

Underscoring the depth of his support, Soros declared that he would personally travel to Macedonia and take to the hustings for Gligorov if the president's victory at the polls seemed in doubt. As it turned out, Soros need not have worried: Gligorov's neocommunist ruling party keeps a tight rein on the media, and Gligorov is widely suspected of having rigged the election.

Gligorov is in the middle of a tense standoff among Serbs, Albanians, Magyars, Greeks, and a half-dozen Balkan subnationalities that could trigger a regional war. The 500 American troops stationed in Macedonia, under U.N. command, are a tripwire planted by George Bush. With the full backing of Soros, Gligorov seems determined to set it off. The Gligorov regime has published textbooks which show a map of a Macedonia many times larger than the present one; the Macedonian constitution is explicitly committed to the defense of the entire Macedonian people, not just the nation-state. The director of the Soros Foundation of Macedonia, Vladimir Milcin, is a militant Macedonian nationalist, whose belligerent statements directed at neighboring Greece have suggested the possibility of war. A major point of contention with Greece is over the name: Macedonia is also the name of Greece's northernmost province. The Greeks have suggested Nova Macedonia, but Milcin declares that he will "go into the hills with the guerrillas if they change the name."

How is it that Soros, who bitterly attacks nationalism, has become the chief backer of the Macedonian variety? The reason is that this nationalism is completely ersatz: except as an administrative unit of Tito's Yugoslavia, Macedonia has not existed as a nation since the era of Alexander the Great. Tito's elevation of Macedonia to the status of an autonomous republic within the Yugoslav federation, coequal with Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia, was a propaganda ploy aimed at aiding the communist side in the Greek civil war. The make-believe nation of Macedonia, like its Bosnian neighbor to the northwest, has no historical, legal, literary, or cultural tradition: it is a creature born of the imagination of politicians and ideologues, a "multiethnic" entity with no anchor in history. As such, it makes perfect sense that Soros is its chief backer and advocate.

It would be a mistake to dismiss Soros as just another wacky multibillionaire

who can afford to enact his psychopolitical fantasies on a grand scale, a kind of anti-Ross Perot. His money and his message have gained him an audience in Washington at the highest levels. No one thinks Strobe Talbott was joking when he characterized Soros as "a friendly, allied, independent entity" and explained how "we try to synchronize our approach to the former Communist countries with Germany, France, Great Britain—and with George Soros."

The Soros network of foundations is not the only or even the major factor in his growing influence in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union. Through his vast financial holdings, Soros is a far weightier factor in the regional economy than, say, France or even Great Britain. This is especially true in Bosnia, where the Open Society Foundation in Sarajevo has served as a conduit for major projects undertaken by the government of Muslim President Alija Izetbegovic and his Iranian-inspired Party of Democratic Action. Schoolrooms in which the Muslim fundamentalist doctrines of Iranian mullahs are transmitted to a new generation of fanatics were built with Soros's financial and political support. Under the guise of "humanitarian" aid, Soros financed major reconstruction projects that enabled the Bosnian Muslims to continue the war.

While Soros's main interest is foreign policy, conservatives are more familiar with his views on such subjects as immigration and drug legalization. Bill Bennett and the *Weekly Standard* crowd have worked themselves into a lather of self-righteousness over the fact that Soros dealt both them and the Clinton administration a humiliating blow on Election Day, 1996. In Arizona and California, referenda decriminalizing medical use of marijuana passed overwhelmingly: Soros was a major contributor to both initiatives. The neoconservative line is that the war-on-drugs was voted down in two major Western states because, for once, the other side had money. The reality is that Soros merely balanced out the virtually limitless resources of various government agencies that actively campaigned against both initiatives.

While not many conservatives are worried about the prospect of the states deciding their own drug policies, far more troubling is Soros's response to a welfare bill that cut off \$4 billion in aid to legal immigrants. In announcing his \$50 million gift to various immigrants'

rights organizations, Soros declared that the provisions of the welfare bill cutting off immigrants is "a clear-cut case of injustice." The pattern of Sorosian philanthropy in the Balkans is being repeated in this country: under the guise of multiculturalism and diversity, the idea is to funnel funding to one particular group of ethnic separatists (Bosnian Muslims, Macedonians, Latino nationalists of the American Southwest) then stand back and watch the explosion—and don't forget to sell short.

Bemoaning the fact that Gorbachev was defeated, denouncing the anticommunist revolution of the 1990's for not being "orderly," Soros complains that "after the dissolution of the Evil Empire we seem to have lost our bearings." What changed? In a statement unusual for its clarity, brevity, and directness, he answers: "I believe our concept of freedom changed. It was replaced by a narrower concept—the pursuit of self-interest. It found expression in the rise of geopolitical realism in foreign policy and a belief in laissez-faire in economics." Always careful to veil his own agenda behind verbal obfuscation, Soros is quite clear on the subject of just who are his enemies.

Let them be forewarned.

Justin Raimondo is a senior fellow at the Center for Libertarian Studies and the author of Reclaiming the American Right: The Lost Legacy of the Conservative Movement (1993).

LAW

A Burial Shroud

by David D. Butler

Monday was a good day, typical of good days in its variety. I was on the phone with another lawyer trying to settle a whiplash. His unlicensed truck driver ran into the rear of my man's car with a 50,000-pound cement truck. This case will settle.

Another client called. She was osten-

sibly concerned about her disability case. She talked about her distress because the Veterans Administration Hospital is, yet again, releasing her psychotic husband. I listened and made the noises humans make for one another, rather as horses stand head to tail in the summer pasture, their tails whisking away one another's flies.

On another matter, I billed and got \$1,450, also the mark of a good day. Disraeli said of the race horse owner Danebury, "He valued the acquisition of money on the turf, because there it was the test of success. He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners." We entrepreneurs eat what we kill. There are no Mondays, but there are no Fridays, either.

In the afternoon I showed a house which is tied up in a receivership to potential renters. They are black, have eight children and grandchildren. She gets Aid to Dependent Children. He started to tell me what he earns and does not report. I said, "Stop." She said, "Oh, there's a live-in rule, it's all right if he's not really my husband." I said I thought that was not the right rule and rented them the house.

At five I changed into riding clothes and drove to the stable. The fields of soy beans are beginning to ripen; each oak has one branch and one branch only of yellow leaves. At the stable, I walked down to the outdoor jumping arena down below the hill and just west of the little creek. I set a course of two and a half to three foot jumps. I walked back up the hill to the stable and groomed and tacked up Spot Market. By the time I was up on his back, the sun had gone behind the steep hill above the arena, but there was still light to jump.

We warmed up, circling the jumps in each direction a few times at the walk, then trot, then canter. Then we took the jumps one at a time, then two at a time, then three at a time. Then we went over them all, Market changing lead between three and four. After that we jumped them in the opposite direction. Horses like variety, too. It is bad to make them jump the same jumps over and over. I was very happy with him.

We walked up and down the darkening hills to cool down. A solitary heron flew north above the trees lining the creek. When Market was cool, we went back to the barn. We got there just as Jayne came down from the dressage arena

on Whip. As Jayne got off her horse, she saw the feral tomcat lurking in the thistles down along the pond. He laid open Cleopatra, the young barn cat, with his claws while she was nursing her first litter. Jayne took Cleo to the vet who sewed her up. Cleo lived but was changed. She had been a great hunter and very friendly. Now she lives in the cobwebby rafters. When I see her slip down for kibble or water I think of the dead, risen by miracle in an old Tuscan painting, right yet wrong, back in the world but lost in it because of their experience.

We took the horses into the barn. Jayne cross-tied Whip in the aisle and told me to cross-tie Spot Market. When she saw that both horses were cross-tied, she took the rifle which she had brought down from the house and went outside. After stalking and waiting a few minutes, she killed the tom. Market jerked slightly when he heard the single shot. Whip, standing in the cross-ties and playing with them, whinnied.

In the 19th book of the *Odyssey*, Penelope uncovers the trick by which she held the suitors at bay while Odysseus roamed the world having adventures. Each day she worked weaving a burial shroud for Laertes, father of Odysseus. Though she told the suitors that she would marry one of them when she finished her work, each night she untied each day's work, and so the work was never finished. When I look at all my files, and I think of the clients and of the lives they have, often unwillingly, touched, I think that we lawyers reverse Penelope's trick. By day we attempt to untangle the evil tapestry spun each night by the flock of welfare recipients, a tapestry planned by Congress and, of course, by the hiring shepherds at the apex of the various social programs.

We pay people we should pay not to have children to have children. Many of the people we pay to have children are children. We pay them with money we tax away from people who should have children. Each payday for working families money is taken away; each month the Mother's Day checks go out into the poor communities. The gain and loss flows like water over a plowed field, carrying away, at first, imperceptibly, the topsoil, then cutting a little ditch, and then a creek, and then a river.

Someday, it is finished. The desert retakes North Africa, and 1,800 years later, a man writes a book on the decline and

fall of an empire.

I am inside the system. I read their presentence investigation reports. I see the inside of their homes. The mother, white or black, is always on welfare. There is always money for cigarettes, always money for cable television, always money for drugs. The kids are always beaten—or worse.

I, too, am like the risen dead in the old paintings. When I tell what I have seen, my friends with both feet, both eyes, both ears, safely in the middle-class world, turn away. And why not? If I am wrong, I am lying to my friends, and, if I am right, the tapestry is a burial shroud. Thus, I am becoming like most people inside the system, in that my friends are, increasingly, inside the system.

David D. Butler is a lawyer in Des Moines, Iowa.

HISTORY

The Shooting of George Wallace

by William E. Thompson, Jr.

On May 15, 1972, I was a nine-year-old Little Leaguer determined to become the next Johnny Bench. As I headed home from the playground after baseball practice, our neighbor, Willie Kines, waved me over to his car. I remember thinking it odd that he would be picking me up, given that I lived only three blocks away. As I got in the first thing he said to me was, "Don't worry, your mother is going to be all right." Well, of course she was; I mean, why shouldn't she be?

Then, he told me why. My mother, Dora, had been shot that afternoon and was now in Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring, Maryland. Fear and confusion seized me until several hours later when I was taken to her room, where she personally reassured me that despite having a broken leg—which required her to spend 29 weeks in a cast—she would be fine.

Events that day, 25 years ago, occurred while I was at school and later at baseball practice. My mother, who was a cam-