

ciates live, for the most part, in two-room apartments with families of six, and their monthly remuneration scarcely exceeds the wage of an unskilled worker in America. Mr. Lane Kirkland's, his lieutenants' and other union chieftains' honoraria are in the six-figure brackets, no less than high-paid corporate executives. Can this be called working people's solidarity? Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers, said in his thunderously received speech to the rally that President Reagan's economic policies are leading to "a government of the rich, by the rich and for the rich." Isn't that a puzzling statement, considering Mr. Fraser's own salary? Is he going to refuse tax cuts in his next report to the Internal Revenue Service?

The Emperor's Wardrobe

The word 'civilization' to my mind is coupled with death. When I use the word, I see civilization as a crippling, thwarting thing, a stultifying thing. For me it was always so.

—Henry Miller

Without realizing his own perspicuity, the grand old fornicator of American letters set forth the "philosophy" that guides America's reigning literary establishment. "Up with art and down with civilization" chant the literati who have boosted to fame such writers as Norman Mailer, Edgar Doctorow and William Styron. In a replay of a now-familiar cultural ritual, America's claimants to literary immortality have grown fat and rich while indulging themselves in *nostalgie de la boue* and disdain for the bourgeoisie.

Harper's, which in the late 1960's and early 1970's did as much as any cultural journal to promote the philistinism of the literary taste-makers, has finally cried "Enough!" In a two-part essay appearing in the August and September issues of the magazine, a Mr. Bryan F. Griffin has blurted out the dolorous news: the emperor is naked.

Mr. Griffin gleefully pillories the icons of the establishment. With finely honed invective and an eye for the damning quotation, he ridicules our contemporary literary greats for their "onanistic view of human existence and culture." Terms such as "eccentric mediocrity" and "suspended cultural adolescence" fly from Griffin's pen. Clearly this gentleman has undertaken a task no less daunting—and necessary—than Hercules' cleansing of the Augean stables. Anyone who suspects that our current brood of novelists and poets falls shy of the standards set by a Homer, a Virgil, a Cervantes or a Tolstoi will find it difficult to resist Mr. Griffin's exuberant iconoclasm.

A few *caveats* do seem in order. In laying waste the books and journals that have contributed to the current debacle, Griffin strangely ventures nary a word about the role that *Harper's*, under the editorship of Willie Morris, played in leading us into the quagmire. Griffin omits writers who would suit his purposes perfectly, namely Kurt Vonnegut and Richard Brautigan. Even more curious, in singling out the handful of writers for whom art means something more than the transformation of masturbatory lucubrations into best sellers, Griffin says nothing of Saul Bellow, Eudora Welty or Walker Percy. And to lump Philip Roth (the Roth of *Goodbye, Columbus*, not of *The Breast*) with the likes of Doctorow and Joyce Carol Oates strikes us as perverse.

Griffin's greatest shortcoming lies elsewhere, though. Beyond an appeal to Ruskin's call for an art that illuminates "the personality, activity, and living perceptions of a good and great human soul," Griffin offers few alternatives. Yes, he calls for the upholding of high standards of artistic endeavor, and, yes, he pays his respects to "grandeur of vision." But we search in vain for something more, for some foundation, some deep and abiding principle, as a basis for Mr. Griffin's animadversions. Mr. Griffin excels in the negative, but he offers little by way of the positive.

Witch Hunt at Yale

In an address to the new freshman class (high-pitched for the liberal media and eminently suitable for copious reprinting), Mr. A. Bartlett Giamatti, Yale University president, accused the Moral Majority, "and its satellite or client groups," of many nasty if not outright vicious and shocking things. Reading his emotionally charged statement, we got an impression that Mr. Giamatti was referring not to what the Moral Majority spokesmen actually say, want or proclaim, but to what Mr. Giamatti *says* they are saying, wanting or proclaiming. This, of course, was the essence of McCarthyism, and the Yale president's choice of epithets and tone sadly reminded us that whether such words and sounds are used on the right or left of our ideological spectrum, it is still McCarthyism, which is a very, very bad thing. It remains to be seen, too, whom the Moral Majority has "intimidated," where it has stifled "diversity" and how it has swept away "anyone who holds a different opinion" and on and on. Certainly, neither New York's 42nd Street, nor Hollywood, nor the mores and tastes on Yale's New Haven campus bear any scars from injuries inflicted by those whom Mr. Giamatti calls the "peddlers of coercion." Mr. Giamatti stated emphatically:

The point is, the rest of us hold to ideas of family, country, belief in God, in different ways. The right to differ, and to see things differently, is our concern.

It always seemed to us that the concern to see things differently from Mr. Giamatti's venerable institution in New Haven is what the Moral Majority is all about. For the last two decades the all-powerful media have given us ample opportunity to hear about Mr. Giamatti's and his allies' ideas on family, country and God. It has been blasted all over the country, through education, entertainment, TV news, etc., by virtue of the authoritarian monopoly of the lib-

The Dartmouth Review

P.O. Box 343
Hanover, N.H. 03755



Nemo me impune lacessit

©1980 The Dartmouth Review

All Rights Reserved

Very impressive.

—Ronald Reagan

A significant development. I have followed with interest the trend of
The Dartmouth Review.

—George Will

The Dartmouth Review is a vibrant, joyful, provocative challenge to the regnant but brittle liberalism for which American colleges are renowned. It is serious, in the best sense of the word; it is lively, it has spirit, and it has a considerable capacity to meditate its own weaknesses.

—William F. Buckley, Jr.

A sprightly, irreverent conservative weekly.

—Patrick Buchanan

The Dartmouth Review conclusively demonstrates that alert and active young minds are very much alive on our campuses.

—William Simon

The Dartmouth Review

P.O. Box 343
Hanover, N.H. 03755

FREE

Nemo me impune lacessit

Volume 1, Issue 22
Monday, April 27, 1981



**William Simon
Says: Reduce
Government,
Cut Taxes,
And Restore
Academic
Freedom**

—pages 6, 7

Inside:

- Patrick Buchanan on Dartmouth
- Dartmouth Brings Back ROTC?
- Steve Kroll on Pledge Raids
- Rough Waters For Men's Crew



The Dartmouth Review was founded a year ago to combat the decadent liberalism that, in the sixties, took over the educational establishment.

The Review is important not only in that it has effectively challenged the liberal monopoly in the Ivy League, but also in that it has established itself as an important subset of the Reagan coalition.

In the last few weeks, *The Review* was reported on in the *New York Times*, the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, the *Boston Sunday Globe*, and the *Chicago Tribune*.

But *The Dartmouth Review* is, above all, a tremendously exciting paper. We offer a zesty combination of news, columns (by William Buckley, Jeffrey Hart, and others), cartoons and witty asides.

You can be a part of this important development. And stay informed of the goings-on in the Ivy League, heart of liberal territory.

Subscriptions to *The Dartmouth Review* are only \$25 per year. All donations are tax deductible. Please make checks out to *The Dartmouth Review*, at P.O. Box 343, Hanover, NH 03755. Or call 603-643-4370 for more information.

eral establishment. We've never heard a Moral Majority preacher exhorting an audience to march on Yale and influence its curricula, nor has one even asked that august university about its generous hospitality to Marxist ideas and preachers.

Reagan and the Financiers or Susanna and the Elders

Wall Street chafed under Jimmy Carter, longing for the day when a conservative would sit in the White House. Wall Street's prayers have been answered, but something has gone awry: the financial community has responded to President Reagan's fiscal policies with something less than enthusiasm. In essence, it's the same situation as in that famed Biblical parable. Wall Street's not-too-clean old men are trying to probe Reagan's fiscal chastity. The overall outcome, however, may be quite different than the way it was pictured in Renaissance paintings. It looks as if those who have clamored the loudest for a conservative administration may destroy it in a spasm of voyeurism.

Or perhaps it is just the contrary. This administration's most ferocious detractors have labeled it a sort of reverse Robin Hood gang which takes from the poor to enrich the rich. How is it, then, that the richest of the rich exhibit such a manifest distrust? Perhaps—O horror of horrors!—the poor perceive the intentions of this administration in quite a different way from what the pundits want the poor to know. The best proof that it may be so was, perhaps, the fancy footwork in the opinion polls which could be noticed, recently, by anyone who watched the CBS Evening News.

Opposition on the Right

President Reagan's nomination of Mrs. Sandra Day O'Connor to the Supreme Court has transformed the dis-

contented murmurings of New Right social activists into angry shouts of disapproval. Charges of betrayal make the rounds, as many of those who numbered themselves among Ronald Reagan's firmest supporters have concluded that the President has reneged on his promise to cleanse America of a noisome social liberalism. As if the barrage of abuse from the left were not enough, President Reagan must now contend with opposition from among his own people.

This will not do: President Reagan and the New Right need one another; as Benjamin Franklin said on the eve of the American Revolution, we must hang together or we'll all hang separately. Does the New Right seriously believe that it could elect one of its own—say, a Jesse Helms—to the Presidency? Even assuming the improbable, would a President Helms, once faced with the anguishing responsibilities of power, dance to a tune played by New Right pipers? Lyndon Johnson, yearning to embrace us in a Texas bear hug, used to remind us that he was President of *all* the people; well, Ronald Reagan is now President of all the people, and he has to remember that.

Yet President Reagan cannot afford to turn his back on *his* people. Not only did they vote for him in large numbers, but they stuffed envelopes, distributed leaflets, manned telephones and performed all the other wearying and in-

glorious chores so essential to electoral success. Even more important, the New Right raised those moral issues that gave the Reagan campaign its *raison d'être* and helped to turn it from yet another ill-begotten exercise in me-tooism into a call for moral revival and national renewal.

Mr. Reagan cannot overlook the very human trait of *those* and *his* people, namely that they have grown impatient and frustrated as their deepest concerns have been shunted onto a siding to clear the tracks for the tax and budget cutters. Mrs. O'Connor, with her shaky stance on abortion and ERA, did nothing to reassure the New Right that once President Reagan took his mind off the economy all would be well. One does not need to be an ideological fanatic to feel the nagging fear that the high hopes of January 1981 might degenerate into politics as usual.

As President, Mr. Reagan must negotiate a treacherous course filled with exigent compromise, shifting alliances, clambering interest groups and the unwieldy machinery of government. He cannot bring us into the promised land, for no such thing exists in this world. What he can do is to turn America in a different direction, away from the social liberalism that has brought us to such a sorry pass. The New Right had best forgive him a few Sandra Day O'Connors, lest it paint itself into the corner of avid ideological zealotry. □

