

By John B. Judis

WASHINGTON, D.C.

**T**HE BUSH ADMINISTRATION AND CONGRESS are veering toward a showdown over U.S. policy toward Japan. On April 28 President George Bush announced a deal with Japan to develop a new "FSX" fighter plane. General Dynamics will help Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Ltd., develop and produce 130 planes.

In the wake of the deal, both Democrats and Republicans in Congress are accusing the Bush administration of providing Japan with the means to undermine American supremacy in aerospace production. "We're entering into an agreement with a country that has made it a prime industrial policy to shut down American industries," said Sen. Alan Dixon (D-IL), a leader of the FSX opposition. Meanwhile, administration backers in Congress contend that the deal strengthens American military ties with Japan without jeopardizing the aerospace industry.

At issue here is the U.S. relationship with Japan, which has been characterized in recent years by close military and geopolitical cooperation and by growing economic conflict. Pentagon and State Department officials have consistently argued that military considerations come first. "Trade should not drive defense," former Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci told a Senate committee last year. Former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger wrote in *Forbes* last March, "It would be foolish and dangerous to weaken the military alliance we have simply because we have justified trade disputes with Japan."

But with the Cold War thawing and the trade deficit growing, an increasing number of politicians and public officials believe that the government must place economic, not military, security first.

At issue also is a key American export industry. The \$117-billion aerospace industry exported \$26.9 billion and accounted for a \$17.7-billion net surplus in trade in 1988, more than any other industry. If the aerospace industry is relegated to the same dustbin as the consumer electronics industry, then the U.S.' trading status will resemble that of a developing nation, exporting raw materials in order to import manufactured goods.

**Buy American:** The origins of the FSX deal go back to 1981, when Japan agreed to increase its military role in the Pacific by policing its sea lanes 1,000 miles from shore. To accomplish this, Japan announced plans to build a new fighter aircraft comparable to the American F-16 fighter. At first Pentagon officials were unsuccessful in pressuring the Japanese to develop and produce the new plane jointly with American companies. But that changed in 1986 when American intelligence discovered that Japan's Toshiba company and a Norwegian company had secretly sold advanced submarine propellers to the Soviet Union. In the wake of the scandal, Japan agreed to co-develop the FSX with American firms. A final agreement was reached in December 1988.

But unexpected congressional protest in January forced Bush to agree to review the agreement. Under prodding from Secretary of Commerce Robert Mosbacher, Bush won several new concessions from the Japanese, including an agreement to share production as well as development with American firms, and went ahead and signed the new agreement.

## FSX deal: is it a fire sale or 'Japanphobia'?

Yet FSX opponents are still not satisfied. Bush's agreement removes the threat of Japan acquiring the source code for some advanced electronic equipment, but Japan would still be able to gain all-important knowledge of the "systems integration" required to build advanced aircraft.

Key concessions were also framed in vague terms—Japan promised that American firms would gain "about 40 percent" of production—and appended to the agreement in the form of letters. Former Commerce Department official Clyde Prestowitz, an opponent of the deal, commented, "Side letters aren't worth the paper they're printed on."

Congressional opponents argued that by buying F-16s off the shelf, Japan could have saved itself billions of dollars and reduced its enormous trade surplus with the U.S. "If the Japanese are really serious about addressing our bilateral trade imbalance, common sense dictates that they buy our plane," said Rep. Richard Gephardt (D-MO), who is leading the anti-FSX battle in the House.

The deal's backers counter that if the U.S. turns down the co-development plan and insists that Japan buy American, Japan will turn to European manufacturers, and the U.S. will lose all income from the deal. This argument was made by Dov S. Zakheim, former deputy undersecretary of defense, in a March 31 *New York Times* op-ed piece. "Washington confronts the same issue it always faces when considering a controversial military sale overseas," he wrote. "Should it go ahead with a less-than-perfect arrangement or just wash its hands of the entire affair, letting the Europeans step in?"

**Mercantilist strategy:** Like many controversies in Congress, this one is as much about symbols as about reality. If the U.S. had reached a similar co-production deal with Belgium, France or Great Britain, few in Congress would have worried, and many would have praised the agreement for preserving American jobs. But the critics of the FSX agreement view it within the tortured history of U.S.-Japan economic relations, where Japan has used co-development agreements as a first step toward eventually dominating not only an industry, but the entire range of advanced manufacturing, from consumer electronics to automobiles. They con-

tend that such a mercantilist strategy will eventually destroy not only American industry, but world trade itself.

James Fallows made his point in a May *Atlantic Monthly* article. American conflict with Japan "arises from Japan's unwillingness to restrain the one-sided and destructive expansion of its economic power," he wrote. "By continuing to launch new industrial assaults rather than simply buying better, cheaper products from abroad, Japan suggests that it does not accept the basic reciprocal logic of world trade. If more than a handful of countries behaved this way, there couldn't be any international trade."

Fallows, Gephardt and other critics see the FSX deal as yet another example of Japanese resistance to American imports. "Japan's military-aircraft policy represents a straightforward attempt to move into the

### This policy controversy is as much about symbols as it is about reality.

commercial aircraft industry, which Boeing, Airbus and McDonnell Douglas now dominate," Fallows wrote. "If this were not the case, Japan's military would simply buy imported planes, rather than insisting that its planes be manufactured in Japan, under license, at much higher cost."

The critics are undoubtedly right on this score. The FSX might not be the best issue on which to take a stand—Pentagon officials might be correct in arguing that if the U.S. balks, Japan will simply go to the Europeans. But at some point in the near future the U.S. must take a position against Japan's commercial strategy.

**Industrial policy:** There's a danger that the FSX debate may obscure the cause of the trade deficit. The U.S. has lost markets not only because of Japanese commercial ruthlessness, but because American firms, left to their own devices, have been unwilling to invest in America's industrial future. This is happening in the aerospace industry and could pose a much greater danger than the FSX agreement.

According to a report in the *Far Eastern*

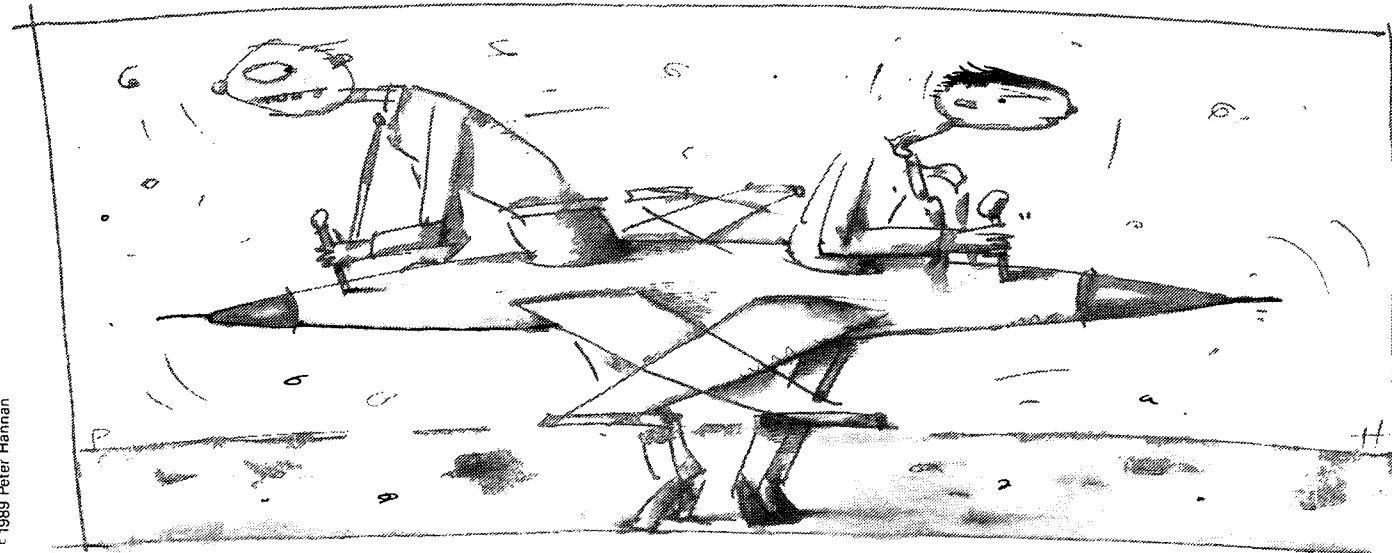
*Economic Review*, Japanese companies, backed by the government economic agency MITI, have gone ahead of American firms in producing the special materials that will be needed for a new generation of supersonic aircraft and for hypersonic spacecraft. "U.S. companies are by and large unwilling or unable to make the investment necessary," the *Review* writes. "When the Pentagon recently called on companies worldwide to contribute samples of new materials for a space plane, not one of the primary metal producers in the U.S. responded, whereas Japanese companies submitted high-quality samples in a matter of weeks." As a result, "the U.S. could face a much-enhanced Japanese challenge, initially in the materials and components sector, but ultimately to its entire aerospace industry."

Some Senate and House members like Gephardt or Rep. Don Ritter (R-PA) understand that the U.S. cannot eliminate the trade deficit simply by pressuring the Japanese to open markets. The U.S., they recognize, has to change the relationship between government and industry and the way that private industry makes investment decisions.

**Congress acts:** If Congress wants to reject the FSX deal, it has 30 days from the time that Bush formally submits its terms to the House and Senate to do so. If Congress rejects it, Bush can still exercise a veto, forcing the House and Senate to assemble two-thirds majorities against the deal. FSX opponents will probably not be able to marshal enough votes to override a veto, but they should be able to create a nasty fracas with the administration.

Congressional opposition to the FSX has cut across party and ideological lines. Dixon and Gephardt are being joined by moderates like Sen. Al D'Amato (R-NY) and Sen. John Shelby (D-AL) and by die-hard conservatives like Sen. Jesse Helms (R-NC) and Rep. Dana Rohrabacher (R-CA). This opposition draws on a certain amount of anti-Japan xenophobia, but it could also foreshadow a realignment of American politics along the lines of economic nationalism and industrial policy.

As evidenced by Bush's willingness to review the Reagan administration's prior agreement, the president is clearly worried about the political ramifications of this issue. Pollsters who have conducted recent focus groups in the Midwest have discovered that voters see the Japanese economic challenge as the number-one political issue in the country. This underscores Bush's Japan dilemma: he could prevail in Congress but lose elections for the Republicans in 1990 and for himself in 1992. □



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By Joel Bleifuss

## What a squawk

Italy's member of parliament and porn star Ilona Staller ruffled a few leathers recently in Kiskunhalas, Hungary, when she helped send off 31 Soviet tanks that were leaving the country as part of Gorbachov's promised withdrawal of troops from Eastern Europe. According to the *New York Times's* Henry Kamm, Col. Boris Y. Adamenko, who was overseeing the Soviet withdrawal, did not seem to mind when the Hungary-born Radical Party legislator, wearing a garland of wilted white flowers, joined him on the podium. To the bewildered pleasure of the attending Red Army officers, while Adamenko officially announced the tanks' withdrawal, Staller mugged for the cameras. Then as the tanks began pulling out, Staller released a white dove. Fluttering to the ground, it then disappeared under the revolving treads of a departing tank.

## Give it the old school die

"It's their turn to make some contribution to an institution that has benefited them," said Boston University President John Silber last month as he announced that the university has plans to take out life insurance policies on cooperative students. His scheme would work this way: a student who allows a \$5,500 policy to be taken out on him or her, upon his or her death—estimated by the university to be an annual rate of 1.7 deaths per 1,000—would yield the university \$350,000. Warren Binford of the Boston University student union is appalled. "I am haunted by the image of President Silber coldly calculating graduates' deaths on his adding machine," Warren said. "The frightening prospect is that an epidemic or deadly disaster would be seen as a good year financially for the university."

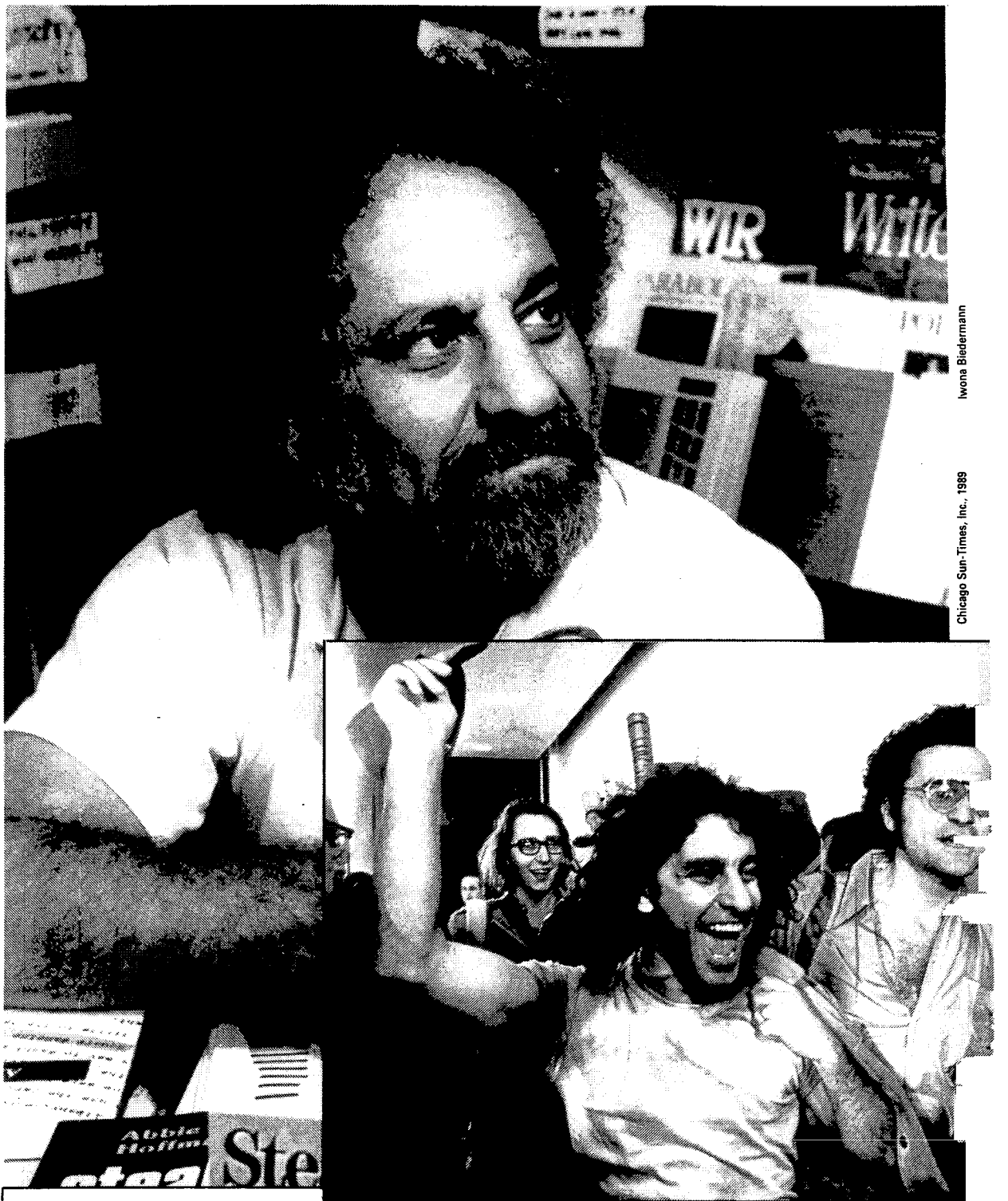
## Gulp

Current federal regulations allow 66 carcinogenic pesticides to be part of the American diet. The U.S. Public Interest Research Group (U.S.PIRG) of Washington, D.C., wanted to discover how many of those substances could make their way into the average American diet, so it conducted an experiment. The group constructed three meals out of 15 common foods and then tallied how many of the 66 EPA-permitted carcinogenic pesticides could be found in those foods. The result? The three meals could contain 54 pesticides that have been found to cause cancer in animals or humans. What follows is U.S. PIRG's hypothetical pesticide menu. (Note: it is unlikely that residues from these carcinogenic pesticides would be found on the food all at once. The point is that if they were, it would be legal.)

Meal	Food	Number of permitted pesticides
Breakfast	pork sausage	24
	eggs	18
	whole-wheat toast	16
	orange marmalade	17
	orange juice	17
Lunch	milk	20
	chicken	17
	rice	7
	broccoli	11
	apple juice	24
Dinner	steak	26
	baked potato	17
	corn on the cob	25
	fruit cocktail with grapes and peaches	17, 21

## VP update

During a recent party at the Belgian Embassy, Vice President Quayle listened as Rep. Claudine Schneider (R-RI) spoke fluent French. According to the *Provincetown Journal*, the impressed vice president remarked, "I was recently on a tour of Latin America, and the only regret I have was that I didn't study Latin harder in school so I could converse with those people." Back in Rhode Island, Schneider related the story to her friends, adding that she "prays for President Bush every day."



Abbie in Chicago: off to court in '68, promoting books in '88.

## Eulogy to Abbie

Abbie Hoffman believed that if you don't like the news, go out and change it. And so it's ironic, as well as sad, that the news Abbie most recently tried to change didn't make as big of a splash as his death last month. He wanted the world to know about the other Iranian arms scandal—the alleged weapons-for-hostages swap between the Ayatollah Khomeini and the 1980 Reagan-Bush campaign. Hoffman and journalist Jonathan Silvers (whose personal tribute follows) spent months investigating this tale of international betrayal for *Playboy* magazine, pursuing leads in Washington and the capitals of Europe, conducting interviews and annoying the powers-that-be with provocative questions.

Abbie thought that this was a story that could bring the Reagan empire to its knees. He had hoped to waylay the Bush campaign with his "October surprise": a 7,500-word exposé detailing circumstantial evidence of the deal. Before its publication last fall in *Playboy*, he predicted that the story would cost the Bush campaign enough votes to swing the election.

A past master at media hype, Hoffman misjudged this time. The main-

stream media, busy reporting Willie Horton, flag-waving, personalities and other staged campaign pap, ignored what may eventually prove to be one of the greatest political stories ever untold. But it was a labyrinthine tale that couldn't be boiled down to 10-second sound bites. Besides, the mainstream media had lost whatever zeal it once had for uncovering lapses in political, rather than personal, morality.

Though no professional journalist, Abbie remained true to that profession's one-time mission to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted. In fact, Abbie was not really professional at anything—except agitation. Nobody did it better.

Some leftists thought Abbie was short on practical, long-term politics. They accused him of preferring comic gestures to the chores of organizing a movement. Yet he knew, better than his critics, that clowns don't change the world. Abbie saw himself as an animator, someone who could stir things up and get them cooking.

He also knew the importance of organizing. "What you need for social change is enough people, not a majority," he said on Nov. 23, 1986, a week before his 50th birthday. "You

never have a majority except for maybe the last 10 minutes of the revolution. Social change is hard work. You're going against the grain, against everything you've been taught. It's lonely."

He put his hopes on the emergence of a new student movement. "The wheel of history is turning," he told *In These Times*. "How long can people live with the culture of designer brains? My experience with the '50s says not too long. It will take a combination of boredom, curiosity and altruism. And when I go around campuses, students have stopped asking questions about how the '60s ended; they want to know how they started. Kids ask me how SDS [Students for a Democratic Society] began. I ask them what's the best bar in town, and we're off." (See *In These Times*, Jan. 14, 1987.)

But Abbie acknowledged the difficulties of organizing in the '80s. In November 1986, he, Amy Carter and other students got arrested for protesting CIA recruiting at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. As he told students at the time, "In the '60s people were shot. Now you have different types of risks. We had affluence and could drop out. Economically, you're taking a bigger risk



today. You're going to have to create a counterculture. We had yuppies in the '50s. But I see real despair now. The Bomb will go off any minute. We're all going to get AIDS. The polar ice cap is going to melt. In the '60s we only cared about one thing—justice."

Over the last few years Abbie helped bring a range of issues to public consciousness. In the '80s he made much-publicized trips to Nicaragua. As he told *In These Times*, "I'm a supporter of the Sandinistas. They make mistakes, but mistakes of the heart. Even under the conditions of war, this is still the most humane revolution in history."

Abbie fought environmental battles for the St. Lawrence River in upstate New York, where he had spent his fugitive days, and at the Point Pleasant Pumping Station in Bucks

County, Pa. Before his death, he was figuring out an appropriate Exxon payback for the Valdez, Alaska, disaster.

Many Americans thought of Abbie as a sloganeering clown from a bygone era of love, dove and dope. He was a prankster, but a prankster with purpose. Who could forget when Abbie and Jerry Rubin led a band of hippie philanthropists to the balcony of the New York Stock Exchange and showered dollar bills down on the truly greedy below? Abbie et al. wanted to show that these dignified Wall Street pinstripers, who crawled over each other grabbing up dollars, would do anything for a buck. That was a time before Boesky, Miliken and Lorenzo, when the pretense was still maintained that capitalism was the way to raise the living standards of all

rather than a hustle for high rollers.

Abbie and the Yippies gave the American left something it lacked—a sense of humor. He demonstrated time and again that dramatizing social ills and satirizing the attitudes and individuals that blocked their solution was politically effective—at least more effective than analyzing them into oblivion or striking out in self-defeating anger.

The sectarian ideologues who gained a bit of prominence as movement leaders in the late '60s and early '70s are now as forgotten as their politics. What we remember from those days are the victories of the peace and civil rights movements. And an antic spirit, embodied in Abbie, that told us that making a better world was a joyous proposition.

—Peter Karman and Jeff Reid

## Dear Abbie

Sometime on the afternoon of April 12, 1989, Abbie Hoffman decided that he had had enough of this kinder and gentler America. He retreated to his Bucks County, Pa., farmhouse, crawled into bed and, having drunk the better part of a fifth, proceeded to consume an equally impressive quantity of phenobarbital. He was found dead at 8:15 that night. The medical examiner said that he died in his sleep, that he felt no pain.

Died in his sleep. Felt no pain.

Comforting words, given the circumstances. And though Abbie taught us to question authority, urged us to be skeptical of official pronouncements, I hope that just this once those who respected him will accept the M.E.'s verdict at face value. Life was struggle enough; it's reassuring to think that near its end he had a few moments' peace.

For the past several weeks I have been trying, at unsociable hours and in various frames of mind, to compose some sort of tribute to my friend and collaborator. And though my intentions are good and the sense of loss I feel is profound, I had managed to crank out only the most routine kind of copy, full of anecdotes and morals and obligatory lines about continuing his struggle.

Not that I should have expected to write anything more significant. Abbie was chaos personified, a welter of impulsive—and occasionally conflicting—actions and philosophies, by turns inventive and predictable, hopeful and despairing. Such personalities are not easily captured in a few hundred words. Abbie knew, better than anyone, that he defied pat descriptions. "They'll pull it off," he said of potential biographers, "but they won't get it right."

On the IRS form 1040, on the line which asks for "Your Occupation," Abbie would always write, "community organizer," the one label he found remotely acceptable. He thought of himself as a person—not a man; he tried valiantly to

make his language sexless—who could mobilize the alienated and lead the charge against complacency and injustice. He boasted, justifiably, that if he walked into a room full of discordant activists, he'd get them humming the same tune within an hour. Sometimes it took him two, sometimes ten, but he would send them home humming. Always.

Organizing was a vocation he came by naturally, first in rural Mississippi—where he and his fellow freedom marchers were beaten up by white supremacists—and later in the streets of '68 Chicago—where he and his fellow freedom marchers were beaten up by Mayor Daley's police. After a war had come and gone and a generation with different values appeared, he refined his skills. Through a process that can only be called alchemical, he transformed landed gentry in the Thousand Islands area and Bucks County into ardent environmentalists. In doing so he saved the St. Lawrence and Delaware rivers.

St. Lawrence and Delaware rivers.

But it wasn't his tactical skills that made Abbie famous. He was a jester in the kingdom of the absurd, a master at manipulating the media. He recognized the importance of image and sound bites long before such terms were fashionable. When the anti-war protesters converged on Chicago during the Democratic National Convention and were denied access to Grant and Lincoln parks, he hinted that there were "secret Yippie plans" to dump LSD into the city water supply—plans which, improbable though they were (one pharmacologist estimated that it would take several million gallons of acid to send the good people of Chicago on a mild hallucinogenic trip), forced the City Council to station troops around the reservoirs and pumping stations. Said Abbie, "We fight with laughter; they fight with guns."

He had, of course, a dark side. Abbie was diagnosed a manic-depressive in the early '80s and, like

many a manic-depressive before him, frequently "forgot" to take his lithium carbonate. And while his infrequent rages were terrifying, he came to regard the illness with something resembling equanimity. Last June, while hurtling us down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue in his Ford Escort, he remarked that, though manic episodes incapacitated him from time to time, they were also the source of his positive energy. "Without it, I'd probably have been just another traveling pharmacy-supply salesman...but one with a strong political orientation."

He experimented with drugs. In 1973 he sold cocaine to the feds, got busted and went on the lam. He turned himself in seven years later and served 11 months. Later he volunteered at the Harlem drug rehab center Veritas and helped them raise record amounts of money to set a few hundred underprivileged kids straight. "Ain't about nothing" became his anti-drug abuse anthem. He spoke as one who had been there, who endured the worst.

What else? In the kitchen he was Julia Child—a skill he picked up bebopping around Europe as a fugitive. He played tennis like a Czech; never mind the tonsure and paunch, his forehand was vengeance incarnate. He loved students and earned a modest living on the college circuit hectoring standing-room crowds. More often than not, most of his lecture fee (three or four grand a night) would find its way back to the student union sponsoring his visit. Or some campus activist group would find itself the happy recipient of a sizable anonymous donation. He struggled to remain contemporary, vital and active—and almost succeeded.

I won't speculate on his reason for suicide. I respect his decision, even if I don't approve of it. Suffice it to say this: Abbie made us laugh and made us think. At his best he could do both at once. I will miss him.

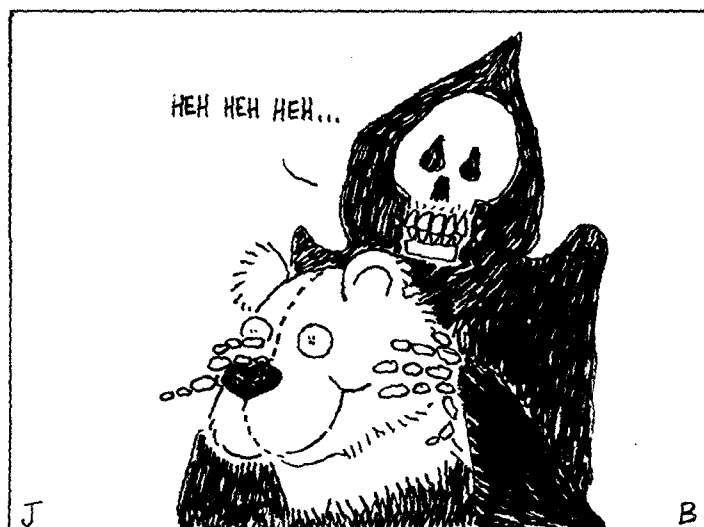
—Jonathan Silvers

## Means to an end

The Islamic Penal Code of Iran stipulates: "In the punishment of stoning to death, the stones should not be so large that the person dies on being hit by one or two of them; they should not be so small either that they could not be defined as stones." According to Amnesty International, an eyewitness who claims to have been at a stoning described the event this way: "A lorry deposited a large number of stones and pebbles beside the waste ground, and then two women were led to the spot wearing white and with sacks over their heads.... [They] were enveloped in a shower of stones and transformed into two red sacks.... The wounded women fell to the ground and Revolutionary Guards smashed their heads in with a shovel to make sure they were dead." Of course, here in the civilized world the method is different but the result's the same.

## The Okie from Okemah

Bart Webb, one of the 3,500 or so residents of Okemah, Okla., does not think much of hometown boy Woodie Guthrie. Although Guthrie has been dead for 22 years, Webb and a sizable number of other Okemahians will always remember him as the songwriter who wrote the communist anthem, "This Land is Your Land." (Ever notice how God is never mentioned?) According to Richard Phillips of the *Chicago Tribune*, Webb, a town undertaker, keeps posting signs that read "Woody Guthrie was no hero." And somebody else keeps tearing them down.



## Scuzzy fuzzy

How do you get the public to have "warm fuzzy positive" feelings about a greedy multinational corporation? Hire a public relations firm. As "consumer marketing specialist" Richard Winger told the *Wall Street Journal's* Alix M. Freedman, if a company has a public image problem the best thing the good PR man "can do is to put a lot of warm fuzzy positive things on the other end of the scale so when the consumer weighs the two sides, at least they stay in balance." Take Nestlé, whose infant-formula marketing tactics have once again made the company the object of a consumer boycott. Freedman reports that in March Nestlé hired Ogilvy & Mather Public Relations to oversee boycott damage control. Within days the PR firm had drawn up an image enhancement scheme titled "Proactive Neutralization." Among its ideas, Ogilvy & Mather proposed to "inoculate" Nestlé's Los Angeles-based subsidiary, Carnation, against the effects of the boycott with a Carnation Image Campaign. According to "Proactive Neutralization," the public relations specialists considered and then rejected as "too negative" the idea of a Carnation Combats Cocaine campaign. A Carnation Literacy Library was also dismissed, because that issue is "a crowded do-good area due to Barbara Bush's involvement." In the end Ogilvy & Mather advised Nestlé to start a Carnation National Homework Help Line and to set up a fund for children and infants with AIDS. But the most provocative Ogilvy and Mather proposal was for Nestlé to hire spies to infiltrate the organizations sponsoring the Nestlé boycott. According to "Proactive Neutralization," the spies' mission would be "to initiate an early-warning system through which Nestlé gains awareness of actions being planned and is equipped to take appropriate proactive or reactive steps." As the *Wall Street Journal's* Freedman points out, Ogilvy and Mather's battle plan "gives a rare peek at how Madison Avenue tackles the nitty gritty details of image makeovers."