

bees and clues after all and he would have to be watched carefully. The spirit was willing, but the tongue was weak.

Then he went to Moscow's only Baptist Church and reminded the congregation of KGB agents and party officials to "obey the authorities," in accordance with the Epistle to the Romans. The officials sat stolidly in their pews, heeding the advice. On then to the peace conference. This was followed by a meeting with Boris Ponomarev, who was recently described in the *Washington Post* as "the Politburo member responsible for the world communist movement." (One had thought this was composed of "indigenous" parts, with no overall responsibility in Moscow, but we defer to the *Post's* Don Oberdorfer on this issue.) Graham was more discreet about Boris than he had been about Georgi. But at the subsequent press conference he blew the whole trip in a few moments of careless talk.

First of all, he tactlessly criticized "the false notion that there is no religious freedom in this country . . . Saturday night I went to three Orthodox churches that were jammed to capacity. You wouldn't get that in Charlotte, North Carolina."

Graham just couldn't leave well

enough alone, embarrassingly repeating the errors of George Bernard Shaw and the Webbs, and with even less excuse after fifty years. "The meals I have had are among the finest I have ever eaten," he said. "In the United States you have to be a millionaire to have caviar, but I have had caviar with almost every meal."

Bad Billy! Now the Hive was in a sullen rage. The usual news media dynamic of denial and confrontation (normally so helpful to the Hive) went ahead as expected, with unreliaables like Dusko Doder of the *Washington Post* and Serge Schmemmann of the *New York Times* getting ample space to take issue with the hapless preacher's defense of the Soviet Union. Doder teased about the cost of caviar to the average Soviet citizen, and Schmemmann even had a big spread on a subject the *Times* has skirted like a colony of lepers: the persecution of Christianity in the Soviet Union. Normally such taboo topics were kept out of sight by calling them "not newsworthy," but now Billy the Bad had put them near the top of the news agenda.

Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post* was sitting in the Hive quivering with indignation—and

sharpening his quill and his sting. Billy had come near the Hive, but he had shown that he could not read or transmit correct signals. Nothing could be more dangerous. As a result everything had become stirred up in the wrong way. Good-writer Colman McCarthy, one of the more ferocious guard-bees of the Hive, would deliver the sting.

Colman McCarthy had spent five years inside another kind of cell—in a Trappist monastery in central Georgia. But . . . somehow it hadn't quite worked out. He left before taking vows. And so he came out into the world again—with a sharp sting in his tail. Such a background of course made him a perfect candidate for the Hive—the community of apostates.

McCarthy's antennae, unlike Graham's, were in perfect working order. Did he have to be *told* who needed stinging and when? Did he need *instructions from Moscow*? Of course he didn't! He was indigenous, autonomous, and independent—like all the other bees in the Hive. To get his "instructions" he needed only to pick up the newspaper or turn on the TV (where as it happened Billy Graham was catching more flak from David Brinkley's guests on ABC).

So Colman McCarthy came zipping out of the Hive and quilled a sharp

column entitled "The Duping of Billy Graham." Billy had been "snookered by the Soviets," McCarthy wrote—but it wasn't the Soviets, the dupers, who irritated him. Far from it. It was Billy Graham. But it wasn't Billy's gullibility that bothered him either. It was the far graver sin of indiscretion.

"Any easing of the American phobia of things Russian, Marxist or Soviet is welcome," buzzed Colman the Guardian Bee. "But Graham wasn't content with this modest contribution. He had to *blab indiscriminately* about religious freedom, obedience to the state, and the caviar" [emphasis added].

Billy, meaning nothing but good, had embarrassed the Hive. There would have to be a prolonged period in a re-education camp before they would let him near its portals again. Meanwhile Colman McCarthy had firmly thrust the dunce's cap back on Billy's head—a plain language warning to any stray bees who might still be tuned in to the likes of Bruce Morton and Kenneth Briggs. "In Moscow, as everywhere else," Colman McCarthy concluded, "the pattern of Graham's career was on display: talking too much and thinking too little."

And that put Billy Graham back to square one. □

EDITORIAL



STOCKPILING FOR PEACE

Another month passes, and still no nuclear war reported. Some of the antinuke brethren must have been amazed by the news. Others are surely greatly relieved. But for those who actually evangelize for the antinuke crusade the passage of yet another month free of nuclear war merely heightens their tensions and convinces them that when the war of their dreams finally breaks out it will be even more devastating than anticipated.

For the most part, we are dealing with a very curious *mentalité* when we come across the antinuke cru-

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

sader. What does one make of those who address an issue of the utmost importance, complexity, and danger as though the rest of the world did not exist? After all, peace depends not only upon America but also on some other countries, countries over which the peace marchers have no influence. The paradigmatic peace marcher seems almost to pride himself on his simplicity and his aloofness from the rest of the world.

When informed that an American disarmament or freeze is at best irrelevant to world peace so long as people like Papa Brezhnev have their nukes, the peace marcher's response is some cacophonous indulgence along the lines of "I don't care." It takes a rather voluminous egotist to pro-

pound an American nuclear defense policy as though the rest of the world did not matter. Nonetheless, egotism appears to be the major component in this spring's movement. Tom Wolfe's *Me-maniac* has entered politics; the smoke of the smoke-filled room is replaced by the fumes of herbal tea. The peace demonstrator's goal is to strike the seemly pose, much like those Pecksniffs who flaunt bumper stickers proclaiming "Caution, I brake for small animals."

The latter manifestation of self-righteousness merely amuses. The former could be dangerous. After all, in nuclear terms American defense policy has been a success. For almost four decades there has been no nuclear war. Deterrence has worked,

which apparently just worries our demonstrators all the more.

How do they explain the passage of another month free of nuclear holocaust, some 1,925 weeks since Nagasaki? Was it their huge peace procession in New York City? Doubtless many believe that the procession was a powerful blow for peace, but then there are also Americanoes who believe that a horse hair kept in a jar or a dirty sock worn around the neck will prevent illness and plague. Actually, American power is what saves us from nuclear holocaust. Were we without the power, who can say with confidence that some future domestic instability within the Soviet

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Union might not encourage a skittish Soviet Galtieri to make a desperate strike against us? Had he the upper hand in nuclear technology who would want to gamble that he would not use it?

Last month was in truth a very good month for those of us who relish the gentle sigh of a peaceful world. In the Middle East the Israelis struck a lethal blow against one of the most

violent little entities on earth, thus bringing a peaceful Lebanon closer to reality, fortifying Arab moderates, and giving the PLO something to worry about other than how they might ambush an innocent public figure or bombard a defenseless village. In the South Atlantic the British showed that the West cannot always be toyed with and that such principles as self-determination and

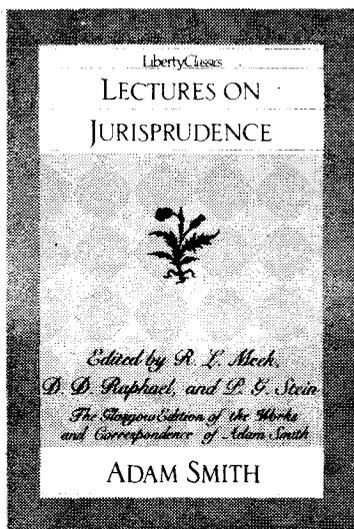
sovereignty are serious matters. By defending civilized principles the British have slowed the world's further descent into barbarism.

Finally, one other piece of news made last month an auspicious month for peace. American technology contributed decisively to both the Israeli and British victories. Our small-is-beautiful weapons critics around Sen. Gary Hart are correct: Much Ameri-

can weaponry is terribly sophisticated and expensive. But the stuff is also devilishly effective. Our Sidewinder missiles, our F-15 and F-16 fighters, our shrike missiles, our E-2C Hawkeye surveillance planes, along with other American-made electronic devices proved superior to Soviet weapons. That is very good news to those of us who believe that the world is safest when the democracies have the edge on the thugs.

Last month two American allies and a formidable arsenal of American weaponry were the instruments of peace as surely as the New York peace procession was an instrument of confusion. Yet as our thoughtful and enormously competent secretary of the navy, John Lehman, has been pointing out for over a year, not enough of this technology is now deployed among our own forces. We have the instruments to protect the peace. We even have instruments to outfox Exocet missiles used so effectively against the British navy. They must be effectively deployed. Events in the Middle East and in the South Atlantic last month showed that the only effective peace procession in the past four decades has been the procession of American weapons coming off the production lines of American defense plants. □

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WHAT'S THE FUSS?

Last month also brought the 10th anniversary of the Watergate burglary, and all major media duly saluted the marvel. I, for one, was taken aback. After all, last month also brought the 10th anniversary of renowned entomologist Glen F. Birkhalter's mission to Moscow where, under the auspices of the Orkin Exterminating Company, he was to rid the American Embassy of Soviet cockroaches. It also brought the 10th anniversary of a rather epic nocturnal brawl in front of 1508 Flatbush Avenue, the Brooklyn campaign headquarters of Miss Elizabeth Holtzman. Six drunks took on her local Machiavels, sending three of them to King's County Hospital. No mention of these events has appeared in the newsweeklies, on television, or anyplace else; and Mr. Birkhalter had traveled at company expense "to help bring peace of mind" to our embassy's staff.

The newsweeklies were dutiful about informing us of the whereabouts of the Watergate defendants and even of some, like Maurice Stans, who had nothing to do with Watergate whatsoever. Well, I am
(continued on page 40)

THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• June passes and with it the odious ERA, the latter being a helpless victim, if reports in the media are to be believed, of some dim immensity, inscrutable and implacable. What precisely that immensity might have been no one in the media would fain define. Only La Smeal of La NOW gave the details. In the last week of June, she finally divulged the components of the ghastly force that doomed ERA, to wit: the Republican party and "special corporate interests"! Yes, it was a cabal that "profits massively from sex discrimination particularly on the local level." There you have it! Born of the lie that the American male conspired in his Rotary Clubs to enslave the female, the ERA is buried by liars claiming that this ghastly legal monstrosity was defeated by the corporate bogeyman. In truth it was defeated by the American mainstream that recognized the rancorous Women of the Fevered Brow for the swinish radicals they so often are. Their dissimulations might have chloroformed the American media, but they did not fool the rest of us. Female garbage-truck drivers and gung ho gals sweating out the nine-to-five might be La Smeal's view of the just society, but all this huffing and puffing is not for those of us who know that life in America is lived best after 8 p.m. We turned to our mothers, and they, with Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly as their Julius Caesar, saved us from the unisex commode.

• And the Women of the Fevered Brow were not the only liars to hornswoggle our beleaguered media last month. There were also the wizards of the Spring Peace Camorra who have kept our sharp-eyed investigative journalists befuddled all season by the *suggestio falsi* that the peace movement comprehends all species of Americano. The media swallowed this claptrap again on June 12 when a huge peace rally filled Central Park, but the indefatigable Joe Sobran of *National Review* was there, too, and while sleuths of major media lolled in the catnip Sobran recorded the speakers on the platform: Robert

Drinan, Bella Abzug, Helen Caldicott, Coretta Scott King, William Sloane Coffin, Elizabeth Holtzman, Barry Commoner—speakers from what some poor sap at the *New York Times* called a "rainbow spectrum" of American politics.

• John W. Hinckley, Jr., who went to all that trouble to shoot President Reagan last March, was found not guilty by reason of insanity. The verdict outraged millions, but you can imagine how it was received in the home of Mr. Terry McGinnis. Mr. McGinnis, who was left a quadriplegic after a 1975 automobile accident, shot John A. Robinson, a passenger in McGinnis's car at the time of the accident, with a special gun that allowed McGinnis to fire it with his tongue. Mr. McGinnis had designed the gun himself, and when Mr. Robinson argued with him about that seven-year-old accident he let him have it. To follow up on a story reported in our May issue, Mr. Richard Moss, who stabbed a cigarette smoker in an elevator on the campus of San Francisco State University, has pleaded self-defense. In Spanish Lake, Missouri, dog lover Michael Marti's conscience rebelled when Mr. Richard Crabtree kicked Mr. Marti's dog. His mind aswirl with all the infamies of 2,000 years of dog-kicking, he bit Mr. Crabtree's nose off.

• One of TV's most illustrious hysterics, Mr. Phil Donahue, sniffily canceled out in New York when only 250 tickets were sold for his appearance in a 2,700-seat theater, and the Palestine Liberation Organization headed for the hills, thence for the bomb shelters of old Beirut, when the Israelis decided they had received one mortar barrage too many from PLO enclaves in southern Lebanon. Mrs. Thatcher's legions took Port Stanley, the last Argentine stronghold in the Falklands, and Mr. Werner Fassbinder died. Mr. Fassbinder, a German movie director from the life-is-not-worth-living school, finally took his own work seriously. An autopsy revealed that he had turned himself into an enormous

human test tube replete with sleeping pills, cocaine, and, of course, laxatives.

• In San Jose, California the corpulent and sedentary Mrs. Betty Marie Mentry, 45, had felony manslaughter charges filed against her. Mrs. Mentry, who weighs 220 pounds, is accused of killing her eight-year-old son with her own arse. According to the woman's ten-year-old daughter, Mrs. Mentry sat on her son for three hours because a local counseling service had advised her to "use your weight" to restrain her hyperactive son. Buena Park, California remains in a pother over reports that an eight-foot-tall, man-like creature lives in the city's sewer system. Ever since rumors of the creature's strange life-style began circulating Buena Vistas have been peeping under manhole covers, and two, Mr. Dennis Ruminer and Mr. Tom Muzila, have actually tracked the odoriferous creature with divining rods. On June 5 Miss Sophia Loren was released from a Naples hoosegow after serving 17 days of a 30-day jail sentence for tax evasion, but all was not roses. As her Mercedes pulled away from the prison, a car full of gaga *carabinieri* seeking a closer look rammed her.

• Ms. magazine, journalism's equivalent of the hog-brains sandwich, celebrated its tenth anniversary. Demonstrators barred the entrance to the United Nations missions of the five atomic powers, and in Lake Arthur, New Mexico the multitudes kept coming to the Shrine of the Holy Tortilla. The Shrine is the residence of Mrs. Maria Rubio, who without formal theological instruction managed on October 5, 1977, to fry a tortilla intaglioed with the image of Jesus Christ—right in the midst of the grease. Rich friends of President Reagan continue to shower him with opulence for his valiant efforts to keep the poor man down. This time it is the powerful Bickel family of Angola, Indiana, and they have sent the Reagans a fantastic jellybean lamp. Jimmy Carter never got jellybean lamps.

• In fashion news, the eminent Herb Caen reports that Mr. Charlie Weird of San Francisco, California, has designed a piece of pungent warm weather jewelry, a necklace featuring a genuine mousetrap complete with mouse. T-shirts may be about to go out of fashion—certainly a St. Louis robber by the name of James will never wear another while on the job. Mr. James, who was arrested shortly after robbing a garage, had made the error of wearing a T-shirt with—alas—his name on the back. And *China Youth News* editorialized in Peking that youthful Chinese who wear T-shirts might fare even worse than Mr. James. According to the *Youth News*, post-Maoist hep cats wearing Western T-shirts with such English language messages as "Kiss Me" are guilty of "ignorance, exhibitionism, and spiritual pollution." On June 13, King Khalid of Saudi Arabia died, a probable victim of women's underwear. King Khalid, a heart patient, owned one of the most extensive collections of *New York Times* lingerie ads in the Arab world, and his final seizure came just days after a new supply of Bloomingdale's ads was presented to him by an unnamed Western industrialist.

• New Yorkers raised the drinking age to nineteen. That is one year more than the voting age. Once again the common sense of the American is revealed; to drink demands more maturity than to vote! In the District of Columbia a wholly factitious statehood convention convened and drew up a constitution so bizarre that citizens would have to drink to vote, and author Jerzy Kosinski faced a mutiny when two assistants from his harem divulged that they had written parts of his books for him. Actually he should be grateful that others are willing to take the blame.

• Finally, there is still more evidence of a growing conservative trend in the Republic. A University of Miami researcher has announced that smokers would actually benefit if cigarettes contained more nicotine. The pendulum continues to swing!

—RET