

Newsday

Mr. Arthur Lubow, *Newsday's* professor of moral philosophy, makes bold to issue a pronunciamento bound to make him an esteemed figure at every zoo in America:

Animal liberation will cut deeply into our lives. It will transform our dinners: Can we stomach those chickens that wait in their tiny cages for the butcher's hand that ends their miserable servitude? It will destroy some of our pleasures: Is a visit to the zoo so enjoyable once you know the lions pacing their cages would mangle you with understandable relish for depriving them of savannas to run and antelopes to hunt?

Animal liberation shall eventually arrive. The only question is how many more animals must suffer until human contradictions are exposed. Our children or grandchildren will look back at the barbarities tolerated by our civilization with shocked incredulity. Someday our horror movies, our Godzillas and Creatures from the Black Lagoon, will be seen the same way as our Mandingos and Gothic plantation sagas, and we will understand the vogue of movies in which rats or insects overrun the globe. The scariest horrors are grounded in unconscious guilt. Just as southern whites fantasized that wronged blacks would someday avenge themselves with rape and brutality, so we quake at the prospect of an animal kingdom rising to render justice: at monkeys freed from their cages imprisoning their keepers, at castrated cats mutilating their tormentors, at injected rats reversing the direction of the hypodermic. These are just nightmares, but perhaps only in our dreams can we recognize reality. Perhaps only in our unconscious can we honestly face up to our sins.

[October 9, 1977]

New Times

More evidence of the awesome clamor for progress now resounding amongst the logicians of the social justice claque:

The history of liberation struggles is a story of the progressive broadening of the field of concern: rights were granted first to property holders, then to all white men, then to all men, and then to women. It seems only logical that animals be next.

[October 14, 1977]

Rolling Stone

The life of the mind as lived by Jonathan Cott, and gibbered into *Rolling Stone's* tenth anniversary issue, 178 pages of advertising, prodigality, and literary misery:

For me and many others, the San Francisco Bay Area during the Sixties—like Aeschylus' Athens, Shakespeare's London, Apollinaire's Paris or Mayakovsky's Moscow—was a time when people experienced a true dramatization of life. And it was a time when it was axiomatic that *everyone was a genius until proven otherwise*....

I am grateful for having been able to visit the forest, hearing sermons in stones and the songs of beetles. The values of the Sixties—non-grasping, nonauthoritarian, noninvasive—still make sense to me...and ten years or so later, it's nice to come back to memories and the music.

[December 15, 1977]

Rolling Stone

The inimitable Mr. David Felton notifies his ardent readers of yet another learning experience available to all post-Kafka *intellectuals*:

I wanted a bunny suit. I just felt like it. Naturally most of the shops were clean out of bunnies, it being the day before Easter, but finally one guy told me he might have one my size if I rushed right down. Which I did. And he did—a white woolly one with floppy pink ears and a dumb round tail. And I wore it right out of the store, got in the car, drove down Hollywood Boulevard...and this amazing thing happened. People began staring at me, and instead of feeling embarrassed, I felt...I don't know... *strengthened*, more confident, healthier.

[December 1, 1977]

Ms.

Recent philological findings of Ms. Roz Wolbarsht, the Durham Oracle:

Why is it important for women to use "dirty words"? The answer is so simple that maybe I'm just the last one to discover it.

I think a female's use of words abusive to females *defuses* them. *Our* use takes away the power of the words to damage us. They are no longer tools with which to shock and humiliate. And it's fun, after all these years of proper servitude to a restrictive language code, to bounce them all over the walls and hear not only their echoes but the abuse—take the power to hurt from the particular vocabulary list. In fact, f-k it!

Then we can begin to talk again.

Roz Wolbarsht
Durham, N.C.

[August 1977]

Liberation

An intriguing critique of the political left from the intellectual left by Valentine, Nebraska's own Joan Matheson:

When I read something like Kristeva's "Chinese Women: The Mother at the Center" (March/April), I am left with no one but the American Indians to identify with....

It seems incredible to me that an article can be written about Chinese mothers that gets reduced to the phallus, in particular, and to genitalism, in general. The two great exceptions to this European mania are the Hebrews and the Indians, where the main point of matri-focality (and matrilinearity) is that the matri-focal system unfreezes the values of the *other half* of women's sexuality: the non-coital, non-genital mammary sex of females to soften, civilize, and humanize the strictly phallic society....

Freudian psychology is an obsession, deforming the world it presumes to define. *Economics* is a phallic reification that obliterates the claims of society. Churches are idols whose skirted male clergy reify the powers Nature and Nature's God vested in the females of our mammalian species, the female mammals whose mammary functions are *the root of socialization*. (This is biology, not psychiatry; it is concerned with *structure and function*, not "form and content." We are not coke bottles; we are *alive*.)...

The reason the Left cannot obtain what it desires is that it is functioning on the phallic system of thought.

[July/August 1977]

Miscellaneous

A scientific questionnaire, discovered in the women's locker room at Columbia University, proves that modern human-kind's thirst for knowledge remains unsated and insatiable:

SAUNA USERS: PLEASE FILL OUT AND PLACE IN ENVELOPE BELOW

I am a student at Teachers College, and am interested in the ways in which women interact in the sauna, and how they feel about that interaction. I would appreciate your help in this, and would be happy to speak with you personally if you have any further insights, reactions, or questions. Thank you. Jennifer Bryce

Age:

Occupation:

How often do you use the sauna?

On what days and at what times do you usually come?

Why do you use the sauna?

Do you come alone or with a friend?

If you come alone, do you ever initiate conversation with others in the sauna?

If yes, on what subjects?

If no, why not?

As a sauna user, do you prefer that others strike up conversation in the sauna, or do you prefer that it be quiet?

Why?

How do you feel about the close physical contact that occurs when the sauna is crowded?

How do you think nudity affects the interaction of women in the sauna, if at all?

How would you describe the general atmosphere of the sauna when there are two unacquainted people using it?

Three to five women?

Over five?

If you have time, I would appreciate any insights you have as to why women interact in the above ways when in the sauna, and how (ideally) you would like them to interact.

The Progressive

The fabulous *Progressive* raises up an economic exemplar appalling to all but the economic morons who are its loyal subscribers:

China, by emphasizing human labor and massive recycling rather than energy-intensive technology, feeds 800 million people on the same number of acres used for agriculture in the United States.

[April 1977]

The Nation

Miss Lucy Komisar, authoress of *Down and Out in the USA*, reports breathlessly from the sweat-soaked floor of the International Women's Year Conference in Houston about a resolution that promises to unhorse the dismal science and a resolution bringing much-needed aid to women in the calaboose:

A new proposal sought legislation to provide "equal pay for work of equal value," a concept that could prevent employers from paying secretaries less than unskilled male workers earn. The plan also asked aid for the aged, the homemakers and women in prison.

[December 10, 1977]

A Dinner Story

When he checked his calendar last May and noticed that *The American Spectator* was to observe its tenth anniversary in the fall, Baron Von Kannon began preparations for the greatest Saturday Evening Club ever held. Generally, the Saturday Evening Club meets in Bloomington bibulously to dissect each issue of the magazine as it rolls off the press. But this special session was to be held in New York on December 6—and it was to transcend Perle Mesta's wildest fantasies.

Von Kannon first reserved a spacious ballroom at New York's St. Regis Hotel, chose the most gifted and humane bartenders available, and rigorously instructed them in his carefully developed etiquette for serving firewater. He then suborned a host of writers into attending despite their understandable misgivings and the requirement that they wear tuxedos. Finally, the ever resourceful Baron persuaded the CIA to foot the bill with a special cultural grant. (Not since the Medicis has an institution so generously endowed the arts. That the so-called liberals continue to grumble about this largess is just another indication of their profound anti-intellectualism.) By late summer the Baron had set an immense enterprise into motion. Nothing would stop him; yet stopped and undone he almost was.

Upon registering at the St. Regis on the afternoon of the dinner, Tyrrell sniffed alien fragrances. He tested the hotel staff's sense of humor by insisting the odor was marijuana. The joke failed, and as he vainly experimented with variations on this hopeless drollery the staid lobby was penetrated by a mob of firemen and police armed with hoses and axes. There was a fire in the Maisonette Room—the very Maisonette Room in which *The American Spectator's* dinner was to take place that night. Worse yet, the elevators had been shut down and Tyrrell was to be detained in the St. Regis lobby until the fire was extinguished—an intolerable situation. The place abounded with poodles, Hermes luggage, Texas businessmen wearing \$500 double-knit suits, and others who failed to see any humor at all in Tyrrell's remarks. Without thought for his personal safety he scrambled up 26 flights of stairs, charged into his suite, and submerged himself in a hot bath.

In time the telephone rang. It was Bloomington. The Baron had been hospitalized and would not be coming to New York, and the staff was trapped in a blizzard. Tyrrell reacted to this news with characteristic decisiveness: He stirred bath oils into his tub, added more hot water, and submerged himself again. An hour and a half later the phone rang again. The staff had reached the airport, but their plane was grounded by mechanical failures. Back to the tub.

Yet, once begun no CIA project is ever stopped: The alleged fire was merely steam from a recusant water pipe, and the staff commandeered a later flight to arrive just in time for the opening of the bar; the elevators sprang to life, and Von Kannon's guests began to arrive. The celebration was underway.

What a feast! By mid-evening, 180 satisfied diners had devastated the nation's last flock of whooping crane (and they thought the prandial centerpiece was lowly capon!) and had downed a small ocean of *le vin blanc*.

While brandy was poured, and the healthful aroma of cigar smoke filled the air, master of ceremonies William Safire introduced himself as "a great example of tokenism at the *New York Times*." After a moving statement attesting to his admiration for the new administration and for Mr. Tip O'Neill, he presented the evening's musical entertainment featuring Len Garment and the Chuck Wayne Trio. Next, *National Review's* William F. Buckley, Jr., toasted *The American Spectator*, and with characteristic understatement opined: "I believe that there is a greater concentration of beauty, brains, and culture here tonight than ever assembled anywhere in the history of the world." Then *Commentary's* Norman Podhoretz raised his glass and declared: "Ten years is old for a magazine. Rather like an animal, a magazine that survives for ten years can be deemed to be not only mature, but approaching the condition of possible senility. I myself have been carrying on something like a posthumous existence...." *The Public Interest's* Irving Kristol toasted the Baron Von Kannon's achievement. Finally, Robert Nisbet discoursed on *The American Spectator's* genealogy, introduced R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and announced the thrilling news that Tyrrell had just been chosen by the U.S. Jaycees as one of the Ten Most Outstanding Young Men In America for 1978.

All of which led to the editor's speech (please see page 4), a piece of oratory so stentorian in sheer volume that Tyrrell prevented an emotional ovation only by hurriedly summoning to the stage the Saturday Evening Club "Singers" for a rendition of "I Am a One Hundred Percent American," the marching anthem of *The American Spectator*. Cacophony resounded through the room and disharmoniousness shook the chandeliers as members of the assembled multitude, songsheets in hand, joined the choir.

What an evening the Baron had engineered! And too bad for the so-called liberals. We had so much fun we decided to stick with *The American Spectator* for another ten years. →



One-hundred and eighty celebrants of *The American Spectator's* tenth anniversary pause to consider what it all means as Irving Kristol completes his 38th trip to the bar.