

AS THE SHOCK OF American cluster bombs and the distinctive rumble of Abrams tanks fade from the Arabian nights, we world-citizens must begin to sort through the events of the last eight months. Many lessons could be drawn. Allow me to suggest two.

First, it seemed clear by the sixth week of open combat that American conservatives had succeeded in one task beyond their wildest dreams: in matters of foreign policy and war, the American press had been cowed. Recurring complaints notwithstanding, twenty years of relentless attacks on liberal bias in the media, by figures ranging from Spiro Agnew to Reed Irvine, have had their effect. With the exception of several writers for the *New York Times* and the consistent voice of Dan Rather, reporters in the Gulf have commonly behaved as dutiful patriots. In contrast to the Vietnam years, where correspondents questioned every official announcement, the Allied Command's principal problem was to restrain press enthusiasm for the campaign. Tight military censorship provoked surprisingly little concrete protest. Back home, regional newspapers and local broadcast outlets helped to marshal the war euphoria. Not since the mid-1940's had the "adversary press" been so pliant a tool of the foreign policy establishment, in service to the executive branch of government.

Second, George Bush deserves our awe for pulling off a constitutional coup, almost without remark. In the heated debate of November-January, some constitutional scholars insisted that Mr. Bush needed a congressional declaration of war before he could commit troops to battle in the Fertile Crescent. Other scholars, along with administration figures, argued that his powers as Commander in Chief gave him all the authority he needed, noting that of the 250 distinct American military actions of the past, only five had involved a declaration. All students of the Constitution, though, agreed that Congress exercised an important check

on presidential war-making through its power of the purse: Chief Executives must still come to the Hill in order to pay for their wars.

Congress avoided an open display of its impotence by narrowly authorizing the Gulf campaign. Forgotten in the histrionics of the congressional debate, though, was Mr. Bush's true innovation: a way to pay for a foreign war without resort to Congress. Call it "contributions" or "burden sharing," the payment of tens of billions by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Japan, and others into the federal treasury gave Msrs. Baker and Bush an unprecedented free hand.

Some critics of the war have blasted these payments as mercenary fees. The pundits miss the real splendor of the deed. A better way to view the money is as a tribute, in the medieval sense of a payment by vassals to their overlord and protector. Another way to see the donated cash is as a clever recycling of those ubiquitous petrodollars by the waxing branch of world government, "the international banking community."

Either way, Mr. Bush found a way to break free of the last enfeebled constitutional shackle on the President's war-making ability, and has enjoyed a power only dreamed of by Wilson and the Roosevelts. Like the Roman Senate in the old Empire, our Congress is still allowed to pretend it has a role, and it has obediently blessed the nation's first "off budget" war. This is, after all, simply good politics in the kinder, gentler Empire we inhabit.

—Allan Carlson

THE NEW WORLD ORDER promised by George Bush is turning out to be something like a unisex barbershop that can buzz off a woman's locks while giving male customers a wave and a perm. Over and over we have heard the phrase "our men and women stationed in the Gulf." As the war went on, we even learned that women were piloting

combat helicopters (as they did, apparently, in Panama); in fact one woman pilot was killed. We were also informed that a woman had been taken as a prisoner of war. Eventually, reporters began to speak of "men and women in combat." The use of women in combat is, as we all know, forbidden by law, but this law is quickly assuming the status of Boston's statute against frequent bathing—more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Women in combat ought to be a source of unease among old-fashioned Americans who until recently believed it was a man's duty to protect the women of his family and nation. One prominent conservative recently told me that he was glad that he opposed the war, because he could not live with the thought that he supported a campaign in which women were risking their lives to protect millions of able-bodied men back at home. No one, in or out of the Armed Forces, ought to have any illusions over why so many women have been sent to the Gulf. They have been sent there to get us used to the idea that women can die for their country as well as men, and if that is the sort of country we are fighting for—a country willing to sacrifice its sisters and daughters for the New World Order—then there is no place in it for what used to be called a gentleman or for anyone raised in the Christian faith.

—Thomas Fleming

AFTER WE'VE attrited all the enemy, we're going to have the New World Order. In the New World Order there will be no more disorder, that much we know. All those people who litter, laze, sprawl, and don't do a lick of work in all those countries that don't function too efficiently because everybody takes siestas all the time, all those slow-on-the-uptake countries with all their low-producing unwork-ethical people, will become efficient, clean, and productive when the New World Order comes. No more piddling

around. Before the New World Order here in the United States we had the New Age, which was OK, but there wasn't enough order in it. That's over now. Throughout history there were many attempts at New Order. There was Hitler's New Order, there was Nixon's Law & Order, there was Novus Ordo Seclorum—that we still have, it's on the dollar bill—and the Communist Boy Scouts' Order & Discipline. The New World Order will bring to millennial fruition the eternal calls of schoolteachers for "order in the classroom," and the heart-wrenching cries of the world's silent majorities for "peace, quiet, and order." The New World Order will be enforced, maintained, and kept in the forefront of all our activities by the world's greatest, best, and most expensive techno-cop, the U.S. Military. President Bush in a speech referring to the New World Order called the 20th century the 20th "central" by mistake. But maybe it wasn't a mistake, but a reference to the way the New World Order will divide the world into a number of "centrals." In these centrals there will be order. Everyone else gets sent to extraterrestrial penal colonies. The New World Order is related to "orderly behavior," "your order, sir," "ordering before you go out," "we have our orders," and "order in the courtroom." The New World Order will mean very special things to every field of endeavor, area of life, and geographical region. In my case, for instance, it will mean "rhyme and reason," and "clean living" in "crime-free New Orleans." As you can see, I've already started.

—Andrei Codrescu

IN MOSCOW, several months ago, I telephoned an American friend to confirm an office appointment. Since I was going by taxi, I asked him how much I ought to pay for the ride. Moscow cabdrivers outside tourist hotels are no better or worse than those in other metropolises, but it always pays to know from a local what a ride ought to cost. My American friend said the trip from my hotel to his office was "a one-pack ride."

What was that supposed to mean? Answer: one pack of Marlboros. Although I was a nonsmoker, I had loaded up for just such emergencies

with two cartons of Marlboros at the Kennedy Airport duty-free shop. If you are a foreigner, Soviet cabdrivers tell you in advance: we don't accept rubles, only hard currency and Marlboros or Kents. (Taxi-meters don't mean very much if the driver picks you up at a hotel entrance or sizes you up as a foreigner.) A few days later I went to see my American friend at his home. Before departing, he advised me that the trip to his apartment, a bit further out than his office, was "a two-pack ride."

In fact during the rush hour in Moscow or Leningrad, when cabs are otherwise unavailable, you are advised to stand at the edge of the roadway and wave a pack of Marlboros. Not only will cabs appear out of nowhere but private cars will stop and the driver will ask where you're going. Even cabdrivers with passengers already inside will stop to ask your destination.

These recollections surfaced as I read a news report that the Soviet government has asked the Philip Morris Co. and RJR Nabisco Inc. to supply 34 billion cigarettes (that's 1.7 billion packs) to Soviet smokers. Suddenly, it struck me that President Gorbachev had come up with an ingenious way of providing an acceptable currency without wholly de-legitimizing the already de-legitimized ruble while at the same time meeting the sudden cigarette shortage.

(At the Mezhdunarodnaya Hotel in Moscow where I was staying, there is a sign in one of the bars that says that patrons are forbidden to bring along their own liquor on pain of being fined thirty rubles. In parentheses there is the phrase "payment only in hard currency.")

The reason why U.S. cigarettes like Marlboros, Kents, or Winstons are in such demand are several. One, they taste much better than Soviet cigarettes, although not being a smoker I can't vouch for that. Second, American cigarettes are "kulturny," classy because they're American. Third, as a currency, their value is stable because demand never drops. Fourth, the package can be sold profitably if one sells one cigarette at a time. The black market price of a pack of Marlboros was reported by the *Wall Street Journal* to be 20 rubles or \$32, quite a markup from the \$1.60 duty-free per pack

price, but still a cheap taxi-ride.

The cigarette-potato-bread-and-everything shortage reminded me of an old riddle they still tell in Moscow: what would happen if the Soviet Union seized the Sahara Desert? Answer: for the first twenty-five years, nothing, and then there would be a shortage of sand.

—Arnold Beichman

BISHOP SPONG'S agitation for the ordination of practicing homosexuals received "moral" support last February from the Special Task Force on Human Sexuality of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.). The Presbyterian commission recommended the ordination of homosexuals as well as the provision of medical and pension benefits to same-sex couples, and their recommendations will be submitted to the church's 1991 General Assembly. This represents a further advance of the radical proposals put forward by a study group that met earlier in Charlotte, North Carolina. Although there seems to be little doubt that this task force is no more representative of the convictions of the majority of Presbyterians than Spong's views are of those of Episcopalians, their behavior makes it plain that traditionalists will have a hard time blocking this recommendation to legitimize conduct that many would consider evidence of moral degeneracy.

The Presbyterian task force, of course, is merely following the lead of San Francisco and a number of other communities that have legally recognized so-called "domestic partnerships." Although the legislation covers a number of different situations, its primary beneficiaries are homosexuals, and its primary victims are traditional family values. Following the first group of "domestic partners" to be registered in San Francisco, an "interdenominational worship service" celebrated this travesty of Christian marriage.

If we distill all the "wisdom" that seems to be embodied in abortion rights ("freedom of choice"), "gay" rights, "no-fault" divorce, and the like, we might conclude that the ideal "lifestyle" for males would be monastic celibacy (no children, no wife, and of course no sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS), and for women,

lesbianism (no troublesome pregnancies, no abortions, no children, and no AIDS). Perhaps the only thing wrong with this vision is that in a few score years, if adhered to, it would mean no people. This might seem unfortunate, but at least it would leave the environment to proceed on its way untroubled by human manipulation, and thus achieve one of the goals of our "greens" of various shades. Of course, neither would there be any greens around to appreciate it.

The separation in principle and in practice of sexuality from reproduction

began in earnest with the widespread use of the birth control pill in the late 1950's. At that time the sociological and moral implications were not fully foreseen, and those who made dire predictions were dismissed as puritans and prudes. But the consequences are now clear: abortion on demand (at a rate approximating one abortion for every two births) is the price we pay for the "freedom" of heterosexual license, and AIDS is the price of homosexual promiscuity. Yet public officials and the media have accepted the dogma, actively promoted by Planned Parent-

hood and certain "sex educators," that no one is able to abstain from sexual behavior, even for a brief time. The corollary to this is that it is also unrealistic to expect people to abstain from promiscuous sexual relations with all sorts of partners. In other words, we are to presuppose that promiscuity, homosexual as well as heterosexual, is the accepted norm, and that the only way to deal with AIDS and with other sexually transmitted diseases (AIDS has not yet been *officially* designated as such) is by providing the most antiseptic and least contagious conditions under which to engage in highly septic and contagious practices.

It ought to be possible to avoid the dangers of self-righteous condemnation without abandoning the right to call sin *sin* and to warn of the very real and virtually inescapable perils that sexual excesses bring. Many have criticized, and justly so, the efforts of some media and sex educators to call sex with condoms "safe sex," and recently some authorities have gone in for the somewhat more correct expression, "safer sex." But it is time for religious leaders to recognize that by failing to designate perversion and degeneracy as what they are, in the name of a false tolerance, they may very well be creating "safe sin." The pronouncements of people who ought to be moral teachers, such as Spong and the members of the Presbyterian task force, are not causing the problem, but they are contributing to its severity and making recovery more difficult.

—Harold O.J. Brown

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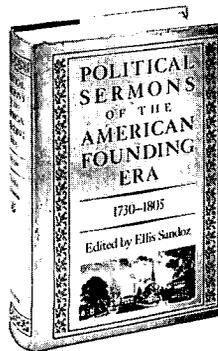
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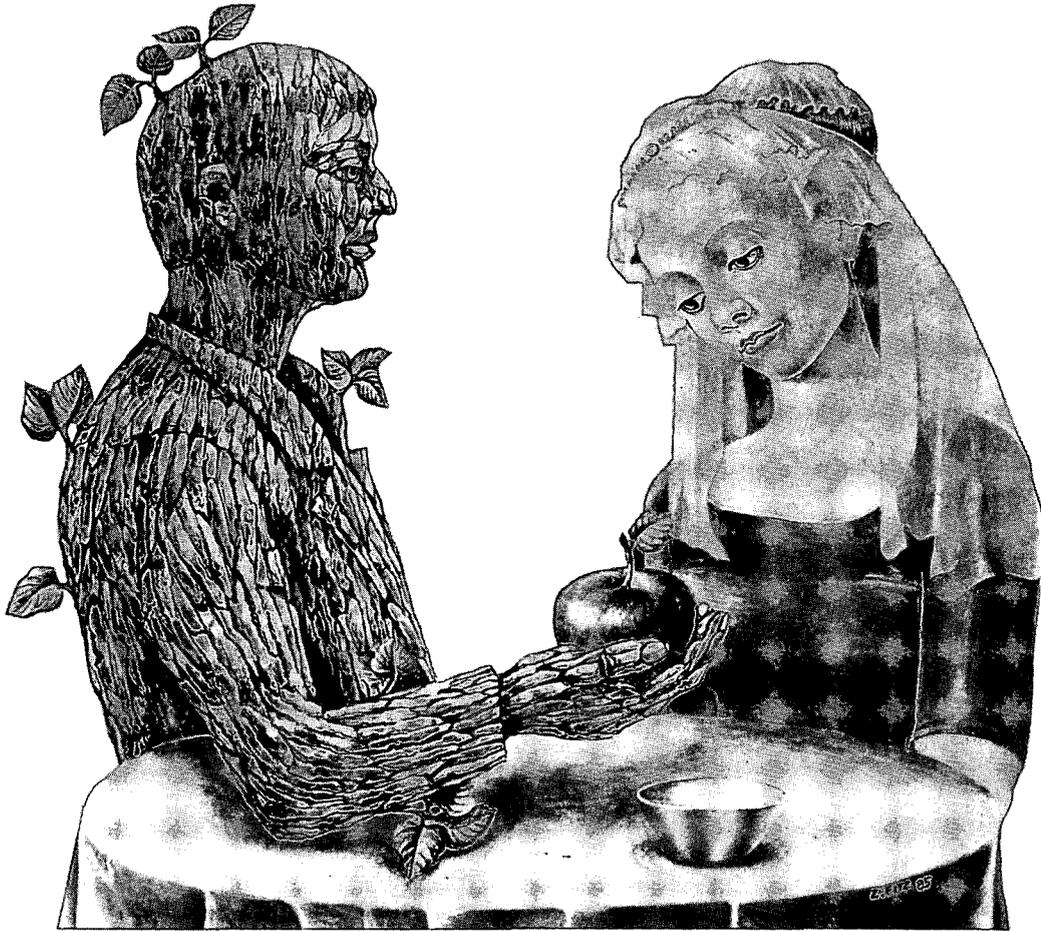
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OUR CONGRATULATIONS go out to Patrick Buchanan, who was honored with the American Values Award last November 28 at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. The award is given annually by the U.S. Industrial Council Educational Foundation to "distinguished defenders of the traditional values who have their roots in the moral foundations of our country and our civilization."

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The New Fusionism

by Thomas Fleming

“In the government of Virginia,” said John Randolph in 1830, “we can’t take a step without breaking our shins over some Federal obstacle.” Randolph’s metaphor was a minor exaggeration 160 years ago; today, it would be a gross understatement, because today that federal obstacle has been erected so high, so deep, so strong, that we can scarcely take a step of any kind. This same federal government stipulates how we shall rear our children, how we may conduct our business, whom we may choose or refuse as our companions. The whole of our private and social lives are hemmed in by various decrees, restrictions, and codes—and not just by the national government. State and local jurisdictions, with what little dribbles of power they have left, are just as eager to invade our homes, to tell us what we can smoke, drink, and say.

Randolph himself made a similar complaint in the matter of a billiard table that some members of Congress thought an evil. “In Virginia,” he said, “we are and I trust shall ever be alive to States rights. But have the people no rights as against the Assembly? All oppression commences under specious pretexts. I have wondered that no rural, or rather rustic, Hampden has been found to withstand the petty tyranny which has as good a right to take away his wife’s looking-glass or frying pan as his billiard table. By what authority is this thing done? Under color of law, I know, but a law in the teeth of all principles of free government.”

Randolph was a lover of liberty, an Old Republican who cherished minimal government and distrusted all forms of tyranny including that tyranny of a majority manipulated by

a minority that we call democracy. He was almost entirely without cant. Freeing his own slaves, he nonetheless ridiculed the political doctrine of equality as subversive of all liberty. “Sir,” he once observed, “I am an aristocrat: I love liberty. I hate equality.” This aristocrat was also a radical Jeffersonian who opposed every move to increase the size and scope of government, while at the same time resisting attempts to take away voting rights from smaller free-holders in Virginia.

Randolph once occupied an honorable place in the pantheon of American conservatism. He and the other Old Republicans had so profoundly influenced the course of Southern political thought that Henry Adams selected him—in addition to Captain John Smith and Thomas Jefferson—as one of the pernicious Virginians who needed debunking. Russell Kirk’s M.A. thesis, *Randolph of Roanoke*, helped to launch Dr. Kirk’s career as the most authentic voice of traditionalist American conservative thought, and this book—imbued with the sentiments of Burke and the traditions of prescriptive right—has been kept in print by the Liberty Fund, an organization whose very name declares its sympathies.

Randolph and Calhoun were once studied by conservatives who also respected Herbert Spencer and Lysander Spooner, Henry Adams and Irving Babbitt, Friedrich Hayek and Ludwig von Mises. It is instructive, occasionally, to spend a morning reading early issues of the *New Individualist Review*. There you will find Milton Friedman almost cheek by jowl with Richard Weaver, a frey interchange