



- July brought a gratifying hiatus in the Clinton highjinks. Boy Clinton's schizophrenic budget of increased spending and "deficit cuts" inched through a dazed congressional negotiating seance. Nonetheless, its passage is being esteemed very auspicious, even as the resultant recession will be appraised very mysterious. And there was other reassuring news: no more attempts were made to turn Air Force I into a beauty parlor for that big, loveable lug some call Mr. President; at the G-7 meeting in Tokyo, Mr. Clinton came off as a diplomatic colossus, his only reported gaffe being his lamentable practice of addressing the wife of South Korean President Kim Young Sam by the wrong name; the White House's internal report on *l'affaire Travelgate* admittedly implicated one of the president's cracker cousins and a Hollywood huckster in abusing their authority and ill-using the FBI, but so low have Washington ethics declined that no one was canned. None of our rustic president's other hitherto unknown siblings has turned up from jerkwater, and brother Roger remains free of the hoosegow. Best of all, the Boy President's embarrassment over sodomites in the military was assuaged when the Joint Chiefs of Staff accepted a compromise on their homosexual ban.

- Yet, even in blissful July, multiple bizarreries accumulated, leaving seasoned observers with the sense that the Clinton administration is actually a gigantic reenactment of *The Big Chill*, that 1983 film of yuppie middle-aged crisis, apostasy, and hustle. *The Big Chill* begins with a party of phony 1960s revolutionaries now crapulent with bourgeois acquisitions gathering for the funeral of one of their college chums, who has taken his own life. For two days they ruefully reminisce late into the night, regretting their departed revolutionary ardor, crying, laughing, and fornicating. On July 20, deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster, Jr., late of Hillary Clinton's Rose Law Firm and boyhood friend of Bill, took his life in a park overlooking Washington, and for the next couple of days his old chums gathered. Down

in Little Rock, President Clinton eulogized Mr. Foster as "one of the best and the brightest," with whom the Clintons were wont to pass long evenings "listening to music and drinking spirits [sic] and being incredibly silly [sic, again]." To the *Washington Post*, Mr. Clinton elaborated: "We've been up real late two nights in a row now, remembering and crying and laughing." Did he say "laughing"? Do the bereaved laugh after a suicide—not an ordinary death, a suicide? This whole White House crowd, every yuppie one of them, has had his life scripted in Hollywood by the disciples of Freud and Jung and Erich Fromm. As to Mr. Foster's motives for dispatching himself, the president iterates, "I don't think there is anything more to know." It is a line he reiterates with growing desperation, while Washington echoes with rumors of Mr. Foster's intimacy with Hillary, his intimacy with various ham-fisted White House political maneuvers, and his stewardship over the Clintons' finances. On July 23 the venerable *New York Post* reported that "two major business deals linked to the former firm of White House lawyer Vincent Foster, Jr. are under investigation by three federal investigators."

- Mr. Don Henley, the environmental activist and former drummer for the Eagles, evoked a fortissimo of boos at the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Summerfest when he made bold to dedicate a non-threatening, aurally hygienic, and generally imbecilic song to our Boy President—and to his surprise. He then sang "It's Not Easy Being Green," a song applicable to the entire Clinton administration, though it originated with Kermit the frog. On July 14 Mr. Bob Hattoy, the White House's career homosexual, startled theater-goers at the Kennedy Center when, during a scene of Homosexual Revelation in *The Twilight of the Golds*, he leaped from his seat in the president's box and applauded lustily. No one else did, and as all heads turned upwards toward the triumphant wanker in our president's box, a wave of hisses ensued, along with at least

one embarrassed nose blow. In suburban Paris, that which Mrs. Denise Bisson had beheld imbedded in her lawn and assumed to be a stupendous piece of modern sculpture turned out to be a frozen corpse, most likely the tragic droppings of an aeroplane in whose landing gear the unfortunate wretch had attempted to stow away. One of London's leading advocates of ancient Chinese herbal medicines, Dr. David Atherton, apprised BBC listeners that some Chinese herbal remedies for eczema contain steroid cream—a "filthy trick" that, adjudges the indignant British purist.

- The Midwest soaked under some of the worst flooding since Noah, and on July 15 police in Los Angeles arrested four members of the Fourth Reich Skin Heads for conspiring to perpetrate the most flagitious White Supremacist plot since the Republicans put Mr. W. Horton to their evil purposes back in 1988. Yet progressives continue to strive against Bush-Reaganism, and the *New York Times* on July 22 reported that the president of Florida State University, Mr. Dale W. Lick, was in danger of losing his bid to become president of Michigan State University, owing to his 1989 public profanation that "a black athlete can actually outjump a white athlete on the average, so they're better at the game [basketball]." "Many students, faculty members, state officials," the *Times* reports, thought that utterance, "at the very least, insensitive." Which race is embarrassed about its jumping skill, America's newspaper of record did not say. Proof of the woes organized labor suffers these days came in San Diego, when the famed topless dancers at Pacer's rejected Local 30 of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Union, and in London it was no go for Mrs. Julie Amiri, the 35-year-old 300-pounder who, upon being arrested for shoplifting, sought exculpation by telling the court that shoplifting was the only way she could achieve orgasm. She was fined \$150.

- From historic Newberry, Michigan, comes more evidence in support of the Big Bang theory of creation. On July 12, an

abandoned ranger headquarters at Tahquamenon Falls State Park blew sky-high, sending debris a hundred feet into the atmosphere and alarming campers fourteen miles away. The explosion now has been traced to bat manure that for decades had been generating methane gas until in mid-July it became highly volatile and—*kaboom!* Scientists believe that a similar cataclysm eight million years ago gave us the beginnings of the universe, though even scientists cannot account for those early bats, and for those of a religious disposition a world created by bat dung is too depressing to contemplate. In other religious news, Mr. George Yoerger, a substitute mail carrier in Merville, Iowa, refused to deliver *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines to the 301 persons on his route after deciding—not without reason!—that both magazines contained “sinful” material. He has been asked to seek other employment. And police in New York City arrested Mr. Kenneth D. Moreson, 36, after he stole three quarts of oil from a service station and poured the liquid over his person to “ward off evil spirits.” His bond was a mere \$5,000, a pittance that the less fortunate captain of the *Exxon Valdez* must envy.

• In another attempt to deter auto theft, the government of Yemen had four thieves beheaded. There has been a four-fold increase in beheadings in Saudi Arabia, causing the pecksniffs of Amnesty International to issue another of their namby-pamby remonstrances. London’s authoritative *ES* magazine reported that a Miami surgeon, Dr. Harold Reed, has been practicing with exquisite skill and handsome remuneration (\$2,000) Augmentation Phalloplasty, or penile elongation. According to *ES*, “length is increased by up to one and three-quarter inches by snipping the [now redundant] suspensory ligament at the base of the penis.” Hence, just possibly, the Saudis could evade Amnesty International’s pique were they to substitute the word “beheading” with “snipping.” In Leipzig, Germany, the late Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s 228-year-old champagne bill at Auerbach’s tavern has been paid. The Hon. Patricia Schroeder continues to be the target of conspiracy fomented by members of the United States Navy. The widely respected *New York Times* reports that members of the Navy have been distributing “T-shirts emblazoned with lewd

statements about Representative Patricia Schroeder,” and she does not think they are very nice. The *Times*’s report would not divulge the content of those statements, and at this writing our crack team of investigative reporters has not been able to locate any of the offending T-shirts, though somehow when thinking of Rep. Schroeder, “Nosebleed of the United States House of Representatives,” as she is called, it is hard to come up with any lewd thoughts whatsoever.

• And in Washington there is growing concern that the Clinton administration might be history’s first government to be overthrown not by a violent coup but by an uprising of laughter—millions of freedom-loving Americans marching on Washington carrying banners emblazoned with jokes and caricatures of the oafs in government. On the evening of July 24, Drs. Donna Shalala and Joycelyn Elders, the administration’s leading champions of the noble condom, were asked by the editor of this journal for an autographed condom as they passed his table at The Palm restaurant. Everyone laughed, but neither lady had one on her. Call it Condomgate!

—RET



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NAACCCP Update

Here is an update on the subject of Communists and ex-Communists in the "new" NAACP (see my "NAACCCP," *TAS*, August 1993). Benjamin Chavis's choice for director of communications of the national NAACP is no less than Don Rojas, who was press chief under Maurice Bishop, the Communist dictator of Grenada, and lived several years in Cuba. Rojas then moved on to become editor of the *New York Amsterdam News*, published by the notoriously Jew-baiting Wilbert Tatum.

"We are bringing new energy, talent, and life to the NAACP," Chavis says.

—Stephen Schwartz
San Francisco, California

He's My Brother

Two of my brothers were subjects of Daniel Wattenberg's piece in your June 1993 publication ("Clinton's Echo Chamber"), with brother Bill being the main target. He can ably respond for himself on the political matters, if he chooses. I will respond on the reference to our mentally retarded 47-year-old brother Jack.

Jack has made a number of visits to Washington over the years. His brother Bill arranged those trips and escorted him proudly, with great love and attention. Only the *Spectator* has seen fit to try to tarnish what has always been a fun experience for Jack, Bill, our family, and those who met Jack in Washington.

I would also point out that our family members, including Bill, myself, his legal guardian and brother Tom, and others of the original eleven total children, frequently "speak retarded," adopting or warmly "impersonating" Jack's speech limitation. It's a language not taught in foreign language schools, but it helps us communicate and we will continue to use it. We would be happy to so educate Mr. Wattenberg.

In a society which unfortunately can still shun the handicapped, it is especially troubling that sincere brotherly love and attention can be cruelly attacked. Can't Mr. Wattenberg find more accurate things to write?

—Peter D. Archey
Reading, Pennsylvania

Daniel Wattenberg replies:

I never questioned Bill Archey's love for his brother Jack. Rather, I tried to explain how, despite his manifest lack of brotherly love for supply-siders and other species of conservatives ("wackos," he calls them), he had risen to influential positions in the conservative Reagan administration and the once pro-market U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

I certainly did not mean to tarnish Jack's visits to Washington. I wasn't even aware of them. If Bill Archey and the Chamber would just get to their battle stations and beat back the Clinton tax hike, then I am sure that Jack and other members of the Archey family could afford to visit more often.

Bill's efforts to "speak retarded" to communicate with Jack sound commendable. But in the anecdote I related in my article, he adopted his brother's manner of speech to communicate to colleagues in the Reagan Commerce Department his disgust over Reagan's cuts in social spending.

I did, by the way, seek an interview with Bill Archey, and he chose not to respond—in any language.

Raining on Parade

Terry Eastland's catalogue of paeans to Mrs. Clinton ("Counting the Days," *TAS*, July 1993) omitted the full-issue puff piece done by Dotson Rader in *Parade* magazine last April. On May 10, gossip columnist Liz Smith reported:

The huge-circulation newspaper supplement is now buried under thousands of readers' letters. A random sampling of the first 1,000 left *Parade* staffers stunned. The mails run about 88 percent against the current First Lady, with a vituperation level that surprises and shocks even the most cynical. Can this be the beginning of an "Annus Horribilis" for Mrs. Clinton?

With any luck. —Blair Hunter
Bradenton, Florida

Bogus Charlie

Grover G. Norquist has done conservative Democrats a favor; he has exposed Charlie Stenholm ("Bogus Charlie Stenholm," *TAS*, August 1993). . . .

Conservative and moderate Democratic voters do not need people like Charlie Stenholm leading and abandoning the true conservative and moderate Democrats in Congress. They need the leadership of someone who is willing to break with the straight party line if principles and constituents demand it. The Democrats need a leader like Rep. Gary Condit of California, who voted against Clinton's higher taxes—at the risk of incurring the wrath of the liberal leadership and losing his subcommittee chairmanship. . . .

—Valerie Shank
Austin, Texas

Wit's End

P. J. O'Rourke's "Liberty Manifesto" (*TAS*, July 1993) was truly an inspiring piece of wit-drenched truth. Even though the target is as large as the broad side of a barn, Mr. O'Rourke uses laser-like focus when he blasts away at the Occupying Couple and their entourage.

I'd gladly not join the millions of "uncommitted inactivists" in their "non-march on Washington" to remind people to just leave well enough alone.

Since I don't actually have to show up for this non-march, that saves me the guilt of making up some lame excuse why I can't make it. Instead, I can proudly boast that I chose to get on with my life rather than attend a march on Washington.

As I eagerly await the next issue of *TAS*, I am not actively painting any protest signs. Nor am I engaging in any leaflet distribution at my local mini-mall. Instead, I am going to bed early tonight. . . . I have to work tomorrow.

—David Blumenthal
Lincoln Park, New Jersey

In his recent speech to the Cato Institute, P. J. O'Rourke comes perilously close to surrendering his credentials as a Republican party reptile. His "less is more" theme in regard to the size of government runs counter to the "more is more" philosophy of our last Republican president and his secretary of housing and urban development. (Jack, please call home!)

In fact, one might even vilify P.J. so far as to call him a latent Libertarian! His "two rules of government" certainly
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