



• May has passed, and so has *The American Spectator's* obsolete telephone system. We now have Voice Mail. Hence when you call our offices you no longer make genuine, albeit bungled human contact; you get the sort of modern response publisher Ronald E. Burr has prepared for the unfortunates who might be calling him: "Hello, this is Ronald E. Burr. Your call is very important to me. Please stay on the line. You have reached my office. For a list of options please press pound. I cannot emphasize enough how important your call is to me. If you wish to leave a message, press star, then 235. Then, using your telephone pad as a keyboard, press the first three syllables of the message you are about to leave, along with the last three syllables concluding your message. If you wish to interrupt your message at any time press star, then 55, then pound. If you wish to leave a message longer than three minutes, press star, then 327, then the approximate length of your message as measured in seconds. Please stay on the line for even more options. Remember your call is extremely important to me personally, even though I do not have the time to talk to you."

• And there is more! For twenty-six years this distinguished intellectual review has remained totally free of moral taint. Yes, to be sure, the Loyal Opposition has raised questions that *The American Spectator* might be too attentive to personal liberty, limited government, high intelligence, and what the Founding Persons called Republican Virtue. Nonetheless, never has this journal ever been linked to criminality or squalor of any kind. Alas, but a year and a few months after Boy Clinton took up residence in the former home of Harding and Grant, this venerable journal has found itself identified as "Exhibit A" in a sexual harassment suit, namely a suit against our sitting president. On May 6, Mrs. Paula Corbin Jones filed her suit

against the Rogue Governor of Arkansas and attached a photocopy of the January 1994 *American Spectator* with David Brock's troopergate essay as "Exhibit A." This sort of thing never happened to us when Mr. Richard Nixon was president, or even ex-president!

• According to Mrs. Jones's suit, on May 8, 1991, Arkansas state trooper Danny Ferguson approached her in the lobby of the Excelsior Hotel and apprised her that the Rogue Governor requested her presence in a room where—get this!—he was supposedly conferring by telephone with President George Bush and who knows what other high and mighties. In that room—which, incidentally was bedless—Mr. Clinton allegedly made a sexual proposition to her that was unwanted, immoral, and unhygienic. Now he stands accused of (1) discriminating against Mrs. Jones by "sexually harassing and assaulting her" in a way that he would not harass and assault a male (don't count on it), (2) conspiring with Trooper Ferguson to lure her into a hotel room for immoral (and unhygienic) purposes, (3) inflicting "intentional ... emotional distress," and (4) along with Trooper Ferguson committing "defamation." Moreover, as stated in Mrs. Jones's suit filed in U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Arkansas, "There were distinguishing characteristics in Clinton's genital area that were obvious to Mrs. Jones." This last item has attracted intense cerebration from the staff of *The American Spectator*, whose members have never before been a party to "Exhibit A." Some believe the Washington rumor that the distinguishing mark is the tattoo of a bird appearing on the presidential thigh, and they speculate that bird is actually the logo of *The American Spectator*, a wild turkey (in which event we're also talking about a grievous case of copyright infringement). Others believe the president's tattoo depicts a whooping crane or some other

endangered species. The more worldly members of the staff, taking full cognizance of Our President's historic libido believe the "distinguishing characteristics" to be calluses. Whatever the outcome might be, it certainly beats Teapot Dome.

• In yet another repudiation of a campaign pledge, President Clinton, on May 5, asserted that the United States would not exert itself on behalf of peace around the world. Our President even cautioned the United Nations against such international peacekeeping. After all, there is plenty of work available for U.N. peacekeepers right there in Manhattan. In historic Potosi, Missouri, state corrections officers were ordered by an unnamed judge to allow Mr. Mark Hamilton, a 38-year-old red Indian to practice his religion, though it requires him to wear long hair and conduct weekly ceremonies in a sweat lodge. An equally vexatious challenge faces the judiciary in Seattle, Washington, where lawyers for death-row inmate Mr. Mitchell Rupe are arguing that he cannot be hanged owing to the fact that he weighs over 400 pounds and could suffer decapitation at the end of the rope. Authorities in Minnesota hoping to lessen toxic waste intend to ban "flashing sneakers powered by electric switches with mercury." Defenders of the sneakers argue that once "flashing sneakers" are banned only criminals will have "flashing sneakers," though the argument thus far has failed to persuade.

• In Providence, Rhode Island, state representative Patrick Kennedy, son of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, announced plans to run for the U.S. House of Representatives. The United States Olympic swim team gained prestige on May 7 after Our President announced that Haitian exiles will be granted asylum hearings at sea. Ethnic controversy continued. In Toledo, Ohio, the Rev. Louis Farrakhan, an honored guest at the University of Toledo's Stop-the-

Violence rally, elicited heat when he announced his finding that white people are indifferent to black-on-black violence because it provides them with organ donations. In Iron Mountain, Michigan, state troopers were attacked by a gang of turkeys after the troopers made good on their promise to break up the gang's road block. In Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, Mr. Joe Medicine, an American red Indian, was convicted of violating the city's noise ordinance with his drum, despite his claim that the drum was essential to his celestial observances and that without the drum he might go to hell.

• Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis died in New York City on May 19 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery, next to her first husband. Mr. Roy J. Plunkett also passed on. Mr. Plunkett in 1938 developed polytetrafluoroethylene resin, vulgarly referred to as Teflon. Many of the Republic's leading historians cite the substance as essential for preserving President Ronald Reagan from the criticism that followed such major blunders as his idiotic ending of the Cold War, the long and boring period of eco-

nomie growth that lasted longer than any in this century, and that speech in Normandy. Cynics who believe that American politicians are without conviction were gladdened by Illinois Rep. Dan Rostenkowski's stellar performance. Endeavoring to avoid even one conviction, he spent the better part of the month engaged in arduous plea bargainings with federal prosecutors before reportedly deciding on May 26 to take his noble struggle to court. He will be missed.

• After South Africa's first democratic elections Mr. Nelson Mandela became that country's first black president and second bald-headed president in a row. After days of indecision and public jogging, Our President nominated Mr. Stephen G. Breyer, a judge, to replace Harry Blackmun on the Supreme Court. Dr. Jack Kevorkian suffered still more bad PR when it was reported that he once attempted to mount an exhibition of Adolf Hitler's paintings. The White House, too, suffered more bad PR when M. Robert Hue, the new head of the French Communist Party, declared that now is an opportune time for "stronger ties" between his party and the Clinton administration.

Both he and Our President shared many positions in the past, though Mr. Hue's private life is comparatively mild stuff. Mr. Aldrich H. Ames, formerly of the CIA, has gone on record as to why he sold government secrets to Moscow. Mr. Ames, who donated a sizable percentage of the monies given him by the KGB to the Democratic National Committee, claimed that in the 1980s he became disenchanted with Washington's "shift to the extreme right in our political spectrum"—prettily put. The statement could put Mr. Ames in the running to be a commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." An opening developed on the show when NPR suddenly and inexplicably canceled plans to run commentary by a convicted murderer taped live on death row. The murderer, Mr. Mumia Abu Jamal, was supposed to begin his commentaries about the exciting and philosophical life he leads on death row early in the month, and there are going to be university professors all over America who will sorely miss his daily dose of anti-American rant. Mr. Ames might be just what these truth seekers need. The Crisis has only just begun. —RET



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Unbelievable

"Love and Hate in Arkansas," by Daniel Wattenberg, published in the April-May issue of your magazine, is an insult to President Clinton, the state of Arkansas, and the American people. As the only Republican to serve in Governor Clinton's cabinet, I was not a blind ally of the governor. And on many issues I disagreed with him then and now. However, the man portrayed by Wattenberg was not Bill Clinton—and certainly the woman he pictured as Hillary Clinton is not the Hillary I know.

I have been in many meetings with the Governor as well and Mrs. Clinton, and I never saw either of them behave in a manner other than what is considered appropriate. For example, I never heard either of them (in public or private conversation) use abusive or profane language.

Bill Clinton is not a perfect man, and I'm sure their marriage leaves something to be desired. However, your portrayal is beyond being believable. Fortunately, I believe the American people will give no more credibility to your magazine than it does to *National Enquirer*.

—Tom W. Dillard
Little Rock, Arkansas

Thanks for writing anyway. —Ed.

While it is becoming increasingly difficult to be shocked by new revelations about our First Family, Daniel Wattenberg's account of L. D. Brown's life with the Clintons left me further staggered and sickened.

I find Mr. Brown an entirely credible source. His story certainly rings true, given what the *Spectator* has already revealed about Clintillian behavior over the past decade. Furthermore, I recently saw Paula Corbin Jones interviewed on television, and never has there been a more believable witness to what she maintains Bill Clinton did to her. Surely, the evidence surrounding our president is becoming insurmountable.

Yet, most disturbing is that when I share these disclosures with certain acquaintances, they continue to either ignore all such evidence, or, far worse, assert that it simply doesn't matter all

that much. "Hey, the man's got a good domestic program; give him a chance!" Have we really come to a place and time in our nation when we are willing to trade our most fundamental sense of right and wrong—indeed, our very souls—for a new health-care plan or a bigger government check? God help us if it is so.

—William W. Meister
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I want you to know that not all liberals are hypocrites when it comes to Bill Clinton's financial improprieties, misuse of power, and exploitation of women. The White House line is that this is a Republican attempt to "get the President."

In fact, Governor Brown, a lifelong Democrat, was the first nationally known politician to call attention to Clinton's involvement with Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan and the Whitewater real estate deal (March '92 Chicago debate). Throughout 1992, the *Nation*, a pro-Democratic publication, publicized the Clintons' cozy relationship with monied interests.

My political involvement stretches from George McGovern in 1972 to Jerry Brown in 1992. We may be a minority in our party, but there are thousands, if not millions, of liberal Democrats who are disgusted by corruption and dishonesty—whether the practitioner be Richard Nixon or Bill Clinton.

—Jeff Taylor
Columbia, Missouri

Quota Stings

James Bovard's "Job-Breakers" (*TAS*, March 1994) really hit a nerve. Like most Americans I'm concerned about crime and wish to make a positive impact on our society. After retiring from the Air Force, I competitively tested with the local police department and placed number one on the hiring list. Imagine my disappointment when the department went down one-third of the list of eligible applicants to hire the far less qualified "number one female"!

What recourse do I, or any other white male, have against this form of discrimination? I certainly cannot afford to

be another Bakke, and I won't hold my breath for EEOC assistance.

—Mark S. Hanneman
Richland, Washington

James Bovard's article on "the EEOC's assault on the workplace" was particularly poignant to me. I am a commercial pilot at a major U.S. airline. Last year a female co-pilot sued one of our captains and the company for sexual harassment. She was represented by a nationally known feminist lawyer. To its credit, the company hired an investigator of its own. Over a year passed between the filing of charges and trial. This gave the lawyer ample opportunity to torment the captain and his family by indicting, trying, and convicting him in public thanks to a willing and sympathetic national media. During pretrial proceedings, the claimant admitted lying and the allegations were tossed out. As far as the American public is concerned, however, the captain remains the guilty party.

But the story doesn't end there. In order to satisfy the EEOC in the wake of this incident, our pilots must endure a ten-minute video entitled "Respecting Diversity" at annual current training. In this video, the evil perpetrators of harassment are all white males and the suffering victims are women and minorities. Go figure!

—Thomas H. McDermott
Rancho Santa Margarita, California

New Age Calhounism

The so-called secession talk at the end of Tom Bethell's April/May column ("Breaking Away") strikes at the very vitals of conservatism. It plays utterly into the hands of the New Age Calhounism that divides Americans into sovereign sections of race, gender, class and victim *du jour*. It is precisely the agenda of the radical left that Americans have no *common* interest, no *common* decency, and no *common* sense. There is no point in fighting Guanierism when its work is then done by conservatives themselves, nor in handing its adherents a fine tool with which to pose as champions of traditional American values.

The truth is, the litany of Webster's
(continued on page 72)