



Arizona Republic

Harsh words for an apostate from the celebrated E.J. Montini, the *Republic's* resident bleeding heart and racial neurotic:

Jackie Robinson was born a Negro, starred in sports, and went on to become an unwavering campaigner for civil rights.

Charles Barkley was born a Negro, starred in sports, and has gone on to become a rich, spoiled, selfish Republican.

He plays golf with Dan Quayle, chats with Rush Limbaugh, has lunch with Clarence Thomas and talks about how he wants to run for the Alabama Governor's Office in 1998 as a Republican because he doesn't like paying a rich man's taxes and believes the Democrats haven't done anything for African-Americans in the past 30 years.

[January 4, 1995]

Washington Post

Bold philological reflections of a dyspeptic nature elicited by Our First Lady's general nastiness and tendency at state dinners to spill food on those seated nearby:

"Yes, I would say Hillary is a bitch, and I mean that with all admiration. She is truly a role model for me," says Elizabeth Hiltz, author of "Getting in Touch With Your Inner Bitch," a newly published handbook. "Hillary doesn't back down on what she believes. Any woman who's in politics—any bitch who's worth her weight in politics—has got to have the courage of her convictions."

Hiltz, 38, edits two weekly newspapers in suburban New York. She wrote her book after being stood up on a date and it dawned on her that many women suffered from "toxic niceness," also known as the doormat syndrome. "Being in touch with your inner bitch doesn't mean behaving poorly, screaming and yelling," she says. "It's behaving assertively, with one's own best interests in mind."

In other words, acting like a man.

[January 12, 1995]

New York Times

Belles lettres as perpetrated by Robert Lipsyte, expert on race relations and sexual hygiene, on the sports page of the *Times*:

The people Simpson seemed to have made feel good, including those TV and advertising executives who trailed in his testosterone spray and winked at his "roguish ways," are now, hopefully, uncomfortable.

[December 30, 1994]

Santa Cruz County Sentinel

Mr. John C. Greeley, a future chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, paints a portrait of the post-Newt apocalypse:

President Dole and the Republican majority have all but eliminated the welfare state, with social security only for Congress. The sick, the poor, the homeless are now where they belong, in prison or dead.

The top 1 percent of the nation now holds 97 percent of wealth, and the rest, working for beans and potatoes, are happy as clams.

Everyone laughs to think there were once such things as unions. The military budget has been tripled to help defeat the last Eskimo resistors. By act of Congress the words "liberal" and "soft" have been eliminated from the language. Homosexuals are forced to wear pink triangles. Corporations, no longer restrained by whining environmentalists, now dump their poisons wherever they please. In the schools, corporal punishment and prayer are now mandatory.

Dan Quayle is Minister of Education. Rush Limbaugh is Minister of Culture. Orrin Hatch is Attorney General. Public floggings and hangings are considered fun. War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength. The people cheer and cheer and cheer. And I am out of here.

[November 27, 1994]

Time

Once again the gruesome thoughts of a typical psychopath from the horripilating Christian Left:

When Congressman Newt Gingrich was a graduate student at Tulane University, I baptized him by immersion into the membership of the St. Charles Avenue Baptist Church. Perhaps I didn't hold him under long enough.

—(The Rev.) G. Avery Lee
New Orleans

[December 5, 1994]

Lansing State Journal

(Lansing, Michigan)

Another member of the Christian Left makes a moral pronouncement:

Finally, we have somebody fun to hate.

We should all thank Newt Gingrich for that. We were in danger of sanctimoniously drifting to the end of the century, compromising as we go.

Not now. Now we have Newt.

[December 9, 1994]

New Republic

The historic response, certain some day to appear in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, by Democratic chieftain Tony Coelho as to why his party suffered so dreadfully on November 8, proving that dementia is the price one pays to be a Liberal nowadays:

"I haven't seen this written anywhere. . . . I think the Reagan announcement on Friday (that he has Alzheimer's) is basically what did it. We were scoring on Reaganomics. But we were being very careful not to attack Reagan the man. Our polling showed the numbers were moving with us. But when he announced he had Alzheimer's . . . it was all over the evening news. And the country reacted. All of a sudden, sympathy set in for the guy. I think it really stopped us. I don't know what else could have happened."

[January 2, 1995]

SPE Newsletter

(Society for Photographic Education)
More evidence of the intellectual excitement that enlivens the American left, holding out the promise that an ideological replacement to Marxism may be just around the corner:

SPE 32nd NATIONAL CONFERENCE MARCH 16 - 19th, 1995

CALL FOR WORK

"Women and Animals: Oppression, Representation and Resistance," For possible inclusion in the March 1995 SPE National Conference presentation and possible exhibition entitled "Women and Animals: Oppression, Representation and Resistance." The panel discussion, led by feminist vegetarian author Carol Adams, artist and educator Susan kae Grant, and Afterimage editor Karen vanMeenen, will historically identify a cross-mapping between the feminist and animal rights movements. Specifically looking for photo-based or related work by women artists that deals with issues of animal oppression, the animalizing of women and the sexualizing, and implicit feminizing of animals. Deadline: January 5, 1995. Please send slides, statement, resume, any supporting materials, and SASE for return to Karen vanMeenen, c/o Afterimage, 31 Prince St., Rochester, NY 14607.

[Fall 1994]

Sarasota Herald-Tribune

The brutal reflections of Miss Christina Talley, who apparently goes by the nickname Chrissy and leads a melancholy life:

Christmas is such a beautiful time of year. Carols ringing through the air. Children playing in the snow. Snuggling next to a loved one near a toasty fire. And a corpse in your living room.

Each year, thousands are killed just before the holidays. Most of these bodies end up taking up scarce landfill area or just rotting in the front of people's houses, waiting for the garbage man to take them away. These bodies are sold on every corner and the merchants get good business around this time of year. They are displayed by consumers in their homes, covered in bright lights and plastic decorations.

You're probably thinking, "I surely can't be taking part in these crimes," but these corpses are not human or even animal. They are trees.

[December 12, 1994]

New York Times

Jennifer Dunning gives rapturous notice of a play certain to bring Frank Rich back to theater:

The Altogether Different festival opened on Tuesday night at the Joyce Theater with a program that was certainly different and even more a puzzle. In "S/He," Jane Comfort examines sexual and racial role-playing in a series of sketches, a procession of characters and situations that is set to music by Mio Morales and incorporating text by Ms. Comfort and excerpts from the Senate confirmation hearings of Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas.

In the witty opening number, a tiny, scruffy man played by Ms. Comfort and a towering, lushly endowed woman played by Andre Shoals lip-synch their way through a bit of rap banter that both espouses and shifts traditional sex roles. The closing number features a white male Anita Hill, a white female Clarence Thomas and a quartet of finger-popping black female Senators.

An early segment for eight seated performers promisingly explores male and female attitudes toward space and how to occupy it.

[January 5, 1995]

Free Lance Star

(Fredericksburg, Virginia)

Out there in Stafford, Virginia, the legitimate voice of the truly stupid is finally heard:

If I were a public school teacher, I would find tiresome the windbags who bash public schools. The vast majority of these bandwagon heroes are peevish, right-wing white males who are bubbling over with righteous froth and stewing with indignation.

Now that communists have been subdued by armies of Big Macs, these critics couldn't wait to get their hooks into the next enemy. They hauled up public education. Now they are busy gutting it for the fish fry.

According to these men, public schools are responsible for everything from Roseanne to Whitewater. The state of public education is to blame for all of society's problems, and therefore is responsible for solving them.

In their opinion, public education alone causes abortion and teen-age mothers, drugs and gun violence, divorce and gay people. But even worse, public education is to blame for stupid people—even though stupid people were around long before there were any public schools.

The middle-class moral highwaymen claim that children are no longer taught val-

ues, reading, spelling, morals, math, religion, writing or science. They are taught nothing at all, in their opinion, except sex (how to do it), drugs (how to use them), and condoms (where to put them). I'm shocked to discover from these learned gentlemen that this sort of thing is going on at taxpayers expense.

How would we feel if, every day, we read yet another whiny opinion, telling us that everything is our fault and that we are doing a lousy job? It amazes me that teachers still show up for work.

As a mere parent of actual real live, public-school children, it's hard for me to believe that my children seem to have learned to read, write, do math and science and even some spelling. I'm impressed.

So thanks, teachers. Merry Christmas, and party on.

—Sally O'Keefe
Stafford

[December 20, 1994]

Irvine World News

(Irvine, California)

Five days before Liberation Day 1994, an outburst from another reductio ad absurdum of progressive reform:

Someone unfamiliar with our customs and traditions might find it peculiar that every last day of October, American adults find it festive to purposely frighten their children, dress them up as ghouls, ghosts, witches and monsters, and feed them unhealthful foods.

Someone unfamiliar with our customs and traditions might perceive this holiday as a sort of sanctioned communal exercise in child abuse.

It is often argued that "recreational fear" serves as a desensitizing exercise. We rationalize that small children should learn to confront their fears and a good way to do this is for trusted adults to fabricate morbid imaginary characters.

Regardless of whether or not you believe there is a satanic connection with Halloween, we know that today's children will face such horrors as homicide, suicide, drugs, teen pregnancy and AIDS, either in their own lives or the lives of their friends while they are still children. . . .

Perhaps Halloween could better be celebrated by dressing up in ethnic costumes that teach kids about other cultures, about tolerance. Or, in memory of the past, wear costumes that remember the heroes that have gone before us.

Given our collective concern for violence and crime, now would be a good time to stop dressing children in horrific clothing and calling it entertainment.

[November 3, 1994]



Endangered Species

by John R. Coyne, Jr.

Chicago

In his splendid *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher* (1979), Henry Regnery spoke of the often tense relationship between Chicago's culture and commerce, between the artistic impulse and a deeply ingrained Midwestern work ethic. It was the tension between the two worlds that led to the birth of one of the world's great clubs, and it is the same tension that now may lead to its demise.

The Cliff Dwellers Club was founded in 1907 by novelist Hamlin Garland to bring together "painters, sculptors, novelists, poets, musicians, architects, historians, illustrators" with "distinguished men in other professions." Frank Lloyd Wright was a charter member, and it was here that the architect Louis Sullivan, penniless and without commissions, sat at an oak desk to write his splendid memoirs, *Autobiography of an Idea*. Among its visitors and contributors have been Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, George Santayana, Theodore Dreiser, Igor Stravinsky, and William F. Buckley, Jr., who came at Regnery's invitation to play the harpsichord. This last occasion, writes Regnery (himself a member), was "one of those great Cliff Dweller occasions, on the order of the dinner given at the Cliff Dwellers in 1914 by Harriet Monroe to honor William Butler Yeats, on which occasion Vachel Lindsay came up from Springfield and read a new poem, *The Congo*, with such eloquence and expression that one of the waiters fainted."

Since its founding, the club has remained essentially unchanged. The elevator takes you to the eighth floor of Orchestra Hall. Then you walk up thirty-one marble steps, along walls lined with mementos, letters, and photographs—

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Theodore Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson III, John Drew, Otis Skinner, A. Lawrence Lowell, Jan Paderewski. Then right and through the door, into a long, 3,500-square-foot room. To the left, the dining room, with its bleached-oak tables along a line of picture windows facing a narrow terrace. On the north wall, looking down at the diners, is the head of a gaur—an ugly, fat Southeast Asian cow, with big horns and a baleful, red-eyed expression, much like Sonny Liston. To the right, where a Garland portrait hangs over a working fireplace, is a dark-paneled sitting room. George Ade relaxed here, as did Carl Sandburg and James Whitcomb Riley.

On a clear day, from the windows that line the eastern wall and from the terrace, there is a wonderful view—the gardens of the Art Institute to the north, Soldier Field and Shedd Aquarium to the south, and straight ahead, Lake Michigan, all of it—and on the right day, with good eyes, Michigan itself. A marvelous view, and in any city in the world, one worth a great deal of money. In May, the Orchestra Association, the club's landlord, told club directors that the Cliff Dwellers had two years notice to vacate: "The Orchestral Association plans to create a private club for use by its major donors. . . . The space currently occupied by the Cliff Dwellers is the only workable location."

According to John McDermott, a member and director of the club, relations between the Orchestra Association and the club have always been warm but informal. As the result of a gentleman's agreement adopted in the 1920s, when the director of the Symphony was also president of the Cliff Dwellers Club, the Chicago Symphony became the club's landlord. As part of the agreement, says McDermott,

the club could stay in its penthouse headquarters in perpetuity—that is, as long as it could pay rent, which it pays to the tune of more than \$60,000 a year.

Henry Fogel, the Orchestra's executive director, sees no reason why the club can't move, and offers to help it find space. But in other quarters, the club simply wouldn't be the club. "This space is not just some fungible, ordinary, run-of-the-mill leasable space somewhere," writes club president Chester Davis. "It is unique and uniquely ours."

In his history of the club, Regnery sums it up in this way:

It has now been more than eighty years that the club . . . has occupied the penthouse on the top of Orchestra Hall, its fine view of Lake Michigan overlooking Grant Park still unimpaired. The Cliff Dwellers has over the years served as a congenial place to bring people professionally engaged in music, art, literature, and architecture together with others seriously interested in such matters as non-professionals, which was one of its principal purposes. In so doing, the Cliff Dwellers had made a distinct contribution to the life of the city. The history of the Cliff Dwellers is an integral part of the cultural history of Chicago.

If the logic underlying much of today's trendy debate were extended to the human race, then it would seem that art and culture and the systems that sustain them would be treated by definition as a part of the human ecosystem. And if Henry Regnery were a bald eagle, his aerie would be safe. But because he's a Cliff Dweller, he and his fellow club members are being faced with eviction—and quite possibly, social and cultural extinction. A high price, indeed, for a developer's dream and a room with a view. □