



• April was a truly cruel month for our boyish president. When the month began his political acumen was marveled upon by all the wizards and oracles of the Washington press corps. He was invincible! A prodigy! A workaholic! Suave! Old Washington was swinging again with the gaggle of young political Mozarts and Beethovens whom he had brought from the Ivy League to the Potomac. And old Washington was working, too. Government was to be “reinvented.” *The geniuses never slept!* The tax code had come under their enlightened gaze, and the budget, and health care and infrastructure and the military and . . . well, late in April one of these Einsteins began an official White House media advisory thus: “His Excellency Lech Walesa, President of the Czech Republic . . .”

• This charming piece of idiocy appeared in press kits about the time that President Clinton’s misnamed economic stimulus package slammed into a Republican filibuster. Soon all Washington was bawling about Boy Clinton’s ineptitude. Weeks before, the *Washington Post* had enthused over how he was “dazzling” this great city with his legislative mastery. Now the entire press corps was in a charnel humor, and Democrats were in rebellion. Budget Director Leon Panetta on April 26 blubbered that the president’s entire agenda was in trouble: his investment tax credit scam, his \$113.6 billion infrastructure pork, his tax raid on the private sector, perhaps even the North American Free Trade Agreement. Jimmy Carter lives!

• The senseless—and baffling—campaign against followers of the Hindu religion living in America continues, though only this department of *The American Spectator* has shown any concern whatsoever. In Chino, California, six cows were electrocuted when a power pole at the R & J Albers Dairy was mysteriously toppled into the drinking trough of the bovine clerics. The atrocity could have

been much worse, for more than a hundred of the sacred hoofers were proceeding to the trough for their daily ablu­tion of the muzzle and a swig when their ill-starred colleagues of a sudden lit up and began to sizzle, causing them reason to pause and stampede.

• In Texas, a veritable fever swamp of anti-Hindu sentiment, more than a hundred longhorns perished, many under bizarre circumstances. And it seems that the anti-Hindu movement is receiving support even from American elites. Miss Jane Fonda and her present husband, Mr. Ted Turner, after laying down a barrage of anti-cow oratory, are threatening to release more than a thousand godless



buffaloes from that mysterious ranch they maintain in New Mexico. On April 18, the celebrated couple announced that the buffaloes will be released on public grazing lands hitherto reserved for cows and cacti despite cattlemen’s protests. Some cattlemen are attempting to play down the buffalo threat with gentle wit, for instance Mr. Al Schneberger, executive director of the New Mexico Cattle­growers Association, who joshes: “I put this [buffalo ranching] a little bit higher than a worm farm.” Yet darker powers may be at work, and even the FBI may be playing a role in the anti-Hindu intrigues. On April 18, its agents stormed the temple of the Branch

Davidians in Waco, Texas, leading to the indiscriminate deaths of Davidians and livestock alike. Finally there is evidence that the campaign is escalating. Until recently only cows have been victimized, but late in April investigators in Ardsley, New York, discovered the decomposing heads of three horses lying in plastic bags by a roadside. Foul play is suspected. Yet at President Clinton’s April 23 press conference not one question was raised regarding the plight of American Hindus. (Assisting in research on this story were Mr. Bill Moyers, Mr. Gary Sick, and, of course, Mr. Gore Vidal.)

• In India’s northern state of Haryana, Mr. Balwant Singh, a police commando, was jailed for having violated a donkey. The Rev. Jesse Jackson withdrew from the race for NAACP Executive Director, citing his intention to avoid a “fratricidal political battle,” though it is always possible that he wishes to allow himself more time for solitary prayer and quiet readings of the Scriptures. Prayer has always been at the center of his life; do not be fooled by the swank haberdashery, the distended limousines, and the noxious cologne. Governor Mario Cuomo withdrew his name from consideration for the recently opened Supreme Court vacancy. He intends to devote his full time to the economic revival of New York, and perhaps there will be a place on his economic team for Dr. Jack Ke­vorkian. North Carolina became NCAA basketball champion, and a New York judge has ruled that once Mr. Thomas Steel handed over his sperm to a lesbian couple for the purpose of artificial insemination he had no legal rights to it or to any other bodily effluvia that he might have granted them.

• Insensitive law enforcement officials at Penn State University may have a home-grown Anita Hill on their hands. Late in April, an unidentified female student complained to them that after she paid a male student to take an examination he flunked the exam and refused to return

her payment, a \$1,200 stereo. As of now, both students are under investigation, but do not be surprised if the National Organization for Women hails the female student for "coming forward" and sets up a scholarship in her name. At the University of Virginia, faculty members have voluntarily agreed to refrain from sexual congress with students whom they either teach or supervise so long as they can have their way with other students. Advocates of liberalized immigration policy suffered an unanticipated reversal in Miami, Florida, where United States District Judge James Kehoe fined Mr. Matthew Block, 31, \$30,000 for bringing an orangutan into the country, supposedly in violation of the United States Endangered Species Act. In Fort Worth, Texas, Mr. Jose Angel Diaz, 27, was sentenced to sixty-two years in the hoosegow for murdering his two-year-old son. Mr. Diaz's son had offended his father by playing with dolls.

• In Los Angeles, California, Mr. Richard Schmiechen died. Mr. Schmiechen is the film producer who won an Academy Award for *The Times of Harvey Milk*, a gruesome documentary about the homosexual life of Mr. Harvey Milk and his brutal death at the hands of a demented political opponent. His lachrymose films all dealt with death, disease, madness—in fine and in sum: all the misogynistic topics which win the faintly talented of this second-rate age Emmys, Peabodys, and that politically contrived Oscar. The passage of Mr. Schmiechen is of course unfortunate, but it is still more unfortunate that the Republic contains not one authoritative institution capable of maintaining intellectual standards and preserving useful and comprehensible words such as "gay" from the idiotic politicizers whose sole purposes is to importune on the commonweal, always at a profit.

• In crime news, the "Shrimp Lady" was nabbed. According to the esteemed *New York Post*, she is Miss Sheri Kay, 42, an exconsumerist who made hundreds of thousands in illegal profits by picking up large quantities of shrimp in grocery stores, taking them to the manager, and claiming that they were an earlier purchase which she had found to be spoiled. From a base in Reno, Nevada, Miss Kay had traveled the country working the scheme so successfully that when the police arrested her in Glenville, New

York, they found \$400,000 in her car. In Boston, Massachusetts, an eight-year-old girl was arrested for the attempted armed robbery of Mr. Lane Spero. On April 25, hundreds of thousands of poofsters marched on Washington demanding various rights and rituals for their multifaceted community of problem children. And a squirrel drowned in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, after falling into the toilet of the elegant Mrs. Kim Richardson. As she testified to her local gazette in a news

story that is bound to land her a spot on "Geraldo" or "Sixty Minutes," "I went to the bathroom and lifted the lid and sat down. That's when I felt something scratching my behind. I almost died! I slammed the toilet down and called my husband at work and told him that he had to come home." He did. And to end the crisis we are relieved to report Mrs. Richardson's assurance that "I decided to use the guest bathroom."

—RET

# The "Rodney King" Case

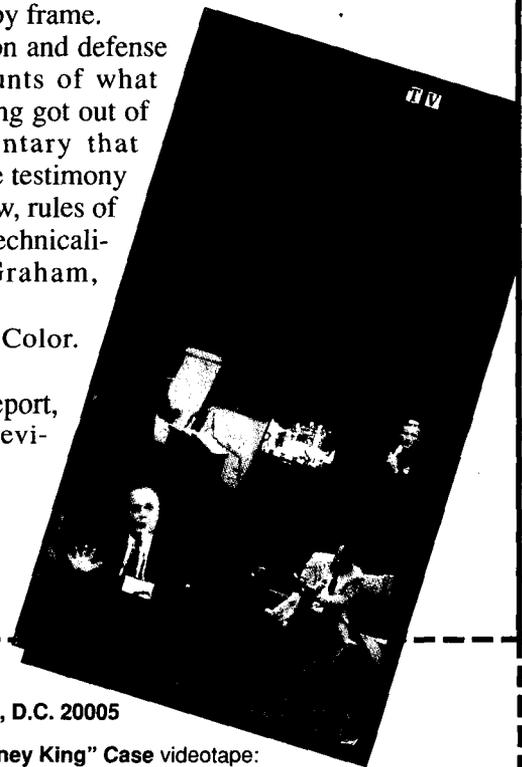
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**Peewee Marquette**

Victor Gold erroneously refers to "Shorty, Birdland's midget m.c." ("Cool Diz and Me," *TAS*, March 1993). The Jazz Corner of the World's dyspeptic host, Peewee Marquette, upon hearing this misnomer, would no doubt have jabbed Mr. Gold in the posterior with his lit cigar, which he used as a weapon against the world, filled with people he was forever doomed to look up at.

A fixture at Birdland until its demolition, Mr. Marquette was renowned for his malapropish introductions ("And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, Birdland proudly presents: the great Count Basie, with Joe Williams and His Orchestra!"), his triumphant weather reports ("I know y'all are glad to be at Birdland tonight, because outside it's freezin' cold, but down here it's warm . . . and it's cool!"), and his egalitarian ringside table celebrity intros ("We're real proud to have here tonight one of the world's mos' popular great ladies, Eleanor Roosevelt! Stand up and take a bow, honey!"). He also tap-danced on rare occasions, and when egged on enough by Dizzy, Basie, or Ella Fitzgerald, could be prevailed upon to offer a nifty rendition of "South of the Border."

—Tom Garlock  
Knoxville, Tennessee

*Victor Gold replies:*

You're right. I'm wrong. My apology to Peewee, wherever he may be. But after forty-plus years my memory seems to have come up short.

**The Word on Slobo**

Special congratulations to Jeffrey Gedmin for his profile of Slobodan Milosevic, Serbian dictator and architect of genocide in Bosnia ("Comrade Slobo," *TAS*, April 1993). In the sea of ink that has been dedicated to the war, Gedmin is among the very few to recognize that this war, in the end, has much less to do with past grievances, particularly the oft-cited sufferings of Serbs in World War II, than with the desire of Milosevic and his gang to remain on top. Gedmin seems to be the first to have enunciated the obvious fact, "Milosevic wants war . . . because he needs war to stay in power."

I'm also amused to see the magazine

utilizing the classic antiwar cartoons of Robert Minor (same issue, page 31). Minor's career is fascinating. Texas born, he became nationally famous as a daily newspaper cartoonist, then yet more famous for his radical journalism and his pacifist works during World War I. The last cost him his position in what today we would call the mainstream media. He was a founder of the American Communist Party, and became one of its leading and most tragic figures, abandoning his art for a career as a Stalinist functionary. He died in obscurity.

In publishing Gedmin's article and reproducing Minor's work, *TAS* has demonstrated, ironically enough, that the authentic successors of the fine old tradition of American moral protest are to be found today very far from the leftist milieu.

—Stephen Schwartz  
San Francisco Chronicle  
San Francisco, California

**Taking to Terrill**

I was on the verge of dismissing William McGurn's review of Ross Terrill's *China in Our Time* as another lengthy exercise in dry book-review journalism that I could live without—until something caught my eye, and forced me to read the entire piece (*TAS*, April 1993). Fascinated by the irony throughout, I came away regretting the scarcity of other similar "conversions" of seventies left-liberals to sanity in these days of American socialistic experimentation.

Will some future historian, in chronicling the "Clinton Era," echo the Peking professor's tragic observation—"All the old ethics were destroyed, but nothing new has come"? How long will the siege continue?

—William E. Laughlin  
Wichita, Kansas

**L.A. Numbers**

Edward Norden's interesting and perceptive article on Fairfax High School in Los Angeles ("International Studies in Los Angeles," *TAS*, March 1993) neglects to mention one significant fact: at 71-percent combined minority student enrollment, Fairfax is actually in the bottom third of L.A. high schools in ethnicity—that is, two-thirds of L.A. Unified School District high schools have ethnic-

ity figures greater than 71 percent. This is unsurprising, given that minority high school student enrollment in the district as a whole is 86 percent.

Clearly, as Norden so well points out, the demographic transformation that California in particular is experiencing is enormous.

—Alan O. Ebenstein  
Santa Barbara, California

**Honeymoon in Boulder**

Ben Stein's definition of Baby Boomers (a miscreant nobility which I have the great misfortune of being a member of), contained in his April 1993 Diary "Two Steps Forward," is the best I've seen to date. It is articulate and succinct, and will no doubt find its way into a dictionary one day. . . .

If you wish to predict the effect the Clinton administration will have on this country, have a look at the reign of former Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau in Canada—a once-great nation that he almost single-handedly ruined (and from where I have escaped, only to find a man of the same ilk inhabiting the White House). Intellectual aptitude; egotism; avoidance of military service; contempt for conventional morality; advocacy of multiculturalism and an activist, interventionist government; abiding interest in socialism; and a loony wife are but a small number of the meritorious qualities these two gentlemen have in common. God help the USA.

—Avrom E. Howard  
Boulder, Colorado

**Snake Oil**

One of the best things about *TAS* is the movie section. It's always a pleasure to read a review by someone to the right of Trotsky, but there is a danger that the reviewer may have weird ideas of his own. James Bowman's peculiar thesis in the March issue—that movies such as *Alive* and *Lorenzo's Oil* don't rope us in because of the unlikelihood we'd ever find ourselves in the same situations—applies to just about every movie I can think of. Yet that supposed distance doesn't seem to stop people from enjoying everything from *Star Wars* to *Driving Miss Daisy*, all of which deal with unlikely or impossible

(continued on page 71)