THE CONTINUING CRISIS

November is over as is the braggadocio, the solemnizing of push posh, the honeyfoging of journalists and dolts Walter Mondale says he will never run again How will he spend his sunshine years Possibly he will become a Roman Catholic bishop He is sanguineous enough He is economically illiterate enough And he is pampered enough He has hardly earned a nickel in the private sector, has been the blithe recipient of eleemosynary and public funds for years, and could not tell you the cost of a working-man’s six pack, but he—the like the bishops—is convinced that life for the poor is a Dickensian nightmare, created by fat cats earning vast incomes of as much as thirty and forty thousand dollars a year Moreover, during the late election he turned every potential economic discussion into an inquiry into his opponent’s moral life

Five days after the electorate buried him in a stupendous landslide the American bishops presented the first draft of their pastoral letter on economics, demonstrating once again that the modern Roman Catholic Church’s pastoral letters are left-wing Democratic politics by other means At least Bishop Mondale has been honorable enough to admit his politics and promise not to run again The holy bishops will not submit their campaign to the same democratic discipline nor to logic nor to economic analysis Hence we shall be exposed to their uncouth sophistries for years to come, but they will be exposed to our guffaws

November 6 concluded a commendably charming campaign season during which Representative Harry Reid (D-Nev) nearly lost his life when Mr Vito D’Anton crashed through the ceiling of a hotel room where the Hon Reid was eating his way through a fund-raising breakfast Mr Antoni’s fall began from the ledge of a hotel room twenty-three floors up, and whether he was pushed or leaped remains a mystery, for Mr Antoni cannot be reached for comment by one of those American bishops whose lines to the Deity are so clear The congressional race perpetrated in California’s fourteenth district was even more stirring There the Democrats put up a candidate hounded by cranial “voices” The candidate, Miss Ruth Carlson, won her chance to campaign for Republican Norman Shumway’s seat by beating two other Democrats in the June primary, but those “voices” would not relent even during debates when, according to the redoubtable Los Angeles Times, they made it very difficult for the New Age Liberal to hear the questions “I think they’re trying to kill me,” she declared during one debate “They might want to do it publicly I don’t know But I call them lunatics myself” When asked her thoughts on a local dam she startled the assembled candidates and reporters alike by shouting, “Shoo Shoo They’re trying to blank my mind They want to get me into court, where I’ll spend a lot of money” On the national debt she was equally eloquent “Shoo Shoo Well, I have a lot of good ideas Shoo” It is a response both presidential candidates could have resorted to

The crotchety friends of Svetlana Stalin and those in Europe too were given much to rejoice over when she lit out for her Soviet homeland She was one of the Soviet Union’s first feminists, and over here she was a woman’s libber of the first canto While in her infamous father’s house she grumbled In the United States she grimmed One of her suitors, Mr Bryjesh Singh—an Indian and probably a pacifist—expressed during their engagement Her next, the American architect Mr William Wesley Peters, was not so fortunate and married her Naturally they were divorced, and she took her having bosom to Princeton, New Jersey From there she went to Cambridge, England, thence to chill Russia where she will be locked securely away until the KGB finds proper occasions to put her bilious disposition on display It is a fitting ending for her and for all feminists, most of whom have shown that, though they refuse for personal liberty, personal liberty is precisely what they cannot endure, not for themselves nor for anyone else Good riddance! Those who scrouge over mixing religion and politics pointed to India where Prime Minister Indira Gandhi fell victim to religious hostilities, but did they notice the campaign outburst of the Rev Andy Young who late in the race declared that black supporters of the President were millionaires who “are probably going to hell”? The historically minded will find his judgment in the October 27 New York Times, unaccompanied by any reproach from the likes of Mr Norman Lear or Herblock In North Carolina Mrs Margie Velma Barfield, the murderess who laced her husband’s beer with rat poison and also killed her mother, was executed She is the first homicidal woman executed in the United States in 22 years, and she joins a lengthening line of scoundrels who have exited the planet via such excellent exit devices as gas chambers and electric chairs In lit news Miss Vanessa Williams has agreed to write her memoirs for St Martin’s Press, and in art news Miss Claudia Buchanan won first prize at The World’s Largest Pork Barbecue Festival in Kewanee, Illinois Her masterpiece, “Pork-Bones Sculpture,” stands four feet high and is practically odorless A potentially dangerous international incident that began at Shannon Airport in Ireland when a young Russian public conveyancer as gas chambers and electric chairs In lit news Miss

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