Although he found "The Real Animal House," the memoir by Chris Miller about the fraternity that inspired the movie, so disgusting, debased, misogynist, chauvinistic and at times revolting that it deserved to be hurled into the nearest dumpster, Christopher Buckley could not put the book down. A more reliable indicator of Buckley's literary sensibility and his sense of humor than this "self-indicting admission," however, is Buckley's refusal to quote any of the aforesaid obscenities and vulgarities.

As "But Enough About You," his most recent collection of previously published essays, demonstrates, Buckley is, in many respects, a gentleman of the Old School and a chip off the block (William F. Buckley Jr.), even though he has made the political odyssey from speechwriter for George H.W. Bush, whom he still reveres, to staunch supporter of Barack Obama.

"But Enough About You" reflects Buckley's wide range of interests, with essays sometimes sitting uncomfortably close to one another on Hanoi, Auschwitz, Easter Island, foie gras, *Catch-22*, Ray Bradbury, and Buckley's pal, Christopher Hitchens.

And the collection reminds us, if we need reminding, that Buckley can be seriously funny. "Trump: The Inaugural," for example, captures with perfect pitch the voice of The Donald. "You're very smart to have voted for me," President Trump tells the assembled masses, "because I'm going to do positive things for this country, starting with this mall I'm looking out over."

In "Supreme Court Calendar," Buckley, who is now an equal opportunity political satirist, imagines decisions granting full civil rights to raccoons, allowing police in Texas to shoot at vehicles speeding through EZ Pass lanes if they fire warning shots first, permitting bank examiners to use physical torture while conducting routine audits, and exempting candy manufacturers from being sued for damages for adolescent acne.
Nor does Buckley need a political target to get a chuckle or a guffaw. Righteous and brave, he writes, Moses was clueless when it came to following directions. And in "Your Horoscope," he tells Libras "Do not appoint Pisces as your executor. He's sleeping with your girlfriend" -- and advises Taurus "If you find yourself in a china shop, violently smash everything in it. People expect that, and with Pisces rising, you don't want to disappoint."

In his preface, Buckley includes a claim his book may be designed to refute. If you make a reader laugh, Somerset Maugham once wrote, "he will think you a trivial fellow." Maybe. But not when weighed against those who refuse to admit irony or what Buckley calls "the impotence of being earnest."

Or when, in the age of the selfie, when polemics and polarization are pervasive in the United States, the writer is sufficiently clever and old-fashioned to entitle his book "But Enough About You."

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