

plus expenses. The Serbs find themselves with \$3.5 million dollars *less* to spend on sinews, while their enjoyment of chess scarcely helps build one more plane or one more military base. How wackily vindictive can the U.S. government get? Bobby of course is not going to return to the U.S. to face the indictment, so the latest is U.S. threats of extradition. Hey! Get that dangerous chess player!

Once again, RRR raises the cry which we pioneered last year: Free Bobby Fischer and all Political Prisoners!

The latest noise from Washington on the Serbian question is that the U.S. may not send troops against the Serbs unless the Serbs "carry their aggression" to Kosovo. But that is arrant nonsense; the Serbs have no need to "extend"

aggression to Kosovo; they are *already* governing it. A couple of years ago, Sloba ended the autonomy of Kosovo (south of Serbia) within the Serbian Republic, and imposed Serb rule. The problem is that only 10 percent of Kosovo is Serb; no less than 90 percent are Albanian! So there will be no conflict within Kosovo unless and until the Albanians will rise up and try to claim national self-rule, something the Kosovo Albanians so far seem incapa-

ble of doing. Then there is the specter of Albania itself intervening on behalf of their ethnic comrades in Kosovo (on its northeast border); but Albania, just recently out from under a long-term super-Maoist regime, seems in no condition to intervene against anyone. A special fillip to this ethnic conflict is the religious factor: the fact that the vast majority of Albanians are Muslims, adding, as in Bosnia,

a special Christian vs. Muslim Holy War ingredient to the seething Balkan cauldron. There is also a special historical twist: the Christians in the Balkans rightly suspect the original conversions by the Bosnian Slavs (ethnically mainly Serb) and by the Albanians to Islam to have been motivated not so much by sincere religious conviction as by

the opportunity to escape taxes under the Ottoman Empire. History always hangs heavy, especially among history's losers.

So thanks a lot for your rotten legacy, George, in foreign as well as domestic affairs! The most appropriate song with which to pipe George out of office and back to Kennebunkport is the old ditty we used to sing in camp:

*We hate to see you go
We hate to see you go*

*We hope to Hell you never come back
We hate to see you go.* ■

Mr. First Nighter by M.N.R.

A River Runs Through It Dir. Robert Redford

A picture about fly-fishing in Montana? For an urban New York type like myself who wouldn't know a fly-fisherman from a surfer, who thinks that fish should be caught in giant nets, and who believes the once you've seen one mountain or tree, you've seen them all? And from someone who had never heard of Norman Maclean, from whose autobiographical sketch this movie was made?

And yet, I found this a wonderful, enchanting movie. I was enthralled by the entire story of an early twentieth-century family in Montana, by the spare, haunting, marvelous narration culled from that book, and by the motion picture which Redford has obviously made totally in the spirit of the story, with no Hollywoodization, and no beating the audience over the head with every point. I loved the Montana river, was enthralled by the mystique and the technical "four-count" perfection of fly-fishing, charmed by the notion that for the narrator's Presbyterian minister-father it was difficult to draw the line between religion and fly-fishing. I was captivated by the scene where the narrator Norman's younger brother Paul breaks through his father's technique to achieve his own

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innovative and superior form of fly-fishing.

There are many great little touches in this film: the life of the family; the gentle gripe when the father mentions that his reporter son had changed his name to MacLean, with a capital L, making the family look like "lowland Scots". There is the teasing byplay between Presbyterians and Methodists: "Methodists are Baptists who can read;" "don't crowd around him, he's a Presbyterian".

And of course the total contempt of fly-fishermen for the crude, easy and popular form of "bait-fishing": "He's the kind of peckerwood that will show up with a red Hills Brothers can of worms!" And the minister-father stubbornly if erroneously convinced that "St. Peter was a fly-fisherman."

In addition, Redford's deliberate choice of excellent but virtually unknown actors insures that the actors could form an ensemble team without the distraction of "star" celebrities.

What can I say? If this New York peckerwood can be enraptured by a movie about Montana fly-fishing, how much more in love with *A River Runs Through It* will be those readers who have actual experience of these rural delights! For urban and rural viewers alike, not the least of the charms of this movie is that it shows us life as it used to be lived, life in the Old Republic, of the America that we have lost, or rather that has been seized from us. When will the day come when movies as enchanting and as yea-saying can be made about *today's* America?

The point of the paleo cultural revolution is not to be content with aching nostalgia, but to set out on the long but rewarding path of Bringing America Back, back to Eden. ■

Coming Out Neoconservative by Justin Raimondo

*Coming Out Conservative:
An Autobiography*
by Marvin Liebman
Chronicle Books, \$19.95

There is a strange dissonance in Marvin Liebman's autobiography, *Coming Out Conservative*, a book about politics written in the style of a Harlequin Romance. If it has any near equivalent in literature, it is Patrick Dennis' hilarious *Little Me*, a high-camp pastiche of the Hollywood autobiography. The difference being that Dennis meant us to laugh at the narcissistic delusions and puffed-up pretensions of the whorish Belle Poitrine; Liebman, however, is deadly serious.

This accounts for the overwhelming impression of self-division which permeates the very structure of Liebman's book, which is really two books. The dominant and far more interesting tells the story of the conservative movement in America since the early Fifties as seen through the eyes of a stereotypical neocon. The other story is not really told, but only hinted at: his homosexual encounters, relationships, and acquaintances are never described in any detail. In a 265-page

tome ostensibly devoted to his "coming out" as a gay man, chronicling all 69 years of his life, Liebman mentions only one of his lovers by name, and then disposes of the subject in a few paragraphs. The whole thing is very sketchy and reticent. The overwhelming impression garnered from reading the "juicy" parts is one of shame. I suppose we ought to feel sorry for him because his personal life consisted of an endless series of anonymous sexual encounters; but in this reader, at least, the effect produced nothing but an overwhelming revulsion—a revulsion shared and communicated by Liebman himself.

But all this whining and wallowing in self-pity is really beside the point, because most of the material deals, not with his sordid and apparently quite boring personal life, but with the fascinating story of how the conservative movement in America was literally taken over by ex-Commie social democrats like Liebman. The author was a central figure in all this—though not, one suspects, as pivotal a figure as he presents himself—and through his eyes we get to see the rise of the so-called "New Right." This new movement displaced the anti-New Deal coalition of libertarians, isolationists, and Taft Republicans with a new coalition united around a single issue: fanatical anti-Communism, and the fawning never stops.

The principal organ of the New Dispensation was *National Review*, and its undisputed leader was William F. Buckley, Jr., whose polysyllabic cosmopolitanism defied the stereotype