying, since no shrink-hermeneutics could give a *Rashomon* twist to the conflicting testimony.) Who had a motive for lying? Thomas’s motivation was obvious: to clear his good name and to become Supreme Court Justice. The Regiment claimed that La Hill could have no possible motive for telling a falsehood. The motives then rolled out from the defense, many of them persuasive.

1. She could have the delusion of Thomas’s sexual interest in her, and accompanying “talkin’ dirty” and then be bitter at lack of such interest later. Many women suffer from such “erotomania,” plus there was considerable testimony (“under oath,” as the Senate likes to say) about Hill’s general erotomania (John Doggett) and specifically of her unrequited sexual interest in Thomas (Phyllis Berry).

2. She could have nursed bitterness because of professional jealousy because she at first was a top aide to Thomas at the Department of Education, and then was only one of many aides at EEOC, thereby suffering

from loss of access and job status. She was also bitter that she wasn't appointed to top aide to Thomas (J.C. Alvarez, Phyllis Berry).

3. (Corollary of 1. and 2.) Hill was jealous of the fact that the woman who *did* get the top aide post, Alison Duncan, was a black who was lighter-skinned than she; and, to top off the "insult," that Thomas later married a white wife. (Why is it that Hill's final call to Thomas was to "congratulate" him on his marriage?) Skin color is a big factor in sexual jealousy among blacks, a fact greatly underplayed in the general media.

4. She could be seeking fame as a heroine of Organized Feminism. ("She wants to be the Rosa Parks of sexual harassment"—J.C. Alvarez.) And if she wasn't seeking fame, *why did she bring a PR firm* as well as a brace of lawyers to the hearings? Clearly, she is already a lauded heroine of left-liberalism.

5. (Corollary of 4.) She could be pursuing a leftist agenda. The idea that Hill is a "conservative Republican" sounds like a pack of nonsense—she has admitted to disagreeing vigorously with Thomas about affirmative action and perhaps on abortion.

6. But why should she jeopardize her brilliant career? *What* brilliant career? A black female graduate of Yale Law School should, these days, be able to write her own ticket. And yet, by the testimony of one partner of the private law firm she worked for after graduation, Hill was booted out as incompetent—from whence, by the help of mutual Yale Law friends, she found good jobs with Clarence Thomas. And when she left government, where did she "profess"? Oral Roberts Law School! With all due respect to the lovable Dean Kothe, that short-lived law school scarcely ranked in the top 1,000. Because of her "courageous" back-stabbing act, *Newsweek*, which also enlisted with enthusiasm in the Regiment, is already pushing Hill for a judgeship.

Psychobabblers claim that s.h.ers commit their dastardly s.h. in patterns, yet no one could be found to come forward against Thomas except La Hill. The only exception was Angela Wright, who decided not to testify personally, since her credibility would have been cut to ribbons. In the first place, she was fired for incompetence, and second one of the reasons for her dismissal is that she denounced one of her co-workers as "a faggot." All the Democrat senators needed was to turn the homosexual community against them.

SENATORS AND WITNESSES

The Regiment claimed that the Democrat Senators were tossing Thomas puff questions, while the Republicans were irredeemably nasty toward the martyred Miss Hill. The Republicans, from my perspective, were, on the contrary, truckling and fawning on Organized Feminism. Even the most conservative, such as Hatch and Simpson, kept mewling that yes they too are "sensitive" to women, that "my lovely daughters are women," "my wife is a woman," and, above all, "my mother was a woman." World's record for

sensitivity to one's mother was won, going away, by pro-Thomas Democrat Senator DeConcini (Ariz.). Everyone was being very, very respectful of nearly everyone. For the Republicans, the most effective and brightest was Senator Specter (R., Penn.), who drew a careful, precise prosecutorial web; Senator Simpson (R., Wyo.) was *our* curmudgeon; and Senator Hatch (R., Utah) enlivened the proceedings: ("A *stereotype*? I never heard of such a thing! Tell us about this stereotype...why, that's *disgusting*," and "Judge Thomas: how did you *feel*, when those rotten despicable charges were made against you?")

The anti-Thomas Democrats were an odious lot. Most repellent was that gas-bag Joseph Biden, without whose blatherings the time might have been cut by one-third. Add to that his smarmy smiles, punctuated by his petulant and nasty frown. ("I'll cut you off!") Senator Leahy (D., Vt.) reminded one of a Vermont village sneak, the snitch who reports his classmates to the authorities; Kennedy was...ugh! Kennedy! Metzenbaum was an ugly, ferret-faced embodiment of evil tempered by confusion. Heflin (D., Ala.) was often amusing but was no Sam Ervin; and Strom Thurmond (R., So. Car.) was lovable but often incomprehensible but at least mercifully brief.

It is conveniently forgotten by the Regiment that the Republicans only had a few days to root out an anti-Hill case, whereas the anti-Thomas dirt-grubbers had over three months for *their* campaign. Considering the time pressure, the Thomas defense did a remarkable job. Little thanks to the White House, whose first instincts were to temporize, to truckle, to cut and run. It was Thomas himself who saved the day by getting rid of his handlers, and by leaping to the attack, brilliantly and emotionally, "playing the race card." As well he should have, since it is certainly true that the civil rights Establishment hate nothing more than "oreo cookies," than blacks who are conservative or in any way opposed to their agenda, and thus undercut the appearance of black unanimity for their cause. Tossing aside his pervious wimpo blatherings, Thomas was decisive, and his words rang instinctively with the rhythms and repetitive intonations of black blues and black gospel: "No job is worth this, senator, no job." "I died last week, Senator, I died there...There has been no joy in this process, no joy." "I will not go into any area of my private life. No job is worth it. No job." Faced with someone prepared to tell them to go to Hell, the Senators reverted to type: they wimped. The specter of the black vote rose before them, especially before the swing votes, the Southern Democrats. "This is a high-tech lynching, Senator," lanced them like a lightning bolt. Emboldened by Thomas's dramatic counterattack, the White House acquired some spunk, and leaped to Thomas's side. Despite the time pressure, excellent anti-Hill work was done by White House counsel C. Boyden Gray, by former top handler Ken Duberstein, and by the brilliant head of the Office of Legal Counsel of the Department of Justice, J. Michael Luttig, in his last act before ascending to the appeals court bench as judge.

Not that the Democrat Senators were always wimps. They did level the full force of their nasty sarcasm against the voluble John N. Doggett, with Leahy openly smirking and snorting at Doggett's testimony. Doggett, however, did force Metzenbaum to retract charges made about *his* sexual harassing. ("Not under oath, Senator!") (Where one stood on John Doggett seemed to be a test of one's anti-Hill militancy. Most of my friends were anti-Hill/pro-Thomas, but even many of *them* didn't like Doggett; I, however, thought Doggett a strong and estimable witness.)

As for La Hill, I found her neither brilliant nor particularly credible or likable. She impressed me as being whiny, droopy, and stolid. I liked all of the pro-Thomas female witnesses, especially J.C. Alvarez, who was tough, smart, and sassy, and took it to La Hill: ("That shy, little Baptist girl from the South was not the very hard, tough, arrogant, tantrum-throwing Anita Hill I knew.") I also like the urban ethnic Alvarez, reminding me of quintessential New York, even though she comes from Chicago ("Senators, I need this like I need a hole in the head").

THE TRIUMPH OF POPULISM: THE REGIMENT LOSES THE MASSES

The great thing about the Thomas victory was that the masses were not conned. Despite the tremendous propaganda barrage by the media, the masses used their own eyes, watched the proceedings in great numbers, and decided overwhelmingly that they were anti-Hill and therefore pro-Thomas. Despite their arrogance, despite the TV shrinks; despite the hysteria, the masses decided overwhelmingly, in the polls, as well as in letters and telegrams pouring into Congress. The Regiment not only lost the white males and black males and females, they even lost the white woman vote. If we men simply "didn't get it," then neither did most American women. As Peggy Noonan pointed out, the difference was class: upper-class whites, media types, professionals, the intelligentsia, females and even males, were overwhelmingly pro-Hill. Indeed they were, since they constitute and virtually define the Monstrous Regiment. But working-class women, to say nothing of men, overwhelmingly rejected Hill and supported Thomas. The very working-class masses whom upper-class liberals profess to bleed for, told them, too, to go to Hell. As Peggy Noonan put it, it was the difference between the voluble folks discoursing in restaurants (pro-Hill) as against the people who serve them (anti-Hill). And while the former may be more influential, the latter, after all, constitute the body of voters. And they couldn't be fooled.

Felicity Barringer, in an instructive article in the *New York Times* (October 18), tapped the reasons why the mass of women, including working women, had little patience with La Hill. These working women recognize that women entering the workplace have to be tough, and they couldn't believe that a woman with Yale Law School credentials could be the shy little

put-upon flower she put before the TV public. A retired secretary in Baltimore stated that “it’s unbelievable that a woman couldn’t stop something like that at its inception.” A worker at a battered women’s shelter: “I was harassed and I nipped it in the bud; I stopped it right then and there. One guy said, “I see you don’t take any guff.” An elementary school teacher asked, “Wouldn’t you haul off and poke a guy in the mouth if he spoke in that manner?” In general, Ms. Barringer reported that the blue-collar women of Baltimore, many angered by s.h. themselves, neither believed nor respected Anita Hill. The women, Barringer reported, broke down sharply into class: lawyers, politicians, and “human services professionals” being pro-Hill, with working-class women being opposed.

Most of the women I know took the position that Anita Hill’s charges are probably true, but so what? What’s the big deal? In that way, these women, even the non-libertarians among them, make the crucial libertarian distinction between sexual assault (physical aggression) which should be a crime, and is a crime under old-fashioned, pre-s.h. law; and verbal horseplay, which happens all the time and should be no cause for legal or public charges and bringing in the gendarmes. The same words were used in an *L.A. Times* column by libertarian-neocon *Reason* editor Virginia Postrel (October 17). Postrel writes that, even if Hill’s charges are true, “such actions might make a woman uncomfortable, but they are no big deal.” Postrel adds that “any woman with the gumption to pursue a career as a lawyer ought to have the guts to tell her boss that she isn’t interested in dating him and doesn’t want to hear about sex films.”

Put it another way, the feminist agenda, for decades now, has been to insist that there is no, absolutely no, difference between men and women; that the ERA should be passed therefore as a constitutional amendment, and that all laws protecting women should be swept away. But then, the organized harpies want to have it both ways: to insist on absolute equality between the sexes but then to assert, as Postrel puts it, that women “must be protected not just from overt physical overtures...but from anything that might disturb their pretty little heads.” Postrel insists, quite correctly, that “the working world does not particularly care about your emotional state. It doesn’t exist to make you miserable, but neither is it there to make you happy.” But feminists, Postrel concludes, “are discrediting working women, teaching them to be hypersensitive, and teaching men not to trust them. Never, never, never, they are telling men, be alone with a female colleague. You never know what she might say about you later.” Precisely.

From a different, paleoconservative, anti-feminist perspective, Phyllis Schlafly, in a powerful column (*Newsday*, October 20), blasts feminists for insisting on being “treated just like men,” as “one of the boys,” and then, in their pursuit of total power, putting on, as in the case of Anita Hill, the “phony pose” of “poor little me, the injured ingenue, the damsel in distress who cries for Big Brother Federal Government to defend her from the

wolves in the workplace—not merely from what they might do, but even from what they might say.” Mrs. Schlafly, who, almost singlehandedly succeeded in stopping the ERA and the Monstrous Regiment in its tracks, concludes that “what the feminists are after is the destruction of any man who does not conform to the feminist ideology and agenda.”

WHO DON'T GET WHAT?

Undoubtedly the most annoying ploy of the Regiment during the imbroglio was the continuing taunt: “You men just don’t get it.” Except for feeble attempts by Senators like DeConcini to insist that “yes, yes, I *do* get it, I understand,” the charge went largely unanswered. The “it” that men just can’t seem to “get” is the truly monstrous thesis that “sexual harassment” is an unbroken continuum from “Hi, toots, you look good today,” to actual rape. Short-sighted, silly men, the charge goes, insist on making sharp logical distinctions: e.g., between rape and physical assault on the one hand (criminal as well as immoral); verbal threats in dismissal or lack of promotion to be fended off only by sexual favors (deeply immoral but not criminal); and verbal flirting and horseplay (trivial and certainly not criminal). Women, on the other hand, see things differently and so (the implicit but undefended assumption goes) better and more truly: that no distinctions can be made, and that therefore there is *no real difference* between the ends of the continuum, so that virtually all actions of men constitute rape. This means, of course, that actual rape is trivialized, in the course of attempting to demonize and outlaw verbal flirting. Neocon writer Dorothy Rabinowitz calls this a “mindset that knows no distinction between a serious incident of harassment and the most trivial one, and no distinction either between an accusation and actual guilt.” Therefore, Rabinowitz adds, “in this atmosphere, to be accused is to be guilty, to be the accuser is *ipso facto* to be granted victim status.” (*Wall Street Journal*, October 14)

There are two successful and powerful rebuttals to be made to the “you men just don’t get it” charge. One is: no, ladies, *you don’t* get it: you don’t get the crucial distinction between harmless verbal flirting, verbal threats of job loss in demanding sexual favors, and physical assault. We don’t “get” the continuum thesis because that thesis is evil and wrong, and for reasons we have just outlined. The second rebuttal is to turn the “you just don’t get it” thesis on its head. Look, ladies, women, womyn, viragoes, or what you will: you seem to be claiming that since we are men, we can’t possibly “get it,” that only women can reach this magic realm of understanding. You are engaging in the fallacy of what Ludwig von Mises called “polylogism.” But let’s assume for the sake of argument that you are right. But in that case, why do you keep talking? If men and women are doomed to see the issue totally differently, then it is hopeless to try to convince us. And therefore, *why don’t you just shut up?*

The great social satirist Tom Lehrer once put it brilliantly when he was talking about the then current fad of people moaning and kvetching about

their “inability to communicate.” Lehrer then gave such talk the definitive putdown: “Look, it seems to me that if one is unable to communicate, the *least* he can do is to shut up.”

But of course women don’t want to shut up, because the whole point of this “you just don’t get it” ploy is to browbeat *men* into shutting up, and into going along with this nonsense even though they are unconvinced. To go along, and to grant organized womanhood permanent victim status, with all the goodies in power, perks, and income that such status implies.

S.H. AND THE LAW

In a rare moment of insight amidst his usual blather, Senator Simpson (R., Wyo.) called it “this sexual harassment crap,” although he has been backtracking and apologizing ever since. But what about s.h.? What is it, and should it be a crime?

Here, libertarian doctrine comports totally with old-fashioned law, that is law before the civil rights hokum came onto the books. Very simply, there ain’t no such crime as “sexual harassment.” Physical assault or rape has been considered a crime from time immemorial, and it still is. There is no need for some extra “crime” called s.h. To prosecute such a crime, there is no need for special administrative bureaus or commissions.

The start of the evil can be pinpointed precisely: the monstrous Civil Rights Act of 1964, specifically Title VII, prohibited discrimination in employment on the basis of race, religion, sex, and other possible characteristics. This horrendous invasion of the property rights of the employer is the source of all the rest of the ills, neocons and sellout Libertarians to the contrary notwithstanding. If I am an employer and, for whatever reason, I wish to hire only five-foot-four albinos. I should have the absolute right to do so. Period. The next step in the logic of intervention came in 1980, when the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission adopted regulations defining “sexual harassment” as a form of “sexual discrimination,” and then we were off to the races. The media have called it “ironic” that Clarence Thomas, as head of the EEOC, played a major role in pressuring the Reagan administration to widen the definition of s.h. to include the sort of verbal flirting he has been accused of. But it is more than ironic: Clarence Thomas himself forged the weapon that almost destroyed him, and in that sense he almost got his just deserts. (I think that is the strongest of the anti-Thomas argument, one that was, of course, almost never used.) In all the wailing about Anita Hill and other alleged “victims” of s.h., no one considers the poignancy of employers being forced to pay taxes to support state and federal EEOCs, so that these commissions can pay the legal costs of prosecuting the same employers, thereby relieving the female plaintiffs from the economic costs of bringing suit. The existence of tax-funded EEOCs adds insult to injury to the employers.

The concept of s.h. has now swollen to such lengths that the following actions “in the workplace” are now illegal and *criminal*: statements such as “I wish my wife were as pretty as you,” terms of affection such as “toots,” “honey,” “dear”; use of a “demeaning” term such as “girl”; hanging pinups in one’s office; throwing office parties that include nude dancers; and—my personal favorite—inappropriate “non-verbal gestures,” such as “outlining a person’s body parts with one’s hands or looking someone up and down with elevator eyes.”

Can you imagine what is going to happen as these outrageous concepts of crime are enforced? Can you imagine the vast Gestapo necessary to hunt down and arrest men for inappropriate eyeing up and down, for saying, “hello, honey,” etc.? Since most women now enter the workplace, the idea of outlawing flirting is not only totalitarian; it is also absurd.

One of the endless stream of feminist harpies on TV during the hearings put it thus: “sex must be banished from the workplace.” This is Left-Puritanism to make the seventeenth-century Puritans look like casual, easy-going hedonists. With much of the female population working, dates, marriage, even sex is going to be inevitable. Presumably, the Monstrous Regiment, even if they don’t in their heart of hearts think that flirting and sex can be outlawed, recognize that it can be made unpleasant, costly and uncomfortable, and, above all, that outlawry can be used as an irresistible and eternal weapon for total power over the hapless and bewildered male population.

The entire legal structure, from top to bottom, from discrimination through harassment, must be replaced. My major reason for being anti-Hill is that if she had won, the Monstrous Regiment, feeding on and gloating in their victory, would have been unstoppable. Total power would have been theirs. The danger is far from over, but at least they have sustained a crucial setback, even though they are trying to drown out that loss in endless whining, griping, and victimologizing.

MISCELLANEOUS PEEVES

It’s Not Sex, It’s Power

Look, you harridans just don’t get it. I’ll try once more. If employers want to exercise power, why particularly put it in sexual terms? After all, bosses also exert power over males: why not do so over both sexes by (a) loading on a lot of work, and/or (b) being generally grumpy and ill-tempered? Ahh, yes: after all, if a boss “creating a hostile environment” is defined as a criminal s.h., what about a non-sexual hostile environment? What about a boss being generally grumpy, yelling at subordinates, etc.? Are we, then, to outlaw grumpiness “in the workplace”? Compulsory smiles by all, at least by all bosses?

In fact, ladies, I’ll clue you in: bosses who set out to seduce their employees are *using power* in order to obtain sex. *Capice*? Or is that concept too

complex for you? And besides, power is not really your complaint, since s.h. is also being charged, not just to bosses, but to hapless male “co-workers.”

Power and the All-Male Senate

Enormous quantities of ink were spilled during the hearings about the fact, particularly infuriating to the Regiment, that here were all these *male* senators deciding on the fates of Hill and Thomas. Well, so what? What do you want? These big bad males got there by a process that left-liberals usually claim they love: democratic election. If you want more women senators, shut up and go get them elected! In fact, there are fewer female senators now (two) than there were at times in the past. It's true that Betty Friedan and other termagents have threatened to run for the Senate themselves. Somehow I don't think Betty out of Wyoming poses a formidable threat to Senator Simpson.

One of the best responses I heard against the continuing whine about male senators came from Pat Buchanan on *Crossfire*. Irritated at last, Pat lashed out: “All right, why don't some of you big fat [male] liberals resign and get women appointed?” There was no reply.

There is only one logical conclusion to all this bluster—a truly frightening one because it is not as outlandish as it may first seem. If we can't get a fifty percent female representation in the Senate, shouldn't a federal commission, a Federal Equal Elections Commission, be empowered to *appoint* all the senators so that half can be women, twenty percent black, and on and on for every Accredited Victim group? Elections are simply too messy, and democratic.

The goal of the Regiment is power, and a social revolution. All the griping about male bosses and power amounts to this: why aren't fifty percent of the bosses female? The logical conclusion, again, is for a Federal Equal Employment Commission to appoint all bosses in the workplace, so that fifty percent can be female, twenty percent black, X percent Hispanic, and so on.

We are not very far from what still looks like a bizarre and would in fact be a horrifying and totalitarian world. In order to avert this destiny, the Regiment, and all other victimological regiments, must be stopped flat, stopped now, and the movement reversed toward the relatively free society and economy we enjoyed before The Sixties and its progeny descended upon us.

The Two Plots

In contrast to the above, these are minor considerations, but they rankle nevertheless. There has been a lot of conservative concentration on the Plot by various left-liberal Senate staffers (aides to Metzenbaum and Kennedy, such as James Brudney) to dig up dirt, and to embroider or lie to induce Anita Hill to testify. But there is another, even more evident, Plot that virtually no one has mentioned. There has been a lot of feminist whining about how “even the male leftist Democrats” on the Judicial Committee

were so “insensitive” to women that they buried the Hill charges, which led to the famous leaking of her affidavit to *Newsday* and to the battle-ax La Totenberg, the fake sexual harasser who made poor Judge Ginsburg rue the day he ever smoked a marijuana cigarette.

But it seems to me that this very “insensitivity” is bogus. Professionally sensitive leftists like Metzenbaum suppressing the Hill story? To me, the following Plot seems patently evident: the leftist Senators deliberately feigned insensitivity, killed the Hill charges, and then one of them or a staffer leaked the Hill story to Totenberg, et al., thereby whipping up the Schroeder, etc. March on the Senate, as well as a torrent of feminist hysteria throughout the nation—insuring the open hearings and TV acclaim that the left and the Regiment wanted from the very beginning!

WHAT ABOUT MENTORING?

After leading the feminist pack throughout the hearings, the *L.A. Times* suddenly turned contemplative, wondering: in the light of the stab-in-the-back by La Hill, what’s going to happen to the vital process of mentoring in business and politics? (Paul Richter, October 18) What mentor is going to take any young females under his wing if this sort of thing is going to happen? And yet, careers in politics, and in business as well, often depend upon mentoring. Won’t the Anita Hill case have a chilling effect on the mentoring of young women, and what then is going to happen to their careers? Well, gang, you should have thought of that earlier.

So what’s the solution? Again, the syllogism on the future agenda shapes up something like this: mentoring is vital to careers; young women who are not mentored suffer from deprivation of their careers; *therefore*: in order to insure “equal access” to mentors, every important person in business and politics must be forced by law to have protégé quotas: fifty percent female, twenty percent black, X percent Hispanic, etc. Do you honestly think this is *not* going to happen? Are you willing to bet against it?

THE VIEW FROM EUROPE

It is often clarifying to see ourselves as others see us, and it was particularly refreshing during all the Thomas & Hill blather to turn to opinion from Europe. Europe, which by and large has not suffered from the scourge of the Monstrous Regiment, concluded that Americans were crazy, in the grip of a pervasive and pernicious Puritanism, and also in the clutches of a destructive feminism. Thus, the London *Sunday Times*: “America has flung itself again into one of those spasms of passionate moral debate that nations more tolerant of human frailty find it so hard to understand,” in an article under the headline “Talking Dirty.” And *London Times* columnist Janet Daley charged that in the United States, “undesirable behavior must be prohibited by fiat.” The Italian press was particularly scornful. Thus, *II Giornale* of Milan scoffed at the “show, which worked better than *Dallas* or

Dynasty, but [is]...humiliating for a great democracy.” And the Italian newspaper *La Repubblica* remarked that “Puritan America watches television as if it were looking in the mirror.”

The Puritan note is perceptive. For one of the grave problems with American public life is that every public personality is expected to be a saint, so that any revelations of sin or of less than saintly behavior discredit the person's public performance. This attitude is both absurd and destructive, and the problem is generally handled far more intelligently in Catholic than in Protestant countries. When Kitty Kelley wrote her scurrilous biography of Frank Sinatra, even if all the charges were true, who cares? How does this affect the quality of his singing, or the joy that it has brought millions of Americans? And why are singers supposed to be great moral exemplars? All of American life has been poisoned by this killjoy neo-Puritan spirit. Thus, why can't we enjoy baseball or football or track without engaging in continuing sin-hunts? Why are sports figures expected to be saints? Why can't they be enjoyed and admired for what they're good at, and leave it at that? The contention that they are “role models” for kids and therefore should be goody-goody should be rebutted by saying it should be up to the parents to explain the facts of life to kids. And among those facts: a lot of truly great people in an art or craft or other endeavor may well be stinkers in private life. So get used to that, kid!

Comment from Europe also zeroed in on the destructive feminism that has taken over America. My favorite press comment was by London *Sunday Times* columnist Barbara Amiel, who accused American feminists of corrupting behavior and relations between the sexes, and of using Judge Thomas's alleged “bad taste” to “turn rude behavior into a constitutional cause.” Ms. Amiel concluded quite justly that “extreme feminism is now a state religion in America.” (Alan Riding in the *New York Times*, October 14)

At the risk of alienating my atheist libertarian friends, I think it increasingly clear that conservatives are right: that some religion is going to be dominant in every society. And that if Christianity, for example, is scorned and tossed out, some horrendous form of religion is going to take its place: whether it be Communism, New Age occultism, feminism, or Left-Puritanism. There is no getting around this basic truth of human nature.

My favorite European comment on the Thomas & Hill Affair was offered by a TV producer in Rome, as noted by the *San Francisco Examiner*.

“If an Italian boss had acted like Clarence Thomas is alleged to have acted—that is, make remarks to his pretty assistant, but afterwards not hold a grudge against her for rejecting him, keeping in contact with her and even apparently helping her—here in Italy he would be considered a good guy.”

This Roman has said it all. ■

“DATE RAPE” ON CAMPUS

February 1991

A lot of strange things are happening on college campuses these days, and one of them is a great deal of kvetching about the alleged epidemic of “date rape.” William Celis 3rd’s special report to the *New York Times* on the subject (Jan. 1) is best summed up by its subtitle: “Agony on Campus: What is Rape?” To a libertarian, or indeed to any sensible person, there is no problem: if the sex was coercive, and took place against the will of one of the parties, then it was rape and if not, not. If it was, you call in the gendarmes, and if it wasn’t, you don’t. So what’s the big problem?

But to the current generation of college students, things are very different. One says; “it’s such a fuzzy topic,” and another adds, “it’s easy to look at sex and second-guess.” There follows a lot of guff about how the feminist movement has succeeded in alerting countless coeds about this terrible problem. But why should it take feminist theoreticians to inform a girl that she has been raped? Why is this topic “fuzzy,” when to this reactionary it appears clear-cut? What’s going on here?

Reading on, we find that many men are confused about these rising protests by college females. The guys charge that “women with whom they have had sex did not say ‘no’ and did not physically resist, yet later complained of date rape.” Other “angrier” men claim that “in some cases women have encouraged their advances.” But the feminists lash back that these are “after-the-fact excuses.” Instead, “sexual intercourse, they argue, should proceed from clear mutual consent.”

Now we’re getting somewhere. For whether or not “encouragement” took place, it strikes me as crystal-clear that if the girl did not say no and did not physically resist, then sex did indeed take place by “clear mutual consent.” What do the feminists want? Will they only be satisfied if (a) the two parties sign an express consent form before the act, and then (b) sign another one immediately after? And have them both notarized on the spot, with forms sent in triplicate to their respective attorneys and to the county clerk? If so, the notary publics in college towns are in for a thriving business, plus some Peeping Tom (or Tomasina) opportunities on the side.

The point is that, as in so many other aspects of human “relationships,” the feminists are setting out to destroy romance (if that word is not yet obsolete), which thrives on spontaneity, and on implicit, non-verbal mutual understanding. Which is also the problem with the current mania for condoms and other elaborate birth-control machinations.

A clue to the peculiar fuzziness of the current analysis of rape can be found in the assumptions of the famed Koss study, headed by the shrink Mary Koss, now of the University of Arizona. In trying to find out the extent of rape on the college campuses, Koss *defined* sexual assault as the

use of force or “intercourse as a result of intentionally getting the woman intoxicated.” And we find various references to women being reluctant to report the “rape” because one or usually both parties were “drunk” at the time.

Well, now, drinking indeed! Are we now to include in rape any sex taking place after liquor is imbibed? Isn't everyone familiar with the old poem and the social reality it reported: “Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker?” Everyone is responsible for whatever he or she imbibes, unless the guy spiked the girl's drink without her knowledge (not mentioned in any of these cases) and everyone is responsible for their own actions, liquor or not. Come off it, ladies; “date rape” my foot!

Ah, now we see what is going on here. For generations now, girls, while consenting implicitly to sex, have wanted to assuage their guilt by being able to tell themselves afterward that they had not planned the action, and that they were merely “swept off their feet” by the charm of the guy and/or the magic of the moment. Hence, as all implicitly consenting parties have been long aware, the use of liquor is a marvelous catalyst of this feet-sweeping. Now, along comes our baneful feminist theoreticians who have been able to use their besotted theories to (a) free girls, once and for all, from guilt for their actions, and (b) to load that guilt onto the poor, hapless male population.

The *New York Times* article details one of the cases. During a brainwashing re-education dorm lecture on date rape at Lehigh University recently, a male student was asked by a dorm official if he had ever committed rape. First saying “hell, no,” the student was later talked by the lecturer into “realizing” that he had, and that “not saying no” was not sufficient to establish consent. (There was no notarized agreement!) Later, the poor guy, admitting that he was “very confused,” wrote a self-criticism article to the student paper confessing his sins: “I was uninformed and incorrect in my actions,” he groveled. Yeah, and I bet he now loves Big Brother (oops sorry, Big Sister). Poor Orwell never knew the full depths of Political Correctness when he fashioned his dystopia.

There are several ways by which this terrible crisis on the campus can be solved. One, we can go back to the prohibition of alcohol, which our culture is almost ready for in any case. Two, we can go back to the good old days of campuses before the 1950s, especially in the South: not only the banning of coed dorms, and abolishing coeducation altogether, but insisting on official chaperons for girls on every date, on dance-cards filled out in advance and cleared with the chaperon, on boys being barred from the entire girls' campus except the official room, etc. And finally, why not go the whole hog toward Left Puritanism and define all sex as *per se* coercive? That would clear up all the fuzziness and sex, or at least hetero-sex, could be outlawed completely. Or is that the point, after all? ■

THE KENNEDY “RAPE” CASE

June 1991

Once again, various grinchers have interfered in our quiet enjoyment—this time in the delicious scandal of yet another case involving the Kennedy family, a Kennedy compound, 4 A.M. parties with assorted females, and an alleged rape to substitute for a non-alleged drowning. But now we aren’t allowed to enjoy anything free of the external imposition of several Moral Problems.

Problem One: Was it or was it not evil and unconscionable for NBC and the *New York Times* to follow the lead of the tabloid *Globe*, and reveal the Name of the alleged rape victim? (P.S., it’s PATTY BALDWIN, dammit, and so there!) The almost universal consensus of all pundits and right-thinkers, including all sides on *Crossfire*, is Yes, it was evil. Sorry, folks, I don’t see it. The prime business of the media is to report the news, to report what will be to the interest of the readers or viewers. Was the public interested? Hell, yes. And the silly polls in which the vast majority of the American masses denounced NBC and the *New York Times* is a lot of malarkey. It was merely the public registering their Official rather than their real Selves to the grinchers and pests who constitute the pollsters.

Suppose that a girl were murdered, or simply and non-sexually mugged and robbed on the Kennedy compound. Would it have been immoral for the media to reveal the name of the victim then? Why? In a sense, *anything* the media reports “invades the privacy” of those whose activities constitute news. Are we to ban all reporting whatever except public relations handouts?

But that is indeed the logic of the absurd view that the media must get the rape victim’s *agreement* to publish her name. For that means that everyone in all walks of life would have a veto power on his or her name ever being mentioned.

The now-fashionable feminist view holds that rape is *only* a crime of violence, equivalent to mugging, that sex is not involved, and therefore rape should be treated like any other crime. Since no one (I hope) advocates withholding the names of all victims whatever from the public, then feminists should consistently favor revealing an alleged rape victim’s name. Yet, curiously, only the egregious Alan Dershowitz (and, to give her credit, Karen DeCrow) takes the consistent feminist line on the Palm Beach rape case. Most feminists hold that since a “stigma” unfortunately continues to attach itself to a rape victim, that the name should not be disclosed. In that way, the feminists can have it both ways: protect the alleged rapee, and keep on yammering about rape having nothing to do with sex.

In my view, the feminist position is balderdash. Violence is of course an inherent aspect of rape: that’s why it’s a *crime*. But *also* inherently connected with rape is a sex act, which is what distinguishes rape from assault,

mugging, etc. Rape is sex plus violence; why is it difficult to get this point across?

There is another point here. The alleged Palm Beach rape was not simply private, and its reportage was not the result of intrepid investigative reporting into private affairs. The rape became public as soon as PATTY BALDWIN reported it to the police and charged William Kennedy Smith with the crime. The public is surely entitled to know about all public charges and actions, including this one.

Moreover, the name of the accused raper, William Kennedy Smith, has been plastered all over the media, to the jeers and ridicule of a large section of the American population. If PATTY BALDWIN'S good name must be protected at all costs, why is it OK to publicize and jeer at William Kennedy Smith? Even if there is a stigma attached to the rapee, surely there is far more of a stigma attached to the alleged raper. So are we supposed to withhold *his* name too? Will we be left with sort of bowdlerized "reporting"?

A young woman was allegedly raped last night at the compound of a famous political family in Palm Beach. The famous uncle of the alleged raper was named as chasing a girl at 4:00 A.M. clad only in T-shirt (or blue oxford-cloth shirt, as the case may be)

To his credit, Pat Buchanan was the only person I have heard worrying about the news damage to the Kennedy family, and he is not exactly a long-time Kennedy admirer. Pat, too, denounced revealing the name of PATTY BALDWIN on the charming, old-fashioned ground that rape, precisely because sex is involved, carries a public shame with it for the victim.

But I don't think this gentlemanly consideration outweighs the media's obligation to report the news, and the public's right to know public events.

Problem Two: Rape is coercion and therefore a crime, and therefore it was unconscionable of the *New York Times* to reveal the rather sordid past and present of PATTY BALDWIN, her kid out of wedlock, her inveterate bar-hopping, etc.

Apart from the fact that these sordid details are intrinsically interesting in themselves, *are they really* irrelevant to the fact that rape is coercion? It is true, very true, that rape is coercion, and that rape is a crime, *regardless* of the sexual or virtuous status of the victim, that is, whether she is a nun, a monogamous wife and mother, a swinging single, or a hooker. But the virtuo-status of the rape victim is relevant to important considerations: (1) the credibility of the victim as witness, and (2) the degree of punishment to be levied upon the criminal.

By its very nature, rape—in contrast to mugging or simple assault—almost always takes place without witnesses. If PATTY BALDWIN charges that Willie Kennedy Smith raped her, are we to believe her? Remember that criminal convictions can only take place if the charge is proven beyond a reasonable doubt, and hence the credibility of the victim must be vital to reaching a verdict. Take two hypothetical cases: A: a virtuous nun or married lady charges Willie

Kennedy Smith with rape; or B: a bar-hopping party girl, picked up at 3:00 A.M. agrees to go on for drinks and other frisky activities to the Kennedy compound, and then, after some cuddling, charges rape. Isn't it reasonable to conclude that Female A's charge is more credible than Female B's? Especially, if I might revert to PATTY BALDWIN, when the girl seems to have made off with a valuable Kennedy urn at the same time as the supposed rape?

A separate and also relevant point occurs when the judge or jury is handing down punishment for a crime. Punishment differs in proportion to the severity of the crime, and most of us agree that someone clubbing a victim and making off with his gold watch deserves a more severe punishment than a kid stealing a grape from a fruit-store. Is it then unreasonable to assert that coercion taking place *after* lots of drinks, a 4:00 A.M. return for drinks and hi-jinks at the fellow's home, *and* consensual cuddling is less reprehensible than attacking and raping a stranger on the street? Note that I am not saying that "leading the guy on" justifies or exculpates later coercion and rape; but it should mitigate the severity of the crime and the ensuing punishment. Which is why most people have the sound instinct that "date rape," while reprehensible and indeed criminal, does not reach the deeply reviled status of "stranger rape."

So perhaps momma's caution about visiting guys in their homes late at night had something to say for it after all? ■

MARSHALL, CIVIL RIGHTS, AND THE COURT

August 1991

In a memorable line in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Big Daddy announces, "Mendacity, ah smell mendacity." Mendacity, thy name is Washington, D.C., but even for the nation's capital the stench of mendacity and baloney pervaded the air at the end of June when Mr. Justice Thurgood Marshall announced his retirement. The encomiums, the blown-up hokum were truly loathsome. "The greatest jurist of the twentieth century"; the "hero"; the "great dissenter"; the man of "quick wit"; the "conscience of the Court." What garbage! Mr. Justice Marshall was and is a fool and a cretin, his "dissents" and opinions mere leftist gabble thinly disguised as law; his "quick wit" the sputterings of a cantankerous simpleton. Marshall contributed nothing to the Court except a warm leftist body, and in that way added his mite to the destruction of our rights and our liberties at the hands of a malignant left-liberalism.

It is the mark of the degeneration of modern conservatism that many leading conservatives added their own orgy of praise to the expected twaddle of left-liberals. On *Crossfire*, Congressman Henry Hyde of Illinois, a leading voice of conservatism, gushed about how much he admired Justice Marshall and how wonderful was the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision that he had helped bring about as a counselor. All about us, we were spared nothing.

Before turning to the legal legacy of Mr. Justice Marshall, let us examine for a bit his wit and wisdom. Let loose of his law clerks, Marshall was really something. Last year, when Judge Souter was nominated for the Court, Marshall asked what he thought in a TV interview, sputtered his rage: "If you can't say something good about a dead person, don't say it." The startled interviewer responded: "But President Bush isn't dead." "No, he's dead," Marshall replied. An example of his "quick wit"?

An admiring *New York Times* reporter wrote upon Marshall's retirement: "He is the least stultified of any recent member of the Court," whatever that is supposed to mean. Trying to explain how Marshall is not "stultified," the *Times* man explained that Marshall once greeted Chief Justice Warren Burger as follows: "What's shakin', Chiefie baby?" Well! Mr. Justice Burger's reply is not recorded, but I like to think it went something like this: "You, Thoroughgood [Marshall's original first name], you shuckin' and jivin' mutha."

Thurgood Marshall first achieved acclaim by winning cases before the Court as chief counsel of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. It is well known, however, that these accomplishments, such as they are, were not really his own. Marshall was the needed colored front man for the smart white lawyers, notably Jack Greenberg, who actually ran this successful separate legal arm of the NAACP. Setting aside *Brown* for a moment, these cases spearheaded the disastrous "civil rights" revolution against property rights in this country—for example, the outlawing of racial covenants in the renting and sale of residential real estate. On the court, Marshall helped in the catastrophic imposition of forced school busing, a policy that drove whites out of the big inner cities and made those cities a burned-out wasteland. Marshall's contention that the death penalty is unconstitutional as "cruel and unusual punishment" can only be considered idiotic, countered by the well-known fact that the death penalty has been around from time immemorial, and was certainly "usual" at the time of the passage of the Constitution. It was only *made* unusual in recent years because of the temporarily nutty attitude of the Court, including Mr. Justice Marshall.

THE "CIVIL RIGHTS" TRAP

On the entire question of legally and judicially imposed "civil rights," we have been subjected to a trap, to a shell game in which "both sides" adopt the same pernicious axiom and simply quarrel about interpretation within

the same framework. On the one side, left-liberalism, which in the name of equality and civil rights, wants to outlaw “discrimination” everywhere, has pushed the process to the point of virtually mandating representational quotas for allegedly oppressed groups everywhere in the society, be it jobs and promotions, entry into private golf clubs, or in legislatures and among the judiciary. But the Official Conservative opposition, which includes not only neocons but also regular conservatives, conservative legal foundations, and left-libertarians, adopts the self-same axiom of civil rights and equality. In the name of the alleged “original” civil rights vision of Martin Luther King, conservatives also want to outlaw discrimination in jobs and housing, and to allow federal courts to mandate gerrymandering of electoral districts. But while Official Conservatives fully endorse outlawing racial and other discrimination, they want to stop there, and claim that going beyond that to mandating affirmative action measures and quotas is perverting the noble original civil rights ideal.

A typical expression of this view is the *Wall Street Journal*’s editorial on Marshall’s resignation. After hailing Marshall and the other “heroes” achievements, including *Brown*, and the original civil rights ideal mandating “fundamental fairness in the nation’s civic life,” the *Journal* laments that Marshall and the rest of the civil rights movement have tragically gone beyond that doctrine and come “precariously close to approving quotas.” The *Journal* also hastens to assure left-liberals and everyone else that Marshall’s “achievement” of coerced equality for blacks is “not in danger” but a “permanent legacy.” (*WSJ*, June 18)

The *Journal* is right about one thing. It inadvertently gives the lie to the media nonsense, trumpeted everywhere, about the “move of the pendulum” back to conservatism on the Court as against the old left-liberal position, as well as all the wailing about the heroic and rugged wait for the next left-liberal turn. There is no pendulum, precisely because the civil rights revolution is perfectly safe from the modern conservatives on the Court. The Marshall “legacy” may not be “permanent,” but it has certainly nothing to fear from *this* group of turkeys or from anyone else whom President Bush is likely to nominate.

The original sin of “civil rights,” which would have been perfectly understood by such “old conservatives” as the much maligned Nine Old Men who tried to block the measures of the New Deal, is that anti-discrimination laws or edicts of any sort are evil because they run roughshod over the *only* fundamental natural right: the right of everyone over his own property.

Every property owner should have the absolute right to sell, hire, or lease his money or other property to anyone whom he chooses, which means he has the absolute right to “discriminate” all he damn pleases. If I have a plant and want to hire only six-foot albinos, and I can find willing employees, I should have the right to do so, even though I might well lose my shirt doing so. (Of course I should *not* have the right to force the

taxpayers to bail me out after losing my shirt.) If I own an apartment complex and want to rent only to Swedes without children, I should have the right to do so. Etc. Outlawing such discrimination, and restrictive covenants upholding it, was the original sin from which all other problems have flowed. Once admit that principle, and everything else follows as the night the day. Once concede that it is right to make it illegal for me to refuse to hire blacks (or substitute any other group, ethnic or gender or whatever you wish), then left-liberalism is far more logical than official conservatism. For if it is right and proper to outlaw my discriminating against blacks, then it is just as right and proper for the government to figure out if I am discriminating or not, and in that case, it is perfectly legitimate for them to employ quotas to test the proposition.

Current conservatives say it is OK to outlaw discrimination if such a result is *intended* by employers or landlords, but that it is monstrous and illegitimate for the government to use statistics and other objective measures to figure out whether discrimination exists. Hence the spectre of quotas. But how can we figure out anyone else's subjective intent anyway? Given the premise of outlawing discrimination, then mandatory quotas, despite the undoubted horrors they bring in their wake, make perfect sense. It is not "going too far" that causes the trouble. The problem is not the *abuse* of the anti-discrimination axiom; the problem is the axiom itself. Nothing will help except challenging the basic axiom and reversing the "civil rights" revolution. Libertarians and conservatives who have any spunk left must drop their blinders and call not for "the original King equality" or the original civil rights ideal, but for throwing over the entire structure and restoring the absolute right of private property. "Freedom" must mean the freedom to discriminate.

LEFT-LIBERTARIANS AND THE BROWN DECISION

Much of this will be endorsed by left-libertarians, at least in theory, as opposed to political practice. (When have you heard Libertarian Party candidates actually sounding the call for the abolition of anti-discrimination laws?) Most libertarians will, in theory, concede that employees and landlords should have the right to discriminate for or against any given group. The problem for libertarian theory is public property, government operations. Left-libertarians believe that government, as an owner of any sort of enterprise, has no right to treat it as an enterprise. Hence, the Gingell position endorsing the ACLU view that public libraries, being governmental institutions, have no right to kick smelly bums out of the library. And hence the view that the government has no right to kick bums who are smelling up the streets and harassing peaceful citizens off those streets. On that basis, left-libertarians endorse the *Brown* decision, which mandated that public schools in the South, which has used racial-segregation for over half a century, were violating the U.S. Constitution because "separate" could not be "equal." Libertarians

don't care one way or another about the Constitution; they have endorsed *Brown* because of their view that somehow it is a matter of high principle that everyone must have some sort of "equal access" to government facilities; whether race in public schools or smelly bums in public libraries.

But why? All of libertarian political thought follows from the non-aggression principle: that no one, including the government, can aggress against someone else's person or property. Since according to libertarian theory, there *should be no* government property, since it is all derived from coercion, how does any principle whatever of government property use follow from libertarian theory? The answer is, it doesn't. On the question of what to do about government property, libertarians, apart from calling for privatization, are set adrift, in short, with nothing but their common sense and their attunement to the real world, of which libertarians have always been in notoriously short supply.

The fundamental basis of the *Brown* decision was rotten law because it was not law at all, but the supposed "science" of sociology. The crucial grounding of *Brown* was the alleged finding of the revered socialist Dr. Kenneth Clark that black schools in the South were not *really* equal to white because black students in segregated schools don't do as well as blacks in integrated schools. That was the basis, and from that came all the horrors of compulsory integration, forced busing, and white depopulation and decay of the inner cities. And what has been the result? It is universally acknowledged that the education of black students in current integrated schools is much worse than what they received in the segregated schools; and indeed, the old segregated black schools are now being looked upon as a veritable Golden Age. Indeed, the latest trend among blacks is to try to reestablish all-black grade schools and high schools.

Very well, but from that, several things must follow. One is that since the sociology of the *Brown* decision is all wet, and *Brown* was based upon lousy sociology, that *Brown* should be reversed. It has also been ruefully acknowledged by integrationists that black and white students always tend to segregate themselves voluntarily—socialize among themselves, eat by themselves in the school cafeteria, etc. Much as Jacobin integrationists deplore this phenomenon and try to discourage it, we have to recognize that the process is voluntary and natural, and that there is nothing wrong with it. In my view, by the way, the truly great leader of black Americans in the twentieth century was not the socialistic and compulsory integrationists like Martin Luther King and Thurgood Marshall, but the brilliant and charismatic Malcolm X, who would have taken blacks down a very different path. Malcolm always stressed, not only black separation, but also the importance of such "middle-class" values as hard work, temperance, and thrift. In the short time that he had after leaving the Black Muslims and before he was gunned down by a still unexplained conspiracy (*not* by a lone nut), Malcolm was in the process of beginning to hammer out a

coherent vision and strategy for blacks in America. It's too bad that he was never given the chance.

In general, the instinct of the black masses was always toward separatism; the siren-song of compulsory integration was sold to them by an alliance of white leftists and a small minority of very light-skinned "black" leaders, the very ones to benefit—as contrasted to the black masses—by anti-discrimination laws and affirmative action.

To return to the fallacies of Left-Libertarianism: apart from the question of what to do with government facilities, left-libertarians are being grossly unrealistic by saying that anti-discrimination laws should only apply to strictly government operations, while private operations must be totally free. The problem is that, particularly in our State-ridden society, the line between "public" and "private" has grown increasingly fuzzy, and it is precisely because of that fuzziness that left-liberalism has been able to expand very easily, and with virtually no opposition, the original application of civil rights from public to all sorts of private facilities. Everywhere, for example, and in front of or next to every private property, there are public streets and roads. Virtually every private business sells some service or produce to some government agency; every private business sells across state lines and is therefore subject to the "commerce clause" of the Constitution; every private school or cultural institution receives, directly or indirectly, government funds; restaurants are somehow invested with a "public" nature because they have doors open to the public; social clubs are not really "private" because once in a while they may discuss business or employment, and on and on. The result is that there is nothing "private" left, and left-libertarians, as usual content with correctness in high theory, are left totally irrelevant to the current social scene.

So what is the remedy for all this? Certainly *not* to take the standard libertarian path: to endorse civil rights for public operations and then, if they are interested at all in the real world, to try to sort out precisely what is private and what is public nowadays. What has to be done is to repudiate "civil rights" and anti-discrimination laws totally, and in the meanwhile, on a separate but parallel track, try to privatize as much and as fully as we can.

THE ROLE OF THE JUDICIARY

There is another crucial problem involved in the battle over the judiciary, in the shell game between leftists and modern conservatives, and in problems with left-libertarianism. And that is the proper role of the federal judiciary and the Supreme Court. What is it? So far there have been three positions:

- (1) Left-liberalism, with judges frankly creating new propositions in the Constitution so as to justify and even mandate left-liberal despotism by the federal government over everyone in the United States.

- (2) Modern conservatives, exemplified by the revered Judge Bork, who

believe that judges should only passively interpret and enforce the statutes. In short, that the role of the federal judiciary is to put an imprimatur of constitutionality on every action of the president and the Congress. Oddly, this so-called “conservative” stance used to be precisely the position of New Deal leftists such as Felix Frankfurter and his disciple Robert H. Jackson. This Old Left position was precisely the one that scuttled the Old Right, Nine Old Men position that magnificently outlawed as unconstitutional a host of invasions of property rights and freedom of contract. The embrace of this Old Left position by the current right is in fact a testament to the degeneration of modern conservatism. Indeed, Bork himself embodies this shift. As a young jurist, Bork was a Chicago-School libertarian; then, while teaching at Yale Law School, he was converted by colleague Alexander Bickel, a disciple of the evil Frankfurter, to the Frankfurter–Jackson position.

It should be clear that, from the libertarian perspective, the Borkian conservative position is far worse, far more statist, than the left-liberal one. At least, with left-liberalism, we would accidentally gain libertarian judicial decisions because they sometimes happened to coincide with the left-liberal agenda. But with Old Left–New Right conservatism in the judicial saddle, there would be no hope whatsoever in the Court of a libertarian check on executive or legislative despotism.

(3) The third camp is a return to the Nine Old Men, using the Federal judiciary as a frankly activist bulwark of the rights of private property as against the executive or legislative branch. This is now the Official Libertarian position, held most notably by Richard Epstein of the University of Chicago Law School, by Randy Barnett of IIT-Kent Law School, and by the Cato Institute. It is certainly a position infinitely preferable to the other two, and one which I myself have ardently espoused in the past.

But I have come to think that there are serious deficiencies in this Official Libertarian position, one that should lead us to rethink the entire problem of the role of the judiciary. There is of course the problem of naive adventurism, the idea that all we need do is somehow to sneak in a few Good Guys on the Supreme Court and all would be well. But more profoundly, for the sake of such a quick fix, of getting Good Guys like Epstein or Bernard Siegan (already rejected by the Senate) or Judge Alex Kozinski on the High Court, we fail to ask ourselves a deeper question, e.g.: should there be a Supreme Court, with absolute power, in the first place? The Old Jeffersonian position, for example, was radically different: that absolute power must never be entrusted to a small oligarchy of men, especially Supreme Court judges, who are an unchecked oligarchy appointed for life. Before Federalist John Marshall began to amass all power in the Supreme Court, no one ever believed, even with the existence of such a court, that it has the last word on constitutionality. In his great anti-New Deal novel, *The Grand Design*, John Dos Passos wrote:

We learned. There were things we learned to do but we have not learned, in spite of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and the great debates at Richmond and Philadelphia, how to put power over the lives of men into the hands of one man and to make him use it wisely. (Dos Passos, *The Grand Design*, Boston, 1949, pp. 416–18)

This warning applies not just to one man, the president, but also to an absolute oligarchy of Nine Men or Women. And so what we have to do is to rediscover the Jeffersonian anti-judicial oligarchy position, not so much of Jefferson himself, who was largely all talk and no action, but of such Jeffersonian ultras as John Taylor of Caroline and John Randolph of Roanoke. In other words, we have to rediscover not only the forgotten individualist Ninth Amendment, but also the radically decentralist Tenth Amendment, and the legal tradition and principles from which it stemmed. Dismantling the Leviathan State, a task embraced by all libertarians, must also invoke dismantling the nationalizing, centralizing, absolute oligarchy that constitutes the Supreme Court of the United States. Here we have a truly noble, new and exciting task awaiting us: to hammer out a fourth, radically Jeffersonian as well as libertarian position on the federal judiciary and the Supreme Court. In sum, we need a *paleo position*. ■

THEIR MALCOLM...AND MINE

February 1993

Why Malcolm X? Why the sudden rage, replete with baseball caps inscribed with X's, for a man assassinated nearly thirty years ago? Partly it's media hype, centered around the new hagiographic movie made by our Most Politically Correct Movie Director, Black Division. More seriously, the nostalgia for Malcolm is part of America's permanent Jacobin Celebration Project, in which new politically correct birthdays and anniversaries are dug up and compulsorily celebrated (Earth Day, Earth Week, "Dr." Martin Luther King Day, etc.), while others are overlooked or dumped altogether (Washington's Birthday, Columbus Day—you should forgive the expression). To paraphrase LBJ, seize control of a nation's celebrations, and their hearts and minds will follow.

OK, but why specifically Malcolm? Isn't "Dr." King for Heaven's sake, enough? Are we now to boycott any state that doesn't give a paid holiday or two in honor of Malcolm? The Authorized Version holds that Dr. King is indeed not quite enough, that restless black youth need a more militant and

less “Christian” icon and “role model,” someone who was at least willing to flirt with violence, someone therefore more in tune with their own proclivities.

It’s true that Malcolm was more militant than King; he was a black nationalist rather than an integrationist. Yet, the emphasis on Malcolm’s *ideas* in the Received Version doesn’t begin to explain the Malcolm phenomenon. In the first place, Malcolm’s original nationalism in the form of the Black Muslims still lingers on in the person of “Minister” Louis Farrakhan. Yet, who really cares about Farrakhan? Surely he is scarcely the figure cut by Malcolm, Farrakhan’s original mentor. In fact, Malcolm made most of his impact in the scant few months after he had broken with the Black Muslims and before his assassination. And it was then that his ideology was in a state of severe flux. Groping his way out of the Nation of Islam, he had a conversion experience toward genuine Islam when he traveled to Mecca. Furthermore, ideologically, he was courted and pulled at by groups ranging through a wide ideological spectrum, from the Trotskyites of the Socialist Workers Party, over to free-market economist and *Fortune* journalist Charles Silberman, who was trying to make Malcolm into a free-marketeer. Indeed, Malcolm’s Black Muslim emphasis on black self-help, his attacks on drugs and going on welfare, were an attempt to bring ghetto blacks over to a Protestant Ethic, and it had a limited success in what could have developed into an ideology of Black Capitalism. But it is impossible to say where Malcolm would have headed had he not been gunned down in Harlem’s Hotel Theresa Ballroom in February 1965.

There is no question that black nationalism is a lot more libertarian than the compulsory integration pushed by King, the NAACP, and white liberals. But there are deep problems with black nationalism, which Malcolm never had a chance to explore. The most fundamental: black nationalism *in what territory*? A nation has to have territory, and blacks are only one-fifth of the American nation. “Black nationalism” within the United States is then only a phony nationalism, and beginning to look like a drive for an aggravated form of coerced parasitism over the white population. The territorial question was at least faced by the Black Belt thesis of the Communist Party of the USA during the 1920s: Black Belt slave counties of the South. There were two grave problems with this doctrine: (a) what do you do with the existing usually majority white population in these areas, and (b) as time has gone on since 1865, more and more blacks have moved out of the historic Black Belt, and have taken over various inner cities in the North.

A second, and more plausible, form of black nationalism is for a separate black nation in currently existing black areas: a New Africa comprised of Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Detroit, Watts, et al. with its capital the old Washington, D.C., and President Jesse Jackson sitting in the Black House.

But then more problems arise. Apart from all the problems of enclaves and access, does anyone really believe that this New Africa would be content to strike out on its own, with no massive “foreign aid” from the U.S.A., and strictly limited migration between the two nations? In a pig’s eye.

Actually, since Malcolm’s preferred term was “African-American” and since this word has now become the PC moniker, it would make the most sense to adopt the solution of early twentieth-century black leader, Marcus Garvey: a mass exodus, a return to West Africa, there to carve out a new black nation, as a people’s exile from the Old Sod is at last redeemed. It is true that in contrast to voluntary immigration, black migration from Africa to America was coerced, and voluntary black “Zionism” or African repatriation was the preferred solution to the black problem for most groups, North and South, before the Civil War. Even now, I bet that many Americans would cheerfully chip in to support such a crusade. But why am I convinced that such a Back to Africa solution, even though it would offer a permanent escape from the alleged horrors of White Racism, is not going to fly, especially among those who aggressively like to refer to themselves as “African-American”?

In the last analysis, then, it is not Malcolm’s *ideas*, militant or not, nationalist or not, that continue to fascinate, and to attract followers. Not at all. On the contrary, it was Malcolm *as a person* who was the great attraction when alive and still is, thirty years after his death. For Malcolm was indeed unique among black leadership, past and present. He did no shuckin’ and jivin’, he was not a clown like “the Rev.” Al Sharpton, he was not moronic like Ben Hooks or Thurgood Marshall, he did not simply threaten Whitey in a loutish manner like the Black Panthers, he was not a fraudulent intellectual with a rococo Black Baptist minister style, like “Dr.” King. He stood out like a noble eagle among his confreres. He carried himself with great pride and dignity; his speaking style was incisive and sparkled with intelligence and sardonic wit. In short, his attraction for blacks was and is that *he acted white*. It is a ridiculous liberal cliché that blacks are just like whites but with a different skin color; but in Malcolm’s case, regardless of his formal ideology, it really seemed to be true.

I had the privilege of seeing Malcolm speak on two occasions in the year before his death. It was a delightful experience. His answers to questions were a match for any political leader, for intelligence and wit. He was, for example, a lot more impressive than Bill Clinton. My favorite memory of Malcolm was the second speech, before a large gathering, when he made mincemeat out of the insufferable Jimmy Wechsler, ex-Communist turned Social Democrat, and beloved columnist and editor of the *New York Post*. In his speech, Malcolm had spoken of black tenants living in Harlem, while their landlords “lived on the Grand Concourse” (a large, once fashionable street in the west Bronx, then almost exclusively Jewish). In the question period, Jimmy Wechsler bounced up, and pointed out that Malcolm’s

remark had “anti-Semitic” implications. “Oh,” replied Malcolm in fine mock indignation: “Are you telling me that only *Jews* live on the Grand Concourse? Why that’s terrible; that’s ‘segregation’; that needs to be investigated!” ■

“DEBAUCHERY! DEBAUCHERY!”

AT TAILHOOK

June 1993

Drunkennes and “debauchery” at a convention of naval aviators and their boosters! My, my, my! I hate to keep bringing up Claude Rains and his “shocked! shocked!” at gambling in *Casablanca*, but it seems to be the appropriate response for this nonsense. Drunkenness at a social hospitality suite at a convention! And in Las Vegas yet—that model city for strait-laced propriety! Hey, give me a break!

I am a great fan of quaint and obsolete words, I haven’t heard that lovely word “debauchery” for many a year. I can see Victorians using it about eighteenth-century excesses. “Debauchery!” But since when has debauchery been a high crime, or drunkenness off the job for that matter?! Our culture is getting rapidly crazier at an accelerating rate, and the poor guys at Tailhook are caught in a culture loop, victims of a new and raging form of Left Victorianism.

And this Inspector General Derek J. Vander Schaaf, the guy who wrote the Tailhook investigatory report, must be a real doozy. He reports, with a great air of concern, that while the “symposium aspects of Tailhook ‘91 were reasonably educational and professionally presented,” that, horrors! less than 2,100 people attended these “professional events,” while as many as 4,000 naval officers came to the convention, which means—ye gods!—that maybe half the attendees came only to participate in the “social” events and not to attend the symposium at all!

Look, Derek baby, let me clue you in on the facts of professional life. I have never attended any convention, even the most staid, where the socializers did not outnumber the guys who actually came to the official proceedings. And this is true even at economists’ conventions, where I can assure you, Derek, there was no “gauntlet,” mooning, strippers, and all the other debauched practices you have reported in such loving detail. And precious little drunkenness, let alone debauchery.

All these hi-jinks, all these piggish fraternity-like practices most of which, despite all the hysteria, seem to have been consensual, had been

going on at previous Tailhook conventions for the previous thirty-five years. Even Inspector General Derek admits that this stuff had become a veritable “tradition” at Tailhook. And even Derek concedes that the least consensual part of the festivities, the notorious third-floor hallway “gantlet,” had a sign posted, saying, “Gauntlet—Enter at Your Own Risk.” So, if this was a well-known tradition, and the sign was up, why did these women show up at the Tailhook convention or at the famed third-floor hallway or hospitality suites? Doesn’t this showing up make the basic proceedings consensual and voluntary? And in any case, what’s the big deal?

It’s pretty clear that this whole thing was launched by that harridan Lt. Paula Coughlin, who strutted down the “gantlet” secure in the arrogant belief that being an admiral’s aide would spare her the indignities heaped upon lesser females. And when the young lads gleefully shouted “admiral’s aide!” and gave her extra treatment and she reported them in a huff to her admiral, he had the nerve to do the old-fashioned thing in the military: to tell her to forget it! And so Paula went public in a big way, taking advantage of the raging feminist advance in our culture, to bring that admiral down, and the rest of the Navy and the “military culture” down with him.

The inevitable question: do I “condone” the actions of the young lads at Tailhook? The very question is idiotic. I am not a fan of fraternity-culture, but so what? I’m not a member of Tailhook and I didn’t go to the convention. Those who went to Tailhook should have known what they were doing. And the charges of a “cover-up” that have smeared so many higher officers are also ridiculous. The whole thing should have been thrown out from the very beginning, and the “victims” told to butt out and grow up.

The *real* victims of Tailhook are the naval aviators who were suddenly, *ex post facto*, trapped in the vise-like grip of a whirlwind culture change, the accession of an implacable Left-Puritanism. One of those female military experts that seem to have sprouted like weeds let the cat out of the bag on a TV news program recently: “We have to get rid of the macho culture of the military.”

Yes, of course, that’s the key. The military, especially the crack pilots, are trained for discipline, quick-response, aggressiveness—indeed, a macho culture. A macho culture might even go in for occasional off-duty drunkenness and debauchery. I was reminded of that lovely line from Wordsworth: “Shades of the prison-house begin to close/Upon the growing boy.” Because these “boys” are going to be hit hard by the prison-house of an anti-macho cultural revolution. Those young lads who don’t get jailed, fined, or expelled, will be subjected to compulsory “counseling sessions”—sensitivity training to fit them into our new “therapeutic” state. The anti-macho revolution will include, in particular, feminization and gayization. That should do the trick. Thus, Command Master Chief Elaine Human, the first female master chief at the Pacific Fleet headquarters, put the needed change this way: that military service must become “gender-blind.”

I am trying to figure out the role of sex in this new culture. It's not an easy task. On the one hand, kids in elementary grades are being handed out free condoms, and instructed how to use them, all in the absurd idea of warding off AIDS, because chastity for teenagers and sub-teenagers is supposed to be ridiculous. On the other hand, drunkenness and debauchery have to be outlawed for adults, including the military. And what is a truly "gender-blind" and "trans-gender-blind" military going to look like? If gender-blinding is a serious goal, then there will have to be total integration, into every aspect of the military: combat, submarines, showers, toilets, of all genders and transgenders: men, women, gays, lesbians, cross-dressers, trans-sexuals, hermaphrodites, and whatever other sexes the left will have dreamed up. And while all these assorted "genders" will have to be integrated in all activities, *any* sexual action or thought of any kind: not simply "groping" and "fondling" but also leers, ogling, and verbal references of any kind—all of which have been defined as "sexual harassment" will be outlawed to the hilt, with disgrace, imprisonment, expulsion, and maybe castration as the instant punishment.

How can they give out compulsory condoms and still outlaw any sexual thought much less action? How can something be "indecent exposure" at Tailhook and yet be compulsory in barracks and showers in the name of "gender-blinding"? How can we possibly make sense out of this crazy quilt of sexual attitudes? Perhaps the answer is this: the Enemy is what used to be called "normal," or "macho," hetero-sex. *Anything* else, any kind of trans-gendering, is good, healthy, a liberating "orientation," etc. That seems to be what the military, and the rest of us, are in for.

Well, one thing I'm sure of. After a steady diet of the new culture, we won't have to worry about the military and its "macho culture." It will be very interesting to see what will happen when the new, liberated, sensitive, feminized, gayized, and trans-genderized Army, Navy, and Air Force run up against the Serbs who, God bless them! haven't caught up with the modern world yet.

To repeat a point I've made elsewhere: *who* would you rather have defend you, a feminized, gayized, de-machoized military, or a group of Serbs? Think about it. ■

RACE! THAT MURRAY BOOK

December 1994

Under the spell of a misplaced analogy from Darwinian theory, analysts for over a century liked to think of social change as necessarily gradual, minute, and glacial. The idea of any sort of radical or "revolutionary" social change became unfashionable among intellectuals

and social scientists. The political and cultural revolutions of the twentieth century have altered that perspective, and observers are now more willing to entertain the idea of sudden revolutionary change.

Well, one vital and recent social change has been not only truly revolutionary but has occurred at almost dizzying speed. Namely: Until literally mid-October 1994, it was shameful and taboo for anyone to talk publicly or write about, home truths which everyone, and I mean *everyone*, knew in their hearts and in private: that is, almost self-evident truths about race, intelligence, and heritability. What used to be widespread shared public knowledge about race and ethnicity among writers, publicists, and scholars, was suddenly driven out of the public square by Communist anthropologist Franz Boas and his associates in the 1930s, and it has been taboo ever since. Essentially, I mean the almost self-evident fact that individuals, ethnic groups, and races differ among themselves in intelligence and in many other traits, and that intelligence, as well as less controversial traits of temperament, are in large part hereditary.

While, in contrast to many other countries, the professional egalitarian left in the United States has not been able to use government censorship as one of its weapons of expulsion, it has used every other smear and bullying tactic, high and low, to drive any such sentiments out of public life, to suppress discussion and scholarship, as well as any genuine freedom of inquiry or research in what had long been a flourishing area of study. In a deep sense, this was an early manifestation of Political Correctness, after which other virulent forms of PC were added on top of this previous foundation. In the area of scientific research, the last truthful comprehensive book on the subject, *Race*, by the great British scientist John R. Baker, was published by the distinguished Oxford University Press in the 1970s. But Oxford Press was virtually forced, by intense pressure, if not to withdraw the book openly, at least to suppress it in practice by giving it as little circulation as possible.

For the rest of society, the racial thought police were able to suppress journalism, and to eliminate all Racially Incorrect traces not only of media sentiment, but even of humor, and the rich American heritage of ethnic humor has almost been stamped out of existence.

The basic tactic of the egalitarian left rulers was, of course, not to dignify any books engaging in candid inquiry into the race question by openly rebutting them. After all, to engage in any sort of public debate, in lecture hall or in print, with The Enemy runs the risk of the egalitarian actually losing, or at least demonstrating to lay intellectuals or to the general public that maybe a plausible case can be made for this horrible heresy. So the ruling tactic of the left was to engage in what Harry Elmer Barnes, in another connection, called “the blackout,” and for the rest to smear the heretic relentlessly with the usual PC smear labels we have come to know and love so well: “racist,” “fascist,” “Nazi,” “sexist,” “heterosexist,” and so

on. Better to black out and smear, to marginalize the heretic into shame and oblivion.

The political situation of the 1930s and 40s was used to cunning effect by the egalitarian left to stamp out all opposition. Any expression of racial home truths was automatically lambasted as “fascist,” “Nazi,” and therefore ultra-rightist. In fact, all of this was a fabrication. The leading “racial scientists” from the 1890s until the 1930s were in agreement across the ideological and political spectrum. In fact, most of the leading racial scientists were Progressives, left-liberals, and New Dealers. In that period, only Communists and other Marxists were egalitarians, for ideological reasons. But the Commies were able to use their extensive ideological and propaganda machine during that era to somehow link Nazi persecution of Jews to racism, and with doctrines of racial superiority and inferiority. In that way, the Commies were able to bully or convert all manner of liberals and leftists, including those ex-Trotskyites and liberals who would much later become neoconservatives. This left the conservatives, who were the least amenable to Marxist influence, but who in turn were bullied into submission by being smeared savagely as “Hitlerite” for any expression of racialist views.

In point of fact, however, it should be clear that Hitler and the Nazis did *not persecute* Jews because they believed Jews to be inferior in intelligence. And as for blacks, there were too few blacks residing in Europe for the Nazis to bother about, much less persecute. Where pre-World War II racialism *was* politically relevant was, e.g., in immigration-cutting policies in the United States, and in sterilization of welfare mothers as part of various state welfare programs. Both of these policies, however, could be and were supported on other than racialist grounds.

During the past sixty years, racial research or expression of views by intellectuals has been marginalized and almost literally driven underground by pressure from above and from below. But in October, 1994, with incredible speed, the entire culture did a 180-degree turn. Upon the publication by the respected Establishment, The Free Press, of Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray’s *The Bell Curve*, expressing in massively stupefying scholarly detail what everyone has always known but couldn’t dare to express about race, intelligence, and heritability, the dam suddenly burst. It’s not that all the reviews were favorable. Not at all. But the crucial point is that the Blackout suddenly collapsed; the Herrnstein–Murray book (since Herrnstein died before publication, it is now for all publicity purposes “the Murray book”) is remarkably everywhere, attacked in *Newsweek* as well as the predictable *New Republic*, treated as The Cultural Phenomenon of the year. Not only that: the attacks may be bitter, but they are not the traditional mindless smears: no one has dismissed the book as “racist,” “fascist,” “neo-Nazi,” and all the rest.

There are many mind-boggling aspects to the Herrnstein–Murray breakthrough. *The Bell Curve* is becoming a runaway bestseller, certainly for a non-fiction work on a serious topic; and yet, it is not a book that more than

a handful of scholars are actually going to read. How often do we see a 900-page work, filled with boring statistics and social science jargon, become a coffee-table book, the sort of book that my dear you simply have to display to show that you are abreast of the times?

Perhaps the most mind-boggling cultural response, one that most needs explanation, was that of the Queen of middlebrow, the newspaper that Sets the Line telling intellectuals, media people, journalists, think-tankers, etc. what to think: the august *New York Times Sunday Book Review*. In fact, we can, for once, pinpoint the cultural and social revolution on the Race Question to one precise date: October 16, 1994—the date when the august Establishment *New York Times* ostentatiously threw in the towel. For the *Sunday Book Review* devoted the front cover, and three entire pages to a blockbuster review of three recent “racist” books, a review which not only did not engage in the usual Marxoid smears, but was objective, respectful and actually favorable! We have to realize, in the first place, that such a length for a review in the *Sunday Times* is unprecedented; authors will kill for the publicity of having part of a page in the *Review*, much less three full pages. Second, instead of the usual *Times* practice of turning books of this type over to Harvard Marxist hatchetmen, paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould and biologist Richard Lewontin, or one of their ilk, the review is by *New York Times* science reporter Malcolm W. Browne, who treats these works in a way similar books should have been treated over the past six decades.

Not only that: the Herrnstein–Murray book almost drowns its subject in statistics and qualifications, and it tries to downplay the entire race issue, devoting most of its space to inheritable differences among individuals *within* each ethnic or racial group. Truly incredible is the treatment Browne gives to the far harder-core, more ideologically explosive though also strictly scientific work of Professor J. Phillippe Rushton, *Race, Evolution, and Behavior*, published by the respected and courageous Transaction Publishers affiliated with Rutgers University. Transaction has been, for decades, one of the very few publishers in America genuinely devoted to freedom of intellectual inquiry and freedom of scholarly expression. The third work is the unabashedly conservative–libertarian book by Smith College education professor Seymour Itzkoff, *The Decline of Intelligence in America* (Praeger). Not only are all these books treated soberly and favorably by Browne, but he also points out the shamefulness of the suppression of such views and research for decades. Thus, Browne writes that “the articulation of issues touching on group intelligence and ethnicity has been neither fashionable nor safe for the last three decades,” but that these books are “worth plowing through and mulling over.” For Browne agrees with these scholars that “the time has come to grasp the nettle of political heresy, to discard social myths and to come to grips with statistical evidence.” And Browne concludes what for the *Times* is a massive review, that “the most insistent plea of the four

authors is for freedom of debate and an end to the shroud of censorship imposed upon scientists and scholars by pressure groups and an acquiescing society.” He then notes that Herrnstein and Murray write that “for the last 30 years, the concept of intelligence has been a pariah in the world of ideas,” and adds that the “time has come to rehabilitate rational discourse on the subject.” Browne’s ringing last sentence: “It is hard to imagine a democratic society doing otherwise.” Wowie!

HOW COME?

So how do we explain this phenomenon? How do we account for the fact that straight talk on race, intelligence, and heredity has gone, *in one week*, from being taboo to being almost old-hat? What in blazes has happened?

In the first place, those who believe in the accidental theory of history have their work cut out for them. No one can convince me that, on a subject of such delicacy and of such magnitude, that this tremendous change of opinion was purely a matter of intellectual fashion, of spontaneous combustion, or sudden consideration and deep conviction. No topic can shift from being shamefully Naziish to respectable and even scientific status overnight and by sudden acclamation (the surprise here, to repeat, is not simply the favorable and long review in the *Times*, but that the critics suddenly shifted from blackout-and-smear to mere hostility and widespread publicity). Surely, in this particular case, the unprovable “paranoid” view that a few powerful Establishment figures pushed some button is far more plausible an explanation.

SCIENCE WILL OUT

So why did this incredible turnaround occur? In the first place, there is the important point that, praise the Lord, science and truth, though long delayed and deferred, will eventually win out. In the long run, truth cannot be suppressed. In the last few decades, there has been an explosion of genetic and intelligence research, here and in Europe, despite the atmosphere ranging from subtle to brutal suppression. Despite the lack of government or Establishment foundation research funding, despite academic assaults on scholars, and student and community thugs preventing such researchers from lecturing or teaching, there has been an overwhelming accumulation of scientific data confirming, time and again, what everyone knows from his own and from others’ observations.

Of the two authors of *The Bell Curve*, Charles Murray is the best-known in conservative circles as a neoconservative/left-libertarian researcher whose elaborate statistics confirmed what everyone knew anyway: that the welfare state injures, rather than benefits, its alleged beneficiaries, and only aggravates the problem. So what else is new, Charlie? But the real star of the duo is the late Harvard Professor Richard Herrnstein, a Harvard psychologist

who was no conservative at all, but instead an old-fashioned left-liberal, that is, one of the rare liberals still dedicated to genuine freedom of inquiry and to the search for scientific truth. When, two decades ago, Herrnstein became interested in intelligence and heritability, and before he had even ventured into the troubled area of race, he suddenly found his classes and lectures invaded and himself physically assaulted by the student-community left. Refusing to be intimidated, Herrnstein pressed on, regardless of threats or of the developing storm of Political Incorrectness.

Other scientists, here and abroad, including such intelligence experts as Belfast professor Richard Lynn, have confirmed these doctrines over and over. Phillippe Rushton, a heroic professor at University of Western Ontario, has literally not been able to teach any of his classes in person, because of continued disruption by thugs. (The “thug” category is not, despite implications of the U.S. media, confined to followers of General Cedras in Haiti.) Fortunately, the Western Ontario University authorities have backed Rushton’s academic independence to the hilt, and he is permitted to have all of his lectures shown to classes on videotape.

In the light of this explosion of research, it has been increasingly difficult for the Marxoid left to maintain its egalitarian posture, which more and more smacks of the absurd environmentalist “Lysenkoism” of the shameful era of Soviet genetics. As a result, the scholarly left has fallen back on two tactics to combat the inequalitarian threat. One is the frank if truly horrifying admission that “even if racist science is true, it should be suppressed because its social and political conclusions are immoral.” Such a frank position that truth must be suppressed for alleged social or political considerations, is a true “treason of the intellectuals,” a candid junking of the entire point of scholarship and research. It is a position that cannot be condemned too severely, and should be the occasion for the drumming of every advocate out of any sort of public discourse. For how can a self-proclaimed liar and suppressor of truth be taken seriously ever again?

The second fallback position was a tactic that worked for a long time. Its success negates the Hayek position that the only sure way to convert the culture is to first convert the leading philosophers and scientists, who in turn persuade other academics, who in turn convert journalists and media people, who in turn change the course of public opinion. Apart from the slowness of this process (it could take centuries), we have seen all too often that it has been short-circuited wherever science or other knowledge enters a hot-button area. Maybe it worked in the old days when journalists tried to be objective truth-seekers, and were content to sample and report to the public authoritative opinion in whatever science or discipline they were covering. As responsible journalists, they set aside their own personal views in the service of their once honorable profession. But in recent years, as we are all aware, journalists and media people have generally become not objective reporters, but missionary zealots with their own ideological

agenda for brainwashing the public. We have seen this process in the various pesticide and other environmentalist scares of the last decades. Most scientists did not believe that Alar on apples was a big cancer threat (it is far less of a threat, ironically, than “natural” apples themselves). Most scientists do not believe that “global warming” has ever been established, much less worry about hair sprays or air-conditioners as an important contributor. The media people, knowing this, simply distort the process by always going for quotes to the small handful of scientific propagandists who are leftists with their own fanatical environmentalist agenda.

The same has been true in the case of race and intelligence. One would think from the quantity of their quotes that the only biologists, geneticists, or intelligence experts in this huge country were Harvard Marxoids Gould and Lewontin, occasionally backstopped by their leftist colleague Leon Kamin. One would certainly never know that the bulk of their colleagues differ totally with their professional-egalitarian position. Unlike many other areas, there is no media attempt to “balance” in these fields.

One might excuse this bias as a typical media search for a punchy sound-bite, for a quick dramatic quote, whereas scientists tend to talk in measured, qualified tones. But this defense would be a cop-out, since the media could at least inform us that most scientists disagreed, and they could seek out some punchy counter-quotes from people like Rushton, and treat them *with the same deference* they show Harvard Marxists. Hah!

At any rate, we can say that in mid-October, the dam burst, and the accumulation of scientific data and research simply became too much for Gould, Lewontin and Company to block.

Certainly, this accumulating tension between scientific truth and the ruling propaganda is part of the explanation of what’s happened. But the problem is that it’s only a long-run explanation. We still have the puzzle; why did the breakthrough occur now, in October 1994, and why does it center around the Herrnstein–Murray book? All the boring statistics? Sure, but, for example, decades ago, Audrey M. Shuey’s book *The Testing of Negro Intelligence*, published by a small southern university press, was equally impressive in its statistics, and yet it sank without a trace.

Part of the answer, I believe, is precisely that Audrey Shuey was not a neocon beloved by conservative and free-market think-tanks, and she was not a Harvard professor. All too often, the key to public and scholarly success is not *what* you’re saying, but who you are and who is backing you.

JUSTIFYING THE ELITE

So let us go on to a bold, though persuasive, hypothesis: the powerful neocons, despite the smallness of their number, have an iron grip on much public political opinion—through their raft of syndicated columnists, their control of numerous Official Conservative and left-libertarian Beltway think-tanks, financed by wealthy neocon foundations, as well as their

domination of influential magazines and organs of opinion, headed by the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*. Let's assume—and there have been increasing indications of this in recent years—that the neocons have decided to junk their long-time support for the Black Movement. But this doesn't explain the turnaround of the *New York Times*, which is no longer neocon (since the exit of Abe Rosenthal, John Corry, and Hilton Kramer), and is now the voice of left-liberalism in the United States (followed closely by the *Washington Post*). So what happened with liberals? To put it bluntly, white liberals have gotten sick of the Black Movement. Their hysteria about the black nationalism of Louis Farrakhan and its infusion into the NAACP under Benjamin Chavis is a case in point. For why should anyone not a member of the NAACP care what it does, or who it selects as its head? But white liberals care deeply, because the black nationalists are right about this one: the NAACP, and other "civil rights" organizations, were dominated from the very beginning by a minority of white leaders, partially through white financing and partly through white influence over the mainstream media and mainstream politicians. I don't blame blacks one bit for being sick of white control of ostensibly black organizations; if I were black, I'd be trying to cast these people off myself. And why not?

But white liberals, in contrast (and neocons, too, who are, after all, only right-wingish liberals) feel that the blacks are ingrates, as well as threats to their own power. So are white liberals, also driven by the well-known intensifying horrors of crime and welfare, finally fed up. They decided, at long last, that they had had enough, and that they would pull the plug on the black movement that they had done so much to create and foster. As part of what must have been this deliberate, and weighty decision, the liberals (and neocons) decided to remove the stranglehold that the Marxoid Far Left, the Goulds, the Lewontins, and their ilk, had been permitted to maintain in suppressing scientific truth in the area of race and intelligence. And then, bingo! the dam broke. The United Left Front of neocons, liberals, blacks and the Far Left had suddenly dissolved.

The fact that the neocons and liberals chose to take their stand on a book filled with statistics and the rest of the prestigious apparatus of science, co-authored by a liberal Harvard professor and by a neocon-left-libertarian think-tanker, now makes a great deal of sense. It is hardly a coincidence. What better book on which to throw down the gauntlet to the Hard Left?

But there is another, more hidden, and more sinister, aspect to this new stand by neocons and liberals. When all is said and done, as we will emphasize further below, both neocons and liberals are statist. They don't want freedom or free markets. They don't want, for example, genuinely private or home schooling. What they want is national statism run, not by leftists, but by themselves. They want their own kind of welfare state, and they want a nationalized educational system, public and private, run by themselves. Both groups are strongly opposed to the populist movement

sweeping this country, a movement profoundly hostile to any form of national socialism and to its embodiment in Washington, D.C. Liberals and neocons both favor rule by a small Washington power elite, an elite which they claim to be merely a natural “meritocracy.” Since they, the liberal and neocon intellectuals and technocrats, generally have higher IQs than most of the rest of the population, what better way to justify their own meritocratic rule than by invoking the majesty of Science? Here we have a key to the sudden embrace by neocons, and even by liberals of the scientific truth about race and intelligence.

BUT AFTER ALL, SO WHAT?

There are many wonderful things that paleos, conservatives and libertarians, can celebrate about this new revolutionary cultural turn on race. First and foremost, and despite the common smears against paleos as theocrats and inveterate opponents of free speech, paleos are the most fervent and genuine advocates of freedom of speech and of inquiry in this country. The end of the blackout and of the smears against truth-seekers in the area of race and intelligence is a wonderful thing for its own sake. And second, of course, the egalitarian myth has been the major ideological groundwork for the welfare state, and, in its racial aspect, for the entire vast, ever expanding civil rights-affirmative action-setaside-quota aspect of the welfare state. The recognition of inheritance and natural inequalities among races as well as among individuals knocks the props out from under the welfare state system.

But, when all is said and done, the truth about race and IQ means a lot more to liberals and to neocons than it does to paleos. For the liberals and neocons, being statist to the core, are obliged to seize control of resources and to allocate them *somehow* among the various groups of the population. Liberals-neocons are “sorters,” they aim to sort people out, to subsidize here, to control and restrict there. So, to the neocon or liberal power elite, ethnic or racial science is a big thing because it tells these sorters who exactly they should subsidize, who they should control, who they should restrict and limit. Should they use taxpayer funds to subsidize the “disadvantaged” or geniuses? Which is more socially productive, which dysgenic? I remember the only time I ever met neocon Godfather Irving Kristol; it was many years ago, at a conference critical of egalitarianism in Switzerland. It did not take long before the two of us got into a bitter argument because Kristol wanted geniuses declared a “national resource”; I hotly commented that such a declaration implied (a) that taxpayers should be forced to subsidize geniuses as “national resources”; and (b) that it followed that these subsidized would then be subject to government control. Kristol, as I remember, never denied such implications.

But while neocons and liberals want the planners and national statist to sort, subsidize, and control, for which they need scientific data such as

intelligence as guides, paleos are very different. Paleos believe in *Liberty*; paleos believe in the rights of person and property; paleos want no government subsidizers or controllers. Paleos want Big Government off all of our backs, be we smart or dumb, black, brown or white.

It is truly fascinating that, while liberals and neocons have been deriding paleos for years as notorious “racists,” “fascists,” “sexists,” and all the rest, that actually we, as libertarians, are the last group who deserve such a label: that, in fact, liberals and neocons, as people who all stand with the power elite over the ordinary Americans, are far more deserving of the statist-racist-fascist label.

SO: WHY TALK ABOUT RACE AT ALL?

If, then, the Race Question is really a problem for statist and not for paleos, why should we talk about the race matter at all? Why should it be a political concern for us; why not leave the issue entirely to the scientists?

Two reasons we have already mentioned; to celebrate the victory of freedom of inquiry and of truth for its own sake; and a bullet through the heart of the egalitarian-socialist project. But there is a third reason as well: as a powerful defense of the results of the free market. If and when we as populists and libertarians abolish the welfare state in all of its aspects, and property rights and the free market shall be triumphant once more, many individuals and groups will predictably not like the end result. In that case, those ethnic and other groups who might be concentrated in lower-income or less prestigious occupations, guided by their socialistic mentors, will predictably raise the cry that free-market capitalism is evil and “discriminatory” and that therefore collectivism is needed to redress the balance. In that case, the intelligence argument will become useful to defend the market economy and the free society from ignorant or self-serving attacks. In short; racist science is properly not an act of aggression or a cover for oppression of one group over another, but, on the contrary, an operation in defense of private property against assaults by aggressors.

In any case, there is cause for jubilation these days, for it looks as if the left-egalitarian blackout-and-smear gang has been dealt a truly lethal blow. ■

CLINTONIAN UGLY

THE CLINTONIANS: “LOOKING LIKE AMERICA”

February 1993

Well, we learned one thing from the horribly odious process of Slick Willie's selecting his cabinet and sub-cabinet: the hysterical love affair that the media has been conducting with Bill Clinton is not love for himself alone. Let Willie slip once, and his media worshippers are on his neck in a minute, howling about betrayal. The general media reaction to Clinton's selection of his economic and foreign policy team: shrieks of horror: “Yaagghh! White males! You gave us white males. Unclean! You promised us di-ver-sity! You said they'd Look Like America. Where are the women?”

For a moment, Clinton was peeved, to see his adoring fans turn on him so quickly and savagely; and he pouted about “quotas” and “bean counters.” But that was only for the record; very rapidly, Slick Willie knuckled under, scrambling to find more women. In the tremendous pressure and counterpressures of all the petted groups scrambling at the public trough, poor Senator Wirth, darling of the environmentalists (hey, did you notice that environmentalists are almost all white, and mostly male?) got clobbered to find himself ousted as Secretary of Energy by yet another woman, and a “black” to boot: the unknown Hazel Rollins O'Leary. The women shut up for a moment, though still grumbling at Clinton's brief outburst (for which he can be expected to pay and pay), but the Hispanics then took over. What? Only one Hispanic in the cabinet? Shame! And so poor William Daley, brother of Chicago Mayor Richard, got suddenly shafted at the Transportation post, to be shoved aside by a certified Hispanic, Federico Pena. For a while it seemed that yet a third Hispanic, Representative Bill Richardson (D., N.M.) was going to get the crucial Interior spot, but the environmentalist lobby put their foot down—Jeez, they had to get *something*, or, Mr. Clinton, are you really soft on the Environment? And it was in vain that the Clinton people said, look, we appointed a splendid environmentalist, and a Woman, to head the EPA (Carol M. Browner), because it was not a cabinet post. And to the Clintonian assurances that the EPA (along with the other female-headed Council of Economic Advisors) would be *treated* like the cabinet, and would be “Cabinet-level” (as will the female UN representative): “No, when we demand cabinet it's gotta be *cabinet*!”

This was an unprecedentedly repellent case in American history. Up till now, at least lip-service was paid to finding the best person for each job, to the old American ideal of position according to merit. All this has now frankly been tossed overboard. Talk about your “beancounters!” The newspapers actually kept a running score, like a basketball game. White males 4,

black males 2, black women 2, Hispanic males, 1. Etc. Black columnist William Raspberry actually came out and said it: merit, shmerit, everyone's merit is the same anyway, so the key is getting a balance of groups, of insuring glorious diversity, of looking like America. And no one objected. American culture, dominated by left-liberalism, has truly descended into the snakepit.

OK, so let's play the bean counter game. If you want a cabinet "looking like America" you're not going nearly far enough. The beans are not classified with near enough precision. What is this "white male" nonsense? This portmanteau group must be disaggregated, and fast. For example, where are the Irish-American males? They are zip. Poor William Daley was bested as Secretary of Transportation, and the result: no Irish. The largest single ethnic group in America is *still* German-American, and yet there is not a single German-American in the cabinet or sub-cabinet, male or female. How can the Cabinet Look Like America with not a single Irish or German? And where are the Latinas (Hispanic females)? I'm afraid that the fact that black lady Hazel Rollins is married to a (presumptively) white Irishman O'Leary, is not going to be enough. Also: what is this "black" nonsense? There are far more precise groupings needed. For example: it is a fact denied only by white liberals that there is tremendous hatred and resentment between dark and light-skinned Negroes. Don't we need quotas (oops, I mean balance or diversity) to reflect the proper numbers of dark, light, and medium skinned? Back in the old days of slavery, people were a lot more scientific in their taxonomy; Negroes were given specific names depending on what fraction each one had of Negro and white blood, as well as different names depending on whether the blackness was on the father's or mother's side. There were "quadroons," "octoroons," etc. All that knowledge seems to have been lost, but our diversity-mongers had better well trot out their old taxonomics if they really want to hold a mirror up to the specific diverse groups that constitute America.

And speaking of Mrs. O'Leary, in what way exactly is she supposed to be "black"? Her skin color is somewhere between Al Gore's and Bill Clinton's and lighter than most whites. So what is this nonsense? In the old days, they would have known how to bracket Mrs. O'Leary: In Harlem high society, she would have been called a "high yaller"; it's about time that the high yallers came into their own.

And then of course there are the Jews, who are strong in the Clintonian list, and who should hardly be slighted. And although we are told a lot about some of the candidates' backgrounds (i.e., that Bill Richardson is really an Hispanic), we are not told other crucial information, such as who are Jews and who are not, and who is married into a significant ethnic group and who isn't. Surely, all this is crucial if we are to be really conscientious beancounters. For example, I presume Carol Browner is a WASP female, but I was stunned to find that "Miss" Browner has a little kid named

Zachary Podhorzer, she being clearly married to a Jewish male named Michael Podhorzer. (One paper got it wrong and said that her kid's last name is Podhoretzer, and for a chilling moment I was afraid that Norman had placed another relative into an influential position, but I was fortunately set straight the next day.) Then there is the curious case of Madeleine K. Albright, female, eminent Democrat insider, and the new Ambassadors to the United Nations, raised back in her honor to cabinet-level rank. Sounds like a WASP female, right? But no, it turns out that Mrs. Albright is divorced from Mr. Albright, and that she is a Czechess born in Prague, and daughter of Czech dissident Josef Korbel (hence the "K"). But Czech *what*? Was Josef a Catholic? Protestant? Or Jew? If Jew, then we can add a Jewess to the top-level Clintonians. But who knows? Once again, the media have been deficient, and I must await further clarification from my Czech sources.

While we are on the Jewish Question, we can now deconstruct the alleged "white male" nature of the Clintonian "economic team." We have, so far, on the economic team the following: Secretary of Treasury Lloyd Bentsen, elderly white male Texan (surely Texas is big enough and brassy enough to deserve its own category); Leon Panetta, director of Office of Management and Budget, Italo-American male; Laura D'Andrea Tyson, head of Council of Economic Advisors, WASP female; still the remaining four top-level economic teamsters are all Jewish: Robert Rubin, co-head of Goldman-Sachs, head of the new National Economic Council, Jewish male; Roger Altman, of the Blackstone Group, Under Secretary of the Treasury, Jewish male; Alice Rivlin, Deputy head of OMB, Jewish female; and Robert Reich, Secretary of Labor, Jewish male. In short, of the seven top people on the Clintonian economic team, we have: one male WASP Texan; one Italo-American male; one Jewish-American female; three Jewish American males. Boil it all down, and shuffle things around, and what looks superficially like white male dominance becomes Jewish dominance.

We are left, of course, with the Sex Question; why are we beancounters not provided with the sexual preferences of all of the nominees? What exactly gives with HHS Secretary, single female Arab Donna Shalala? What gives with Alice Rivlin? And what is the precise marital status of Laura D'Andrea Tyson? Inquiring minds want to know.

And what has happened to the vast American contingent of blondes and redheads (female)? Every single one of the female appointees is a brunette; even if we exempt the alleged Negress O'Leary and the graying Albright, we still have aggressively brunette women: Tyson, Browner, Zoe Baird; why are the blondes and redheads being discriminated against?

And then there is the titanic struggle between two left-liberals on who will become Clinton's assistant on health policy: Judith Feder (Jewess) and Stuart Altman (male Jew). Add in the very left-wing Arkansas Negress Dr. Joycelyn Elders as Surgeon-General, and we have a very leftish control of the health field.

There are of course other ways to shuffle the Clintonian categories. Rather than gender and ethnicity, it might be more meaningful to consider for a moment that virtually all the foreign and national security biggies are connected with the Rockefeller World Empire (RWE), thereby insuring that foreign-national security policy remains securely in Rockefeller-Trilateralist-Council of Foreign Relations hands, Carter-Brzezinski subdivision, of course. Perhaps this is the payoff for the dramatic open RWE support for Clinton, as embodied in David Rockefeller, Jr's *New York Times* op-ed endorsement. Warren Christopher, Secretary of State, prune-faced elderly WASP, is a Rockefeller-Carter retread, as is WASP Anthony Lake (Carter and Kissinger [Rockefeller] aide) as national security adviser. Deputy under Lake is veteran Carter-Lake disciple Samuel ("Sandy") Berger, male Jew. Under Secretary of State under Christopher is none other than Clifton Wharton, Jr., veteran upper-class very light-skinned Negro (though not quite a male high yaller), who—get this—is former president of none other than the Rockefeller Foundation. To wrap up the package, it turns out that Madeleine Korb (Albright) is a veteran disciple of Carter-Rockefeller foreign policy expert Zbigniew Brzezinski. And CIA head R.J. Woolsey is a disciple of B. Scowcroft (Kissinger). Score 100 percent for the RWE in this crucial area.

I usually end any discussion of group discrimination and group preference by pointing satirically to the age-old suppression of short people by the Talls, and calling for Shorts to rise up against their Tall oppressors. Well, Life has now unfortunately imitated Art, and we have in the Clintonian cabinet an unusually large number of shorties, so much so that one of the 4 foot-eleven contingent (masquerading as 5-footers) either teeny but homely Donna Shalala or equally short and homely Alice Rivlin, I forget which, exulted that she was part of Clinton's "short caucus"—she actually used the term! Kinglet of this dwarf contingent is Robert Reich, Jewish male, who admits to 4'11 "but is suspected of being 4'8." The press have already noted rather sourly that the Clinton Cabinet is no younger than the Bush (apparently elderly Bentsen and Christopher have skewed up the average), but they have been lax in telling us about everyone's height, and in comparing the Clinton cabinet height profile with that of the American masses.

Ahh, what wonderful research is left for the press, satisfying the people's "right to know" and hammering out the American mirror profile. Do you remember when left-liberals all laughed when poor Senator Roman Hruska (R., Neb), trying to defend one of Nixon's Supreme Court appointees from attacks as "mediocre" wondered why the mediocre masses of America did not also deserve representation? It turns out that Hruska was really a prophet ahead of his time. If only he had portioned out the mediocre into the proper ethnic, gender, etc. proportions—providing of course that no Irish and no German-Americans need apply. Gee, ain't Democracy wonderful? ■

COPING WITH THE INAUGURAL

March 1993

It was an Inaugural from Hell. The big issue that faced me, now that our Jacobin Festival has burgeoned from Inaugural Day to Inaugural Eve to Inaugural Week, was how to stay sane during this living nightmare. As a political junkie, I couldn't stop reading the papers altogether, but I could skim through my five daily papers, keeping a keen eye out for the lone gripe, the dissenter amidst this veritable avalanche of pap. But as for TV, I had to forswear it altogether, punctuated by a quick daily foray into the half-hour of Limbaugh sanity amidst the hoopla.

Generally, I kept my TV resolve, but a couple of times, forgetting myself for the moment, idly seeking a sports score, the horror struck:

Bam! TV anchorman, standing outside the festivities: "Last week (before the inaugural), the magic seemed to go out of the Clinton story (because of the various criticisms that had piled up during the week). But now," the anchorguy's face lights up, "the jets are flying overhead, and the magic is back!"

Bam! Simpering Katie Couric, a huge emerald around her neck, oohing into the camera; "Ooohh! Pres-i-dent Clint-on has gone over to talk to his mother! Isn't that wonderful?" Byecchhh! Where Oh where was the death's head at the feast?

They all gathered at the Potomac, this nightmare vision of America, the whole cruddy coalition, from the Lawn-Chair parade to the Gay and Lesbian Band to the millionaire Hollywood leftists to the rap groups.

The line in my summer *L.A. Times* article for Bush over Clinton that really drew the hate mail was my saying that at least Bush would "hold back the hordes" for four more years. "Who are those hordes, Mr. Rothbard?" my critics chorused. Well, there they all were, the tens of thousands that poured in ecstasy into Washington, for *their* Inaugural. They all said much the same thing: "Whoopee, now it's *our* turn."

Two of them, these hordelings, put it almost identically: two of my least favorite people in the world: Barbra Streisand and Betty Friedan. Two clones: Betty is shorter, older, and uglier than Barbra, but not by a heck of a lot. (Sign of either a flagrant liar or someone with hopelessly debased tastes, the guy who says thoughtfully: "You know, she (La Streisand) is *really* beautiful.") Betty may be shorter and uglier, but at least she doesn't assault our eardrums with alleged "singing."

Barbra, overjoyed at the Inaugural: "*We* did it; we're responsible for this, we the people of color, the Jews, the women." Barbra's joy, however, was momentarily dampened when the adoring anchorguy introduced her as "Miss Barbra STRY-zend." "No, no, it's STRY-SAND," Barbra snapped irritably.

As befits a theoretician rather than an “entertainer,” Betty was a bit more formal, more non-U, in her summation: “I had this indescribable thrill at the speech and the whole thing. I feel it’s *our* inauguration—all the people I’ve been on the barricades with from 1966 on—all the barricades, liberal, peace, new democracy, feminists, even the Jewish.”

And then of course there was the generation thing. Diane English: “I would have come all the way from Timbuktu if I had to. It was a wonderful exciting moment for my generation.”

And what of those of us of another generation, those of us on the other side of all these barricades, those of who never *had* “our turn”? Clinton likes to compare himself to Jack Kennedy, that previous revolt of the youth. But miGod, this ocean of crud made one long for Kennedy, for Jackie, for Camelot, yes, even for the thought of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., being playfully tossed into the White House pool.

But the key of course was ideology not generation, and Lauren (“Betty”) Bacall demonstrated that you didn’t have to be a young fool to be a fool. Bacall gushed about how Al Gore, whom she introduced at the Inaugural, offered her his coat to protect her from the cold. Chivalry! But isn’t that profoundly “sexist”? And then Hillary Herself reached out a gloved hand to draw Betty into the singing of the collectivist hooey of “We Are the World.”

Want more of the rebarbative horror? There was Belgian jetsetter Diane Von Furstenburg: “I’m a Clinton groupie,” she bumbled and she planned to become an American citizen because of Clinton. Why? “I was so frustrated that I couldn’t vote for him” Aww, poor thing! Actor Ed Begley, Jr., weighed in with this esthetic pronouncement: “The great thing about being here is learning we have a president who can clap on the counts of two and four, he can hit the downbeat. There is hope for the country!” Not while there are people like Begley making such profound observations.

Such events would not be complete without sage statements from the professoriat. There was Avery Andrews, history professor at George Washington University, after getting a glimpse of Clinton on the inaugural walk. “I could see him clearly,” said the professor. “He was looking out the window, waving.” OOOhh, gee. See Clinton and die, professor what more in life could you possibly achieve?

The best comment on the Inaugural was the immortal line from Monty Woolley in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*: “Are we to be spared nothing?” The answer, of course, was no, for the piece de resistance was the Poem, the drivel emitted by the monster Maya Angelou, she of the phony Brit accent. So beloved was this tripe, this dimwit paeon to the multicultural, that even *USA Today*, the master of the condensation, the paper that would even condense Jesus’s speech at the Second Coming, actually reprinted this junk *in full*. The Rock, The River, The Tree, the Jew, the Sioux, the Cherokee, well you get the idea.

The Pome reminded me strongly of the Commie *Ballad for Americans*, put out during the Communism-is-Twentieth-Century-Americanism period of World War II, sung by Paul Robeson in his most portentous and stentorian tones. The *Ballad* celebrated every conceivable occupation and group: the worker, the farmer, the teacher, the sailor, etc., all groups but one that was carefully omitted: the businessman. The difference between the Reds of that more innocent era and of today is that workers and blacks were about the only two Oppressed Groups they needed to include. But now, of course, Maya had to list dozens: the Jew, the Sioux, etc., all except, as Mona Charen pointed out, the British who actually founded America and gave it its ideals and institutions. Where were the Brits?

And that cretinous “Good morning” with which Maya ended the pome! When Ronald Reagan talked of “morning in America,” he was ridiculed by the sophisticates, but compared to Maya, Ronnie was a veritable bard. But worse than Maya were her legion of groupies. The usually plonky black columnist Barbara Reynolds waved rhapsodic: about the “uplifted spirit,” the “outstretched hand.” Reynolds’s citations about “looking like America” were oddly one-sided: Ray Charles, Whoopie Goldberg, and Marilyn Horne. But the toperoo for her, of course, was Maya: “her dignity, her scholarship (sic), her sharing of life” blah blah. And she wound up, burbling about an America where we “can face daylight and, in the ‘poet’ Angelou’s words, say, ‘Good morning.’”

But Miss Reynolds was topped by Neil Simon, who virtually swooned with delight. Maya Angelou’s poem, said Simon, “just swept me away.” “That last line—‘Good morning’—I could hardly contain myself.”

Yecchh! How can we go on? And it was all topped by black actress Cicely Tyson, who I guess summed up the Clintonian reaction to The Pome: “God speaks, and will continue to speak, through Dr. Maya Angelou.” Well, that settles *that*. But what is this “Doctor” nonsense? Isn’t “Doctor King” enough?

The only line I could think of worthy enough to counter this chorus of “Good Mornings” was the great line from Bela Lugosi’s *Dracula*: “Good-BYE!”

Look as I might, I could find only two bits of surcease in this ocean of Inaugural swill. One was Bob Dole’s statement a bit before. Dole was marvelously prophetic even though of course he had to retract and apologize almost immediately: “Bill Clinton’s honeymoon will be as short as that of the Bride of Lammermoor (who of course killed her husband on their wedding night).”

The other refreshing note was the response to the Inaugural festivities by humorist Fran Lebowitz. Even though Miss Lebowitz is a left-liberal, and voted for Clinton, the great thing about her is that she embodies the spirit of the true New Yorker: the man or woman who works at night, rarely see the day, NEVER “works out,” and hates cant, pretension, and New Age

psychobabble with every fibre of his or her being. Miss Lebowitz pronounced herself, in an interview in the *New York Times* (Jan. 19), “out of my mind, on a new planet of fury,” as she sat watching the inaugural on TV in her Manhattan apartment, watching what she called the televised “Hopi/Cherokee/Hispanic/African-American/college student festival of ring-a-ding-ding-a-long.” Miss Lebowitz perceptively dubbed the entire gang “the religious left.” And while the ditzy Lauren Bacall was so “thrilled by the generosity” of Al Gore and Hillary that she now has “a sense of hope,” and has decided to stay in the U.S. instead of emigrating to Europe (lucky us!), Miss Lebowitz’s reaction was very different. She commented: “If you’re switching back and forth between the inaugural and the (Iraq) war, you think, where would I rather be less? And find yourself thinking, well, it’s not that bad in Baghdad. They didn’t hit the targets.”

As we slog our way through the horror of the inaugural, the Big Question keeps popping up. “Is it too late? Are the American people too debased to bounce back? Or will there be a mighty backlash, as the American masses—sound at the core—storm their way back to sanity and health?” The returns are not yet in, but I am enough of an optimist to believe that Goodness, Truth, Beauty, and Justice will eventually triumph. ■

IS CLINTON A BASTARD?

September 1993

We instinctively knew it all along, but now it looks like it’s confirmed: our beloved president, William Jefferson Blythe IV Clinton, is indeed a bastard. It turns out that old rascal-lion Bill Jeff Blythe III was still married to Wanetta Alexander when he allegedly tied the knot to Virginia Cassidy, who bears the enormous weight of historical guilt for giving birth to that Creep in the White House.

But if Bill Jeff III was married when he hitched up with Ginny, this makes him a bigamist, and it makes that Man in the White House a bastard.

Here’s some grist for the office betting pool: when will the next half-brother/half-sister of Bill Jeff IV turn up? Talk about “traveling salesman stereotypes!”

How many *Triple R* readers don’t know how many siblings they have? Is this a Jukes family in the White House, or what?

Do we want a bastard in the White House? Impeach Clinton! ■

CLINTONIAN UGLY

May 1994

I have to face it: my loathing of the Clintons and their administration is so intense that it has become absolute, unbounded, almost cosmic in its grandeur. As Clinton's fortunes have gone on a continuing emotional rollercoaster, mine have been exactly inverse; when he's up, I'm down, and vice versa. Whenever he takes a nose dive, to quote from the late Ben Hecht in a very different context, I make a little holiday in my heart.

Not that I've been a great fan of any of our Imperial Presidents. But looking back, in each one of their administrations there has been *something*, some aspect, that has been, if not a redeeming feature, at least some break in the overall miasma of evil. I detested Harry Truman, but for a year he had a Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, who was a maverick and a great guy, a real budget-cutter and an isolationist, the last of the breed in that office. Jimmy Carter was a disaster, but he *did* manage (courtesy of economist Alfred E. Kahn) to push through deregulation of oil and gas, trucking, and abolition of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Jerry Ford was no bargain, but he didn't do anything catastrophic, and his klutziness in banging into things was rather endearing. The only previous President in my lifetime whom I find as consistently detestable as Bill and Hillary was Franklin and Eleanor. Things, though, were a little different, since I was young in most of the Roosevelt Era, so my full appreciation of FDR's total evil came a bit after he had passed over to his just reward. After long contemplation, I finally came up with *one* policy of FDR's I can agree with: his refusal to be stampeded by the left into intervening on the side of the Reds in the Spanish Civil War. Against sixteen years of un-relieved Rooseveltian horror, it's not much to put in the balance, but at least it's something, and the people of Spain can be thankful they were spared the dreadful evil of Communist rule.

But in contemplating the year and a half or so of Clintonian rule, I can't think of one feature of the regime which I can even contemplate with calm indifference, let alone agree with. Every Clintonian policy in every area has been execrable. But not just the policy; there is the entire style of the administration, what the Marxists refer to as its "style of work": it's one abomination after another. Think of it: the demonic energy of Clinton and his young punk advisers, sitting up late in the White House, in and out of each other's offices, wolfing down Big Macs and planning how to run our lives. Clinton's incessant babbling, his Everready rabbit "Comeback Kid" persistence; his terribly leftist appointments. I early reached the point where I simply couldn't stand the sight (or especially the sound) of Slick Willie on TV: those Fatso legs jogging; that unctuous smile; the puffy eyes and nose; that hoarse voice mouthing lies and evasions: the whole bit.

But even I didn't realize I was missing a key element in my symphony of Clinton-hate. It hit me when I was reading the marvelous article in the April *Chronicles* by the distinguished Southern literary critic and novelist George Garrett. Garrett points out that each recent president liked to surround himself with certain definite types of people: Truman, down-home laughers and scratchers; Jack Kennedy, Harvard types and "lace-curtain Irish," etc. "The Clinton pattern?," he asks. Garrett's answer: "Ugly. He has surrounded himself with some of the most singularly unattractive people ever collected."

That's it, I exclaimed! I've never seen such ugly. Clinton promised us he would appoint people who would "look like America." Look like America? He has surrounded himself with a veritable Freak House, a cornucopia of the grotesque. The collection makes the Addams Family seem like attractive Ken and Barbie Americans.

Think about it: there is Old Prune-Face Warren Christopher; there is the little wispy teenager Stephanopoulos; little Bernie Nussbaum, who looks like one of Satan's lesser assistants; Dr. Joycelyn Elders with the phony Brit accent; and twisty-faced Mickey Kantor, who might qualify as the ugliest presidential appointee of all time. But the toperoo in the Clintonian stable of deformity is the Gruesome Four, who I offer for the reader's horrified contemplation: the three hideous midgets—Robert Reich, Donna Shalala, and Ruth Bader Ginsberg, the latter resembling and talking like nothing so much as a rather small beetle; flanking the six-foot-six Super-Ugly butch geekess, Janet Reno. Ponder those four, looking like genetic mutants of each other. Ugly, ugly!

Now I'm really not asking for much. I'm not asking for pretty, or handsome, in our political leaders. I'm not asking for Ken and Barbie, although they would be like manna from heaven after this diet of Clintonian monstrosities. Just, well, *normal*. Our leaders shouldn't "look like America," whatever that is *supposed* to mean, they should look like leaders, like successful people in their walks of life. In the looks department, I think back with fondness to the Eisenhower administration.

I wasn't happy about that administration, but I must say this for them: they looked like leaders are supposed to look: successful, middle-aged, golf-playing businessmen. And Ike's Secretary of Treasury George Humphrey, not only looked great, he was probably the last good Treasury Secretary: a free-market, budget-cutting type. Yes, yes, I know that looks are less important than the content of policies. But we shouldn't underrate the aesthetic dimension of our leaders either, especially now that television is inflicting their presence upon all of us, as uninvited guests in our homes. These Clintonian monstrosities are imposing upon all of us what economists call "negative externalities"; their very presence is gravely lowering our "quality of life."

In short, the Clinton administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

Impeach Ugly! ■

MR. FIRST
NIGHTER

THOSE AWARDS

March 1994

Writing in late January, it is already too clear that the fix is in, even more than usual, on the Academy Awards. The earlier awards, of the New York Film Critics Circle, the Golden Globes of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, and other lesser lights, have presaged the main event.

The Oscars have increasingly taken on the dimensions of a racket. Since the eligible movies are those that emerge at any point during the calendar year, and since the producers fully understand the minuscule attention span of the typical Academy dimwit, all the Big Pictures, calculated to appeal to said dimwit, are held back until December 30 or 31. As a result, the experts were confidently predicting awards in late December to movies *that no one had yet seen*. The major studios have always had special previews for Academy members (i.e., Oscar voters) for the pictures they are hyping for the awards; now, that has been supplemented by videocassettes expressed to the homes of each voter.

To the average Academy moron, the only movie deserving an award is that reeking with pretension: slow, ponderous, boring and *therefore* inevitably pregnant with what the "Saturday Night Live" comic calls "Deep Thoughts." In recent decades, as Hollywood culture has gone sharply leftward, this has also meant a blend of leftish nihilism and what used to be called "social significance." 1993 was a year even more nightmarish for these attributes than usual. As far as Big Movies go, it was year to head for the storm cellar.

If the Pretentious Pictures come out in late December, the early summer is the time for movies that people may actually *enjoy*: a time for the fun movie. Last summer, even I was lulled into a false sense of security, for the summer movies, in recent years strictly for the teenage monster-loving crowd, were in 1993 a relatively superior lot. *The Fugitive*, my own personal choice for Best Movie of the Year, was magnificent; in pace, timing, and tight editing a throwback to the great suspense and adventure movies of the past. It's a taut thriller from beginning to end, with not a moment wasted. It's one of the best films in many years. Other movies of last summer were not as superior, but still noteworthy, especially Clint Eastwood's *In the Line of Fire*, about a veteran Secret Service agent blocking the villainous John Malkovich from assassinating the president. Also excellent was *Search for Bobby Fischer*, an unusual film that catches the spirit of the chess world and centers on a remarkable child actor himself a chess prodigy. Further down the list but still worth seeing as what used to be called "good hot weather fare": *Jurassic Park*, a fun movie if not taken seriously. (Can anyone imagine

that billionaire Richard Attenborough and his team of crack scientists and computer mavens would construct a dinosaur park (a) in a hurricane belt, and (b) without a protective backup if the electrified fence went out?) Also *Sleepless in Seattle*, which however was a pathetically far cry from the romantic comedies of the 1930s and 40s it imitates. It's one thing to meet by accident, lose your love, and then find her again; it's quite another, however, to fall in love very intensely *without ever having met*. The movie also lacks the crackling wit that is usually the hallmark of director Nora Ephron.

But don't worry: none of these movies will come anywhere near the Oscar bullseye. (Except for the marvelous actor, Tommy Lee Jones, who will get the Best Supporting Actor prize for *The Fugitive* when he really deserves *Best Actor*.) For, as we said, the fix is in, and the winners will be the most repellent lot of Politically Correct cinema in many a moon: Best Picture: *Schindler's List*; Best Actor: Tom Hanks in *Philadelphia*; Best Actress: Holly Hunter in *The Piano*. Best Supporting Actress will probably be Winona Ryder, in the *Age of Innocence*, a movie which is indeed pretentious but not repellent, although La Ryder scarcely deserves the honor. The only suspense left in the Oscars is whether the sainted Steven Spielberg will get the Best Director spot for *Schindler's List*. (The problem is that while the entire Academy votes for the other spots, only directors vote for *Best Director*, and the veteran schlockmeister Spielberg is less than popular with his peers.) The only other suspense at this writing is who will get the coveted spot as comic MC to keep the interminable award ceremony going, now that Billy Crystal has withdrawn after several years in the post.

Since I am not a professional movie critic I am not obliged to see what I know in advance I will dislike, so I haven't seen either *Schindler's List* or *Philadelphia*. *Schindler's List* is a movie which has become not only Politically Incorrect but even taboo to be less than worshipful about, since it purports to enable us, for the umpteenth time, to Learn About The Holocaust (the latter term always capitalized to emphasize its solemnity and to assert its Absolute Uniqueness in the grisly world historical record of mass murder).

And yet anyone who tries to Learn About History by going to a Hollywood movie deserves to have his head examined. Did we really learn the true story of Moses by watching Charlton Heston, or by seeing the great Yul Brynner, as Pharaoh, say finally, in his Siberian accent, after being visited by the plagues, "Go, Moses, take your people and go"? Or did we learn the facts about the monster Cromwell by seeing Richard Harris in the hagiographical movie of the same name? And yet, we are supposed to sit respectfully and in awe, *as if we were in church*, for over three hours, to watch what is admittedly a fictionalized version of a novel, and to act as if this is new and shattering History we are imbibing! While Thomas Keneally's novel was fiction loosely based on fact, the Spielberg movie is far more loosely grounded fiction based on the shaky foundation of a novel: fiction-squared, so to speak. Also the idea that a German concentration camp commandant

would shoot prisoners at random with a rifle, just for the sport, goes against everything we know about German military discipline or about the way any large concentration camp has to be run. These dramatic scenes in the movie, of course, have no grounding in historical fact whatever.

Apart from that, watching a concentration camp for three hours is not exactly my idea of a fun evening at the theater; anyone who enjoys watching concentration camps is better advised to watch the French film *Shoah*, which is a full nine-and-a-half hours long, to be topped off by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's absurdist seven-hour German film, *Our Hitler*. Then, if your appetite for watching Nazis hasn't yet been slaked, you can segue to the fifteen-and-a-half hour German film *Heimat*. And then, maybe, as they say these days, we "can put it all behind us," and get on to other topics. Or is that too much to ask?

And yet, the only criticism of the film has come from reviewers who claim that the movie is not pro-Jewish or anti-Gentile *enough*, since the protagonist Oskar Schindler, a contractor who saved Jews in his employ, was a Gentile. At this point it is difficult to see how Schindler could have been made to be Jewish, since if he were he would undoubtedly have been an inmate of the camp rather than a contractor.

The idea that watching *Schindler's List* should be treated as a religious experience led to an amusing culture clash in Oakland, California (*L.A. Times*, January 21). In celebration of Martin Luther King Day, a group of black high school students in Oakland were shepherded to see a showing of the movie, presumably to Uplift them from their usual movie fare. The result: disaster. The kids acted the way they usually do in a movie: making noise, laughing and giggling in the wrong parts, generally not treating the picture with the reverence that the more elderly folk there thought it deserved.

As a result, as the theater owner puts it, "About 30 outraged patrons poured into the lobby, complaining about the derisive laughter and offensive comments during the atrocities when Jews were murdered on screen. I've never seen such furious, hurt customers. Some were Holocaust survivors and one woman was sobbing." The owner thereupon stopped the movie, and ordered all the high school students ejected.

The four teacher-chaperons who had herded the kids there were themselves outraged at the ejection. One, Dean of Students Tanya Dennis, claimed that the students were "evicted unfairly, with no warning," and she hinted that the cause was racism: "Some elderly white people were wondering what black kids were doing at the movie. Our kids have seen more violence and suffered more oppression than these people."

Perhaps the most interesting defense of the young lads and lasses was by one of their chaperons, math teacher Aaron Grumet, who, according to the *L.A. Times*, had "lost relatives in the Holocaust."

"Most of my students have seen people shot, so they laughed when the shooting didn't look realistic. They're not Afro-American kids laughing at

Jewish horror, they're the inner-city, hip-hop generation, desensitized to violence because they see it everyday."

So what does Spielberg expect, if he won't make shooting scenes sufficiently realistic?

Shalon Paige, aged 14, one of the black students in question, set forth the student point of view: "When the Jewish girl got shot in the head, she moved weird so some kids laughed. They didn't have to kick nobody out. Maybe they're so upset at us, prejudiced because they're white." Ms. Paige went on to explain the student disaffection: "They didn't want to see a three-hour movie in black-and-white. We don't know about the war. It was long ago and far away and about people we never met." So much for History! Other students explained that the only reason they went on the field trip was because it included ice skating afterward, and many of them took the opportunity to duck out of *Schindler's List* and sneak into the adjoining *Pelican Brief* and *Grumpy Old Men*. Smart kids, even though budding historians they ain't!

As for *Philadelphia*, what do you need to know about it except that its hero, Tom Hanks, is an AIDS Victim?

This brings me to *The Piano*, a movie which I fell into in a weak moment. *The Piano* is far and away the Worst Movie I have seen in many years, perhaps since what may well be the Worst Movie of All Time, the absurdist-nihilist Fellini monstrosity, *Juliet of the Spirits* (1965). (Note: to qualify as a Worst Movie, it has to reek of pretension and deliberate boredom: therefore, Grade Z movies such as the latest teenage monster movie don't even begin to qualify.) *The Piano* has no redeeming feature: it is excruciatingly slow and boring; it seems to have been filmed in muddy brown, so that it could just as well have been in black-and-white; it is irrational and absurdist, with characters either having no discernible motivation or changing their motivations on a dime. And Holly Hunter, putative Best Actress of the Year, who has always been an irrational non-actress, reaches a nadir here, her ugly lantern-jawed face made even uglier by being framed by a black bonnet, and her face fixed in an unvarying expression of grim hostility. She is also accompanied by a daughter, conceived without benefit of a husband, of about twelve, who is equally ugly and also framed by a black bonnet, and who is also unusually irritating for a kid actor. (Kid actress might even cap the horror by winning the Best Supporting Actress award.)

Hunter is supposed to have come from Scotland to New Zealand as a mail-order bride to what might be called a "planter," except he and his tiny community seem to spend all their time wandering through the jungle. Hunter and many of the other émigrés are saddled with a phony Scottish burr so thick that it is difficult to make out much of the dialogue. (Considering the nature of the dialogue, however, that's probably a blessing.)

Crucial to the "plot" is the fact that Hunter is mute. Why is she mute? As she points out in her voice over narration, she stopped talking at the age of six with no idea why. So much for the comprehensibility of these besotted

characters. The film critics, who, naturally, have all gone bananas over *The Piano*, gush about the fact that Hunter “expresses herself through her music,” her music being the piano in question. Unfortunately, we hear a lot of her piano playing in the movie. Hunter, of course, played the piano herself (there was no dubbing in of Van Cliburn or his moral equivalent), and it shows. Let’s face it, Holly Hunter is a lousy pianist, and without benefit of this excruciating movie, she would not have the opportunity of foisting her lack of musicianship upon the long-suffering public. But this is by no means all: the time is supposed to be around the 1840s. OK, there was a lot of great piano music current in that era. So is she playing Chopin, or Schumann, and at least giving us a glorious soundtrack? Not on your tintype. What she plays is newly composed New Age noodling, sans rhythm, melody, or structure. So much for the authenticity of this film.

And now we come to the toperoo of this move. The directress of this movie. The directress of the film is the New Zealander Jane Campion, and one of the reasons this movie has been getting a fantastic press is because: “At last! Now the movies are displaying *feminist eroticism*.” And on and on, about how erotic and “sexy” *The Piano* is supposed to be.

Puh-leeze! Emetic, not erotic, is the proper term. About the only character in the movie who both acts well and whose motives are comprehensible is Sam Neill, the unfortunate husband, who is so Insensitive and Male Oppressive that he actually is interested in sleeping with his bride. Naturally, La Hunter is as surly as possible, and instead falls into a relationship with a thuggish, beer-belly Harvey Keitel (“How wonderful it is to see a naked male body that is not ideal!”). Keitel, even though another jungle-walking “planter,” has Gone Native, hangs around with dancing, happy Maoris, and has gotten *his* ugly puss covered with some kind of Aborigine Tattoo or Paint or who knows what. Keitel manages to win Hunter’s favors in an elaborate kind of S-M game, where he will sell her back the Piano, which he, and not the husband, had paid the Maoris to cart through the woods to his hut, one “black key” at a time, in exchange for various degrees of seduction. Neill is also Insensitive enough to become enraged when he finds that his bride was fooling around with Keitel rather than himself.

In the end, the two “lovers” go off in a Maori canoe, carting the grotesque Grand Piano with them. For some unexplained reason, Hunter, who had spent the entire movie moping about her beloved piano, suddenly decides to tell the Abos to toss the piano overboard. Her foot gets caught in the rope, drowning along with her damned piano. Unfortunately, however, even that small moment of delight was denied me, and she is rescued.

The famous erotic scene of the two principals naked is enough to get almost anyone to swear off pornography. Holly Hunter in addition to her pointy jaw, has shoulders like a linebacker, and she behaves just as grimly in the allegedly joyful sex scene as she does in the rest of the picture.

One of the many puzzling aspects of *The Piano*, indeed, is why two grown men spend so much of their time lusting after La Hunter. At first it seems that she is the only female in the region, except that's not true either, since there is a pointless skit put on at a church by some British settlers. But even if she was the only female, and even if Neill and Keitel's sensibilities had been dulled by years in the jungle, their enthusiasm for Hunter remains one of the unexplained, irrational motivations in *The Piano*.

As I said, *The Piano* has no redeeming feature whatever. Except for poor Sam Neill, who deserves far better things (Neill was Reilly in that grand British TV miniseries, "Reilly, Ace of Spies"), everyone connected with this picture: La Campion, the actors, the costumer, the cinematographer, the whole kit and kaboodle, should have been drowned along with *The Piano*. ■

July 1990

CINEMA PARADISO

Directed by Giuseppe Tornatore with Philippe Noiret

Long-time readers know that I am decidedly not a fan of foreign language movies: not because it is a chore to read subtitles, but because they are invariably horrible examples of aggressively avant-garde, anti-bourgeois cinema. Hating as "commercial" movies that appeal to the average movie-goer, the foreign movie-maker proclaims his superior esthetic sensibility by scorning interesting plot, tight writing and directing, meaningful dialogue, glamorous photography, or colorful settings. Instead, the typical foreign movie has zero plot, minimal dialogue, and wastes enormous amounts of time on close-ups of the brooding actors' gloomy faces, all seemingly photographed in the midst of some dark and dank box. The ineffable and pointless boredom of these motion pictures are apparently supposed to embody the alleged boredom of bourgeois life. In actuality, it is not life, but these infernal movies, that both embody and induce boredom.

The trouble, however, is not with foreigners *per se*. Italians and Frenchmen, for example, would rather and do spend their time watching *Dallas* and Clint Eastwood than waste their time and money watching their compatriots' crummy movies. Moreover, it was not always thus. Jean Renoir, the wonderful 1930s French movies featuring Raimu, and much of the modern work of Eric Rohmer demonstrate that the problem is not with the nationality or

language, but with the depraved riffraff who make today's foreign movies.

But once in a while there comes a shining exception to the rule. In addition to granting *Driving Miss Daisy* its best picture award for 1989, the Motion Picture Academy gave its foreign-language movie Oscar to Guiseppe Tornatore's lovely, charming, funny, and heart-warming (as well as heart-breaking) *Cinema Paradiso*. Disappearing fairly quickly from the screen the first time around, it came back in wake of the award. Go see it: it's the best foreign-language movie in many a year, and splendid in its own right.

Cinema Paradiso is a heart-felt autobiographical valentine by director and screen-writer Tornatore to the small town in Sicily in which he grew up during and after World War II. The movie is a rich tapestry of life in the Sicilian town, a town without cars or means of entertainment except the local cinema, where everyone crowds in to see the latest Italian or Hollywood product. The central character Salvatore, marvelously played for most of the film by a child actor, is fascinated by the life of the projectionist, the center of movie magic. The projectionist, Alfredo, magnificently played by the great French actor Philippe Noiret, reluctantly becomes a mentor to the boy, whose father had been killed in the war. The local priest views all the movies first, censoring out the—horrors!—kissing scenes, which Alfredo lovingly clips out and saves.

When, over a decade later, the movie theater burns down, a large shining new theater is built, funded by a Neapolitan who had just won the lottery. (As one local complains: "Those Northerners have all the luck!") In the new dispensation, the local priest no longer has censoring rights, and the local youth go bananas at the love scenes: "Kissing! After thirty years!" Loving the now grown boy, and blinded during the fire, Alfredo orders Salvatore to leave the stifling atmosphere of the Sicilian town, which has allowed him no real life and to go seek his life and fortune in Rome, never to look back.

The death of Alfredo, however, inexorably draws Salvatore, thirty years later and famous as a movie director in Rome, back to his home town for his funeral. He finds enormous change; the town, now packed with automobiles and TV sets, has no more use for the movie theater, which is being torn down for a parking lot. I won't give away the climactic discovering of Alfredo's carefully wrought final present for Salvatore, but suffice it to say that it's at least a two-handkerchief (decidedly non-avant-garde) ending. Don't miss it! ■

November 1990

GOODFELLAS

Directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert DeNiro

Hollywood has brought us two great, romantic genres, two forms of movies where the war of good versus evil could play itself out against a background of an entire complex fictive world grounded in a present or past reality. In this world, coherent action and struggle can emerge dramatically by heroes, villains, their rank and file supporters, and by innocents caught in the crossfire. The first classic genre was, of course, the Western: epitomized in *Stagecoach*, the great John Wayne movies, and countless others (one of my favorites: the long-forgotten *The Bounty Hunter*, in which Henry Fonda heroically plays a privatized and highly effective law enforcer hated—naturally—both by the villains and by the sheriffs and deputies whom he outcompetes for far higher pay). Unfortunately, the Western movie is no more, felled perhaps by endless and unimaginative repetition, but possibly, too, by the dogged leftist insistence in the later Westerns for the Indians to be the Good Guys and the whites the Bad. Look, fellas, it doesn't matter what the literal historical truth may or may not have been; the leftist reversal—the insistence on destroying familiar heroes—simply don't work, it didn't scan, and it helped destroy the Western genre.

The more recent innovative Hollywood genre, ranking with the Western, is the Mafia movie: the clash of heroes and villains against a mythic but reality-grounded world, updated to twentieth-century America. Some of the great directors have contributed gems to this genre. John Huston's *Prizzi's Honor*, playing off Jack Nicholson and the incomparable Kathleen Turner, was marvelous. But the great classic, the definitive, superb Mafia movie was *The Godfathers I and II*, in which Francis Ford Coppola poured out a work of genius, grounded in his own and novelist Mario Puzo's cultural history, which he has never approached since.

The Godfathers were perfection: an epic world, a world of drama and struggle, tautly organized and memorably written, beautifully and broodingly photographed, in which greed struggled with the great virtues of loyalty to the famiglia.

The key to *The Godfathers* and to success in the Mafia genre is the realization and dramatic portrayal of the fact that the Mafia, although leading a life outside the law, is, at its best, simply entrepreneurs and businessmen supplying the consumers with goods and services of which they have been unaccountably deprived by a Puritan WASP culture.

The unforgettable images of mob violence juxtaposed with solemn Church rites were not meant, as left-liberals would have it, to show the

hypocrisy of evil men. For these Mafiosi, as mainly Italian Catholics, are *indeed* deeply religious; they represent one important way in which Italian Catholics were able to cope with, and make their way in, a totally alien world dominated by WASP Puritan insistence that a whole range of products eagerly sought by consumers be outlawed.

Hence the systemic violence of Mafia life. Violence, in *The Godfather* films, is never engaged in for the Hell of it, or for random kicks; the point is that since the government police and courts will not enforce contracts they deem to be illegal, debts incurred in the Mafia world have to be enforced by violence, by the secular arm. But the violence simply enforces the Mafia equivalent of the law: the codes of honor and loyalty without which the whole enterprise would simply be random and pointless violence.

In many cases, especially where “syndicates” are allowed to form and are not broken-up by government terror, the various organized syndicates will mediate and arbitrate disputes, and thereby reduce violence to a minimum. Just as governments in the Lockean paradigm are supposed to be enforcers of commonly-agreed-on rules and property rights, so “organized crime,” when working properly, does the same. Except that in its state of illegality it operates in an atmosphere charged with difficulty and danger.

It is interesting to observe the contrasting attitudes of our left-liberal culture to the two kinds of crime, organized versus unorganized. Organized crime is essentially anarcho-capitalist, a productive industry struggling to govern itself; apart from attempts to monopolize and injure competitors, it is productive and non-aggressive. Unorganized, or street, crime, in contrast, is random, punkish, viciously aggressive against the innocent, and has no redeeming social feature. Wouldn't you know, then, that our leftist culture hates and reviles the Mafia and organized crime, while it lovingly excuses, and apologizes for, chaotic and random street punksviolence which amounts to “anarchy” in the bad, or common meaning. In a sense, street violence embodies the ideal of left-anarchism: since it constitutes an assault on the rights of person and property, and on the rule of law that codifies such rights.

One great scene in *The Godfather* embodies the difference between right and left anarchism. One errant, former member of the Corleone famiglia abases himself before The Godfather (Marlon Brando). A certain punk had raped and brutalized his daughter. He went to the police and the courts, and the punk was, at last, let go (presumably by crafty ACLU-type lawyers and a soft judicial system). This distraught father now comes to Don Corleone for justice.

Brando gently upbraids the father: “Why didn't you come to me? Why did you go to The State?” The inference is clear: the State isn't engaged in equity and justice; to obtain justice, you must come to the famiglia. Finally, Brando relents: “What would you have me do?” The father whispers in the Godfather's ear. “No, no, that is too much. We will take care of him

properly.” So not only do we see anarcho-capitalist justice carried out, but it is clear that the Mafia code has a nicely fashioned theory of proportionate justice. In a world where the idea that the punishment should fit the crime has been abandoned and still struggled over by libertarian theorists it is heart-warming to see that the Mafia has worked it out in practice.

And now, weighing in, in the Mafia sweepstakes, comes a much acclaimed new entrant: Martin Scorsese’s *GoodFellas*. This repellent and loathsome movie, much acclaimed by all of our left-liberal critics (including a rave review in the Marxist weekly *In These Times*), is as far removed from *The Godfather*, in style, content, writing, direction, and overall philosophy as it is possible to be.

Instead of good versus bad entrepreneurs, all working and planning coherently and on a grand scale, *GoodFellas* is peopled exclusively by psychotic punks, scarcely different from ordinary, unorganized street criminals. The violence is random, gratuitous, pointless, and psychotic; everyone, from the protagonist Henry Hill (Ray Liota) on down is a boring creep; there is no one in this horde of “wiseguys” or “goodfellas” that any member of the viewing audience can identify with. The critics all refer to the psycho gang member Tommy (Joe Pesci), but what they don’t point out is that everyone else in the gang, including the leader Jimmy Conway (Robert DeNiro) is almost as fully deranged.

When Tommy kills friends or colleagues pointlessly, Jimmy and the others are delighted and are happy to cover-up for him. All of these goons are ultra-high-time preference lowlifes: their range of the future approximates ten minutes, in contrast to the carefully planned empire-building of *The Godfather*. Conway, after pulling off a multi-million dollar heist at Kennedy Airport, shoots all of his colleagues to grab all the money. This sort of behavior, as well as the random violence of Tommy, would put these guys out of business within weeks in any real Mafia organization worth its salt. Street punk short-term greed and whim-worship would get you killed in short order.

Since there are no good guys among the *GoodFellas*, the audience doesn’t care what happens to them; indeed, one wishes them all to meet their just deserts as quickly as possible, so that the movie will be over. The rest of the film is as odious as the central theme; the direction, as in all of Scorsese, is edgy, hurky-jerky, quasi-psychotic; the photography, in contrast to the epic brooding of *Godfather*, is light, open and airy, totally out of keeping with the theme. The writing is flat and pointless. Great actors like DeNiro are wasted in the movie. And the much-praised Don in the film, Paul Cicero (Paul Sorvino) is grimly quiet and slow moving, but he too is pointless and his role ineffectual, and therefore he fails as any sort of menace.

Contrast the ways in which *Godfather* and *GoodFellas* handle a common theme: the attempt of the leading Don to keep away from traffic in drugs,

and the destruction wrought by succumbing to the temptation. In *Godfather*, one Mafia leader of the old school clearly and eloquently rejects traffic in drugs as immoral, in contrast to other venerable goods and services, such as liquor, gambling and “loan sharking.” “Leave drugs to the animals—the niggers—they have no souls,” he admonished. (All right, I never said that the Mafiosi were racially enlightened.) Here is a powerful and dramatic theme of keeping the old Mafia moral code as against the temptation of making a great deal of money in a technologically innovative field.

But how in contrast does *GoodFellas* handle this conflict? Don Cicero simply orders his gang to stay out of drugs, pointing only to the stiff sentences the Feds were handing out. And whereas in *Godfather*, everyone knows that disobedience to the Don will bring swift retribution, Conway, Hill and the other wiseguys disobey Don Cicero and nothing happens to them. What kind of Don is that?

Clearly, the critics admire and apologize for the left-anarchic punks of *GoodFellas* the way they could never admire the Mafiosi of the *Godfather*, despite the universal respect for the older movie’s technical brilliance. Alas, the corrupt nihilist value-system of avant-garde left-liberalism relates happily to the value-system of the deranged *GoodFellas*. “This,” say these critics contentedly of the world of the *GoodFellas*, “is what life is all about. *Godfather* romanticizes life (and is therefore wrong).”

Will *GoodFellas* succeed in wrecking the Mafia genre, the best Hollywood discovery since the death of the Western? There is hope, on two counts. First, I would point out that these punks are not true Mafia; they were never “made” by the Mafia families. These are riffraff, hangers-on, lowlifes compared to the epic grandeur of the world of the Mafia. In fact, in the only act of violence that makes sense in the entire movie, the only one that is not pointless and that is eminently justified, the rotten and demented Tommy gets his just deserts at the hands of the genuine Mafia. Told that he will at last achieve his life-long goal of being “made” by a Mafia family, the monster Tommy reaps his just reward. Bang, bang!

The other ray of hope is that, at long last, and after two decades, *Godfather, Part III* is scheduled to hit the screens around Christmas. What a Christmas gift! The whole crew is back, older and perhaps wiser, continuing the great saga of the Corleone family. The only hitch is that the superb Robert Duvall, one of the great actors of our time and Mr. Consigliere himself, asked for too much money and therefore could not be included in the picture. But that’s OK. If luck is with us, *Godfather III* will restore our vision of what a Mafia film is supposed to look like. Make way, riffraff of the Scorsese famiglia! The true Don, Corleone, is back, and you, like your creature and comrade Tommy, are going to reap your just reward. ■

December 1990

METROPOLITAN

Directed and written by Whit Stillman

Social realism, we sometimes forget, does not have to be about the poor, the underclass, or upwardly mobile immigrants. Social realism, even in New York City, can be about the glamorous, wealthy, preppie Upper East Side. In this lovely gem of a movie, this low-budget “sleeper,” Whit Stillman, in his first film, brings us a sweet, affectionate, autobiographical valentine about WASP preppie youth in New York. Not since George Roy Hill’s wonderfully and hilarious *The World of Henry Orient* (1964) has the preppie/deb life been so perceptively and admirably portrayed.

Realistically but affectionately, Stillman shows us a slice of life during Christmas week, when the life of these college freshmen and sophomores is one continuous round of expansive deb parties followed by all-night flirtations and bull-sessions. As one reviewer marveled: these people speak in whole sentences! Yes indeed, they are articulate, concerned about ideologies, the future of their class (or whether it should have a future!), about their own lives, and the intellectuals among them about literature and culture. All this recalls the days not only of my own youth, but also of all generations of youth until the cultural cataclysm of the late 1960s. But the most heartwarming aspect of this sketch of college youth today is the sweetness and fundamental innocence of these young people. The one girl in the group who sleeps around is known to one and all as “the slut,” and it is gloriously as if the various phases of the Sexual Revolution had never happened. The Old Culture still lives and this fact gives all of us hope for the future of America.

Not, of course, that the Old Culture is or was problem-free. Many of these young people come from broken if upper-class homes, and suffer from paternal-and-stepmother rejection. But they cope with these problems as best they can, with sweetness, determination, and wit. The amiable, earnest, and artless hero, living in relative penury on the déclassé West Side (the only spot in the film that looks—realistically—grubby), is a particularly touching case of such rejection.

This hero, by the way, begins this Christmas week as a seemingly dedicated Fourierite socialist, but at the end of the week and the film, agrees with his new-found friend: “Who wants to live on a farm with a bunch of other people, anyway?”

The photography is superb: never has the Upper East Side looked so sparkling and glamorous; the only analogue is those wonderful Art Deco Park Avenue apartments of 1930s movies, replete with 50-foot ballrooms, alluring gowns, seltzer bottles on the sideboard, and Fred and Ginger doing a turn. Here was a New York that served as a beacon and a Mecca for decades of American youth. The 30s effect is enhanced by the camera direction.

Stillman writes that a low-budget required him to go back to the stationary cameras of that Golden Age, and to do so without the self-conscious preening swoops and zooms of modern cinematography, gimmicks that mainly serve to call attention to the camera itself rather than to the life and the action on the screen. Budget or no, the technique fits extremely well and becomes part of the overall magic of this movie.

If you want to imbibe some hope about the future of American youth and culture, rush to see this film before it disappears amidst the welter of contemporary glitz, grunt, and gore. And who knows, one muses on leaving *Metropolitan*, maybe even New York City, that once wonderful Babylon-on-the-Hudson, can one day be brought back to life. ■

PC CINEMA: PSYCHOBABBLE GETS NASTY

September 1991

I'm beginning to think it's all a long-range leftist plot. First, they tear down our love and admiration for our own culture, by preaching cultural relativism and the irrationality of ethics. "All cultures are equal," there is no trans-cultural morality, and therefore (and self-contradictorily) it is *immoral* to count your own culture superior to others. That's Phase One. And pushing this line and converting everyone to it, comes the Phase Two sockeroot: there are, after all, moral principles and trans-cultural norms, but what they teach us is that our own culture and values are evil: racist, sexist, heterosexist, *et al.*, and *ad nauseam*. Morality exists, after all, but what it teaches is that we have been immoral all along, and everyone else is superior: a transvaluation of values. Phase One is the necessary softening up process for Phase Two, a process we are now undergoing.

This summer's cinema is rife with PC, spearheaded by a new trend. Psychobabble, for decades marked by the sickening treacle of "I'm OK, You're OK, Everyone's OK," to get us off our ideas of moral norms, has now shifted gears into a new, far more directly vicious phase: "Middle-class, middle-aged, achieving, white males [MMAWM] are definitely *not* OK," as a matter of fact, they need the figurative or even literal equivalent of a shot in the head. A direct, brutal, and vicious assault on MMAWMs in our debased culture are not quite ready for *that*. It has to be done, then, in the sugar-coated pill of "comedy," bitter and witless pills which apparently our downtrodden Atlases, the MMAWM, are ready to swallow without seeing the danger or the assault. In that way, the prosperous, unheeding, American bourgeoisie are happy to pour in the dollars to finance their own destruction.

The two particularly vicious anti-MMAWM “comedies” are *Regarding Henry* and *What About Bob?* In Mike Nichols’ *Regarding Henry*, vicious go-getting lawyer, Harrison Ford, is redeemed by being shot in the head. Now a quasi-vegetable, he *therefore* becomes a dopey, loving, childlike, good human being, *because* of being deprived of most of his humanity. This sickening story is so blatant that it strikes even liberal critics as idiotic, so that there is at least a chance that this rotten movie will not be a hit.

Unfortunately, it seems that the other horror, *What About Bob?* has become a hit, helped by the fact that the vicious leech is the genuinely funny Bill Murray. In this movie, successful, uptight shrink Richard Dreyfuss is literally driven insane by patient Bill Murray, who, in the guise of sweet, loving worship of his shrink, turns Dreyfuss’ entire loving but simpering family against him. Once again, evil is the MMAWM who is figuratively shot in the head by Bill Murray, and in fact Dreyfuss is never really redeemed, but remains permanently destroyed. The fact that of all MMAWMs, shrinks above all often deserve to be eviscerated softens us up, but should not blind us to the radical evil of this movie.

Other summer hits do not quite reach the moral depths of these two films, but are sickening in their own right. *Thelma and Louise* celebrate females achieving power and, “liberated” and on the road, committing violence against hated maledom. Kevin Costner’s *Robin Hood* manages to ruin the Robin Hood story by substituting gritty mud and “realism” for adventure and romance, by filming the movie in greys and browns, by sticking P.C. blacks and feminists into a medieval English drama, and by having the Good Guys of Sherwood Forest speak terrible English in flat Midwest and California accents, while the Bad Guys speak in English accents. As one reviewer pointed out, this leads one to believe that these are American colonials somehow stuck in a time warp in the middle of Merrie England. Where is Errol Flynn now that we need him? ■

December 1992

FOR THE BOURGEOISIE

MY FATHER'S GLORY, AND MY MOTHER'S CASTLE

One movie in two parts, directed by Yves Robert.

French, with subtitles

Since World War II, with only a few exceptions (usually the films of Eric Rohmer), French cinema has been, for all of us cultural reactionaries, abominable. Almost to a movie, they have been absurdist, snail’s-paced, static, camera lingering lovingly on the pores of the faces of

the main actors, plotless, dialog-less, morbid, and irrational. In short, aesthetically and politically leftist and *avant-garde*.

And yet it was not always thus. French movies before World War II were often splendid: rich, buoyant, funny, worldly-wise, and many of them were the marvelous comedies of the French playwright and moviemaker, Marcel Pagnol. The wonderful trilogy, *Marius, Fanny, and Cesar*, and *The Baker's Wife*, all featuring the incomparable character actor Raimu, were justly celebrated as some of the best movies ever made.

The late Pagnol is now, happily, very much back with us in spirit, in these two superb gems (they *have* to be seen in the above order), based on the memoirs that Pagnol published shortly before his death. The movies are brought to us, in a wonderful tribute to Pagnol, by his old friend and movie director Yves Robert. The movies are remarkably evocative of Pagnol's childhood in turn-of-the-century southern France. His father was a school-teacher in Marseilles, and the family would take the traditional French August vacation in the hills of Provence. At first the family rented the house, and then bought it, and the two films portray young Pagnol growing up, and learning about and falling in love with the Provencal hill country.

And what a childhood it was! The increasingly common modern view is to heap abuse on one's parents for (a) psychologically messing you up, and being responsible for all your ills; and (b) for being part and parcel of hateful, insensitive, cloddish, comfortable, upper-middle-class bourgeois life. Much of modern culture consists of dumping on the bourgeoisie, on one's own parents, relatives, neighbors, etc. as being guilty of exploitation of the poor as well as of psychological destruction of the author.

This Pagnol-Robert film is produced as if in defiance of modern convention. For it is, *mirabile dictu*, a portrayal of a very happy childhood, a childhood, as Mencken once wrote of his own, "encapsulated in love," Pagnol loves and admires his father, his mother, and even his wealthy reactionary, Catholic uncle, who, in a more trendy film, would be set up as the villain of the piece, but is actually a fine and admirable person. Pagnol's memoirs are a portrayal of a wonderful lost world: a paean to the bourgeois world of pre-World War I France. And the Provencal hills are so rhapsodically displayed that even I, an inveterate urbanite, felt a tug of empathy.

It must be pointed out: none of this is gushing or overly sentimental, in the cornball Hollywood tradition. The conclusion emerges out of a simple, underplayed story line. The photography is superb yet unobtrusive. And it's not as if there were no problems in Marcel's growing up. They were not major, but they are handled with great charm, insight, and affectionate wit. His finding a country friend, learning about nature, his losing his heart to a young vixen and potential dominatrix, are all the more effective for being underplayed and done with a light hand. So lulled are we into an elegiac mood, that the heartbreaking end of the second film, *My Mother's Castle*, brings the two-movie set to a powerful two-handkerchief climax.

Many of the reviewers of these movies, arrogant in their trendy negative view of the world, claim that Pagnol could not actually be right, that he must be “repressing,” that his childhood simply *couldn’t* have been that happy. Rubbish! See these two movies and find yourself back in a world where a happy bourgeois family life was possible: where it happened; and where artists had the simple honesty to defy nihilist convention and proclaim this happy fact to themselves and to the world. And as long as such artists, and such movies, exist, we too can be happy in the knowledge that someday this kind of world can be recovered from memory and nostalgia, and become part of our present and future reality. Some day, when the poisoners of our culture have been sent packing, and our world can be green again. ■

JULY 1992

HEAR MY SONG

A wondrous, exuberant, very funny, and heartwarming movie by the best new director in many a moon, Peter Chelsom, who also co-wrote the screenplay. A richly-textured show-business film set among Irish immigrants in England (presumably in Liverpool) and in Ireland, *Hear My Song* is the story, based on fact, of the return to England of the legendary Irish tenor, Josef Locke, who had had to flee the tax collectors twenty-five years before. Marvelously directed with a light and sure touch, the movie provides the best-ever portrayal of Irish rural life and hi-jinks. The sound-track too, is filled with wonderful Irish jazz. Ned Beatty displays surprising ability and panache in the Locke role, and Adrian Dunbar (who co-wrote the script) is excellent in the protagonist role of a scampish theater promoter, strongly reminiscent of Nigel Havers. Don’t miss this low-budget charmer!

WHITE MEN CAN’T JUMP

This movie by Ron Shelton, who brought us the splendid baseball movie *Bull Durham*, has been extravagantly praised by all critics as doing the same for inner-city playground basketball. Don’t you believe it. Unless you’re crazy about incomprehensible shuckin’ and jivin’. The banal plot centers around the fact that Woody Harrelson, though white, can actually play good playground basketball. Harrelson and black actor Wesley Snipes hustle each other and other playground players, and Harrelson has a stormy relationship with a dippy Puerto Rican-Asian girl friend who spends her time trying to get on *Jeopardy*. Big deal. The only interesting thing about this movie is that I saw it in a neighborhood Manhattan theater. One of the

guys waiting in line outside for a bus looked like a refugee from the movie itself, replete with baseball cap perched backward on his head and skate blading around the line. The guy was mortified when the bus driver wouldn't let him on.

Hey, suppose they made a movie, *Black Men Can't Swim*? What do you think would happen?

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES

A charming movie, directed by Jon Avnet, about the rural South, now and in the old days. Outstanding acting by Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and the rest of the cast. A paean to the old Southern way of life, funny and suspenseful. Even the feminism is not obnoxious, with Southern matron Kathy Bates learning to be more assertive and telling off some rude young-punk girls. Based on an autobiographical novel by Alabama-born and raised Fannie Flagg, one of the charms of the movie is that all the Alabama characters, even the Ku Kluxers, are wonderful people, whereas the Georgians, not far across the border, are all nasty villains who beat their wives. And the Georgian Kluxers are real mean.

Organized lesbians have been complaining that the lesbianism of the book is not made explicit in the movie. Tough.

BASIC INSTINCT

The brouhaha over this movie is ridiculous. This is not one of the Major Statements of Our Time. Basically a film noir a tough, sleazy cop-and-murder picture, differing from the old *films noir* by having lots of soft-core porn. There is nothing redeemable about any of the characters, including the "hero" Michael Douglas, who is getting to resemble Papa Kirk more and more, except that his acting is wooden instead of hyper-emotive. Last-minute editing out of the Famous Nude Shot of sexpot-quasi murderess Sharon Stone saved the indispensable R rating for the movie, but destroyed whatever interest it might have had for porn fans. (Now that hard-core porn is easily available, what in the world is the point of the soft-core variety? Why do we have to endure it in general distribution movies?)

Organized lesbians have hysterically attacked this movie for an allegedly negative portrayal. Actually, women in general don't come off too well, if anyone is crazy enough to look for a Message in this movie. Clearer messages from *Basic Instinct* would be: (a) Sex is deadly, not so much from AIDS as from a female with an ice-pick; and (b) all female shrinks are evil. Come to think of it, maybe, in its decadent way, this movie can be considered a Moral Tale.

Directed by Paul Verhoeven, whose return to Holland would be welcome.

THE ACADEMY AWARDS

On a dreary occasion, we take what comfort we can. In particular: Billy Crystal's incredulity at Governor Clinton's never inhaling marijuana, and the joy of seeing the ugly, no-talent egomaniac La Streisand *not* get nominated for Best Director. And, not least of all, Crystal mocking the Streisand claim of anti-female discrimination by stating that he didn't get nominated for Best Actor because he's a man. ■

August 1992

THE PLAYER

Heralded and beloved by the left as Robert Altman's "comeback" movie, this "satire" on Hollywood is both unfunny and meretricious. Supposedly a critique of Hollywood's commercialism from the standpoint of pure art, it actually panders shamelessly to the mob's love of celebrity by one of the oldest tricks in the book: quick, little cameo shots at Hollywood "in" locations, leading people in the audience to nudge their escorts and whisper: "Ooohh, isn't that _____?" throughout the movie. Also, the "good guys" keep making references to pure, avant-garde films of the past, which are allegedly being betrayed in today's Hollywood. But when you get right down to it, this "betrayal" of purity comes down to happy endings, which are still stubbornly and apparently inexplicably favored by the dumb bourgeoisie.

This movie led me to ruminate about the tremendous cultural decline from the quasi-Commie Old Left of the good old days of cinema to the nihilistic New Left of today. Such great Old Left movies, for example, as *Casablanca* may have pushed a Commie message (Humphrey Bogart as stand-in for America, tough-talking but with a heart of gold, originally isolationist but slowly but surely drawn into World War II as he/it became aware of the horrors of "fascism"), but they did so totally within the trappings of the bourgeois Old Culture. Neither were Old Left movies afraid of pleasing the audience by way of happy endings. (And what's *wrong* with happy endings, anyway, except that they make the audience feel happy and they don't push the message that life is evil and meaningless?) But now the grand Old Culture is not only cast aside but scorned and ridiculed, and this nihilist message seems to have the highest priority on the current left agenda.

As the protagonist and major "player," Tim Robbins sleepwalks through a zombie performance, which has naturally been extravagantly praised by the critics as one of the great acting jobs of the year.

Would that Robert Altman stay away permanently.

A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

The Old Culture returns in a warm, affectionate story about the American Girls' Professional Baseball League that was established by some baseball owners during World War II and lasted until the early 1950s. The movie catches the spirit of the 1940s, and its feminist points are therefore never abrasive. Fortunately, the 1990s sensibility is kept out of the film. Geena Davis is excellent as the star baseball player, and director Penny Marshall forges good team performances out of all the players, including even the notorious Madonna, who is kept subdued and amiable in a minor role as "All the Way, Mae," the strumpet of the team.

The movie falters in the last scenes, when the girl ballplayers of the 1940s go to a reunion in the mid-1980s at Cooperstown, New York, and reminisce over old times. The problem is not only the older actresses who impersonate Davis, Madonna, etc. forty years later, but even more the mixing-in of the real reunion of the professional girls' league at the same time, ending the movie during the final credits with a pathetic and quietly grim scene of these elderly ladies desperately trying to play baseball. The film should have stayed within the forties' context.

Any worries that *A League of Their Own* is too feminist could be eased by reading Georgia Brown's ranting attack in the *Village Voice*, denouncing the movie for depicting women as emotional (how unrealistic!) and as not being sufficiently anti-male.

And what a pleasure to hear the word "girl" spoken again, and with no stern schoolmaster-type rushing up to explain why that term is politically incorrect! Perhaps someday Old Culture films will be made in the context of current life, and not just as historical set-pieces. ■

February 1993

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT

Directed by Robert Redford

A picture about fly-fishing in Montana? For an urban New York type like myself who wouldn't know a fly-fisherman from a surfer, who thinks that fish should be caught in giant nets, and who believes that once you've seen one mountain or tree, you've seen them all? And from someone who had never heard of Norman Maclean, from whose autobiographical sketch this movie was made?

And yet, I found this a wonderful, enchanting movie. I was enthralled by the entire story of an early twentieth-century family in Montana, by the spare, haunting, marvelous narration culled from that book, and by the

motion picture which Redford has obviously made totally in the spirit of the story, with no Hollywoodization, and no beating the audience over the head with every point. I loved the Montana river, was enthralled by the mystique and the technical “four-count” perfection of fly-fishing, charmed by the notion that for the narrator’s Presbyterian minister–father it was difficult to draw the line between religion and fly-fishing. I was captivated by the scene where the narrator Norman’s younger brother Paul breaks through his father’s technique to achieve his own innovative and superior form of fly-fishing.

There are many great little touches in this film: the life of the family; the gentle gripe when the father mentions that his reporter son had changed his name to MacLean, with a capital L, making the family look like “lowland Scots.” There is the teasing byplay between Presbyterians and Methodists: “Methodists are Baptists who can read;” “don’t crowd around him, he’s a Presbyterian.”

And of course the total contempt of fly-fishermen for the crude, easy and popular form of “bait-fishing”: “He’s the kind of peckerwood that will show up with a red Hills Brothers can of worms!” And the minister–father stubbornly if erroneously convinced that “St. Peter was a fly-fisherman.”

In addition, Redford’s deliberate choice of excellent but virtually unknown actors insures that the actors could form an ensemble team without the distraction of “star” celebrities.

What can I say? If this New York peckerwood can be enraptured by a movie about Montana fly-fishing, how much more in love with *A River Runs Through It* will be those readers who have actual experience of these rural delights! For urban and rural viewers alike, not the least of the charms of this movie is that it shows us life as it used to be lived, life in the Old Republic, of the America that we have lost, or rather that has been seized from us. When will the day come when movies as enchanting and as yea-saying can be made about *today’s* America? The point of the paleo cultural revolution is not to be content with aching nostalgia, but to set out on the long but rewarding path of Bringing America Back, back to Eden. ■

THE OSCARS

May 1993

For once, the Academy Awards were tolerable—not the ceremony, which was longer, more boring, and more Politically Correct than ever—but the awards themselves. *The Unforgiven* was neither my favorite picture of the year, nor a particularly good movie or Western, but it was not too bad, and certainly infinitely better than the repellent *Crying Game*, which it just beat out by a nose. The great Clint Eastwood deserves

an Oscar, and so this can be considered a “lifetime award.” But he was only able to receive it for a genre hated by left-liberals because he made deep obeisances throughout the movie about the evils of violence, or of revenge, about the torments of “killing a man” and all the rest of the liberal swill. In other words, the hero Eastwood acts, most of the time, like a self-hating, liberal anti-hero. Also, the highly touted photography is another liberal feast: dark, murky, monochromatic. Despite all this, *The Unforgiven* is redeemed at the end by a magnificent and heroic final sequence, in which Eastwood abandons his kvetching and self-loathing and mows down the bad guys in a superb, action-packed *tour de force*.

One liberal critic explained that Eastwood could finally be given an award because such a long time had elapsed that he can be “forgiven” for the superb, right-wing *Dirty Harry*, one of the great movies of our age, directed by the same right-wing Don Siegel who brought us the top science-fiction movie in decades, the superb, scary, “conspiracy-theorist” *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (the *original*, not the crummy, special-effects-driven, remake).

And yet some leftists are never satisfied. *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen bellyached that Morgan Freeman, black sidekick of Eastwood in *Unforgiven*, is accepted as a person by hero, villain, and the public alike and not constantly noticed or denounced for his race; according to the crackpot Cohen, Eastwood thereby deliberately underplays the “vicious racism” of the Old West and blah blah.

My own candidate for Best Picture was *Scent of a Woman*, a wonderfully dramatic and romantic old-fashioned “movie-movie,” which features a truly bravura acting performance by Al Pacino, the best of his career (for which he was a walkover for the Best Leading Actor award). Pacino, a bitter ex-colonel blinded in a drunken accident, teams up with a refreshing young actor, Chris O'Donnell, as his minder while he has a last fling on the town before committing suicide in the military manner. O'Donnell, a poor scholarship lad in a posh Eastern prep school, faces a moral dilemma: should he snitch on a prank committed by his snotty schoolmates on the sneering, despotic headmaster, marvelously played by a former leading villain on the daytime soap operas? During the wild weekend, Pacino and the young lad learn from each other, and help each other through their respective crises, with Pacino delivering a great stump speech in the finale on the true requisites of becoming a “leader of men.” Screenwriter Bo Goldman contributes a stirring screenplay, filled with the kind of sharp dialogue you rarely hear these days where grunts and gropes pass for conversation. Liberal *avant-garde* critics didn't like *Scent of a Woman*, calling it “superficial” and “sentimental.” Translated: optimistic and life-affirming. That's all you need to know.

Emma Thompson got the Leading Actress award for *Howard's End*, the best of a poor crop in a typically pretentious, boring E.M. Forster movie that usually gets awards from unduly impressed Americano boobs. Gene Hackman

was a solid choice for the villain in *Unforgiven*, although I would have preferred the sparkling performance of Jack Nicholson as the Queegish Marine martinet in *A Few Good Men*. *A Few Good Men* was a so-so movie, but the sort (with Tom Cruise and Nicholson) that usually gets lots of award; for some reason it faded in the pre-award stretch. I'm usually not a great Nicholson fan, finding his eternal puckish leer tiresome, but he played this role to the hilt.

The Best Supporting Actress pick was a steal, since Marisa Tomei, who played a Brooklyn ethnic in the comic *My Cousin Vinny*, was the leading actress, in what could scarcely be called a "supporting" role. This continues the common fraudulent practice of studios bumping down leading actors and actresses to the "supporting" category so as to increase their chances for an Oscar. In any case, Miss Tomei's cartoonish stint was far inferior to Miranda Richardson's striking performance in *Damage*. The award to Tomei is all the more inapt since the genuine star turn in the movie was that of "Cousin Vinny" himself, the funny and frenetic Joe Pesci, who wasn't nominated for any award at all.

The true victory of the Oscars, however, was negative, in that the outrageously hyped, repellent *The Crying Game* came away without the Best Picture award. *The Crying Game* became a hit solely on the basis of an infamous coalition between the producer's outrageous hype and the battery of perverse, nihilistic left-liberal movie critics, who loved the picture beyond endurance. An undistinguished Irish drama about the IRA, the movie was hyped by the notorious Weinstein brothers, owners of Miramax, movie distributors who are unusually obnoxious even for the movie industry. The hype employed the gimmick of imploring critics and audiences alike not to give away the wonderful plot "surprise" of the movie. Critics kept talking about the "surprise," which brings new meaning and new insight to the nature of "love," and, as one critic put it, takes love beyond the "simplicities" of *Sound of Music* and into the "complexities" of "modern love." And even though the "secret" had been given away by the very fact that the movie's "heroine," British Negress hairdresser Jaye Davidson, was nominated for Best Supporting "Actor," not "Actress," Siskel and Ebert got into a furious fight on their popular TV show, when Ebert screamed at Siskel for "giving away" the precious secret.

The secret? That Jaye Davidson, girl friend of the IRA man's prisoner, whom the IRA man falls in love with, turns out to be a man, a truth, needless to say, graphically presented to the audience. In short, old simplicity means hetero-sex, modern "complexity" means transvestite/transsexual sex.

In fact, this seems to be The Big Cultural Event of the Year: gender-bending. Not the old-hat idea that homosexuality is acceptable or good even or even better; but that there is no difference between the sexes at all, that the seemingly natural "boundaries" between the sexes is only an artificial

product of male-heterosex-dominated Western culture. Following on the heels of the *Crying Game*, is the latest hot movie in London, which soon will hit these shores: *Orlando*, a film of the old Virginia Woolf novel, in which the hero/heroine changes his/her sex every century, a male one century a female the next, and son. Get the picture? And then we have the crazy female anthropologist with the hyphenated name writing an op-ed page in the august *New York Times* proclaiming that “Western Culture” has imposed the view that there are only two sexes. Instead, there are really *five*, the Orthodox, Judeo-Christian two, plus three versions of hermaphrodite, whom she claims constitutes 5 percent of the population, which 5 percent have of course been driven into the closet by our repressive culture. Next step: affirmative action quotas for the oppressed victimized hermaphrodite masses, yearning for validation. Yes, we must demand 5 percent hermaphrodites in our faculties, our professions, in the U.S. Senate, etc. Will all the oppressed hermaphrodites please stand up and reveal themselves?

And what about the Siamese Twin masses? When I was a kid, I saw Siamese Twins at a sideshow. Surely they must be a deeply suppressed, even cut-up, 5 percent of the population. Hell, let’s make it 10 percent. Ten percent affirmative action quotas for the oppressed Siamese Twin peoples! And let’s stop calling them with that disparaging name “Siamese.” They are “Native American Twins!”

Sound of Music, oh *Sound of Music*, you were really a tedious movie, but please, please, Bring it Back! Bring Back the Old Culture before it’s too late! Who will deliver us from this horrible FREAK House that our culture has become? ■

FRENCH MASTERPIECE!

May 1993

Faithful readers of mine are in for a severe shock. As they well know, I am notoriously hostile to films that are (a) slow, (b) dark and murky, (c) with long close-ups of suffering actors’ faces substituting for dialogue, and (d) in a foreign language. Indeed these four elements almost always go together.

Recently, I saw a movie which has all four of these elements. So much so, in fact, that an old friend of mine, who *loves* slow, plotless, gloomy, avant-garde movies, saw the film in Paris, and said that he and his friends went reeling out of the theater, “holding their heads,” after three long, suffering hours. (Actually, it’s less than two hours but to him it felt like

three.) I went to the theater fully prepared either to squirm uncomfortably, or to take a nap in the luxurious seats.

Instead, to the stunned surprise of myself and my wife, I found a genuine masterpiece, one of the best and most notable pictures in years. The picture is indeed French: *Tous Les Matins du Monde*, ("Every Morning in the World") directed by Alain Corneau, from a novel written in conjunction with the movie by Pascal Quignard, who then transformed it into the screenplay. It's true that there is little dialogue, but essentially substituting for it is truly glorious seventeenth-century French Baroque music, featuring the Baroque *viola da gamba*, essentially the Baroque ancestor to the modern cello. The music is truly a revelation, largely composed by the main figures in the movie. For the plot of the movie concerns the legendary seventeenth-century violist and composer Monsieur de Sainte-Colombe (no first name known) and his student and disciple, the better-known Marin Marais. In addition to being a movie about little-remembered but marvelous musicians and composers, the soundtrack and the plot feature the music itself. It is also a romantic, moving, and perceptive film about the truths and tensions of master-disciple relationship, which carries insights beyond music into scholarship, science, and indeed every walk of life. Sainte-Colombe is the pure musician, who, while the premier violist and composer of his day, has retreated into a quasi-hermetic existence, not merely out of mourning for his dead young wife, but also in revulsion against the trivialization of music by the flashy musicians and composers of King Louis XIV's court.

Scorning a call to play in the King's service, Sainte-Colombe is pestered by a bright young violist and composer who wants to study under him; the master is reluctant, for he sees the opportunism in the young lad's character. In later years, the student, young Marin Marais, indeed betrays Saint-Colombe's daughter and leaves to become famous in the King's service; but later, older and fatter, Marin, knowing that the true soul of music had escaped him, returns to try to listen undetected to hear Sainte-Colombe play the marvelous lost compositions that the master refuses to publish and will take with him to his grave. In a stunning final sequence, the dying Sainte-Colombe and the returned and chastened Marais play a magnificent and heart-rending viola duet of the previously lost music.

The older Marais is played by the highly overrated Gerard Depardieu, but fortunately his part is a small one, the young Marais played by his son Guillaume, who actually looks very little like his old man. But the real star of the movie is Jean-Pierre Marielle, who is simply magnificent as the noble maitre, Sainte-Colombe.

This is one of the great films of recent years which should not be missed. Although you should be warned that if you are so base as not to like Baroque music, this movie is not for you. The film came out in late 1991, but why didn't it receive the foreign film Oscar last year? Actually I am happy to report that this film received seven Cesars (the French equivalent of the

Oscar), and won awards for Best Film, Best Director, and Best Music. The sound track for *Tous Les Matins* has also been a big hit; over 350,000 copies of the CD have been sold in Europe, outselling even Michael Jackson in France, and was also No. 1 in Argentina. When the film opened in New York, 5,000 copies of the CD were sold in one week, actually outselling Madonna's "Erotica." Hey, maybe there's hope for our culture yet!

Music historians are griping because the plot is inaccurate, since little is known of Sainte-Colombe's life. But who cares? What's wrong with fiction? As it is, the film is a wonderful, romantic tribute to musicians as well as to music, and to the best of the Old Culture. Music scholar Mark Kroll writes in the journal *Bostonia* (Spring 1993) that "there are moments in the film when one seems to be looking at a painting by Vermeer or Watteau which has come to life. Several musicians have also commented how startled they were by the *quiet*; that is, how faithfully the director was able to recreate the acoustical context in which this music was actually heard, one undisturbed by all the external white noise pollution of twentieth-century life." Yes, yes! See the movie, then buy the soundtrack, for the Baroque, in music, art, architecture, was the pinnacle that human civilization has yet reached. ■