

for an illusion of ladylike. Even before the Tonya-Nancy incident, I always disliked Tonya's skating, which reflects her personality, heavy-footed, clumpy, thuggish. Figure skating is a blend of the athletic and the elegant. Harding was always more athletic than Kerrigan, but spectacularly *inelegant*. A couple of years ago, Tonya's athleticism began to slip, whereas Kerrigan's has been improving. Hence, the perceived need, at least among Tonya's "husband" and Gang-Who-Couldn't Hit Straight entourage for measures that, to say the least, don't play by the rules.

4. And speaking of rules, the entire Harding incident brings into stark relief the wimpiness, the cowardice of the Olympic and figure-skating authorities. Let Tonya flash a

couple of lawyers at the Olympic solons, and they crumpled immediately. The left-liberal doctrine, advanced at the time by no less than our beloved Slick Willie, speaking of course as an expert on ethics (and who, naturally, was pro-Tonya), was that Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics because she hadn't been "convicted of a crime." (And Slick Willie

hasn't been convicted yet either, right?) What is this nonsense about being convicted of a crime? What happened to the good old days when participation in an Olympic event was a privilege to be taken away from an athlete at the slightest hint of "unsportsmanlike conduct"? At the very least, Tonya's unsportsmanlike conduct was glaring and evident.

All this made me yearn for the good old days, the many

decades when Avery Brundage, a crusty Old Rightist, ruled the Olympics with an iron hand. One time, he tossed out Eleanor Holm from the Olympic swimming team because she dared to drink a glass of liquor! Also, Brundage was firm in upholding the "amateur ideal"; none of this Nike endorsement nonsense

for *his* Olympic athletes. I must confess that at the time, when I was growing up, I believed that Brundage was too autocratic and the amateur ideal too rigid. But look how the Olympics have degenerated since his demise! *Mea culpa*, Avery. And Avery, where are you now that we need you so desperately?

The best comment on all this came recently when I was

lamenting the situation to an old friend and said that I yearned for the days of Avery Brundage. "Yes," said my friend bitterly, "that was before athletes had 'rights.'"

5. Not that I was aggressively pro-Kerrigan. On opening her mouth, she turned out to be ungracious. Besides, she virtually never *smiled*; the figure skater should be joyous about her craft. And so I thought all's well that ended well when Tonya, despite favoritism from the judges, finished way behind, and Oksana Bayul, the Ukrainian charmer, won the gold. Oksana was the best athlete as well as the most elegant; despite Kerrigan's grouching, Oksana had the presence of mind to recover her failure to do a triple and insert it at the end of her program, something that Nancy had failed to do.

So the figure skating soap opera ended fittingly. Now, if we can only get rid of the international authorities and Bring Back Brundage, we should be able to sit through the next Olympics with some enthusiasm.

Clintonian Ugly

by M.N.R.

I have to face it: my loathing of the Clintons and their Administration is so intense that it has become absolute, unbounded, almost cosmic in its grandeur. As Clinton's fortunes have gone on a con-

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tinuing emotional roller-coaster, mine have been exactly inverse; when he's up, I'm down, and vice versa. Whenever he takes a nose dive, to quote from the late Ben Hecht in a very different context, I make a little holiday in my heart.

Not that I've been a great fan of any of our Imperial Presidents. But looking back, in each one of their Administrations there has been *something*, some aspect, that has been, if not a redeeming feature, at least some break in the overall miasma of evil. I detested Harry Truman, but for a year he had a Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, who was a maverick and a great guy, a real budget-cutter and an isolationist, the last of the breed in that office. Jimmy Carter was a disaster, but he *did* manage (courtesy of economist Alfred E. Kahn) to push through deregulation of oil and gas, trucking, and abolition of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Jerry Ford was no bargain, but he didn't do anything catastrophic, and his klutziness in banging into things was rather endearing. The only previous President in my lifetime whom I find as consistently detestable as Bill & Hillary was Franklin & Eleanor. Things, though, were a little different, since I was young in most of the Roosevelt Era, so my full appreciation of FDR's total evil came a bit after he had passed over to his just reward. After long contemplation, I finally came up with *one*

policy of FDR's I can agree with: his refusal to be stampeded by the Left into intervening on the side of the Reds in the Spanish Civil War. Against sixteen years of un-relieved Rooseveltian horror, it's not much to put in the balance, but at least it's something, and the people of Spain can be thankful they were spared the dreadful evil of Communist rule.

But in contemplating the year and a half or so of Clintonian rule, I can't think of one feature of the regime which I can even contemplate with calm indifference, let alone agree with. Every Clintonian policy in every area has been execrable. But not just the policy; there is the entire style of the Administration, what the Marxists refer to as its "style of work": it's one abomination after another. Think of it: the demonic energy of Clinton and his young punk advisers, sitting up late in the White House, in and out of each other's offices, wolfing down Big Macs and planning how to run our lives. Clinton's incessant babbling, his Ever-ready rabbit "Comeback Kid" persistence; his terribly leftist appoint-

ments. I early reached the point where I simply couldn't stand the sight (or especially the sound) of Slick Willie on TV: those Fatso legs jogging; that unctuous smile; the puffy eyes and nose; that hoarse voice mouthing lies and evasions: the whole bit.

But even I didn't realize I was missing a key element in my symphony of Clinton-hate. It hit me when I was reading the marvelous article in the April *Chronicles* by the distinguished Southern literary critic and novelist George Garrett. Garrett points out that each recent President liked to surround himself with certain definite types of people: Truman, down-home laughers and scratchers; Jack Kennedy, Harvard types and "lace-curtain Irish," etc. "The

Clinton pattern?," he asks. Garrett's answer: "Ugly. He has surrounded himself with some of the most singularly unattractive people ever collected."

That's it, I exclaimed! I've never seen such ugly. Clinton promised us he would appoint people who would "look like America." Look like America? He has surrounded

himself with a veritable Freak House, a cornucopia of the

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grotesque. The collection makes the Addams Family seem like attractive Ken and Barbie Americans.

Think about it: there is Old Prune-Face Warren Christopher; there is the little wispy

t e e n - a g e r Stephanopoulos; little Bernie Nussbaum, who looks like one of Satan's lesser assistants; Dr. Joycelyn Elders with the phony Brit accent; and twisty-faced Mickey Kantor, who might qualify as the ugliest Presidential appointee of all time. But the toperoo in the Clintonian stable of deformity is the

Gruesome Four, who I offer for the reader's horrified contemplation: the three hideous midgets—Robert Reich, Donna Shalala, and Ruth Bader Ginsberg, the latter resembling and talking like nothing so much as a rather small beetle; flanking the six-foot-six Super-Ugly butch geekess, Janet Reno. Ponder those four, looking like genetic mutants of each other. Ugly, ugly!

Now I'm really not asking for much. I'm not asking for pretty, or handsome, in our political leaders. I'm not asking for Ken and Barbie, although they would be like

manna from heaven after this diet of Clintonian monstrosities. Just, well, *normal*. Our leaders shouldn't "look like America," whatever that is supposed to mean, they should like leaders, like suc-

cessful people in their walks of life. In the looks department, I think back with fondness to the Eisenhower Administration.

I wasn't happy about that Administration, but I must say this for them: they looked like leaders are *supposed* to look: successful, middle-aged, golf-playing businessmen. And Ike's Secretary of Treas-

ury George Humphrey, not only looked great, he was probably the last good Treasury Secretary: a free-market, budget-cutting type. Yes, yes, I know that looks are less important than the content of policies. But we shouldn't underrate the aesthetic dimension of our leaders either, especially now that television is inflicting their presence upon all of us, as uninvited guests in our homes. These Clintonian monstrosities are imposing upon all of us what economists call "negative externalities"; their very presence is gravely lowering our "qual-

ity of life."

In short, the Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

Impeach Ugly! ■

Will Super-Gergen Save the Day?

by M.N.R.

Last May, when the Clinton Administration was reeling from a series of self-inflicted hammer blows: Travelgate, Hairgate, and other accumulations of trivia, David Gergen, imagemeister *extraordinaire*, was brought in by the Rockefeller World Empire to save the day. And Gergen quickly succeeded. The old maestro, Rockefeller Trilat and "Republican" opportunist who slides back and forth continually between the White House and "independent" news media, brought professionalism to image-making amidst a group of chaotic and bumbling amateurs.

But Gergen is at last beyond his depth. There is turmoil beyond slickness and image. The Clinton Administration is now in *real* trouble, with Whitewatergate, Fostergate, and the "independent" counsel and, as the Clintonian leftists and cronies try desperately to scramble for seats in the bunker, Gergen is clearly on the way out. Surfacing at last in the White House chaos of early March,

The Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.