

Menem, he would have found a way to deal with whatever trouble she might have caused as First Lady. On June 12, Mr. Menem had his wife expelled from the Olivos presidential residence in

Buenos Aires. Finally, on June 6, the Institute of Medicine told pregnant women to forget about all those vitamins and to gain more weight, and on that very day Houston police chief

Elizabeth Watson officially became the nation's first pregnant police chief. None of this, unfortunately, was of any help in resolving a question which even Freud dared not ask, but which was

posed with astounding regularity by the late Rex Harrison, who died on June 2: "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" Dear readers, please advise.
—WP

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

A Sober View

One might get the impression from Elizabeth Kristol's "Declarations of Codependence" (*TAS*, June 1990) that Alcoholics Anonymous is as flaky as any program using Twelve Step "therapy," and this would be unfortunate. As an ex-drunk who has enjoyed . . . yes, enjoyed . . . over thirty-two years of sobriety, I can state without a shred of a doubt that I would have long ago been dead were it not for AA. What's more I know a lot more who would be just as dead were it not for the program. AA, that is.

Since the twelve steps started being applied in other areas, some of which Kristol described, I have been concerned that Alcoholics Anonymous might be in some way adversely affected. My fears seem to be justified by this article.

—Name withheld by request

I couldn't possibly agree more with Miss Kristol's central theme that we have become a nation worshipping addictions, with virtually every reasonably well-educated man and woman in the country becoming all-too-familiar with the ubiquitous buzzwords of the day: co-dependent, enabler, adult children, etc., ad nauseam.

However, the bath water can eject the baby before we relegate it to the sewer. Alcoholics Anonymous is a very common-sensical, spiritually based program which has been the lifeblood for millions of alcoholics who almost certainly would have died without it! Although Miss Kristol didn't directly cast aspersions on the program, her slightly derogatory tone is out of place. . . . It's been my experience that when the subject of alcoholism comes up in intelligent conversation, most people mention at least two close friends or relatives who are alcoholic. And though the solutions aren't nearly the common knowledge I wish they were, anyone familiar with alcoholism knows that AA *empirically* is the only known solution. No psychiatrist, psychologist, medical doctor, counselor, or therapist has ever succeeded in keeping someone sober over an extended period of time. Surely *TAS* readers can understand that just because some flakes and greedy pop-psychologists have perverted the original intent, the life-

saving message of the initial program shouldn't be shunted aside with a shrug.

—Gary A. Hofmeister
Indianapolis, Indiana

Thank you, Elizabeth Kristol and *The American Spectator*, from the bottom of my heart. Can you believe that, until I read the June 1990 *TAS*, I had never heard of "codependency"?

But thanks to you, now, even as I write, I can feel the healing begin! A 32-year-old law student is an "adult child" if ever there was one. And how obvious it is, now that I am addicted to hour upon hour of legal research and daily grillings by my instructors.

It certainly is soothing to know that my "hole in the soul" will be filled just as soon as I start doing only the things I feel like doing. As a matter of fact, I'm going to start by blowing off the rest of my studying for tomorrow's Corporations Law exam. I just hope that the Higher Power known as Professor Dunlop understands. —M. C. Davis
Chicago, Illinois

Elizabeth Kristol replies:

I am glad for the opportunity to clarify what I obviously glossed over in my article: while I clearly intended to ridicule many of the excesses of the Twelve Step movement, I did not mean to cast aspersions on AA, a program designed with great care to meet the needs of a highly specific group of individuals struggling to overcome problems that are serious and disabling. I am aware there are those who would rejoin that *any* problems that contribute to personal unhappiness are the stuff of Twelve Step programs, but I hope my article showed that the casual designation of illness and the indiscriminate seeking of treatment breeds its own set of problems.

As for Mr. Hofmeister's fear that the baby will be ejected from the bath water: I'm just glad I don't have to bathe in Indiana. Sounds pretty scary.

Hail to the Chief

Does Joe Mysak's masthead title of "Chief Saloon Correspondent" mean he hangs out in saloons to gather information? If so, he apparently is careful not to imbibe anything which dulls his senses. His report on the Drexel affair ("Putting Junk to Rest," *TAS*,

May 1990) is concisely and superbly written . . . and contains valuable lessons for those in danger of becoming disoriented by unrestrained desires for power or wealth, or both.

—Donald G. Mashburn
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Another Mysak article! Come on! If junk bonds are risky, then probably some investors will lose money. A high yield is the market's way of saying that sharp investors have decided a bond is risky. If you don't like risk, invest elsewhere. If you ignore the market's risk assessment, I'm sorry, but you were warned. And if the government is dumb enough to insure against loss, it deserves to lose.

Those who would presume to protect us just love this stuff. The liberal concludes: those poor investors, that terrible Milken, we should do something about this. Laws get passed preventing speculative abuses. Washington staffs get larger. Those who would presume become those who must be obeyed.

But take this one step further. Who benefits from the restrictions on investments? The last fifty years demonstrate that corporate managers have benefited. Protected by stock ownership restrictions enacted during the 1930s, they now have little to fear from boards of directors. This was not true in earlier periods. Managers who ignored stockholders' interests were quickly disciplined. The absence of this discipline reduces operating efficiency. This explains why average returns to stockholders from LBOs are fifty percent—restructuring restores the discipline formerly provided by the directors.

The junk bonds which concern Mr. Mysak enable these LBOs. They are a means to regain control over managements. Restrictions on junk bonds will protect corporate managers from stockholder demands for efficiency. How many of your readers care to embrace New Deal protectionism? Not this one!

—James T. Moser
East Lansing, Michigan

Moon and Mr. G.

I found that Tom Bethell's article "Moon Over Moscow" (*TAS*, June 1990), captured the experience of the World Media Conference very well, but

I have one problem with it. The picture of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, largely through the eyes of Arnold Beichman and Joachim Maitre, as having been co-opted by Gorbachev's glasnost policies, begs for a response. Maitre's question—"Is this [conference] turning into one more peace front?"—is certainly legitimate. But, as a Unificationist myself, I cannot abide by the implication that Rev. Moon has been duped or that he is pouring big bucks into the Soviet Union merely so he can deliver a "kick in the teeth" to Kim Il Sung. Although Bethell admits that "maybe Rev. Moon won this round after all," I believe the Reverend's activities in Moscow deserve a fuller explanation.

For example, I interpreted Rev. Moon's speech in Moscow before a cultural audience which included Raisa Gorbachev far differently than Maitre, who, Bethell reports, walked out upon hearing that Rev. Moon supported perestroika and was praying for the Soviet people. Rev. Moon has consistently taught that it is Marxism-Leninism itself—not the Soviet people or even their leaders, if they recognize their mistakes and make appropriate changes—that should be considered the real enemy. In the same speech, Rev. Moon also let the audience in on part of the content of his private meeting with Gorbachev. "I told your husband," he said to Raisa, "that the problems of the Soviet Union can only be solved with God and with prayer . . . [and that] materialist worldviews will only lead to self-destruction." Such public statements in front of Mrs. G. and other members of the nomenklatura do not come from a man who has set aside his anti-Communist principles in order to play it cozy with the Kremlin. For me, they represented a confirmation of Rev. Moon's prophetic role—to proclaim God's message to the rulers of history's most powerful atheistic empire.

I recently saw a videotape of a documentary which was produced by Novosti on the World Media Conference and televised nationally in the USSR. Asked about his opinion of Soviet reforms, Rev. Moon shakes his finger at the interviewer and states, "You must put away the posters which adorn your

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EDITORIALS



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

To those of us steeped in the study of the great game of politics, the editors of the *New York Times* owe Dr. Pierre A. Rinfret abundant apologies. Admittedly, until the sorely pressed Republican party of New York summoned him from nowhere to rid New York politics of the ambitious and expensive Governor Mario Cuomo, this Dr. Rinfret was not known to me, and I can find no *Who's Who* entry on him anywhere. One need not know the details of this great man's life, however, to know that it is profoundly wrong for the *Times* to allege that Dr. Rinfret is a phony for having exaggerated his educational, professional, and political record.

For that matter what is so wrong with being a phony in politics? According to my calculations, most of our politicians are phonies, as are many of our public figures. Sham is the route to greatness in this era of public relations genius. Ask Donald Trump.

In two pitiless and misleading reports the *Times* disparages Dr. Rinfret for claiming to have advised four Presidents and to have been invited to serve in the Cabinet, though Dr. Rinfret provides little evidence to support his claims. Well, who needs evidence? Or what is evidence? Do any of the multitudes of politicians who boast of their formidable virtues ever provide evidence? Where is the evidence that Senator Edward Kennedy knows anything about the compassion that he speaks so incessantly about? Is he particularly kind to household pets? Does he work in soup kitchens in the off hours? What politician does?

The *Times* also snickers at Dr. Rinfret's use of the title Dr. when there is no evidence that he is one. Well, it is not as though he is claiming to be a medical doctor and thus practicing without a license. He is claiming to be an "economist" and that could mean anything. Economics is not a science; it is more like a religion. Moreover, these titles are

increasingly meaningless. Today's Ph.D. is comparable to yesterday's M.A. The members of both houses of Congress insist on being addressed as "the Honorable," though many are hardly honorable. Then too there are those dubious fellows in storefronts and on soapboxes who insist on being addressed as "the Rev.," though they have no real church or congregation or contact with a religious denomination. Has anyone ever questioned the propriety of so secular a fellow as Jesse Jackson insisting on the title "Rev."? Let me be the first.

The Rev. Jackson is not a practicing cleric but rather a politician and a very adept one. If the *Times's* exposé of Dr. Rinfret's many shaky claims is accurate, it seems to me Dr. Rinfret, too, could become a very adept politician. Paul W. McCracken, formerly chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, when asked about Dr. Rinfret's professional qualifications, says: Rinfret "is very colorful, but he is a little more sound and fury than substance." If this



be true, Dr. Rinfret may be a man of destiny.

Embellishment is a prerequisite to political achievement in America. Back in 1976 a rising messiah claimed repeatedly to be a nuclear physicist, though *à la* Dr. Rinfret he did so without benefit of a degree. Later, when he was President and the world was still agog at his mastery of events, Jimmy Carter visited the Pentagon, where he told an audience that he had voluntarily "served in two wars." Actually Jimmy Carter in the last days of World War II was a student at the Naval Academy and during the Korean War he was stationed on the East Coast half a world away from battle. Other great names in political history have mis-

represented their military records, for instance Gary Hart. And others have misrepresented their scholastic records, for instance Senator Biden, a proven plagiarist.

But most frequently the American politician embellishes his moral record. Think of Washington's Mayor Barry lecturing us all by day and whooping it up by night. Think of Congressman Barney Frank, whose home was a bawdy house. Think of Senators Kennedy, Biden, and Howard Metzenbaum assaying the moral qualities of Judge Robert Bork and rejecting him as beneath their high standards. No, the only problem I see with Dr. Rinfret's record is that he got caught before he got elected. □

THE ANGRY 150

And so President Mikhail Gorbachev has returned to his home base, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, without defecting. Frankly, given conditions back home, I thought that during his meetings with President George Bush he might have sought asylum. With his many successful public appearances over the past few days still shining in my mind, particularly his visits near Palo Alto, California, I believe that he would make an excellent president of Stanford University. He is apparently more broad-minded than the faculty of that repressive institution. Possibly he and his spirited wife, Dr. Raisa Gorbachev, could dissuade the Stanford faculty from viewing the great books of the West through the eyes of racists and radical feminists. After all, these books created the West's unsurpassed regard for individual freedom, prosperity, and human rights.

Yes, by all means let us have the Gorbachevs here, spreading their pioneering message of tolerance, respect for the individual, and devotion to economic growth. In exchange there are 150 graduating seniors at Wellesley College outside Boston who would make excellent candidates for employ-

ment in the police apparatus of the Soviet government, especially if it returns to coercion, as it might. These are the young ladies who recently opposed Mrs. George Bush's commencement address there after she had been duly invited. Not that these 150 angry women would make very good Communists. They are incapable of the orderly thought required of the good Marxist. Yet they are superb bullies; and when they do think, they think narrowly enough to be part-time Communists, which is about the only type of Communist left.

Mrs. Bush has just been put through one of those humiliations that are now regularly imposed upon legitimate representatives of the American people by the indignatos of a brand of New Age Liberalism that has repeatedly failed to convert the American majority and now smolders in those elitist redoubts such as universities insulated from democracy's impositions of tolerance and diversity. Did the Angry 150 notice when Mrs. Bush finally spoke that in wit, intellect, sagacity, and style, she far surpassed them or any of the other New Age indignatos who have fueled their anger and equipped their tiny arsenal of ideas? Did they notice that

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