

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS: ENDURING THE PLEASURES OF MOTHERHOOD AND FAMILY LIFE  
Joyce Maynard/Times Books/\$17.95

Fred Barnes

Joyce Maynard is not popular with the journalism set. All the reviews I've read of her book were unfavorable, and that's not the half of it. Reporters, columnists, editors—practically everyone who noticed I was reading the book (I carried it around for several weeks) had unkind words for Maynard and her writing. This wasn't just the normal journalists' envy of someone who's more famous, either. This was real hostility that transcended ideology, politics, gender, and religion. An editor for a conservative magazine said he quit reading Maynard's book in disgust when he got to the part about her grandmother. That came on page 10. A liberal political writer told me he wouldn't let her book in his house. These two are male. Women tend to be even harsher critics of Maynard.

I concede there is a lot to dislike. Maynard has been writing about herself since her teens, starting with a spokeswoman-for-her-generation piece in the *New York Times Magazine* twenty years ago. She turned out her autobiography at 19 (she's in her mid-30s now). At times, she seems downright obsessed with herself and her feelings. She uses the word "I" with total abandon. And her attention to the meaningless details of family life—the brand names of toys, for example—is often cloying.

Worse, by the end of this chronicle of motherhood, she'd gotten political. What touched her off was a U.S. Department of Energy plan to put a nuclear waste dump near her house in rural New Hampshire. She joined a protest movement, and it changed her outlook. "I will never become one of those people prepared to fast to the death for world peace, and I'll never make my children sit out in the rain all day with antinuclear placards, because it seems to me there's nothing left to fight for if, in the name of the cause, you sacrifice everything you love about your kids," she writes in a postscript. "I still bake pies and I will grow zinnias, only now I think those small pleasures seem more precious to me." Whew! At least battling against nuclear testing and SDI didn't

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the *New Republic*.

drive her from the kitchen and garden.

What I admire about Maynard is that she bravely cuts against the grain of our culture. Her politics may be trendy, but her life-style is not. At 23, Maynard quit her job as a reporter for the *New York Times*, got married, and moved to New Hampshire to raise a family. Okay, she's not a full-time mother. She still writes, mostly for women's magazines. She gets to run off to England to interview Elvis Costello for an article or spend a day with Christa McAuliffe, the schoolteacher who was later killed in the *Challenger* disaster. But her chief commitment is to being a mother and a wife. She has, Maynard writes, "a pretty unfashionable longing for family and home."

She doesn't use the word "unfashionable" lightly. Her best vignette—vignettes from Maynard's life with her husband and three kids is what this book consists of—reveals how untrendy she is. Maynard and her husband drive to New York for the wedding of friends. At the reception, a dressed-for-success woman of 30, who is a top account executive for an advertising firm, pulls Maynard aside and asks, "How do you do it? What's it like?" The woman, says Maynard, "might have been talking about conquering Everest or kicking heroin, but in fact what she meant was having children, being a mother. And she wasn't talking about the elaborate balancing act pulled off by so many successful New York professional women who manage to have children and a high-powered career too. She was talking about my having made the choice of motherhood at the expense of career."

Hard to explain, she found, since the usual answers ("to enrich one's own existence through parenthood," etc.) aren't adequate. Moreover, life in the fast lane is tempting. The next day, she takes her daughter by her old apartment in Manhattan. "You could stand on the balcony and see the Empire State Building, in red, white, and blue that year, for the bicentennial," she writes, as if yearning for her unmarried days. Nevertheless, she adds, "I was

relieved to discover how nearly painless it felt to get into our old car and head for home."

Maynard makes a startling confession that will get her no brownie points with Gloria Steinem. "The truth is, I like and feel at home in kitchens, I enjoy stitching doll clothes and sewing colored plastic animal buttons on children's cardigans—and certainly I love to cook. . . . The danger comes when a person invests too much of her identity in her pie crust (or her sewing, or, I suppose, her backhand) so that without these performances, at the stove or on the tennis court, she ceases to exist."

Maynard explains three large themes in *Domestic Affairs*. The first is that having children alters your life dramatically and in ways you don't expect or even desire. Your independence vanishes overnight, and so does much of your free time and discretionary income. This is hardly news, but it's a notion that gives lots of people the willies. They want kids, but only as an accoutrement. They want everything else to stay the same—no inconveniences. But "having a child changes everything," Maynard writes. And she defends the change.

Her second theme is that rearing children isn't easy, but that sacrificing for them makes your life better. "A perilous journey" is how she describes

bringing up her kids. Maynard tells the sad story of another woman whose teenage son turns bad. "It's hard to find yourself living under the same roof with a person you'd have nothing to do with (I've heard her say) if you hadn't happened to give birth to him." But that case is the exception. "How much children put one through, and how much their presence in one's life enlarges one's capacity to withstand it," Maynard says. ". . . Sometimes I focus on all the ways they've made my life harder, all the things they keep me from doing. When the truth is, of course, they also make possible everything that's best."

The third theme is that holding a marriage together, one marriage for life, is enormously worthwhile but very difficult. No wonder serial monogamy is so popular. Maynard, by the way, specifically rejects the Biblical idea that the husband is the head of the family. She prefers "the rocky road, with no one book offering all the answers." For many couples, the rocky road means divorce. "What I feel when I hear the story of those marriages, is never the lofty superiority of one who has it all sewn up herself," she writes. "Only the recognition, felt, I think, by anybody who's been married a while, of how hard it is for two people to build a life together and how much more than love is required to make it endure." Feminist assertiveness training isn't what she has in mind. □

U.S. Postal Service STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION <small>Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685</small>		
1A. TITLE OF PUBLICATION The American Spectator	1B. PUBLICATION NO. 0 1 4 8 8 4 1 4	2. DATE OF FILING Sept. 30, 1987
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE Monthly	3A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY 12	3B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$24
4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, City, County, State and ZIP Code) (Not printer) The American Spectator, 1101 N. Highland, Arlington, VA 22201		
5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER (Not printer) Same as above		
6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR (This item MUST NOT be blank)		
PUBLISHER (Name and Complete Mailing Address) Ronald E. Burr, 1101 N. Highland, Arlington, VA 22201		
EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address) R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., 1101 N. Highland, Arlington, VA 22201		
MANAGING EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address) Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, 1101 N. Highland, Arlington, VA 22201		
7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated. (Item must be completed.)		
FULL NAME The American Spectator Educational Foundation, Inc.		
COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS 1101 N. Highland P.O. Box 10448 Arlington, VA 22210		
9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (Section 4317 DMG only) The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes (Check one) (1) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> HAS NOT CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS (2) <input type="checkbox"/> HAS CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS (If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)		
10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION (See instructions on reverse side)	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES (Net Press Run)	43,034	38,296
B. PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales 2. Mail Subscription (Paid and/or requested)	1,825 35,164	1,793 31,503
C. TOTAL PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)	36,989	33,296
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS (Samples, complimentary, and other free copies)	1,578	1,494
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D)	38,567	34,790
F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing 2. Return from News Agents	2,383 2,084	1,564 1,942
G. TOTAL (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)	43,034	38,296
11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete	SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER <i>Ronald E. Burr</i>	

CORRESPONDENCE  
(continued from page 9)

remember, conservative gatherings of any kind featured someone remarking on the need for our point of view to be represented in the mainstream press and in the highest political circles. When the *Washington Star* folded, at least a dozen newspaper chains and a good many wealthy conservatives ex-

amined the market and rightly concluded that a frontal attack on the *Washington Post* would be damned expensive. In founding the *Washington Times*, Reverend Moon was the only one with the guts to put his anti-Communism ahead of his pocketbook. It bothers the author that religion and politics are being mixed, but religious motivation has thus far been the only force powerful enough to convince someone to weather the awe-

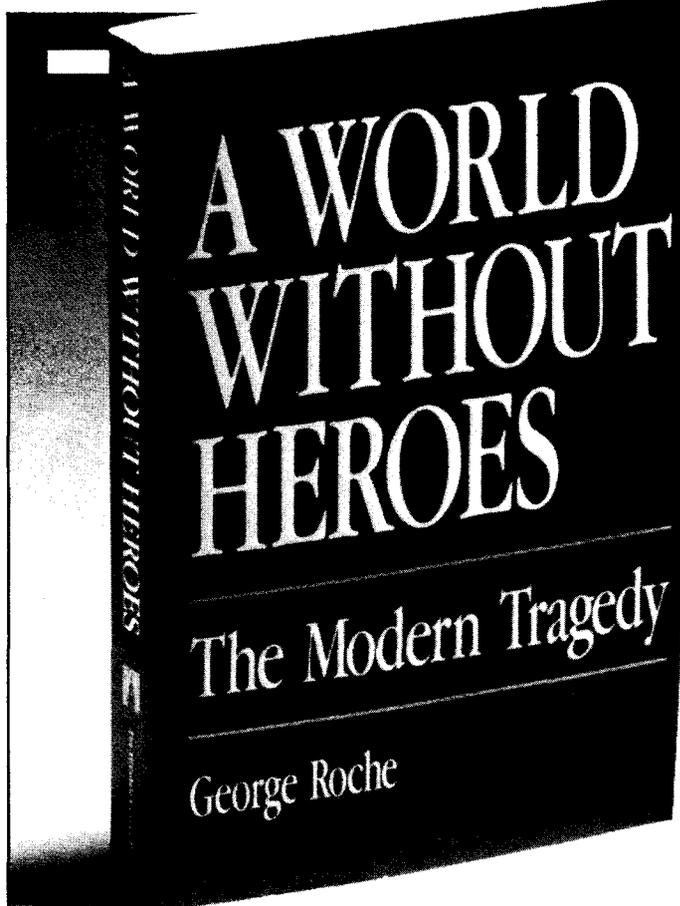
some financial sacrifice of playing David to the *Washington Post's* Goliath.

Mr. Ferguson kept returning to the same conclusion that Reverend Moon is granted validity by conservatives because he is in fact a rightful and accepted player on the Washington political scene. Whether he arrives at his anti-Communism through political or religious belief should not be a problem.

I am always honored whenever someone mentions my religious affiliation in a news story, especially when they are trying to work up a lather. For some reason, religions unfailingly seem to prosper in direct proportion to the hostility coming against them. This being the case, Mr. Ferguson should not have passed up the opportunity to let us in on his own religious leanings. Whatever his faith, with Mr. Ferguson as an adherent, I'm sure it could use a break.

—Larry R. Moffitt  
Executive Director  
World Media Association  
Washington, D.C.

## New From Hillsdale College Press



### *A World Without Heroes* *The Modern Tragedy*

By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk



In an exhaustive, scholarly treatment of modern intellectual trends, author and educator George Roche reveals how science has been hijacked by the secularists and how their ethos of moral relativism robs us of anything worth striving for, worth fighting for, worth dying for.

*A World Without Heroes* takes careful aim at the ideas that have shrivelled the will of the West and the faith of millions, harshly rebukes secular humanism as the most dehumanizing force of our modern age, and offers a ringing defense of Christianity that is at once humorous, insightful and uncompromising.

"A book the likes of which we have not seen in nearly a century: a genuine moral/cultural essay. And what George Roche has to say is not only profoundly true, it is thoroughly energizing and inspiring."

Midge Decter, Executive Director  
The Committee For a Free World

"George Roche's *A World Without Heroes* extends his reputation as a writer and our debt to him as a teacher and galvanizer. A most heartily welcome addition to his work."

William F. Buckley, Jr., Editor  
National Review

"*A World Without Heroes* is a trumpet call for constructive engagement in the social crisis by those who refuse to discard the wisdom of the ages in a time of civilizational turmoil. Well written, cognitively sturdy; it champions truth and the good in a transitory time when relativism tightens its stranglehold on the inherited values of the past."

Carl F. H. Henry, Founding Editor  
Christianity Today

Visa and MasterCard Orders Only/Call 800-253-3200, Ext. 801

#### ALSO BY GEORGE ROCHE



**Going Home**  
George Roche's first novel—about growing up in the rough and tumble last days of the American frontier and an old man's discovery of serenity and "the face of God" in the Colorado Rockies.

**America By The Throat**  
A blistering attack on red tape from George Roche—who resigned as chairman of the Presidentially appointed National Commission on Educational Research in protest over bureaucratic inertia.



#### YES! PLEASE SEND THE BOOKS INDICATED:

- A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Hardbound) @ \$17.95
  - A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Softbound) @ \$12.95
  - GOING HOME (Hardbound) @ \$12.95
  - AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Hardbound) @ \$14.95
  - AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Softbound) @ \$5.00
- My full payment is enclosed for \_\_\_\_\_  
(Free shipping! Michigan residents add 4% sales tax.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS  
HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242

AS11

If there are any former Moonies who don't look back with horror at their past, Andrew Ferguson is unlikely to meet them at the Cult Awareness Network.

I've been in the Unification Church for seventeen years—been reading your journal for about one-third of that time—and will be among the first to agree that Moonies are not run-of-the-mill conservatives. If they were, woe to the Western world. What has philosophical approval of a free market and democracy done to stop Soviet expansion?

Some Moonies, unlike Mr. Ferguson's cohorts, have been willing to put up with peer disapproval, even "persecution" in the holy Judeo-Christian tradition, by maintaining their commitment to the Unification Church as well as "Western values about the dignity of the person and the value of freedom." Some Franciscans probably did, too. So what?

Why didn't you cover the CARP demonstration at the Berlin Wall August 8? Everybody's who's anybody in the Eastern bloc has probably been talking about it ever since. We walked through the divided city with East German agents snapping our photos, then prayed right next to the wall (within the two meters claimed by the East) for the abomination to end. It will take a miracle.

The fact is that power does not come from the barrel of a gun, nor does it come from money; it is principled action that yields these forms of force. Reverend Moon is ready to proclaim the presence and love of God at any cost. Join the IRS-Dan Rather chorus if you will: after all, you only have history to face for it.

AF has written some far wittier and more informative articles—he's always been one of my favorites and I do hope this is a temporary lapse and not permanent regression. As a placard in Berlin said, "We love our enemies, but we hate their walls."

—Lisa Outrequin  
Villebon-sur-Yvette, France

*Andrew Ferguson replies:*

I thank Richard Brookhiser and Jonathan Emord for their comments about the Unification Church and its role in the conservative movement.

As for the other letters reprinted above, and the many others like them I received, I'm not sure that there is in them anything to which I can usefully reply—except to thank John Lofton for reminding us (again!) of his unparalleled devotion to Our Savior, and to ease Larry Moffitt's curiosity, if he insists, by announcing that I'm an Episcopalian (high-church). Beyond that, I can only point out that no one has written to challenge the matters of fact that made up the bulk of the article.

A more serious and sustained criticism of the article was offered by Tom Bethell in his column last month. Bethell's critique was rather gentle—far gentler, I suspect, than what his friends in the church were hoping for—and by my lights wholly ineffectual, since he painstakingly challenged points I hadn't made, meanwhile leaving unaddressed the article's main thesis. Bethell is under the impression, apparently, that I consider the Rev. Moon a greater, more immediate threat to the USA than the suave Gorbachev. He might have gotten this impression from sloppy writing on my part (it happens), for

in conclusion I had written that "under other circumstances the church would be anathema, roundly condemned as subversive of the very values conservatives have united to defend." Bethell took these "other circumstances" to be a "gulag-free world." I didn't mean to jump the gun. The specific "other circumstance" I had in mind was a money-free Unification Church, the point being that it is only money, and not some philosophical consanguinity, that makes this decidedly unconservative organization attractive to conservatives—even to the degree where it can call on reputable journalists to defend it in public. Most conservatives, I believe, would see a penurious Unification Church (admittedly, about as likely a prospect as a gulag-free world) with far more clarity.

Bethell suggests that my portrait of the church as "anti-family" and "socialistic" is overdone. He offers no evidence to rebut the considerable amount I offered, but only mentions that Christian monasteries too are anti-family and socialistic. This curious equivalence aside, I'll reiterate that my characterization of the church was based on its theological premises—insofar as these can be known—rather than on the internal make-up of the church or the church-mandated habits

of its adherents. The theological premises of Christianity, so far as I know, are not anti-family, and make a great deal of room for democratic capitalism; those of the Unification Church do not, as Bethell can discover if he desires.

Finally, Bethell, to his credit, understood something that many other letter-writers missed: I was not addressing myself to the issue of church influence at the *Washington Times*. (Bethell tells his readers that the whole matter is moot, having researched it by talking to a friend of his and Arnaud de Borchgrave's, who told him it was moot—an interesting journalistic technique.) The *Spectator* received a number of angry letters, and some cancelled subscriptions, from people condemning what they took to be a vicious attack on the *Washington Times*. My article was plainly nothing of the sort. But that widespread reaction does show that the lines are getting fuzzy when it comes to separating the church from the *Times* and, more seriously, from the conservative movement as a whole. That was the subject of my article.

#### Up to Date

May a Goddam Limey comment on William McGurn's excellent article

("Holy Macau," *TAS*, August 1987)? He says that "Macau's own sorry fate might have been very different had Margaret Thatcher's back been a little stiffer." It is odd that a citizen of the Superpower recently defeated by a mere Indo-China (as it used to be called) should imply that Maggie should lead this now comparatively puny Kingdom against the full might of the Communist Celestial Empire. She knows that politics is, alas, the art of the possible.

To change the subject, though not the source: *TAS* English is usually so exemplary that I am horrified by the same Mr. McGurn's use of the neologism "modern-day." I defy him to cite a single instance where it would be in any way superior to "modern." I suspect an illiterate echo of "nowadays."

—S. C. Crowther-Smith  
Oxford, England

#### Cruel to be Kind

Your August cover (on Jimmy Carter and Rosalynn) was the most vicious I have ever seen on any magazine.

Congratulations!

Are copies available for framing?

—Thomas Sowell  
Hoover Institution  
Stanford, California

## HOLMES & MEIER

### ITALY 1943-1945

David W. Ellwood

"[A] beautifully balanced and beautifully written study of the Allied Occupation of Italy." —*Times Literary Supplement*  
1985 280 pp. illus., bibliog., index \$39.50 (cl)

### POLAND 1939-1947

John Coutouvidis and Jaime Reynolds

"The best overall treatment of these events in English." —*Foreign Affairs*  
1986 400 pp. illus., tables, maps, photos, bibliog., index \$59.50 (cl)

### THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN STRATEGY

David C. Hendrickson

"Among numerous books that project national security into the future, this one is unique in arguing that the threat that drives national security thinking may be the deficit rather than Soviet military power." —*Choice*  
1986 222 pp. bibliog., index \$34.95 (cl) \$16.95 (pa)

### CONTEMPORARY STRATEGY

Vol. 1: Theories and Concepts

Vol. 2: The Nuclear Powers

Revised and Enlarged Edition

John Baylis, Ken Booth, John Garnett, and Phil Williams

From a review of the first edition:

"An outstanding review of contemporary strategy. . . highly readable and recommended for all levels." —*Choice*  
1986 glossary, index Vol. 1 326 pp. \$34.50 (cl) \$18.75 (pa) Vol. 2 209 pp. \$29.50 (cl) \$14.95 (pa)

### THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND ARON



Fifty Years of Political Thought  
*Raymond Aron*

edited by Arthur Goldhammer

In this, Aron's final work, one of our century's most profound political philosophers chronicles and interprets more than fifty years of political and intellectual life in the international arena and assesses his work, including the seminal *Peace and War*, and its impact on the thought of our turbulent times.  
spring 1988 450 pp. est. bibliog., index \$49.50 t. (cl)  
\$29.50 t. (pa)

### THE FUTURE OF AIR POWER

Neville Brown

"[A]n extremely readable review and analysis of the development, current status and predictions for the future of air power. . . a very valuable resource for researchers and planners alike." —*Military Review*  
1986 275 pp. appendixes \$49.50 (cl)

### THE NUCLEAR DEBATE

Deterrence and the Lapse of Faith

Robert W. Tucker

"A thought-provoking and original essay which examines the growth of skepticism about the present system of nuclear deterrence." —*Foreign Affairs*  
1985 160 pp. \$24.50 (cl) \$9.95 (pa)

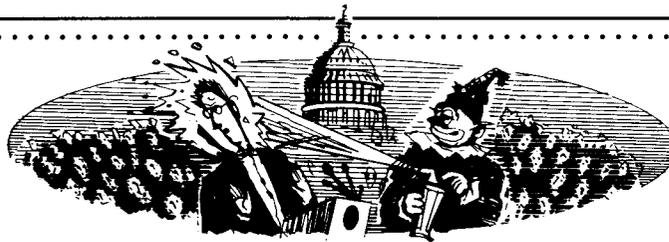
**HM**

Holmes & Meier Publishers, Inc. New York/London  
30 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

---

# THE WASHINGTON SPECTATOR

---



I'm writing under the assumption that you haven't heard the song "Judge Bork, Judge Bork" and that, regardless of the judge's fate (which as we go to press hangs in the balance), you never will. I have a cassette of the song but from what I can tell it hasn't gotten much airplay, which isn't difficult to understand. It starts off with a couple of innocent piano chords—sprightly, despite the heavy echo—but then a leaden drum machine kicks in below: *boom-pocka, boom-pocka* is how I think they transliterate it in *Rolling Stone* record reviews. Things disintegrate after that, for the singer opens her mouth (you can hear the wind rushing in), and there emerges this voice—a big voice, like the ones you hear at high school talent shows, roaring out of overlarge girls in evening dresses who have been planning for their big moment by sitting alone in their bedrooms listening to Liza Minnelli records. As the voice came through my headphones I could almost see the singer's chins quiver, see her arms outstretched, the fingers splayed, the liquid eyes reflecting the footlights—everything the traffic will allow.

*A new kind of sport  
Stacking the Supreme Court  
If Ronnie gets his way we'll get  
Judge Bork, Judge Bork.*

*A conservative prop  
The cream of the crop  
If Biden don't flip-flop we'll stop  
Judge Bork, Judge Bork.*

*He sticks to only what  
The Founding Fathers wrote  
Protect white, hetero men  
Return to when  
Women and Blacks can't vote.*

Does it help if I mention that it's sung to the tune of "New York, New York"? I didn't think so.

• • •

The woman who, spying my press badge, handed me my gratis copy of the "JBJB" cassette was wearing a leopard-skin body-stocking cinched up by a wide, shiny black belt—by far the most festively dressed anti-Borker I've seen. She was attending a National

Organization of Women rally in a Capitol Hill park on the day Judge Bork's confirmation hearings opened, and I took her to be a member of the "Oh So Politically Correct Players." According to the press release she also handed me, the Players are responsible for Judge Bork the song, having written and recorded it as part of their work as "a Washington-based social change satire group." For Judge Bork the nominee, everybody has gotten into the act, satirists included. Strictly speaking, of course, JB the song is not satire—there is in it no sarcasm, no exaggeration, no irony. It is a policy statement in verse. One could imagine Senator Kennedy singing it in the shower, if he were in one of his Liza moods. At the NOW rally, held as the Judiciary Committee recessed for lunch, there was some initial confusion because the Capitol park police wouldn't allow the gals to use their behemoth sound system, so they had to settle for a smaller one. "You see?" shouted one of the speakers from the platform. "We already have to worry about our free speech rights!" I thought perhaps this was a small attempt at comic overstatement, a little gag to lighten the gloom, but as the hisses rose from the crowd and the speaker nodded grimly, I saw it was no joke. You have to hand it to the Players. Selling satire to a crowd of feminists, they've done about as well as they can.

• • •

I say a crowd of feminists, but that's not entirely correct. Several of the speakers took pains to note that the anti-Bork cause—NOW has declared a "national state of emergency"—"cuts across ideological lines." "Judge Bork's nomination has brought together a broad-based coalition," announced Eleanor Smeal, the former president of NOW. "We have feminists here, consumer activists, gay rights people, environmentalists"—*everybody*. Following the rally, fifty from among this diverse crew adjourned to a room in a Senate office building, where they were briefed for intensive lobbying. "The basic idea," said Mrs. Smeal, as the budding lobbyists took their seats,

"is to let your Senator know that he or she had better come down on the Bork thing the right way." They were asked how many had made appointments to see their Senators. No one raised his or her hand. "That's all right," said Molly Yard, NOW's new president. "You'll be able to talk to somebody. Just remember, you don't have to be the greatest expert on earth to lobby. Don't try to be a constitutional lawyer. Just talk about your feelings. Tell them what this man represents. Just think: how have I been hurt by this appointment?" In the back of the room a tousle-haired young woman in a torn jean jacket and gym shorts raised her hand. "I don't know," she said, by way of introduction, "should I change into like more respectable clothes?" This is the New Pragmatism, an emanation from the penumbra of neoliberalism. "That's up to you," said Mrs. Yard, sweetly. "Remember: they *have* to listen to you, no matter what."

• • •

The lobbyists were issued lobbying booklets, complete with maps of Capitol Hill and pre-printed anti-Bork letters, and sent out into the halls of Congress. A young couple, students down from Columbia, agreed to let me tag along with them as they went calling on Senators Moynihan and D'Amato. Becky, a stunning nineteen-year-old brunette and obviously the engine of this duo's social activism, wore a T-shirt that said, "Another Woman for Peace." She had taken off her sneakers and, with the laces tied together, had slung them over her shoulder. "It's the only way I feel really comfortable," she told me as she strode barefoot down the marble hallway. Her friend, Miles, was tall and stoop-shouldered and seldom spoke, the sort of kid that in the antiquated literature of juvenile delinquency was called a "sullen youth." When I asked them about Judge Bork, Becky took all of ten seconds before the words "right-wing ideologue" popped out. "I have to live in this country for the next thirty or forty years," she said. "By that time, just for starters, he'll have made it illegal for me to use birth control. The police will be in the bedroom to

make sure nobody's using a rubber." I noticed that Miles listened intently to this, with furrowed brow. Becky assumed a pedantic air. "That's in *Griswold*. The only kind of sex that'll be legal will be straight sex in the missionary position." "You make him sound like a terrible guy," I said. "I don't know that he's a terrible guy," Becky said. "I've never met the man. But I do know that he's a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant upper middle-class male, and he just can't see beyond it. I know all about this, believe me. I'm from Scarsdale."

• • •

To their surprise and disappointment, Senator Moynihan was unable to meet with Becky and Miles, so they headed to Senator D'Amato's office in the Hart building. In the grand nine-story lobby, Miles stopped to survey Alexander Calder's grotesque stabile/mobile, "Clouds." "Great way to spend the taxpayers' money," he said, dismissively. Becky shot him a reproving look. "Would you rather have them spend it on this," she said, "or bombs?" D'Amato's office, unlike Moynihan's, was crowded shank-to-flank with NOW lobbyists. Two large women of color held hands on the couch, beneath a photo of Al smiling with Mayor Koch; off to one side another woman sat on the floor, nursing a baby. Two harried secretaries answered the constantly ringing telephones. At length an aide emerged from the inner offices and announced that Senator D'Amato was undecided on "the issue," but she wanted to make sure that everyone had filled out a constituent opinion form before they left. Becky took hers and lay on the floor, filling both sides of the sheet in a bold, intense hand. Miles scribbled something quickly, and gave his to the secretary. I asked him what he'd written. "Well, D'Amato's kind of a fascist, so I just wrote, 'Check it out, dude, really.' He'll get the message." He grinned and offered me a soulmate handshake. "We're gonna win this one," he said with unaccustomed cheerfulness, and for a brief, icy moment, I thought he was probably right.

—AF