

(In Search of . . . cont. from P.1)

different from all other politicians? In my Sept. 1992 article, I mentioned a possible clue: Nat Hentoff, a soft Zionist, called Al Gore during the 1988 campaign, "the Senator from Likud." But that's still much too vague and broad a brush.

Well, I haven't found the answer yet, but some crucial hints for the discerning come in an amusing article in the *Washington Post*. (Lloyd Grove, "Hail to the Veep" (Jan. 20)). It seems that the powerful left neo-con Marty Peretz, publisher of the *New Republic*, threw a gala inaugural party for Al Gore, announcing on the invitation a "fanfare in honor of Al and Tipper Gore." Peretz, whose magazine had featured an impudent "Clinton Suck-Up Watch." NR's editors, who pride themselves on their alleged diversity, feistiness, volubility, and independence, grew oddly taciturn when quizzed about the strange romance of NR with Gore. "I won't talk to you", said Mike Kinsley; "I didn't come here to be put on the spot," said Mickey Kaus; "I think I'll dodge this one," said the usually intrepid Jacob Weisberg. And indeed, it turns out that Peretz, who hung out on Gore's campaign plane and banned publication of virtually any criticism of Gore in the pages of the *New Republic*, has been a good buddy of Gore's ever since the mid-sixties, when Peretz was an instructor at Harvard and Gore was his favorite student.

OK, so what do we know? We know that Marty Peretz, who made the smart career move of marrying an heiress,

is a former Vietnam peacenik from Boston who later abandoned the peace cause for fear that American non-intervention might spell lack of total U.S. support for Israel. We know that, ever since he purchased the *New Republic*, the one *motif* underlying the allegedly vast spectrum of ideological diversity in the magazine (all the way from left neo-con to center neo-con) is total, all-out support for the State of Israel.

So where are we? Surely not very far, if we have to conclude that Marty Peretz equals, is identical with, all of American Jewry: Or is this somehow the key? In our continuing quest, we welcome any clues from our readers. ■

But What About The Hungarians?

by M.N.R.

Since the collapse of the despotic centralizing USSR, we all know that nationality after once-submerged nationality has arisen to seek, and often achieve, ethnic justice at long last. RRR has been in the forefront of the clamor for ethnic justice and self-government, from the Slovenes to the Abkhazians, from the Chechens to the Croats. We have tried to track all of them, and to sort out their often tangled conflicts. Generally, they have done pretty well; even the most despised and oppressed of all, the Germans, have achieved the unity of West and what was falsely called "East" Germany (actually,

it was *Middle* Germany, and there are the lost lands to the *real* East, but that's another and sadder story). But in all this reaching for a place in the sun, one oppressed and despised ethnic group remains immobile, and no one seems to care: I speak of that marvelous and ancient people, the Hungarians. No banners wave for the restoration of justice to the Hungarians; undoubtedly, achievement of such justice would be inconvenient to the New World Order, an order that is grounded squarely on the "territorial integrity" of borders as they existed before 1989 or 1991; but heck, the Croats and Slovenes happily got away with such breaches in "territorial integrity," and there is no reason why the Hungarians cannot do the same.

Just as Germany was shattered and torn apart by the monstrous Treaty of Versailles in 1919, so Hungary, also burdened with phony "war guilt" for World War I by the victorious and vengeful Entente powers (Britain & France), was carved up by the equally monstrous and corollary Treaty of Trianon the following year. In rewriting the map of Europe after World War I, the Wilsonian slogan of "national self-determination" for each ethnic group was used like the Orwellian slogan in *Animal Farm*: ethnic groups discovered that some were more equal than others; some ethnic groups were set by the post-war order to rule over others. Poor Hungary was shorn of fully one-third of their ethnic and linguistic brethren. And, after all the vicissitudes of the

next seventy years, this situation *still* obtains. Hungary now is Hungary after Trianon; several hundred thousand Hungarians groan under Slovak (instead of Czech) tyranny in southern Slovakia; and the Hungarians who people the northern Vojvodina are now suffering under direct Serb rule, after previously enjoying semi-autonomous status. And most grievous of all is the status of legendary Transylvania, the land of Dracula and other classic vampires. Transylvania was torn from the Hungarian bosom at Trianon and given to "pro-Western" Romania, and Stalin put it back the same way after World War II.

Is Transylvania ethnically Hungarian or Romanian? Both nationalities are in this land, and it is obviously a matter of much dispute. The distinguished historian Bela Kiraly, a top general in Hungary who escaped to the West after the heroic and failed Revolution of 1956, told me, when I asked him about ethnic boundaries in Transylvania: "I hate to say this, but Hitler's imposed boundary was probably about the best solution." The point is that, during World War II, both Hungary and Romania had right-wing governments friendly to Germany, so that Hitler could afford to be "objective" and concentrate on ethnic justice between the two. Hitler granted northern Transylvania to Hungary, and southern to Romania. Friends of mine claim, however, that this short-changed Hungary which should have obtained either the northern two-thirds, or even all, of Transylvania.

And then there is the neg-

lected problem of Carpatho-Ruthenia, the eastern tail grabbed from Hungary by the Czechs after World War I. After World War II, this land was incorporated into the western Ukraine, Ukraine claiming that these were long-lost Ukrainians. I understand that the Ruthenians are beginning to make noises about independence, of wanting out of the Ukraine. In any case, it seems that Hungarian ethnic claims to this small area are fairly weak.

But, in any case, why is nothing more said and done about Restoring Hungary? Hungary's territory should definitely be expanded to include: southern Slovakia, the northern Vojvodina in Serbia, and something like two-thirds of Transylvania. Hungarians arise!

Of course, there *are* nationalist stirrings in Hungary; technically these are *irredentist*, dedicated to redeeming unredeemed lands lost to an ethnic nationality. The great playwright Istvan Czurka, leader of a nationalist faction of the ruling party in Hungary, is calling for such a movement. More militantly, agitation is led by the "1956 Anti-Fascist and Anti-Bolshevik Association", headed by the artist Istvan Porubszky, who had fled to Canada after 1956. The 1956 Association is also organizing teen-age youth, called the National Conservative-Thinking Boys, who listen to lectures on Hungarian history, celebrate statues of the *turul*, a mythological eagle-like bird that symbolizes Hungarian unity, and shout "Down with Trianon!"

Only one guess how these groups and this agitation is

regarded by the "pro-Western" (i.e. Social Democrat) Hungarian establishment, plus the Social Democrats of the *New York Times* and the rest of the U.S. received opinion. Like all Social Democrats, who hate and revile all nationalisms except that of the U.S. and Israel, these groups fear and loathe these nationalists, the youth being denounced as "skinheads" simply because the teen-age lads like to wear their hair crew-cut.

It's clear that Hungarians will never achieve their true place in the sun so long as their rulers are more interested in currying favor with the United States government than they are in justice for themselves.

(Once again, I take the opportunity to declare that I am not a descendant of, related to, or connected in any way, with any of the ethnic groups I have celebrated in RRR. Except in spirit, I am not Hungarian nor a Croat nor an Abkhazian.) ■

Coping With the Inaugural

by M.N.R.

It was an Inaugural from Hell. The big issue that faced me, now that our Jacobin Festival has burgeoned from Inaugural Day to Inaugural Eve to Inaugural Week, was how to stay sane during this living nightmare. As a political junkie, I couldn't stop reading the papers altogether, but I could skim through my five daily papers, keeping a keen eye out for the lone gripe, the dissenter amidst