

Is Television Responsive to Post-Pre-Natal Football? *Airy Daffodil*

It is clear that the romp of the San Francisco 49ers, representing a city with a strong union history over the strike-breaking Denver Broncos can only be seen as an analogy for the democratic portents in Eastern Europe. This recalls an anecdote, and I shall recall it fully anon and present it in this space.

In the meantime, one is most puzzled by the possible deconstructionist interpretation of the event on the part of John Madden as analogous to the same historic moment, but seen from within the post-neo-capitalist movement that gave the San Francisco team its nickname. In other words, Madden would have us believe in a mythical cutthroat pioneer gold-grubber who's spirit lives on in the Communist-crushing excesses breaking out throughout the Soviet Block.

That this is total folderol is evidenced by my own recent trip to Yugoslavia where we discovered interest in American-style football to be nil. Instead, the crafty Yugoslavs have come to take intense pleasure in tennis, soccer (aka, "European-style football") and basketball. This latter sport is truly suspicious, and is probably non-existent to the Yugoslav reality outside of the pages of *Commentary* magazine. The idea that a socialist country, even an independent socialist country such as Yugoslavia, should popularize a sport invented in a Christian gym by teetotalling capitalist running dog prohibitionists is nothing less than absurd.

Elsewhere in the sports world, we note Azerbaijanis 27, Armenians 203 in action in this southern Soviet province. Coming on strong are the Estonian Deadheads, rumored to be working on a major league contract with SBC—the socialist broadcasting corporation. The Petrov Shoe Refinery has indicated interest in sponsoring the team. Not bad for a company which is unable to keep its products in stock outside of Western Mexia, Texas.

Yet, this still raises the highly pertinent question of the relevance of physical sports to communitarianism, and the ongoing cooptation of the people's desire to kick ass by major corporations. Indeed, what was once a worker's movement to deal with the concrete frustration of quotidian capitalist and totalitarian life has become yet another excuse to sell coca cola and Jordan almonds. The only truly proletarian sports endeavor left may be competitive

rap contexts in which inner city youth compete with gymnastics and clever political slogans for scholarships to Coca Cola and Jordan Almonds. Neither can we ignore the recent surfacing of anti-Semitic crests from within the rap music group, concomitant with a drop-off in the physical dexterity and a similar drop in political content in soap bar wrappers.

What can we do about it? Obviously, we will have to take an ad out in the *New York Times* declaring ourselves in favor of separate, but equal Palestinian saran wrap facilities in the Gaza Strip. This, of course, begs the deconstructionist question, "Where is the Arabic investment in Palestinian sports? Why isn't there a soccer team representing the Palestinian people in the World Cup Finals? We at *Tikkun* believe that if the World Cup is a big enough deal to participate in the boycott of South Africa, then it is a big enough deal to receive support for Palestinian and Estonian participation. Which is where we began. Next issue we will further question the validity of a YMCA reject sport like basketball on the overall progressive community. Is it true that this represents religious fundamentalism, or can it be said to be the first historic stirring of libation theocracy?"

SPROUTS

continued from page 13845

and don't forget the Tabasco Sauce to taste. Should serve 8 people, or 17 environmentally conscious Berkeley progressives—even more if they keep kosher.

Don't worry about using your good china on this one (how else does one eat Chinese food?)—you can pop the dishes in the dishwasher later and forget all about them.

While you are enjoying this entertaining dish, you may wish to regale guests with this famous Jewish joke:

First, ask you guests what the current Jewish year is. (5750). Then, see if anyone in the audience has sufficient progressive consciousness to recall the current Chinese year (this goes over very BIG in Berkeley—the correct answer is somewhere around 4608).

Now, subtract the current Chinese year from the current Jewish year and announce proudly to all present, "See, that's how many years Jews had to go without Chinese food!"

Spring Fashions for the Politically Progressive

Annabelle Candlewax

Everywhere I go people ask me, "Annabelle, just what is a progressive person supposed to wear if she or he wants to attract a politically correct significant other?"

I know it's obvious, but Annabelle's first recommendation is clothing. I realize that some of us have been hanging around the hot tubs too long and have forgotten how out of shape the average progressive body is, but this is the plain, unvarnished truth. Honey, I don't care if you're male or female, gay or straight. It is simply counter-revolutionary to hang out at your local bar without clothing of some sort. Walking down the street without clothing, unless you are at one of those typical California nudist camps or Harbin Hot Springs, is simply *asking* to be taken for a sex object. Worse, in this age of AIDS, it shows a clear lack of understanding of the principles of safe revolution. It's deviations like this that caused Nicaraguan President Danny Ortega to fall to the bottom of the "Best Dressed Progressive World Leaders List" this year.

I personally prefer a clear, latex sheath. This demonstrates the proper awareness of safe social graces, and yet it doesn't distance one from the option of deeper encounters. I find World War II surplus bathysphere gear total overkill—the sleeves lack that certain *je ne sais quois*, and that helmet! Well, I tell you, even Mr. Ortega understands that a simple pair of sunglasses are perfectly adequate for headgear, with *kippoth* optional.

The spring demonstration wear in Eastern Europe has been splendiferous. Those revolting Social Democrats really know how to put together an attractive wardrobe on a budget. One simply *has* to contrast the jeans and t-shirts of the post-socialist generation with the students in China's Tien-an-men square with their drab Mao jackets to understand the importance of dressing right for a drift to the right. Not that I have anything against the revanchist leftism of the Old Guard, but face it sweets, the well-dressed revolutionary is hardly going to waste all of that time standing in line to buy a boiled chicken! We're talking consumer products here, and while I'm on the subject, I saw the most amazing unisex mittens (I even

Continued on page 18392985