

Not many of the anecdotes rise to that level, and a fair number of them are much too far below it. Not only are they culled from well-known sources (the word "anecdote" suggests something unpublished, new, surprising), but they are simply trite and—unforgivable in such a collection—boring. It is hard to imagine why any reader, British or American, would care to plow through a turgid account of how Disraeli lied to the House of Commons about asking Sir Robert Peel for office (it is hardly a revelation to acknowledge that politicians lie); it is merely irritating to read about a legendary, eloquent speech by Richard Brinsley Sheridan that was, alas, never transcribed; and very hard to stoke up interest in the attempted impeachment of an eighteenth-century governor of Bengal, even as told by Fanny Burney.

Now and then the snippets become positively exasperating. There is, for instance, a fine account of the parliamentary quarrel over the French Revolution between Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke, and how it destroyed their friendship. It is a brilliant portrayal of how the greatest political issues and figures can be swayed by something as trivial as an ill-judged exuberance. But the effect is spoiled by the sequel, as told by the son of Burke's friend Therry (I give the whole "anecdote," no. 122):

After the debate concluded, my father accompanied Mr. Burke home. In the carriage, Mr. Burke observed stern and inflexible silence; after their arrival he only replied to questions in harsh and abrupt monosyllables. Gradually a strong fit of passion came over him; he threw up the windows of the apartment, flung open his waistcoat, and in a paroxysm of passion paced up and down the room until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning.

Why is so much space in this anthology given to that species of shaggy-dog stuffing? It points either toward haste—odd for a collection that was commissioned in 1979 and published this year—or it indicates a blindness to tedium and anticlimax that is unexpected in a writer as acute and powerful as Paul Johnson. The presence of so much dross, plus hackneyed tales like that of Sir Walter Raleigh, his cloak and the puddle, is the more annoying because of the good stories it crowded out. Johnson might have included, for example, the exchange between Winston Churchill and Lady Astor, in which she declared that if she were his wife she would poison his coffee; his reply was that if he were her husband he would drink it. Another absent tale, cited in the *London Observer*, recounts how the late Victorian Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone installed a fireproof cabinet in his home, to contain letters marked "burn this." Yet another has Churchill saying to Stalin

that he likes goldfish, whereupon the dictator suggests that the Prime Minister might have some for breakfast.

And so on. But every anthology leaves out some good things. Coming back to the main point, what about the editor's pretensions for his choice as "a valuable source of historical truth"? What sort of historical truth does one look for in a collection like this, spanning centuries and focusing on a relatively narrow stratum of a nation, i.e., its ruling class? There ought to be hints of the virtues in these figures, and so there are. We see wit, generosity, shrewdness, strength, humor, adroitness in the handling of people, and a certain indomitable temper. But much more often we see the establishment as ruthless, cruel, stupid, given to fornication, gluttony, and intemperate boozing, greedy for office, depressingly shaken by pure chance and all the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—and frequently as dull as ditchwater. The brighter facets only serve to emphasize the main thrust of the text, which is reductive, much like Procopius dragging out the nasty underside of Justinian's court.

If this collection was really to do with politics, that would all be fair enough, though a bit cynical. Even if it were confined to politicians, the prevailing cynicism about that profession would justify the approach more or less on a popular level. But, as I have said, the actual subject is neither politics nor just politicians, but the class who filled out the oligarchies which ruled Britain until it began to become a real democracy in this century, and to some extent still do rule the country, though changed in personnel and background. Naturally it is amusing—for a while—to see the mighty caught up in the biological squalor which their weakest parts share with the rest of us. Even this does not necessarily make them into people "like you and me." In the great and the highly placed, lechery, gluttony, even flamboyant slobbishness can represent a special exuberance, an excess of energy which marks out exceptional men and women. Some of the swinishness in this book does have that flavor, showing that Sheridan, for example, can still be witty even when being pulled drunk out of a gutter. But there is so much of it that is ordinary, which betokens that glum contempt for anyone in authority which is so fashionable among certain journalists and so-called intellectuals of the liberal left in America and Britain—very odd company indeed for someone like Paul Johnson.

More important, this is simply not very interesting, because it does not touch on the salient question about those who rule: what is it that *makes* them extraordinary, and places them above the common run of human beings? It is all very well to comfort the groundlings by stressing the gonadal and other weaknesses which their leaders share with everyone else; but the essential truth about real leaders is that they are outstandingly *not* like everyone else.

The anthology form is peculiarly suited to explore such matters, and, judging from Paul Johnson's introduction, he is conscious of this. Where his collection points up this "historical truth" and reveals the qualities in its subjects that make them into rulers, the reading is entertaining, and useful enough to supplement anyone's view of history. My complaint is that too much of the book moves in just the opposite direction. □

## THE UNDYING FLAME

Ellen Garwood/The American Studies Center/\$14.95

Reid Buckley

Any book written by a pen of the female persuasion bearing such a title as this at once brings on flushes of what in Spain is called *alipori*.<sup>1</sup> The writing is sure to be embarrassingly amateurish, effusive, and adoring of its subject: Mariano Moreno, the Argentine patriot who was the driving force behind the successful May 1810 uprising by the province of Buenos Aires against Spain.

Well, this is indeed a hagiographic life of a remarkable patriot, and there are passages—egregiously, there are mannerisms of style, such as Mrs. Garwood's frequent and abrupt shifts from past to present tense, in a clumsy attempt to simulate historical immediacy—that will cause readers to wince: despite which, the book strikes this reader as being a meticulously researched study that evokes the political life of Buenos Aires at the turn of the nineteenth century with a fine eye for the vivid detail, chronicling the convoluted dramatic events of that precarious revolution with verve. It's a good job.

But this is not the point to make about the book. We know so little about our neighbors to the south! Had you heard of Mariano Moreno? I hadn't. Hidalgo, Simon Bolivar, San Martin, but . . . Moreno? He could be described as, rolled into one, the Tom Paine, Patrick Henry, John Randolph, and James Madison of his country. Without him Argentina's bid for independence never would have pros-

<sup>1</sup>The word signifies one's anguish over the fool that someone else is making of himself.

Reid Buckley is a novelist and founder of the Buckley School of Public Speaking in Camden, South Carolina.

pered, yet there is no mention of the man under the general heading of Argentina in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Under "Moreno, Mariano," there are two hundred unilluminating words that briefly allude to the essay in economics for which he became famous. In my *Columbia Encyclopaedia*, a shameful 161 words are meted him. Incredibly, no mention at all is made of *La Representacion de los Hacendados* ("Landowners' Petition"), in which landmark essay Moreno set forth lucid and powerful arguments against the mercantilism that was practiced by Spain to the disadvantage of her American colonies.

The *Representacion* was published in 1809, one year before Moreno joined the junta that was to oust the Spanish Viceroy. He was thirty-one at the time, a lawyer with a reputation for defending the interests of the underdog. Born into a lower middle-class Creole family of pure Spanish descent (his father was a petty bureaucrat), he grew up in a conventional and very Catholic environment. He was himself conservative in all inclinations, religious, social, and political, but he had read Adam Smith, Rousseau (there are good things to be said about Rousseau, which one tends to forget in this age when the influence of his thought has been mostly baleful), Filangieri, Bacon, Locke, and, according to Mrs. Garwood, Montesquieu. He had read and admired Jefferson's writings, and he liked to quote from Fenelon's *Tele-machus*, "to love your family better than yourself, your country better than your family, and humanity best of all."

He lived this romantic creed—never mind our twentieth-century cynicism. Disciplined, intelligent, possessing what Mrs. Garwood would describe as

an "ardent" temperament, he was lucky to capture the attention of Brother Cayetano Rodriguez, a perspicacious Franciscan who helped cultivate in the young scholar generosity of spirit and the notion that he was marked by Destiny. His family wanted Mariano to become a priest, to which end he was enrolled in the University of San Francisco Xavier, far off across the Andes. It was there that he consumed the works of the French Encyclopaedists, most of which were forbidden by the Inquisition, but to which he was given access under the indulgence of Canon Don Mathias Terrazas, a friend of Brother Rodriguez, with whom Moreno put up. He read also Jovellanos and Campomanes, the Spanish liberals; Bossuet; Fleury; and the anti-clerical ex-Jesuit Guillaume Thomas Raynal (*History of the Indies*). Maybe the most important influence on him—I conjecture—was Garcilasso de La Vega's *Royal Commentaries of the Incas*, which is fascinating to this day, and from which Moreno may have conceived his sympathy for their wretched descendants.

History, he became aware, had not begun with the Conquest. He abandoned the idea of entering the priesthood, reading law instead.

By 1805 he was back in Buenos

Aires, a hardworking barrister who dared to challenge church and state on behalf of his clients. Appointed legal adviser to the *Cabildo*, the municipal council, his influence grew. Meanwhile, two British invasions of Buenos Aires, in 1805 and 1806, were repulsed, nourishing in the Creole population a spirit of nationhood. Moreno joined the Club of Seven, a close, semi-subversive group of firebrands whose passion was free trade. With the 1809 publication of *La Representacion de los Hacendados*, he achieved notoriety. "There are some truths so evident that one insults reason with the pretense of demonstrating them," he wrote, demanding an end to economic exploitation. "Yet the freedom of American commerce has not been prohibited as an . . . evil, but has been ordered as a sacrifice by the colonies for the benefit of the mother country," warning, "It was not the excess of riches . . . but rather the excess of oppression which made the English colonies revolt . . ."

Eight months later he was to help form a junta that took over the government of Buenos Aires disingenuously in the name of Ferdinand VII, the Napoleon-deposed King of Spain, but that scarcely bothered to conceal its true intent. "Spain is extinguished," declared Moreno with the succinctness for which he was renowned. Officially

he was just one of two secretaries, but he ran the show. He planned the strategy and organized the military defense of the beleaguered new state. His were the orders that doomed rebels against the junta's authority to the firing squad, including the French-born commander who had been the hero in the resistance to the British. He founded the national library. Through the *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, a bulletin of affairs of state that he also founded—a kind of *Congressional Record*—he ridiculed opponents and promulgated a whole set of civil laws whose compass would have done Lycurgus proud, doing his best at the same time to fend off retrograde schisms within the junta.

By December of 1810, Moreno was burned out. When the junta voted over his objections to admit into its body members from the old *Cabildo*, he resigned, accepting from President Saavedra (a faint heart and an enemy) a trade mission to England, embarking in January of 1811. He fell ill, dying on the high seas in the arms of his worshipful brother Manuel.

The Latin penchant for melodrama makes us Anglos squirm. Manuel Moreno records that Mariano expired with the words, "Even though I die, may my *patria* live!" Well, maybe he did say

that. One recalls with irony the alleged last words attributed half a century later of the half-mad, patriot Paraguayan dictator, Francisco Lopez, who, drawing his sword as the Brazilian lancers ran their steel through him, is supposed to have cried, *Muero con mi patria!*—"I die with my country." Which was some part of the truth, the man's hubris having brought Paraguay almost to extinction in the course of the most brutal and sanguinary conflict the New World has known. The long perspective applied to South American history, when contrasted against the idealism and high hopes that attended Independence, disheartens. It was probably lucky Moreno died when he did. Before his fall he betrayed that nascent pride, inflexibility, intolerance, paranoia, and ruthlessness that curse so many South American heroes and leaders, who as they grow old in power grow worse in vice. Moreno was nevertheless, exceptionally, incorruptible. He did not covet power for its own sake. He did not steal. The freedom from Spain's mercantilism that he sacrificed his health to was soon abandoned as an economic principle. Argentina, like Peru; like Venezuela; like Mexico, went from one species of economic imperialism to several others, corporate, plutocratic, and fascist. Moreno deserves to be remembered for his personal honor and his intellectual sagacity. □



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CORRESPONDENCE  
(continued from page 9)

Just because some tenets of liberalism are not currently popular should not suddenly convert conservatives into populists or democrats. This is the mistake of the New Right, while the neo-conservatives have carried "democratic values" with them from their former careers as liberals. This has opened a Pandora's box that has plagued the execution of both domestic and foreign policies. The point to remember is that since the values embodied in conservatism are worth fighting for under any particular form of government, they must be considered more important

than any particular form of government. No conservative worth his salt could or should depend on the opinion polls or the division of congressional seats to tell him right from wrong, wisdom from folly.

William R. Hawkins  
The South Foundation  
Knoxville, Tennessee

Chester E. Finn, Jr. replies:

Anyone who doesn't start with a deep and abiding affection for and belief in democracy has no standing, in my view, to participate in the conversations about "cultural conservatism"—or about much else!

There is, however, some truth to Mr. Kunkel's letter!

You deserve a factual look at . . .

## Aid to Israel: Does the American taxpayer get his money's worth?

It is quite true that Israel is the largest recipient of U.S. aid. In fiscal 1985, the amount was \$3 billion. Of that, \$1.8 billion was for military aid, and \$1.2 billion was for economic aid. Israel, however, paid \$1.1 billion in 1985 to the U.S., leaving a net balance of \$1.9 billion.

Is that a good deal for the American taxpayer? Do we get our money's worth?

### What are the facts?

- Israel's dominant military and political position in the Middle East protects that entire area, including the oil fields of the Persian Gulf, from the inroads of the Soviet Union. Israel has one of the best armies in the world. It is a most reliable partner in the promotion of Western interests and in the stabilization of the Middle East. Twenty-five to 30% of its budget goes for defense—as against 7% in the U.S. and less than 1% in Japan. Israel's navy and air force are the major deterrent forces in the eastern Mediterranean against Soviet intrusion.
- Israel effectively secures NATO's southeastern flank, without having a single American soldier stationed in its territory. Still, the superb military installations, the air and sea lift capabilities, the advanced medical facilities, the equipment and food storage capacity, and the trained manpower to maintain and repair sophisticated U.S. equipment, are instantly at hand in Israel. It is the only country in the area that makes itself available to the United States, in any contingency.
- There is no other country in the Middle East except Israel that can be considered to have a stable government or populace friendly to the United States.

There is much danger that any military aid to Arab countries, and military equipment given or sold to them, will suffer the fate as the untold billions of dollars and priceless military secrets that were lost to our enemies in the debacle of Iran. Is Saudi Arabia more stable? Egypt? Jordan? Judge for yourself!

■ Only a fraction of the aid given stays in Israel. By far the largest share remains in the U.S., where it is spent with American defense contractors. Peter McPherson, administrator of the Agency for International Development, estimates that every billion dollars of aid to Israel creates 60,000 to 70,000 jobs in the United States.

■ Compared to the \$1.8 billion military aid to Israel, the U.S. has so far contributed \$130 billion in the support of Western Europe through NATO, and \$30 billion for the security of Japan, Korea, and the Far East. 340,000 U.S. troops are stationed with NATO—30,000 U.S. troops in the Far East. Not one single U.S. soldier needs to be stationed and put at risk in Israel. In contrast, U.S. naval, air, and land forces totally shield Japan. U.S. military analysts estimate that the U.S. would have to spend the equivalent of \$150 billion a year in the Middle East to maintain a force equivalent to Israel's.

President Reagan said it well: "The fall of Iran increased Israel's value as perhaps the only remaining strategic asset in the region on which the United States can fully rely". American aid to Israel is a two-way street. Aid to Israel is America's greatest defense bargain.

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### Unscrewing the Unscrutable

After reading Stephen Schwartz's review of Ken Kesey's *Demon Box* (*TAS*, November 1986), I found myself wondering if he had actually read the book. Certainly, in his frothing frenzy to debunk Kesey and all he (purportedly) stands for, Schwartz shows no evidence of having thought seriously about what he read.

I found *Demon Box* to be a wonderful portrayal, commentary, and satire on the sixties remnants who travel to all corners of the earth in search of "enlightenment," but forget to look in their own back yard; who seek to find cosmic meaning in monsters hidden in their subconscious minds, but encounter only rusty 50-gallon drums in farm ponds, etc., etc. In one vignette after another, Kesey holds a mirror for those of us, now middle-aged, who celebrated or endured the sixties, so we can see how ridiculous we were, and occasionally still are. That he sees himself in the mirror as well is an act of artistic courage and integrity: if the book stopped there, it would still be of considerable literary value.

What makes the book exceptional, however, is the way in which Kesey integrates all the stories, shapes all these characters from his life and imagination, to address the same question that has haunted his work since *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*: Does life have meaning? The title of the book, through the metaphor it embodies, is the common thread linking all the anecdotes, poems, and essays. Is the demon box we call life going anywhere? Or is it just running down? Is God (and the Demon in the box) subject to the Second Law of Thermodynamics? This is the same question Kesey asked in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and asked once again with marvelous artistry here.

Mr. Schwartz implies that Kesey can no longer cope with mentally ill people. Yet, it is the craziest of characters in his new book who addresses this question. I will leave readers to discover the process through which this happens, for it is a joy worth digging for.

In short, if Mr. Schwartz got little from the book, it is because he put little effort into it.

Kesey's only problem remains, as his father told him, that he "keeps on trying to unscrew the unscrutable." Let us hope he never loses this tendency. We need artists such as him, or we shall all remain trapped in the demon box of intellectual and academic cynicism. I'll take the farmer!

—Steve Brown  
Manchester Center, Vermont

Stephen Schwartz replies:  
Mr. Brown accuses me first of not

reading the book I reviewed, and then of not understanding it. I certainly did read the book, and must say I am little the better for it. Several times, while ploughing through it, I asked myself if such toil was worth a reviewer's fee. I finished the task out of a sense of duty to *TAS* and the eminent Mr. Tyrrell.

But it is obvious that the gap between Mr. Brown's perception of Kesey and mine will never be bridged. If there has been a lack of understanding here, I really believe it is on his side, not mine. Mr. Brown seems incapable of understanding how obvious the flaws of Kesey's book are, and how bathetic his claims to greatness for it sound today. In the end, Mr. Brown's letter is a fine example of the terrible damage Kesey and Co. have wrought in the American intelligentsia.

I found *Demon Box* almost entirely lacking in a satirical sense, and certainly without the humility and contrition that is, I think, appropriate in Kesey's case, given the extent of his sociopathic activities. And these activities have hardly ended. As I write this reply, Kesey is appearing in San Francisco, at museums, libraries, and rock clubs, as well as bookstores, reenacting his drug-bus adventures and once again celebrating a chemical oblivion. It is all really quite appalling. And for me the conundrum of the "demon" in the "box," as a symbol of the mind, is simply inane. Certainly, insights as to "where the human mind is going" cannot be taken seriously from those whose whole mode of existence is based on the abolition of the mind.

Many years ago, I am told, the American critic Leslie Fiedler gave a lecture in New York where he defended drugs as harmless, if not "good for the mind." At the event, the writer Lionel Abel is said to have risen and declared, "No, Leslie, you know you're in favor of drugs because they're bad for the mind." Next to Kesey, Fiedler looks like a real giant of our intellectual life.

### The Great Blueprint

I found Bryan F. Griffin's cynical essay, "The Great Fear of 1986" (*TAS*, December 1986), a possible blueprint for extremism. It is just this sort of "courage born of faith" which confers spiritual invincibility and justifies "righteous" acts, like driving a car bomb into a Marine compound.

I'm sure Rev. Richard Girnt Butler, who preaches white supremacy, believes in "a faith in the value of tribulation itself, a faith in the propriety of the ultimate unseen outcome, a common understanding that, in the long run, suffering [is] a good thing for all concerned." And I'm sure Louis Farrakhan would agree.

—Irwin Chusid  
Montclair, New Jersey

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# CURRENT WISDOM

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## Washington Post

Funeral services performed once again on a favorite corpse by Pastor Lou Cannon of Washington's Church of Good Scriveners:

When President Reagan rededicated the Statue of Liberty in a blaze of light and celebratory fireworks last July 3, he seemed to personify the American nation, which he described that night in Lincoln's words as "hope for the world, future for all time."

In a week of tall ships and remembrances of patriots past, Reagan captured the imagination of a nation accustomed to his heroic turn of phrase and reassuring ways. A romanticized portrait of Reagan appeared on the cover of Time magazine the following week accompanied by a caption that asked, "Why is this man so popular?" The cover story described Reagan as "a Prospero of American memories, a magician who carries a bright, ideal America like a holograph in his mind and projects its image in the air."

All the glitter is gone now, all the magic lost.

[December 21, 1986]

## The Nation

Whilst on another of her strenuous fact-finding missions to foreign parts, the *Nation's* shapely Washington correspondent, Christabel Hitchens, is again diverted:

Cut now to Silom Road. This Bangkok thoroughfare is full of cliches, such as limbless beggars sprawled outside gleaming banks. Just off the main drag, in a street market above a video store, is the headquarters of Empower, Bangkok's only feminist union. The women at Empower have set themselves the immense task of improving the condition of the "bar girls."

[November 29, 1986]

## Village Voice

Choice droppings from one of the incomparable *Voice's* resident social dissectors:

On the sitcom, in fact, one is obliged to undercut oneself along with everybody else. And this subversive process betrays the self-destructive tendency of the social Darwinist ideal—that jungle ethic which has always given aid and comfort to the well-fixed champions of *laissez-faire*, and which is now respectable again. The aggression that motivates or undercuts each sitcom character in turn reflects the real aggression that pervades the corporate state, wherein every man and woman must "look out for Number One." And yet these apparent struggles for preeminence do not create heroic individuals, or permit any individuality at all. On the sitcom, what seems like a relentless effort on the part of each to triumph over all the rest is an effort not at self-definition or self-promotion, but at self-cancellation. The aim of each is merely to survive as yet another particle of the watchful and ironic mass.

[December 7, 1986]

## Chicago Tribune

The venerable *Tribune* prints two bulls by two dispensers of bull paddies:

### Remove God?

Chicago—In the United States of America we should swear by our Constitution and discard religious impositions.

We are not one nation under "God"; those two words were added by religious zealots, imposing their theories on the rest of us, and obscure the fact that other nations also see themselves as being under "God."

—Miguel Garcia

### 'No truth in it'

Des Plaines—There is not an iota of truth in the letter about the vicious circle of Hindu killing innocent Muslims and Christians.

I am a Christian and have been living in Hindu India for the last 35 years and have never been persecuted for my religious or political beliefs and still take my vacation and go back to that Hindu India and enjoy my freedom as in the United States. Of course, there is religious factional fighting but not more than happens anywhere in this country between blacks and whites, fundamental Christians and liberals or abortionists and anti-abortionists.

—George Francis

[November 4, 1986]

## New Republic

In his little sailor suit with his patent leather shoes sparkling in the sunshine, young Michael Kinsley proffers a knock-knock joke to mommy and daddy:

The only irritating aspect of the otherwise delightful collapse of the Reagan administration is the widespread insistence that we must all be poker-faced about it. The *Washington Post*, second-to-none in moral dudgeon over the Reaganites' misdeeds, nevertheless declares that anyone who enjoys or is entertained by the spectacle is "reprehensible," no less. The approved attitude is to don the mask of tragedy: oh, woe is us, another failed administration, policy-making in disarray, etc. . . . Dry those tears and repeat after me: Ha. Ha. Ha.

[December 22, 1986]

## The Progressive

Dr. Alan Wolfe of Queens College in New York enlightens perplexed readers of the illustrious *Progressive* as to why the conservative intelligentsia are now rampant on campus and in the media: Conservative ideas are popular today because intellectuals, like the rest of us, are faddish. We have not thought through the failure of "liberalism" and replaced it by a new "conservative" consensus. Instead, mouthing certain ideas now, as it was twenty years ago, is the way to foundation grants, let alone power. I only wish that ideas came first and power after, but nothing I have seen in the rise of the Right convinces me that such is the case.

[November 1986]

## Seattle Times

In the howl section of an illustrious Seattle gazette, a local turkey speaks out on behalf of her less articulate brothers and sisters:

Our history books tell us that the colonists made peace with the Native Americans, and together celebrated the first Thanksgiving in 1621. There is some doubt as to whether this event actually took place, but Native Americans had a long-standing tradition of holding large feasts in thanks to the Great Spirits who sent them a good harvest. The settlers may have picked up the idea of "Thanksgiving" after being invited to one of these feasts.

What is well-documented, however, is what Thanksgiving became to the settlers. Apparently, a "thanksgiving" was celebrated after massacres of Native Americans. One Thanksgiving was proclaimed by Governor Kieft in February 1644 after one such massacre.

Today, Thanksgiving remains linked with bloodshed. Each year, tens of millions of turkeys are slaughtered in an unintentional echo of past massacres. Their lives prior to slaughter are the mere shadow of a frustrated existence, short in duration and severely restricted by modern "factory farming" conditions. . . .

[November 17, 1986]

## New York Times Book Review

Dr. Stanley Hoffmann offers another reading from *Progressive Scripture*:

The Cuban revolution has a remarkable record in such fields as health and education, both at home and abroad where a huge Cuban assistance program in these domains operates throughout much of the third world.

[November 30, 1986]

## Washington Post

Another intellectual tour de force with the learned Professor Colman McCarthy, who apparently has found a willing female economist somewhere, somehow:

In the context of honoring excellence—the yearly mission of the Nobel Prize givers—the Swedish selection committee again leaves the world wondering: What excellence? The committee has a record of boners, from bestowing the peace prize on Henry Kissinger to ignoring such economists as Barbara Ward, E. F. Schumacher, Robert Heilbroner, John Kenneth Galbraith and Gar Alperovitz. The economics prize, established in 1969, has been won or shared by 24 people. All have been white males and all but one—a Russian—have been Westerners from capitalist nations.

Apparently the Swedes who hand out these awards to honor the memory of the inventor of dynamite have not troubled themselves to read female or Third World economists. It is women and the poor who suffer disproportionately from economic violence created and perpetuated by Western powers.

[October 25, 1986]

## The Progressive

Still more *hilaritas*, and from a comic who sees nothing amusing about a girl's dream of competing on the boys' Graeco-Roman wrestling team:

I know some of you humorless old lefties think we shouldn't gloat publicly over Reagan's difficulties. Listen, my momma may have raised a mean child, but she raised no hypocrites. I love this. I can't wait to read the papers every morning. I'm entitled to this satisfaction. It has not been easy to be anti-Reagan in Texas for the last six years. Damn right, I'm gloating.

[January 1987]

## Christian Century

On the pages of a great atheistic sheet, hopeful tidings of an analytical nature from a gal with her hands full:

A similar challenge came from Virginia Ramey Mollenkott, who raised the question of what rules we would make for a just society if we had no idea what place we personally would occupy in such a society. She urged participants to move beyond the wrongs suffered by individual women and to see the systemic interrelatedness of all patriarchal oppression, including sexism, racism, classism, compulsory heterosexism, enforced motherhood and militarism. She suggested that one should go forward with the Bible in one hand and serious systemic analyses in the other.

[September 10-17, 1986]

## Commonweal

Three years and ten months into America's longest period of economic recovery in the postwar era and a leading advocate of the Catholic bishops' economic letter takes note:

Not everyone is doing poorly in today's economy.

[September 26, 1986]

## Nashville Banner

Proof that not even 10,000 Baptist ministers, well-armed and dug-in, can prevent invasion from liberals of the New Age:

In trying to find their own place in today's world, some women are looking back beyond the time of the Jewish and Christian male God to the goddess concept of early mythology, a Nashville feminist theologian said.

"Many scholars now are interested in going back and studying the change in the views about the goddess," said Margaret Meggs, who has developed and taught courses in feminist theology. She prefers to use the Greek feminine term "theology." . . .

Raised in the United Methodist Church, she now attends the Unitarian Universalist Church . . .

[October 7, 1986]