

tions, where I had to promise them Dickens, Chesterton, Wodehouse, and even a little Shakespeare just to induce them to consider going back to work, an agreement was finally reached, and I am happy to report they

are once again in full production churning through Mr. Pickwick, Father Brown, Jeeves, and Falstaff. Both parties are relieved a prolonged strike was avoided, and I have been reminded in no uncertain terms of their slogan:

"Life is short; bilge is long; hell, no, we won't read it."

Thank you, Mr. Tate, for showing me what I *haven't* missed.

—Windi Carnes
Lakemont, GA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN had not even formally announced his candidacy for the White House last November than a platoon of the Beltway right suddenly fell out of ranks to denounce him and his challenge to George Bush. Divisive, polarizing, protectionist, nativist, xenophobic, anti-Zionist, anti-Semitic, ultra-nationalist, racist were the predictable sobriquets that buzzed from their muzzles.

Abe Rosenthal immediately compared Mr. Buchanan to David Duke and urged the organization of the same kind of national boycott against him and his supporters that had been launched so effectively against Louisiana. Neoconservative Charles Krauthammer joined the chorus soon after in a column shuddering with fear over what he called Mr. Buchanan's "ravings" of the last couple of years.

Why was this so? Why, with George Bush sinking in the polls and perhaps unlikely to keep the White House next year, were the Beltway right and its friends on the left so frightened of a challenge to the mollescent ooze seeping from the executive mansion that may wash the White House out of Republican hands for the first time in 12 years? Not only has Mr. Buchanan never worn an arm band or a bed sheet, but he happens to be perhaps the most popular political columnist in the United States, the publisher of one of the country's fastest growing newsletters, and a ubiquitous star on nationally broadcast talk shows. The normal response from conservatives, it would seem, would be to welcome Mr. Buchanan's campaign as at least a useful splint to keep Mr. Bush connected to the right wing of his party.

There is a simple reason for the shrill denunciations Mr. Buchanan re-

ceived from his supposed allies: he is too popular.

It is not that his success excites personal jealousy among less talented and less articulate conservative spokesmen, but rather that what he offers is something that few if any of the others have. Unlike almost every other major figure or organization of the American right today, Mr. Buchanan has not achieved his eminence as a result of tax-exempt foundations, a government job, grants from HUD and the education department, or handouts from fat cats. Mr. Buchanan has been successful—indeed, become wealthy and famous—doing precisely what professional conservatives always talk about but don't always practice. He has offered a product—his insights and viewpoints on public affairs—and a national market for that product finds it irresistible.

This is not simply a tribute to his skills as a salesman but points to something else. Pat Buchanan is a real person. He really believes certain things and really doesn't believe certain others, and he really says what he believes and doesn't believe. He pulls no punches, and he doesn't have to pull them precisely because he is independent of the conservative hive that flourishes in Washington and New York.

By contrast, what the members of the hive say and do is largely determined by what is expedient for the organizations they represent. Their articles, columns, magazines, and books are carefully plotted media events, engineered by public relations firms and reinforced by the other hive-ites. Every year or so, they crank out more lightweight tomes on economics, education, culture, or foreign policy,

contrive to have their friends review them and boom them and sit back and enjoy the limelight their contributions to scholarship emit. But within another year, their efforts have proved perishable, and you're lucky if you can locate them on the remaindered shelves of secondhand bookstores.

After a steady stream of Big Mac conservatism, anyone who serves a real hamburger is not going to be welcome, and that is exactly what Mr. Buchanan offers: not the monosodium glutamate of neoconservatism and the soft right but the muscular protein for which Americans outside the Beltway are starving.

If Mr. Buchanan is smart—and we think he's very smart—he'll ignore the chirpings of the Beltway hive and keep on serving up what Americans and America need. The rabbit food of



SERIES OF SINS
SIN OF DESPAIR

Janusz Kapusta

global democracy, Big Government conservatism, unlimited free trade and immigration, and perpetual war for perpetual nonpeace are what's on the menu of the soft right, but no one's going to order it, much less swallow it.

The issues Mr. Buchanan should and probably will address have to do not with the cerebrations of think tanks and the preferences of institutional cash cows, but with the real concerns, interests, and beliefs of real Americans: the economic destruction of the American middle class by the leakage of jobs, plants, and technologies abroad; the cultural deracination of American civilization and education by literally millions of illegal and undocumented aliens and their allies in powerful political lobbies, bureaucracies, and universities; the grotesque injustice of affirmative action, quotas, set-asides and all the other phony therapies by which a ravenous and irresponsible underclass clamors for power and privilege; the corruption of our public life by the entrenched congressional oligarchy and its incestuous sibling in the executive branch bureaucracy; the frivolous frittering away of national sovereignty and national power in foreign aid and American troops for thankless "allies" and dubious neutrals.

Conservatives in the post-Reagan era don't even recognize most of these crises and threats as real problems, let alone the mortal wounds to our national identity and interests that they are, and when someone emerges who does see them and wants to heal them, his admonitions are denounced as "ravings" by the very clique that purports to want to "conserve" America and its heritage.

Labels like "conservatism" and "liberalism," "left" and "right," have no meaning anymore because they have been hijacked by frauds who use them only to deceive and dissimulate instead of to communicate and lead. Away with these baubles and those who play with them. Let real Americans lead the real America.

—Samuel Francis

CONGRESS, said H.L. Mencken, or perhaps it was Will Rogers, cost him about twelve dollars a year in taxes to support the institution, which was an unmatched bargain for entertainment.

The statement was made during the raucous 20's, when things seemed to be going along pretty well, and the antics of our leaders did not usually result in inescapable and intolerable burdens. Congress, of course, costs a lot more today. Will Rogers was lost in 1935 and Mencken about the same time gave up political reporting for other interests. The whole thing has become a lot less funny, but we might as well get what enjoyment we can out of it—that's all the benefit we will get.

They are all funny, politicians, but perhaps the funniest are the establishment conservatives, who will provide us with many occasions for hilarity during the coming presidential campaign. The last time, during the Republican National Convention, they stridently demanded attention and representation. They got Dan Quayle, whom Bush and the media immediately identified as theirs, though most of them had never heard of him. Their one big payoff turned out to be a liability.

Probably the most amusing part of the whole campaign will be watching Bush, whose affirmative action quota bill was barely distinguishable from the Democrats' affirmative action quota bill, pose as the antiquota hero.

The knee-jerk conservatives rallied to the defense of Judge Clarence Thomas in the same fashion, because he was denominated the conservative candidate, though no one has ever explained whether or why this is actually so. They declared their determination not to allow Judge Thomas to be "borked." But this is silly. Bork was a serious scholar who would have intellectually remolded federal jurisprudence. That is why he had to be defeated. There is no evidence that Thomas will provide anything to the Court except a correct vote now and then, if even that is certain. Something thousands of potential nominees could do, and many of them better. Liberals put up a token opposition to Thomas, but they know they really have little to fear.

Further, if we are to take Thomas seriously in his intellectual positions, he is a "higher law" philosopher, something which is more alien and potentially more dangerous to what is left of our constitutional patrimony than even the fulminations of Justice

Brennan. Let us hope we don't have to take it seriously. It is reported that Thomas's "higher law" writings were ghosted by a disciple of Professor Harry Jaffa, allegedly the author of the famous speech in praise of extremism that cost Barry Goldwater ten million votes.

But perhaps the establishment conservatives are not as dumb as I think. Maybe it is a fact that few of them have enough base to get reelected without the assistance of presidential glamour, since we now have an imperial rather than a representative government. That would explain why, except for Jesse Helms, none of them ever oppose their President, though the liberal Republicans do so whenever they want.

As one who spent an embattled youth as a "conservative" inside the academy, I feel I have earned the right to laugh at what "conservatism" has become. One must either laugh or cry.

And, of course, we can always fall back on the dubious consolation that the Democrats are worse. The Republicans have betrayed their middle-class constituency at every turn, which makes them ripe for revolt. But the Democrats are incapable of disengaging themselves from weirdness long enough to make any political capital out of it. Or perhaps they don't want to. Actually, the division of power between the Republican President and the Democratic congressional leadership, who disagree about nothing significant, makes the perfect arrangement for the imperial state. The most normal and logical thing for the Democrats to do is to nominate Bush for the presidency, in which case they would win the election—and get rid of Dan Quayle in the bargain.

It is impossible to find intellectual and ethical bankruptcy any greater than the turn the Democrats have taken on the Bush-Solarz war in the Persian Gulf. A great many voted against it, but now that it is over and popular, all we hear is the plaintive cry that they were not unpatriotic, they just wanted more time for the sanctions to work. I would submit that there is political capital to be made even yet out of honest criticism of the war—the cost in blood and treasure, the confused and dubious goals, the exposure of military technology that would have

been better saved for a more important occasion. There remains something inherently foolish—and tragic—about using an artillery battery to kill a rat, a rat that was half dead already. But political capital totally aside, criticism of the war, now that the action is over, would be, for a principled opposition party, the right thing to do, which is why it will never happen.

And truly, if the Democrats had any spirit, any integrity, any faith in their own convictions, they would nominate for Bush's opponent the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who is far and away their most articulate, most charming, and most sincere leader. But this, of course, they will never do. Jackson at least has had the guts and the patriotism to complain about the loss of family farms and the shipment of American blue-collar jobs offshore—something no leading Republican has had the integrity to do, as far as I know.

Watch Jackson when the cameras go in close. He is a real human being—one who has suffered and thought. (I write completely without irony.) Though he is sometimes half-baked in his solutions—what leading politician isn't—he speaks from the heart about real problems, and once he has taken up an idea he does not retreat just because it's unpopular. That is, unlike Bush, he really represents his constituency. Allowing for differences of style, he is in no rationally describable sense

any more of a demagogue than Bush—and a lot more sincere. Beside him Bush looks like a preppie, and the other Democratic presidential contenders like pyramid scheme salesmen.

—Clyde Wilson

BASEBALL is reportedly replete with racism. Apparently concentrating on the World Series-bound Atlanta Braves was not enough for the *Atlanta Constitution*, for it came to the conclusion late last summer that the "White Game Is Alienating Many Blacks." The white game? The problem, said the newspaper, is that while black players are a satisfying 72 percent of the NBA and an OK 61 percent of the NFL, they are "only" 18 percent of Major League Baseball. Worse, only 6 percent of the fans are black.

The answer? Affirmative action, of course. Ball clubs, starting with the Atlanta Braves, were consequently being asked to recruit black fans, in part with cheaper tickets than whites can buy. And black players should be paid higher salaries than whites to raise that "low" 18 percent figure. Why the "under-representation" of blacks in baseball? Montreal Expos scouting director Gary Hughes said, "You just don't go play baseball. It's not enough to be naturally gifted like track or football. To be honest, I don't know how many black kids are willing to

work hard enough at it to excel."

Racism! said Richard Lapchick, director of the Center for the Study of Sports in Society at Northeastern University. "That sounds typical of the stereotype that studies show have long been held about blacks: that they're too lazy, they can't swim, and they are innately less intelligent." But black Detroit Tigers farm club player Eric Mangham, who played high school ball near Atlanta, agreed with Hughes. "Baseball is a complex game. Football is a game of strength, but baseball requires certain fundamentals, like hitting the cutoff man. Baseball is totally different from the rest of sports." Most black kids, he notes, prefer the "action" of basketball and football. As to the black attendance, the UCLA School of Management, which did a study for Major League Baseball, said that many clubs don't recruit black fans because "too many" would scare away whites.

Not that everyone has worried about black attendance. In 1978, former Minnesota Twins owner Calvin Griffin told the Lions Club in Waseca, Minnesota, that he moved his team from Washington, D.C., to Minnesota when he "found out that you only had 15,000 blacks here. Blacks don't go to baseball games."

—Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

The Education of David Duke

The time has come, to paraphrase Caspar Gutman in Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, for plain speaking and clear understanding. Last November, David Duke failed to win the governorship of Louisiana, but he did gain some 39 percent of the popular vote and carried a majority—about 55 percent—of the white vote. What defeated Mr. Duke was not the "baggage" of his background as a Nazi and a Klansman but rather the unprece-

dented campaign in the press against him and the concerted efforts of businessmen, union officials, church leaders, politicians of both parties, and ideological malcontents of every description to vilify him and to threaten the state and people of Louisiana with retaliation if they dared to break from the political molds crafted for them.

For at least two solid weeks before the election, newspapers far from Louisiana as well as within it delved sedulously into Mr. Duke's background and statements since high school. On election day, organizers literally combed the streets of New Orleans

looking for blacks to go to the polls to vote against him. The President and Vice-President of the United States denounced him, as did several leading conservative spokesmen. If virtually any other politician in this country had excited the fear and hatred Mr. Duke inspired, not only would he have lost the election with far less than 39 percent of the vote but his career would have been ruined. What the actual election results teach is that Mr. Duke's support, while not a majority of voters, was deep, broad, and intense.

Despite Mr. Duke's defeat, it is possible that future historians will look