

EDITORIAL



WAR GAMES

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As I write, thousands of visitors to the Olympic Games in Moscow—journalists, athletes, and ardent sports fans—are hunkering about, dodging two hundred thousand Soviet security agents. Over this joyous sports festival the American flag does not fly, a deficiency for which Jimmy Carter is in very hot water with Lord Killanin, preeminent potentate of the Comité International Olympique (IOC). Briefly put, his Lordship finds our great President ill-informed on "sporting matters."

In a fuller explication of his complaint this illustrious international sportsman lamented that, when the Carter administration decided to boycott, "They did not understand how sport is organized in the world. They did not understand how national Olympic committees work. They did not understand the workings of the International Olympic Committee. They did not understand the workings of the international federations and national federations." It is an awesome array of charges.

How could our President be so ignorant of the ritual and science of Lord Killanin's IOC? Mr. Carter himself was once district governor of the Lions International (1968-1969), and he hails from an area abundant with Elks, Moose, Rotarians, and societies of less favored repute. What did he think the IOC was anyway?

During the Games' opening ceremonies, as dutiful members of the KGB were smashing cameras and kicking groins, I repaired to my archives, there to steep myself in the lore of the IOC. There was much to learn, and I certainly wish Ham and Jody had called me before upsetting Lord Killanin. I would have referred them to several learned tomes essential for understanding Lord Killanin's

arcane world, namely: *The Approved History of the Olympic Games* by William Henry and Patricia Henry Yeomans, *Olympic Cavalcade* by F.A.M. Webster, and *Positive Thinkers* by Donald Meyer.

The IOC is no dilettantes' clique. Oh no! It is an idea, a dream, a movement, a gathering of men wearing blazers who come from all over the world to further certain numinous principles, and, admittedly, to have a few drinks. The founder of the

modern games, Baron Pierre de Coubertin (1863-1937), was a scholar and educator who believed that much of the Greeks' Golden Age was owing to their emphasis on sport and sports festivals. As he entered the twentieth century the Baron hoped that by reviving the Olympics the twentieth century would be more peaceful and civilized than the century he was then exiting. I leave it to Lord Killanin and to the exalted of the IOC to judge the Olympic movement's success in this area.

Since the first games in 1896, the

IOC has grown heavy with honors and responsibilities. Its headquarters are in Lausanne, Switzerland, and its members are elected for life after the most vigorous scrutiny. Once elevated to the Comité their first loyalty must be to it, not to nationality, an arrangement somewhat similar to that of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

In the course of carrying out its high purposes, the IOC awards cups and diplomas to local Olympic federations, and it holds the Olympic games. The games are circumscribed by the most grandiose ceremony. No meeting of Shriners or Knights of Pythias can match them.

There is the greeting of the host country's chief of state by the IOC President. There is the entry parade, the official uniforms, the trumpet fanfare, the raising of the Olympic flag, the release of the Olympic pigeons, the artillery salute, the arrival of the sacred flame (*a sine qua non!*), the benediction, and the singing of the glorious Olympic hymn—all are punctiliously prescribed in the sacred manual by the boys back in Lausanne. During this swell pageant every IOC member sways and beams.

The games have been held every four years except during World War I and World War II. Why the hell the IOC would allow a world war to interrupt their schedule is incomprehensible. Surely in 1940 and 1944 the late Adolph would have gladly hosted them. His 1936 facilities were still intact. Yet if the IOC did not want to distract der Führer, why not ask Mussolini? We all know how much he liked parades, hymns, and artillery salutes. For that matter, Papa Brezhnev adores parades. My guess is that he would gladly host the Olympics every year, especially if the ceremonial opening march could include



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some tanks and short-range ballistic missiles.

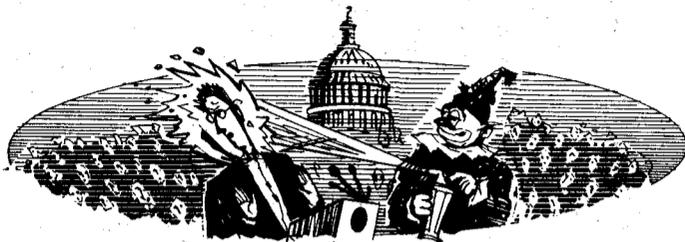
At the end of every Olympiad the IOC President in accordance with the

IOC ritual asks the youth of the world to reassemble in four years. "May they display cheerfulness and concord," he booms, "so that the Olym-

pic torch may be carried with ever greater eagerness, courage, and honor for the good of humanity throughout the ages." After the

games, I hope Lord Killanin will read this glorious statement in every Afghan village, once the poison gas has cleared. □

C A P I T O L I D E A S



SCUTTLED MASSES

The recent influx of refugees from the police state in Cuba has put the topic of immigration back in the news once again. As usual, poor and long-suffering Americans have been subjected to a barrage of ignorant comment from their nominal leaders. The Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, muscular Christian, perennial activist, and president of Notre Dame, was quoted recently as saying: "When you've got 8 million unemployed, I think it's idiotic to take more people in." Hesburgh is chairman of the President's Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, in case you were wondering who asked his opinion.

More distressing is a recent article by Senator Walter Huddleston of Kentucky. This was rather insultingly posted right where the refugees could see it—on the op-ed page of the *Miami Herald*. First the huddled masses survive Castro's police state, then they brave the sea in open boats, only to find, nailed to the golden door, some derogatory observations by the senior Senator from Kentucky.

The "massive exodus" from Cuba demonstrates that "the immigration policy of the United States is out of control," Huddleston begins. Not, mind you, that Fidel Castro is out of control, or that the United States thus demonstrates itself to be an attractive place. But that the *fault* somehow lies with us. One suspects here that Senator Huddleston, not having experienced anything else

(like so many native-born heartlanders), does not fully appreciate the attractiveness of a political system that allows most voluntary transactions between individuals to take place.

Huddleston forges ahead with the

observation that, as a result of our "lack of policy," taxpaying citizens, "through their federal, state, and local governments, will have to shoulder a growing financial burden." How come? Why "have to"? One reads on, curious. "It would be

good if we could invite all the repressed of the world to come to the United States and provide them with a decent standard of living. But it is not possible. . . . Our economy and our political system simply could not stand the strain."



The Senator is thinking paternalistically here. He seems to have in the back of his mind one of those old southern plantations, on which, for all I know, he may have been reared. He seems to think that "we" (the government? the taxpayers? the U.S. Senate?) must provide "them" with a living, as though "they" were unable to help themselves—as though immigrants were mere legless and armless torsos that had to be fed and clothed.

Senators in Washington spend a large and increasing proportion of their time taking money away from some people and distributing it to others. This activity is more likely to seem justifiable to legislators if they believe that the recipients are unable to help themselves. Accordingly, Huddleston and his fellow income-redistributors on Capitol Hill, to assuage their consciences, have long since grown comfortable with the notion that a sizeable portion of the U.S. population is helpless. Naturally, Cuban immigrants are thought of in the same way.

"The HEW inspector general has found that refugees compete for scarce housing in many areas," Huddleston writes. Has it occurred to him, I wonder, that the refugees could help to *build* new houses? The

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington editor.