

smear articles themselves are effective testimony to this fact — never has Pat Buchanan advocated any such policies, whether they be barring Jews from his country club or placing maximum quotas on Jews in various occupations (both of which have happened in the U.S. in our lifetime), let alone legal measures against Jews. So once again, it is absurd and a vicious calumny to call Pat anti-Semitic. If Pat passes any rational subjective or objective "litmus test" with flying colors, what else is there?

It is high time and past time that the anti-anti-Semitic Smear Bund shut up about Buchanan and, while they're at it, reconsider their other vilifications as well.

But am I not redefining anti-Semitism out of existence? Certainly not. On the subjective definition, by the very

nature of the situation, I don't know any such people, and I doubt whether the Smear Bund does either. On the objective definition, where outsiders can have greater knowledge, and setting aside clear-cut anti-Semites of the past, there are in modern America authentic anti-Semites: groups such as the Christian Identity movement, or the Aryan Resistance, or the author of the novel *Turner's Diaries*. But these are marginal groups, you say, of no account and not worrying about? Yes, fella, and that is precisely the point.

Epilogue: A Buchanan Crusade?

Jacob Weisberg ends his egregious screed on a fascinating and possibly revealing note. What is the aim of the anti-Buchanan hysterics? At most, to get newspapers to cancel his column and to get him kicked off the air: to marginalize him out of public life. At the least, if he survives the onslaught, to exert a chilling effect on Pat's well-known honesty and candor. But there is perhaps another aim, for

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Weisberg ends his piece darkly by mentioning that Buchanan has held "powerful positions in the White House," that his columns and broadcasts "reach tens of millions of people," and that he almost ran for President in 1988. The final note of Weisberg is to register fear and horror at a possible

future Buchanan run for the Presidency. He concludes that all the Good Guys in America, "all those who see American society as more inclusive and tolerant than the Catholic Church of Pat Buchanan's childhood," all these Good Guys "are right to tremble at the thought of the crusade he would lead, and the country he would create."

Well, it all depends on one's point of view. As a slogan, I am happy to offer Lew Rockwell's for any future Buchanan run for the Presidency. "Make Them Tremble, Pat!" ●

Stuck in the Sixties

by M.N.R.

I don't know how many people have noticed, but virtually the entire libertarian movement is, one or another, living in a time warp, stuck in the '60s, which for almost all of them was the defining moment of their lives.

The Modals are, of course, visibly stuck in the '60s, the days of their grubby adolescent liberation, the days when they could wallow in the sex, drugs, filth and lack of responsibility of the hippie counterculture. The legion of ex-Randians (and there is considerable overlap in the two categories) are still back in the glory days of the Randian movement, of the NBI tapes and the *Objectivist*, their lives set to the Randian star. Randian exegesis and memorabilia are the stuff of their being: if Edith Efron or Kay Nolte or any other of the top ex-Randians were willing to write fifty-part serials of "My Life with Ayn Rand" we all know that *Liberty* magazine would be eager to publish every jot and tittle. Ludwig von Mises once showed me, with a twinkle, a book in his library, published in East Germany, entitled *Marx-Chronik*, every day in the life of Karl Marx. [It is now available in English.] He commented on the hagiography of a movement that was willing to deify its founder to that absurd extent. Well, don't we know that if the Randians and ex-Randians only had the resources, a *Rand-Chronik* would be their daily breakfast reading?

Dave Walter and Don Ernsberger are stuck in the '60s, not only as ex-Randians but as ex-YAFers, the defining moment of their lives coming when they helped lead the libertarian wing out of the Young Americans for Freedom in 1969. The Society for Individual Liberty which they then established was, throughout its existence, a continuing exercise in instant nostalgia, a longing for the glory days of 1969 when they were, for the first and last time, Big Shots, makers of history.

And now Walter and Ernsberger are running the Libertarian Party as a YAF-type, mailing list, scam operation, scrambling for dwindling resources to maintain an organization that yields a close-to-zero output.

Look, I am the last one to knock nostalgia and historical memory; they are extremely important. But come on, guys: enough's enough. There's an exciting world out there. Get real! ●

Arts and Movies

by Mr. First Nighter

Metropolitan, directed and written by Whit Stillman.

Social realism, we sometimes forget, does not have to be about the poor, the underclass, or upwardly mobile immigrants. Social realism, even in New York City, can be about the glamorous, wealthy, preppe Upper East Side. In this lovely gem of a movie, this low-budget "sleeper," Whit Stillman, in his first film, brings us a sweet, affectionate, autobiographical valentine about WASP preppe youth in New York. Not

since George Roy Hill's wonderful and hilarious *The World of Henry Orient* (1964) has the preppe/deb life been so perceptively and admirably portrayed.

Realistically but affectionately, Stillman shows us a slice of life during Christmas week, when the life of these college freshmen and sophomores is one continuous round of expansive deb parties followed by all-night flirtations and bull-sessions. As one reviewer marvelled: these people speak in whole sentences! Yes indeed, they are articulate, concerned about ideologies, the future of their class (or whether it should have a future!), about their own lives, and the intellectuals among them about literature and culture. All this recalls the days not only of my own youth, but also of all generations of youth until the cultural cataclysm of the late 1960s. But the most heartwarming aspect of this sketch of college youth today is the sweetness and fundamental innocence of these young people. The one girl in the group who sleeps around is known to one and all as "the slut," and it is gloriously as if the various phases of the Sexual Revolution had never happened. The Old Culture still lives! and this fact gives all of us hope for the future of America.

Not, of course, that the Old Culture is or was problem-free. Many of these young people come from broken if upper-class homes, and suffer from paternal-and-step-mother rejection. But they cope with these problems as best they can, with sweetness, determination, and wit. The amiable, earnest, and artless hero, living in relative penury on the declassé West Side (the only spot in the film that looks—realistically—grubby),

is a particularly touching case of such rejection.

The hero, by the way, begins this Christmas week as a seemingly dedicated Fourierite socialist, but at the end of the week and the film, agrees with his newfound friend: "Who wants to live on a farm with a bunch of other people, anyway?"

The photography is superb: never has the Upper East Side looked so sparkling and glamorous; the only analogue is those wonderful Art Deco Park Avenue apartments of 1930s movies, replete with 50-foot ballrooms, alluring gowns, seltzer bottles on the sideboard, and Fred and Ginger doing a turn. Here was a New York that served as a beacon and a Mecca for decades of American youth. The 30s effect is enhanced by the camera direction. Stillman writes that a low budget required him to go back to the stationary cameras of that Golden Age, and to do so without the self-conscious preening swoops and zooms of modern cinematography, gimmicks that mainly serve to call attention to the camera itself rather than to the life and the action on the screen. Budget or no, the technique fits extremely well and becomes part of the overall magic of this movie.

If you want to imbibe some hope about the future of American youth and culture, rush to see this film before it disappears amidst the welter of contemporary glitz, grunt and gore. And who knows, one muses on leaving *Metropolitan*, maybe even New York City, that once wonderful Babylon-on-the-Hudson, can one day be brought back to life.

—M. N. R.