

Rush Live

Bravo, to Terry Eastland for an excellent article about Rush Limbaugh ("Rush Limbaugh: Talking Back," *TAS*, September 1992). Despite his critics, Limbaugh has brought talk radio from its struggling past into the twentieth century.

Talk radio and Limbaugh specifically are a threat to television and print media because they are both unedited and open to all. No management meetings to determine the slant or approach to the final presentation in talk radio. Real people with real concerns expressing ideas that politicians and bureaucrats would rather that the people of America not be exposed to. . . .

—Patrick Murphy, President
National Association of
Radio Talk Show Hosts
WNIS Radio
Norfolk, Virginia

Terry Eastland's puff piece on that pathetically insecure braggart Rush Limbaugh covered roughly the same awestruck terrain as did *Vanity Fair's* recent feature on "conservatism's media superweapon." But Eastland actually dared to hint at something that the other piece completely avoided: Limbaugh is a liar!

Yes, in addition to being a "principled populist," a "rising star," and a "conservative warrior," Limbaugh is a dauntless demagogue, a relentless sophist, and a slick propagandist—in short, a liar. At the end of his piece, Eastland accepts Limbaugh's stated lack of interest in going into politics, but then writes: "Harder to accept is his contention that he does not seek political influence." He quotes Limbaugh as saying: "I have no cause, no political agenda."

That from a simple "radio guy" who relentlessly makes statements such as: "I think liberalism is heinous, I think liberalism is injurious, I think liberalism is dehumanizing, I think liberalism is just plain bad, just plain rotten . . ." And: "I'll have another Slick Willie update for you later . . ." And: "I've just put together the first issue of 'The Limbaugh Letter' . . . and in it I will react to the dumbest statements made each month by the dominant liberal culture . . ." And: "You can vote for Clinton if you wish . . . but his eco-

nomic plan is going to devastate the country."

Limbaugh's "non-agenda" is three-fold: (1) to discredit and verbally blast liberals and Democrats out of existence; (2) to dutifully serve as a high-profile media toady for megabuck conservatism, and, perhaps most importantly, (3) to promote himself endlessly—his book, his newsletter, his TV show, his line of "ditto head" merchandise, his "brilliance," etc.

He is, I believe, a human metaphor for the brand of conservatism recently displayed at the GOP convention (and eloquently skewered by George Will): insecure, hypocritical, self-absorbed, fascistic, and sociopathically willing to distort and deceive without compunction. Far from being "possibly our greatest living American," I believe he is a great American sham.

—Tom Frangicetto
Langhorne, Pennsylvania

Right to Choose

In his September column, Tom Bethell has exposed a dirty little secret about a powerful undercurrent in the so-called "pro-choice" movement, to wit: some of the enthusiasm and urgency of the movement is generated by racism/elitism. Abortion is seen by some as the only means of controlling the "population explosion." Unfortunately, many of those concerned by this "explosion" are even more afraid that voluntary population control is resulting in a disproportionate increase in "undesirables" (blacks, poor whites, etc.). Thus, the pro-abortionists have been frantic in seeking federal subsidization and promotion of abortion. If successful, this fanaticism will probably lead to a call for mandatory abortions. However, I disagree with Mr. Bethell's implication that this racism/elitism is a phenomenon of the right. ("There is, no doubt, considerable right-wing support for abortion today, but its basis is carefully left unstated—at least in print. A right-winger I know is particularly in favor of subsidized abortion. Here's an angle on racism that journalists don't want to dig into.") I suspect that many members of Planned Parenthood, which is not an

agency of the right, are motivated by the same racist or elitist impulse.

—Michael Minnis
Edmond, Oklahoma

Genuine conservatives like myself are appalled at the views expressed by Michael K. Flaherty in "A White Lie" (*TAS*, August 1992). Healthy, educated, and responsible women should be encouraged to have babies. But what is wrong with counseling unhealthy, uneducated, and irresponsible women not to have babies? That is not racism; that is common sense. Conservatives want to *conserve* our standard of living and our way of life—not destroy it.

Flaherty exposes Margaret Sanger's views on "Eugenic Sterilization." That is about as useful as exposing Antonio Pablo Cuadra's youthful fling with fascism or Knut Hamsun's fling with Nazism in his senility. Who cares? Cuadra became the great anti-Communist editor of *La Prensa*; Hamsun was one of the century's great novelists. Character assassination is the tool of the Stalinists, not conservatives. Let's deal with the issues, not Sanger's foolish mistakes.

Flaherty's fears of Planned Parenthood are proving needless. Thirty years ago the Mexican government encouraged its forty million people to have more babies. Today, Mexico, with a population of over eighty million, is preaching birth control. But it is too late, as any U.S. Mexican border guard can tell you. The hungry masses are crawling through sewer pipes to get to the land of open space and honey, millions of them—does Flaherty want more?!

It will take a lot more resources than are available to Planned Parenthood to bring down the Third World populations to sustainable levels. It may, indeed, be too late. If by the year 2020 the world's population doubles to 10.6 billion, the anti-abortionists will have for all practical purposes won.

—Leon Cyens
San Francisco, California

More Than the Pope?

Stuart Reid's "The Fall of the House of Windsor" (*TAS*, May 1992) was interesting
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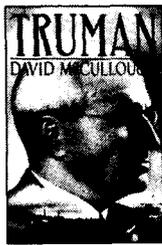
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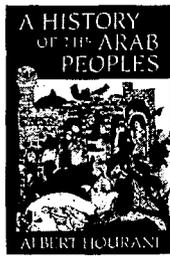
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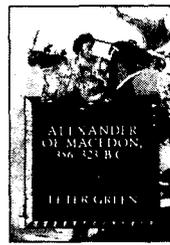
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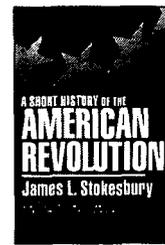
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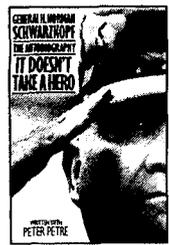
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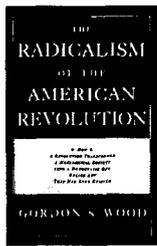
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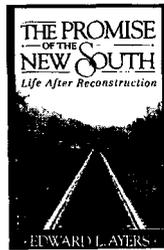
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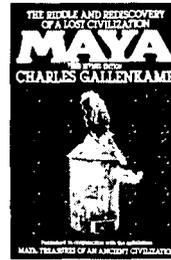
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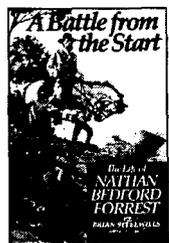
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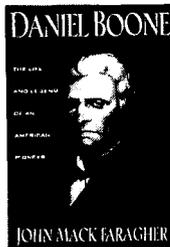
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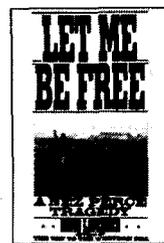
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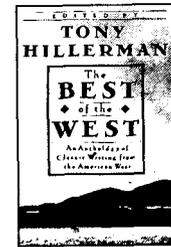
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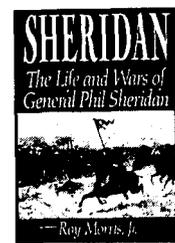
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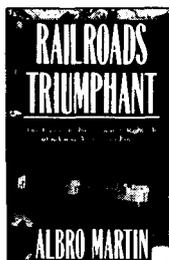
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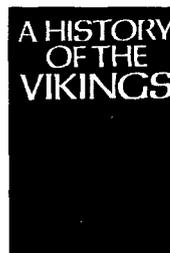
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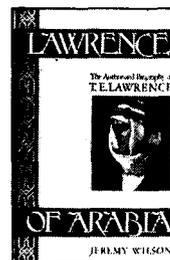
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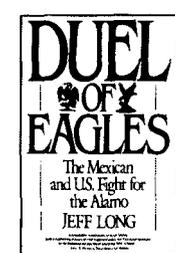
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In Bosnia

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Mostar, Bosnia-Herzegovina

Perhaps it was not such a good idea for me to absent myself from America's current outbreak of political doubletalk and hot air. The political hot air in these parts contains shrapnel.

Roused by the plight of the refugees in erstwhile Yugoslavia, Ted Forstmann, the American entrepreneur, has flown his jet into Croatia's sparkling port of Split. And from that memorably named city we bump along the memorably beautiful Dalmatian coast, round hairpin turns. We take a left into the interior, up and down hills of gray stone, toward one of the less publicized of the area's many war zones. We had been promised a "motorcade with police escort." What we have is an ill-sprung black Volkswagen driven by an oddly lackadaisical Croatian corporal, lost in the rock music pounding from his tape deck and oblivious to the bruised condition of his passengers: Forstmann, the British historian Andrew Roberts, a Croatian-American diplomat, and me.

In many ways this battle-scarred and militarized area puts one in mind of Israel, despite our laid-back corporal. The day before, in Zagreb, we had visited a children's hospital where war's innocent victims stumbled around on twisted limbs. Then in the stillness of the Spansko refugee camp, we met Muslims, Serbs,

and Croats, all crammed into flimsy barracks, unready for winter. Most were women and children—the men are either fighting, imprisoned, or dead. Such barracks are peaceful now, but again they put me in mind of the Middle East. Already they are the source of prostitution and begging. The restlessness in the eyes of the boys suggests that soon hooliganism will begin, and then the kind of political dissatisfaction and irredentism that gave birth to the PLO. This last eventuality could prove more horrible than the present butchery.

Six hundred thousand refugees now languish in Croatia. They cost Croatia \$2 million daily, or 20 percent of its budget—and that budget also has to support

250,000 soldiers in a population of some 3.5 million. Croatia did not anticipate this growing refugee population, and as there is no foreseeable end to nearby wars there is no foreseeable end to the refugee problem.

Just two years ago all the peoples of Yugoslavia—the Slovenes, the Serbs, the Muslims, the Croats, and the rest—were anticipating the fresh breezes of liberty. Then came the ethnic wars. The mentalities of these ethnically and religiously diverse peoples are different from anything we Americans can appreciate. Under the Communist dictatorship all had lived in a relatively peaceful stew, small numbers of Serbs spicing up a Croatian neighborhood, minorities of liberals living among both groups. But, of a sudden, with the expiry of dictatorship, ancient and mysterious animosities flared, provoking the strong to fall upon the weak, to expropriate their homes, and frequently to kill them.

The consequence has been one of the cruelest pages of history in this century. As we drove to Mostar we stopped at the religious shrine Medjugorje, where in 1981 the Blessed Virgin allegedly appeared and urged prayers for peace. The prayers continue, but now there is war. A bespectacled nun and a cigarette-smoking priest are eager to take us to the "ethnically cleansed" Mostar to show us how the Serbs,

(continued on page 18)



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