
THE CONTINUING CRISIS



•November, and autumn folds into remorseless winter. *Ciao* to summertime hopes and autumnal reveries. For some the change is bracing, and for others of delicate disposition it is a cruel jolt. Yet even the wimps should have found November thrilling. There was summit-mania and all its concomitant flummery. There was defection-mania. There was a glorious stock market rally, and the government of the United States almost went broke, putting donkey ears and a tail on those *carpe diem* economists of yore whose maxim was "We owe it to ourselves." Then there was that great moral drama provided by the bar panel of New York's First Judicial Department, composed from top to bottom of moral colossi, intellectual giants, career reformers, the kind of horses' asses who brag of their decency and compassion.

•Months ago this fabulous collection of Manhattanite Robespierres revived against Mr. Roy M. Cohn a congeries of charges, which had lain dormant for years. Mr. Cohn is the lawyer who once assisted the legendary Senator Joseph McCarthy along with the likes of Mr. Robert F. Kennedy. Unlike Mr. Kennedy, however, Mr. Cohn never made a timely left-turn when anti-Americanism replaced anti-Communism as the cheap act of the upwardly-aspiring. Worse, Mr. Cohn remains an anomaly among Manhattan's elite, a patriot ardent to praise America even over apéritifs. Now he has liver cancer, and his pursuers anguish over the possibility that this cancer, once their ally for having weakened him, may become their enemy by killing him before he can be dragged into court. They grouse that the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has given Mr. Cohn until January to rebut their case. Such an extension might "effectively nullify the entire procedure," squawks Mr. Michael Gentile, the panel's chief counsel. That is to say, he fears the crafty Mr. Cohn's precipitous death. If Mr. Cohn does die, his friends will be wise to bury him securely lest the ghouls who pursue him snatch his body. Actually, Mr. Cohn has already triumphed by displaying nobility in affliction and exposing the

smallness of his sanctimonious enemies, goody-goodies who manifest anew the old truth that nothing is more corrosive to goodness than a surfeit of virtue easily procured.

•Early in the month Mr. Vitaly S. Yurchenko, the highly prized KGB defector, shook free from a CIA "handler," who apparently was force-feeding him at Au Pied de Cochon in Georgetown, and vamoosed to the nearby Soviet Embassy. There he narrated a shocking tale of CIA skullduggery. Kremlinologists of the Samantha Smith school thought of the impending summit and their bosoms caught fire, but for Admiral Stansfield Turner the episode must have evoked a festival in the heart. Forget not that Admiral Turner, as Jimmy Carter's CIA director, anguished over reports that the pre-Carter CIA was wont to incarcerate KGB defectors and to treat their persons rudely. Admiral Turner fumigated the place, and now the improved CIA takes KGB agents to continental restaurants and does not complain when they skip out on the bill! Former Senator Harrison Williams, Democrat of New Jersey, was transferred from prison to a halfway house, his prison term on an Abscam bribery conviction being almost finished. And in Spain, indigenous feminists held a national convention to protest that country's harsh abortion laws. Three thousand of the benevolent gals turned out to applaud as two of their number underwent abortions off stage to protest the status quo. Then two fetuses were produced to the assembled humanitarians and the applause grew rabid.

•In Moscow, the first Soviet Communist Party program in twenty-four years made an unusually somber appearance, such programs having heretofore been abundant with hope and economic flapdoodle. The present program places utopia many years down the road and acknowledges that the route to it will be "uneven, complex and controversial"—that is to say, not unlike the route to prosperity laid out by Mr. Walter Mondale in his heroic 1984 presidential campaign. Mr. Stuart Chase, coiner of the phrase "New Deal," died, as did the Chicken Wing Lady of Buffalo, New York. The Lady,

Mrs. Teresa Bellissimo, died as she had lived, inhaling the pungent vapors of her world-famous chicken wings somewhere in the vast confines of her Anchor Bar and Restaurant, an alimentary palace founded in 1940 by her and her late husband. Mr. Barry Allen, 19, pleased the *New York Post* when he became the third of Mr. Bernhard Goetz's youthful victims to be juggled for felonious misadventure. Mr. Allen's alleged *faux pas* was robbery. Senator Edward Kennedy has announced that he will seek the presidency in 1988 come hell or high water; high water has been his problem in the past. And women laboring in San Francisco's Hall of Justice are increasingly uncomfortable in that building's ladies' rooms, which are also being used by a male probation officer awaiting a sex-change operation. The gals should get over their worries, however, once the probation officer is beautified by modern medical science.

•In New York State, the popularity of high school wrestling skyrocketed when the State Board of Regents voted to allow girls to compete with boys in what had heretofore been considered contact sports. The United Nations celebrated its Fortieth Anniversary in orgies that delighted every anarchist on the globe. Never before had so many heads of state gathered in one place, nor so many limousines and security men. Most celebrated of all the global worthies' public acts was the purchase by the Sandinista royals, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ortega, of twelve pairs of designer eyeglasses for \$3,500!

•While on the subject of royals, British intelligence activated agents throughout the Republic's communications networks to boom the arrival of the Prince of Wales and his blonde wife. The Royal couple performed flawlessly and accomplished their mission on November 10, when the Prince enunciated a carefully crafted propaganda message, asserting that "King George II had a bit of a raw deal in history. . . . I think slowly but surely people are realizing he wasn't such an ogre as they made out." Actually, the King was a nitwit. He played the harpsichord despite doctor's orders and at a time when urban life could be deafening,

what with horse-drawn vehicles clattering along cobbled streets and every gentleman's powdered wig evoking fortissimos from his wife's prodigious beak. No one in our heavily infiltrated media refuted the Prince's nonsense. MI-6 has its agents everywhere, perhaps even at *The American Spectator* where the undisguisedly British accents of Tom Bethell and John O'Sullivan are beginning to raise eyebrows.

•The homosexual community still struggles against what has become a dreadful public relations problem, AIDS. The Betty Friedans of the movement warn against what they call unsafe sex, that is: sexual congress that allows "the exchange of bodily fluids." But what is so unsafe about that? Every living human is the consequence of such an act. Perhaps the homosexuals are trying to ingratiate themselves to Planned Parenthood, Inc. and the wowsers of sex education. During November they suddenly were faced with hostility from the Screen Actors Guild, which has pronounced that actors must be allowed to treat kissing scenes as they would dangerous stunts and nude scenes. If an actor or actress suspects he or she is about to be embraced by a poofter, the scene can be nixed. Alternately, it is possible that a homosexual rights group could devise a prophylactic for the tongue, thus bringing the era of safe sex ever closer.

•On November 22 the Ingersoll Prizes were awarded to Mr. Eugene Ionesco for creative writing and to Professor Robert Nisbet for scholarly letters, some of which over the years appeared in these pages. Miss Geraldine Ferraro has copped the 1985 J. Gordon Coogler Award for the Worst Book of the Year despite the imbecilic efforts of Mr. Richard Reeves, author of *The Reagan Detour*, and Miss Priscilla Beaulieu Presley, author of *Elvis and Me*. Miss Ferraro's swell book is *Ferraro: My Story*, and in it one will discover that capitalist, misogynist America was at once thrilled by her and out to do her in. Washington, D.C.'s General Nutrition Center was closed for a day due to severe mouse infestation, and Ronald Reagan returned from his Geneva summit with his reputation as a charmer intact. —RET

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Cover drawing by John Springs

CORRESPONDENCE

Save Now

I was surprised to see in the October issue of *The American Spectator*, an ad for the English translation of the Soviet propaganda sheet, *Pravda*.

Why pay \$630.00 per year for *Pravda*, when one can purchase a subscription to the *Washington Post* for a fraction of the cost?

—Kathleen J. Crifasi
Lanham, Maryland

Sex Wars

Ben Stein is, as always, both funny and pointed in his piece on Hollywood doings in the November book ("The New War Between Men and Women," by Benjamin J. Stein, *TAS*, November 1985). But will someone there please remind brother Stein that it is not America he's talking about ("in today's America there is only time to take, and to get taken . . ."); it is Hollywood, and it is typical only of itself.

It is great sport, and perhaps even a public-service, to number and label and describe these exotic fowl and point out a couple of bubbles off plumb. But it is all futility and folly to attribute their shortcomings and eccentricities to "the momentum of America today" or "the frantic pace of life in get-rich-quick America." The thing that gives these rare fauna their case of the crazies is Smogville itself. As one who escaped from it four years ago and had to go through a sea change to adjust to normal people again I know whereof I speak. If brother Stein visits this unoffending hamlet, for instance, he will find that his assumptions don't fit, his responses don't work, and his view of Hollywood as a microcosm of anything but itself is the purest moonshine. And if he stays longer than the weekend he may find that the prospect of returning, for any reason including Hollywood easy money, is a frightening thing indeed. He may defect, and ask for asylum. He will of course be welcome.

—George Warren
Pacific Grove, California

I like Ben Stein. I live in Los Angeles and read his column every Monday in the *Herald-Examiner*. More often than not, I thoroughly enjoy it. But Ben has a problem. He works, or is trying to work, in the movies. Therefore he spends a lot of his time with agents, producers, and their hangers-on. People, he cheerfully admits, who can often be the slime of the earth. But these seem to be the *only* people who Ben talks to.

I can assure him that there are millions of people in L.A., like me, who have never been to the Hard Rock Cafe, and who have never even *heard* of Sasch or Voila, and we lead perfectly happy lives. I work at UCLA, and am surrounded by dozens of people who care about each other, their families, and are very satisfied with life in general. I attend a church (the Church of Christ in Culver City) whose members would have a very hard time relating to the stories in his article. Ben, I feel sorry for Staci, Lois, and your shrink Pal, P. These people need to reorder the priorities in their lives, and maybe you need to broaden the circles you move in a little bit.

—Dick Woodruff
Los Angeles, California

After I'd finished reading Mr. Stein's article, my *TAS* sank into my lap for my arms had gone limp. My immediate reaction was despair, for what he wrote was very true in many instances. Yet, knowing some Los Angeles female exceptions to the rule, I must reply if for no other reason than to reassure myself.

In Los Angeles, the sheer amount of glitter, money, and glamor is overwhelming. The material goods accumulated are not bad, in and of themselves. But the constant bombardment of our senses with big, beautiful, fast, shiny, powerful objects all day long with very little respite affects many adversely. To say nothing of the repeated impact the "media" has, a person must consciously stand back for perspective; like dousing oneself with a bucket of cold water after a long rest.

What does all of this have to do with relationships between men and women? Well, I, for one, am very affected by my surroundings. I know how my mind searches for pleasure and how the searches are influenced by repeated messages.

Don't misunderstand that one's actions can be blamed on one's environment. A person (unless mentally incompetent or very young) is responsible for his/her actions. But, the visible world and the morals most loudly acclaimed do affect our outlook. This idolization of short-term gratification—have it your way—causes many to search only for the pleasure of today; not the happiness of tomorrow. We want instant gratification whether it be professionally or sexually. Sacrifice and hardship, planning and saving, chastity and fidelity get lost in

the mad shuffle. If we do not get "the gusto," we feel cheated. Somehow, the world, the government, or, in this case, the male or female sex, must pay. Revenge. A humorless, self-defeating effort to fill the emptiness, the hollowness within, with something, even if it is hatred. That is, at least, better than nothing, right?

Now, my note of hope on this dismal scene is that some folk, even within the environs of Los Angeles, try to live life in the slower lane. Mr. Stein, not all the women in Los Angeles will drive men to homosexuality. Some still know the meaning of love. Some still hope for a box of candy and a dozen roses. Some wish to, some do, demonstrate tenderness to a man they can trust.

My only hope is that the sexes will not give up on the other even in Los Angeles.

—Isabella Cepelcha
Los Angeles, California

More on the Massacre

Thank you, gentlemen, for giving us, at last, an authoritative refutation of the Soviet disinformation on the KAL 007 massacre which our own press organs have so enthusiastically and reprehensibly disseminated ("Sense and Nonsense: A Reader's Guide to the KE007 Massacre," by James E. Oberg, *TAS*, October 1985). Tom Wicker's repeated fulminations based on the despicable Pearson article ought to make any American, or even any honest person, gag. But naturally the public lacks specific knowledge of civil air traffic control methods and military capabilities, and I fear that this combined with a climate in which people are ready to believe in the wickedness of their own government has served to make such outrageous lies regrettably easy to sell.

As a pilot with the Strategic Air Command I feel able to emphasize a couple of Mr. Oberg's points and perhaps add one or two. He says quite correctly that "Airliners in mid-flight in the North Pacific are on their own, solely responsible for maintaining and reporting their positions; air traffic control radars were never intended to provide help along these portions of the route." This can easily be seen to be true if one grasps the simple fact that air traffic control radars do not exist in the ocean. For that matter, they are not in place in most remote areas of the earth. Civil radar coverage of the continental United States is virtually complete, and if an airliner on an In-

strument Flight Rules flight plan strays even slightly off course, the pilot is immediately so advised by the radar controller. Over open water and remote land areas, however, tracking and safe separation of aircraft is accomplished by the controlling agencies only by means of periodic reports from the pilot of his position and his estimated time of arrival over subsequent points on his intended route. Note that this obviously means that if he is off course and doesn't know it, his position reports will indicate he is on the planned route.

As to land-based military radar, its purpose is to defend our borders. Thus its primary concern is with *incoming* aircraft, and its only capability is to detect, identify, and track aircraft in or near the ADIZ—Air Defense Identification Zone—a narrow (about 200-mile wide) band which surrounds our borders. Alas, we have not the capability of monitoring Soviet airspace except perhaps the very small area where its proximity to our own territory places it in range of the border radars.

Now, the RC-135 story. Mr. Oberg deals with this rather summarily, pointing out that various models of the RC-135 differ and that their mission has presumably changed in the 15 years which render Bernard and Eskelson's information obsolete. Now I fly a KC-135, not an RC-135, and so do not know in detail the capabilities of the reconnaissance birds, and could not of course discuss them in detail if I did. But everyone who has a general knowledge of the Air Force mission knows this: The purpose and mission of all the RC-135s is listening, not looking. They patrol near the borders of the target area to eavesdrop on and record all manner of electromagnetic radiation emanating therefrom. Besides, the on-board technicians do nothing more than collect data for recording or direct transmission to the agencies which interpret and make use of it. It is the E-3, or AWACS, aircraft which use sophisticated airborne radars to detect hostile targets and provide air battle management in a tactical environment by identifying and tracking them. No one to my knowledge has suggested that an E-3 was in the area of KAL 007's flight path. I believe that Pearson made a dubious reference to the presence of a Navy E-2, but even in the unlikely event that is correct, its function was not to track civilian airliners.

(continued on page 51)