

reasonable. Still, it is a fair criticism that they are better classified as current events than as history since they lack one important quality that history possesses: we do not know how they turn out in the end.

Besides which, Johnson effectively dismisses his own fears for the Republic by ending on a high note of enthusiasm that America "is still the first, best hope for the human race" and that "Americans will attack again and again the ills in their society until they are overcome or at least substantially redressed." With which history's curtain falls—for the moment.

If Johnson can end on an optimistic note, it is because he believes that the American people are better than their corrupted elites, and that in good time they will restore the right blend of idealism and self-interest to the nation's affairs. That reflects his knowledge of America's recuperative powers, but also his own temperament. In Paul Johnson America has a biographer extraordinarily like itself—monstrously energetic, greatly imaginative, large-minded and generous-hearted, occasionally grotesquely unfair, but almost always pointing in the right direction. ✪

behalf of free trade during his long service as a loyal soldier in the movement. He says he was converted on the campaign trail, by seeing first-hand the impact on American workers laid off when their plants relocated abroad. (Full disclosure: I critiqued an early draft of *The Great Betrayal*, to no particular effect that I can see, and am kindly thanked in the acknowledgments.)

Buchanan's attack is delivered with his habitual fury and inflicts serious damage. Precisely because free trade is so dominant, it has hardened into a dogma that many of its more dimwitted proponents no longer truly comprehend. For example, when campaigning in South Carolina in 1996, Buchanan was confronted with the argument that Spartanburg's BMW plant was proof of free trade's benefits. There was obviously something wrong with this picture: free trade is supposed to work by bringing lower prices for consumers through imports, not foreign-owned branch plants. And in fact, as Senator Ernest Hollings pointed out at the time, South Carolina's numerous foreign branch plants were developed because of protectionism, not despite it—Washington was making its periodic noises about import quotas, and foreign manufacturers moved in to safeguard their access to the U.S. market.

"Protectionism not only saves jobs, it creates new ones," Hollings concluded, to Buchanan's approval. An economist would have to concede he's right. The question, of course, is whether those jobs are worth their cost to the American economy in aggregate. But they do exist.

Another example: Senator Phil Gramm, dropping out of the New Hampshire primary, called protectionism "immoral... I cannot and will not support anyone who's a protectionist... It's a litmus-test issue for me.... If I want to buy a shirt in China,

Pat's Protectionism

**The Great Betrayal:
How American Sovereignty and
Social Justice Are Being Sacrificed
to the Gods of the Global
Economy**

Patrick J. Buchanan
Little, Brown / 384 pages / \$22.95

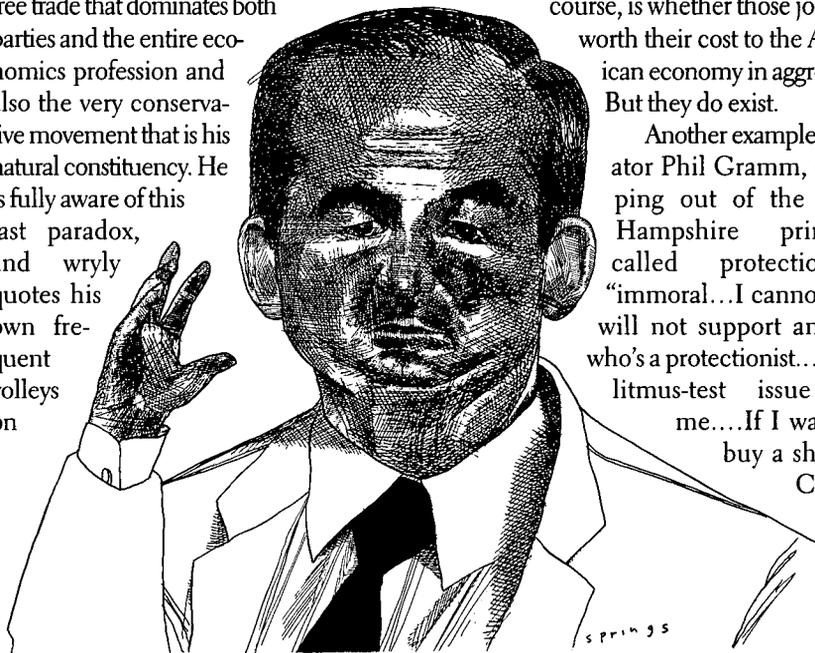
REVIEWED BY
Peter Brimelow

In the heart of every Southern boy, William Faulkner once wrote, there is a place where it is always that hot, still summer afternoon in 1863 at Gettysburg, with Pickett's troops already deployed and the battle flags all out of their leather cases, but the disastrous, decisive charge not yet retrievably begun.

For the last couple of years, some observers of Patrick J. Buchanan have felt very much the same way. Whatever you think of him, Buchanan must be ranked perhaps the most remarkable political force to have emerged on the American scene in many years. Like the Army of Northern Virginia, his courage and (intellectual) hitting power are undeniable. He has shown in astonishing ability to live off the land, finding the downsizing issue and rattling Bob Dole's eyeteeth in New Hampshire

although totally unsupported by the Beltway conservative establishment and any of its institutions. And, however wrong-headed, Buchanan has at least begun the task of rethinking conservative grand strategy in the wake of the collapse of Communism and the world-wide triumph of market economics, while other conservative leaders are just blindly repeating the tax-and-crime themes in use for a generation, with ominously decreasing effect.

But now, again like the Army of Northern Virginia, Buchanan has chosen to launch an all-out frontal attack on a heavily defended position: the orthodoxy of free trade that dominates both parties and the entire economics profession and also the very conservative movement that is his natural constituency. He is fully aware of this last paradox, and wryly quotes his own frequent volleys on



PETER BRIMELOW is the author of *Alien Nation: Common Sense About America's Immigration Disaster* (HarperCollins).

who has the right to tell me as a free person that I can't do it?" The Founding Fathers, that's who, replies Buchanan. The Constitution specifically declares that Congress "shall have the power" to lay "Duties" and "Imposts" and "regulate Commerce with foreign nations."

And they did—the second bill that President Washington signed was the Tariff Act of 1789. Senator Gramm's "litmus test" would have ruled out every Republican president before Eisenhower. Free trade may well be a good thing. But Buchanan's revisionist historical tour de force demonstrates conclusively that it has not, until very recently, been an American, much less a Republican, thing.

It should also be noted that Buchanan's argument is somewhat more compatible with free market writ than might appear at first glance. A tariff is, after all, just a tax—and conservatives who regard tariffs as heresy have sat still for direct taxes on income, nonexistent before 1913, that now exceed 15 percent of GDP. Buchanan puts it this way: "The old Republicans taxed work, savings, and investment 0 percent, and foreign goods at 40 percent. We do the opposite. We tax the return on savings and work at 40 percent, and foreign goods at 0 percent." Would his proposal to redress the balance with a 15 percent tariff on imported manufactures cause more misallocation than the federal income tax (which he wants to abolish—despite some of his reported campaign comments, Buchanan in this book appears staunchly anti-statist at home)?

Well, yes, is the conventional reply, if it triggered a global depression like the one caused by the 1930 Smoot-Hawley tariff. Buchanan, however, argues that the Depression was caused by monetary contraction. The much-maligned Smoot-Hawley affected only a third of U.S. imports, at a time when trade was only 1.3 percent of GDP, and was actually proportionately less of a hike than the 1922 Fordney-McCumber tariff, which was followed by prolonged economic expansion. (Incidentally, isn't it funny how the supply-siders who lionized Calvin Coolidge for his cuts in marginal tax rates overlooked the fact that he also raised tariffs and ended mass immigra-

tion?) No less an authority than Milton Friedman, on this point at least, agrees with Buchanan.

Further, free trade promises to maximize only overall, i.e., global output. It is logically possible that some individual country might do better with tariffs, although at some cost to global welfare. And it is a matter of proud principle with Buchanan that he doesn't care about global welfare. He cares about America first (to coin a phrase). Of course, this is far from showing that the world's technological, financial and economic leader actually would benefit from being denied the fruits of international specialization.

Finally, even if the U.S. does benefit overall from free trade, it is entirely possible that specific groups do not. Among academic economists, there is increasing interest in these redistributive aspects of free trade. Harvard economist Dani Rodrik published a much-discussed pamphlet on the subject, "Has Globalization Gone Too Far," last year. The debate about American income trends is a bit more complex than Buchanan allows for here. But he's right that federal statistics do appear to suggest the bulk of workers are not appreciably better off than they were some two decades ago.

This may not be entirely due to trade. Rodrik's Harvard colleague George Borjas has demonstrated that the effect of immigration is maybe four times more important, at least for unskilled workers. Even if it were, protection may not be the answer. It would just redistribute income some other way and there would probably be less of it. The phenomenon, however, is real. Buchanan is not imagining those workers who touched his heart while campaigning.

Nevertheless, the standard arguments trained on Buchanan's line of attack are so formidable that even the dimmest-witted free trader can hardly miss, and will certainly not look twice before hauling on the lanyard. It is hard to read this book without wincing in anticipation of the carnage.

Part of the problem is that Buchanan is basically a literary intellectual, who has essentially taught himself economics later in life. This can be a useful corrective to ingrown academic professionalism. Both supply-sider Jude Wanniski and *TAS's* Tom

Bethell have provided important insights. But it can also mean jarring cultural clashes, as when Buchanan denies that the high-tech U.S. textile industry is less efficient than China's, it's just that China exploits its workers and degrades its environment so its textiles are...cheaper. I know what Buchanan means (I think). But many critics will not be so forbearing.

Another example: a chart of U.S. merchandise imports from 1950 to 1995—unadjusted for inflation, and not shown as a fraction of GDP. Of course, it appears to go through the roof. No doubt this is due to naiveté about numbers—thus other Buchanan charts do show the trade deficit as a share of GDP—but it will certainly be attacked as fraudulent.

One real vulnerability is Buchanan's focus on manufacturing. He flatly describes the merchandise trade deficit as a "cancer"—"either we cut it out or it will kill America." From a strictly economic point of view, this makes no sense at all. After all the U.S. is paying for that deficit somehow partly through service sector activities. But Buchanan dismisses the service sector. I should not replace manufacturing, he says because manufacturing did not replace agriculture: they coexisted. Maybe they did coexist, but agricultural jobs do not: 10 million Americans worked on farms in 1900 only 2 million now. Buchanan justifies his concern for manufacturing partly on strategic grounds. But in the end it's hard to avoid the feeling that he just plain likes the idea of making things—and doesn't particularly like dealing with foreigners.

My own particular complaint about Buchanan's economic analysis is that it takes no account of the modern system of floating exchange rates. This is not surprising, since his wide historical reading has necessarily been focused on the nineteenth century, when the dollar was fixed to gold. But floating rates would tend to counter the effects of tariffs. Any reduction of imports would cause the dollar to appreciate, pricing exports out of world markets and widening the trade gap again.

Ironically, this silence on floating rates deprives Buchanan of an interesting argument. While the conservative establishment and classical liberals (if distinguishable) have been congratulating themselves on the reduction of protection, central

You deserve to know the facts about....

“Land for Peace”

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years on the “land for peace” formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the “West Bank”), Gaza and the Golan to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of “land for peace” is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one purpose only, namely to pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the “West Bank”, the focus of today’s attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of “land for peace” is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, following the war, The Arabs pronounced their three unalterable “nos:” no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-

Sheik, which safeguards Israel’s access to its port of Eilat; and the oil fields Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of “land for peace” would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered “holy Arab soil” and its possession by the “infidels” is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for “jihad” (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. Sale of land to Jews is punishable by death. A far as the Arabs are concerned the “land for peace” principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The “land for peace” formulation is now mostly applied to Judea-Samaria (the “West Bank”), Gaza and the Golan Heights. Israel’s foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs in exchange for “peace.” But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel’s giving up these areas of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the “Palestinians.” It is first of all between Israel and the hostile Arab nations. With the exception of Egypt, and now also of Jordan, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has it ever occurred that *they* might trade land for peace—as, for instance, yielding the “West Bank”, Gaza or the Golan to Israel for the sake of peace and tranquility. Egypt certainly made no territorial or other concessions for the sake of peace and neither did Jordan. Both countries drove very hard bargains to which the Israelis, in their unending quest for peace, acceded. There is never any accommodation on the part of the Arabs, never even a gesture of tentative friendship. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

Flame is a 501(c)(3) educational institution. Your tax-deductible contribution allows us to publish these important messages

25C

Take Me Out of This Ballgame

Wait Till Next Year:

A Memoir

Doris Kearns Goodwin.

Simon & Schuster / 261 pages / \$25

REVIEWED BY

Florence King

Doris Kearns Goodwin is the orange-haired lady who wears two hats. The first, tilted well to the left, is a chic thirties number that identifies her as the author of *No Ordinary Time*, a view of the New Deal through a spotted veil that won the Pulitzer Prize and abetted Hillary Clinton's search for the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Goodwin's other hat, worn rakishly, is Dodger Blue with a big white B-for-Brooklyn, her hometown, identifying her as the designated tomboy in Ken Burns's *Baseball* who regaled us with her childhood memories of da Bums in the 1940's and 50's, when each heartbreaking pennant or World Series loss prompted the devastated faithful to assure each other, "Wait till next year."

Now she has recycled her baseball material, added a family story, and tossed in some political coming-of-age to produce a memoir, *Wait Till Next Year*—a title that, given her literary style, comes across as a threat to publish a second volume.

Memoirs, as opposed to autobiographies, derive their charm from the memoirist's flawed or deliberately incomplete recollections. The best practitioners heed Emily Dickinson's maxim, "Tell the truth, but tell it slant," creating the shadings, gaps, departures, telescoped time, white lies, and rationalizations that give memoirs their piquant complexity and ultimately reveal more about the writer than the stark truth ever could.

FLORENCE KING's latest book is *The Florence King Reader* (St. Martin's). She writes "The Misanthrope's Corner" column for National Review.

Unfortunately, Goodwin was raised on truth at its starkest: the inexorable long black lines of a filled-in baseball scorecard. Her father taught her how to mark them and she got so good at it that she could run her finger along her penciled hieroglyphics and tell him exactly what had happened in every moment of every game she listened to on the radio while he was at work. Not just batters and runs, but "whether a strikeout was called or swinging, whether the double play was around the horn, whether the single that won the game was hit to left or right. If I had scored carefully, using the elaborate system he had taught me, I would know the answers."

She not only scored carefully but saved all her old cards. She claims they helped her find her inner historian and polish her narrative powers, but that doesn't prevent her from writing passage after passage like this:

The Phillies took a 6-1 lead in the third, due in part to an error by Robinson, who had struck out and hit into a double play in his first two trips at bat. In the fifth inning, it was Robinson again, this time as hero. He sent a triple to the wall which drove in one run, and then he scored a second run himself a few minutes later. In the eighth, the Dodgers scored three more runs, and the ninth inning ended with the game tied.

Other than being a baseball expert who saw some of the legendary greats play, Goodwin the mem-

oirist does not have a very interesting story to tell. When she was still a child her family moved from Brooklyn to Rockville Centre, Long Island, where they settled contentedly into typical fifties suburban life. Only a writer with brilliant insights and a dazzling command of language can successfully tackle conformity and blandness, but Goodwin brings nothing to the task except the maniacal thoroughness of her scorecard technique. What she does with it proves that the play-by-play life is not worth living.

Working in the drugstore:

I pulled the long handle that drew the carbonated water, pushed the short one to add the syrup, and mixed in the cold milk. Finally, with a metal scoop dipped in steamy hot water to soften the hard ice cream, I added two scoops of vanilla or chocolate ice cream and a dab of fresh whipped cream.

How early television affected suburban family life:

For days, our parents discussed the dramatic reaction of Elaine's seventy-five-year-old grandmother, Amelia, to the kidnapping of the little girl, Patti, on *Search for Tomorrow*. Patti was the six-year-old daughter of Joanne Barron, a young widow whose rich in-laws had kidnapped the child after losing a custody battle. A desperate week-long chase ended as police helped Joanne pursue the kidnapper through woods, which in the early days of live television consisted simply of a dark area filled with a maze of music stands affixed with branches to represent trees. Finding Patti's shoes near a

