

DIARY OF A YUPPIE
Louis Auchincloss/Houghton Mifflin/\$16.95

Richard T. Marin

There it is again: the hated "y" word. Yuppie. . . . The word trips from the tongue like a small belch. A glottal stop followed by too many p's—a rude combination. What's worse, it is also a hideous cliché for which no adequate synonyms have yet been developed. One naturally assumes, therefore, that when a venerable gentleman of letters such as Louis Auchincloss combines the words "yuppie" and "diary" in the title of this, his latest novel, it is with mirthful intent. What could be duller, one might ask (chortling knowingly), than the diary of a yuppie? Unfortunately, mirth is a trait Auchincloss's fiction is not long on.

Twenty years ago Auchincloss's novels must have come as something of a breath of fresh air amid what many reviewers regarded as the fetid literary atmosphere of the day. His fiction did not eulogize unclean highway heroes or detail the passions of sniveling transvestites in Brooklyn. He shunned *les bas fonds* and never learned, as Auden said, "how to be plain and awkward . . . among the filthy filthy too." He inhabited not the lowlife, but the highlife; the world of high finance and high society. While other novelists panted after the sordid pleasures of drugs, sex, and violence, Auchincloss carefully traced figures in the carpet, spinning Jamesian yarns in tasteful, decorous prose. A reviewer of Mr. Auchincloss's *Tales of Manhattan* called him the "Mr. Clean" of contemporary literature, because his writing contained "no smells, no grime, no crummy sex." That was in 1967. Little has changed.

There is sex in *Diary of a Yuppie*, but it is never crummy, and by modern standards (and my own prurient ones), there isn't nearly enough of it. The narrator, one discovers early on in the story, is otherwise occupied. Consider the novel's opening lines: "I have been working such long hours on this last corporate takeover that I have hardly made an entry in my journal for six weeks." We are thus introduced to the two protagonists: one being Robert

Service, 32, associate in the fictional law firm of Hoyt, Welles & Andrew ("thirty-six partners, a hundred clerks"), and the other, Auchincloss's old nemesis—money.

Like Auchincloss's 1960s bestseller, *The Embezzler*, this new novel is a tale of greed and glory on Wall Street. It is the world Auchincloss—veteran club man and for thirty years a partner on the Street—knows best. Robert Service, the diarist of the book's title, is a brash, ambitious baby boomer, stuck in an "old guard" firm where prep school ethics still guide business decisions and where clients are still fleeced the old-fashioned way—on golf courses. Such niceties are all hypocritical posh to Robert Service, who wants to get on with the business of getting ahead in life and will stop only just short of the law to do so. "A man could go right up to the threshold of crime," he muses, "but not a step farther." Not a bad philosophy, by Wall Street standards—indeed, one might want to hire such a man around tax time—but it drives him from his law firm, and his loving wife Alice.

Service flees Hoyt, Welles & Andrew with a few trusted henchmen and sets himself up as a founding partner of a new firm, a "sharp cutting weapon" with which he hopes to bleed the competition. Once he gets a whiff of power, he also finds himself drawn to the feline scent of a woman, Sylvia Sands, who like Service is heatedly clawing her way to the tip of Manhattan society. In the hands of a lesser novelist, the narrative might have taken on a pulpy Krantzian tone at this point. But Auchincloss, as always, is worried about his characters' moral, not physical, endowments; with ethical, not sexual, prowess. And his leading man, Robert Service, is not completely without a conscience. The windy denouement swells with talk of the metaphysics of mergers and of Faustian bargains with a devil who nowadays sports pin-stripes and tasseled loafers.

True, the issue of yuppie ethics, such as they are, deserves a more

profound analysis than it is likely to receive in *New York* magazine, or any of the coffee-table press. Auchincloss, however, is not really the man to do it. "I guess you have to have been born after World War II to be a real skunk," Robert Service remarks early on in the novel. Well, Auchincloss, now in his seventieth year, wasn't even born after World War I. His literary values are not even of this century, much less this decade.

Auchincloss has written with grace and ease (in *The Rector of Justin*) of New York society in the 1890s. But his fiction seems hopelessly antiquated in the 1980s. It was once said of his novels that they represented a museum of all that American writing valued before World War I. His characters have always inhabited drawing rooms, not living rooms. Living rooms, for one, have televisions—an apparatus that Auchincloss ignores with silent contempt. Are we to believe that the lifestyles of today's rich and famous do not include a few private moments with Pat Sajak, or Alistair Cooke?

If nothing else, the yuppies will at least command a sentence in the history books as the world's first generation of vidiots. Even Auchincloss's newly found liberal sensibility (he votes Democrat now) seems oddly out of synch with the times. "I was a dedicated conservative," he said in a recent interview. "Then I grew up." One wonders if this conversion took place at his Wall Street office, his Park Avenue apartment, or his summer retreat in Bedford? A conservative attack on the New Breed, from the ranks of the Old Monied, would have made for a much gamier read.

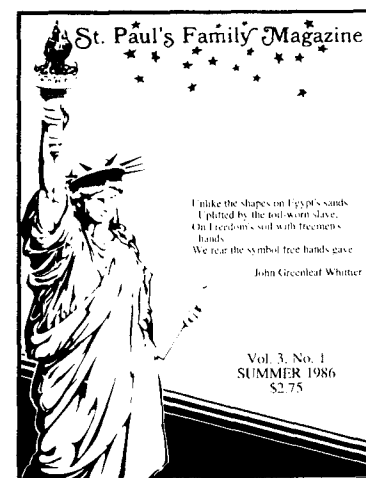
Who, then, will chronicle this generation for literary posterity? Auchincloss's dark, Jamesian seriousness seems too dour a voice for the task. Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* has been touted as the Great Yuppie Novel. But how many yuppies spend their time in after-hours clubs chatting up girls with shaved heads? *Bright Lights*, like Martin Scorsese's film *After Hours*, is an urban professional's nightmare. It is about everything pencil-necked investment bankers fear and loathe: drugs, Mohawks, downtown New York. . . . No, what is needed is a narrator with a crueler sense of irony than the sensitive "artist" of McInerney's book. Is there, perhaps, some latter-day Flaubert on the Hudson waiting to paint the pastel tedium of life among the yuppies: its Reebok romances and micro-waved success stories? Or is it a tale too terrible to be told? □

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Richard T. Marin is an assistant editor of Harper's.

SCHIFFREN
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The issues that most set Lucas apart from the "pragmatist" Democrats in the Blanchard administration are the social ones—abortion, school prayer, willingness to infringe upon the "civil liberties" of children who bring handguns to school. Blanchard has repeatedly vetoed the legislature's attempts to stop the Medicaid funding of abortions, as the Republican before him did. Lucas promises to go along with the legislature. He has also indicated support for school vouchers—which the Michigan Education Association-backed Blanchard professed never to have heard of.

Can Lucas turn things around and win? The reason he is behind 30 points in the polls (as we go to press) isn't white racism—most of his support is coming from white, middle-class Republicans, and voters repeatedly have denied that race is a factor. But the hard truth is that Lucas cannot win without a large chunk of support from black, Wayne County Democrats—40 percent is considered the minimum necessary. The hope was that black voters would be proud enough of electing the nation's first black governor to cross over in unprecedented numbers. Yet there is no reason to believe that this will happen. Primary exit polls revealed an eight percent black Democratic cross-over vote. Fourteen percent

of black voters consider themselves Republicans currently, up from about 11 percent last year. The *News* poll showed that among blacks, 66 percent support Blanchard, 21 percent support Lucas.

If Lucas decides he really wants to win, he must begin seeking those critical black voters aggressively. That will involve a direct challenge to Detroit's black Democratic establishment, which, though never friendly to him even when he was a Democrat, is now punishing him for breaking ranks. Since he bagged the top spot, the barrage of outrageous slurs and defamation has been unrelenting, with the Hon. John Conyers, Democrat from Michigan's First District and a leader of the Congressional Black Caucus, holding the megaphone. Examples abound. Conyers recently told a group that Lucas is like "some Jews who led their brothers and sisters into the ovens of the Holocaust."

"Biologically [Lucas] is black," Conyers said, "but he is not black in the spirit of Martin Luther King or the civil rights movement." At one press conference Conyers noted that "the President of the U.S. is coming to Detroit to put his arms around this Uncle Tom," and demanded that Lucas uninvite Reagan (whom Conyers has charged with "genocide" against blacks). Not to do this, Conyers said, would prove that Bill Lucas is "not black."

The anti-Lucas coalition has also enlisted the support of Detroit's highly politicized black churches, which have plenty of clout with city residents, and

whose ministers head local branches of organizations like the NAACP. Over the course of the fall, Conyers's rantings have engendered a growing backlash among some less political black leaders. (Detroit's Black Muslims, not part of the network, endorsed Lucas, citing his strong family values, and saying that he "will help create a better atmosphere for the free enterprise system to work in Michigan.")

The most basic reason for the attacks on Lucas by the black establishment is self-interest. Conyers and Detroit Mayor Coleman Young have long treated their black constituency as something they own. And Young especially has used Detroit's votes as a bargaining chip with all previous governors, Republican or Democratic, to exact special considerations and transfers of revenues from out-of-state to the city. Naturally they are extremely anxious about anyone they can't control.

That Lucas is a moderate black already makes him a threat, because a growing number of black voters are becoming disenchanted with politics as usual. Taxes and crime in Detroit are at historic highs and the quality of education and services at historic lows. Black Detroit residents want better services and lower taxes just as their white counterparts do, and someone who offers that while supporting affirmative action and state divestment from South Africa (as Lucas does) could start a mad rush to the Democratic party exit ramp.

And that is why it is unfortunate that Bill Lucas has not grabbed the initiative and offered those voters the crystal clear choice of a "new conservative" vision for the future. It would still be an uphill battle, and with the threat he poses to Michigan's dominant labor and black political establishments, things would be tough at the most propitious of times. Still, despite Lucas's caution, his candidacy is the first step in dismantling the old liberal coalition, which has wreaked such havoc in the state. □

majority of opportunistic careerists. From this point of view, comparison of Spasowski with Rurarz cannot be done in favor of the latter, and I doubt if you can find many persons from Solidarity circles thinking otherwise.

Spasowski's war record is maybe not impressive, but he certainly risked his life by hiding the Jewish Bronstein family. Spending most of the Stalinist period abroad, he apparently did not participate in atrocities committed by Security (and others) in the country. Finally, he was probably one of the least corrupted of Polish officials in the 1970s. Having suffered many personal tragedies, and having been condemned to death by Jaruzelski's military court, he deserves, in my opinion, at least a justly balanced treatment in America.


The Liberation of One is not a good book for two reasons: it is written too openly for the American reader, and in a very naive fashion. One could expect more from the former vice-minister of External Affairs. But judging a book and judging a man are two different matters.

—W. Yotz
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski replies:
Since "Solidarity circles" can be said to include well over 10 million Poles, I imagine there may be a wide range of opinion therein on the relative merits of former ambassadors Spasowski and Rurarz. The point I tried to make in my review, evidently missed by W. Yotz in his dogged effort to find something—anything—good to say about an "idealistic" Communist, is that Mr. Spasowski's credibility is suspect. In his book Spasowski lies about his role in Communist Poland's anti-Semitic purges of 1968. If he can't come clean on this filthy issue, the kindest thing that can be said about the rest of his autobiography is that it is self-serving and hypocritical. Sorry, Mr. Yotz, but "judging a book and judging a man" are *not* two different matters when the book in question is an autobiography and the man its author.

Ukrainian Responsibility

Sympathy with the Ukrainian people's just desire for national independence should not obscure the record of Ukrainian atrocities during the Second World War. Adrian Karatnycky ("The Ukrainian Option," *TAS*, August 1986) mentions the thousands of Ukrainians who lined the streets to welcome the invading Nazis in 1941, an understandable reaction after years of Stalinist oppression. What he does not mention are the Ukrainian mobs who, just a few days later, marauded through the streets of Lwow, torturing and beating to death upwards of 4,000 Jews. Less than a month after that, 2,000 more



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CORRESPONDENCE (continued from page 9)

Be Gentle

It seems to me that Wladyslaw Pleszczynski's very critical review of Romuald Spasowski's *Liberation of One*, published in the August 1986 issue of your most respectable magazine, is too harsh. Certainly, Spasowski belonged to the Communist elite and as such has many sins, known and unknown. But distinction should be made between those few who served the Communist state driven (in part at least) by idealistic motives, and the ma-

Jews were slaughtered by Ukrainian militiamen during a pogrom in the same city.

Similar pogroms took place throughout the countryside, sometimes led by the local intelligentsia. In some villages, the populace actually established concentration camps for Jews on its own initiative. Collaborationist Ukrainian municipal administrations frequently asked permission from the Germans to launch their own anti-Jewish campaigns.

While many Ukrainians courageously risked their lives to save Jews from the Holocaust, it is also true that the Germans found an eager and cooperative population in the Ukraine when it came to liquidating Jews. Not only were Ukrainian recruits sent to guard Jewish ghettos and concentration camps in Poland (Ukrainian guards outnumbered German SS, for instance, at Treblinka), but they actively participated in the extermination process, according to witnesses. This behavior, it should be pointed out, was not a historical aberration. Between 1917 and 1920, 75,000 Jews had been murdered in Ukrainian pogroms.

While German propaganda was largely responsible for whipping up anti-Jewish hysteria among the peasants, Ukrainian nationalists were not themselves blameless. In 1941, followers of Stepan Bandera, later head of the UPA, declared: "Long live greater independent Ukraine without Jews, Poles and Germans. Poles behind the San, Germans to Berlin, Jews to the gallows."

Ukrainian nationalists were indeed as anti-Nazi as they were anti-Soviet, knowing full well that Hitler's master plan was to reduce the Slavic populations to slavery. This being the case, one must conclude that Ukrainian anti-Semitism was an indigenous phenomenon for which the Ukrainians themselves must bear full responsibility. Soviet propaganda notwithstanding, Jewish suspicions of Ukrainian nationalism are based on bitter historical experience.

—Sam Shube
New York, New York

Adrian Karatnycky replies:

Sam Shube's letter raises the important issue of Ukrainian anti-Semitism and collaboration with the Nazis. A few clarifications are in order. Mr. Shube's "citation" of a Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) statement which calls for sending "Jews to the gallows" is nowhere to be found among the official documents of the UPA nor among those of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) headed by Stepan Bandera. Indeed, the nationalist UPA program was based on liberal democratic principles and sup-

port for an independent Ukrainian state which was to defend the rights of its Polish, Jewish, and Russian minorities.

As to Mr. Shube's assertion concerning Ukrainian pogroms in 1941, there can be no question *some* Ukrainians in Lvov participated in atrocities against Jews. However, the leading role in these acts was played by the Nazis. A Nazi document in the Bundesarchiv

in Koblenz contains a specific reference to the pogrom referred to by Mr. Shube. It attributes the brutal murder of 7,000 Jews on July 16, 1941 to the German Sicherheitspolizei (document R58/214, p. 191).

There were tens of thousands of Ukrainian collaborators and numerous Ukrainian nationalists who shielded Jews from Nazis. The UPA guerrillas fought a two-front war against Hitler

and Stalin. OUN members executed hundreds of Ukrainians who collaborated with the Nazis, and many nationalists in turn were executed by the Germans. Some Ukrainian slave-laborers sent to fight the French resistance deserted to the French side and fought as the Bohun and Chevtchenko battalions.

Therefore, to equate the Ukrainian nationalist legacy with anti-Semitism

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and collaboration is a great mistake. True Ukrainian nationalists denounced and resisted Nazi imperialism and the Nazi ideology which regarded the Ukrainians as a race of subhumans.

Anti-Semitism is a horrible phenomenon which has manifested itself in virulent fashion in France, Germany, Russia, Poland, and among Ukrainians. It is the responsibility of all democrats to combat it. This can be done most effectively by nations which are not stateless. In the final analysis, Mr. Shube is right to point out examples of anti-Semitism by segments of the Ukrainian nation. As Elie Wiesel has suggested, however, it would be wrong to ascribe national guilt to any group.

Today, leaders of the Ukrainian dissident movement in the USSR are committed democrats who work closely with their Jewish counterparts. Many of them have written in *samizdat* on the issue of Ukrainian-Jewish relations and have denounced anti-Semitism. I trust

that it is not the implication of Sam Shube's remarks that such men and women should be denied their right to an independent, democratic state which could safeguard the rights of all its citizens.

Whose Big Idea?

Throughout the debate over the merits of tax reform there has been a parallel mini-debate over who came up with the idea in the first place. Was it Bill Bradley while he was still with the Knicks? Was it Jack Kemp while he was still in diapers? And now, thanks to Gregory A. Fossedal's article, "Kemp-Bradley-Packwood" (*TAS*, August 1986), we are supposed to wonder if "credit for conceptual foresight" shouldn't go to "people like Joseph Pechman at the Brookings Institution—who were talking about reform twenty years ago."

Enough of this nonsense. I refer *TAS*'s readers to pages 174-175 of Milton Friedman's *Capitalism and*

Freedom (paperback edition), where they will find Friedman's proposal for a flat tax, complete with supply-side reasoning. This classic work—is there a supply-sider who hasn't read it?—was first published in 1962, and is based on material originally presented in the fifties. Yet I have seen virtually no one give Friedman his due on this issue.

Whatever the differences between Friedman and the supply-siders, the venerable professor has done more than anyone else to pave the Road to Glory along which today's young hotshots now travel. The least they could do is acknowledge this fact, however grudgingly.

—David C. Young
New York, New York

Buildups

Although I am sympathetic to David Trachtenberg's arguments ("What Reagan Buildup?" *TAS*, September 1986), and while I am in agreement with the general thrust of his essay, he is, I think, wrong in some of his conclusions, or, at least the implications he draws from them.

First, admittedly MX deployment has been slow, and Midgetman promises to be slower. In the long run this will be much to our advantage. As Douglas Dalgleish and I have recently argued, neither of these missiles will be survivable in any of their reincarnations. Midgetman is extremely expensive, and hasn't even begun to have been priced out yet. I read it as another DIVAD. Now, surely Trachtenberg would not argue that we need a force of several hundred DIVADs!

Second, and more important, we will soon have a missile that is better than either the MX or the Midgetman. It is in design right now and will be deployed in 1989: the Trident II (D-5) missile. It is as accurate as the MX and can travel as far with an alteration in its payload. Current design calls for the D-5 to deliver 8-14 warheads of 475Kt each: MX carries 10 warheads of 170-204Kt each. Why in the world continue to develop three missiles when the Navy already has ensured that D-5 will be deployed? One hundred MX missiles will cost \$20 billion. Given the cost of D-5s, Dalgleish and I estimated the savings of replacing MX/Midgetman with D-5s to be between \$43 and \$63 billion. Dropping D-5s in existing silos would require only a fraction of the cost of deployment of Midgetman. To continue to waste money on MX is silly, even if one buys the argument that we need an ICBM force on the ground, which I don't, for reason number three: Trident I (C-4) missiles are already probably capable of knocking out Soviet silos. In the two years since our book (*Trident*) came out, American SLBM accuracy, even in existing

missiles, has increased due to deployment of better navigational devices in both subs and missiles. This fact has been made increasingly clear by the *downgrading* of the proposed range of the Trident II from 6000 n.m. to "over 4000." Deliverable megatonnage, or throw weight, is a function of range as much as instrumental accuracy. (If you are off a foot per mile over a mile distance, you're not off much; if you're off a foot over 10,000 miles, you're off a lot.) What does all of this mean? It means that U.S. advances in submarine technology have grown relative to the Soviets, and now U.S. planners are moving the subs "closer in" because they no longer need quite as much room to "hide." Thus, Trident II has been outfitted with more, newer, and more powerful warheads, thanks to the tradeoff in range. By 1990, Trident submarines will, for all practical purposes, displace land-based missiles.

Which brings me to my final point. Trachtenberg is correct only in a slightly technical way when he writes that Tridents "do not offset the greater number of U.S. launch platforms removed from service in recent years." Deployment of D-5 missiles will allow a per-Trident improvement of 96 warheads over existing C-4 missiles. This is a net gain of 672 warheads just in existing subs, not counting those to be deployed between now and 1989. But platforms, relatively speaking, are not as important as deliverable megatonnage, assuming a reasonable level of survivability of the platform. Trident missiles are also more accurate than Poseidons, and Trident missiles are mirrored. "Deliverability" is the key, and seven Tridents, because of relative invulnerability, navigational accuracy, and evasive capabilities, can deliver far more megatonnage on the enemy than the obsolete subs they replaced.

All of these arguments actually defuse one of Trachtenberg's implied other points, namely, that it is dangerous that the Soviets are adding more ICBMs than we are. Good. Pray that they keep it up. It is somewhat like aborigines investing in more spears in the face of an enemy armed with howitzers and tanks. As our SLBMs get more accurate (not to mention the impact of SDI), ICBMs are becoming strategic dodo birds.

There are enough real defense problems to be concerned about without resorting to misrepresentations of some of our concrete and observable defense successes.

—Larry Schweikart
Assistant Professor of History
University of Dayton
Dayton, Ohio

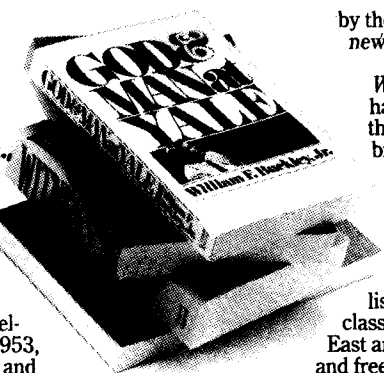
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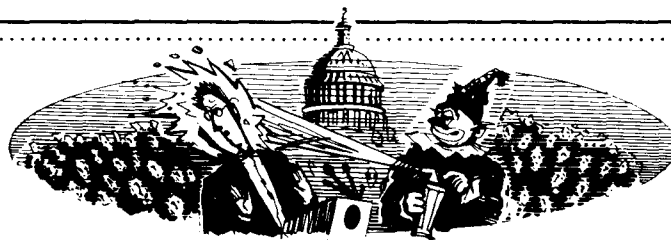
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Every now and then, during the Save Chile rally in Dupont Circle last month, one of the soft, pretty fellows who were anchoring the event would bring things to a froth and bellow into the overworked p.a. system: "What do we want in Chile?" "Democracy Now!" the faithful would boom back. This was a crowd that knew what it wanted. And it knew how to get it, too. Ariel Dorfman, prof at Duke and (as night follows day) fellow at IPS, took the stage and interjected a pragmatic note. "We will triumph," he said, as his glasses slid down his nose, "because we are better than the others. We are better than the others because we have better words and better souls." As evidence, Dr. Dorfman whipped out a paper from the overstuffed pocket of his short-sleeved shirt and read a poem, a *vers libre* effort—apparently Dr. Dorfman's preferred form—called "Don't Believe Them." "If they say a tree is a tree," he recited slowly, "don't believe them. If they say a rock is a rock, don't believe them . . ." I knew there were more where those came from, so I struck up a conversation with a small lady who had shoved a petition at me. "If they say a petition is a . . ." I started to warn, but she interrupted me. "Let me explain," she said, then thought for a moment. "You see," she said finally, "in Chile, people are not allowed to vote. It is not like here. Here everybody can vote for who they want." "Whom they want," I said. "Prepositional object. For *whom* they want. Takes the dative case." She edged away from me. After Dr. Dorfman had unloaded a couple more poems, Pete Seeger, billed as the star of the rally, took the stage and strapped on his banjo. Cheerful as ever, he began reciting the words of what he called "one of his favorites," so we could all sing along. But the day was getting late. The would-be liberators of Chile had announced what they wanted (Democracy) and detailed when they wanted it (Now) and explained why they were entitled to it (the part about the souls). After that, maybe listening to Pete seemed supererogatory. With one failed verse behind him, he started up again, as the people wandered off. "Come on everybody! Let's try it again," he exclaimed, joyously. "How about the enors for this one . . . let's go, the high

ones—make it so they can hear you at the White House! . . . Maybe the key's too low, I'll make it higher . . . Okay! One More Time Now, *Everybody!*" The poor old scarecrow was on his third chorus and leaping and waving with all his energy toward the crowd, slowly dispersing. Maybe time has passed Pete by. Maybe the Chile thing isn't his thing. I don't know. But the more he flapped his arms the farther the faithful fanned out from the Circle. I figured I'd better go, too. "Sing peace on earth and see and sigh," Pete was singing. His creaky voice bounced lightly from the buildings on the Circle, but down the street you could barely hear it.

There has been some hubbub in Washington lately about Washington Harbour (that 'u' is always a bad sign), a new "multi-use city"—in truth, a large building with condominiums, offices, a restaurant, and a taxi stand—recently constructed alongside a bend in the Potomac, at the edge of Georgetown. From across the river Washington Harbour looks like a crumbling sandcastle, and the hubbub has arisen from the usual circumstance: The architect and his financial backers think it is wonderful and the people who have looked at it think it's a monstrosity. I first took note of the thing when the Potomac, its two-tiered, 1,000-seat restaurant, held a grand opening last month. The inaugural party sounded like the sort of dreadful affair that I would want to avoid at all costs—"Washington's flashiest party in many a year put Hollywood on the Potomac with some of New York City tossed in," as the *Washington Times* put it. This sort of "fun" appalls me: The guest list was littered with names like Dominique and Aniko, skinny women sashaying in slinky dresses, dripping South African diamonds amid a sea of shallow, tuxedo-clad power boys nodding off to one another's banal chatter, stuffing their overfed faces with *Turbot à Sorrel Beurre Blanc* and sloshing down magnums of Moët & Chandon—a herd of wild horses couldn't have dragged me to such an event. Also, I wasn't invited. But the inauguration achieved its goal and, commercially at least, the Har-

bour itself looks to be a success; there's a wait for tables at the Potomac every night, and the trade in condos and office space is brisk, even as the complaints about the Harbour's design grow almost as frenzied and loud as the building itself.

Arthur Cotton Moore, the Washington architect who designed the Harbour, took to the pages of the *Post's* Outlook section one Sunday to defend his creation. Working from the premise that Washington was a "half-city, all Apollonian and no Dionysian," Mr. Moore wrote that his "design attempts a sort of Hegelian synthesis out of antagonistic movements in architecture. . . . Like verbs, curvilinear dynamic elements impart a sense of movement from subject to object, both of which are modified by 'adjective' supportive elements." Now I grant that these are the words of a desperate man. But they read far better than "My God, what have I done!" which were surely the words that leapt to Mr. Moore's mind when he first saw his completed building. Reading his piece you could only feel sympathetic, and I began to think that up close his building couldn't be as bad as he was implying. So one evening I walked down to Wash-

ington Harbour and discovered to my horror that his critics, and by implication Mr. Moore himself, were precisely right: Washington Harbour is stupendously ugly, the kind of mess that only a Hegelian could contrive.

There's something vertiginous to Mr. Moore's brainchild, with its countless chimneys and asymmetrical curves and bobbing turrets, and after a close examination I thought maybe I'd have a drink in the Potomac restaurant. If the Harbour is a sort of architectural Elephant Man, the Potomac is his flouncy sister, a Vegas showgirl flashing lots of thigh. Eight hundred thousand "glass jewels" speckle the ceiling; its vast carpet contains forty-nine colors weaved into an elaborate floral pattern; twenty-four chandeliers of purple and green glass sway from its ceiling; a toy train circumnavigates the room on a track built of brass. I ordered a drink. The waitresses—each one a beauty—are chipper in that tip-hungry, unbecoming manner of girls working their way through school. The house liquor is almost undrinkable, and the air conditioning is set on arctic freeze.

I took my drink out to the patio and settled in at a table close to the river, where passing motorboats released periodic bursts of diesel fumes into my Scotch. On my right was a table of earnest young men discussing the tax bill over a round of Bud Lights. Behind me, a sozzled woman was complaining to a friend. "He won't pay any attention to me," she said thickly. "What can I do to get his attention? Do it with his tennis partner? I *did* do it with his tennis partner, for God's sake." I quickly shifted my attention to a table of gossiping college girls on my left. "That was his *name*?" one girl said. "My God, I can't believe anybody'd have such a stupid name." "No," her friend said. "His name was *Tom*, but he wouldn't tell us what it was, so we just *called* him Rumpelstiltskin." I loudly called for my check. Mr. Moore may not know what he's done, but he picked the right city to do it in.

—GJN

