
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

- October, and the sentimental slobbering continues; the outraged comminations reverberate, now and anon; the puny, hollow, bromides keep transmitting from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.
- There appears no relief from the drear. The President of the United States is a grinning dunce, but no questions are raised regarding the cobwebs in his noodle, no protests are heard about his maudlin oratory, his tortured dialogue. He lumbered through a mid-October Associated Press interview, clumsily shoving forward leaden platitudes wrapped in impenetrable bureaucratess until the civilized reader yearned for a resurrection of the Grand Rapids Hoover. The stock market has dropped nearly 200 points.
- Early in the month the President's coterie of yokels was roused from its reverie on the perfect *filet de catfish* when the polls bespoke an abrupt wilting in Mr. Carter's popularity. Ham and Jody removed their socks from the radiator, thrust their hooves into their clodhoppers, and with shirttails flapping galloped into the Oval Office. The Yankees had done woke up! Congress had mutinied! Even the Washington press corps was no longer hoodwinked by a pack of Snopeses listening to Scheherazade in the White House.
- Off our President did go aridin' through South Bronx to condole with the victims of Wall Street. Then he laced up his own clodhoppers, charged onto the White House lawn, and put on the feed bag with "my closest friends in all the world...[sigh!]...we're part of the same family...[oob!]..."—the "Peanut Brigade," five hundred credulous Georgians who had staffed his campaign and with whom he occasionally visits to illustrate some obscure point in the populist whim-wham. Next he ordered his cabinet to thump for that poor platypus he calls his legislative package, and then he himself went out to scold the oil companies for "the biggest ripoff in history"—a phrase exquisitely expressive of his sense of proportion and of history. It was a philippic that embarrassed even the Gucci Bolsheviks of Georgetown. Then he took wing across this great country, mouthing the sentimental flummeries that he believes got him elected. Finally, our President returned to Washington just in time to see his cargo preference scheme trounced in the Congress.
- And so another month of the Carter Populism slips into history. Thus far Mr. Carter's politics reveal the vagaries of a really cheap mind. He has no ideas and no ideals worthy of scrutiny. His vision is that of a small town boomer dreaming of a paved road for main street. His philosophy is a stew of superstition and banality. He is without dignity. If ever he were to be impeached, my guess is that after a review of his policies and locutions he would be acquitted by reason of inanity. Nonetheless, Mr. Carter is the only president we have, and it is the duty of all Americans to close ranks behind him, or better still, in front of him, and not let the world see what 27.5 percent of the adult population of this country did to us. I am a Carter supporter through and through.
- An admirable zeal for civil liberties continues to sweep the world. The United States, Red China, and the Soviet Union put their disagreements behind them, and joined the more sensi-

...tive civil libertarians of such Third World democratic showcases as Zaire and the Central African Empire in adopting sanctions against South Africa, an intolerably backward regime that in October actually suppressed political dissent. That the United States and the Soviet Union should cooperate on civil liberties ought to surprise no one, for as our President's national security adviser pointed out in an October 18th speech to the Overseas Writers Club, it is only "historical forces, philosophical pressures, geopolitical considerations, divergent political systems, and different values," certainly not "evil men" or "evil designs," that bring about competition. Such discerning discourses have come to characterize our foreign policy spokesmen. On October 21 our chief delegate to the Belgrade Conference, Mr. Arthur Goldberg, rebuffed Soviet criticism of our President's human rights persiflage by summoning up that ancient maxim, "Sticks and stones may break your bones. But names will never hurt you." All Europe was stunned!

- Of course, other countries too have embarrassments. From Delhi comes word that India's austere Prime Minister Morarji Desai is against alcoholic refreshment and in favor of urine. In a historic interview with the London *Spectator* the eighty-two-year-old Mr. Desai revealed: "For the past five or six years I have drunk a glass of my own urine—about five to six ounces—every morning. It is very, very good for you. And it's free...Urine is the Water of Life." Moreover, Mr. Desai uses the foul stuff as an external tonic: "You must massage it from the ankle to the waist and from the head to the waist...I used to give myself a routine urine massage every morning just because it is good, not because I had anything wrong with me..." Mr. Desai also claimed to be an adherent to "naturopathy," and he cures himself of any occasional illnesses by fasting "for two or three days" and taking matutinal enemas. He also practices the discipline of Brahmacharya, an arctic enmity for the libidinous tug. Since 1928 he has not had sexual congress, and yet both he and his wife glow with health. Let subscribers to *Cosmopolitan* meditate on that!
- Terror stabbed through the literary world of New York when retired novelist Norman Mailer repulsed hostess Lally Weymouth's ever-reliable canapés, bounded over two tiers of truffles, and assaulted a hapless Mr. Gore Vidal. The ambush took place at Miss Weymouth's fête for Mr. George Weidenfeld and was witnessed by such truly exceptional people as Lillian Hellman, Ahmet Ertugun, Evangeline Bruce, Max Palevsky, and John Kenneth Galbraith, described by the "Style" section of the *Washington Post* as an "economist." In Houston, Texas, Mr. S.R. ("Bud") Bailey was arrested at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Howard Smeld, after he fell upon Mr. Smeld with the leg of a dismembered rocking chair. The assault apparently occurred when Mr. Smeld, an incorrigible practical joker, informed Mr. Bailey, an ardent conservationist, that the turkey they had just dined on was in truth one of the few whooping cranes ever seen in the Houston area. Mr. Smeld was joshing, but it took 23 stitches to close his wounds. Finally, the false teeth of Mrs. Marjorie

Jackson, the reclusive heiress murdered during the six-million-dollar robbery of her Indianapolis home, fetched \$1,500 at auction.

- A Federal District Court in Newark barred the teaching in public schools of an HEW-funded course in Transcendental Meditation on the grounds that it violated the First Amendment requirement for separation of church and state. Flint, Michigan's eternal flame expired when picnickers roasted hot dogs over it. And the mercurial Mr. Clifford Clouse was arrested for invading a Fort Wayne, Indiana, bank, armed with two shotguns, and threatening officers in an account dispute. His memorable query as he was being borne off to the slammer was "Will this count against the points on my driver's license?"

- Late in the month, strong drink and a berserk folding sofa almost made Mr. Will Weathspoon an angel. After an evening under the professional care of a local bartender, the Phoenix, Arizona, bachelor returned home only to become helplessly entrapped in his sofa, where he remained for five days until an indefatigable bill collector discovered him. It took firemen 20 minutes to free Mr. Weathspoon, who was hospitalized in critical condition with bruises and malnutrition.

- The New York Yankees won the World Series. In Eau Ballie, Florida, Coach Larry Canaday revealed that he inspired his football team by beheading young frogs with his teeth. And Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the devout atheist who saved us from prayer in public schools, is now going to lift from us the infamy of church-sponsored bingo. In a late night attack on a Texas church she nabbed dozens of luridly colored bingo cards and would have made several citizen's arrests but for the fact that her male companion lost heart and retreated ingloriously.

- In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, two desperate gunmen held up the John Neumyer Funeral Home and escaped with three bottles of embalming fluid. In Chicago the robber of the Pekin Cleaners got away with a television set and \$5 but left a fingerprint when he accidentally shot a finger off. And in San Francisco, California, a female bank robber absconded with \$578 after presenting a bank teller with a note reading: "You have thirty seconds before your life isn't worth the paper its printed on." Police investigators are operating on the hypothesis that the culprit is a recent graduate of a University of California creative writing project.

- Two hundred and one years after the launching of this supposedly free democracy someone is finally doing something to extend the blessings of the Constitution to a minority that has for too long suffered discrimination and obloquy: the innocently fat. The ACLU and the Oklahoma Coalition of Citizens with Disabilities are asking HEW to scrutinize Oral Roberts University's policy against fat students to see if it discriminates against the handicapped. "It's discriminating against individuals with minor health problems, disabilities, and imperfections," opined a high potentate of the ACLU—words, mere words, of course, but words that may someday be seen as a milestone for the new American blubberists, a rising generation of fatsoes with PRIDE. —RET

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

5	In Defense of Class	Peregrine Worsthorne	5
7	Remembering Randall Jarrell	Paul Lukacs	7
9	A Question of Faith	William H. Nolte	9
13	Fevers of Rebellion	F.S. Manor	13
16	The Next European War	Edward J. Walsh	16
23	"I Oughta Be In Pictures"	John Nollson	23
25	Christmas Book Recommendations		25

Josiah Lee Auspitz, Daniel Bell, Kenneth E. Boulding, Robert Conquest,
Walter Goodman, Andrew M. Greeley, Walter Laqueur, Seymour Martin Lipset,
Clare Boothe Luce, John Lukacs, Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr., Felix Morley, Nelson W. Polsby,
Roger Rosenblatt, Herbert Stein, Thomas Szasz, Eliseo Vivas, Auberon Waugh, Tom Wolfe

Departments

2	The Continuing Crisis		2
4	Editorial / Andrew Young: The Black Man's Burden	R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.	4
19	The Public Policy / How Polluters Should Pay	Fred D. Baldwin	19
21	The Talkies / <i>Looking for Mr. Goodbar</i> and <i>Julia</i>	David Everitt	21
22	The Bootblack Stand	George Washington Plunkitt	22
24	The Great American Saloon Series / Nick's Big Train Café	Joseph P. Duggan	24
42	Current Wisdom	Assorted Jackasses	42

Book Reviews

30	<i>Agency of Fear</i> , by Edward Jay Epstein	Elliott Abrams	30
32	<i>The American Catholic: A Social Portrait</i> , by Andrew M. Greeley	A. James McAdams	32
33	<i>In the Name of the People</i> , by Adam Ulam	Stephen Sestanovich	33
34	<i>A History of Christianity</i> , by Paul Johnson	Eric Dean	34
36	<i>Wealth and Want</i> , by Stanley Lebergott	Howard Dickman	36
37	<i>Business, Government and the Public</i> , by Murray Weidenbaum	G.T. Bowden	37
38	<i>The Age of Uncertainty</i> , by John Kenneth Galbraith	William R. Allen	38

Publisher: Baron Von Kannon of the Saturday Evening Club; **Vice President:** Ronald E. Burr; **Managing Editor:** Steven C. Munson; **Assistant Managing Editor:** Erich Eichman; **Production Manager:** K.J. Gooderham; **Executive Secretary:** Marian Staum; **Circulation Manager:** William B. Head; **Senior Editors:** Terry Krieger, Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker; **Art**

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Advisor: Elliott Banfield; **Americana Editor:** Joseph P. Duggan; **Associates:** Robert Asahina, Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr., John R. Coyne, Jr., Alan Reynolds; **Contributors:** Aram Bakshian, Jr., A. Lawrence Chickering, Christopher DeMuth, Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, K.E. Grubbs,

Jr., Anthony Harrigan, Neil Howe, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, Leslie Lenkowsky, Robert McTiernan, Judy Mathews, Rev. George Nathan, William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein, J. Whitney Stillman; **Legal Counsel:** Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short; **Cover art** by Warren Linn.

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it The Alternative: An American Spectator; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. The

American Spectator is now published monthly except July and September at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (ten issues) costs \$10, outside the United States \$11. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to The American Spectator, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401; (812) 334-2715.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Microfilm editions of The American Spectator are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

Copyright The American Spectator 1977. Volume 11, Number 2, December 1977.

Andrew Young: The Black Man's Burden

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Though our nation abounds with gifted men there is only one who President Carter believes will be remembered in history as a "great man." This lonely Americano was described by the *New York Times* as cool, intelligent, and articulate; whereupon he duly sired such learned sonorities as: "I believe in neocolonialism when it's moving in the right direction," "Trying to be independent of the rest of the world is to commit suicide," and "Chaos occurs when human rights are not respected"—a useful apothegm if one will but banish from mind Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, and China, the quietest quarter of the earth's surface. Not only is he an American Churchill, but he is a reformer with brains: "So even if we have a Foreign Service that's extremely well trained academically, there hasn't been much sensitivity training." There you are, sensitivity sessions in the State Department! What could more effectively ingratiate our diplomatic corps to the foreign ministries of the world than the squirrely look of Esalen-trained me-freaks?

Whose mellow wisdom is this? The glow is unmistakable: in mind a precocious seven-year-old, in emotions a feature writer for *Ms.* magazine, in beliefs a full professor at Antioch College who has never doubted anything ever published in the *Progressive*—you have just sampled the wisdom of Mr. Andrew Jackson Young, B.S., B.D., our eloquent and enlightened UN Ambassador. He is the greatest moment in American diplomacy, greater even than Woodrow of the Fourteen Points. He is a moral shout heard through an immoral night. He is a nincompoop, and that ritualistic liberals praise him for just those qualities he so picturesquely lacks should give all black men premonitions regarding their retirement plans. This phenomenon of praising a black man for incapacities that would not be tolerated in a white man makes even me apprehensive about the future of racial harmony in the Great Republic; and remember: Health, Education and Welfare has yet to hand down a genealogical judgment on what racial quota I shall be subsumed under. Reflect on his attainments and learn from his words. His eminence tells us much about the dizzy state of racial relations today.

While in his cocoon our present UN Ambassador studied the Christian occult at the famed Hartford Theological Seminary. There was laid the theological foundation that would years later support his magisterial declaration on morality: "Morality for me is thinking clearly through the alternatives, and making a decision that is best for the largest number of people." There

too he studied the Great Books and got a 2,000-volt charge of social consciousness. How the jolt is administered remains concealed amongst the arcana of the liberal theologians. But every socially sensitive cleric must undergo it if he is to be fortified against the murderous conventionalities of middle-class life and allowed to realize his full potential as a pest and scofflaw. For Andrew Young these were the bookish years, and he emerged from them with an unshakeable grasp of liberal Christianity's key tenet, namely: "Christ was a half-wit."

Soon he was awarded a collar from the United Church of Christ, Inc., and thither he advanced into a life of Christian endeavor; he took a position at the headquarters of the National Council of Churches. There he administered to the athletic programs, the media programs, and every other area of spiritual exigency. He moved into civil rights, then politics. He entered Congress in 1972 and four years later was at the command post during the people's revolution that brought the Wonderboy to the White House. For Andy these were times of worldly whirl, yet how *au courant* he remained with modern theological developments can be seen in his rigorously thought out ukase for the heathens at *Playboy*: "My faith is that all men can be saved, but I didn't want Hitler to be saved, and I don't want Idi Amin to be saved." Who has offered a more vivid encapsulation of the modern Christian love ethic?

Gobs of Verbiage

The major intellectual influence on the Rev. Young's life has been Mr. Mohandas K. Gandhi, the Indian luminary whose spinning wheels and communal principles have brought such remarkable progress, vigor, and personal liberty to the vast subcontinent. The Mahatma's canon has long been revered by activist clerics of the Rev. Young's species, but the Rev. Young's infatuation appears to have been particularly intense. In fact, he has revealed that during his Hartford years—years generally associated with a young man's goatish season—this future congressman actually contemplated a life of celibacy. Even his victualizing fell under the Mahatma's influence, and to this day he follows, albeit loosely, the dietary precepts of Adelle Davis, the Hoosier nutritionist now deceased. What other residues remain from his Gandhian immersion are subject to speculation. Formal civil disobedience remains problematic for a UN Ambassador, even one of Mr. Young's audacity,

and his public statements are refreshingly vacant of those pedagogical references that made his predecessor, Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan, so hard to take. Yet Mr. Young is always at pains to remind interviewers of his debt to the Mahatma, and perhaps it is not beyond the borders of our present meditation to recall that during his public life Mr. Gandhi was something more than your average "great soul." He prescribed and administered enemas. In point of fact, rarely did there pass a day when the Mahatma failed to query his comely female attendants as to the comparative merits of their morning bowel movements. Mr. Gandhi, like Mr. Young, was not an assiduous reader, but when he hit upon a tome that impressed him he would quote from it fulsomely. For years his favorite was *Constipation and Our Civilization*, a book whose value time has somehow obscured, but a book often pressed upon incredulous visitors to the Mahatma's Sevagram hermitage. I would like to have been in the library of the Hartford Theological Seminary when the pensive Mr. Young came upon *this* biographical information. Constipation has never been one of Andy's problems.

He is a popinjay of nigh unto constant fluency, and when he speaks it is as though the contents of Webster's Third have gone on a rampage. He is the kind of periphrastic maniac that even an Eisenhower might find inscrutable. His favored medium is the interview. There he is asked all manner of question and with the pluck worthy of a Rotary boomer from Dubuque he has at them. Rarely does he speak in phrases or even sentences; rather he emits enormous gobs of verbiage, all affixed precariously to those puny rays of intellection that, at asylums like the Hartford Theological Seminary, pass for ideas. Absolutely no question is beyond his ken. He assaults them all by summoning up some clever platitude only to lose it in a morass of utterly meaningless elaboration or to have it trampled by his own brutal contradiction. Memorable was the time he explained his charge that Presidents Nixon and Ford were racists: "They were racists not in the aggressive sense but in that they had no understanding of the problems of colored peoples anywhere.... We've got to start talking about racism without putting moral categories on it so we can understand it."

Because he is adept in moral sophistry he is given to depicting in breathcatchingly portentous tones such sheer and unredeemable imbecilities as the following,

(continued on page 39)