

Well, at least they get what has become the best sports section around. It conveys more sports information in a day than most papers do in a week. It skips the overwriting and sociological approach that mars so many sports sections, and concentrates on the results and stats in the four sports that matter—baseball, football, basketball, and hockey. For anyone who likes to study box scores or other chunks of agate, it is a feast. And if you're worried about what your friends might say, you can always wrap a copy of the *New York Times* around it. The same trick will work when reading *Parade*, too.

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The phenomenon of sugarcoating a hard-to-swallow fact is with us again

with the publication of *The Rosenberg File*,<sup>†</sup> a book by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton that finds, on the basis of a study of government files and hundreds of interviews, that Julius Rosenberg was guilty of espionage in passing atomic secrets to the Soviets and that his wife, Ethel, though less involved, was also guilty. The sugarcoating comes in with the finding that the authorities acted improperly at times in the Rosenberg case.

These conclusions may not seem equivalent to you; they didn't to me, either. But in the *New York Times Book Review*, Alan K. Dershowitz, professor of law at Harvard University, insisted that "the complex truths uncovered by this thorough assessment of the evidence, much of

<sup>†</sup>Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$22.50.

it new, will please neither side in the rancorous controversy. For three decades the battle lines have been neatly drawn: One side has argued that the Rosenbergs were guilty and the process was fair, while the other side has argued that the Rosenbergs were innocent and the process was unfair. The uncomfortable conclusion reached by Mr. Radosh and Miss Milton is that although the Rosenbergs were guilty, 'the government's zeal [in prosecuting them] led to questionable tactics and eventually to a grave miscarriage of justice.'"

Sorry, but it looks like one side is going to be more pleased than the other, for the battle involved one issue above all: were the Rosenbergs guilty? Radosh and Milton went into the project thinking the Rosenbergs innocent, but concluded otherwise. That is bound to vindicate the folks

who said as much all along. Meanwhile, in skewering a Rosenbergs-as-guilty book in the *New York Review of Books*, Radosh and Milton wrote, "Painful as it may be for those who have long held the Rosenbergs innocent, the evidence available today makes it clear that they did indeed take part in an espionage conspiracy." To sugarcoat this, they add that "the Rosenbergs died essentially for political reasons . . . [and] were—as the critics charge—made the scapegoats for American insecurity over the loss of its nuclear monopoly. . . . They were shamefully treated by the court and by some of the officials responsible for prosecuting them." If that assuages the pro-Rosenberg set, fine. But it doesn't rank with the overriding truth confirmed by the Radosh-Milton book: the Rosenbergs did it. □

## POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE

### ARMED NEUTRALITY

by Taki

GENEVA—I remember the day as if it were yesterday. Hundreds of Princeton students demonstrating behind a giant sign that read: "Nothing is worth dying for." It was the day after President Reagan had decreed that all eligible young men should register for the draft.

Cut to a hilly pasture overlooking Lake Geneva on a weekend morning. It is a beautiful autumn day and the only sound is of cowbells and gunfire. Anyone hiking through the forest would know he's in Switzerland. The gunfire is not unusual, nor is it unusual to encounter bearded, middle-aged men loaded down with helmets, automatic weapons, and forty-pound sacks at railway stations on their way to refresher courses in civil defense. Or civilians spending two weeks at firing ranges for small arms. What would be unusual is to encounter an anti-military demonstration. The Swiss, needless to say, have enjoyed 450 years of peace because they know there are some things worth dying for. Or at least preparing oneself to die for. But then students, especially at Princeton, seldom get it right.

In a tradition dating back to the thirteenth century, Switzerland has never ceased to maintain a militia-

type army for its defense. Military service, in fact, is a way of life here, with every physically capable male citizen keeping his gun, ammunition, and bayonet at home. With a population of six and a half million, Switzerland sports an enlistment rate second only to Israel.

Cut now to a few locations in the U.S. We see ugly women blocking access to submarine bases, hirsute professors picketing enlistment centers, coke-sniffing senators denouncing military spending. (Yes, I do mean the man who takes out Bianca Jagger.) No wonder Solzhenitsyn said there is absolutely no likelihood of nuclear war, for how could there even be a conventional war? Our resolve, or lack of it, is known to everyone, including those nicely tailored Mafiosi who run the Kremlin. They are not about to waste their bullets when they can get what they want for free.

But back to happier subjects, such as Switzerland's military preparedness. Ministry of Defense officials estimate that in the event of total blockade present stocks, including local food production, would permit both military and civilians to survive for up to . . . five, yes, 5 years. Special roads have been built for use as landing strips, while every bridge and tunnel can be mined and destroyed in a matter of minutes.

Every time I happen by the Saanen airport, I see a lot of private planes that carry Arabs and their hookers to Gstaad, but I also notice planes discreetly hidden inside hangars built into the sides of mountains where underground hospitals, barracks, and arms depots are also located.

Because I am a good sport, and don't like to hit a man when he's down, I will not dwell too long on the American effort to rescue the hostages in Iran. Or the fact that we didn't have enough choppers available. Or even experienced pilots. Or a President with, well, for lack of a better word, balls.

Who needs a Spartan state, you might ask. Who indeed. Switzerland's system is no more Spartan than needed to keep the peace. And it is the Swiss who have voted on the length of military service. At the age of 20, men undergo 17-week basic training as the first stage of their compulsory military service. The rest is staggered over the next twelve years. Swiss males who are unfit, living abroad, or otherwise unable to fulfill their military obligations pay a yearly conscription tax to show they too are doing their duty. A Swiss male continues to spend approximately two weeks per year with his outfit until the age of fifty, and the only result of all this prudent militarism is a sense of camaraderie that is

reflected in virtually every sector of Swiss society.

It is hardly surprising that subverting Swiss public opinion has been the number one priority of the Soviet Novosti news agency (since shut down by the Swiss) and the Soviet embassy in Bern. Last spring the Swiss government accused the Soviet Union of behind-the-scenes involvement in the Swiss antinuclear movement. In fact the Swiss even found evidence of KGB involvement in the Zurich youth riots of 1981. Unlike certain Western nations, the Swiss were not afraid to threaten the Soviets with a break in diplomatic relations. The Soviets cleaned up their act in no time.

But what I like most about Switzerland, more than its enchanted nature, its cleanliness, its hospitality, its sense of tradition, its safety, and its banks, is the fact that when I mention it by name liberals and left-wing intellectuals reach for their water pistols. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to cite Switzerland as proof that Utopia is possible if you have free enterprise, a hard-working populace, and a welfare system that excludes the undeserving.

I guess Teddy Kennedy wouldn't be elected the proverbial dog catcher in my favorite country, but then he never misses an opportunity to visit it. □

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# BOOK REVIEWS

Remember from this to be properly vexed  
When the newspaper editors say,  
That "The type of society shown in the  
Text  
Is rapidly passing away."—Hilaire Belloc

Only a saint could not envy William F. Buckley, and I doubt whether any of his lycanthropic critics would not jump at the chance of changing places with him. But the critics envy him for the wrong reasons. They envy him for his inherited money, his good looks, his luck, and what they would call his "lifestyle." But what they ought to envy him for is his independence, his moral courage, his industry, and his faith. As this journal of a week in Buckley's life demonstrates, he is one of the very few visible media figures not enslaved by the pernicious myths that rule intellectual and political American discourse.

Take our age's passion for substituting committees and commissions with pompous names for the lonely pursuit of verities. Buckley has little hesitation in rejecting an invitation to serve as a member of the Policy Review Board of something called the Public Agenda Foundation, a Board "consisting of leading citizens with many different backgrounds, philosophies, and experiences" which "functions to guarantee the objectivity of the Public Agenda's work." The Board members, he was told, "review Public Agenda projects, publications, and other materials to insure that they are free of ideological bias, that they are balanced and thoughtful, and that they represent the highest level of analysis and research." One could write a book, or at least compose a sermon, on the fallacious premises upon which such boards are erected, but Buckley disposes of the matter in a few lines: "Prose like that gags, doesn't it?"

Even the great late judge Learned Hand did not have such an instantaneous reaction when exposed to similar cant. He actually *accepted* a place on President Eisenhower's Commission on National Goals, and resigned only when berated by an insolent puppy who asked him whether he could imagine Plato, Aristotle, or Kant serving on such a commission.

Buckley attacks even more dangerous sacred dragons. The Securities and Exchange Commission is one of

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## OVERDRIVE: A PERSONAL DOCUMENTARY

William F. Buckley, Jr. / Doubleday / \$16.95

Franz M. Oppenheimer

them. For reasons mysterious to me, the SEC invariably emerges from reviews of its operations, be it by private self-appointed review boards or congressional oversight committees, bathed in the odor of sanctity. It is a relief to find Buckley frowning at the SEC's mendacious sanctimoniousness, in the context of an SEC civil complaint against certain companies controlled by the Buckley family. In the course of that proceeding the General Counsel of the SEC wrote to the Buckley family that the SEC complaint "does not allege that the described transactions were 'fraudulent.'" Yet afterwards, the same General Counsel seems to have told a *Time* reporter, who had reported that the SEC had accused the Buckley companies "of having defrauded stockholders to feather the family's nest," that the SEC's letter "was not intended to address the question of whether *Time's* interpretation of the transactions was accurate."

tation of the transactions was accurate."

"What then was it intended to address? Why had Fedders [the General Counsel] written that he was 'concerned' with the 'impression' left by [*Time's*] article that the SEC's complaint 'alleges' fraud?" asks Buckley, with good reason, not knowing that disgraceful retreat under pressure is not unheard of at the SEC. Later Buckley expresses the hope that Fedder's predecessor, Stanley Sporkin, a man who made large corporations tremble at his frown and who is now chief counsel of the CIA, will at the CIA "be instrumental in doing as much damage to the Soviet enterprise as he did to American enterprise."

Another pernicious myth touched upon in *Overdrive* is the supposed biological and hereditary nature of

homosexuality, on which many of the political objectives of militant homosexuals are predicated. Buckley tells of his astonishment at learning that his friend Whittaker Chambers had been an active homosexual during five years in the 1930s and of his belief—mistaken we now know—that former Congressman Bob Bauman had told the truth about his "tendency to homosexuality having gone with the alcohol." Buckley writes: "The phenomenon of the sometime homosexual, wholly cured, is not one with which most of us are familiar."

... It is fashionable nowadays to say that a person's sexual 'preference' is not a datum of any consequence. That question is best saved for another exploration. My point here is the discreet one, that the assumption that homosexuality is an enduring condition (like alcoholism) is simply mistaken, by the evidence of anyone who knew Chambers."

My father who practiced psychiatry, first in Germany and after his emigration in San Francisco, had collected substantial evidence in support of Buckley's impression that homosexuality is a disease that can be cured. During my father's entire professional life he endeavored to find a true "biological," i.e., an incurable homosexual. He never did. Typically a patient, referred to him by another doctor because of symptoms for which no physical cause could be found, would say: "Doctor, I am a homosexual, I am happy, and I don't want you to treat my homosexuality"; and my father would reply, "I promise I won't; I'll treat your neurosis (your headaches, your insomnia, your stomachaches, your inability to hold a job—whatever it was); but I cannot *promise* you that when cured you'll still be a homosexual." Yet he never treated a single homosexual (and he had treated scores of them) whom he did not cure of homosexuality. By contrast he never succeeded to cure a single alcoholic. Homosexuality, he discovered, was usually a neurosis, in which an insecure childhood caused by a weak, ineffectual, or absent father played the determinative role.

Many other fashionable taboos fall by Buckley's wayside. On Watergate he says, "I'd rather the burglary, however reprehensible, had succeeded, than that Watergate and the collapse of a foreign policy should

