the Weekly Standard

MARCH 22, 1999

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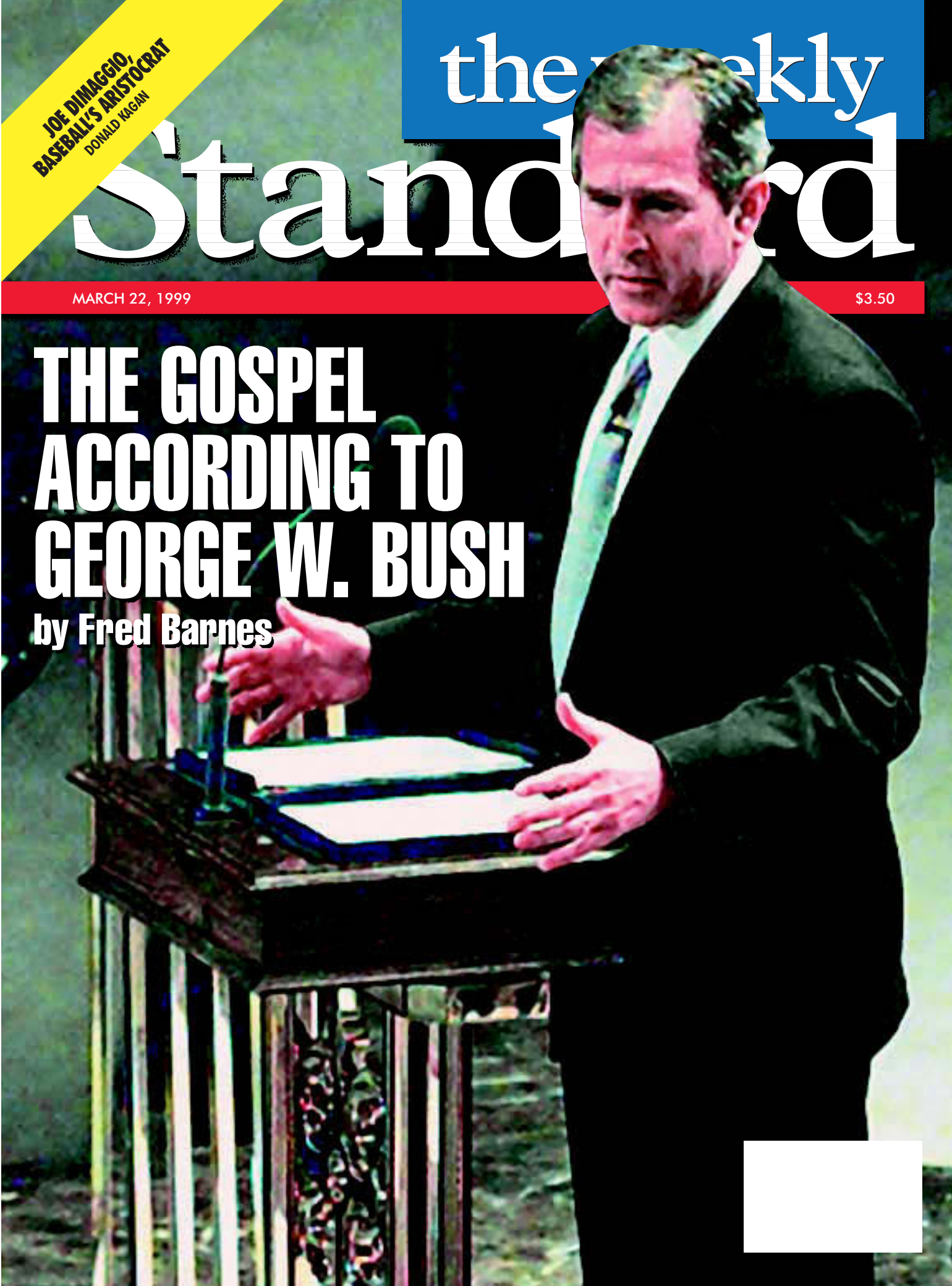
JOE DIMAGGIO, BASEBALL'S ARISTOCRAT
DONALD KAGAN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO GEORGE W. BUSH

by Fred Barnes



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Books & Arts

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

A Case of the Mumps?

For those still keeping track, the score remains Juanita Broaddrick: 5 (as in, witnesses she contemporaneously told about the Masher in Chief); Bill Clinton: 1 (as in, number of feeble denials issued, and that denial not by Clinton but by his lawyer). And as time passes, her story is only gaining credibility.

For instance, the most curious detail of Broaddrick's rape allegation is this: Following her 1978 encounter with Clinton, she says he told her not to worry about getting pregnant, because a bout with the mumps had left him sterile. If Broaddrick is a calculating liar looking to embroider her account, inventing such a detail would seem foolish, since two years later Chelsea Clinton was born.

But, as with most allegations against the president, the claim that he would say such a thing becomes, upon closer inspection, all too believable. For one thing, in his book *Blood Sport*, James Stewart reported that the Clintons in the late 1970s were concerned over not being able to conceive, and at one point "contemplated a visit to a doctor at the University of California." It's quite possible that in the spring of 1978, Clinton did believe that he was sterile, and he might well have ascribed this to a case of the mumps.

But whatever Clinton actually believed in 1978, there is evidence that he was in the habit of making this sort of claim to the women he encountered.

Two authorities on Clinton—Gennifer Flowers and Dolly Kyle Browning—provided THE SCRAPBOOK with further detail. Neither remembers Clinton saying that he'd had the mumps. But Flowers, who claims a 12-year sexual relationship with Clinton, says that Clinton "indicated he had a fertility problem. He never used the word 'sterile,' but he was pretty positive he couldn't have children." Browning, who claims a 30-year sexual relationship with Clinton, and who has known him since they were both children, says that she confronted Clinton about his habitual refusal to use a condom after she'd heard rumors that he'd been seeing other women. "I thought somebody might actually try to get pregnant by him and cause him a problem," says Browning. "But he said, 'Nobody should worry about my getting them pregnant.'"

White House spokesman Jim Kennedy said, "I'm not going to take or ask that question," when we inquired whether Clinton had ever considered himself sterile before Chelsea's conception. Asked if Clinton had ever contracted the mumps, Kennedy took our phone number: "I'm probably not going to get anything on that," he said. "But if I do, I'll call you back." Kennedy's assurance reminds THE SCRAPBOOK of the Clinton campaign's 1992 promise to produce Clinton's medical records: "We'll have them by Thursday," they said at the time. Seven years later, we're still waiting.

Internet Al

Last week was not a good one for Al Gore. Not only did he fall further behind George W. Bush in various polls, but he made an extraordinary comment in response to Wolf Blitzer on CNN that will come back to haunt him. Blitzer asked Gore why Democrats should support him and not Bill Bradley.

Quoth Al: "I'll be offering my vision when my campaign begins, and it'll be comprehensive and sweeping, and I hope that it'll be compelling enough to draw people toward it. I feel that it will be. But it will emerge from my dialogue with the American people. I've traveled to every part of this country during the last six years. During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative in creating the Internet."

Anything you say, Al. The best rejoinder came from House majority leader Dick Armey: "If the vice president created the Internet, then I created the Interstate Highway System." We look forward to Bradley's riposte.

So Much to Betray

With all the hubbub over George Stephanopoulos's supposed "betrayal" of Bill Clinton, one could easily lose sight of this: Amazingly few of his employees and associates have actually felt compelled to "betray" him by telling the truth. After all, so much to betray, so little betrayal.

This was the subject of a fantastic rant by columnist Ron Rosenbaum in the *New York Observer* last week on the subject of Lanny Davis. Davis is a friend of Bill, as Rosenbaum put it, "in the sense Bill Clinton has friends: people he can lie to shamelessly, whose lives and reputations he can ruin callously and still count on to go on TV and defend him."

What most ticked off Rosenbaum was Lanny Davis's attack on Juanita Broaddrick. "How do we know she didn't lie to all her friends?" Davis had been quoted in the *Washington Post*.

"Amazing!" wrote Rosenbaum. "Without knowing

Scrapbook

the facts, without pausing for a moment to wonder 'Gee, he's lied to me so many times before and I've looked like such a fool so many times before for defending him, wouldn't it be a good idea to hesitate for just a moment before smearing a woman who says she's been raped and calling her the liar? Don't I have any responsibility to think twice before mouthing off, just this once?' Even if he (apparently) doesn't care whether Bill Clinton screwed Juanita Broaddrick, he knows Bill Clinton's screwed him repeatedly. But there he is lining up, assuming the position so eagerly, so readily, once again.

"In some ways the case of Lanny Davis is special, more egregious, but perhaps more explicable. I blame Yale. Well not Yale University, precisely, but the *Yale Daily News* and the culture of Establishment suck-uppery it cultivates. When I arrived, an alienated outsider at Yale, Lanny Davis was already on his way to becoming the ultimate Insider, the chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, an exalted position that is not attained without strenuous sucking upward to the upperclassmen who hold the striving *Yale Daily* candidate's fate in their hands. I think it is not insignificant that the initial heated competition for a coveted place on the ladder to the chairmanship of the *Yale Daily* was, appropriately enough, called 'Heeling.' It is, you will notice, a term adopted from dog training.

"And not for nothing. Good dogs, compliant dogs, go far, although that may be Lanny's tragedy: so much heeling, so little to show for it on his own—until, relatively late in his career, his being a Friend of Bill, chief sycophant to the Commander in Chief, gave him a shot at the gold ring."

Italian Justice

So a Marine Corps jury, after a fair and open trial, unanimously acquits Capt. Richard Ashby, the pilot whose jet accidentally sent 20 skiers in a cable car plummeting fatally to the ground. It was a horrible accident, the jury decided, but it was an accident. Nonetheless, Italian prime minister Massimo D'Alema complained during his recent trip to Washington: "We shall say we are satisfied when whoever is responsible for what happened is found guilty and punished."

D'Alema must have forgotten what was going on in Italy 10 years ago—no doubt jetting off for ideological summits in Beijing and Moscow as the head of the Communist Youth Federation was distracting. Otherwise, he might have remembered that the Italians let Palestinian terrorist Abul Abbas walk away from the Sigonella air base in Sicily after his thugs had quite deliberately murdered Leon Klinghoffer on the Italian cruise ship *Achille Lauro*. Not even a trial: Abbas was allowed to just leave the country, no matter the American warrant for his arrest. Perhaps, thanks to his ideological training, D'Alema simply doesn't grasp the notion of a trial being conducted according to neutral principles of law.

Help Wanted

Casual

Semper Si

Since readers generally don't expect to be embarrassed by the magazines they subscribe to (though we often oblige at no extra charge), I've always thought it wise to avoid writing with a heart too full of love or sorrow. Such offerings are best left to diaries, or Christmas newsletters read by long-suffering relatives.

But sometimes, love and sorrow brim so full that restraint must be suspended. My wife and I lost our best friend the other day—our seven-year-old dalmatian, Simon. Besides the overdose of phenobarbital, it's hard to say what finished him. He had cataracts, arthritis, and degenerative hips. He'd had surgery twice on a torn cruciate ligament, which made him totter like a three-legged endtable.

But what really hurt him was the diabetes. Last year, after coming home to our boy vomiting blood all over the floor, we learned a new way of life. We learned to tell Si "no" when he rested his head in our laps, batting his lashes for the steaks and chops that we'd formerly shoveled into his oil-drum torso. We gauged his blood-sugar by dipping reagent strips in his urine stream (he forgave our intrusiveness and stood still like a champ; we forgave his marksmanship and wore short sleeves). Most vital, we learned to stick his neck with an insulin injection every morning. Though he'd wag his tail to show us he wasn't hurt, he had more track marks than a Calvin Klein runway model.

I don't know what I hated more—watching him get sick or remembering him healthy. Si was always about 40 pounds past show-dog quality. But none of his svelter brethren was half as handsome. He had black-velvet ears, perfectly spaced spots, and a thick white head that framed a coal-colored nose, making him look as if his mother had mated with a polar bear. For a fat boy, he was terribly athletic. He used to run for miles alongside our bikes. Whenever our car pulled into the driveway, he'd proudly strut into the headlights, then try to impress by giving chase to some imaginary squirrel. Many of God's creatures met untimely demises between his playful jaws: cockatoos, rabbits, and an assorted meat tray of rodentia.

Simon was hard to take anywhere, so we mostly kept him home, where he nursed other bad habits: biting the bumpers of moving cars, eating bees, so aggressively discouraging garbage collectors that they made us haul our own trash. But that was many vet visits ago. As an older dog, he morphed into a lethargic giant, allowing children to yank his ears and pizza delivery boys to escape unmolested.

Once our fearless guardian, he turned into our shadow. He followed me to the mailbox, to the bathroom, and into the middle of driveway basketball games—with no regard for three-second violations. We shared all our mutually-presumed enthusiasms: I was certain he loved Mexican food and Lyle Lovett tunes. He seemed convinced I wanted my crotch sniffed and his hair on my pants.

If Heaven shows itself on this earth only in glimpses, my preview reel ran on warm days of porch-loitering with Si. We'd take a stack of reading (for me) and Jerky Treats (for him). The only sounds were the soul sisters of Stax, and Simon chomping discarded ice cubes, then licking himself with a sub-freezing tongue. With the whole porch to stretch out on, he always sat under my rocker, where his runaway tail would inevitably get crunched, sending us into paroxysms of yelps and apologies.

Two weeks ago, the vet called during dinner, telling us it was time to "put Simon down"—that curious euphemism that sounds as if they're going to insult your dog instead of kill him. My wife cried, and I fixed Si a plate of spaghetti so he could meet his maker with a marinara smile. Upon arriving at the clinic, I settled up for the last time, spotting on my receipt the line item we'd paid thousands to avoid: "Euthanasia K9—$0.00."

As some stranger administered his last shot, Simon and I lay sprawled on the floor, me holding his big, smooth head. I mewled like a child, and he emitted a noble growl before his kind eyes looked to me for reassurance. I kissed his snout and told him he was a good boy. After he was gone, I went home to search: for his hair on my sweater, for his tennis balls, for some scent that would keep him close.

There is no surer way to diminish affection than to cast it into words. But Lord Byron got it just about right when he eulogized his Newfoundland as one who "possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices." I loved Simon for all those reasons, but mostly, I didn't need any.

Since he left, I sit outside in the mornings and force my way through the newspaper. It helps me remember that the world stills itself for no one, least of all a diabetic dalmatian. But it doesn't help me forget that I'm one porch-sitter short.

Matt Labash

Correspondence

Scotch on the Rocks

Andrew Peyton Thomas is an excellent historian of country music, but he is a little shaky on the history of colonial immigration ("'I See by Your Outfit,'" March 8).

"Scotch-Irish" is a self-referential term of art which applies to Irish Protestants (mostly Presbyterians) who immigrated to the American colonies between roughly 1718 and 1775. They came mostly from the eastern part of Ulster—now Northern Ireland.

The term "Scotch-Irish" was not used in Ireland—nor in America—until the 19th century, when the descendants of these immigrants adopted it to distinguish themselves from the Irish Catholics who were then coming to America.

I am not familiar with the song "Sallie Gooden," but if it is indeed "Scotch-Irish," it is from the 18th, not the 19th, century.

John A. McCreary Sr.
Wellsburg, WV

The King Is Dead

Joseph Epstein's "Can't Take That Away From Me" left me shaking with emotion (Casual, March 1). Epstein eloquently describes what I have been feeling for over 40 years. The maddening fact that generations of young people have never heard, much less appreciated, the sublime voices of Dick Haymes, Sarah Vaughn, June Christy, Billy Eckstine, Jo Stafford, and others too numerous to mention, or the entrancing music of Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, Glenn Miller, Count Basie, Artie Shaw, and other great bands also too numerous to list makes my eyes brim with tears and my heart ache with anguish.

More than anything else, the blame for the death of "popular music" can be laid at the blue-sueded feet of the iniquitous Elvis Presley. With his popularizing the opprobrious and cacophonous rock 'n' roll "music," the talentless Presley drove a poisonous stake deep into the heart of popular music because with the deplorable ascendancy of rock 'n' roll, the truly marvelous love ballads and stirring musical compositions of genuine talents such as Gershwin, Porter, Kern, Berlin, Rodgers, Mercer, Carmichael, and others were no longer being written. Next to Stalin and Hitler, Elvis Presley is the most prolific murderer of the century. After all, just look at what he wantonly killed.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, CA

Not the Greatest Parents

In examining Sen. Bob Kerrey's review of Tom Brokaw's *The Greatest Generation*, it should be noted that while the World War II generation's achievements are comparable to the Revolutionary War and Civil War generations', those two generations were

not followed 20 years later by anything like the '60s brats ("World of Our Fathers," March 8). As great as they were as fighters and builders, the Greatest Generation's record as parents is less impressive.

Of course, not all Baby Boomers turned out to be '60s brats, but all too many did, and these children make up the Culture War leadership whose goal is to transform the counterculture into the mainstream. With Bill Clinton getting over 60 percent job approval despite his crimes and decadence, it appears they have succeeded all too well. Small wonder Paul Weyrich has concluded that America no longer has a moral majority.

As an artillery forward observer and reconnaissance and survey officer in Korea in 1952 and 1953, I served with several of the Greatest Generation who had either stayed in the service or been recalled. When I arrived at the 37th Field Artillery Battalion of the Second Division there were still some veterans of Heartbreak Ridge. A few months later, the division also came through in an even bigger battle at White Horse Ridge. Much of our battalion's success was due to the competence of our operations officer, a veteran of the Pacific in World War II. However, all of us who knew him agreed he was one of the most personally obnoxious people we had ever met. (He once told a group assigned as forward observers, "You're meat for the hill.") We rotated home at the same time and he told me that his plan was to complete law school. As our communications officers speculated, "From S3 to ambulance chaser."

Most of the Greatest Generation were good people, but not all of them. And some of the good ones produced offspring such as Charles Ruff, who used post-modernist word games to explain that although President Clinton appeared to lie under oath, he did not commit perjury—because in his own mind he was trying to tell the truth.

Clinton also probably thought that Juanita Broaddrick should have submitted consensually so that he did not have to bite her lip in the course of forcing her submission. How ironic that a generation including Audie Murphy, Major Bong, and Marion Carl could produce offspring such as James Carville, Sidney Blumenthal, and Craig Livingstone. From sacrifice and heroism to sleaze and thuggery.

George Weber
Portland, OR

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Clinton's Sorry Excuse for a China Policy

Bill Clinton is great at apologizing to foreign governments for the policies of his predecessors. A year ago, on a trip to Africa, he apologized for past American support for some African dictatorships. Last week in Central America, he apologized for U.S. support of the Guatemalan military during the Cold War. Clinton is not the first American president to engage in this embarrassing and unwarranted self-flagellation. In 1979, after the Sandinistas came to power in Nicaragua, Jimmy Carter beseeched the Communist revolutionaries not to hold him responsible for the sins of his predecessors. With Clinton, whose foreign policy looks more and more like a sleazier version of Carter's, the gesture has become habitual—indulging in moral preening in a foreign land at the expense of the (better) men who have gone before him.

What makes last week's "apology" in Guatemala all the more striking, though, is that when it comes to Clinton's own failed policies—say, with regard to China—this president never apologizes.

Actually that's not quite right. Clinton does apologize—*to* the Chinese government, and *for* the Chinese government. His secretary of state virtually asked forgiveness from Beijing for our even contemplating helping Taiwan (and Japan) defend themselves against Chinese missiles. And Clinton's aides routinely (on background) make excuses for China's repression at home and troublemaking abroad. But basically the Clinton administration's policy of engagement-no-matter-what means never having to say you're sorry for what you've done yourself.

Did the Chinese government steal secrets allowing it to build smaller, more efficient nuclear warheads that can be aimed at U.S. cities? Did they obtain technological know-how from U.S. satellite companies to improve the reliability of their intercontinental ballistic missiles? Did they fuel a nuclear weapons race between India and Pakistan by supplying Pakistan with nuclear technology and materials? Did they share their own improved ballistic-missile designs with the North Koreans, giving Pyongyang the ability to strike targets across the Pacific? Have they engaged in a harsh crackdown on democracy activists for the last year?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, and yes. But in the face of the manifest failure of their policy, Clinton administration officials just keep chirping merrily along about the success of their "strategic partnership" with China. Clinton insisted last week his policy "has paid dividends." The relationship with China is "open, candid, honest." And just look at the "dividends" we've received. Okay, maybe they stole our nuclear secrets and helped North Korea build better ICBMs. But, hey, they signed the Chemical Weapons Treaty and the Test Ban Treaty. Maybe they are cracking down on dissent, but at least they signed a human rights convention. To be sure, as the evidence piles up against the administration, officials strain to find ever more imaginative justifications for its policy. We have to engage the Chinese, says Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, because they have a lot of people and a "huge landmass." Presumably, if we don't engage this landmass, it will fall on us.

The failure of Clinton's policy means this: China should and will emerge as a central issue in American politics over the next 18 months, and especially in the 2000 presidential campaign. Republicans will all cheerfully take shots at the obvious failures and ludicrous justifications of the Clinton administration, and that's fine with us. But the essential challenge is to confront the failure of the policy at its core, to repudiate the premises of a policy of blind engagement, and to articulate a serious alternative political and strategic vision for East Asia. Such an alternative would emphasize relations with our true strategic partners—Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan—and would provide them with the wherewithal to defend themselves against an increasingly dangerous China. This means pushing forward theater missile defenses for Taiwan, Japan, and South Korea. It means placing trade at its appropriate level of priority—subordinate to our fundamental strategic and moral interests. This won't be easy for a Republican

party that sometimes seems to love commerce more than it loathes Chinese communism.

This also means confronting Republican complicity, both in Congress in recent years and during the Bush administration, in the current failed China policy. We're not encouraged by speaker of the House Dennis Hastert, who said last week, "The more we're involved with China, the better off we are—for us and for China and the Pacific area." How nice. Clinton himself couldn't have said it better. How simple. Too bad it isn't true.

Obviously, the issue isn't more or less "involvement." It's the nature of our involvement. Fortunately, other Republicans, including Hastert's Senate counterpart, Trent Lott, seem willing to think more seriously about China policy. Will Lott and his colleagues lay the groundwork for making China policy an election issue in 2000? Will the presidential candidates be willing to challenge not only Clinton's policy but the knee-jerk accommodationist instincts of some pro-China Republican business constituencies? Doing so would be good for the GOP. It would also be good for the country.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol, for the Editors

Congress's China Challenge

by Matthew Rees

Senator Richard Lugar is one of the few congressional Republicans who have supported the president on issues of foreign affairs and national security. The Indiana Republican strongly backed the president on NATO expansion, the chemical weapons treaty, and the nomination of William Weld for ambassador to Mexico. So it was something of a watershed moment when Lugar took to the pages of the *Washington Post* last week to denounce the Clinton administration's China policy. His doing so sent a crystal-clear signal that White House policy toward China is in for a stiff challenge from the Republican Congress.

Kent Lemon

Sandy Berger

What provoked Lugar's wrath was the revelation that the administration had withheld information from Congress concerning China's theft of U.S. nuclear secrets. The story was reported in the March 6 *New York Times* in a 4,000-word article littered with instances of top administration officials, including Sandy Berger, the national security adviser, trying to prevent Congress from learning about the espionage. The pilfered secrets relating to the miniaturization of nuclear warheads significantly improve China's nuclear-missile capability. "There is no more sophisticated secret that we have," one Republican senator told me. The *Times* article quoted former CIA counterintelligence chief, Paul Redmond, saying the breach "was far more damaging to the national security than Aldrich Ames."

Lugar is hardly alone in being outraged. A number of top congressional Republicans are asking pointed questions, as are many GOP presidential candidates. Lamar Alexander, Gary Bauer, Pat Buchanan, and Steve Forbes all called on Berger to resign last week, while Bob Smith said Berger should just be sacked. Buchanan said the espionage was "the worst breach of national security since the Rosenbergs." John McCain wants the appointment of something akin to the Tower Commission, which investigated Iran-contra, to investigate the Clinton hijinks. "How can you trust this administration," he asks, "to investigate something of this magnitude?"

Vice President Al Gore and energy secretary Bill Richardson angered Republicans further by trying to shift blame for the episode to . . . Republicans. In a March 9 interview with CNN, Gore twice said the breach occurred during "the previous administration." Richardson took the same tack, telling CNBC's Chris Matthews, "We don't think this issue should be politicized," but then

quickly adding that "this started in the '80s and so there is plenty of blame to share."

Porter Goss, the mild-mannered chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, and hardly an outspoken Clinton critic, responded that such comments "display how this administration is more concerned with their party's progress than with the well-being of the country." He singled out Gore for criticism: "I expect more from the vice president. He knows better." Goss's anger is typical of Republicans on the Hill. Indeed, GOP distrust of the Clinton foreign-policy operation has become deep and widespread. In separate conversations, two respected congressional Republicans told me they thought White House officials leaked the espionage story to the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* in hopes of putting their best spin on an embarrassment they knew would become public.

Nevertheless, the story of the espionage, the administration's delayed reaction, and its attempt to keep Congress unaware, broke at a sensitive moment for Clinton's foreign policy. With Zhu Rongji, China's prime minister, scheduled to visit Washington next month, Republicans are eager to highlight their differences with Clinton's soft-on-China policy. "The center of gravity has undertaken a dramatic shift toward containment," says Randy Scheunemann, a former foreign-policy aide to Trent Lott, the Senate majority leader. Lott, usually an outspoken advocate for unfettered trade with China, wants to block China's entry into the World Trade Organization. He is lending his support to an amendment by Republican senator Tim Hutchinson requiring congressional approval before Beijing can enter the international body.

Elsewhere, congressional Republicans are predicting passage of sweeping new restrictions on who can visit America's nuclear labs and where lab personnel will be permitted to travel on official business (the rules in both cases are notoriously lax). Similarly, if the Pentagon doesn't scrap its plan for a yearlong exchange program with senior officials from China's People's Liberation Army, Capitol Hill aides say Congress will scrap it for them. And the chances that missile-defense legislation will be passed in the Senate have improved.

More contentious are the findings of a congressional committee that investigated the transfer of U.S. technology to China. Late last year, the nine-member bipartisan committee, headed by representative Chris Cox of California, unanimously approved its top-secret report. Since then, the committee has been wrangling with the administration over precisely which material, and how much of it, can be made public. Cox says the White House is asking the committee "to suppress significant findings, to eliminate examples that buttress our conclusions, and to change our conclusions from statements of fact to mere possibilities." Cox and the committee's top Democrat, Norm Dicks, jointly requested a meeting with Clinton last month. They've received no response, and may move to release the report soon.

In the meantime, the Senate's Intelligence and

Armed Services committees are slated to begin holding hearings on the espionage and the administration's laggard response. Members of both committees told me there are countless questions they want answered. Why was the senior federal government employee who first learned about the espionage ordered not to share the information with Congress? Why was this employee demoted after blowing the whistle? Was the administration afraid that publicizing the espionage would undermine U.S. trade with China? Why did the administration continue to push for liberalized export controls on supercomputers, and why did it want the Commerce Department to have jurisdiction over export licenses? And why, as even Katie Couric asked last week during an interview with Bill Richardson, was the alleged spy fired from his lab job only after the story broke in the national media?

EVEN KATIE COURIC ASKED WHY THE ALLEGED SPY WAS FIRED FROM HIS JOB AT A U.S. LAB ONLY AFTER THE STORY BROKE IN THE NATIONAL MEDIA.

The wild card for Republicans is whether the administration will cooperate with any congressional inquiries. And if the White House chooses not to cooperate, will congressional Democrats back it up (as they have so often in the past)? Richard Lugar urged in his *Washington Post* piece that "the administration not yield to its impulses to place damage control above all else." For in this case, he wrote, "it will not be good enough for the administration to ask for congressional understanding. . . . It will have to earn it." A reasonable request—though, given the Clinton record, few Republicans expect it to be met. And, given the past performance of Congress, the administration may expect the inquiries and accusations will fade away and no coherent assault on the administration's policy will be sustained. Will this time be different?

Matthew Rees is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

. . . Before He Kills Again

by Wesley J. Smith

IT SEEMS AS IF HE HAS ALWAYS been part of the American cultural landscape, leaving dead bodies at hospital emergency-room doors, wearing Founding Father costumes to court, accusing his opponents of conducting a modern-day Inquisition. But only nine years ago, no one had heard of Jack Kevorkian, when a March 1990 newspaper article described an offer that seemed more like a sick joke: "Applications being accepted. Oppressed by a fatal disease, a severe handicap, a crippling deformity? . . . Show him proper compelling medical evidence that you should die, and Dr. Jack Kevorkian will help you kill yourself, free of charge." Now, after 130 deaths, one corpse mutilation, four trials, five acquittals, one mistrial, one misdemeanor conviction, two fawning interviews on *60 Minutes*, several *Larry King* appearances, and a feting at the *Time* magazine 75th anniversary party, we know that Jack Kevorkian may be sick, but he is certainly no joke.

Kevorkian is about to stand trial again, this time for murder. The trial is scheduled to begin on March 22 in Oakland County, Mich. The evidence is clear and uncontested. Last November 22, tens of millions of people watched him kill Thomas Youk, age 52, afflicted with Lou Gehrig's disease (ALS), on *60 Minutes*. Kevorkian admits doing the deed. The law against such euthanasia is unequivocal throughout the country. Not even Oregon, which has legalized physician-assisted suicide, permits active killing. Yet, the question lingers in the air, unanswerable: Will the jury convict?

Why has Kevorkian thrived? Blame the times in which we live. His is the perfect story for our post-modern age, in which facts matter less than feelings, truth less than myth. The more he has helped people die, the less the media have dwelled on Kevorkian's lack of medical training (a pathologist, he hasn't treated a living patient since the 1950s), his megalomania, or his bigotry against disabled people. Worse, Kevorkian's victims quickly became pseudo-people, mere statistics in a rising count. Andy Rooney summarized the national attitude when he declared Kevorkian a "nutty" but "courageous pioneer," willing to sacrifice his own welfare toward the noble goal of relieving the terminally ill of their suffering.

But that isn't the real Jack Kevorkian. Mercy has

never been his motive. None of his victims was on the verge of death or in unremitting pain when Kevorkian helped administer lethal chemicals. Eighty percent of the people he helped kill were not terminally ill. Most were disabled and depressed. Medical science could have brought some measure of relief to virtually every one of them.

Several of the people whose deaths he facilitated had no physical disease determinable by autopsy. Marjorie Wantz, age 58, who died in 1991, complained of unremitting pelvic pain. The medical examiner could find no organic cause. It is known that Wantz was emotionally disturbed and had been in mental hospitals. In 1996, Rebecca Badger, age 39, sought out Kevorkian to kill her because she believed she had multiple sclerosis. She didn't. Judith Curren, age 42, was an obese woman who abused prescription drugs and was diagnosed with chronic fatigue syndrome, but her autopsy found no illness. Shortly before her husband flew with her to Kevorkian, she had reported him to the police for violent spousal abuse. Martha Wichorek, age 82, admitted in her suicide note that she wasn't ill.

> WHY HAS KEVORKIAN THRIVED? BLAME THE TIMES IN WHICH WE LIVE—AN AGE WHEN FACTS MATTER LESS THAN FEELINGS, TRUTH LESS THAN MYTH.

At least two of Kevorkian's victims, probably more, were not mentally competent when they died. Franz-Johann Long, age 53, believed he was a KGB agent. Kevorkian's lawyer claimed Long had terminal cancer, but the autopsy showed only microscopic signs of the disease. Mary Judith Kanner, age 67, had advanced Huntington's disease, a terminal condition marked by progressive dementia. The family of Deborah Sickels, who had MS, told the press she wasn't competent and had a long history of emotional instability. Kevorkian's first victim, Janet Adkins, had early Alzheimer's disease which had already affected her cognitive abilities.

It is Kevorkian's longstanding obsession with death that has carried him—and us—to this point. This fixation is what led him, as a young man, to become a pathologist. It is the reason for the infa-

mous moniker "Dr. Death" that Kevorkian received in his medical school days, when he haunted hospital wards staring into the eyes of dying patients and taking pictures of people as they expired. He once gave a man hepatitis by transfusing him with cadaver blood.

Mercy has never been Kevorkian's purpose. License to experiment on the people he is killing before they are dead is what he really wants. He calls this proposed human vivisection "obitiatry." "If we are ever to penetrate the mystery of death," he wrote in his autobiography, *Prescription Medicide*, published in 1991, it will "of necessity require insight into the nature of the unique awareness of consciousness that characterizes cognitive human life. That is possible only through obiatric research on living human bodies, and most likely concentrating on the central nervous system."

Jack Kevorkian

Kent Lemon

Long before he placed his first newspaper ad offering "death with dignity," Kevorkian spent many years communicating with death row inmates asking if they would agree to be experimented on at their executions. Some actually said yes. These efforts prove that compassion is not Kevorkian's motivation, but simply the cover story he and his lawyers have concocted for public consumption. Indeed, Kevorkian set his sights on dying and disabled people only *after* state officials convinced him that they would never permit him to participate in executions.

Kevorkian actually disdains the people he helps kill. He has said that paraplegics and quadriplegics who are not suicidal are "pathological." In one of his court appearances in the early 1990s, he wrote in a court document, "The voluntary self-elimination of individual and mortally diseased or crippled lives taken collectively can only enhance the preservation of public health and welfare." His Nazi-like thinking should have made Kevorkian a pariah, but it didn't. Disability-rights activists looked on in horror as people shrugged off Kevorkian's actual words and embraced the compassion myth. Deeply alarmed at his favorable poll numbers, they began to organize against Kevorkian and the entire assisted-suicide movement. Disabled people are now among the most vigorous opponents of the culture of death.

Kevorkian's unexpected success seems to have triggered in him a new obsession: being a news celebrity. But making news on a continuing basis isn't easy. His assisted suicides soon became old hat, and Kevorkian found himself relegated to the back pages. What's a death doctor to do when he kills and kills and kills again, to a general shrug? Up the ante.

In 1997, according to journalist and Kevorkian biographer Michael Betzold, Kevorkian came close to carrying out a sick publicity stunt that would have made him the talk of the world. He and his acolyte Janet Good (whose suicide he would later assist) learned of a teenager awaiting a liver transplant at a local hospital. They hatched a scheme to facilitate the death of a Chicago man in the hospital parking lot. Then, with news cameras rolling, they intended to storm inside the hospital with the fresh corpse and offer the liver for transplantation. The plan was canceled only after the teenager obtained an organ through legitimate channels.

The next year, Kevorkian threatened to begin harvesting his victims' organs, promising to hold a news conference with kidneys in jars by his side. A few months later he made headlines when he held a news conference to announce that he had assisted the suicide of a 45-year-old quadriplegic man named Joseph Tushkowski and then removed the man's kidneys, which he offered to the public "first come, first served." When there were no takers, Kevorkian had the kidneys cremated.

The story soon died and Michigan voters rejected an assisted-suicide legalization initiative by 71-29

percent. People wondered whether Kevorkian would respond. He did, loudly. His next victim was Thomas Youk, and his publicity vehicle was *60 Minutes*.

So now, in the tradition of O.J. and impeachment, the nation faces its next made-for-television-talking-heads-trial/circus. But this time, there won't be the poetic brilliance of a Johnnie Cochran or the gruff eloquence of a Charles Ruff riding to the defendant's rescue. As if the public affairs of this country weren't already weird enough, accused murderer Jack Kevorkian plans to represent himself at the upcoming trial. Fasten your seat belt, Geraldo, it's going to be a bumpy ride.

***Wesley J. Smith is an attorney for the International Anti-Euthanasia Task Force and the author of* Forced Exit: The Slippery Slope From Assisted Suicide to Legalized Murder.**

Day-Care Delusions

by Danielle Crittenden

Would a study purporting to show that small children suffered "significant harm" when their mothers worked full-time be heralded by major media as vindication for mothers who stay home? Would networks lead their nightly news with the proclamation that mothers who put their children before their career needn't feel "guilty" about not contributing to their household expenses or the gross national product?

Oh, probably not. But look at what happened when the American Psychological Association released a study on March 1 that purported to show the opposite: Working mothers awoke, bleary-eyed, to the news that there were no ill effects of their employment upon their children's well-being or development. It didn't matter, the networks and major newspapers trumpeted, whether a mother worked full-time from the moment her child was born or stayed home full-time through her child's graduation from high school. The effects of her absence, according to the study, were nothing, *nada*, zip. In fact, it might even be better for kids if their mother worked. According to the study's researcher, psychologist Elizabeth Harvey of the University of Massachusetts, there was evidence that the working mothers of infants "positively affect [their] children's development by increasing family income."

Never mind that these dramatic conclusions were quickly undermined by experts. The impressive-sounding sample of 6,000 children was hardly representative of the population as a whole. The mothers were disproportionately from lower-income backgrounds. Mothers who worked only a few hours per week were lumped with those who worked as many as forty. More critically, the study did not inquire which kind of care the children were receiving while their mothers were working: Were they with their dads? Their grandparents? In institutions? In Montessori schools? Obviously it makes a difference. Nor did the study follow children past the

age of 12. As we know from research on the effects of divorce, the child who "seems fine" can manifest problems later. As David Murray, director of research for the Statistical Assessment Service, puts it, we may not know for twenty years whether there is a "Y2K" problem lurking in the hearts of the present day-care generation.

But none of these caveats slowed the media in their rush to reassure exhausted, guilt-ridden moms that their babies don't need them as much as they feared they might. And this gets to the heart of the day-care debate, and the reason it is so fraught with tension and accusation. Advocates of day care disingenuously claim that the issue is simply one of "choice," and since so many women today are apparently "choosing" to work, the federal government needs to invest billions more in providing "affordable, quality child care." If we had that care, they contend, there would be no reason for working mothers to feel "guilty" about their absence from their children.

But this line of argument is an affront to the thousands of couples who are making financial sacrifices in order for one parent to stay home during their children's pre-school years, who don't wish to pay higher taxes to support others' "choice" to work. And it is an affront to the majority of working mothers who feel they have no choice about work at all. When asked their opinion on the subject, they say what they want is not better and more affordable child care, but time out of the workforce to care for their children themselves. The 1997 Roper Starch poll found that the majority of married women would prefer to stay home if they could; only one-third of the 7.2 million married women with children younger than 3 work full-time. Most children who are in some sort of care are minded by their fathers or other relatives; very few parents, given a choice, want to place their babies in institutional care. And few children would say that they are "happier" with their mothers away from them most of the time.

The guilt that so many working mothers feel arises not from the fear that their children are in substandard care during the day, but from the knowledge that what their children want is them, as fiercely and as keenly as most mothers themselves want to be with their babies. When the media join hands to celebrate a study that purports to show these feelings are unfounded, it only exacerbates the feelings of guilt. A woman looking for ways to duck out of or minimize her time in the workforce, trying to convince her colleagues, her boss, and (often most difficult of all) her husband that she is needed by her child and that her role as a mother is a valuable and worthy one—the last thing she needs is to hear a cheerful chorus from all sides pronouncing that "experts disagree."

The question we ought to be asking is why, in the space of a generation, and in the richest era of our history, we have come to consider the care of one's own children a rare privilege, enjoyed only by an elite few. While some mothers have always been wage earners, and no doubt some will always need to be, this dilemma that so many modern, middle-class women torture themselves with—my job or my baby?—is a new one. In our economy, and with the potential flexibility of the workforce today, we should be coming up with better solutions to the main dilemma of working mothers—the difficulty of moving in and out of the workforce. The last thing we need is more excuses for institutionalizing children from infancy onwards, and more rationalizations about how good this is for them.

Danielle Crittenden is the author of* What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us: Why Happiness Eludes the Modern Woman *(Simon & Schuster).

Stalking Scaife

by Tucker Carlson

While many intellectuals on the left are content to complain about America's rightward drift, Steve Kangas prided himself on a pragmatic approach. A few years ago, Kangas, a 37-year-old Internet pornographer from Las Vegas, created a Web site called "Liberalism Resurgent: A Response to the Right" designed to offer helpful tips to the action-oriented liberal. "The trick," Kangas wrote in an essay on the site, "is to find the quickest but most efficient and effective form of activism possible. Happily, there are several things you can do that take only minutes a year out of your schedule, and yet have dramatic and long-lasting effects. However, even these efforts can be wasted if they are not directed at the heart of the problem. It is absolutely critical to identify what the true core problem is, because all other problems in society stem from it."

Sometime around January 21, 1999, Kangas decided he had identified the core problem. On that

day, Kangas walked into a Las Vegas gun store and paid about $300 for a Kel Tek 9 mm semi-automatic handgun. Returning to his $700-a-month two-bedroom apartment in a seedy part of the city, he prepared a meal. Then, without even cleaning the dishes, he set out to shoot Richard Mellon Scaife.

Steve Kangas and his Web site

A little over two weeks later, Kangas entered an office building in downtown Pittsburgh and took an elevator to the 39th floor. The 9 mm in his pocket, he walked down the hallway peering into office suites. He stopped at the door of the Sarah Scaife Foundation, pressed his face against the glass, then walked away. Several hours later, a mainenance man found Kangas in a men's room on the same floor as the Scaife Foundation. Kangas acted strangely, and the maintenance man spoke to him for only a moment before deciding to call the police. When the maintenance man left, Kangas sat down in a stall and shot himself in the face.

Apart from a 46-word item in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* four days later, the suicide received no coverage in the press. The Internet, however, took notice. "Steve Kangas Found Shot To Death In Richard Mellon Scaife's Bathroom," read the headline over hundreds of newsgroup conversations. Scaife has long been an obsession with conspiracy nuts, both on-line and in the White House, and the theories quickly multiplied: Kangas was killed by Richard Scaife. By the *American Spectator*. By Juanita Broaddrick. By an as-yet unknown right-wing cabal.

Strictly speaking, of course, Kangas was killed by Steve Kangas. But if there is blame to be shared, it doesn't come from the right.

It wasn't always obvious that Steve Kangas would wind up dead in a men's room. After completing high school in North Carolina, Kangas joined the Army and apparently did well. In 1983, he graduated from the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California, and several years later received an honorable discharge. Around 1986, he drifted to Santa Cruz, where he enrolled in the University of California and became involved in left-wing politics. In 1989, he traveled to the crumbling Soviet Union, an event he later described as "one of the most incredible experiences of my life."

Kangas left Santa Cruz in 1996 and wound up in Las Vegas, working for a time as a clerk at a company that produces statistical-analysis software for horse racing. Last summer, Kangas quit the business to start one of his own, Sunset Dreams, an Internet pornography company. Kangas shot sadomasochistic movies with a digital camera in his apartment and tried to sell them on-line. Unfortunately for him, says Denise Waddell, an acquaintance from Las Vegas, "he spent all the money on hookers." The business apparently flopped.

Meanwhile, Kangas's other on-line venture, Liberalism Resurgent, seemed to thrive. Kangas was obsessive but intelligent, and he spent a great deal of time writing essays meant to edify "workers, consumers, women, minorities, the poor, children, the elderly, environmentalists, and other historically liberal constituencies." In one essay, Kangas ranted for no fewer than 2,200 words about the effect of

Pinochet's economic program on the Chilean environment. (Not surprisingly, Kangas listed Al Gore's *Earth in the Balance* as one of his favorite books.) In another, he attacked Christmas. "The fact is, Christmas today has become a thoroughly illiberal event, at odds with everything that liberals stand for," Kangas wrote. "Furthermore, Christmas as practiced in modern America is deeply Euro-centric and Christian."

Kangas was particularly humorless on the subject of rich people. The wealthy, he wrote, "are causing an inequality that kills hundreds of thousands of people each year." Chief among these killers, Kangas wrote, was Pittsburgh newspaper publisher Richard Scaife. Kangas accused Scaife of everything from secretly running the CIA to destroying American democracy. The charges were outlandish—though no more so than those Geraldo Rivera regularly throws around on cable television—but they found an instant audience. "Thank you, thank you, thank you! This site is absolutely WONDERFUL!" wrote an on-line fan named Robin P. McAlexander. "I am a high school history and government teacher, and this site will be a terrific resource for me."

At some point, Kangas began to believe the things he was writing about Scaife. "The next thing you know," says Denise Waddell, "he's in Pittsburgh."

Waddell knew Kangas fairly well over a period of a couple of years—her husband worked with him at the horse-racing business—but she was surprised to learn he had set out to shoot somebody. On the other hand, Waddell says, Kangas was hard to figure out. "He was always touting the little guy, the underdog," she says. "But what is pornography if not exploiting the littlest guy, the real underdog? His politics didn't seem to mesh with what he did at all." Or maybe they did.

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

AN UNNECESSARY PRESCRIPTION

by Robert M. Goldberg

EVER SINCE PRESIDENT CLINTON proposed adding a prescription-drug entitlement to Medicare in his State of the Union speech, drug coverage for the elderly has been the number-one health issue for Democrats. The Democrats on the National Bipartisan Commission on the Future of Medicare are pushing for universal prescription-drug coverage for seniors, and congressional Democrats including Barney Frank, Henry Waxman, and Ted Kennedy have proposed at least four bills creating such a benefit. Another bill, sponsored by representative Tom Allen, would allow pharmacies to buy drugs for seniors from the Federal Supply Schedule—the government version of Price Club, which gives a 40 percent discount off of wholesale prices.

> WHEN DEMOCRATS CLAIM THE ELDERLY MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN FOOD AND MEDICINE, THEY DON'T DISTINGUISH BETWEEN EATING IN AND DINING OUT.

The rationale for all of these proposals is the claim that because Medicare does not cover prescription drugs, seniors spend every dime they have on medication. In introducing the Prescription Drug Fairness for Seniors Act, Tom Allen said, "It is time for Congress to assure that no older American anywhere has to choose between buying medicine or food, between paying their electric bill or their drug store charge account, between taking their medicine or living in pain and anxiety." Administration spokesmen and Democrats in Congress imply that large numbers of seniors are facing this dire choice. They cite, for example, the claim by the Families USA Foundation, a liberal lobbying group, that 13 percent of seniors are forced to choose between buying food and medicine. But data from the government's National Health Interview Survey of 1994 show that less than 2 percent of seniors had difficulty getting needed prescription drugs.

Meanwhile, the government's Consumer Expenditure Survey says the average senior spends $500 a year on prescription drugs, a lot less than on restaurants ($1,160), home furnishings ($1,032), clothing ($1,093), entertainment ($1,141), or health insurance ($1,494). The survey puts the average annual disposable income of seniors at approximately $25,000, which makes prescription drugs only 2 percent of total expenditures. Even the poorest senior citizens

report spending less on drugs than on dining out. When Democrats claim the elderly must choose between food and medicine, they should distinguish between eating in and dining out.

These averages, of course, conceal some actual hardship, but it affects a small portion of the elderly. This is not surprising, since most seniors already have some prescription-drug coverage. Nearly three-quarters have a drug benefit through their HMOs, private health plans, Medicaid, or state-run plans. And since the majority of seniors still spend less than $2.00 a day on drugs, some simply pay out of pocket. Such hardship as occurs, moreover, is likely to diminish: The National Bipartisan Commission on the Future of Medicare points out that in the future, "the elderly will have more income and assets than today's elderly even when the effect of future inflation is removed."

If the problem is so modest, then, why create a big entitlement projected to cost the government $40 billion a year? As with other Democratic health initiatives, the idea is to extend government control over health care one benefit at a time. Prescription drugs are the biggest increment still waiting to be brought under the net of government coverage. Clinton included prescription-drug benefits in the comprehensive health plan he proposed in 1993. The cornerstone of his proposal was price controls on all drugs administered by any health plan, including Medicare.

All of the current Democratic proposals contain price controls. Their advocates call these "discounts" and argue that seniors have the same right to obtain "discounts" from drug companies as managed-care organizations like the Veterans Administration and Medicaid. Set aside the fact that price controls and the 40 percent price cut Allen proposes would kill research and development in pharmaceuticals. Under the Allen bill, the discounts go to pharmacies, including big drugstore chains such as CVS, not seniors. Pharmacists will charge whatever retail price they want.

For Republicans, the right response is not a watered-down version of a Democratic entitlement. Instead, what is required is to improve coverage for the neediest. In 1997, almost 60 percent of Medicare beneficiaries with incomes below the federal poverty threshold (about 1.5 million seniors) were eligible for Medicaid but were not enrolled in the program. Local councils on aging and Social Security offices should be enlisted to step up efforts to enroll these people. Medicaid would meet most of their prescription-drug needs. Second, Medicare should provide the seniors who are in poorest health with vouchers, adjusted by income and severity of illness, to use to buy care that includes coverage for drugs. These reforms would require minimal outlay and no new regulations. Best of all, they would solve the real—as opposed to the politically invented—problem of helping the truly needy elderly pay for medicine.

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The Gospel According to George W. Bush

By Fred Barnes

Austin, Texas

On Sunday, March 7, Texas governor George W. Bush unveiled his presidential exploratory committee in Austin. Earlier that day, at a megachurch in Houston, he'd delivered a sermon to over 10,000 parishioners. The night before, he'd spoken to thousands more at the same church, First Baptist. In both sermons, he bemoaned America's "failed culture," spawned by the 1960s, and touted the virtues of social programs run by Christian groups. But mostly he talked about religious faith, especially his own.

"Faith changes lives," Bush said. "I know, because it has changed mine. I grew up in the church, but I didn't always walk the walk. There came a point when I felt something was missing." Through conversations with Billy Graham and Graham's inspiring example, Bush continued, he was prompted "to search my heart and recommit my life to Jesus Christ. The Lord has made a big difference in my personal life, and in my public life as well."

Scores of reporters and TV crews covered the announcement of the exploratory committee, a major step toward a full-blown Bush campaign for the Republican presidential nomination in 2000. Though the event was choreographed and predictable, Bush having revealed a few days earlier what he'd be announcing, that kept no one away. In fact, a picture of the 10 members of the Bush committee appeared the next day on the front page of the *New York Times* (above the fold and in color). Meanwhile, the church appearances attracted little media attention, except a short film clip on *This Week* on ABC and a few stories in the Texas press. National political reporters didn't bother with the seemingly non-political sermons, even by the GOP presidential front-runner. They should have paid more attention.

Religion is far more important to Bush than is widely recognized. Around the age of 40, he had a midlife crisis that led him to reinvigorated faith. In private, he talks now about his "personal relationship with Christ." He gave up drinking and began reading the Bible daily. He joined a Christian men's group. His life became more disciplined, his business and then his political career more focused. In the 1990s, he has fostered friendships with Christian pastors, including TV evangelist James Robison of Ft. Worth and Tony Evans of Dallas, a black preacher renowned for his stirring talk at the Promise Keepers rally in Washington in 1997. Bush has become a strong believer in prayer. When Democratic governor Ann Richards conceded defeat in 1994, Bush gathered a dozen friends in a circle in a hotel room, clasped hands, and prayed. Then he went before his supporters and gave a victory speech.

Religion is also an important political tool for Bush. His evangelical Christianity gives him a solid credential as a social conservative. For someone known to the evangelical community as a social conservative—Gary Bauer, for instance—talking about personal faith is superfluous, and Bauer rarely dwells on the subject. But for Bush, Ivy League-educated and suspected of moderate tendencies, emphasizing his faith is helpful, and Bush does exactly that. Fervently expressed, his faith serves as a proxy for other social-conservative positions. It may spare him the need to endorse all of them specifically, including opposition to homosexual rights. And his brand of Christianity differentiates him from his father, former president George Bush, an Episcopalian. Governor Bush attends a Methodist church.

Because Bush's faith appears to be genuine, it defuses questions about his character. Reporters are obsessed with uncovering embarrassing (or worse) incidents from Bush's pre-Christian life, but he is probably inoculated with Christians and perhaps with everyone else. As long as the conduct isn't shocking, all he'll have to say is that his life has changed dramatically since then. He's a new person, and the earlier, irresponsible conduct is irrelevant to the pattern of his life as a Christian now. And his words are likely to be truthful.

That won't satisfy the press, just as his current description of his wilder days ("When I was young

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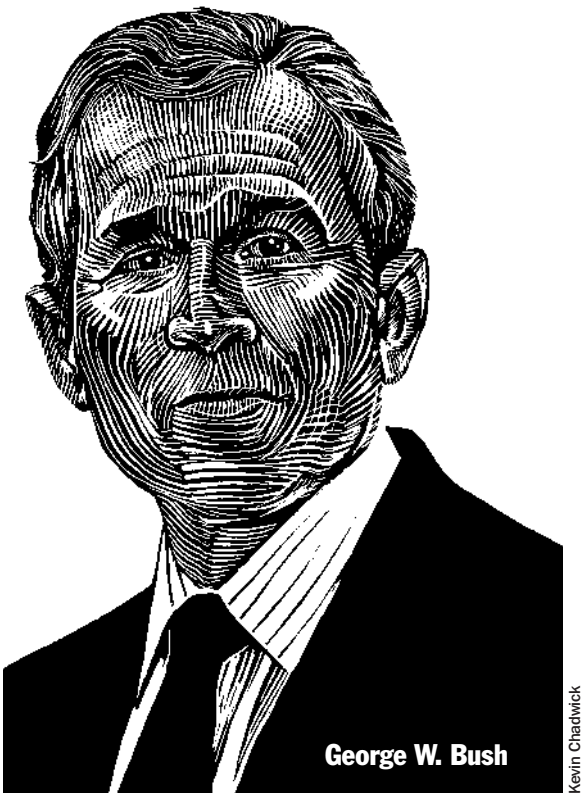
and irresponsible, I was young and irresponsible") hasn't. Bush told me that judging his prior lifestyle on a playboy scale of 10, "reality's about a 3 or 4." In public statements, Bush has declared his unblemished faithfulness to his wife, Laura. "I've been a loyal husband, a dedicated dad, and when I put my hand on the Bible and swore to uphold the dignity and integrity of the office of governor, I have done so," he said. But he's declined to answer questions about whether he ever took drugs or smoked marijuana. "I'm not going to itemize my mistakes."

Last summer, Wayne Slater of the *Dallas Morning News* found a Texas Air National Guard document from Bush's file—he was a fighter pilot in the late '60s—with the "arrest record" section whited out. Rumors about a drug arrest spread. As it turned out, Bush had been arrested while a student at Yale. He and members of his fraternity had drunkenly "liberated" a Christmas wreath from a hotel to decorate the frat house. His press secretary, Karen Hughes, refers to it as "the infamous Christmas wreath caper."



George W. Bush

Kevin Chadwick

Bush talks comfortably about his midlife crisis and spiritual awakening. A mutual friend had told him I was interested in the subject, and he began filling me in on the role of Christ in his life even before I could ask a question. His story is not quite as vivid as that of some born-again Christians, who tell of their prior, sinful life in rich detail. Bush merely says his life lacked meaning, there was "something missing inside my soul," and he drank too much. "I was not an alcoholic," he insists. At the time, he was in the oil business in Midland, Texas, and not doing very well. Bush's favorite hymn, by the way, is "Amazing Grace," which tells of a "wretch" who is saved.

In the summer of 1985, he and his family visited Kennebunkport while Billy Graham was a guest at the Bush home. Bush and Graham had long talks. Graham asked if Bush was right with God, and Bush said he didn't think so. "I asked him a lot of questions about God and Jesus Christ—the skeptic's questions," Bush says. "Billy Graham's presence is such that he can melt a skeptic." But Bush didn't immediately declare himself born-again. "When you are dealing with a skeptic, it takes a while for the message to sink in."

The next phase of his makeover came when he and several friends in Midland turned 40 in 1986. They decided to go with their wives to the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs to celebrate. The morning after, Bush woke up with a hangover. "It wasn't that bad," he says. "I got up and ran." But it was bad enough for him to declare that he would stop drinking. His decision was not entirely spontaneous. His wife had been urging him to quit. "I've never had a drink since then," he says. Bush has a reminder of the danger of excessive drinking in his office: a large picture of Sam Houston wearing a toga. Houston had gotten drunk, posed for the portrait, and, in Bush's view, made a "total fool" of himself.

How did all this change Bush's life? Bush isn't sure his friends noticed how much he'd changed. "I didn't sample opinion," he says. "I think people probably took notice. Who knows? We're all sinners." Over time, people noticed. Karl Rove, Bush's chief political strategist, has known Bush since 1973. By the early 1990s, "you could see this man was a changed person," Rove says. "That's not to say the fun was drained out of him." Al Hubbard, an Indiana businessman who was a pal of Bush at Harvard Business School and now is helping him set up a presidential campaign, says he saw a new Bush in a televised campaign debate with Ann Richards in 1994. "The George Bush I used to know let it all hang out and always told you exactly what he thought." He wasn't a conscientious student either. The Bush in the debate was "cool and calm and collected and stayed focused on point," Hubbard says. Don Sipple, Bush's media consultant in 1994, says he's never worked for a more self-controlled candidate.

Bush says the inner changes are more important

than the outward ones. Becoming a serious Christian "gave me a different perspective on what matters," he says. "I don't fear failure, nor do I fear success. If things don't work out, they just don't work out. My religion provides a sense of security. I'm secure in the knowledge my family will love me either way." He also believes God has "a game plan" for his life. "I don't know what the end is. I'm not the designer of the plan." Absent his faith, Bush says he probably wouldn't be governor. "I really don't know what I'd be doing."

But God didn't "call" him to the governorship, Bush says. "It was more earthly than that." He ran in 1994 on four issues: schools, juvenile crime, welfare, tort reform. But he was different from almost every Republican candidate in the country, including his brother Jeb, running for governor in Florida. He didn't attack Richards in negative TV ads. He wanted to run a positive campaign, and there was also a political reason for going easy on Richards, who was quite popular. Bush feared she'd campaign as an aggrieved victim of his attacks, and win. Instead, while Jeb lost, Bush pulled off the most significant single GOP upset of 1994.

GEORGE W. BUSH LAYS ENORMOUS BLAME ON THE 1960s. HE SEES THE "FAILED CULTURE" AS THE "NUMBER ONE PROBLEM FACING AMERICA."

Religion has played a less muted role in his administration. Last year, James Robison asked Bush if he'd meet with a few dozen evangelical and Pentecostal preachers. Bush readily agreed. The group was interracial and non-political. "Bush was brought to tears," Robison says, "as they expressed concern for him and his family." At the close, one preacher asked, "Would you care if I laid my hand on your shoulder" and prayed for you? "I'd be glad," Bush said. An aide who accompanied Bush said it was the most electrifying prayer he'd ever heard.

The sermons in Houston on March 6 and 7 were only the latest of a half-dozen addresses he's given to church groups on the subject of politics and religion. They've all been on the same themes, a kind of gospel according to Bush. He exhorts religious people to be involved in politics, insists "faith-based" groups like Charles Colson's Prison Fellowship can solve social problems that government can't, and argues that only a revival of faith will heal the country's ruined culture.

"We should welcome the presence of people of faith in politics," he told the Baptists in Houston. "Just as faith helps determine how you live your life, your involvement in politics helps determine how well our democracy functions." This, of course, is a signal to the Christian Right that Bush is sympathetic. Addressing a Presbyterian congregation in Austin in 1996, he said "the cynicism of the '90s" shouldn't steer Christians away from political participation. "I can understand why ads and double-talk and polls and political blowhards ad nauseam can be discouraging," he said. Still, religious people should "be engaged." In this speech, he described the Bible as "a pretty good political handbook" and said he prays regularly and often. "I tell you this not so much for your benefit, but for mine. I accepted this invitation as much to be able to say out loud, in an appropriate setting, that God is real and God lives."

Since 1995, Bush has championed religious groups as instruments of social policy. "We have learned that government programs cannot solve all the problems in our society," he said in Houston. "One of my missions as governor has been to unleash the compassion of Texas with laws and policies that say to churches and synagogues and people of all faiths . . . we want you to be involved. Faith is a powerful tool for change." Through an executive order and legislation passed in 1997, Bush has made it easier for state agencies to work with faith-based organizations. And he extols what he calls "little armies of compassion" in speeches and press releases.

The Bush gospel lays enormous blame on the '60s. "The culture of my generation, our generation, has clearly said, 'If it feels good, do it, and be sure to blame somebody else if you have a problem,'" Bush said. Now, the "failed culture" is "the number one problem facing America," and the "warning signs are everywhere." Bush often cites a story by Tony Evans, the black preacher, about a man who hires a painter to plaster and paint a crack in the wall. The crack soon returns because the problem is a shifting foundation. "We've got serious cracks in our society, and we need to fix the foundation," Bush said. "To truly change the culture, we must have a spiritual renewal in the United States."

State senator David Sibley of Waco, a Bush ally, says the governor "speaks unabashedly of his religious convictions to the point it almost gets him in trouble." In fact, it has. Questioned in 1994 by a reporter, Bush said the New Testament teaches that only those who accept Jesus Christ will go to heaven. When he discussed this with his mother, Bush added, she called

Billy Graham, who said one should "never play God" and try to decide who does or doesn't go to heaven. But Bush's original comment led to a newspaper story suggesting Bush believes Jews won't go to heaven. The Richards campaign put an ad in a Texas Jewish publication underscoring that point.

Bush is still eager to erase what he calls a false impression. But he only made matters worse by joking with the same reporter before his trip to Israel in November that he planned to tell Israelis they're "going to hell." So upon return, Bush was asked again whether heaven is open only to Christians. "No, I don't believe that," he said. "I believe God decides who goes to heaven, not George W. Bush."

In his Houston sermons last week, Bush returned to this subject. While he was in Israel, he said, a Christian friend told him of joining hands with a Jew at the Sea of Galilee and praying together. Later, the friend recalled for Bush a hymn that says, "Jew and Gentile meeting / from many a distant shore / around an altar kneeling / one common Lord adore."

Several days after his inauguration to a second term in January, Bush attended a private prayer service conducted by Rev. Mark Craig, pastor of the Methodist church he used to attend in Dallas. Craig talked about the reluctance of Moses to respond to God's call to lead his people. Not now, Moses said. But people were "starved for leadership" then as now. They want moral and ethical leaders who will "do the right thing for the right reason." Leaders like this, willing to sacrifice their time and energy, are "exactly what we need," Craig said. By "we," he meant the country, not just Texas. As the preacher spoke, tears welled in Laura Bush's eyes. Barbara Bush leaned over to her son and said, "He's talking to you." Bush said later it was the best sermon he'd ever heard. ♦

Joe DiMaggio, Baseball's Aristocrat

By Donald Kagan

On March 8, 1999, Joe DiMaggio died in his 85th year, a baseball legend, but also an American hero who represented the virtues and ideals of his era. His achievements as a player were extraordinary: a lifetime batting average of .325, with a seasonal high of .381. He had seasonal highs of 167 runs batted in and 46 home runs, with a lifetime total of 361. Twice he led the league in homers, twice in RBIs, and twice again in slugging percentage.

But hitting was only part of the story, for DiMaggio was a complete player, a great fielder and a brilliant, if unobtrusive, base runner. No one played a shallower center field, which permitted him to cut off looping singles and short line drives; no one raced back more swiftly, covered more ground, judged more truly, or threw with greater power and accuracy. He had good but not outstanding speed as a base runner. Stealing bases was no part of Yankee strategy, but his judgment and skill on the bases caught the attention of discerning observers. George Will, that connoisseur of the game, notes with admiration that Joe was never thrown out while going from first to third on a base hit.

Of all his achievements, however, the one that best accounts for his unique status as an American hero is his feat in 1941 of hitting safely in 56 consecutive games, a record that remains on the books after 57 years. A first step to comprehending the magnitude of this feat is to know that of the thousands of batters who have played in baseball's century of major league play, the closest anyone has come is 44, and only a handful have approached that. DiMaggio's record has never been seriously threatened. For that there are reasons. All record-breakers face mounting pressure as their achievement mounts. But a home-run hitter can go for days, even weeks, without success, knowing that there will be time for a hot streak when the slump is over.

By contrast, consider the consecutive-game record-breaker. Each day he must succeed or the race is over. The pitcher he faces may be unhittable that day or so

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wild as to withhold a good pitch. The fielders may outdo themselves and steal hits with great plays. Never mind—he still must hit safely every day. In a fine book on the streak, Michael Seidel caught its heroic character: "The individual effort required for a personal hitting streak is comparable to what heroic legend calls the *aristeia*, whereby great energies are gathered for a day, dispensed, and then regenerated for yet another day, in an epic wonder of consistency." There is nothing like it in baseball, and DiMaggio's steadiness, cool determination, and brilliant ability caught the nation's sustained attention in 1941 as no athletic event had done before. The whole country asked each day, "Did he hit?" and rooted for the streak to continue.

But baseball is a team game, and individual statistics are important chiefly insofar as they contribute to victory, and here DiMaggio was supreme. In his 13 years in the majors his team won the pennant 10 times and the world championship 9. To be sure, the Yankees of his day were an outstanding team, but his contribution as a player, quiet leader, and exemplar was essential to its greatness. These qualities were never so evident as during the hitting streak of 1941, when DiMaggio's exploits had meaning not for himself alone, but carried and inspired his companions, as the deeds of true heroes do. During the streak, Johnny Sturm, Frank Crosetti, and Phil Rizzuto, none of them normally a great hitter, each enjoyed a lesser streak of his own. At the beginning of Joe's streak, the Yankees were in a terrible slump and five and a half games out of first place. At its end, they had destroyed the will of the opposition, were safely in first place, and on their way to clinching the pennant on September 4, the earliest date in history, 20 games ahead of the next best team. That summer a song swept the nation:

> From coast to coast, that's all you hear
> Of Joe the One-Man Show,
> He's glorified the horsehide sphere,
> Joltin' Joe DiMaggio.
> Joe . . . Joe . . . DiMaggio . . .
> We want you on our side.
>
> He'll live in baseball's Hall of Fame,
> He got there blow-by-blow,
> Our kids will tell their kids his name,
> Joltin' Joe DiMaggio.

So did the raging Achilles inspire his fellow-Achaeans against the Trojans, and, so, at somewhat greater length, did Homer sing of Achilles' deeds.

But there is more still to true heroism: the qualities of courage, suffering, and sacrifice. These DiMaggio displayed most strikingly in 1949. Before the season, he had a bone spur removed from his heel. The pain was so great as to keep him out of every game until the end of June. The Yankees were going up to Boston for a three-game series against the team they had to beat. DiMaggio blasted four home runs in three games, batting in nine runs as New York swept the series. The importance of that *aristeia* was very clear on the day before the end of the season. The Red Sox came into Yankee Stadium for two last games. Had they won but one of the three snatched from them in June, the championship would have been theirs already. Instead they had to win one of the remaining two. DiMaggio had missed the last couple of weeks, felled by a case of viral pneumonia. Once again, the ailing warrior returned to the field of battle. Weak as he was, he managed two hits and led his mates to victory. The next day, the staggering Joe managed to run out a triple and last until the ninth inning before weakness and leg cramps forced him from the field. The inspired Yankees won the game and the championship. The 1949 season was only the most dramatic instance of the heroic power DiMaggio's example brought to the efforts of his team.

His major league career of 13 years was cut short by three years of service as a soldier in the Second World War, by the wear and tear of injuries suffered from time to time through his career, and, perhaps, by a quiet but powerful pride that forbade him to play beneath the level of excellence he had established. When asked why he had quit, he replied that it was because he had standards. The memory of even great baseball players generally fades quickly. Within a few years, only true fans and a few others remember them, but Joe's retirement in 1951 somehow did not end the remarkable connection he had made with the American people. Over time, it became clear that he was more than a great former ballplayer, that he had become a hero whose rare public appearances brought thunderous applause and respectful awe generations after he stopped playing. Why was that?

The answer lies in the way he played the game and the manner in which he conducted himself on and off the field. The words always applied to him are grace and style and class, words that carry the values of aristocracy more than democracy.

Class, after all, derives from the Latin word that means rank or social standing; unmodified, it means "of high rank and standing." Webster's dictionary rightly tells us that in slang or common American use it means "excellence, especially in style." That is what made DiMaggio stand out in his time. On the field, he played the game hard and to win, but with the gentlemanly grace that does not call attention to itself, that

AP/Wide World Photos

Teammates greet DiMaggio after he homers against Boston on June 29, 1949.

makes difficult plays look easy. We do not remember him leaping or diving but gliding easily to reach the ball. After a great play or key hit he never cavorted or capered but simply looked down while the crowd roared. He never argued with umpires or fought with opponents. Off the field he spoke to the press as little as possible and rarely gave them an opinion. He did all his talking on the field with legs, bat, and glove. Off the field, he insisted on his privacy and maintained a quiet dignity that was rare even in its day. On the field, he employed his unique talents not to polish his self-esteem but to bring victory to the team.

And his day was not ours. America was a democracy, but of a different kind. Its people were more respectful of excellence, both of matter and manner, prepared to follow the leadership of those they deemed superior in achievement and "class." People wanted to behave according to a higher and better code because they believed that in doing so they would themselves become better, worthier, "classier." Those who are too young to remember should look at the movies and photographs of games at Yankee Stadium in DiMaggio's day. The men wore white shirts and ties under coats and hats, the proper attire in public, even at a ball game. People were more conscious of the opportunity American society gave them to move into a better way of life than they were of the indignity of not being there already. They were not insulted by the notion that another way of life might be better than their own.

American democracy in DiMaggio's day reached a point in its development where the common man had the power to decide and chose to look up. The people respected and elected their betters in the expectation of reaching the heights themselves. In much of DiMaggio's day, the leader of the democracy was Franklin D. Roosevelt, an American aristocrat if there ever was one, with an accent rare even at Harvard and a cigarette holder characteristic of the classes, not the masses. Ordinary Americans admired these markers of class as they admired the aloof elegance and dignity of the Yankee Clipper. Joe was the son of a poor Sicilian fisherman, not the scion of Dutch patroons from the Hudson Valley, yet his classic grace and style seemed to raise him above the crowd, a model of class and excellence for others to emulate.

In those days such qualities led not to envy and the charge that he had abandoned his roots and heritage. Instead, Italian-Americans all over the country glowed with pride and felt elevated by his success. He himself never referred to his family's origins, much less did he try to use them to any advantage. He was simply an American who quietly went to serve his country when called to war, like other Americans. That is the way they wanted it, no special attention, no privileges or compensations, merely the opportunity to achieve respect, maintain their dignity, and improve themselves and their families.

DiMaggio was a democratic hero when American democracy was closer to the Periclean ideal, when the goal was understood to be the forging of a single people in pursuit of an excellence which all respected and to which all could aspire. It aimed to raise its citizens to a higher level by providing splendid models and the opportunity for all to seek to emulate them. But history seems to show that democracies change and become less respectful of high standards. Then democracy's leaders and exemplars shy from any hint of superiority, seeking to win support by claiming identity with the least of the citizens. They resort to flattery rather

than the elevation of the common man, corrupting the culture and the polity by appealing to the masses at the lowest level. If a man of genteel origins is elected, he tries to speak in the inelegant tone and language of the common man and pretends to like eating pork rinds. So has the last half-century changed America, and yet the fame and celebration of DiMaggio have never been greater. His death was a major national story, leading the front pages and the network news, the subject of innumerable encomia.

What is it that explains this continued veneration in such a different world? It appears that all eras need true heroes, superior models of qualities that we admire, whether or not they are fashionable. The shining image of DiMaggio, even in a degenerate age, reminds people of a higher ideal, half-forgotten but impossible to ignore. Half a century after his retirement, people who never saw him play somehow retain an idea of his special character, of what he meant to the Americans of his day, and they are elevated by his example. ♦

Partly Right

Taking Buchananism Seriously

By Irwin M. Stelzer

The reaction of the political establishment—Democratic and Republican—to Pat Buchanan's decision to have another run at the White House is both amusing and worrying. First, the amusing part. After months in which political discourse consisted of discussing what the meaning of "is" is, it is a relief to see and listen to a candidate who tells it like it is, or, in the case of his historical narratives, like he wishes it had been. There is pleasure, as well, in watching Buchanan expose the hypocrisies of liberals and conservatives, in about equal measure.

On the liberal side, those who respectfully report the rantings of Al Sharpton and treat the economic theories of Jesse Jackson with the same seriousness as those of Alan Greenspan, now deem Buchanan's challenge to free-trade orthodoxy and globalization an affront to reason. Never mind that there is a respectable body of economic literature that demonstrates that free trade does not in all circumstances enrich nations, and that a number of quite good economists, among them MIT's Paul Krugman, have begun to wonder whether unlimited capital flows—which is what globalization is all about—indeed contribute to the efficiency with which the world economy operates.

True, these opinions are not those of a majority of academics. But, then, a majority of academic economists rubbished Reaganomics—just as it was about to produce one of the longest economic expansions in the nation's history. Pat Buchanan may be wrong about the effects of free trade and the free movement of capital, but he is not the economic illiterate that the media would have us believe.

Conservatives don't come to the bash-Buchanan party with clean hands either. George W. Bush and the "big tent" Republicans who are flocking to a succession of ring-kissing ceremonies in Austin are asking those who believe abortion is murder and a sin to accept as tentmates those who favor the practice, or at least refuse to condemn it. That's a big tent, indeed—yet apparently not big enough to include a candidate who disagrees on the less morally fraught issue of free trade.

So much for the amusement, wry though it may be, provided by Buchanan's decision to saddle up once more and ride to the sound of the guns. The worry—and this from one who disagrees with the columnist-turned-candidate on such hot-button issues as trade, globalization, and immigration—is that by failing to treat Buchanan's positions in an intellectually serious way, Republicans are likely to end up with the same sort of vacuous campaign that brought down the elder Bush and the male Dole. Moreover, even though protectionist candidates have never had much success in presidential campaigns, a refusal to develop policies that respond to the real needs of those adversely affect-

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Pat Buchanan

Kent Lemon

ed by globalization is a sign to blue-collar Reaganites that the Republican party is insensitive to their concerns.

Start with immigration. Buchanan wants a moratorium. For that, and because of his position on the so-called social issues, the *Washington Post*'s Colbert I. King accuses Buchanan of "preaching against everything that threatens all that is white, Christian and straight" and carrying on a "war against immigrants of color." Now I happen to be one who thinks that immigration, not least that from Ireland (although the proliferation of Kennedys sometimes gives me pause), has helped to make this country great. And those who would cut off the flow of newcomers scare me, not least because their language resembles that used by those who would have turned the likes of my father away from Ellis Island and barred him from seeking opportunity here.

But Buchanan has a point. Two, actually. The first is about economics. In his most recent book, Buchanan concedes that the "immigrants who poured into the United States between 1890 and 1920 . . . enriched our country." And he characterizes those who arrived in the past three decades as "hardworking men and women." What troubles him is that these immigrants have helped to keep wages in manufacturing below what they would otherwise be, and have taken jobs from native-born Americans, most notably black men and women.

Recent academic studies suggest that Buchanan is at least partly right. New immigrants have indeed kept wages down in some occupations, although by how much is a subject of dispute. Of course, the trade unions, whose cause Buchanan has taken up in the steel, auto, textile, and other industries, were not exactly hospitable to the black wage earners whom Buchanan now champions.

Where Buchanan is wrong is in painting with such a broad brush. Not all immigrants are unskilled workers competing for entry-level jobs. As Charles Krauthammer has pointed out, "We import many of our best brains. Walk down any corridor in the laboratories of the National Institutes of Health . . . and you'll meet the best young minds from every corner of the globe. And many of them stay." So, too, in the computer industry, which is continuously pressing Congress to increase the number of highly trained staff that it is permitted to bring into this country.

So to cut off immigration would be to cut off not only the supply of unskilled labor that has helped to fuel the recent economic expansion; it would curtail as well the supply of highly trained people we need if our recent productivity gains are to be maintained. In short, if the demand for all of these workers—unskilled and talented—continues to rise, and the supply is curtailed by restrictions on immigration, wages will rise faster than would otherwise be the case. That much, Buchanan has right. What he misses are the corresponding effects: an increased flow of capital and jobs to lower-wage economies abroad; the more rapid substitution of capital for higher-priced labor here; the inevitable slowdown in the rate of innovation when the "best young minds" referred to by Krauthammer can no longer ply their trades in this country.

These unintended consequences are of little concern to Buchanan. The advantages of immigration and of free trade are to him what trade unionists of yesteryear described as "pie in the sky in the sweet by-and-by." He is concerned with the here and now, adopting the time frame of the objects of his populist affection, those on the low end of the wage scale. And he has a point.

Free trade—an evil as great or greater than immigration in Buchanan's eyes—produces not only the winners that the free trade advocates like to talk about. It also produces losers. Consumers gain from the more

abundant array of well-priced cars, TV sets, T-shirts, and sneakers. But some workers lose, as domestic manufacturers either move to where the cheaper labor is, as Levi Strauss was recently forced to do, or shut down entirely. One need not approve of Buchanan's overwrought rhetoric—"free trade is shredding the society we grew up in and . . . is truly a betrayal of Middle America and treason to the vision of the Founding Fathers"—to recognize that free trade and immigration do not enrich the lives of all Americans.

Globalization also produces both winners and losers. Investment bankers in New York and computer programmers in New Delhi gain from the internationalization of the markets for their services. But shoemakers in New Hampshire and garment workers in South Carolina lose, because they must now compete with low-paid workers in Latin America and Asia. So far, Buchanan is alone among the candidates in unashamedly worrying about the economic losers.

Buchanan's second worry is social, rather than economic. The immigrant of yore came to an America eager to assimilate him, and was himself eager to be assimilated. He might speak his native language at home, or in the neighborhood in which he lived, but he had to learn English to become a citizen, and his children learned English in school. In short, the foreigner became an American. No longer. It's bad enough when tens of thousands of recent arrivals from Mexico boo the American flag and cheer Mexico's, as they did at a soccer match in Los Angeles last year. Worse still is when those immigrants who want to be Americans receive no encouragement from an establishment that no longer has the cultural self-confidence to assimilate newcomers.

The adoption of multiculturalism as official policy gives immigration a dimension it did not have in the past. Richard Alba, a professor of sociology and public policy at the State University of New York in Albany, writing in the *Public Interest*, points out that Americans whose ethnic ancestry traces to southern and eastern Europe—Jews, Italians, and other groups looked down upon by WASP America because of their non-British origins—once lagged far behind those of British origin. Only 16 percent of those men born between 1916 and 1925 completed a bachelor's degree, as did 23.5 percent of men with British roots. But time and the great American assimilation machine marched on. When we look at those born between 1956 and 1965 we find that 33.8 percent of groups Alba identifies as "of mainly peasant origins in Europe" won bachelor's degrees, as did 31.8 percent of those of solely British origin.

Of course, we can't know whether the experience of the European immigrants is relevant to the non-Europeans now coming into America. But they are probably more likely to emulate earlier waves of immigrants and assimilate into American society if we make it necessary for them to learn English, if we do not respond to aberrant behavior by ordering our police to take sensitivity training, and if we resurrect the old-fashioned notion that it is our responsibility to provide opportunity and nothing more.

So argues Buchanan. Bob Dole labels his one-time challenger an "extremist," as others in the party once labeled the now-sainted Barry Goldwater. And the media and many mainstream Republicans dismiss Buchanan as a nasty nativist at best, and a racist at worst. That is a mistake. For even if all of those labels apply—and Buchanan's friends vehemently deny the charges—immigration remains an issue to which any serious Republican candidate will have to speak, for Buchanan's presence in the race ensures that it will be brought up in all of the debates. Some will decide to ignore or finesse it; others will pander to immigrant activists by avoiding the questions of English-only and bilingual education and assimilation vs. multiculturalism; still others will find it both expedient and intellectually honorable to favor continued legal immigration but only if accompanied by what Buchanan calls "a national campaign of assimilation." Developing such programs, while at the same time attracting the Hispanic voters who are so important in the key states of Texas and California, will be no mean chore. It is one at which the California Republican party failed miserably, with dire consequences for it and for the national party, as Ron Unz pointed out recently in these pages. But it is not impossible, as shown by the happiness of Hispanic parents with California's new policy of teaching their children in English.

As with immigration, so with free trade. Buchanan's run is a challenge to Republicans to come up with policies more substantial than "let's pass fast-track legislation." Those who favor free trade, oppose a moratorium on immigration, and also profess to be in the camp of the compassionate conservatives, will need a response to the losers in the transition from a manufacturing-based to a service-based economy. True, some of those displaced workers may seem undeserving of sympathy, having long reaped the monopoly wages extracted by Luddite trade unions that opposed new technologies and artificially restricted the available supply of labor. But many of those who are affected adversely by immigration and by free trade—the losers in the race towards globalization—have abided by the rules of the American game: Work hard, and material rewards will be yours.

What Republicans have to come up with is some alternative to yet another batch of government job-training programs, all of which have pretty much failed to train or retrain workers for real jobs. Perhaps the answer is the one Margaret Thatcher developed for Britain's redundant coal miners: lump-sum payments that could be used to finance a business, or supplement funds available to finance a decent retirement income. Whatever the answer, it should not be to ignore Buchanan: He may be wrong in calling for an end to immigration, but he is not wrong in saying that conservatives owe something to the deserving among those who have been adversely affected by market forces over which they have no control.

Nor is Buchanan entirely mistaken when he calls into question the benefits of free trade. For one thing, economists point out that there are circumstances in which it is not in a nation's interest to pursue a policy of completely free trade. The theoretical reasons are tedious, but to summarize: Robert E. Baldwin of the University of Wisconsin and other skeptical economists point out that the perfectly competitive conditions that underlie the traditional academic case for free trade rarely exist in the real world. For example, when a trading partner has monopoly power, it might well be in our interest to impose a tariff on imports. If a cartel of oil producers, for example, decides to manipulate supply so as to maximize its profits at a price of, say, $20 per barrel for oil that would sell for $5 in a competitive market, it would pay for America to impose a $15 tariff. The cartel couldn't let the price go up to $35 per barrel—customers would be driven to use substitutes. So it would have to lower its price. Result: The excess over the competitive price ends up in the U.S. Treasury, rather than in the coffers of Arab sheiks.

BUCHANAN IS NOT GIVEN TO NUANCE. IN THE END, HE MISSES THE POINT OF GLOBALIZATION: THE ENORMOUS EFFICIENCY IT PRODUCES.

Then there are circumstances in which the imposition of trade restrictions is useful to make credible the threat of retaliation. Buchanan is fond of quoting former AFL-CIO president George Meany, who declared that "Free trade is a myth." In a sense, that is true. The French limit imports of American audiovisual products; the Japanese have ingenious ways of keeping out American cars; the European Union uses bogus health concerns to keep out American farm products and concocts so-called noise regulations to disadvantage Boeing in its competition with Airbus.

Were America to announce to the world that its trading partners are free to impose any restrictions they choose on our goods and services, without fear of retaliation, we would soon find ourselves locked out of the world's major markets. We might drop leaflets containing Adam Smith's maxim that neither a family nor a nation should "attempt to make at home what it will cost . . . more to make than to buy." But that is as unlikely to persuade the world's protectionists of the virtues of free trade as our rapid growth and low unemployment rate are to persuade them that the hated "Anglo-Saxon model," as they call it, is superior to their sclerotic managed economies.

Buchanan, of course, is not instinctively given to nuance, and so does not confine his opposition to free trade to the special circumstances in which some economic theorists would judge opposition to be theoretically correct. And, in the end, Buchanan misses the main point of globalization and free trade: the enormous efficiency that trade and capital flows produce. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Americans are eating very well indeed. America is in the midst of a period of reasonably rapid growth, nil inflation, rising productivity, and a widely shared prosperity. All at a time when international trade is at record levels, and capital is moved at dizzying speeds to places where it is most productive.

As W. Michael Cox and Richard Alm demonstrate in their new book, *Myths of Rich & Poor*, "The free-enterprise system continues to deliver prosperity. Living standards are steadily improving for all segments of society. Upward mobility remains within the grasp of a large majority of Americans. . . . We are better off than in the past, and the next generation of Americans will be even better off than the current one." Added to that has been a belated but nonetheless welcome shift to policies that increase the incentives to work, rather than to rely on welfare. This may not be the best of all possible worlds, but it is darned close to whatever is.

For which Al Gore will try to take credit, making him a formidable candidate and forcing the Republicans to make some hard choices. Presidential politics, alas, is neither a Chinese restaurant, where you can order some items from column A and others from column B; nor an à la carte menu. You can't take one candidate's appetizer and another's dessert: They all come *prix fixe* with a set menu. Buchananism as a whole is unappetizing, but it can't be ignored. And it sure would be nice if some of the other Republican candidates raided Pat's kitchen for a little spice. ♦

Not a Parody

AP/Wide World Photos

Monica Lewinsky appearing on the BBC's "Women's Hour" (March 10, 1999).