

so sweeping as capitalism or so romantic as fascism, but to what Theodore Lowi has called "interest-group liberalism." The name is a good one, for the adherents to this ideology believe that public policy should be the product of bargaining between interest groups, and that government's role should be supervisory. This approach has repeatedly led to failure both in foreign and domestic policy. Vietnam is but one example.

The pluralist model was applied to the area of foreign policy after World War II. In spite of the responsibilities the United States had accepted in world affairs, no cohesive foreign policy establishment was set up to make decisions. Instead numerous agencies independent from each other were created. Important participation was granted to private interests, including business and the military. (Thus the "military-industrial complex" to the extent that it really exists is ironically enough a product of liberal ideology.)

Foreign policy, however, is not at all conducive to bargaining and compromise. Domestic programs, because of their low visibility, can and often have had obscure or even contradictory goals. Because government was not equipped with a single institution responsible for developing these goals, decisions were based instead on catch-phrases and cure-alls such as "Communist aggression" and "containment." Every insurrection was presumed to be inspired by a monolithic Communist bloc, and every response to it was the same, when the facts in each situation should have been examined more carefully. Thus it was that the nature of a civil war in Vietnam was misinterpreted; and thus it was that president Nixon spoke of communist sanctuaries in Cambodia without mentioning the all-important overthrow of Prince Sihanouk.

Once the mistake had been made, the system could not institute change. Change involves a re-examination of objectives, and in this model that job belongs to no one. Instead there were only escalations based on original assumptions. The President could always turn to the public for support of his actions, for as Lowi and others have shown it will always rally behind the office on important issues of foreign policy. Eventually Congress had second thoughts about the whole venture, but it was powerless to do anything about it. Much has been said about President Nixon's ignoring congressional prerogatives in making his Cambodia decision, but Congress has always played the part of a rubber stamp in the liberal system.

The same kind of pluralist thinking has failed in domestic programs, with the War on Poverty being one of the best examples. Of course it is far easier for those concerned and committed students to demand that billions be spent on these problems than to think about the sad fact that similar expenditures failed in the past and are failing today.

With the word "crisis" being thrown around so wantonly today, I almost hate to say that we have a crisis in government. Yet that is what it is: elected officials are having to make decisions that have not been planned by a responsible policy-

making body, and the embarrassing consequences are now being felt. The beginning of the solution is for government to stop delegating or abdicating responsibility. Government needs fresh ideas on how to make its bureaucracies responsive, yet centralized, and on how to open its policy agencies to private interests without sacrificing cohesiveness.

Government will not be improved by the fashionable cries of "war machine" and "police state"; such rhetoric is far off the mark and confusing. There is no big bad government, rather a government plagued with serious internal problems.

I doubt that the student movement will ever consider these problems, because it has chosen to discuss politics in black and white and to ignore the framework and rationale for existing American institutions.

Unfortunately despite all the talk about

establishing a new "system," government is not an entity that can be instantly molded to fit any set of values. Change involves tinkering with its elaborate machinery, and the most eloquent reformers have a difficult time knowing where to start. Thus one of the first things that any political movement of any persuasion should have is a rough knowledge of the workings of government and the consequences of current public ideologies. The students are wrong if they think that their holy crusade is above all this. Self-righteousness and sense of commitment may very well satisfy some inner emotional need, but they are not a substitute for rational analysis. □

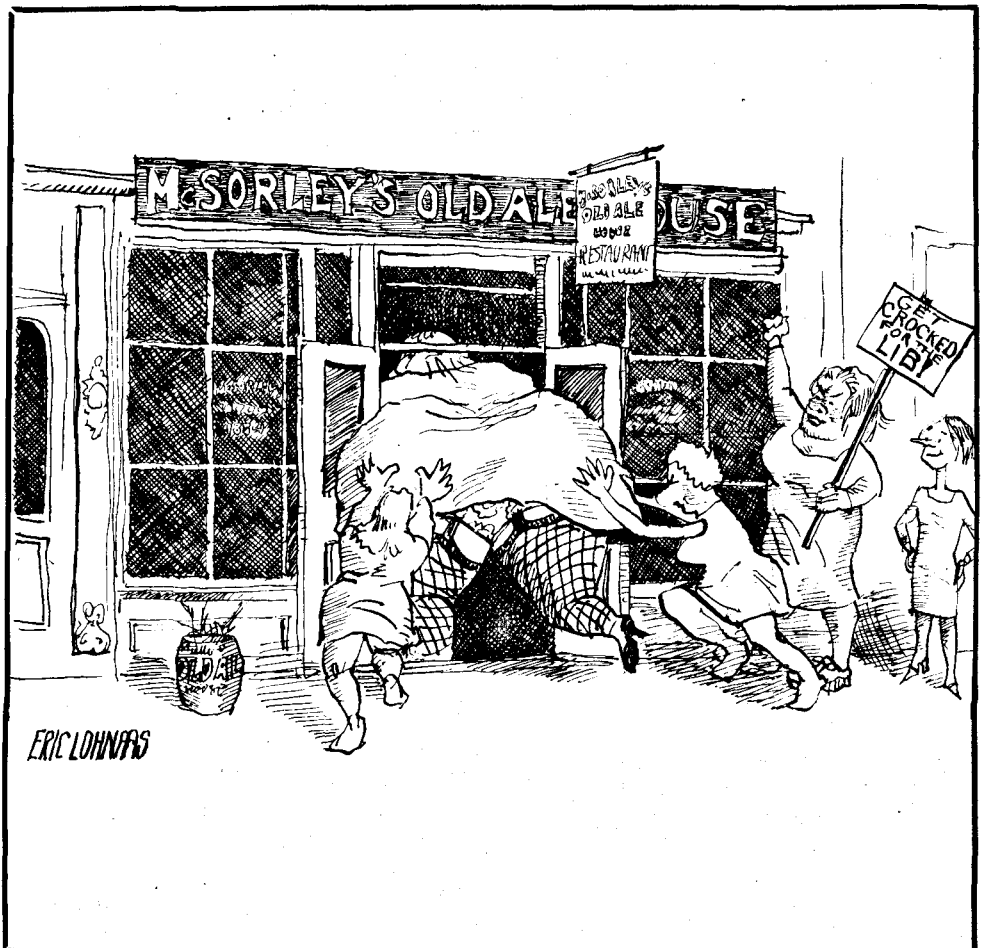
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## Ale, Cheese, Onions, Women

### And the Night Lord John

### Cleaned Out McSorley's

*John R. Coyne, Jr.*



"John Coyne, at his usual post guarding the door, spotted the women heading for the place and quickly locked the door... Coyne refused the soprano-voiced demands for entry, and the girls took up positions preventing either exit or entry for about a half-hour."

Thus reads one newspaper account of the last sharp skirmish in the siege of McSorley's, just before the fall. I know. That's what she said too. But it's all a case

of mistaken identity. John Coyne writes for *The Alternative*. But the best waiter in Manhattan is also called John Coyne, a Galway-born Irishman who serves up ale and porter-fifty cents for two mugs--at McSorley's Old Ale House, birthplace of this great journal of opinion. And before the final battle John also served as lookout, watching for ladies from Betty Friedan's National Organization for Women (NOW), a

Women's Lib outfit that had vowed to belly up to the bar of Manhattan's oldest men-only tavern for ale and cheese and onions.

The troubles began last spring, when two NOW ladies from Syracuse (and maybe that's why they're bitter) sued for admission. And on 25 June, District Court Judge Walter R. Mansfield ordered McSorley's doors opened to both sexes. "It may be argued," wrote Judge Mansfield wistfully, "that the occasional preference of men for a haven or retreat from the watchful eyes of wives or womanhood in general, to have a drink or pass a few hours in their own company, is justification enough: that the simple fact that women are not men justifies defendant's practices." Nevertheless, albeit reluctantly, the judge concluded that "McSorley's is a public place" and that "the preference of certain of its patrons is no justification under the equal protection clause (of the Constitution). Which is to say that according to this learned man's reading of the equal protection clause, the law will protect busybodies attempting to slip their snouts into another fellow's business but will not protect McSorley's dangerous misogynists who endeavor to drink peacefully in an atmosphere of their choosing. Still it was not this juridical double standard which closed the case; McSorley's could and did appeal Judge Mansfield's decision.

But then the Lord Mayor of New York, renowned defender of Women's Winebibbery, took on McSorley's and it was curtains. It seems Lord John's profoundly informed conscience advised him of the sacred right of the male and female of the species to guzzle together, and he could do no more than to sign a bill opening all the city's public places to women—thus rendering McSorley's appeal academic.

And so, one more tradition into the dust bin, a tradition that began in 1854 when John McSorley, fresh from County Tyrone, modeled his tavern on the pubs he remembered back home. The first and foremost rules were no hard booze and no women. John McSorley, says Brendan Behan, was "a rather puritanical man," a teetotaler who believed that "ale was strong enough spirits for any man."

John McSorley's strictures were stringently observed for over a century. Bill McSorley, John's son, had no children, and in 1936 sold out to Daniel O'Connell, a policeman, on the condition that the old traditions be continued. Four years later O'Connell died and willed the tavern to—of all things—a daughter, Dorothy O'Connell Kirwan. "The most remarkable thing of all," says Dorothy's son, Daniel O'Connell Kirwan, the present manager, "is that McSorley's is owned by a woman. For the past thirty years, my mother has been willing to carry on the traditions of her father."

Tradition is the key word at McSorley's. Customers stand on a sawdust-covered floor and take their ale at the original mahogany bar, behind which money is still arranged by denomination in cups. The walls are lined with pictures of the athletes, actors, writers and politicians who have frequented McSorley's through the years. The guest book includes the names of Eugene O'Neill; Dylan Thomas, who wrote poems there; Brendan Behan,

who composed his last published work at one of McSorley's battered wooden tables and whose wife, as a special courtesy, was served a mug of ale outside the door; the Tammany politicians who drank their way through Prohibition; Mayors O'Dwyer and Wagner; James A. Farley, *The Alternative's* favorite politician; Jackie Gleason; Cassius Clay; and, most recently David Eisenhower.

The ale and porter costs more now, but at two for fifty cents it's still the best buy in town. Sixty cents buys a meal-sized plate of cheese, crackers, onions and the hottest mug of mustard this side of Shanghai. The Liederkrantz and onion sandwich is legendary, as is the chili, and McSorley's corned-beef hash has sent *New York Times* food editor Craig Clairborne into ecstasies.

But perhaps the most famous tradition of all has been the ringing of the bell which hangs over the bar, according to Daniel O'Connell Kirwan the same bell that used to mark rounds at the original Madison Square Garden. And until Lord John's feminist legislation, the bell still signaled the beginning of a fight, although of a different nature. Whenever John Coyne spotted a woman heading toward the bar, he'd ring the bell three times, a bull horn sounded in the back room, and the patrons stood and shouted: "No Women!"

The warning bell may not sound again soon, but Daniel O'Connell Kirwan intends to fight to keep the tavern's traditions intact. "The place has been here for 116 years," he says, "and it will be here 116 years from now." Will he make changes? "None." How about such things as rest rooms, presently consisting of one toilet and three huge urinals? "If women want total equality, I don't see why the concept shouldn't extend to rest rooms."

"It's the age of protest, I guess," muses O'Connell Kirwan, speculating on why women want to ruin his tavern. "Not that women don't have a case in general-hiring practices, that sort of thing. But McSorley's? They're really only interested in

the right to come in, I guess. And there's publicity, of course. The first few days there've been a bunch in to have their pictures taken. But when the papers get tired of the whole affair maybe they'll go away."

No sentient man, conservative or Liberal, will disagree with O'Connell Kirwan about the legitimacy of many of Women's Lib demands. But the demand to drink in McSorley's is no more legitimate than the demand to establish residence in the rest room. The same ale and porter can be purchased all over the city. The area around McSorley's is not the Gobi Desert, and any lady with a kiss for the hops can inoffensively indulge within a few doors of O'Connell Kirwan's empire. Finally wouldn't most women prefer their mates off drinking together than prowling through go-go joints? The American Constitution exists for the comfort and well-being of all Americans. It is not an arsenal of offensive weapons to be summoned by busybodies and exotics in their attempts to coerce others. The executors of our laws should exercise prudence in applying those laws. American womanhood suffered no material nor spiritual damage from the exclusive tradition of a solitary (and comparatively insignificant) bar. Yet Lord John allowed the busybodies to manipulate him into an act of imbecilic intolerance. And so O'Connell Kirwan is to be coerced into opening his property to unwanted, disagreeable, and often bellicose customers.

But maybe it's all over. You're in, ladies. And what next? "There's an old song title," says O'Connell Kirwan, "that I think sums it up. 'After you get what you want, you don't want what you wanted at all.'" □

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*John R. Coyne, Jr.'s latest book is THE KUMQUAT STATEMENT published this month by Cowles.*

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Since the Assassination of President Kennedy. . .

## An Erosion of Trust

*Daniel P. Moynihan,  
Counselor to the President*

Some years ago the Al Smith Dinner, which the New York Archdiocese gives in support of its hospital program, took place on an occasion that Cardinal Spellman's presence was required in Rome. Father Gannon substituted as host and upon rising confronted at the outset what had to be the disappointment of the bespangled, affluent assembly gathered at the Waldorf for the annual ritual. "I can imagine how you feel," said he. "Here you've paid a hundred dollars apiece to see a bird of paradise, and what do you get but an old black crow in a protestant suit."

You might well be thinking similar thoughts of your commencement speaker. Not exactly what you paid for. But I would ask that you consider my plight. For years

I was thought too radical to be invited to Fordham. Of a sudden I am not radical enough to be assured a welcome. Life, as President Kennedy used to say, is not fair.

But there is something to be learned from everything, and I would like to set this subject of differing perceptions of a single reality as the subject of my address.

A quite striking instance of this phenomenon, or so it seems to me, occurred early in the life of the present administration. Secretary Rogers arrived at the Department of State to find that part of his daily routine was an early morning briefing by a young Foreign Service Officer on world events of the preceding twenty-four hours. Day after day went by, and while the principal topics of the