

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

this veritable avalanche of pap. But as for TV, I had to forswear it altogether, punctuated by a quick daily foray into the half-hour of Limbaugh sanity amidst the hoopla.

Generally, I kept my TV resolve, but a couple of times, forgetting myself for the moment, idly seeking a sports score, the horror struck:

Bam! TV anchorman, standing outside the festivities: "Last week (before the inaugural), the magic seemed to go out of the Clinton story (because of the various criticisms that had piled up during the week). But now," the anchorguy's face lights up, "the jets are flying overhead, and the magic is back!"

Bam! Simpering Katie Couric, a huge emerald around her neck, oohing into the camera; "Ooohh! Pres-i-dent Clint-on has gone over to talk to his mother! Isn't that wonderful?" Byecchhh! Where Oh where was the death's head at the feast?

They all gathered at the Potomac, this nightmare vision of America, the whole cruddy coalition, from the Lawn-Chair parade to the Gay and Lesbian Band to the millionaire Hollywood Leftists to the rap groups.

The line in my summer *L.A. Times* article for Bush over Clinton that really drew the hate mail was my saying that at least Bush would "hold back the hordes" for four more years. "Who are those hordes, Mr. Rothbard?" my critics chorused. Well, there they all were, the tens of thousands that poured in ecstasy into Washington, for *their* Inaugural. They all said

much the same thing: "Whoop-ee, now it's *our* turn."

Two of them, these hordelings, put it almost identically: two of my least favorite people in the world: Barbra Streisand and Betty Friedan. Two clones: Betty is shorter, older, and uglier than Barbra, but not by a heck of a lot. (Sign of either a flagrant liar or someone with hopelessly debased tastes, the guy who says thoughtfully: "You know, she (La Streisand) is *really* beautiful.") Betty may be shorter and uglier, but at least she doesn't assault our eardrums with alleged "singing."

Barbra, overjoyed at the Inaugural: "We did it; we're responsible for this, we the people of color, the Jews, the women." Barbra's joy, however, was momentarily dampened when the adoring anchorguy introduced her as "Miss Barbra STRY-zend." "No, no, it's STRY-SAND," Barbra snapped irritably.

As befits a theoretician rather than an "entertainer," Betty was a bit more formal, more non-U, in her summation: "I had this indescribable thrill at the speech and the whole thing. I feel it's *our* inauguration—all the people I've been on the barricades with from 1966 on—all the barricades, liberal, peace, new

democracy, feminists, even the Jewish."

And then of course there was the generation thing, Diane English: "I would have come all the way from Timbuktu if I had to. It was a wonderful exciting moment for my generation."

And what of those of us of another generation, those of us on the other side of all these barricades, those of us who never *had* "our turn"? Clinton likes to compare himself to Jack Kennedy, that previous revolt of the youth. But miGod, this ocean of crud made one long for Kennedy, for Jackie, for Camelot, yes, even for the thought of Arthur Schlesinger,

Jr., being playfully tossed into the White House pool.

But the key of course was ideology not generation, and Lauren ("Betty") Bacall demonstrated that you didn't have to be a young fool to be a fool. Bacall gushed about how Al Gore, whom she introduced at the Inaugural, offered her his coat to protect from the cold. Chivalry!

But isn't that profoundly "sexist"? And then Hillary Herself reached out a gloved hand to draw Betty into the singing of the collectivist hooey of "We Are the World."

Want more of the rebarbative horror? There was Belgian jet-setter Diane Von Furstenburg:

"We did it; we the people of color, the Jews, the women."

"I'm a Clinton groupie," she bumbled, and she planned to become an American citizen because of Clinton. Why? "I was so frustrated that I couldn't vote for him." Aww, poor thing! Actor Ed Begley, Jr., weighed in with this esthetic pronouncement; "The great thing about being here is learning we have a president who can clap on the counts of two and four, he can hit the downbeat. There is hope for this country!" Not while there are people like Begley making such profound observations.

Such events would not be complete without sage statements from the professoriat. There was Avery Andrews, history professor at George Washington University, after getting a glimpse of Clinton on the inaugural walk: "I could see him clearly," said the professor. "He looked bigger than life. He was looking out the window, waving." OOOhh, gee. See Clinton and die, professor; what more in life could you possibly achieve?

The best comment on the Inaugural was the immortal line from Monty Woolley in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*: "Are we to be spared nothing?" The answer, of course, was no, for the *piece de resistance* was the Poem, the drivel emitted by the monster Maya Angelou, she of the phony Brit accent. So beloved was this tripe, this dimwit paean to the multicultural, that even *USA Today*, the master of the condensation, the paper that would even condense Jesus's speech at the Second Coming, actually reprinted this junk *in full*. The Rock, The River, The

Tree, the Jew, the Sioux, the Cherokee, well you get the idea.

The Poem reminded me strongly of the Commie Ballad

for Americans, put out during the Communism-Twentieth-Century-Americanism period of World War II, sung by Paul Robeson in his most portentous and stentorian tones. The Ballad celebrated every conceivable occupation and group: the worker, the farmer, the teacher, the sailor, etc., all groups but one that was carefully omitted: the businessman. The difference between the Reds of that more innocent era and of today is that workers and blacks were about the only two Oppressed Groups they needed to include. But now, of course, Maya had to list dozens: the Jew, the Sioux, etc., all except, as Mona Charen pointed out, the British who actually founded America and gave it its ideals and institutions. Where were the Brits?

And that cretinous "Good morning" with which Maya ended the poem! When Ronald Reagan talked of "morning in America," he was ridiculed by the sophisticates, but compared to Maya, Ronnie was a veritable bard. But worse than Maya were her legion of groupies. The usually plonky black

columnist Barbara Reynolds waxed rhapsodic: about the "uplifted spirit," the "outstretched hand." Reynolds' citations about "looking like America"

were oddly one-sided: Ray Charles, Whoopi Goldberg, and Marilyn Horne. But the toperoo for her, of course, was Maya: "her dignity, her scholarship (sic) her sharing of life" blah blah. And she wound up, burling about an America where we "can face daylight and, in the 'poet' Angelou's words, say, 'Good morning.'"

But Miss Reynolds was topped by Neil Simon, who virtually swooned with delight. Maya Angelou's poem, said Simon, "just swept me away." "That last line—'Good morning'—I could hardly contain myself."

Yecchh! How can we go on? And it was all topped by black actress Cicely Tyson, who I guess summed up the Clintonian reaction to The Poem: "God speaks, and will continue to speak, through Dr. Maya Angelou." Well, that settles *that*. But what is this "Doctor" nonsense? Isn't "Doctor King" enough.

The only line I could think of worthy enough to counter this chorus of "Good Mornings" was the great line from Bela Lugosi's *Dracula*: "Good-BYE!"

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Look as I might, I could find only two bits of surcease in this ocean of Inaugural swill. One was Bob Dole's statement a bit before. Dole was marvelously prophetic even though of course he had to retract and apologize almost immediately: "Bill Clinton's honeymoon will be as short as that of the Bride of Lammermoor (who of course killed her husband on their wedding night)."

The other refreshing note was the response to the Inaugural festivities by humorist Fran Lebowitz. Even though Miss Lebowitz is a left-liberal, and voted for Clinton, the great thing about her is that she embodies the spirit of the true New Yorker: the man or woman who works at night, rarely sees the day, NEVER "works out," and hates cant, pretension, and New Age psychobabble with every fibre of his or her being. Miss Lebowitz pronounced herself, in an interview in the *New York Times* (Jan. 19), "out of my mind, on a new planet of fury," as she sat watching the inaugural on TV in her Manhattan apartment, watching what she called the televised "Hopi/Cherokee/Hispanic/African-American/college student festival of ring-a-ding-ding-a-long." Miss Lebowitz perceptively dubbed the entire gang "the religious left." And while the ditzzy Lauren Bacall was so "thrilled by the generosity" of Al Gore and Hillary that she now has "a sense of hope," and has decided to stay in the U.S. instead of emigrating to Europe (lucky us!), Miss Lebowitz's reaction was very different. She commented: "If you're switching back and forth

between the inaugural and the (Iraq) war, you think, where would you rather be less? And find yourself thinking, well, it's not that bad in Baghdad. They didn't hit the targets."

As we slog our way through the horror of the inaugural, the Big Question keeps popping up: "Is it too late? Are the American people too debased to bounce back? Or will there be a mighty

Rating Senate Republicans: Family Leave

The Family Leave Bill was the first important measure of the Clinton Congress, unfortunately passing in the Senate by 71 to 27, in the House by 265 to 163. (Feb. 4). The law forces employers of 50 or more to give up to 12 weeks of leave in any 12-month period for birth of a child, or to care for an ill family member, or for sick leave. The worker can be on the job for as little as one year to collect this benefit. When the worker returns, the employer has to give him or her back the job. This coerced leave is "unpaid," except that the employer has to continue health care benefits as if the person is still working.

A costly imposition on business, which will cut production, raise prices, and create unemployment. And think of all the 50-employee firms that will quickly fire one worker to get under the limit!

Giving up the Democrat party as hopeless, this RRR rates Republicans in the Senate on their votes, a "-" for a Yes vote, a "+" of a No vote, a "0" for non-voting. Yes, 16. No, 25.

Alaska Murkowski — Stevens —	Kentucky McConnell +	Oregon Hatfield — Packwood —
Arizona McCain —	Maine Cohen —	Pennsylvania Specter —
Colorado Brown +	Minnesota Durenberger —	Rhode Island Chafee —
Delaware Roth —	Mississippi Cochran + Lott +	South Carolina Thurmond 0
Florida Mack +	Missouri Bond — Danforth —	South Dakota Pressler +
Georgia Coverdell +	Montana Burns —	Texas Gramm +
Idaho Craig + Kempthorne +	New Hampshire Gregg + Smith +	Utah Bennett + Hatch +
Indiana Coats — Lugar +	New Mexico Domenici +	Vermont Jeffords —
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Kansas Dole + Kassebaum +	Oklahoma Nickles +	Washington Gorton +
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backlash, as the American masses-sound at the core—storm their way back to sanity and health?" The returns are not yet in, but I am enough of an optimist to believe that Goodness, Truth, Beauty, and Justice will eventually triumph. ■

"Doing God's Work" in Somalia

by M. N. R.

"And so to every sailor, soldier, airman, and marine who is involved in this mission, let me say you're doing God's work."

—President George Bush
December 1992

In his scintillating article on the Somalian incursion, *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham, one of the few left-liberals who remains staunchly anti-foreign intervention, quotes the above words from our recent President. (Lewis H. Lapham, "God's Gunboats", *Harper's Magazine*, February). Lapham notes that Bush issued his "prelate's benediction" to the troops even though lacking "both the miter and the shepherd's staff." He also notes—in a timely reminder to those conservatives who have not yet re-examined their devotion to the preceding President—that on that very same December day Ronnie Reagan, speaking at Oxford University, urged the United Nations to develop "an army of conscience" to confront the "evil (that) still stalks the planet" even after the death of the Soviet Union. Since it is difficult to imagine evil stamped out from the world

very quickly, this presumably implies a permanent standing world army to vanquish and keep down evil and sin in whatever quarter of the globe they might raise their ugly heads. In short, a permanent global Crusade.

The *real* evil—this crusading spirit itself—first swept over America in the late 1820s in the form of what is technically called "post-millennial pietism" (PMP). In the dominant "evangelical" form that PMP assumed in the "Yankee" communities of the North (New Englanders and their transplanted kin in upstate New York, northern Ohio, northern Indiana, etc), this meant that every man had the bounden and overriding duty to maximize the salvation of his fellow-men, by stamping out sin and the temptations thereto. In short, he was bound to work his darndest to

establish a Christian Commonwealth, a Kingdom of God on Earth. It very quickly became clear that sin was not going to be stamped out very quickly by purely voluntary means, and so the PMPers rapidly turned to Government to do the stamping out and the creating and the uplifting. In short, as one historian perceptively put it, for the PMPers, "government became God's major instrument

of salvation."

This turn to government was facilitated by the "pietist" part of the PMP doctrine, for this meant that the old Puritan emphasis on creed and God's Law, much less the Catholic or Lutheran emphasis on liturgy or the sacramental Church, was swept aside. Christianity became totally focussed in a vaguely pietist, "born again," mood on the part of each basically creedless and Church-less individual soul. Shorn of Church or creed,

the individual PMPer was necessarily forced to lean upon government as his staff and shield.

Slowly but surely over the decades since 1830, this mainstream Yankee Protestantism became secularized into an only vaguely Christian but passionately held Social Gospel. After all, with this sort of mindset, it was easy for God to gradually drop from

sight, and for government to assume a quasi-divine role. It was left to the monster Woodrow Wilson, a PMPer to his very bones and a Ph.D. as well, to take this domestic creed and extend it to foreign policy. It was essentially a "today the U.S., tomorrow the world" credo. Once the PMPers took over the U.S. government and imposed a Kingdom of God at home, their religious duty got raised

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