



• November is as a dodo! It is also the month Americans celebrate Thanksgiving, and this year the turkey came early. On the other hand, twelve years of incomparable Democratic whining may be at an end. The era of criminalizing government *faux pas* may be adjourned. Among the Democrats, fears about the federal deficit are evanescent even now, along with alarms over the trade deficit, the power of the presidency, “litmus” tests for the judiciary, the disappearance of wetlands, Irangate, Iraqgate, and the spelling of potato. On November 3, George Bush lost the presidency to Governor Bill Clinton, that singular presidential nominee whom the Democrats chose from the weakest field of Democratic contenders in this century (half were retired politicians and one was an obvious narcoleptic). The Conservative Crack-Up arrived on schedule, and by November 18, President-elect Clinton was demonstrating that the Liberal Crack-Up, replete with left-wing zanies in every belfry, still maintains its old dynamism for bringing your basic prehensile Democratic pol to foozle. Before even entering the White House, Mr. Clinton had provoked rows over puffers in the foxhole, Haitians spilling across south Florida, and a visionary “ethics” standard so abundant with loopholes that Mr. Warren Christopher and Mr. Vernon Jordan could preside over his transition team. Moreover, the mysterious Hillary resumed the shocking use of her maiden name, and someone on her staff notified a Washington journalist, Mr. Mike Buchanan of WUSA-TV, that she will adopt the term “presidential partner” rather than “first lady.” The next day her staff denied this apparent attempt at a *coup*. Happy days are here again!

• That huge python found in the Philippine presidential palace garden was cooked and eaten by palace guards. Mr. Magic Johnson re-retired from the National Basketball Association. On November 9 in Berlin, Germany, an angry mob of leftists spoiled Germany’s

Unity Day by pelting German President Richard von Weizsaecker (pronounced Wiseacre) with eggs and organically grown tomatoes containing neither chemicals nor pesticides and posing absolutely no health hazard to the visibly discomfited German leader. Hey, lighten up, Rich; tomatoes are good for you! Eggs, too! If you were pelted by rightists, would they bombard you with such nutritious ingredients, all free of modern contaminants? As President Weizsaecker’s egg and tomato-bespattered image retired into a waiting limousine, the thought occurred that were he to boil his clothing it would make a delicious soup, and such an economical use of available resources might give his leftist tormentors a much more sanguine view of him.

• In Martinsville, Indiana, Mr. Larry Burchfield, 28, was arrested at 3 a.m., after he broke into a private home and awakened its owners by playing their piano. The musically inclined Mr. Burchfield was charged with burglary and criminal mischief by arresting officer Richard Wiltermood (pronounced Vil’turood—the *m* being silent in keeping with Officer Wiltermood’s life-long insistence that the alphabet contains only twenty-five letters, none with two humps). The Vatican newspaper, *L’Osservatore Romano*, cautioned President-elect Clinton against leading the United States into immorality, stressing that its forebodings were based on “deeply rooted moral concern,” and perhaps on Miss Gennifer Flowers’s lascivious interview in *Penthouse* magazine. The Church and all custodians of morality will be closely following how frequently our incoming President orders flowers in the Oval Office.

• New York’s Museum of Modern Art may have a new addition. City workers attempting to resolve flooding problems in Alexandria, Indiana’s Riverview Avenue have pulled a 200-pound hairball from the sewer beneath that historic street. Mr. Tom Humphries, supervisor

for the city’s water management department, remarked that “we thought we had a goat, at first,” but it will be a fine gesture when he and his colleagues donate the intriguingly woven ball to MOMA. The oft-disparaged Islamic faith was in the news with at least two stories of a positive nature. According to the newspaper *Abrar* in Teheran, Iran’s state-run Panzdah Khordad Foundation has raised the bounty on Mr. Salman Rushdie, author of *Satanic Verses* and now a sadder-but-wiser abominator of Mrs. Thatcher, to over \$2 million. And when British Christians were slow to apprise the producers of the satirical television series “Spitting Image” that they displayed poor taste in featuring a rubber puppet of a grotesque hippie-style Jesus Christ, the United Kingdom Action Committee for Islamic Affairs leapt to Jesus’ defense with good effect. “Anything which portrays Jesus in a casual form of entertainment is degrading,” Dr. Iqbal Saccrani of the Action Committee declared upon telephoning the series’ producers, and he expressed his “anger and revulsion.” “Spitting Image” spokesman Mr. Bill Dare got the message (the Action Committee had coordinated the UK campaign against Rushdie) and promised never to use the offending puppet again, adding that he had never used a puppet of Mohammed because “we don’t poke fun at minorities in this country.” Do I hear your knees shaking, Mr. Dare?

• Hats off to Mr. Andrew Martinez, and for that matter pants off and shirt off and all other manner of raiment. Mr. Martinez is the young visionary who has been suspended from class and barred from campus at the ridiculous University of California at Berkeley, home of the late Free Speech Movement and so many other spectacles of quaint left-wing guff. Mr. Martinez, known on campus as Berkeley’s “Naked Guy,” had been attending class stark naked to further freedom of expression and several more of the Liberal mysteries; but the universi-

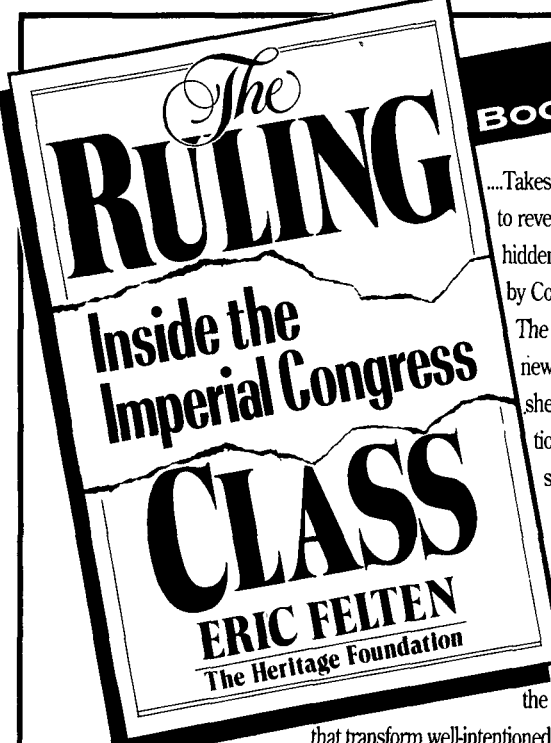
ty threw the book at him when he attended Vice Chancellor Russell Ellis's disciplinary hearings wearing only a back pack. After the hearing, the nicely tanned and trim Mr. Martinez asseverated, "It's kind of typical that the university is taking this authoritarian approach. . . . This is supposed to be a dialogue between us. . . . I don't think he has to take this father figure attitude and say 'No, I won't talk to you.'" Alas, Vice Chancellor Ellis would not talk to Mr. Martinez, nor would his office answer our repeated telephone queries as to what Mr. Ellis himself was wearing at this historic meeting. During a golf outing in Little Rock, Arkansas, President-elect Clinton took our Lord's name in vain. Ever optimistic, Senator Bob Dole urged President Bush to pardon Former Secretary of Defense Cap Weinberger and other Iran-contra defendants. And in her nationally syndicated newspaper column, Dr. June M. Reinisch notified readers that post-orgasmic "goose bumps" are perfectly normal but should disappear within five minutes. If they persist, a dermatologist should be consulted, and perhaps a heating repairman.

• The ruling body of the Church of England voted to make its priesthood bisexual. The United States withdrew from Subic Bay, the Philippines. Mr. Riddick Bowe, after intoning several inscrutable Islamic orisons in the presence of Washington insider Mr. Marion Barry, entered the ring to defeat a valiant Mr. Evander Holyfield for the heavy-weight title of the world. From Kuala Lumpur comes word that Mr. Abdul Fadli Talib, 24, an off-duty bus conductor died after swallowing his dentures whilst sleeping in a bus bound for Seremban, a city that has been called the Body Odor Capital of the World. In London, the Duchess of Beaufort, 63, was found hanging from a ten-story building at the Gloucester Royal Hospital during what the *Sunday Telegraph* called an "abseiling stunt." No one was injured, and no American aside from a few scholars of old English could explain what an "abseiling stunt" might be. In Japan, the Yokohama Tire Company recalled hundreds of tires that it had placed on Jeep Grand Cherokees designated for Brunei, after a Brunei holy man discovered that the tire tread resembled a line from the Koran deemed offensive to Islam.

• The staff of *The American Spectator* killed off the month preparing to celebrate on December 2 the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the magazine. When the magazine was founded it was merely an attempt by non-radical students at Indiana University to boot the New Left's Students for a Democratic Society from control of student government. Presently the support of students at the University of Chicago and Harvard made it the national magazine of anti-radical students. Its writers believed that the 1960s

radicals would transform American universities into anti-intellectual sanctums of mediocrity, Vietnam into a Communist hoosegow. We argued that those unlucky regions of American life that might fall to the radicals' rants would become cheerless sloughs of drug addiction, sexually transmitted diseases, and various other neoteric pathologies. Over in Oxford, sozzled by the beards and the sandals, Boy Clinton demurred. He shoved off to Moscow to see a future that works.

—RET



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**Chill Factors**

Arriving as it did near the eve of Halloween, Grover Norquist's article ("The Coming Clinton Dynasty," *TAS*, November 1992) was a chilling tale appropriately aimed at conservatives like me, who are thoroughly disgusted with George Bush. By the time this letter appears, either Bush will have squeaked by the hideous apparition of a Clinton presidency, or the monstrosity of a Democratically controlled presidency and Congress will be slavering to Gore the taxpayers.

The former does not render moot the thesis of the article. The Democrats have learned in the years after Watergate how to craftily usurp the powers of the presidency. A complacent electorate, leftist educators, and a liberal media have all abetted Congress in their drive to arrogate power to the legislative branch. Ironically, that icon of conservatism, President Reagan, had it in his purview to challenge the office of special prosecutor in the Iran-contra hearings but found it expedient, instead, to throw those who ably served him into the maws of a politically vindictive, self-accountable machine.

Is it any wonder, then, that George "Get Along, Go Along" Bush did nothing during his term to cut these extra-legal harpies off at the knees?

A plan of action, not planned inaction, can correct the deficiencies of the conservative movement. Between now and 1996, when (it is hoped) a very articulate and combative Jack Kemp will be the party's nominee, the following goals must be vigorously pursued:

- Work diligently to find a replacement for the moribund Rich Bond as Chairman of the RNC. . . .

- Discredit all reports and sources of reports often and emphatically which seek to portray the Reagan economic juggernaut as a freak aberration, fueled by funny money and profiting at the expense of the middle class and the poor. (I fail to see how the recipients of government largesse can be exploited by the rich, yet this nonsense goes unchallenged altogether too often.)

- Create more avenues of communication that will allow the expression of con-

servative values and economic theory to be encountered by the populace at large even if this means buying blocks of television or starting new cable stations nationwide. *The American Spectator*, *National Review*, *Insight*, the *Conservative Chronicle*, etc. are great—but it's people who are not exposed to conservative values who need to be reached! The success of Rush Limbaugh points the way to future converts and illustrates how attractive conservatism can be.

As is amply demonstrated in this fine article by Mr. Norquist, we are running out of room and options when our lives are proscribed by the opposition party.

I'll never forgive George Bush for ignoring our principles and assuming our vote, but thanks to Grover Norquist, I'll do my part to keep the monster in the basement for another four years.

—Michael R. Murray  
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

**New Enemies, A Love Story**

This letter is to express my sincere appreciation to P.J. O'Rourke (and all of the unsung heroes at *The American Spectator*) for preventing my untimely death. As fate would have it, I received my first issue of *TAS* on the evening of the recent presidential election, and had I not been cheered by O'Rourke's "1992 New Enemies List" (*TAS*, November 1992), I undoubtedly would have driven my pickup truck (Bush-Quayle bumper sticker and all) directly over the nearest cliff.

As a former Army officer, who volunteered to serve this country, I am more than a little nauseated by the thought of "The Oxford Commando" as Commander-in-Chief. As an attorney working in the law enforcement field, I am even more queasy at the thought of someday reading the words: "Writing for the majority, Justice Cuomo asserted . . ."

Having been an ardent P.J. O'Rourke fan for several years, I truly enjoyed the Enemies List. I felt it was one enemy short, however, without the inclusion of my current nemesis: National Public Radio. For my money, the most empty-headed, half-baked, politically correct, college-campus-socialism-spewing, bleeding-heart lefties this side of the UC Berkeley English Department can be found on NPR.

Time and space preclude a detailed description of the perpetually daffy liberalism that pervades NPR's programming, but suffice it to say it is no coincidence that their moronic ravings are carried almost exclusively by college radio stations. When not blaming every conceivable evil on "The Bush Administration," NPR features stories on such important topics as: an American opera based on the kidnapping of Patty Hearst; public misconceptions about the writings of Hillary Clinton; why more people now believe Anita Hill; and—my personal favorite—a British musical production that combines the works of Stravinsky with the music of the Sex Pistols.

I keep praying that someday P.J. will train his sights on NPR. Until then, please accept my late addition to the Enemies List, and my thanks for helping me through the first part of what promise to be four truly horrific years.

—Mike Ryan  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

**My Enemies List:**

- HUD
- NLRB
- EPA
- SBA
- FHA
- OSHA
- UMTA
- AFL-CIO
- FDIC
- USDA
- RTC

—Joseph Moss  
Atlanta, Georgia

**Hot Under the Choler**

David Frum's reactionary choler blinds him to the message of my book, *Who Prospers?*, which he reviews in the November issue. His fundamental misreading is captured in his observation, "The bad news is that culture is infinitely important; the good news is that it is equally malleable."

Any serious reader of *Who Prospers?* and my first book, *Underdevelopment Is a State of Mind*, will know that I view culture as deeply rooted and persistent. I believe, for example, that Latin America's problems reflect a value and attitude system that has persisted for more than five centuries; that Japanese,