

revealing, perhaps in a typical moment of unguarded vainglory and exuberance, the cloven hoof, the face of pure evil, the unholy mission of himself and his Lady Macbeth. *We* know the truly diabolic nature of the Kingdom that the Clintons are trying to put over on an unsuspecting America.

And still the liberal media wonder: *Why* do so many people hate this charming and wonderful couple and with such intensity? ■

Dead Wrong

by M.N.R.

This summer, a book by a young conservative journalist made something of a splash by criticizing the conservative movement for abandoning its principles and ceding the field to Big Government. The book, *Dead Right*, by Canadian-born David Frum, was excerpted in the neocon *Commentary* and *National Review*, and granted blurbs by his former employer, neocon Robert Bartley of the *Wall St. Journal*, by neocon education critic Dinesh D'Souza, and by the Official Con Pope himself, Bill Buckley, who goes all-out by calling *Dead Right* "the most refreshing ideological experience in a generation." Wow!

One interesting question is why other recent critiques of modern Big Government conservatism, by paleos Paul

Gottfried, Samuel Francis, and Justin Raimondo, received in contrast only a systemic blackout in the Official Con/neocon press. Perhaps the answer is that where it counts, David Frum is and always has been the Official Con/neocon version of Politically Correct: that is, he participated in the anti-anti-Semitic smearing of Pat Buchanan when he ran for President. I guess some matters are more important than conservative or libertarian principle.

While the Official Con/neocon axis has been friendly to *Dead Right*, it has not actually embraced the book. After all, Frum criticizes their icons; Jack Kemp is shown to be a Big Government man (in which the reader will find uncredited echoes of paleo Jeff Tucker's noteworthy demolition of the Buffalo football star), and even the sainted Ronald Reagan is correctly shown as cementing Big Government in place rather than effecting some sort of "revolution" against it. Interestingly, *Dead Right* has been sternly though amicably criticized *from the Left* in *National Review* circles. In *NR* itself, Straussian neo-con phi-

losopher Hadley Arkes considers *Dead Right* too principled, and, similarly, former *NR* publisher Bill Rusher admonishes Frum that "Big Government is here to stay." Well, whoopee!

When Frum writes his chapter on the paleos, "The Nationalists," however, he runs up against a problem. His entire *shtick* is that various groups of conservatives are not principled enough in dedication to libertarianism

or small government. [David Frum's own orientation is somewhere in the fetid zone where right-neocon meets left-libertarian.] And yet when he comes to the paleos, it surely must have entered his cranium that all the paleos are a lot more principled and more libertarian than *he* is. Moreover, whereas he is respectful toward the Official/neocons, his snarling hatred of the paleos, be they highly principled or not, shines through his treatment. So what to do?

The tactic Frum adopts against the paleos should be all too evident to any discerning reader. Any attempt at rational argumentation is dropped. Instead, turning nasty, Frum adopts two vet-

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eran left-wing ploys when muckraking the Right. One is quoting from the Enemy, and saying breathlessly, in effect, "look at what *he* says!", without bothering to refute it. The trouble is that this tactic will not be persuasive to Frum's conservative readership, most of whom (at least outside New York and the Beltway) will agree with the dread quotes in question. The second tactic is personal insult, which will certainly not persuade any decent or intelligent reader. And third, of course, is a mixture of the first two.

Some examples: a quote from Tom Fleming is dismissed as "demented," and one from me (from my speech to the John Randolph Club published in *RRR*) as "heading off to the booby hatch." So much for *that!* Sam Francis is a "huge man with a bright red face, who puffs cigarettes below anachronistic black hornrims." The bulk of Frum's venom is reserved for *Chronicles* editor Tom Fleming: who is "a strange man: a bearded left-over from the 1960s, an unsuccessful poet, briefly a teacher of classics at a small South Carolina college, who drifted into journalism and found himself at Rockford."

Consider this strange, nay bizarre, passage. First, put this in the context of the fact that only paleos are on the receiving end of Frum's little reportorial vignettes: for example, nowhere does he state that Bill Bennett is "thuggish looking," or that Kemp "is

muscle-bound with a squeaky, high-pitched voice."

Next, for a textual critique, why is Fleming attacked for being mobile; surely, Frum, as a partisan of immigration, and as an immigrant himself, should value geographical mobility in America. Secondly, what exactly are Frum's credentials for judging poetry? Methinks they are about as shaky as his bonafides as a psychiatrist. "Drifted?" "found himself?" What exactly does this mean? The implication is that hobo drifter Fleming jumped off the train or the truck one day, "found himself" in the fair city of Rockford, and decided to settle down. I haven't talked to Tom about this aspect of his bio, but I'm reasonably certain that this is *not* what happened. An important omission of course, is that Tom has a Ph.D. in classics from the prestigious University of North Carolina, and that if Frum should ever magically acquire a small fraction of Fleming's brilliance and erudition, he would consider himself a very lucky man.

Perhaps the oddest phrase from this odious passage on Fleming is Frum's sneering reference to "a bearded left-over from the 1960s." Maybe the rubes in Canada automatically consider anyone with a beard a hippie-Commie, but *Americans*, Mr. Frum, are a bit more sophisticated. One would think that his years in the U.S. would have rubbed off, but maybe

they can take the boy out of Canada but not Canada out of the boy. Or perhaps the New York and Beltway sharks that Frum hangs around with feel the same way. In any case, Frum deserves to be shipped back to his homeland forthwith, preferably to do penance for a decade among the Inuit somewhere on the frozen tundra.

Finally, the old adage about "people in glass houses" applies in this case, and in spades. If the author is going to insult people viciously about their looks, the publisher made a most unwise decision in the picture of Frum that he put on the flap. For Frum looks out at the reader with a particularly ugly smirk on his face. It is the sort of smirk which, apart from the contents of the book, would bring the average reader to reach for his machete. ■

The Campaign To Save Our Sovereignty

by Justin Raimondo

Juanita Chavez, daughter of Cesar Chavez, stood on a street corner in the Mission District of San Francisco, handing out leaflets. The leaflets denounced Proposition 187, California's Save Our State (SOS) initiative that would deny welfare benefits and free public education to illegal immigrants. But there