

army, one of the most powerful in Eastern Europe, and its mighty tank corps, was fought to a standstill by the heroic Slovene guerrillas, who beat back the Yugoslav army and inflicted unacceptable losses. Once again, as in all guerrilla victories, the key was ardent, virtual unanimous support by the Slovene people in defense of their freedom against a hated external force, as well as intimate knowledge of the terrain by the guerrillas. Moreover, the conscripted Yugoslav soldiers, generally not Serbs, deserted in droves, or surrendered under fire.

By early July, the more moderate Serb who is Defense Minister of Yugoslavia, Veljko Kadijevic, threw in the towel, and admitted that the operation against Slovenia had been a big mistake. Assessing the situation in mid-July, the Yugoslav military came to the conclusion that it faced only two choices: either occupying every inch of Slovenia and preparing to massacre the entire population, or withdrawing totally and allowing the Slovenes to decide their own fate. Almost unanimously, they decided that withdrawal was the only way; even the Serb fanatics concluded that letting the Slovenes go would allow them to concentrate more closely on the even more hated Croats. And the Slovenes, who before the battle had been willing to settle for sovereignty within a loose Yugoslav confederation, were now both embittered by the Serb aggression and emboldened by their heroic victory against far superior numbers and firepower. A free Slovenia had been baptized in blood, and the die appeared to be cast.

During the 1980s, and long be-

fore the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, I had the occasion to visit Slovenia, and fell in love with the land and its people. I was able to stay in Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, in a Holiday Inn, unique in the then-Communist bloc. Holiday Inn enjoyed a strange co-ownership arrangement with an old "people's owned" Communist hotel, which literally surrounded the Holiday Inn. While eating dinner in a Ljubljana restaurant, I was surrounded by charming young people who saw that I was western, and peppered me with questions about life in the United States. (Needless to say, we spoke in English, since I knew no Slovenian.) I tried to tell them that they were better off than the Soviet-dominated countries, but they were hearing none of it. They all found life in Communist Yugoslavia "boring," and they longed to get out to the West.

Welcome, Slovenia, and bless you. You are now part of the West, and no thanks to George Bush *et al.* You won your freedom, like the American revolutionaries, both with ideology and with the sword. ●

PC Cinema: Psychobabble Gets Nasty

by Mr. First Nighter

I'm beginning to think it's all a long-range leftist plot. First, they tear down our love and admiration for our own culture, by preaching cultural relativism and the irrationality of ethics. "All cultures are equal," there *is no* trans-cultural morality, and therefore (and self-contradictorily) it is *immoral* to

count your own culture superior to others. That's Phase One. And then, after several decades of pushing this line and converting everyone to it, comes the Phase Two sockeroo: there *are*, after all, moral principles and trans-cultural norms, but what they teach us is that our own culture and values are evil: racist, sexist, heterosexist, *et al.*, and *ad nauseam*. Morality exists, after all, but what it teaches is that we have been immoral all along, and everyone else is superior: a transvaluation of values. Phase One is the necessary softening up process for Phase Two, a process we are now undergoing.

This summer's cinema is rife with PC, spearheaded by a new trend. Psychobabble, for decades marked by the sickening treacle of "I'm OK, You're OK, Everyone's OK," to get us off our ideas of moral norms, has now shifted gears into a new, far more directly vicious phase: "Middle-class, middle-aged, achieving, white males [MMAWM] are definitely *not* OK," as a matter of fact, they need the figurative or even literal equivalent of a shot in the head. A direct, brutal, and vicious assault on MMAWM has now begun.

Of course, it can't be solemn and preachy. Even the guilt-ridden MMAWMs in our debased culture are not quite ready for *that*. It has to be done, then, in the sugar-coated pill of "comedy," bitter and witless pills which apparently our downtrodden Atlases, the MMAWM, are ready to swallow without seeing the danger or the assault. In that way, the prosperous, unheeding, American bourgeoisie are happy to pour in the dollars to finance their own

destruction.

The two particularly vicious anti-MMAWM "comedies" are *Regarding Henry* and *What About Bob?* In Mike Nichols' *Regarding Henry*, vicious go-getting lawyer, Harrison Ford, is redeemed by being shot in the head. Now a quasi-vegetable, he *therefore* becomes a dopey, loving, childlike, good human being, *because* of being deprived of most of his humanity. This sickening story is so blatant that it strikes even liberal critics as idiotic, so that there is at least a chance that this rotten movie will not be a hit.

Unfortunately, it seems that the other horror, *What About Bob?* has become a hit, helped by the fact that the vicious leech is the genuinely funny Bill Murray. In this movie, successful, uptight shrink Richard Dreyfuss is literally driven insane by patient Bill Murray, who, in the guise of sweet, loving worship of his shrink, turns Dreyfuss' entire loving but simpering family against him. Once again, evil is the MMAWM who is figuratively shot in the head by Bill Murray, and in fact Dreyfuss is never really redeemed, but remains permanently destroyed. The fact that of all MMAWMs, shrinks above all often deserve to be eviscerated softens us up, but should not blind us to the radical evil of this movie.

Other summer hits do not quite reach the moral depths of these two films, but are sickening in their own right. *Thelma & Louise* celebrate females achieving power and, "liberated" and on the road, committing violence against hated maledom.

Kevin Costner's *Robin Hood* manages to ruin the Robin Hood story by substituting gritty mud and "realism" for adventure and romance, by filming the movie in greys and browns, by sticking P.C. blacks and feminists into a medieval English drama, and by having the Good Guys of Sherwood Forest speak terrible English in flat Midwest and California accents, while the Bad Guys speak in English accents. As one reviewer pointed out, this leads one to believe that these are American colonials somehow stuck in a time warp in the middle of Merrie England. Where is Errol Flynn now that we need him? — M.N.R. ●

P.C. Watch

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

Black Flag?

In a recent Raid commercial, a housewife sprays a fast-moving, sneaker-clad roach she calls "homebug." When civil rights groups complained that the ad was racist, it got zapped. "Homeboy" is a synonym for "urban youth," says the *Washington Post*. Also killed was another anti-bug commercial, this one for Black Flag, that had a spray-can-waving housewife saying: "Their kind deserves to die." "Blacks, Hispanics, everyone you can image complained," the ad agency told the *Post*. "We even heard from a Hungarian."

Should Ebony Run White Ads?

Amidst a bankrupt city government, the New York City

Department of Consumer Affairs has been spending tax money checking all the ads in American magazines for the last 20 years, and finding—yes—"stereotyping, under-representation, and de facto segregation." Blacks represent 12% of the U.S. population, but only 3% of the characters in ads, says the department. And when they are depicted, it is often as "athletes, musicians, or objects of charity." The answer? Affirmative action. The city bureaucrats want the magazines, which vainly pointed out that ad agencies prepare the ads, to "establish goals for improved representation of blacks and other minority members."

Fair Harvard

The Wall Street Journal started the rehabilitation of black neoconservative Harvard professor Glen Loury by quoting him extensively in favor of the nomination of Clarence Thomas. Loury has not been in the news much lately, because the tenured prof was in the news before. When the Reagan administration nominated him, at the urging of Irving Kristol, for a high post in the Education Department, it turns out, says James Ledbetter in the *Village Voice*, that Loury had "defaulted on student loans," "fathered and been jailed for nonsupport of a second child out of wedlock," and been "arrested for beating and stomping his young mistress" after "a police car chase prompted by prostitutes in his company, for possession of cocaine and a homemade crack pipe." Can Loury really be a neocon? Sounds like a Modal Libertarian to me.