

done to ease the blow to organized feminism. But I still think it was far better for the cause of liberty for the Regiment to receive this splendid setback. Especially because it shows that the masses can be reached by common sense over the heads

of the arrogant media, which in this case virtually constituted a monolith. May this not be an indication that, short of the daunting and terribly long-range task of converting the intelligentsia and the media, that this opinion-molding elite

can be short-circuited by a direct, "populist" appeal to the masses? Dr. Samuel Francis, in a series of brilliant columns in the *Washington Times* and in *Chronicles*, has been pointing out that in the short or even medium-run, the chances of mounting a successful movement for libertarian ultra-minimal government, or even for classical republican limited government, are minuscule. For the intellectual, opinion-molding, and other elites who are running the show are on the other side. Liberty, Francis points out, can only be achieved now in two phases, the first phase mounting a populist assault on the things—mainly the "social issues"—that gripe Americans the most: crime,

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the welfare system, affirmative action and victimological tyranny, high taxes, bureaucracy and politicians, gun control, foreign aid, and globaloney. By stressing such gut issues, issues that already rankle the average person,

a Right-wing populist coalition of libertarians, "red-necks," and traditionalists can reach the masses directly and shape history. And then, after Phase One is achieved, we can plan for the next push toward liberty. But why am I convinced, even

though each and every one of those issues is libertarian, that Libertarians will be among the major opponents and grippers about this strategy? Because, apart from taxes and gun control, these are issues where the average Libertarian, the Modal, is uncomfortable or downright hostile.

Well, the heck with it. The paleo-populist train is in the process of leaving the station, the Locomotive of History is a-chuggin', and it is up to the Libertarians whether they wish to hop aboard. It's high time that we stop finding ourselves trapped in a Higher Synthesis where either way we lose. It's time we started winning; and maybe someday we'll have the marvelous Higher Synthesis where either way, we win. ●

Tips for (Male) Wannabee S.C. Justices

1. Never, *ever*, talk to a female, except at court, committee meetings, etc.
2. If you *must* talk to a female, only do so accompanied by several witnesses, *including* your attorney, a notary, and a tape recorder.
3. If you must smoke marijuana, only smoke one or two, and never beyond law school. (The Ginsburg Rule)
4. It is still not clear whether it is OK to watch porno in college or law school. But obviously, porno is out at any later period in your life.
5. If you insist on watching porno anyway, it is vital that you not leave a paper trail at video rental stores. You have three options:
 - a. You can watch porno in a movie house. But then, of course, you will be subject to the Pee Wee Herman Lemma.
 - b. You can *buy* the darned films; but then, of course, you will have to hide them from hordes of reporters, investigative teams, etc.
 - c. If you insist on renting, for Heaven's sake launder them through relatives, friends, etc., and/or patronize a large number of video stores.
6. Although it didn't come up in the Thomas case, drinking is going to be out, too. (Remember the Tower Rule.) Perhaps a discreet glass of sherry at dinner. But

7. sip, don't go down the hatch. Smoking (tobacco) is going to be out, too. Do we want a Justice who gives instant lung cancer to several hundred patrons each time he lights up in a restaurant? Or to his guests or family when he lights up at home? A few smokes behind the barn in college will be OK, but not later.

8. And of course, you must have no discernible opinions on any topic that is important or that even might *become* important in the future. Write no opinions or law review articles, that might give your views away. Discuss nothing important with anyone, so that the next time you're called on to say if you've ever discussed *Roe v. Wade*, you can say No, Sir, with full credibility.

Well there you are, old son: no fun, and no opinions, at least after you become a certified adult. You will sail through the nominating process, provided, of course, you can get someone to nominate you.— M.N.R. •

Arts and Movies

by Mr. First Nighter
For the Bourgeoisie

My Father's Glory, and *My Mother's Castle*. One movie in two parts, directed by Yves Robert. French, with subtitles.

Since World War II, with only a few exceptions (usually the films of Eric Rohmer), French cinema has been, for all of us cultural reactionar-

ies, abominable. Almost to a movie, they have been absurdist, snail's-paced, static, camera lingering lovingly on the pores of the faces of the main actors, plotless, dialog-less, morbid and irrational. In short, aesthetically and politically leftist and *avant-garde*.

And yet it was not always thus. French movies before World War II were often splendid: rich, buoyant, funny, worldly-wise, and many of them were the marvelous comedies of the French playwright and moviemaker, Marcel Pagnol. The wonderful trilogy, *Marius*, *Fanny*, and *Ce-*

sar, and *The Baker's Wife*, all featuring the incomparable character actor Raimu, were justly celebrated as some of the best movies ever made.

The late Pagnol is now, happily, very much back with us in spirit, in these two superb gems (they *have* to be seen in the above order), based on the memoirs that Pagnol published shortly before his death. The movies are brought to us, in a wonderful tribute to Pagnol, by his old friend and movie director Yves Robert. The movies are remarkably evocative of Pagnol's childhood in turn-of-the-century southern France.

His father was a school teacher in Marseilles, and the family would take the traditional French August vacation in the hills of Provence. At first the family rented the house, and then bought it, and the two films portray young Pagnol growing up, and learning about and falling in love with the Provencal hill country.

And what a childhood it was! The increasingly common modern view is to heap abuse on one's parents, for (a) psychologically messing you up, and being responsible for all your ills;

and (b) for being part and parcel of hateful, insensitive, cloddish, comfortable, upper-middle-class bourgeois life. Much of modern culture consists of dumping on the bourgeoisie, on one's own parents, relatives, neighbors, etc. as being guilty of exploitation of the poor as well as of psychological destruction of the author.

This Pagnol-Robert film is produced as if in defiance of modern convention. For it is, *mirabile dictu*, a portrayal of a very happy childhood, a childhood, as Mencken once wrote of his own, "encapsulated in love." Pagnol loves

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