

grotesque. The collection makes the Addams Family seem like attractive Ken and Barbie Americans.

Think about it: there is Old Prune-Face Warren Christopher; there is the little wispy

t e e n - a g e r Stephanopoulos; little Bernie Nussbaum, who looks like one of Satan's lesser assistants; Dr. Joycelyn Elders with the phony Brit accent; and twisty-faced Mickey Kantor, who might qualify as the ugliest Presidential appointee of all time. But the toperoo in the Clintonian stable of deformity is the

Gruesome Four, who I offer for the reader's horrified contemplation: the three hideous midgets—Robert Reich, Donna Shalala, and Ruth Bader Ginsberg, the latter resembling and talking like nothing so much as a rather small beetle; flanking the six-foot-six Super-Ugly butch geekess, Janet Reno. Ponder those four, looking like genetic mutants of each other. Ugly, ugly!

Now I'm really not asking for much. I'm not asking for pretty, or handsome, in our political leaders. I'm not asking for Ken and Barbie, although they would be like

manna from heaven after this diet of Clintonian monstrosities. Just, well, *normal*. Our leaders shouldn't "look like America," whatever that is supposed to mean, they should like leaders, like suc-

cessful people in their walks of life. In the looks department, I think back with fondness to the Eisenhower Administration.

I wasn't happy about that Administration, but I must say this for them: they looked like leaders are *supposed* to look: successful, middle-aged, golf-playing businessmen. And Ike's Secretary of Treas-

ury George Humphrey, not only looked great, he was probably the last good Treasury Secretary: a free-market, budget-cutting type. Yes, yes, I know that looks are less important than the content of policies. But we shouldn't underrate the aesthetic dimension of our leaders either, especially now that television is inflicting their presence upon all of us, as uninvited guests in our homes. These Clintonian monstrosities are imposing upon all of us what economists call "negative externalities"; their very presence is gravely lowering our "qual-

ity of life."

In short, the Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

Impeach Ugly! ■

## The Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

## Will Super-Gergen Save the Day?

by M.N.R.

Last May, when the Clinton Administration was reeling from a series of self-inflicted hammer blows: Travelgate, Hairgate, and other accumulations of trivia, David Gergen, imagemeister *extraordinaire*, was brought in by the Rockefeller World Empire to save the day. And Gergen quickly succeeded. The old maestro, Rockefeller Trilat and "Republican" opportunist who slides back and forth continually between the White House and "independent" news media, brought professionalism to image-making amidst a group of chaotic and bumbling amateurs.

But Gergen is at last beyond his depth. There is turmoil beyond slickness and image. The Clinton Administration is now in *real* trouble, with Whitewatergate, Fostergate, and the "independent" counsel and, as the Clintonian leftists and cronies try desperately to scramble for seats in the bunker, Gergen is clearly on the way out. Surfacing at last in the White House chaos of early March,

Gergen's smooth exterior has clearly vanished: interviewed on TV, the old maestro is visibly nervous, muttering rapidly, sweating, his eyes darting, looking for the exit. When the Clintons threw Hillary's beloved mentor Bernie Nussbaum overboard to try to save the sinking lifeboat, in came...Super Gergen!

Since the death of "Mr. Establishment" John J. McCloy, Super Gergen, Lloyd Cutler, has perhaps the best claim to that august title, at least for the Establishment's Left-liberal Rockefeller types. Cutler has both impeccable New Deal and Democratic credentials, as well as being a long time Washington corporate lawyer. In this time of Clintonian troubles, Cutler oozes avuncular calm.

But to those who worry that Cutler might indeed pull a Super Gergen and save the Clintonian bacon, I wouldn't worry about it. Let's not forget that Jimmy Carter, beleaguered and reeling from public disapproval in mid-1979, kicked out Georgia crony Robert Lipshutz as his general counsel and replaced him with the Beloved Cutler in order to save *his* presidency. And despite his avuncular charm and universal acclaim, Cutler succeeded then about as well as he will succeed now.

Besides, why shouldn't Cutler be calm? *He* isn't implicated in Whitewatergate or Fostergate, and, now that the independent counsel and Congressional inquiries are at work or coming soon,

Cutler can calmly tell everyone to "fess" up and come clean. Hell, *he's* got nothing to lose. And in 130 days, he knows he's out of there. Let's hope that Clinton exits the White House even faster than Carter did, after receiving the soft-soap Cutler treatment.

Does Cutler deserve universal hosannahs? Hah! One of the best because non-starry eyed assessments of Cutler came in a book by leftist Naderite lawyer Mark Green, now "Public Defender" in the New York City government. (See Mark Green, *The Other Government*, New York, Norton, 1978, pp. 45-64.) Green has two interesting quotes that sum up all one needs to know about Lloyd Cutler. Joe Laitin, a close associate of Cutler's who was an official in Carter's Office of Management and Budget: "Cutler is a strange man. On the one hand he's a corporate devil and on the other hand he's a nineteen-thirties' liberal." Not so strange, for this combination virtually defines Establishment left-liberalism. After all, what else is the famous Rose Law Firm? More *a propos* is the comment of Ben Gordon, who was staff assistant on the Senate Small Business Committee: "when I see Lloyd Cutler representing anybody, I know that it is not in the public interest."

But don't cry for Lloyd Cutler. Whatever happens to this putrid Administration, Lloyd Cutler will survive intact. Still Universally Beloved, and out of jail. ■

## Nativism, Nationalism, and the Neocons

by Justin Raimondo

There I was, innocently sipping my white wine, and total strangers were coming up to me *demanding* to know my position on Nafta.

It was the West Coast *National Review* Summit, held in San Diego last summer, where I had occasion to attend an opening night party held for the speakers. Here, gathered together in one place, was a representative sample of the conservative Establishment. Such neocon heavies as Jack Kemp, Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, and Bill Bennett were holding court, and the room was buzzing.

The talk was almost exclusively centered on two subjects: Nafta and immigration. Naturally, the consensus on both was favorable. But there was a frantic quality to all this agreement and mutual reinforcement, an uneasiness as if the partygoers knew that their enthusiasms were far removed from those of ordinary Americans, or even ordinary conservatives. There was also an undercurrent of anger, directed at those heretics of the Right who dared oppose the party line: Pat Buchanan, the Ludwig von Mises Institute, and a study of the treaty co-authored by two analysts at the Competitive Enterprise Institute, came