

that the LP itself has abandoned. Ross Perot is not only not beholden to special interest groups; he is financing his campaign without imposing upon the taxpayers.

A final word about the LP, now rapidly self-destructing. Apart from its various peccadilloes and craziness, which we have detailed in these pages, the entire LP can now be seen as founded on a strategic flaw: that, when, at some point, the people get fed up with politics or with Washington, they will turn to the LP. In 1980, the first wave of anti-government sentiment, they didn't do so; instead, the anti-government sentiment was siphoned off by the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan and by the existence of the Anderson third ticket. The handlers of the Clark campaign in 1980 grouched that "if not for Anderson," the LP would have gotten millions of votes. And now, in the current, even stronger wave of anti-government sentiment, the people are turning, not to the LP, but to other, better known populist instruments: in turn, David Duke, Pat Buchanan, Jerry Brown, and most of all, Ross Perot. So, instead of knocking Perot, et al., the more thoughtful LPers should ask themselves: why should it ever be different? Why should America *ever* turn to a crazy little party with weird positions on a multitude of subjects? It is high time for thoughtful Libertarians to rethink their basic strategy, to leave or scrap the LP, and to become part of real-world coalitions for meaningful, populist social change. ■

Anarchists in Poland

by M.N.R.

Received in the mail: a mimeographed "News from Poland," the "world bulletin" of the Anarchist Federation [FA]. FA is apparently a coalition of "libertarians" or anarcho-capitalists, anarcho-syndicalists, and "eco-anarchists." What could such seemingly clashing groups possibly unite on? Apparently, many Polish libertarians are at least as mixed up and Left-oriented as Libertarians here at home. What do they unite on? Apart from a few such sensible causes as anti-tax, and anti-coerced social insurance, the litany is all too familiar: counter-culture, "freedom of drugs," "freedom of sex/perversions/pornography," "the philosophy, fantasy/science fiction," "punk/hard core music," "punk/hard core zine," animal rights, feminism, vegetarianism, pacifism, mysticism, "transvanguard," "anarcho-artistic activities," and "psychic release and alternative ways of life."

The one hopeful note in this Libertarians from Hell movement is that the major enemy of the FA is the heroic and flamboyant leader of genuine libertarianism, shall we say paleo-libertarianism? in Poland, Janusz Korwin-Mikke. Korwin-Mikke, the head of the UPR, which the FA refers to variously as the "liberal-conservative" and the "conservative" party, took two actions that enraged the Left-libertarians. First, he called for the dismissal of the Environmental Minister, Stefan

Koslowski, because the latter asked the court to grant amnesty for violence committed by the FA in its campaign to stop a dam from being built in southern Poland. Second, and even more charmingly, Korwin-Mikke reacted strongly against an "ecological" campaign to picket fur shops, so as to persuade people not to use "natural animal furs." This "ecological movement" is dubbed the "Community of All Beings." Korwin-Mikke's response: to launch a "competitive" pro-fur campaign. Hooray: let's hear it for the Polish UPR! ■

Mr. First Nighter

by M.N.R.

Hear My Song

A wondrous, exuberant, very funny, and heartwarming movie by the best new director in many a moon, Peter Chelsom, who also co-wrote the screenplay. A richly-textured show-business film set among Irish immigrants in England (presumably in Liverpool) and in Ireland, *Hear My Song* is the story, based in fact, of the return to England of the legendary Irish tenor, Josef Locke, who had had to flee the tax collectors twenty-five years before. Marvelously directed with a light and sure touch, the movie provides the best-ever portrayal of Irish rural life and hi-jinks. The sound-track too, is filled with wonderful Irish jazz. Ned Beatty displays surprising ability

and panache in the Locke role, and Adrian Dunbar (who co-wrote the script) is excellent in the protagonist role of a scampish theater promoter, strongly reminiscent of Nigel Havers. Don't miss this low-budget charmer!

White Men Can't Jump

This movie by Ron Shelton, who brought us the splendid baseball movie *Bull Durham*, has been extravagantly praised by all critics as doing the same for inner-city playground basketball. Don't you believe it. Unless you're crazy about incomprehensible shuckin' and jivin'. The banal plot centers around the fact that Woody Harrelson, though white, can actually play good playground basketball. Harrelson and black actor Wesley Snipes hustle each other and other playground players, and Harrelson has a stormy relationship with a dippy Puerto Rican/Asian girl friend who spends her time trying to get on *Jeopardy*. Big deal. The only interesting thing about this movie is that I saw it in a neighborhood Manhattan theater. One of the guys waiting in line outside for a bus looked like a refugee from the movie itself, replete with baseball cap perched backward on his head and skate blading around the line. The guy was mortified when the bus driver wouldn't let him on.

Hey, suppose they made a movie, *Black Men Can't Swim*? What do you think would happen?

Fried Green Tomatoes

A charming movie, directed by Jon Avnet, about the rural

South, now and in the old days. Outstanding acting by Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and the rest of the cast. A paean to the old Southern way of life, funny and suspenseful. Even the feminism is not obnoxious, with Southern matron Kathy Bates learning to be more assertive and telling off some rude young-punk girls. Based on an autobiographical novel by Alabama-born and raised Fannie Flagg, one of the charms of the movie is that all the Alabama characters, even the Ku Kluxers, are wonderful people, whereas the Georgians, not far across the border, are all nasty villains who beat their wives. And the Georgian Kluxers are real mean.

Organized lesbians have been complaining that the lesbianism of the book is not made explicit in the movie. Tough.

Basic Instinct

The brouhaha over this movie is ridiculous. This is not one of the Major Statements of Our Time. Basically a *film noir*—a tough, sleazy cop-and-murder picture, differing from the old films noir by having lots of soft-core porn. There is nothing redeemable about any of the characters, including the "hero" Michael Douglas, who is getting to resemble Papa Kirk more and more, except that his acting is wooden instead of hyper-emotive. Last-minute editing out of the Famous Nude Shot of sexpot-quasi murderess Sharon Stone saved the indispensable R rating for the movie, but destroyed whatever interest it might have had for porn fans. (Now that hard-core porn

is easily available, what in the world is the point of the soft-core variety? Why do we have to endure it in general distribution movies?)

Organized lesbians have hysterically attacked this movie for an allegedly negative portrayal. Actually, women in general don't come off too well,

Hey, suppose they made a movie, *Black Men Can't Swim*? What do you think would happen?

if anyone is crazy enough to look for a Message in this movie. Clearer messages from *Basic Instinct* would be: (a) Sex is deadly, not so much from AIDS as from a female with an ice-pick; and (b) all female shrinks are evil. Come to think of it, maybe, in its decadent way, this movie can be considered a Moral Tale.

Directed by Paul Verhoeven, whose return to Holland would be welcome.

The Academy Awards

On a dreary occasion, we take what comfort we can. In

particular: Billy Crystal's incredulity at Governor Clinton's never inhaling marijuana, and the joy of seeing the ugly, no-talent egomaniac La Streisand not get nominated for Best Director. And, not least of all, Crystal mocking the Streisand claim of anti-female discrimination by stating that he didn't get nominated for Best Actor because he is a man. ■

Garet Garrett: Exemplar of the Old Right

by Justin Raimondo

If the American Right is to regain its bearings in the post-Cold War world, the heroes of the Old Right—conservative critics of globalism and the New Deal—must be revived, remembered, and given the honor that is their due.

One such figure was Garet Garrett (1878-1954), whose career as a writer, editor, and polemicist encompassed the rise and fall of the pre-WWII Right in America. The son of a tinker, young Garet spent his boyhood in Burlington, Iowa. As a newspaperman, he worked for the *Washington Times* (where he covered the White House of William McKinley), the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and others.

The Great War had quite an effect on him, for shortly after Armistice Day he left newspaper work and took up fiction. His first and most remunerative market was the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, under George

Horace Lorimer, was a fountainhead of Old Right culture. Garrett sold a spate of short stories, and a number of serialized novels. One was *The Driver*, which is centered around the career of a Wall Street trader, a speculator by the name of Henry Galt. Galt is a financial genius obsessed with railroads—and the unacknowledged similarities with Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* do not end there. (See my forthcoming article in *Chronicles*.)

At about the same time, Garrett wrote a series of articles on the war debt question for the *SEP*. In his view, the seeds of the next war had already been planted, and the cause was economic. The Allies imposed reparations, and then loaned the Germans the money to pay it back—earning a high rate of interest in the bargain. Germany got out of paying by inflating its currency, and her creditors were obliged to rescue her from sinking into insolvency and going Bolshevik. For the first time, the Red Menace was being invoked as a rationale for foreign entanglements. To Garrett, it was blackmail pure and simple; the threat of Bolshevism in Germany was “nine-tenths conjuration.” This series was close to the heart of George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *SEP*, and their collaboration on this project led directly to Garrett's long association with the magazine.

The crash of 1929 and the ascension of Franklin Delano Roosevelt marked a turning point for Garet Garrett and the Old Right. For here the two things they had feared most—

the rise of Big Government and the acceleration of foreign entanglements—began to dominate the American stage. The *SEP*, under Lorimer, was implacably hostile to both trends, and Garrett's articles and editorials blasted away at Roosevelt. He had blamed the crash of 1929 on the Federal Reserve's inflationary policy, and warned of the dangers of turning to government as the solution to the crisis. In the January 23, 1932, *SEP*, Garrett saw what the end of this “let the government do it” attitude would be: “Increasingly, as it may seem, irresistibly, we are using public credit to create an indigent caste, indigence becoming more and more comfortable until for many it may seem a goal. . . .”

If the American Right is to regain its bearings, the heroes of the Old Right must be revived, remembered, and given the honor that is their due.

During the terrible “Hundred Days,” in which FDR launched a frontal assault on American capitalism, Garrett was in fine form. On June 16, Congress