



All You Can Eat

by Sandy Hume

vote, requires that all tax hikes or bond issues at the state or local level be put to a popular vote. Such votes can only take place in general elections—not in by-elections or primaries, when government workers remember to vote and the rest of us forget. Moreover, voters must be mailed a set of arguments for and against. And to guard against federal funds sneaking into Colorado to replace state and local funds, jurisdictions cannot increase their spending faster than inflation and population without a vote of the people. In Colorado it will be “No taxation without direct voter approval.”

For those willing to listen, the voice of the people came through loud and clear on November 3, 1992. They voted in favor of constitutional restraints on spending, against higher taxes, and against individual programs for new spending (even when these were gussied up as guaranteeing “better” education, environment, infrastructure, or health care). Voters still feel less compassion for William Horton than for his victims. Only the vote against re-establishing capital punishment for murder in the District of Columbia can give liberals any comfort (and it may be cold comfort, as many liberals are soon to be punished for their electoral success by having to live there). So while *Newsweek* is imagining gale winds to the left, the American public is still listing comfortably center-right.

The initiative results do more than simply reassure the Reagan coalition that its premises and electoral support remain intact, if ignored. The success of the term limits movement in creating what amounted to a national plebiscite suggests a strategy for conservatives. U.S. Term Limits, the national group supporting the term limitation initiative movement, predicts eight more state referenda on the issue in 1994. Taxpayer groups in several states plan to marry the Arizona and Colorado initiatives—requiring a legislative supermajority and a popular vote to raise taxes. And victims’ rights groups are planning more initiatives to toughen penalties for violent repeat offenders.

There now emerges a strategy recommended by the late Mao Tse-tung. Let the opposition have the capital city—seize the countryside. Washington will fall soon enough. □

Unlike recent Republican Presidents with their bland palates, Bill Clinton knows what he likes to eat, even if he only has fifteen minutes at his disposal. At the urging of many Americans concerned that we give the man a fair shake, we offer him this guide to a few Washington-area spots where he’s certain to feel at home:

(1) **Burger King**, 1606 K St., NW. You’ll find this elegant two-story BK two blocks away from the White House, possibly within jogging distance. Directly across the street are the offices of NOW, so it’s a great spot to meet Hillary for lunch. (As Betsey Wright might advise, better to buy Hillary a Whopper than tell her one.) Visit the NOW gift shop on the ground floor and stock up on bumper-sticker mementoes for the many gals on your team: “Anita Told the Truth,” “Honk If You’re Codependent,” and—sounds like Hillary—“God Is Coming and She’s Pissed.” There’s even one for Governor Casey: “Against Abortion? Have a Vasectomy.”

You’ll be happy Hillary can’t bake when you finish off your meal with a dozen chocolate chip delights at **Mrs. Field’s**, a few blocks down at 1903 K St.

(2) **McDonald’s**, 2705 Martin Luther King Ave., SE, a favorite hangout of one of your predecessors, Marion Barry. It’s located in Ward 8, which he represents on the City Council. Just don’t jog to these Golden Arches. Anyone running in this neck of the woods is invariably thought to be carrying someone’s car stereo.

(3) **McDonald’s**, 1401 K. St., NW. It’s close to the White House and open every night till two. And they’ll treat you just like an ordinary American. “President or no president,” said one

Sandy Hume is TAS’s editorial intern.

worker, “he’s getting the same greasy food that everyone else gets.”

(4) **McDonald’s**, 1916 M St., NW. Nearby is Dupont Circle, known to Washingtonians as the “Fruit Loop.” Bring some of that hesitant Pentagon brass over for serious lunch and recruiting for the New Clinton Military.

(5) Kennedy had his Camelot, and you can have yours. **The Camelot Nite Club**, 1823 M. St., NW, offers the finest in exotic dancing. You’ll like Angie’s performance. She’s blonde and aging, a Marilyn Monroe for the nineties. You could honor her at the Kennedy Center. On your birthday.

(5a) **La Brasserie**, 239 Massachusetts Ave., NE. Fancy French food served by French waitresses, preferably in the privacy of the (Ted) Kennedy room.

(6) **Mother Nature’s Store**, 1429 Center St., McLean, VA. Hold on to your quarter-pounder, Bill—you and Al are in this thing together. But when you sink your teeth into one of Mother Nature’s famed tofu veggie burgers, you’ll probably want to send him back to Antarctica.

(7) **Hogs on the Hill**, 732 Maryland Ave., NE. Don’t worry—it’s named after the Washington Redskins offensive line, not the porkers of Congress. This is where the ‘Skins devour their weekly team dinner, and the hickory barbecue menu will allow you to test your appetite against the city’s real men. Even in the absence of cheerleaders, Hogs will loosen your belt. You’ve probably heard of **Red, Hot and Blue**, Lee Atwater’s old rib joint at 1600 Wilson Blvd., Arlington. Look for the mascots—two little pigs playing guitars. They need someone on horns.

(8) There’s one other place you’ll die for. Thirty-plus varieties of homemade ice cream. That’s a lot of sundae and shake possibilities. Wish I could give you its name but I can’t—my girlfriend works there, and she’s California blonde! A fair shake, yes; a milk shake, no. □



Europa! Oy, Europa!

by Michael Ledeen

You probably noticed that, as we were marching off to establish the new world order, Europe hit the fan. It shouldn't have surprised us all that much—after all, Europe's given us fascism, Communism, and two world wars in less than eighty years—but somehow we'd thought that the Europeans had outgrown that kid stuff and were ready for graduate school. Instead, no sooner do we decide that they're big guys now than they race back to the sandbox and start bashing each other over the heads with their toys. Forget about "Europe." In fact, you may have to forget about some of its biggest pieces. Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have already joined the ranks of Rand McNally's money-makers, adding new colors to the maps. And those are only the noisy kids; back in the corner of the sandbox the little Scots, Welsh, Basques, Catalans, Corsicans, Sardinians, Sicilians, Istrians, and Sudtyrolers are practicing anthems on their harmonicas and accordions, while the Irish dance their murderous jigs by the jungle gym. And who can keep track of all the brats with the funny names, like the Ossetians?

The easiest way to understand the mess the Europeans are making is to pretend that the two world wars, and the Cold War, never happened, and we're back in about 1914. Lenin is competing with the Dadaists in Zurich for Beast of the Bourgeoisie honors, the anarchists are plotting to

assassinate monarchs all over Europe, the old empires—Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman—are laboring to hold it all together, the Balkans are seething with ethnic conflict, Germany and Italy are trying to define their destinies as the young nations of the old continent, everyone is running after real estate in Africa, and the Americans are living in blissful isolation at the other end of the world, tending to domestic affairs and hoping that the rot will not contaminate them. This is the end of the century of "total peace," the interlude between the bloody eighteenth century—which ended at Waterloo—and the century of total war. French anti-Semites are bloodied but unbowed by the exoneration of Captain Dreyfus, while German and Austrian anti-Semites gather converts, laying the groundwork for the tidal wave of racial hatred that will come after the Great War. And throughout the old con-

tinents, the merchants of death design, build, and export newer and more efficient weapons, including, for the first time, chemical weapons of mass destruction.

Sound familiar? The Europeans have forgotten nothing, and learned nothing. All the old hatreds are still there, and they're busy avenging real and imagined ancestors at the same time that the elegant and overpaid bureaucrats sit around the tables in Brussels, mopping up their *moûles marinières* with their crusty baguettes, pondering deeply their future as the planet's latest and greatest superpower, The New Europe. The European Community has thousands of wines, hundreds of cheeses, farmers who riot at the thought of selling their produce at market prices, and they can't find the wit or the will to stop Serbs from slaughtering Bosnians and other Serbs just next door, even though the last time the Serbs went hyper, the First World War was required to calm them down.

With unruly children like these, stern discipline is required, and the rod was not spared in the past fifty-odd years. Fear of the Soviet Union and respect for hundreds of thousands of American troops compelled the Europeans to be on good behavior, and occasionally to face reality. But no sooner did the Iron Curtain come down than they raced pell-mell into Fantasyland.

The Germans went mega-lo, assuming that their capacity to generate wealth was so great that they could painless-



Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.