



•April, and the conventional wisdom counseling that poverty causes crime suffered a stupendous pop to the chops when the FBI reported that in 1982, the worst year of the recession, crime declined by four percent—the steepest decline in five years! Ho, ho, ho, what does that tell the social scientists? With a few thousand more soup kitchens penitentiaries will be closed down forever. Paupers will be awarded good citizenship awards, and Ronald Reagan will confer the Medal of Freedom on John Kenneth Galbraith and on John Maynard Keynes posthumously, two men who did their utmost to bring poverty to us all with its concomitant law-abidingness.

•In Washington, the mood is not sanguine. Interest rates are down to 10.5 percent, inflation is at 3.5 percent, non-farm productivity soared in 1983's first quarter at 4.8 percent, the stock market ended April 57.83 percent above its 1982 low, and factory orders for March were up 3.2 percent. The country is up and moving again. So why the gloom in the media? Is it sun spots, the approach of the year 2000, that sinking feeling that Republican prosperity complete with Coolidges and Hoovers may replace the suavities and high purpose of LBJ and the heroic Wonderboy of Plains, Georgia, men who suffered gallbladder operations and hemorrhoids for us little people? Who can say, all that is certain is that very few are giving the present President accolades for what Glad Tidings there are. All he is credited with is 10.1 percent unemployment and a growing deficit.

•In Tucson, Arizona Mr. John Clarke's sexual assault has been laid to a plethora of doughnuts that induced in him diabolical blood-sugar fluctuation, and he is now scot-free. Mr. Paul Young, a disc jockey at WVBK in Herndon, Virginia, successfully protested his meager salary by locking himself in his control booth and repeatedly playing the record "Take This Job And Shove It" for fourteen hours until his boss relented. And the enemies of the handicapped continue to thwart our enlightened law, but it will avail them naught. In Waukesha, Wisconsin, Mr. Chester Williams, accused of parking in an area reserved for the handicapped, was led into court in chains. The fiend is 80, and still insensitive to our handicapped citizens!

•On April 4, the new space shuttle Challenger personed by four astronauts began what was to be a very successful five-day orbit of earth, during which was perpetrated the first space walk by Americans in nearly a decade. Three months after subscribing to *The American Spectator* Miss Gloria Swanson, actress and entrepreneur, passed away. She had been in perfect health. We shall all miss Miss Swanson, but possibly you have an obnoxious neighbor, a prof whose patter spoils your matutinal shuteye, a local TV sage prolix with New Age poppycock—buying the pest a gift subscription might be an effective antidote. And if the gift does the trick our business office may even offer to purchase flowers in your name at the sepulchering. Though millions of Americans purr with pastel delusions of Mohandas K. Gandhi (1869-1948), those who actually live in the scrawny crank's homeland struggle to throw off the painful afterclap of his quackery; and in New Delhi more than 1,000 male government employees demonstrated in their underwear to protest the shoddy quality of homespun uniforms the government makes them wear in deference to the Gandhi canon. They cry out for Jockey briefs, color be damned. In Albufeira, Portugal an unidentified gunman murdered Dr. Issam Sartawi, a Palestinian advocate of diplomatic recognition of Israel.

•Nicaragua's Sandinist government grew increasingly disturbed during the month over political reform movements operating in its rural regions; and though "world opinion" bleats for negotiations between the government and the insurgents in El Salvador no one other than the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* and their agents have advocated this poultice for Nicaragua. In Virginia, state employees made some 2,500 lewd telephone calls, according to Mr. George Hall, director of the state's Department of Telecommunications, who claims the calls cost the state \$1,000 in March. Apparently the bureaucrats are unimaginative, however, for these calls were not actually obscene calls to others but to an obscene answering service run by a New York City magazine. And in Oakland, California a lesbian, Miss Linda J. Loftin, is suing her former lover, Miss Mary Flournoy, for visitation rights to see

Miss Flournoy's child, Mary, who was conceived after Miss Loftin artificially inseminated Miss Flournoy with a turkey baster. The imbroglio is strictly New Age progressive, the two having made a gaudy media splash back in 1977 when, thwarted in their attempt to marry, they publicly exchanged vows to cherish and honor each other. Then they discovered that each was in love with a creep. They separated. And Miss Flournoy applied for welfare to maintain Mary and two children by an early marriage in the manner to which they had become accustomed. The Alameda County district attorney's office sought and got a court order forcing Miss Loftin to pay child support. Now Miss Loftin wants visitation privileges. On the other hand, the homosexual boyfriend of murdered San Francisco Supervisor, Harvey Milk, came up with nothing from his bid for a \$50,000 workers compensation death benefit owing to Harvey's untimely dispatch.

•In the April 13 Chicago mayoral race the Hon. Harold Washington copped 97 percent of the black vote to hold off the white race's Mr. Bernard Epton who had 81 percent of the white electorate. In Baltimore, Maryland, eloquent evidence of the burdens brought down on government workers during the Reagan cuts was provided when two postal workers were convicted of having eaten the mail. "They ate the mail," the *Washington Post* quotes prosecutor Glenda G. Gordon as saying, "This is not funny. . . . I use the mail." Miss Jane Fonda was sued for practicing sex discrimination at one of her fat-removal sweat shops, and shrieks of vituperation are issuing from the Legal Defense and Education Fund of the National Organization for Women over attempts by the United Automobile Workers to organize staff members.

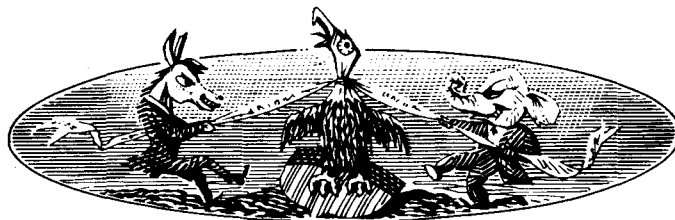
•We have a very strange one from New Orleans. Whether it is a tale of poverty or man's inhumanity it is too early to say, but Mr. Lawrence John Crowley, 25, is in the hoosegow for allegedly stealing and eating neighborhood dogs. Police speculate he was driven by "desperation and hunger"; but now it is reported that Mr. Crowley may have been driven by cannibalism, too. His landlord has vanished and is being sought amongst over fifty pounds of flesh

that police found in Mr. Crowley's freezer. What makes the story all the stranger is that police had turned over the meat to the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after Mr. Crowley's arrest. Too little too late: why not hand it over to a local Chinese restaurant where it could be put to nutritional purposes? Mr. Wiley Brooks, 47, whose Breatharian Institute of Marin County, California teaches that "all food is poison," was allegedly spotted ordering a chicken-pot pie in a Vancouver hotel and carrying out an opsomaniacal expedition in 7-Eleven stores and fast-food joints. In sports, a 25-year-old Marine choked to death during the speed-eating matches in North Carolina's Newport Pig Cooking Contest.

•On April 18, a bomb demolished much of the American embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, killing at least 33 people and wounding more than 80. Senators John Glenn and Ernest Hollings announced their candidacy for the presidency, and France expelled 47 Soviets after accusing them of espionage. On April 21 our Federal Bureau of Investigation announced the expulsion of three Soviets for similar misdeeds, and connoisseurs are waiting for the American Civil Liberties Union to step in; after all is not espionage another of those victimless crimes that progressives have analyzed so deftly?

•The President's National Commission on Education issued some very rude findings on American schools. In Phoenix, Arizona a junior high school teacher was suspended for one year for "gross insensitivity" in his "human sexuality" lecture. Allegedly he asked school boys to bring sperm samples to school. In Sacramento, California a high school coach, his wife (a school administrator), and a female teacher's aide pleaded no contest to charges of operating a sadomasochists' bordello. And at Montana State University students froze a kitten in a block of ice and floated it in a bowl of punch at a Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity party. Finally Mr. Russell Maguire was found not guilty by reason of insanity of molesting an eight-year-old girl. Mr. Maguire is heir to the Thompson submachine gun fortune. Rat-a-tat-tat!

—RET



WE'RE NOT KGB

by Tom Bethell

I wondered what I should wear for the Institute for Policy Studies' 20th anniversary party at the Pension Building. It said on the invitation "Attire: picnic casual," and something about Blue Grass music. I tried to visualize Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin, co-founders of IPS, twanging banjos and mandolins and hopping about in cowboy suits, but it was too much for the imagination. I already knew exactly what they'd be wearing: tweedy sports jackets, gray slacks (dark gray), preppy button-down shirts and nondescript ties—in other words media rig. So I dressed the same, with the risqué substitution of navy blue corduroys (1930s Hampstead-socialist, poetry-reading and hiking-type), and bright RED belt, to tone in with the mood of the evening.

For those who may still be wondering what I'm talking about, IPS has been certified by the *New York Times*'s Charlotte Curtis as an "independent research organization," and Jimmy Carter's disarmament expert, Paul Warnke, who was to be IPS's master of ceremonies for the evening, would further attest that IPS is an organization which "can't be controlled by the KGB." So now you know: IPS—independent research organization, not controlled by KGB.

I paid my tax-deductible \$35 and went into the Pension Building—a great brick structure from the Robber Baron Era and one of those buildings that brings out the sentimental side of left-wing intellectuals. The poor dears think of these old buildings, with their adorable quoins and corbels, as their very own cathedrals, and in their secular way they moon about inside them, communing reverently with the Commodore Vanderbilt trappings, the Frick friezes, and the Jay Gould joists. And so it was to be tonight at the Pension Building, vintage 1883, designed by Gen. Montgomery Meigs and the whole con-

taining 15.5 million yummy red bricks.

Hundreds of lefties were pouring in the main entrance, all kissing one another on sight and swearing fealty to Mark and Dick. Round tables were decorated with red and white balloons (true-blue missing, get it?) and a band was setting up amidst the usual electronic shambles and twanging exploratory decibels out across the football field-sized space.

Here was Abner Mikva, the U.S. Court of Appeals judge (called a "moderate" by our confusing media taxonomists), and over yonder was Roger Wilkins, the Negro celeb. Here in earnest confab were Victor Navasky of the *Nation* and good old sturdy left-wing philanthropist Philip Stern, who has been bankrolling IPS since its inception (Phil has foundation-matured Sears Roebuck money

to dispense). Richard Cohen was on hand, as was his wife Barbara, the news director of National Public Radio. Cohen told me that he was "celebrating the rejuvenation of the Left." He is a part of the *Washington Post* brood that goes "cluck cluck cluck" at Reagan every day, but endlessly confers the benefit of the doubt on Andropov, Arbatov & Co.

And here finally was good old Dick Barnet. It had been several years since I had seen him, but he was as affable, composed, and relaxed as ever. Barnet is so cool and attentive, you mentally take your hat off to him. He mentions his new book—something about the alliance, coming out in the *New Yorker*. He doesn't read the magazine much but he did rather enjoy William Buckley's articles re-

cently. He courteously inquires what *you* are up to these days.

Richard Grenier tells me that in about 1963 he met Barnet shortly after a "blatant Communist-organized" meeting in Paris, with some such title as World Jurists for Peace. "From every single Warsaw Pact country the representative was either the Minister of Justice or the Deputy Minister," Grenier recalled. Representatives from the underground Communist parties of Western Europe were also present. The American representative was Dick Barnet. Grenier at the time thought it was a bit incautious of Barnet to be so openly associated with the Communist world—a period when "an endorsement from Moscow was still considered death"—but Barnet saw the future more accurately than Grenier. "I greatly underestimated the influence these people would have in the coming decades," said Grenier, who'd had an opportunity to speak to Barnet and ask him what he was up to. Barnet made small talk, conveying an impression of "economic opportunism," Grenier recalled. The think-tank business was opening up, and there were new financial vistas for those who couldn't make partner in the prestigious law firm.

I myself had met Barnet at a dinner party given by a genial fellow called Iqbal, then in the Pakistan Embassy. This was at a time when all fashionable folk in Washington were zooming off to Cuba, preferably in the entourage of Senator Abourezk or Senator McGovern, waiting with bated breath in Havana for the midnight invitation from Fidel, then coming back to Washington and making little moaning noises of ecstasy in the arms of those who had been left behind. And I recall that there were some moaned reunions that night, before we sat down to Iqbal's curry. I sat opposite a rather mean-spirited fellow, a Chilean Communist, who easily outdid all the others in the stridency of his anti-American table talk: Orlando Lete-



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