
THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• August. On the mountaintop Ron rests, and below in the valley 1970s New Age gasconade swats flies and runs for its life. The Mullah Brown, who once promised to lead us over the nefarious forces of the Fortune 500, modern science, and villainies too heinous to contemplate, is being slowly entombed by the lowly Mediterranean fruit fly, and his kook mob of New Age constituents have left him to suffer in solitude. Some have beheld the clouds of malathion and feared for their persons. Some have taken with the fruits. Still others, without question, have grown elegiacal over the flies. They stoop to pick up every winged victim. They carry it remorsefully to a common grave. They send petitions to the Friends of the Earth and the Audubon Society demanding that the wretched Medfly be put on the endangered species list before it is too late. Then they snort some coke, and pray to Beelzebub for the soul of Jerry Brown and all the other fallen messiahs of yon years.

• Two Libyan fighters over international waters fired upon two American F-14 Tomcats and were duly turned into scenery for the fishes, thus teaching that when attacking Americans it remains preferable to attack unarmed Americans. Peter Fonda laid violent hands upon a sign reading "Feed Jane Fonda to the Whales." And in Annapolis, Maryland, a 20-year-old man died while attempting to swallow a live fish.

• England's royal newlyweds returned from their two-week cruise of the Mediterranean, still smiling and waving ebulliently. The happy couple flew to England on a RAF VC-10 on August 15, and according to informed sources Princess Diana began waving a full hour before the plane landed. First she waved to her startled cabin attendants, then she burst into the captain's cabin and waved to members of the crew individually, then she seated herself by a window and waved for twenty minutes before the plane even landed. If this behavior distressed the Prince, he gave no indication and, in fact, once the plane landed his Royal Highness joined with his wife in smiling and waving the instant the plane's door was opened. Then Prince and Princess motored to the Queen's estate, Balmoral, where they spent the remainder of the month laughing and reading American comic books. By the end of the month rumors that Princess Diana was in the family way began circulating, and not a minute too soon. Pictures from Balmoral had shown the Prince to be wearing what seemed to be some sort of skirt, and the news of the Princess's impending tumescence was reassuring indeed.

• In Marseilles, France, a 22-year-old music student in the second balcony of the Marseilles Opera House became so inflamed during a performance of *Parsifal* that he assumed the pose of a pterodactyl and hurled himself toward

the stage. Unfortunately his navigational calculations were off, landing him in unoccupied front row seats, damaging his person terribly, and spoiling the evening for everyone else. Meanwhile back in the United States, customs officials in Los Angeles arrested a foreign student from Nigeria when they became suspicious of a slimy substance trailing from her coat. Upon inspection it was discovered that she had sewn into the coat's lining a dozen Giant African Snails, some of them a foot long, and all of them disgusting.

• In a strategic decision revealing its reverence for what Dr. Russell Kirk has called the permanent things, the Reagan administration announced its decision to assemble the neutron bomb, the bomb that destroys human beings but not structures. *Playboy* magazine editors may have a goldmine available to them if only Mr. George J. Dailey of South San Jose, California, can write. Mr. Dailey is the 290-pound sewage plant worker and connoisseur of erotica who has been accused of kidnapping a 12-year-old girl, holding her captive for 157 days, and committing a dozen felonious acts not the least of which was lewd and lascivious conduct. It was a mixed month for homosexual cowboys. Thousands fornicated upon Reno, Nevada, for the sixth annual National Homosexual Rodeo; but when San Francisco's toughies attempted to duplicate the spectacle with a homosexual rodeo of their own they were ambushed by a cabal of kooks, namely: a group calling itself Gays and Friends for Animal Rights (GAFFAR). Protesting that, in the words of Mr. Eric Mills, "Rodeo is an exercise in domination, man or woman, over beast, one step removed from rape," GAFFAR made it impossible for San Francisco homosexuals to raise the money necessary to bring their rodeo to fruition.

• In church news, the Rev. Jimmy Conyers was convicted in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, of slavery. The Rev. Conyers is the fourth potentate in the Church of God and True Holiness to be sentenced for the enslavement of church members. In Memphis, Tennessee, three ministers employed strong orisons and golf putters to repulse an aspiring mugger who had accosted them while they were in the act of golfing. Finally, such progressive ecclesiastics as the Bishop Paul Moore were given much to ruminate upon when 3,000 sodomites attending a six-day meeting of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches proposed eliminating male references to God in favor of such "sexually balanced" terms as "the Breasted One," "nurturer," and "Floral Arrangements."

• August witnessed an illegal nation-wide strike by federal air traffic controllers which took a nasty turn during an Ozark Air Lines flight from New Orleans to St. Louis. It was on that flight that the U.S. Congressman William

L. Clay was cruelly humiliated by an Ozark pilot. The Hon. Clay, a champion of the traffic controllers who has accepted campaign contributions of over \$8,000 from them and placed a bill in Congress to raise the base pay for some to \$102,788, sent a brisk note to the pilot warning him that he did not want to hear any more personal views on aerodynamics or the strike over the pilot's public address system, only to have the pilot inform him that he had misspelled aerodynamics. Thousands of music lovers gathered at the home of Elvis Presley to commemorate his death. August 16 was the fourth anniversary of the singer's fatal bowel movement. A luscious cheese sandwich thwarted Mr. Mark Chapman's two-day long hunger strike, and on August 24 the murderer was sentenced to 20 years-to-life in the hoosegow for shooting Mr. John Lennon.

• Gloom continues to mount for Mr. Abolhasan Bani Sadr, the recently cashiered President of Iran. On August 22 his foul-tempered wife Osra flew to Paris and was granted political asylum before Mr. Bani-Sadr could make any move to protect himself. Three congressmen convicted in the ABSCAM scandals were given prison sentences, and on August 25 the Senate ethics committee voted unanimously to recommend the expulsion of Senator Harrison A. Williams, the ABSCAM scandals' only senator. And that jailbird belletrist, Mr. Jack Henry Abbott, whose letters to Mr. Norman Mailer made him such a sensation at the *New York Review of Books*, is still on the lam. Mr. Abbott's high art stirred the eminent and humane Mr. Terrence Des Pres to sing in the July 19 issue of the *New York Times Book Review* that Abbott's *In the Belly of the Beast* is "awesome, brilliant, perversely ingenuous; its impact is indelible and as an articulation of penal nightmare it is completely compelling." On July 18, the awesome Mr. Abbott allegedly rammed a knife into the heart of a New York City waiter who had refused him the use of a toilet.

• From Peking comes word that "Jingle Bells" is the favorite American tune among the Chinese. Poet Karl Shapiro is suing Dr. Ronald Fieve and his publisher for claiming in Fieve's *Moodswing, the Third Revolution in Psychology* that Shapiro had committed suicide. A federal appeals court in Denver has dismissed a suit filed by a Salt Lake City man whose ultimately fatal bed-wetting problems had been repeatedly misdiagnosed by military doctors. French seaman Mr. Joseph Buillou has been arrested in Morocco and charged with blasphemy for replacing a shipboard picture of King Hassan II with a large and obscene sausage. And, finally, sex educators all over America were given something to whoop about when it was announced in *Parents* magazine that one teenage girl out of ten becomes pregnant each year. Congratulations teachers! —RET

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MY KIND OF BOMB

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Last month, in the afterglow of the Reagan administration's admission that, yes, it had decided to assemble the neutron bomb, I plugged my ears and prepared for the worst.

You will recall that the Pericles of Plains, Georgia, had decided to leave the neutron bomb in pieces so as not to arouse the successors of Bertrand Russell and Nikita Khrushchev. Well, according to Washington's cognoscenti, now even our NATO allies favor deterrent weapons that are unusable. Poor Ron had really stepped into it this time, and so I awaited a painful brouhaha. Yet, Ron apparently remains in favor with the gods. Europe took the decision calmly, and once again the cognoscenti are wearing the dunce's cap. The French applauded. Others winked and passed on.

The only noticeable squawks came from the same old hen houses: those situated in Scandinavia, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and various left-wing haunts here and abroad. Of the aforementioned squawkers I believe our Soviet friends have the most to squawk about. They now have more than 40,000 tanks ready to bring proletarian revolution to Western Europe. Were war to ignite between the Soviets and the West, those tanks would blitzkrieg across the European plain with devastating force. Unless NATO resorted to tactical nuclear weapons, many analysts fear that these tanks would roll up to the English Channel in a matter of days. In their wake would be destruction, death, and the KGB. So much for Europe.

But tactical nuclear weapons are ferociously destructive, and concentrating their destructive force on a

specific target is impossible. Once set off, these weapons indiscriminately destroy lives, both civilian and military. The prospect of using them in Europe has caused anxiety within the NATO alliance for years, much to the joy of Soviet strategists whose growing armor increases that anxiety still more.

Now along come those inventive Yanks with a tactical nuclear weapon that can be hurled at oncoming tanks, killing only their crews and infantry support, and leaving nearby civilian

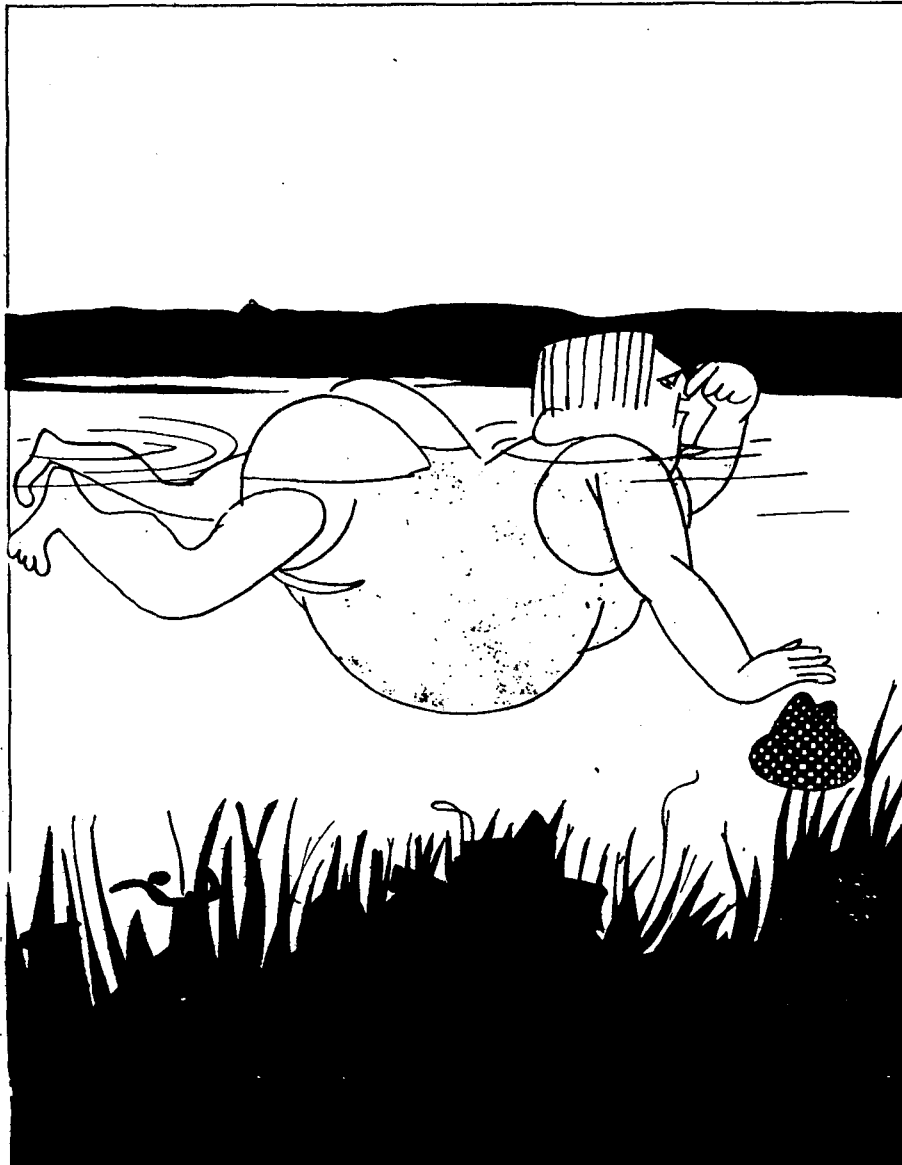
populations and buildings intact. It is all very good news for those who want to see Europeans freed from the disabling fear of an imminent Soviet invasion and from the enervating pessimism that has so recently haunted their foreign policies. It is also good news for those who admire European architecture and for those who deal in the used tank market.

Yes, the Soviets are irate, and they have every reason to be. They have spent a lot of very dear rubles on that tank force of theirs, but what

good will it be if its crews are certain to be turned into terminal cases as soon as they cross into Western Europe? Let us try to look at the neutron bomb from the Soviet Union's point of view. A war that only kills soldiers? What kind of war is that? The Politburo's favorite human beings are soldiers. A war that does not destroy nearby villages? When the Red Army goes into battle it relishes the destruction of villages. Any Afghan peasant can tell you that.

For that matter, when the Red Army mixes it up, the primary objective seems to be not victory but the utmost slaughter and destruction. Not only are villages laid waste, but whole cities and countries, too, the better to raise up a new order in the image and likeness of Dr. Marx and to give Soviet commanders a sense of achievement. The neutron bomb does not merely threaten the mammoth Soviet tank force, it also takes the fun out of the Soviet style of battle. Neutron warfare is sissy warfare.

Contrary to the neutron bomb's critics who insist that the bomb will dangerously disturb the balance of forces in Europe, the bomb will help to re-establish that balance and in a very benign way. It puts up a fence against potential invaders, while adding very little to the West's offensive capability. Offensive war is what the friends of peace should oppose most staunchly. We must be most concerned about the huge SS-20 missiles that the Soviets have targeted on Western Europe, and the Pershing and cruise missiles with which we plan to counter them. Let us seriously negotiate the removal of these monsters. As for the neutron bomb, remember the poesy of Robert Frost: Good fences make good neighbors. □



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