

Body Mind & Spirit

After psychic copulation with Miss Jean Loomis, a contemporary of ours here on the planet Earth, "Seth," a ghost from God knows where or when, finally gets his marvelous message across to Miss Loomis's millions of grateful readers who read her communiqués in the esoteric pages of a promising new publication certain to be read in the Oval Office:

So, dear friends, you now have a very dear friend as President of your great nation. This Bill Clinton is, indeed, very inspired and very inspiring. And his election indicates a major shift of your group mind—a major shift toward becoming your own authority figures and away from looking to paternalistic authority figures to take care of you.

Indeed, from day one there was no doubt of his election because this Clinton embodies the qualities which insure conscious creation of your own reality. First, his heart is open; he's willing to tell the truth of what he's feeling. Second, he's grateful for what he has and for the people in his life. Third, he's committed to what he wants and what he believes in. Fourth, he's certain of his connection to Divine Inspiration. And finally, he's a lot of fun. . . .

Clinton's shortcomings? He may tend, at times, to move forward almost too quickly and decisively (seeming to ignore normal body needs), and by doing so, to tax those about him or seem to leave them in the dust. Fortunately, this Clinton has surrounded himself with many very grounded souls, in touch with and unafraid to express their feelings. This core of grounded support provides a strong grip on the string of his balloon when his vision tends to get beyond the dictates of the present and of his helpers' mortal bodies. . . .

Look forward to a President who sees your divinity and infinite creativity and stimulates you to use it. Look forward to fun and health. And look forward to an organically-grown economy. . . .

[January/February 1993]

Bulletin Quotidien

(Agence Congolaise d'Information)
Evidence that though the Congo is well within the Third World it has risen up to an honored place on the cutting edge of feminist medical research:

OWANDO 18 MARS (ACI)—Une femme de 33 ans, pour se masturber, a introduit une bouteille de 50 ml dans l'orifice vaginal, qui a créé un effet de ventouse au niveau du col utérin, a-t-on constaté sur place.

Mme KIBA Pauline, mère de deux enfants et épouse de M. OYOUNA Antoine vivant au village Okoungou dans le district d'Owando, avait l'habitude de se masturber avec une bouteille bouchée. Elle a oublié mardi de fermer cette bouteille qui lui a créée un effet de ventouse dans le sexe.

Après l'opération d'extraction de l'engin qui a duré environ une heure à Okoungou, Mme. KIBA a été admise à l'hôpital général d'Owando où elle ne se sent plus en danger, a-t-on appris de source médicale. (ACI)

[March 18, 1993]

Duke Magazine

Writing in the official magazine of one of the great cow colleges in the Republic, a Miss Bridget Booher boldly investigates the sartorial enigmas and makes an astounding discovery thanks to Prof. Radway, another local zany:

When Chanel shows models dripping with gold chains on necks and waists, the look, on the surface, is about wealth and privilege. And yet, years earlier, urban blacks began wearing multiple gold chains as a sign of status and as a way of alluding to the image of their ancestors in the chains of slavery.

Janice Radway, a professor in Duke's literature program, says the intricacies of such cross-referencing are endlessly debatable. "Is it that Chanel is longing for the vibrancy and vitality of black culture?

Or are they making fun of it, demonstrating its [supposed] vulgarity, so that their usage of it is an expression of racism? I think it's probably both those things. The question of appropriation is very complicated."

[March-April 1993]

Cleveland Free Times

A transilient moment in the early life of an American patriot, as reported by his high school pal, the esteemed Tom Radis:

Stephanopoulos took a risk by joining the Clinton campaign before the public knew who Clinton was. No surprise there; Stephanopoulos always enjoyed gambling. After school, he and a few friends would sometimes head over to Thistledown and bet the ponies. "If we had 10 bucks in our pockets, we were lucky," Kretch says.

Stephanopoulos was always sure of himself, always knew he was right. If there was a difference of opinion, he wouldn't just hammer away. He'd make his argument, then walk away. "He was a little arrogant," Radis said. "Then again, he usually was right."

One incident is particularly telling. The gang ordered out for pizza one night and Radis was going to make sure Stephanopoulos was going to be wrong. George called in the order, but unbeknownst to him, Radis called the pizza place back and changed the order. Radis even bet Stephanopoulos about what was on the pizza.

"We went to pick it up and, sure enough, it was sausage and mushroom, not pepperoni and mushroom," Radis says. "George kept saying, 'It's the wrong pizza. That's not what I ordered.' All the way home, he's going on and on. He got so worked up about it, he started hyperventilating and he passed out in the car. He was so shattered by being wrong, he couldn't handle it."

Radis didn't tell him for years about the prank. It was more fun to rub it in, to say, "Well, there was that time with the pizza. . . ."

[March 24, 1993]

New York Times

Three New Age chums in search of a Bible, a Schmible, or whatever the hell ya call it:

Friday night in Portland, Ore., before he began a working dinner with national security aides to prepare for the summit, President Clinton decided he wanted to swear in his new Ambassador-at-Large for Russia and other former Soviet republics.

Strobe Talbott, the possessor of that impressive and vague-sounding title, was confirmed Friday by the Senate.

So Mr. Clinton's aides began scrambling around for a Bible in their suite at the Benson Hotel in Portland, where the President was attending a forest summit, so that Mr. Clinton could conduct an impromptu swearing-in.

They couldn't find one. "You'd think you'd be able to find a Bible in a hotel room," marveled George Stephanopoulos, Mr. Clinton's communications director.

They briefly thought about swearing in Mr. Talbott on a summit briefing book, which is roughly the same size, but then the hotel finally yielded up a Bible and the President did the honors.

Labor Secretary Bob Reich, who was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford with the President and Mr. Talbott, held the Bible.

The three friends got misty, and the President gave Mr. Talbott a bear hug. But before things reached Iron John overload, the trio cracked up laughing. "It was a really beautiful moment," Mr. Stephanopoulos said.

[April 4, 1993]

USA Today

Another lucid moment with the rap artist Mr. Ice-T, the famous hyphenated American known for such classics as "Cop-Killer":

He is less reticent about the building racial tension in L.A., where attention is fixed on the trial of four policemen accused of violating black motorist Rodney King's civil rights.

"If they find them guys not guilty, I say get a bomb shelter," Ice-T snarls. "This time it's gonna be national. Everybody in America's looking at it, and no matter how bad (the jurors) wanna let them cops go—sometimes they gotta sacrifice the lamb."

Last year's riots were more a public demand for fair play than a venting of mindless outrage, he says.

"Now, regardless of how stupid or ignorant or wrong or unfocused that particular uprising was, it was necessary. If they hadn't rioted, there wouldn't be a second trial."

Ice-T isn't a full-time rebel. He likes to lose himself in comic books and video games. He doesn't drink or smoke, and he's never taken drugs. He's a protective parent who plans to send his son to a private school and hopes his 15-year-old daughter will abandon her entertainment dreams and become an attorney.

[March 26, 1993]

Boston Herald

Old Boston's greatest daily reports on the rituals and shouts of ten famous gigantomastic gals from the movement for female masculinity:

Since 1976, a special group of women have congregated in New York for a unique celebration of the Hebrew exodus from Egypt nearly 4,000 years ago.

Gloria Steinem, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, Bea Kreloff, Edith Isaac Rose, Bella Abzug, Michelle Landsberg, Phyllis Chesler, E.M. Broner, Grace Paley and Lilly Rivlin make up the Seder Sisters.

The Women's Seder (usually held on the third night of Passover) "is the hottest ticket in town," said Broner during a phone interview. . . . After years of attending traditional seders where the men performed the rituals at the meal while the women cooked and cleaned and prepared, Broner said, it was time for a change.

[Broner's new book] *The Telling* describes the basic changes the group has made, including reading from a Women's haggadah and referring to God as "She." Beyond the traditional matzoh-ball soup and gefilte fish, the menu also caters to the vegetarians and macrobiotics in the group. Instead of leaving a cup of wine on the table for the prophet Elijah, the women welcome Miriam, Moses' sister, to join their festive meal.

More creative interpretations can be found in the discussion of the plagues. . . . Not only do the Seder Sisters reinterpret the original 10 plagues, but each year they call out plagues that have afflicted their personal lives. In 1992, Broner writes, "there were so many plagues, columns of them, a whole portico, enough to describe a dysfunctional society. They called out: Silicone Implants; Homophobia; Crown Heights Racial Strife; The Rape Trials of the Accused—Willie Kennedy Smith, Mike Tyson, the Mets . . ."


[March 31, 1993]

The Great Books Series


The steatopygic Admiral William J. Crowe, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff under Ronald Reagan, reflects back on those wondrous years and exhales a stupendous puff of Kultursmog, replete with seventy percent of the smog's leading pollutants—small wonder he found candidate Clinton a moral colossus:

I was dismayed by our lack of a sensible industrial policy, by our educational failings and by the terrible divisiveness isolating so many citizens from the great American community that makes us a people rather than an assortment of factions. I found myself increasingly disturbed by the Republican Party's tendency to exclude certain groups from the mainstream of American life and exploit antagonisms within the society. It seemed to me that our economic and industrial deterioration had replaced superpower confrontation as the greatest threat to our national security.

[from *The Line of Fire: From Washington to the Gulf, the Politics and Battles of the New Military*, by William J. Crowe, Jr. Simon & Schuster, 367 pages, \$25]



Sweatshirts Only \$25




T-Shirts Only \$15

INHALE TO THE CHIEF

GOP #105

T-Shirt: 100% Cotton • Style = T • S,M,L,XL (\$15) 2X (\$17)
Sweatshirt: 50/50% • Style = S • S,M,L,XL (\$25) 2X (\$30)
Postage and Handling: \$3.50 for 1st shirt, \$1.50 each for 2nd and up. 8.25% Sales Tax TN Residents Only.
When ordering, specify: Code #, Shirt #, Quantity, Size, Style, Name, Address & Phone. VISA & MC accepted.
CODE: 1212

FAST FAX ORDERLINE: 615-242-7509
24-HOUR ORDERLINE: 615-259-3298



Pellican Promotions Incorporated

Mail Order: P.O. Box 158141, Nashville, TN 37215-8141
 Call for wholesale or fundraising pricing: 615-242-7456.
 Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
 Designs © 1993, 1990 Owned or licensed by Pellican Promotions, Inc.



The Silent Bang

by Franz M. Oppenheimer

Late on the Tuesday afternoon when the returns of the first round of France's legislative elections were known, I came downstairs to the bar of our little hotel in the French Alps for a pre-dinner drink. It was late in the skiing season and there were few hotel guests, only the local regulars and the hotel owner, all engaged in a boisterous discussion. Finally, I thought, political passions had surfaced. I was wrong. The discussion was about *boules*, the different rules of the game applied in different cities, and the special qualities of balls of different manufacture. I joined the group, drink in hand, waiting for someone to comment on the collapse of the Socialist Party at the polls. But no one did.

There had been an absence of passion in the campaign: virtually no election posters, few meetings, and no excitement. In the twelfth year of Mitterrand's Socialist presidency, not only the media but also the Socialists themselves said that defeat was inevitable. But the magnitude of the defeat had not been predicted. Pollsters and pundits had counted on a substantial increase in votes for the environmentalists, with whom (and with the Communists) Rocard and some lesser Socialist leaders thought a new "progressive" majority could be put together under the label "Big Bang." In the end, while the Communists managed to increase their pitiful percentage of popular votes from 3.5 to 4.5 percent, and lost only two seats in the National Assembly (keeping just 24 out of 577 seats), the Greens were humiliated, with less than one percent of the popular vote. Jean-Marie Le Pen's right-wing National Front won only 5.6 percent (10 percent had been predicted), and lost its single seat in the National Assembly. Clearly, there was no market for extremism on either side.

Nor was there a market for ideology. The elimination of the left from French

political life—Communists and Socialists combined dropped from 52 percent to 36 percent of the popular vote and won 93 out of 577 seats in the newly elected National Assembly—had little to do with ideology. Polls show that a third of Frenchmen believe that there is no difference between right and left. Corporate middle management constitutes the largest segment of Socialist voters, and workers and the unemployed constitute the largest segment of the radical right. The Socialists are now the party of the bourgeoisie.

The center/right parties, which ran a common campaign and in most places presented a common candidate in the second round of elections, did not increase their percentage of popular votes as spectacularly as their seats: popular votes increased from 47 percent to 55 percent; their seats from 275 to 484—that is, to 84 percent of the total. The right won because voters deserted the left. And the main reasons for that desertion, as enumerated by a veteran French observer, were (1) the evaporation of Marxist ideology, (2) unemployment and economic insecurity, (3) crime, and (4) a series of scandals involving Socialists in high places—from the use of HIV-tainted blood in hospitals to fraudulent financing of campaigns and the acceptance of personal financial favors—some of them, such as Prime Minister Bérégovoy's acceptance of a modest interest-free loan from a friend of thirty years' standing for buying an apartment, as insignificant ethically as the overdrawing of accounts in their own banks by our congressmen.

Americans will recognize the issues that drove the election—crime, corruption, education, and immigration. Even a few days in England and Germany made it plain that the rich countries of the Occident have identical problems. There are homeless in the streets of Bremen, where despite the German recession

shoppers abound. The French press carries stories of arson in the schools during class hours, and of teachers being raped and refusing to come to class out of fear for their safety. Complaints of the decline of literacy are ubiquitous among the still-educated.

Despite the engagement of French troops in Bosnia and Somalia, foreign policy rarely figured in the list of principal problems. But the diatribes of Jacques Chirac (whose Gaullist RPR party will play a big role in the next government) cast a shadow over the future. Chirac risked dividing his coalition when he attacked GATT and the EC's agricultural policy, and insisted on a strong French voice to speak for Europe against the United States.

Indeed, Chirac's dubious if unspoken premise was that Europe's interests coincide with France's. His rhetoric on trade (which mirrored the Mitterrand government's position) triggered anti-French feelings in Germany. The *International Herald Tribune* reported that a discreet German mission in Paris warned the new French government in April of the serious consequences of sabotaging GATT and the EC agricultural policy. The *Tribune* added that the mission may have issued a veiled threat to withhold support of the French franc. Several German industrialists and bankers told me they couldn't much longer tolerate Kohl's unconditional support for French obstructionism in the EC.

Like the Democrats in the U.S. Congress, the new French government will have two years to reduce unemployment, improve the economy, and rekindle confidence. But France's economy is bound up even more closely than the U.S.'s with world economic conditions. Paradoxically, if the Clinton administration should abort the recovery in the United States, that failure of the left in America might well doom the French right two years from now. □

Franz M. Oppenheimer is a Washington lawyer.