

to address the plain fact that nuclear power as practiced outside the Warsaw pact poses considerably less risk to public health and safety than the alternatives for bulk generation of electricity.

The more successful sections of *Final Warning* steer clear of technical and political matters and dwell instead on Dr. Gale's experience treating gravely

injured Soviet firefighters and plant workers, many of whom heroically sacrificed themselves to both ionizing radiation and blistering heat in efforts to put out the fires that followed the accident. Here we see Dr. Gale in an arena where he is technically competent instead of naive, and where the same impulses that drive his concerns about nuclear energy are passionately directed to saving lives. Although most of the critically injured Soviets he treats with experimental bone marrow transplants eventually die, his singlemindedness in affording these heroes their best chance at survival is enough to generate some compelling medical drama. One only wishes for more detail on the prognosis and progress of individual patients, which would allow the reader to get more involved in the story of their treatment.

Dr. Gale's leap from relative obscurity outside of hematology circles to newfound celebrity as the Dr. Kildare of *Pravda* and Soviet TV provides another promising story line. Taken under the wing of Armand Hammer, Gale is presented as a kind of gift to Gorbachev and other party luminaries with whom Hammer cuts his deals, much in the style that other capitalists provide call girls to foreign VIPs. In the company of Hammer, Gale gets to meet with Gorbachev, with U.S. Secretary of State Shultz, with John Denver, and to fly around the world on Hammer's private Boeing 727. A different writer might have found occasion for irony in this sudden leap into circles of power and wealth; but Dr. Gale, unfortunately, comments on the action with the conviction that he has at last reached his rightful level of importance on the world stage. Thus Dr. Gale tells us that "I have as much if not more insight into global affairs than most people," that Secretary Shultz "is one of the few people in the forefront of the Reagan administration whom I regard as a top-notch professional," that the state of Israel deserves to exist, that the Statue of Liberty Centennial Celebration was inappropriately reverent to "sacred ideals," and that he would not consider leaving the Soviet Union "without paying tribute to the victims of Babi Yar." As if these expressions of unabashed self-esteem weren't enough, Dr. Gale also interrupts his narrative to bore the reader over an entire chapter with the details of his utterly banal upbringing in Flatbush, Brooklyn and career at Hobart College where "I did well academically and broadened my intellectual interests, moving beyond science to study philosophy, literature, and other aspects of Western Civilization."

By the time Dr. Gale's work with his patients is finished and he is on a jet back to Los Angeles, the reader is likely

to feel that he too is confined on a long journey with a talkative and insufferably self-enamored ass. More significant, however, is that Dr. Gale's grandiosity makes him eager to comment on nuclear issues about which he knows very little, and where he continually confuses his exquisite fears and concerns with practical decisions related to

the defense and energy policies of the United States. Nothing short of a role in influencing the most crucial issues of our day will suffice for Dr. Gale, who has appeared in California as a kind of unclothed, ignorant, pop celebrity-emperor for all those committed and committable anti-nuclearists who were put on this earth to save us. □

RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING

Patrick J. Buchanan/Little, Brown/\$18.95

David Brooks

As a toddler Patrick J. Buchanan took to correcting his elder brothers as they struggled through their bedtime prayers, a habit that charmed the parents of this precocious little boy. The brothers were less enchanted, and one night the elder Hank maneuvered his crib next to Pat's, jerked Pat's milk bottle from his mouth, and smashed it over his head. Father rushed in and saw blood and milk all over Hank's arm, and a gash across Pat's forehead.

"The lesson never took," the now grown Buchanan writes in *Right From the Beginning*. The memoir, one of the best to emerge from the Reagan Administration, doesn't actually cover the Reagan years; Buchanan is describing mostly his childhood and adolescence here. But it is not apolitical, for Buchanan's life, from toddler to Communications Director, has been all of a piece, and his upbringing explains and exemplifies Reaganism, or at least what many members of the New Right thought Reaganism was supposed to be about.

Buchanan's was a childhood that had its moments of pain, not emotional pain but physical pain. For that reason it was a very happy childhood. Buchanan's parents were devoted to their children to a degree that, by today's standards, is unusual. Patrick was not by any means the only contentious Buchanan, and yet his mother made their home comfortable and stable. His father was a fan of Joe McCarthy and General MacArthur, absolutely dedicated to Catholicism, intensely patriotic—rock-ribbed Republicanism made flesh. "Pop was the personification of loyalty," Patrick recounted in a eulogy last year. "Loyalty to friends, loyalty to family, loyalty to faith; he was the living embodiment of what used to be called the manly virtues."

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Mr. Buchanan made his sons hit the punching bag 100 times each night from age seven, empowering them for a lifetime of achievement and steadfastness. And he was strict when they misbehaved, using the strap when necessary. As a result, his children were not timid. Buchanan was a mischievous little kid, and he recounts his adventures with relish. He had a friend whose father had given him a toy cannon, two feet long, that had a roar that could be heard a quarter-mile away, and one day Patrick and company prowled the neighborhood looking for prey. They found it in a hated neighbor dubbed "Evil Eye," who screamed at them through an open window. Patrick's friend wheeled and fired the harmless but loud monster, sending Evil Eye diving for cover. Patrick high-tailed it home, but Evil Eye's phone call was quicker, and father was waiting.

As he grew older Buchanan grew even rowdier. Here is one conservative who did not spend his adolescence reading Russell Kirk. He was listening to popular music, cruising, and drinking beer (about a six pack a night), as he and his gang prowled the streets of Washington. (In those days it was possible to have a normal childhood in D.C., and not have to worry from first grade who was leaking what to David Broder.) Buchanan had a taste for brawling, and he spent a not insignificant portion of his childhood getting arrested. "The truth is," he writes, "we loved to party and drink and fight guys we didn't know and didn't like; and dammit, raising hell at eighteen, nineteen, and twenty can be great, great fun."

Buchanan was arrested for a gas station brawl, for invading Soviet territory (he crashed the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street in a stationwagon), and more seriously, for responding in kind when two police officers beat him up. It comes as no surprise when Buchan-

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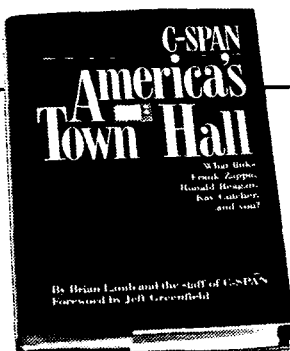
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an reports that he felt a certain affinity for Prince Hal in *Henry IV Part I*.

Patrick hung out with the jocks and the brawlers in high school, but he graduated first in his class from Gonzaga with a 98 average. And Gonzaga was not just any school. It was one of those tough, nakedly competitive Jesuit institutions that served as a particle accelerator for young Catholic men. The stories Buchanan tells of Gonzaga, and his fierce pride in the institution, are reminiscent of the tales you hear in New York about City College in the 1920s and thirties, when that rugged institution was hardening and honing young, mostly Jewish minds.

"The Jesuits were in no doubt as to who they were and what their mission was," Buchanan writes of his teachers at Gonzaga, "and they were unconcerned with our fourteen- and fifteen-year-old opinions as to how we should be educated. We had been sent there to be taught, not to teach; and, from centuries of experience, the Jesuits knew how to educate. To them, the purpose of an open mind was to close on something—and that something was the truth; and faith and tradition taught us what it was."

Secretary of Education William Bennett, by the way, is also a Gonzaga man.

The moral certitude, the toughness, the acknowledgment that pain and suffering are part of a fully lived life—these qualities constitute the basis of Buchanan's politics. Some people you could know for years and unless you "talked issues," you would never know where they stood. But with Buchanan life and politics are inseparable. For Buchanan, and his father, political friends and enemies were determined on the basis of fundamental questions: "Who is the legitimate moral authority in America? Who, by conviction, background, character, and belief, should rightly determine the destiny of the great Republic, and which is the illegitimate usurper, incompetent to identify and protect America's true interests from her real enemies?"

Our politics now have the savagery of religious wars, Buchanan says, because "they are religious wars." On the one side you have the degradation of a Gary Hart: "Caught in *flagrante* violating the traditional moral code, he appealed to the higher morality of this capital city, plaintively asserting he had faithfully refused to take PAC money for his presidential campaign." And on the other side there is Buchanan and the down-to-their-bones conservatives, with their faith in God and the wisdom of the ages.

The fierce dualism of Buchanan and his colleagues on the New Right is

something that frightens liberals and makes a lot of us non-New Right conservatives uncomfortable. It is the fierceness of parents protecting their young. The New Right arose as a reaction to liberal social-engineering that threatened the way children were traditionally raised. The New Right's core issues—abortion, prayer in schools, day care, education vouchers—all involve children and child-rearing. Buchanan certainly has other interests, but he seems centrally concerned with preserving a world that will allow people to raise their children in the same manner he was raised. So it is no surprise that Buchanan's explanation of his conservatism should be about the way he was brought up. And it is no surprise that such a childhood memoir should be intensely political (in contrast with, say, Russell Baker's account of his boyhood, which is warm and fun, but signifies little).

The problem with the New Right is that it is hard to convert into it. You pretty much have to have been born into a traditional household to have a fierce interest in preserving its methods of transmitting truths to the young. Conservatives who don't feel that their family structure is under assault tend to be more interested in other issues even though they understand intellectually that, say, education vouchers would indeed be efficient and parents should have a greater voice in raising their kids. Because the New Right is so inaccessible it will remain merely a faction among conservatives, forever neglected by the President it helps elect.

Although many conservatives will feel a cultural divide between Pat Buchanan and themselves, there is one quality in Buchanan which all conservatives should feel at home with. Robust, he is comfortable with tribulation. Buchanan doesn't trivialize suffering or death—his account of his brother's death is extremely moving—but he does distinguish between tragedy and trial.

Many Americans, in their "parenting techniques," and especially in the social programs they endorse, seek to insulate citizens from every conceivable pain from every conceivable source. Buchanan demonstrates that life is diminished, and in the long run damaged, in such a padded world. Not every pain should automatically be replaced with comfort.

Buchanan's conservatism is manly and full of life. This book humanizes him, and teaches lessons not immediately apparent, the way William Buckley's sailing books sneak up and teach you about comradeship. Conservatives fight so hard that we sometimes imagine that they are hard men. *Right From the Beginning* reminds us otherwise. □

HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN STOCKS: A WINNING SYSTEM IN GOOD TIMES OR BAD

William J. O'Neil/McGraw-Hill/\$19.95

Joe Mysak

Are you kidding? This is not the book to read on the train home from a day on Wall Street in the company of the shell-shocked, cynical, and sometimes besotted, who, having weathered the October Crash, are reeling every time a double-digit merchandise trade deficit comes out, and the Dow drops 100 points.

Such men might well remember the wise man who wrote, "The most powerful investment returns are stable, compounded returns. . . . What you keep after taxes is more important than what you earn . . . minimize risk . . ." The wise man was writing about buying municipal bonds.

Still, as author William J. O'Neil says, every bear market has been chased by a bull market that has soared to new highs, and there is money to be made. Mr. O'Neil, who runs an investment advisory firm and is founder of *Investor's Daily* newspaper, does not buy the smug pessimism of bond men.

"Don't be thrown off by the swarm of gloom and doomers. In the long run, they have seldom made anyone any money or provided any real happiness. I have also never met a successful pessimist."

In *How to Make Money in Stocks*, subtitled "A Winning System in Good Times or Bad," Mr. O'Neil presents his formula for success in the market "whether you've got \$500 or \$50,000 to invest." The formula falls under the acronym C-A-N-S-L-I-M, which more or less stands for examining current quarterly earnings per share; annual growth in earnings; new products, new management, and new highs in price; shares of common stock outstanding; finding out whether your stock leads or lags the market; making sure it has

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some institutional sponsorship; and determining market direction.

Boiled down even further, Mr. O'Neil's formula is: "Don't dabble in stocks. Dig in and do some detective work." The amount of detective work he dictates is not for the faint-hearted. Nor, I think, is it for the "little guy," the typical Ralph Kramden kind of investor who buys on tips from friends. The little guy rarely wants to make the commitment of time and effort, or has the single-minded determination that Mr. O'Neil recommends, to "make money in stocks." Success, Mr. O'Neil believes, is invariably tied to perseverance and fortitude, and a little luck. His very good advice comprises a mixture of three parts common sense and one part technical knowledge.

He has two main themes. He inveighs against the niggling cheapness that is the obsession of so many little guys. And he excoriates the egomaniacs who insist on fighting the market. Mr. O'Neil tells his readers to buy the best performers in a stock group, and to buy at the market, and not quibble over eighths and quarters of a point. And he tells them not to go bottom fishing for bargains: if a stock is cheap, there's a good reason for it.

He also understands that penny wisdom infects big institutions, which should know better but instead often try to skimp on management fees. "The better money managers will earn the extra one-quarter or one-half of 1 percent, 10 or 20 times over. The last thing you want is cheap advice in the stock market. If you were going to have open heart surgery, would you select the doctor who would do it for the absolutely cheapest fee?" Yet investors, institutional and otherwise, are all too prone to sudden overwhelming anxiety attacks of cheapness. And they usually pay dearly for it.

Mr. O'Neil advises his readers not to

