The annual convention of the Modern Language Association last December in San Francisco presented the usual menu of cognitive dissonance. An observer could sample the trendy vaunt and display of professing neo-Marxists sauntering through the Hilton hotel in their $300 pleated trousers and of lesbians sidling out to erudite discussions dressed in janitor-chic with key rings dangling from their belt loops. There were the usual hallway conversations in which "race/class/gender" was repeated metronomically as if constituting a compound noun. And of course there were the papers and panel discussions with weird titles and contents that have made the MLA one of the great targets of opportunity for journalists over the past decade. This year's efforts were particularly concerned with what one participant called (in a modish neologism that first drew looks of puzzlement and then of approval) "people of gender." One professor contributed "Techno-Muscularity and the Boy Eternal." Another did some academic outing in "Hollywood and the Butch Femme Fatale: A Love Letter to Jodie Foster." There was also a session on the burning question "Is Alice Still in Phallus Land?"

This glorious hugger mugger has come to be expected of MLA meetings. What was unusual about this year's pow-wow was the frisson of seriousness. The literature professors acknowledged that something big had happened over the past year. It was not the fact that Saddam Hussein had been bombed back to his bunker or that the Soviet Union had at last cried Uncle Sam: these events were regarded either as irrelevant by most of those who had come to San Francisco or simply as irritating reminders of their country's continuing power and resolve. What agitated the conventioneers was the growing perception on the part of the American public during 1991 that the collection of pathologies known as "political correctness" was spreading like an airborne toxic event through the groves of academe.

By David Horowitz

You've got to be careful what you say in Hollywood these days. In fact, you don't even have to say it in Hollywood to get into trouble. Mel Gibson recently gave an interview to the Spanish newspaper El Pais and by the time it was over there was an asterisk after his name.

"He was asked about his apparent concern when he was first becoming an actor that people might think he was gay," says Richard Jennings, board member and spokesman of the Los Angeles chapter of the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD). "And he pointed to his rear end and said, "This is only for shitting. How could people think I'm gay? I don't talk that way. I don't look that way.""

To top it off, Gibson said he didn't think women had a right to an abortion; then when gays protested his "ignorance and homophobia," instead of apologizing, he complained on Good Morning America that the protestors "were interfering with his right to hold an opinion.""

Prior to Gibson's comments, says Jennings, the star had been popular in the gay community, but all that is in doubt now, especially since Gibson has not yet signed on with "Hollywood Supports," the anti-homophobia and anti-AIDS discrimination movie industry organization which was founded and funded last September by Fox chairman Barry Diller and MCA president Sid Sheinberg and which Jennings now heads. When one considers that the organization is backed by the heads of all the major studios, the networks, the Motion Picture Association and such heavyweights as Norman Lear, Barbra Streisand, Billy Crystal, Kevin Costner, Sylvester Stallone, Goldie Hawn, David Geffen, Peter Guber, Spike Lee, Jack Nicholson, Brandon Tartikoff and Michael Ovitz, it is no wonder that Richard Jennings comments ominously, "I think Mel Gibson is going to find himself fairly isolated in Hollywood if he continues to espouse anti-gay views."

If this was an isolated incident, it would be no more than the subject of a gossip column. But it is not. Mel Gibson isn't the only one to have crossed the invisible but clearly perilous line which GLAAD has drawn in its increasingly effective attempt to censor what it regards as unacceptable viewpoints. Other recent offenders include:

- Joseph Epstein, editor of The American Scholar, for using the word "homosexual" instead of...
We believe in Mencken's dictum that good journalism comforts the oppressed and oppresses the comfortable. Since we plan to do just this, our "Letters Space" in future issues will be devoted to the outraged yelps of those who oppose us and perhaps to a kind word from those who find solace in our pages. But for now we inaugurate this column with a letter by Christina Hoff Sommers, professor of philosophy at Clark University, that appeared in somewhat abridged and different form in the February 26, 1992 issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education. Ms. Sommers has become a controversial figure in some academic circles for asserting certain principles which seem altogether quite commonsensical.

American women subscribe philosophically to a "First Wave" liberal feminism whose main goal is equity. An equity feminist wants for women what she wants for everyone: fair treatment, no discrimination. Contemporary academic feminists ride this First Wave for its popularity, but many now adhere to a more radical "Second Wave" doctrine: that women, even modern American women, are in thrall to a "system of male dominance" variously referred to as "heteropatriarchy," or the "sex/gender system." The philosophy of "gender feminism" has become the dominant teaching in the academy that now supplies the rhetoric and political vocabulary for feminist activists everywhere.

In an article titled "Feminist Philosophers Are Oddly Unsympathetic to the Women They Claim to Represent," (The Chronicle of Higher Education, October 11, 1989) I called attention to the embarrassing gap that separates many feminist theorists from the majority of women they claim as their constituency. My writings on this theme have aroused wrath. Gender feminists are known to deal harshly with adverse criticism. Anyone glancing at three recent issues of The Chronicle will have seen me portrayed as a pernicious and reckless antagonist in the vanguard of Patriarchy's assault on feminism. Two of the feminist philosophers who have arrayed themselves against me are Professors Marilyn Friedman and Sandra Lee Bartky.

In my original article, I had spoken of the scene in which Rhett Butler sweeps Scarlett off her feet and carries her up the stairs to "a fate undreamt of in feminist philosophy." This offends Professors Friedman and Bartky. Both disapprove of the many "swooning women who take vicarious pleasure in Scarlett's wild night with Rhett. Friedman expresses her disappointment with the sexually incorrect swooners and Bartky says that "a thorough overhaul of desire is clearly on the feminist agenda, the fantasy that we are overwhelmed by Rhett Butler should be traded in for one in which we seize power and re-educate him." I quoted this as an example of how gender feminists are working for an overhaul of sexual preferences and desires in a new social order that will no longer "eroticize domination." For Bartky believes that "the relations of domination that permeate the patriarchal system" must be changed in ways that will de-eroticize the Rhett Butler that so fascinated bewitched women.

In response, Bartky accuses me of failing to understand that her remark about overhauling desire through a revolutionary social transformation was meant as a joke. Any "simpleton," wrote Bartky, could see that "the humor arises from the juxtaposition of the high campiness of Gone With the Wind with the moribund rhetoric of Marxist-Leninism." Another example: Sommers' "demonizing" style. Still another: Friedman's comparison of Sommers' philosophy to a "text" that they can change...by altering their consciousness. Bartky sees such efforts as "part of a naive "bourgeois ideology" that believes "victims...are responsible for their own colonization and that they can change...by altering their consciousness." In her view far more radical measures are needed, measures that "overhaul desire" by a transformation of the social order. According to Professor Bartky, patriarchy and capitalism socialize women in ways that "may maim and cripple the spirit forever." It is "the master of patriarchal society" who arrange things so that women "respond physically and emotionally to sadomasochistic images." The solution will require that "the system of oppression as a whole is overthrown."

One can appreciate Professor Bartky's new found haste to distance herself from the "moribund rhetoric of Marxist-Leninism." But in all of her work to date, the agenda of a social revolution that will bring with it the desired transformation of consciousness, including radically altered patterns of sexual desire is basic to her methodology.

Before leaving Tara, let me comment on Professor Marilyn Friedman's own fixation on Rhett Butler. (If gender feminism is a religion, Rhett Butler is the devil.) A recent poll by Harriet Taylor, a British feminist scholar, showed that most women interpret the famous staircase scene as one of "mutually enjoyable rough sex." Not Professor Friedman. She compares Butler to the rapist-murderer, Richard Speck. She insists that the swooning women are unaware of the real "text": "To put the point graphically: would 'many women' still swoon over Rhett Butler's rape of O'Hara if they knew he urinated on her? When you're the victim of rape you don't have much choice over what goes on." (Lest any readers be confused, urine is passed only in the text of Professor Friedman's imagination.)

Those who see the world through the sex/gender lens must feel very much like Van Loewenhoek felt when he looked through a microscope for the first time and found a teeming, predatory jungle in a drop of water. Feminists like Harding, Bartky and Friedman (not to speak of MacKinnon, McClary, Daly and Dworkin) see rape, harassment, female degradation and male sadomasochism everywhere. And if gender feminism is a religion, Rhett Butler is the devotional center. The sexual barometer of Patriarchy's assault on feminism.

We get a fair idea of what kind of a victim Bartky is when she presents her justification for having attempted to get the editors of The Atlantic Monthly to suppress an article on academic feminism they had invited me to write. According to the report in The Chronicle, "Ms. Bartky said it was legitimate to urge the magazine not to print Ms. Sommers's piece. [She said:] 'I wouldn't want a nut case who thinks there wasn't a Holocaust to write about the Holocaust.'"

Bartky's actions seem not to have distressed any of her sisters in arms. One might have expected feminists to condemn her reprehensible attempt to muzzle me and to dissociate themselves from her actions. Here was an opportunity for some elementary decency and defense of intellectual freedom. But it was wasted, to be missed. For my radical adversaries believe that in acting to contain me, Professor Bartky was doing the right thing.
THE JOKE: As the field of Democratic Presidential hopefuls is winnowed, it is appropriate to remember the one that was dropped by the wayside—Bob Kerrey, for instance. He said so little during his weeks on the campaign trail that he will probably be best remembered for unloading a dud joke onto Bill Clinton during one of the longeurs of New Hampshire. A C-SPAN camera happened to be rolling when Kerrey spoke, but while the joke was documented, reports about it were hushed down, presumably for reasons of taste and to spare Kerrey the consequences of his faux pas. But now Kerrey is history and his words should be too, so we print the unexpurgated text of the joke here (courtesy of San Francisco Examiner political correspondent Christopher Matthews) to give a sense of what two high ranking Democrats, who are themselves rather amused, thinking is funny.

A little puzzled and says "I'd like to know that." The bartender says "Don't waste your time because a blonde with big tits and a brunette with little tits. Brown says "I like the one with the big tits." The bartender says "Don't waste your time because they're both lesbians." Brown says "How do you know that?" The bartender says "Because the blonde with the bit tits likes to have her pussy sucked by the brunette." Brown looks a little confused and says "I'd like to suck her too. Does that make me a lesbian?"

THE OTHER JOKE: Sen. Tom Harkin has also dropped out. He declared a faux pas on the campaign trail and did nothing else worthy of notice except wave the bloody shirt he managed to slip off the corpse of liberalism. He should be remembered, however, for something even more tasteless than the Kerrey joke. It occurred late in 1987 when Harkin was "fact-finding" in Managua. Nicaragua was on the brink of its first real chance to get out from under the weight of the Sandinista tyranny and breathe the air of freedom. Violetta Chamorro was trying to re-open La Prensa, which had been suppressed by the Sandinista censors. The Sandinistas, for their part, were trying to restrict the "opening" to the narrowest limits possible. Harkin's role in all this was as a U.S. diplomat in Managua, the Senator from Iowa had meetings with Chamorro to try to convince her to reopen her paper under Sandinista censorship. His position was that she could have her paper and the Sandinista government could be spared the embarrassment of revealing their totalitarian tendencies. This is a self-described progressive's view of freedom of the press.

LEAVING STONE TURNED: After seeing Oliver Stone's JFK (See page 10) in which he probably hypothesize fantasies of the loony Left make their way to Hollywood in the first place. Actually, it all began in Havana (no kidding!) according to U.S. diplomats in Nicaragua. The Sandinistas, Cuban, and even Reagan-era U.S. diplomats in Managua, the Senator from Iowa had meetings with Chamorro to try to convince her to reopen her paper under Sandinista censorship. His position was that she could have her paper and the Sandinista government could be spared the embarrassment of revealing their totalitarian tendencies. This is a self-described progressive's view of freedom of the press.

GAG ME WITH SOME SELF-ES-TEEM: One of the most nauseating moments of Tom Hayden's autobiography, Preempting The Future, came when he tells how political the public could be for Sixties lefties: "Jane was starting to cry. I kept flapping slides of grotesque young San Francisco women, rondels of the breast and eye operations performed to turn them into round-eyed, round-busted Westernized women...Suddenly I understood why she was weeping: I was talking about the image of superficial sensuality that once promoted and was now trying to shake. I looked at her in a new way. Maybe I could love someone like this." Now Gloria Steinem with a similar revelation in her new autobiography, Revolution Within in a passage that qualifies as one of the wisest of the year. Whine of the year, she explains (and explains away) her once tender feelings for boyfriend and US News & World Report editor Mortimer Zuckerman. "And perhaps most of all, if I had fallen in love with a powerful man, I had to realize that I was in mourning for the power women need but have, myself included..." Steinem may not have had a baby of her own, but she will be glad to be said that she noted what motherhood is, given the time she spends in this book feeding pablum to the child within.

CHASING YOUR TAIL: Barbara Epstein, ex-Communist Party member, former Berkeley radical, and presently Professor at UC Santa Cruz, writes in the current issue of Socialist Review about the collection of puns she has written within the ranks of the academic left: "I frequently find myself in discus- sions with someone who espouses progressive politics, collective fear of saying something wrong: fear of betraying a racist, sex- ist, or homophobic attitude, or criti- cism of the movement as it fails to involve women, people of color, or homosexuals. I find this atmosphere of self-in- fection and guilt among radicals, and in progressive circles outside the university." This is one of those better-late-than-never revelations on a par with the PBS discovery of Castro's nastiness. Where did she think the PC pathology came from in the first place?

CHASING YOUR TAIL PART II: Four years ago, in a famous controversy over Allan Bloom's Closing of the American Mind, Christopher Matthews) was "fact-finding" in Managua, the Senator from Iowa had meetings with Chamorro to try to convince her to reopen her paper under Sandinista censorship. His position was that she could have her paper and the Sandinista government could be spared the embarrassment of revealing their totalitarian tendencies. This is a self-described progressive's view of freedom of the press.

Now comes a new way. Maybe I could love someone like this."

Now comes Mortimer Johnson's response to the patron CEO. "Perhaps we have reached a new way. Maybe I could love someone like this." Now Gloria Steinem with a similar revelation in her new autobiography, Revolution Within in a passage that qualifies as one of the wisest of the year. Whine of the year, she explains (and explains away) her once tender feelings for boyfriend and US News & World Report editor Mortimer Zuckerman. "And perhaps most of all, if I had fallen in love with a powerful man, I had to realize that I was in mourning for the power women need but have, myself included..." Steinem may not have had a baby of her own, but she will be glad to be said that she noted what motherhood is, given the time she spends in this book feeding pablum to the child within.

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Stanford President Donald Kennedy will be leaving office this summer, and the University's public relations people, still recovering from the much publicized indirect-cost Fiasco, will be breathing a sigh of relief as they try to put the best face possible on Kennedy's 12-year reign.

For the last few of those years, the emphasis has been on damage control. Lacunae in Kennedy's personal life were easy to hust up—an abandoned wife who virtually barricaded herself in the presidential home, making official functions virtually barricaded to the president's presence; the "other woman," an attorney whom Kennedy installed in the University's Office of Legal Affairs. But Kennedy's capitulation on the great books issue gave Stanford a black eye. When Navy auditor Paul Biddle revealed that during Kennedy's reign U.S. taxpayers had footed a $230 million bill for luxuries such as a presidential yacht, the wedding reception for the second wife, an antique commode and lavish flowers in the presidential residence, and travel vacations, the atmosphere was of a full-fledged Stanfordgate. Kennedy's response to the situation ranged between claims that he was not responsible for the abuses to arrogant assertions that nothing wrong had been done: "I wouldn't be embarrassed about saying that every damn flower in the house ought to be an indirect cost against research."

The cynical bilking of the American public by someone who has complained about the "greed" of the Reagan era is only one aspect of Donald Kennedy's tragic legacy. Far worse in the impact his Presidency has had on the intellectual integrity of a once-great university through the implementation of a systematic program of "multiculturalism"—a massive social engineering project synthesizing Marxism, feminism, environmentalism, collectivism, Sixties radicalism, Jesse Jackson, and liberal guilt. Kennedy enthusiastically embraced the left, yet liberal with a background in biology who made a mark in the FDA as one of the best and brightest of the Carter administration, Kennedy has embraced radical chic not because of a well defined political agenda of his own, but because his idea of leadership is surging on the crest of trendiness. The result has been a parade of intellectual vulgarity. One 19th century American History course at Stanford spends half its class time on the role of women (because they constitute 50% of the U.S. population) but does not study the War of 1812. Similar thinking led the University to institute requirements for study in non-Western subjects, race relations, and gender studies; there is no requirement for a course on American history as a prerequisite for graduation, but there is for a course on feminism.

Multiculturalism is now viewed as the vehicle for a religious, even messianic, transformation. The "infusion" of multiculturalism has had perhaps its most immediate impact in the debate which received national attention over the replacement of Stanford's highly esteemed Western Culture class with the more "inclusive" Cultures, Ideas, and Values (CIV). Kennedy initially seemed to front resistance to the change, but quickly succumbed to the side with the loudest voices whose mantra "Hey hey, ho ho, Western Culture's got to go" seemed to drown out all other opinions and with them the possibility of rational discussion. One professor compared the atmosphere on campus during the time of this debate to that of Vichy France. If so, Donald Kennedy enthusiastically embraced the role of Petain, becoming the standard-bearer of the multicultural cause and defending the altered curriculum on national television against then Secretary of Education William Bennett.

Ignoring the amount of class time now spent on fatuous revolutionary manifestos, such as *Rigoberta Menchu*, which masquerade as the "great works" of the disenfranchised, Kennedy and other pro-CIV's claim that the reading list has not really changed much, that Plato has not been thrown out the window, and that xenophobic conservatives like Mr. Bennett have actually overreacted to a long overdue updating of the required freshman course. The first two assertions are largely true, yet misleading. The Bible is still read in all eight CIV tracks, but some sections teach that Genesis is rife with sexism and make St. Paul politically correct by saying that he may have been a homosexual. Shakespeare is still studied, but *The Tempest* is now viewed from a "slave's perspective" and is made to serve as an instructive lesson in Western imperialism. Mill is still examined in the Philosophy CIV, but his magnificent opus on Utilitarianism is ignored in favor of his lesser known— and lesser—tract on women's rights. Students learn that World War II was racist but not sexist, that is, until the dropping of the bomb, which was phallicentric.

Such developments may well have transpired anyway, even without the change from Western Culture to Cultures, Ideas and Values, but they couldn't have happened without Donald Kennedy's sponsorship. A limousine liberal with a background in biology who made a mark in the FDA as one of the best and brightest of the Carter administration, Kennedy has embraced radical chic not because of a well defined political agenda of his own, but because his idea of leadership is surging on the crest of trendiness. The result has been a parade of intellectual vulgarity. One 19th century American History course at Stanford spends half its class time on the role of women (because they constitute 50% of the U.S. population) but does not study the War of 1812. Similar thinking led the University to institute requirements for study in non-Western subjects, race relations, and gender studies; there is no requirement for a course on American history as a prerequisite for graduation, but there is for a course on feminism. These developments cannot even be argued since argumentation is "logocentric" and hence illegitimate. Multiculturalism as defined during the reign of Donald Kennedy treats all facts as values, all values as personal preferences, and all personal preferences as equally valid. The very possibility of rational argument over the curriculum is eroded, as there are no right answers, no superior values, and no objective standards to rank or judge anything.

Any regime seeking to effect such widespread changes in thought as have occurred in Palo Alto during the last few years must have its ideological police to monitor compliance. Kennedy has given Stanford its Ministry of Truth by creating the Office for Multicultural Development. The OMD is charged with monitoring the progress of the victims' revolution and enforcing its success. The official definition of its mission is "to develop the multicultural model of the future and guide Stanford University through the transformation." The word "transformation" is key, for what is envisioned is a millenarian project aiming at a sweeping social revolution that would force (in Kennedy's words) "new thinking and new structures which incorporate diversity" onto recalcitrant faculty and students.

The Office for Multicultural Development has clout commensurate with its responsibilities. It also has what seems to be an unlimited budget. While academic programs in the sciences and humanities struggle for bare survival, and the Stanford libraries are so starved for funds that typewriters have been removed, the administration continues to push with fervor for "the multicultural mission to become embedded in the core structures." Tuition has been hiked nearly 10 percent, and key departments have seen their budgets slashed, but the University has announced that "multiculturalism is fundamental to the University's success, not an expendable luxury to be eliminated in times of economic crisis." There are now administrators to be hired in OMD; there are always funds available for the creation of new courses in multiculturalism or cash grants for faculty members willing to "enrich their course offerings through increasing their own knowledge of American racial minorities."

Moreover, the budget reductions accompanying the indirect-cost scandal must not be allowed to distract from the University's multicultural mission, which has been announced, because "change was just beginning to take hold" and "more people were opening their minds to a new way of thinking." OMD Director Sharon Parker has been raised into the highest policy making body at Stanford, the University Cabinet, where several dozen fields in the School of Human...
It was "Date-rape Awareness Week" on campus. Administrators held court to announce a new "sexual offense policy." The Dean of Students told the crowd that the U.S. justice system was "patriarchal" and "male-centered" and that in order to "balance out" this bias the college would assume the credibility of the accuser in any sexual case. When several students asked if such a policy would unfairly favor the accuser, the administration stonewalled them.

The event took place late last year at Pomona College, the founding institution of the five Claremont colleges in the "inland empire" east of Los Angeles. In addition to its idyllic atmosphere, Pomona enjoys a reputation as a solid liberal arts school, as well as one of the wealthiest. Tuition runs $14,800 per year, plus $6,150 room and board. The political indoctrination comes free, courtesy of Pomona's Vice President and Dean, Jerry Irish.

Irish's academic discipline was Religious Studies; he was a disciple of Robert McAfee Brown, guru to the relio-political left but like so many other administrators, he is a failed scholar, having been rejected by Stanford for tenure in the early 70s because of lack of publication. After leaving Stanford, Irish then plied the administrative trade at various schools, including a brief stint at Pomona's Vice President and Provost, Joan Straumanis, an associate provost Joan Straumanis, an ideologue with a background in Women's Studies. (Straumanis once told a conference on "The Structure of Knowledge: A Feminist Perspective," that "it is very consciousness-raising to have your period during a conference like this one." Irish also spearheaded an effort to gain a grant for a Women's Studies program that would involve "mainstreaming," the imposition of feminist ideology on every aspect of the college. The National Endowment for the Humanities rejected the grant application, but so determined was the college to proceed that administrators decided to pay for the program with Kenyon's own funds.

What one female student called a "feminist reign of terror with a man as Robespierre" had begun. Irish banned "exclusive language" (that is, normal English pronouns) from papers written for his courses. The "he/she" form became de rigueur and some teachers docked the grades of students who failed to use it. A Women's Studies teacher required one student to defend her decision to dress in a "noticeably feminine" manner. There was also a hiring workshop on Gender and Minority Issues and a booklet, "Seeing and Evaluating People," which urged vigilance over a nefarious form called "neural-perceptual-cognitive interpretations."

Irish not only studied exhaustively the statistical disparities between the numbers of men and women in each department, but, according to former Kenyon Philosophy Professor Thomas Short, advanced favorites on the faculty like Plant Biologist Kathryn Edwards, who has openly described herself as a "radical lesbian feminist."

"I push issues," says Edwards, "and am not soft-spoken about it." Students agree and describe her as a something of a bully. They charge that her methods of teaching have included a form of sexual apartheid. For example, in her introductory Biology course, she made class participation a hefty percentage of the grade, but according to articles by students in the Kenyon Observer, Edwards encouraged the women to be outspoken but told the men to listen by saying, "When a male student questioned the fairness of such rules, Edwards snapped at him, "Men never know when to shut-up."

According to an Observer article by Derrelle Janey, Edwards told her students that once while vacationing in Maine she began her menstrual cycle. She was wearing white jeans at the time and the results were evident. When a man in a bookstore suggested that she might need to use the ladies room, Edwards decided to walk around with flying colors the rest of the day, just to show her "pride in being a woman."

Edwards pulled off the remarkable trick of incorporating lesbian-feminist dogma in her infamous Biology 144 as an "awesomely feminist course." When a reporter from the Kenyon Observer asked about the nature of the course, Edwards said that "the white male power structure has perverted the biological context." It was true, however, that the syllabus she had drawn up included such subjects as "Taking the Men out of Menopause" and "The Clichés of Feminist Perspective," and that course reading included Witches Heal, which tells "wimmin" that "as lesbians we must question male medical authority, dare to hear and follow the witches, uncover old wyves tales, and heal ourselves."

The classroom indoctrination had real consequences. When one of Edwards' students went to the student health center for illness, she was told that she needed x-rays for a sinus infection. The student refused because her Biology professor had told her that x-rays were sham measures unnecessarily recommended by male doctors and her illness grew significantly worse.

All this was far too much for two senior members of the department who opposed Edwards for tenure. But Irish overrode the faculty and pushed her for tenure, which was granted. When Bob Calco of the Kenyon Observer drew a cartoon of Edwards berating a male student, one of the faculty allies of Irish and Edwards contacted Calco's academic adviser and threatened action against the student. "There was more free thought at my high-school," says Calco, a political science major.

If the Biology department was one of Irish's targets, the Political Science department was another. Political science Professor Pamela Jen- sen says that Irish objected to the department's "conservative character and defense of traditional liberal arts" and also to its resistance to the Provost's own heavy-handed methods. Irish, says Jen- sen, was concerned that the department interfered constantly, illegally and ruthlessly. He tried to get radical candidates and opposed those who were not.

Irish championed Lenore Barkin, known as a radical and Maoist. When the department would not redefine a position to accommodate her, he threatened to axe the job of a popular visiting professor. Teachers "were being used in the power struggle." Irish was conducting, says Kirk Emmert, a self-described "moderate" who chaired the Political Science department chair for three years. "Jerry Irish was a very divisive person," says Emmert. "He pressured us to hire candidates who were of a leftist persuasion."

Harry Cier, who was a student of Leo Strauss at the University of Chicago and has been at Kenyon over 25 years, says "People like Jerry Irish are more committed to a political cause than education. He defines his education in terms of his politics. I think of him as a left-winger committed to liberation theology. He talked in those terms. He was deter- mined to do quite a bit of radicalizing, of the sort that was done in the 60s.
Henry Copeland

President, Wooster College

Wooster is a small private college, whose ties to the Presbyterian Church have unraveled over the years. It has become one of the most politicized campuses in the country. Copeland has not architected this development, but he has accommodated the radicals so shamelessly that many of the school’s disgruntled faculty refer to him as “the spineless one.”

Copeland’s capitulationism was revealed in the spring of 1990 when campus radicals took over the Administration building to protest racism on campus. Copeland nervously opened negotiations on the spot, telling faculty at an emergency meeting convened to consider the matter a couple of hours later that he was already on the verge of agreeing to the students’ demands. One of these demands, of course, was that there should be no punishment for the students, although one of the radicals had threatened a staff worker with a baseball bat and another had commandeered a college automobile to transport demonstrators to the takeover of the building. “We are all racists,” Copeland explained at another public meeting, to which the black militants replied, “No we’re not.”

Copeland is not the sort of administrator who has a strong political agenda of his own; he simply caviess to those who have, and thus lets the multiculturalists and feminist radicals run the show. They...a race/class/gender seminar which is a mandatory requirement for incoming freshmen (a term that is now politically unacceptable on the Wooster campus). The class text is by Paula Rothenberg’s ideological reader Racism and Sexism. Speakers brought onto campus to address these sensitivity training sessions have included Communist Angela Davis, African-Timber Davis, Rothenberg and Ali Marzuq, author of the xenophobic PBS series The Africans. Ed Koch was the token white male and non-radical.

Under Henry Copeland, the Wooster slogan might well be, “You have to go along to get along.” The College symbol might be a black umbrella. Copeland has rewritten Yeats during his time in office. The mediocrity of the students is so much as a center of higher education. The multiculturalists and feminist radicals run the show. They...a race/class/gender seminar which is a mandatory requirement for incoming freshmen (a term that is now politically unacceptable on the Wooster campus). The class text is by Paula Rothenberg’s ideological reader Racism and Sexism. Speakers brought onto campus to address these sensitivity training sessions have included Communist Angela Davis, African-Timber Davis, Rothenberg and Ali Marzuq, author of the xenophobic PBS series The Africans. Ed Koch was the token white male and non-radical.

Eamon Kelly

President of Tulane University

The first indication of what Kelly intended for Tulane became evident in the fall of 1986 when he presented the faculty with a document called “Initiatives for the Race and Gender Enrichment of Tulane University.” “Racism and sexism are pervasive in America and are fundamentally present in all American institutions,” it stated. “It is difficult for us to see and overcome racism and sexism because we are all the progeny of a racist and sexist society.” It stated. The vision of genetic guilt was offensive to many professors, including some who had been involved in the civil rights movement. Other provisions would lure minority faculty and admitting minority students, of whatever the c., which that resem- bles an academic version of one of Stalin’s Five-Year Plans.

As one of Shalala’s colleagues in the administration says, “Donna is the only one who thinks her agenda is hidden: to practically everyone else, it’s obvious that this agenda involves ruthlessly subordinating every other aspect of life at the University to the success of what she calls multiculturalism. Deans present when Shalala ascended to the chancellorship have since been replaced by people of the correct gen-

coversation is just as bad today as overt racism was 30 years ago.”

Guiltly as hell, Shalala is not going to take it any more. Three years ago, she wrote a Madison Plan, a plan that involves correctness action mandate for hiring minority faculty and admitting minority students, of whatever the c., which that resembles an academic version of one of Stalin’s Five-Year Plans.

As one of Shalala’s colleagues in the administration says, “Donna is the only one who thinks her agenda is hidden: to practically everyone else, it’s obvious that this agenda involves ruthlessly subordinating every other aspect of life at the University to the success of what she calls multiculturalism. Deans present when Shalala ascended to the chancellorship have since been replaced by people of the correct gen-

Bernard Harleston

President City College of New York

President Harleston’s tenure has been marked by chaos, intimidation, coercion and racism, as CCNY has come to resemble a minimum security prison as much as a center of higher education. Grand larceny? During Harleston’s reign CCNY has had a classic example of corruption to the tune of $400,000 in the misappropriation of student funds, including a $25,000 junket to Africa by the chancellor. CCNY’s governor, state legislature, Wisconsin’s governor, state legislature, and citizenry. H
Annette Kolodny
Dean, University of Arizona

A member of Berkeley's Free Speech Movement of 1964 and self-proclaimed radical since, Kolodny provides a portrait of the college administrator as political commissar.

Her first job was as an English teacher at the University of New Hampshire where she was twice denied promotion to the rank of associate professor and then denied tenure on a 10-0 vote. She filed suit against because she was a feminist and a radical since, Kolodny provides a portrait of the college administrator as political commissar.

Minorities hiring seemed to have been the candidates for new appointments. She placed an absolute ban on the hiring of white males, even though the provost had stated as official policy that one half of the candidates for new appointments should be women and minorities. Her directives on minority hiring seemed to have originated in a fugal state.

In the classic commissar tradition, Kolodny has made sure to beef up her police force. Before she assumed the office of the Dean of Humanities numbered two, an administrative assistant and a secretary. Now there are 12 persons on her staff, including two associate deans. (Only one of them, interestingly enough, is a minority, and she was hired by Kolodny's predecessor). One male professor says, "She's an angry, angry woman. She uses foul language and the outright lies." When the poet Carolyn Kizer quit the faculty, she wrote of Kolodny: "The Dean's bullying attitudes, her inability to listen to others, her rearrangement of the facts to suit her selective memory, her Leona Helmsley-like capriciousness, make it impossible for me to continue here." Kolodny continues to forge ahead, custodian of the smelly little orthodoxies.

Gregory Prince
President of Hampshire College

Prince came to Dartmouth College as a teacher in Asian studies, failed to get tenure, and switched to a position in the Dartmouth administration, which suggests that the old adage "those who can, do, and those who can't, teach" should get another clause — and those who can't, teach, administer.

Prince's next stop was Hampshire, a small school in the Berkshire forest, where he taught in 1970 to give students an alternative to the traditional college experience. In a sense, Hampshire was founded in an act of political correctness, since one of its divisions is the Third World Studies School and every student is required "to present tangible evidence that engagement with issues pertaining to Third World and minority cultures has occurred." But during Prince's reign, the lines have been drawn very tight, as Ashby remarks on the fact that a scientist who refuses to reduce European whites can be "a racist" unless he has social power. The corollary of this notion is that only white males present did not seem to be participating in the sensitivity training session. In one such session for the school's library staff, Ashley remarked on the fact that white males present did not seem to be participating with the requisite self-deprecating enthusiasm. Those who were silent could remain so for the present, she said, but shortly "the rules would change" for such encounters. Later in this meeting, Ashley separated the staff into small groups and told them to discuss the question, "What can our small group do to help demonstrate our appreciation for diversity?" And finally, in a scene reminiscent of the Cultural Revolution, pencils and paper were passed around and the participants in the workshop were told to write on the topic, "What can I do to help our department demonstrate our appreciation for diversity?"

There is every reason to assume that her Presidency will continue to be based on putting the delinquents in charge of juvenile hall.
ties and Sciences enjoy but a single voice through their Dean. As political com- missar, Parker reports directly to Ken- nedy, a status enjoyed only by vice presidents and deans. Besides enforcing hiring quotas (the University pays de- partments bonuses for meeting their "diversity" requirement), agents of the OMD act as censors on completely un- related University committees, such as the current-housing crisis subcommittee. The con- duct policy. At Stanford, Big Brother — or perhaps more correctly, Big Sibling — knows best.

The conditions to fulfill the multi- cultural prophecy resemble a twisted combination of A. Frank Baum fairy tale and the biblical requisites for redemption: If only everyone would agree to believe, we would be delivered to the harmonious and hospitable place somewhere over the rainbow coalition of races, cultures and sexual orientations. Since people will not believe, however, coercive measures have become necessary.

Speech codes must be implemented to silence the Enemies of the People, as the administration decided that the principle of freedom of speech was inter- fering with the educational opportu- nities of minority groups on campus. The University's Fundamental Standard governing student conduct was revised to prohibit speech that in any way degrades another student on the basis of race, sex, or sexual orientation. Canutta Ivy, the student leader favoring the code, declared on the front page of the New York Times, "What we are proposing is in line literally with the First Amendment. We don't put as many restrictions on speech as we should." Kennedy defended the controversial policy before the fresh- man class in 1989, stating, "Let me, therefore, make it clear that harassing or demeaning speech directed against any individual or group of specified individuals is out. There is room at Stanford for open and honest expres- sion, even if it is distasteful or mis- guided, about general matters of race, or ethnicity, or religion, or sexual pref- erence. But disturbing, defamatory, and taint- ing words are not protected here or, we believe, under the prevailing view of the First Amendment. As it turns out, the speech codes were meant to intimidate, but never to be truly tested in court. University ad- ministrators find censorship by label- ling equally effective and less of a poten- tial public relations embarrassment. Any idea that does not conform to the code is quickly identified as racist, sexist, homophobic or insensitive, and informal punish- ment for the stigmatized offender is im- mediate. For example, a clear law student who had hurled drunken anti- homosexual slurs toward the cottage of a gay resident fellow was not charged, but rather suffered his auto-da-fe in the pages of the daily newspaper at the behest of the Dean of Student Affairs. The administration's self-defined autonomy was deliberately issued to test the speech code, but the Dean said that the inci- dent provided an "educational opportu- nity" for widespread campus denunciation of the offender which proceeded with a vengeance.

Despite the administration's fears about staging a legal test of the speech code, the informal sanctions realize the exact intention of discouraging oppo- nents of the radical left from voicing their opposition to the multicultural agenda. Both the liberal Stanford Daily and the conservative Review have editorialized on the "chilling effect" upon student debate. Ken- nedy himself is not a political punder. After defending the speech codes, he continued, "these controvers- ies have emerged from a real challenge that confronts all of us. It is to create a new kind of community: one that realis- tically embraces the diversity that is part of contemporary multiculturalism — a model of stimulating constructive pluralism and of the examined life." And then came the punch line: "It is a bold experiment in formication, but it is totalitarian in implementation. Suppression of free speech may be necessary for the "com- munity of interest" at Stanford, but Stanford graduates will do as they move into the wider world after graduation.

It is no surprise that the intellectual confusion on the Stanford campus has been accompanied by a corresponding moral confusion. The vulgarized tone of the campus was revealed upon the outbreak of the Persian Gulf War, when the head of the University, uncor- rectly parodying the words of another President Kennedy, semi-literately urged the students, "Ask not what you can do for your country, but how do you feel.

When radical students, who natu- rally insisted upon the acceleration of "multicultural initiatives" such as affirm- ative action hiring, took over Kennedy's office in 1989, he postured by having them arrested and briefly detained. Af- ter swearing that he would never yet yield to such illegitimate, coercive tactics, he promptly capitulated to almost every de- mand less than three weeks later.

The unhappily named case of Allan Cox perhaps most convincingly illustrates the hypocrisy of Kennedy's regime. Cox was Dean of Stanford's School of Earth Sciences since 1979, internationally known for leading a revolution in geo- physics. On January 27, 1987, Cox bled down a steep mountain path, raised his unhelmeted head over the handlebars, and smashed into a large tree, dying of massive brain trauma. The coroner sterno- logically concluded suicide and it was soon revealed that the parents of a retarded 19-year-old boy had filed charges and the University thus had condoned his murder in order to put a hold on his graduation. If his offense had been molesting the fe- male student during the five-year term. Cox had to undergo sur- gery, which Cox had agreed to pay for just before his death.

Cox's behavior was effectively par- titioned by the highest levels of the admin- istration, as a crowd of 1,000 students had to respond to the test to the dead man's sterile quali- ties: "Those of us who knew him knew his fineness, knew his compassion and his attempt to others, and know that a generous and sensitive regard per- meated all his human relationships. We loved him; we trusted him; and we still do." The blame was subtly trans- ferred from Cox to the Stanford administra- tion for not being understanding or sensitive enough. Acting President Jim Rosse stated, "I do not think he was capable of doing anything that could endanger another human being." Psycholo- gist Professor Albert Hastorf, former provost, resolved that we should be more "sensitive, understanding, and tolerant of each other." Vice Chas- tov Raymond Bacchetti told the San Jose Mercury, "The complexity of hu- man nature in all of this we will never have any way of knowing.

But if Cox's pederasty was seen as complex and morally ambiguous, no such status has been accorded to more conventional crimes of passion. The ad- ministration has recently allied itself with radical campus feminists, who pre- tending that women are "socialized" to sub- mit to men, and thus require that the definition of rape include seduction, or, worse, "coercion." Having essen- tially defined rape as the consequence of all heterosexual sex, these radical feminists released last year a University-sponsored study revealing that one out of three Stanford women have been forced to have sex against their will. A new University policy has explicitly outlawed "coercion," which can include, according to a state- ment by the Judicial Affairs Office, "be- littlement" or "verbal pressure."

These words have had concrete im- plications. When a male upper class- man recently had consensual sex with a freshman female after a party in his room, he was first prosecuted by local authorities for statutory rape (the woman was one month shy of her 18th birthday) and then subjected to an inquisition by the University, which had received a complaint. The President (like Daniel Ortega with his designer glasses) nonetheless lived in the lap of capitalist luxury, drinking $70 bottles of wine and partying about the university yacht at taxpayer expense.

Kennedy cannot be blamed for every misdeed of Stanford's last decade. Yet the loss of financial credibility and the loss of a student's bond with a campus that it is no surprise that the intellectual confusion on the Stanford campus has been accompanied by a corresponding moral confusion. The vulgarized tone of the campus was revealed upon the outbreak of the Persian Gulf War, when the head of the University, uncor- rectly parodying the words of another President Kennedy, semi-literately urged the students, "Ask not what you can do for your country, but how do you feel."
Irish (continued)

feminists and gays, will be the only ones presented. Kenyon students seeking a fair and balanced education have been consistently and arbitrarily isolated from the entire side of the ideological spectrum."

The Gambier Journal, reprinted without comment the syllabus for a Women's Studies course, packed in their editors' positions of fierce and dedicated opposition to feminism and women's rights. The editors thereby ensured that laughter, a common reaction by gay students, was the only response by the faculty. The editors thereby ensured that the only impression given was of a faculty who object to Irish's tactics. For the pupils of Pomona College, "Irish let his work speak for itself, and in the process that is not complete," says Thomas Short bluntly states that Irish is "an ideologue and ruthless." The article continues:

"Irish could do a respected institution like Pomona College come to hire someone with a record as divisive as Jerry Irish?"

In one sense, Irish was on the corner when the bus came by. Pomona was looking for a Dean in 1985 and he was available, having decided to leave Kenyon because of alumni concerns. Also, Irish had once taught at Pomona before seeing that administration was his academic future. James Likens of Pomona's Economics department, who headed the hiring committee, claims that the search was thorough: "We hired the search firm of Korn Ferry. There were 185 candidates and he [Irish] won." When asked if anyone on the committee had been aware of Irish's record at Kenyon and whether that record could have played any role in the hiring, Likens curtly replies "no comment."

Some professors at the Claremont colleges knew what had happened at Kenyon and tried to warn the search committee. But it seems that Irish's record at Kenyon was like Candide in the face of the dungeon of patriarchal-phallic-capitalist oppression, dominated by horrid dungeon of patriarchal-phallic-capitalist oppression. In Voltaire's tale, Dr. Pangloss, the protagonist of the tale discovered quite by force, that he was living in the worst of all possible worlds, that American society is a dungeon of patriarchal-phallic-capitalist oppression, dominated by horrid rape-dolls. But when these students look around the world they see how much the people of other nations envy their luck to live in the United States.

As Tom Wolfe has astutely noted, students on PC campuses like Pomona are like Candide in reverse. In Voltaire's tale, Dr. Pangloss told Candide that he lived in the best of all possible worlds but the naïve protagonist of the tale discovered quite the opposite. Jerry Irish and his PC police tell anybody who will listen that they live in the worst of all possible worlds, that American society is a dungeon of patriarchal-phallic-capitalist oppression, dominated by horrid rape-dolls called Men, but when these students look around the world they see how much the people of other nations envy their luck to live in the United States.

Have Irish and his cadres won at Pomona? Law Professor Frank Tugwell was one of those who treated in detail when radical students bombarded the campus. He sees the school's basic liberal institutions as becoming stronger than ideological fads and believes that under new president Peter Stanley, "it won't be long before the college comes back to its academic future." He also points out that one of the reasons why students were so upset at Kenyon was that, once disrupted, takes a long time to recover. As Tugwell says: "There are students I might slight," and: "I make it very plain in my classes, "I have my work cut out for me.""

While allowing that "overrode" is not a substantive word, Sontag, according to a number of Pomona faculty,家伙 and rape-dolls have not been a problem at the school. Collage editor Brenda Ching says it is "unofficial" policy that the accuser is correct and that there is "definitely a PC clique," according to a number of Pomona faculty,家伙 and rape-dolls have not been a problem at the school. As Tugwell, who attributes the last place that suffered from disruption, to a number of Pomona faculty,家伙 and rape-dolls have not been a problem at the school.
The summary moment in JFK comes at the end of the film, when Kevin Costner, as Jim Garrison, is addressing the jury in the closing arguments that the former New Orleans District Attorney actually never gave. In a last effort to knot together the wild and woolly threads of his conspiracy theory, Costner finally concludes his fevered speech, drops his voice for effect, and then says of the system that has produced this assassination: "You call it for what it is — fascism!"

Beneath the varied surfaces of Oliver Stone's films, there has always been a single obsessive theme repeated with sledgehammer insistence: America is evil, sick beyond recovery and decadent beyond redemption. In Scarface, America is pictured as the mound of cocaine into which the vicious Cuban gangster buries his face. In Salvador, America is the death squad that stalks the Third World. The homicidal sergeant in Platoon is one of Stone's versions of Uncle Sam; another is the rapacious capitalist in Wall Street. In Born on the Fourth of July, America is seen as paralyzing youth and promising: "in The Doors, it kills the alternate lifestyles that promise a way out of the dead end.

Fascism has always been the implicit charge in Stone's work, although until now it has been the word that dare not speak its name. In JFK he finally says it. The movie is only superficially about the death of a President. The real subject is the creation of the fascist state we have been living in during the last 28 years. (Stone reluctantly exempts the period between 1945 and 1963, one suspects, only because of dramatic necessity.)

Stone's America is a clockwork nightmare operating flawlessly in behalf of an invisible junta. It is a conspiracy so vast (as Joseph McCarthy, a kindred spirit of Stone's might have said) that the populace perceives the unspeakable as normal. The power of the nameless conspirators is so profound that they make the people think they are voting when they are really only validating the narrow range of choice offered by plotters of the "coup d'être" staged the day John Kennedy was murdered.

The film is filled with hallucinatory imaginations, with theories that appear and vanish like UFOs, and with necrophilic fondlings of the Kennedy corpse. There is a mix of fact and fiction that in other hands might have been intellectually challenging, but in Stone's hands is calculated only to create a atmosphere of disinformation. Because nothing is what it seems, everything must be what it is not. Of all the invention in JFK, in fact, have the feel not so much of technique as of autobiography. Stone forces every frame to pass an ideological litmus test he administers: we experience the director as a political commissar. There is no moral complexity, no layering of nuance, no sense of discovery, but there is the spirit of the jackboot on the neck. Like his obsessed talk radio host in another film, Stone stumbles, severs, accuses, and bulls."His objective is humiliated submission rather than enlightenment. JFK is the cinematic equivalent of rape. The character of Garrison bears no resemblance to the real man, a quintessential public figure whose performance art comprised in equal parts of homophobia and McCarthyism, and whose own background was intertwined with that of New Orleans mob boss Carlos Marcello. No, this Garrison, an American Cassandra, is another of Stone's innocents double crossed by his country, another of his face naïf looking for an excuse to discover the worst.

Garrison uncovers a coven of right wing conspirators, and anti-Castro Cubans who seem to have been up to something. It takes a visit to Colonel X, the Deep Throat figure played by the saurian Donald Sutherland, for the DA to see the big picture. Colonel X tells him, in effect, that he has been dealing only with the clowns; the owners of the circus are the men of the military industrial complex bent on making America a comfortable concentration camp.

Sutherland's words might well have been scripted by the Christie Institute, a cult of radicals devoted to the Sandinistas and the FMLN guerrillas which had an impact in Hollywood in the 80s, gaining support from personalities such as Kris Kristofferson, Jackson Browne, and Ed Asner, along with Stone himself. The Christie's argument — laid out with the archetypically obsession characteristic of the La Rouchies and other inhabitants of the lunatic fringe — was that during the early stages of the Cold War a "secret team" of intelligence operatives and conspirators had taken over America and was now leading it into war in Central America just as early as when they had led it into Vietnam. Stone has drawn upon this body of "fact" (while also pillaging the work of a generation of assassination theorists) to organize his incoherent ideas into a theory: the fascists killed Kennedy because they were alarmed by indications that he had undergone some sort of conversion experience and was on the verge of becoming (in one of Stone's postproduction conceits) an "American Gorbachev." Then probably still are people who still believe in the myth of St. Jack, people who still have profiles of the Kennedy brothers airbrushed on velvet hanging in their parlors and who get teary-eyed with the contemplation of their martyred promise. But it can be safely assumed that Oliver Stone is not one of them. In another context, he would no doubt cheerfully admit his contempt for Jack Kennedy, just as in this film he has viciously slandered Earl Warren, a figure of far weightier liberal gravity. But for the sake of his argument, Stone constructs on the ghosts of Camelot and once again and presents that Kennedy had come out of the Cuban Missile Crisis a premature progressive ready to pass an ideological litmus test he administers; we experience the director as a political commissar. There is no moral conundrum of the Cold War. "Tragically [as Stone has written], these progressive, humanitarian objectives sealed his doom." A plot was hatched to kill Kennedy because he might have "passionately sought detente abroad and an end of racist apartheid at home.

The historical Kennedy would have been the last person to embrace Stone's early Dick Tracy. JFK was the consummate spectator, always on the sidelines, chronically uncommitted, a kissing cousin of the "cool hipster" in Norman Mailer's early musings. Civil rights, for instance, was simply an annoying problem for him, not an opportunity and certainly not the moral conundrum it seemed to be for his brother Bobby. (When a visitor to the Oval Office in 1962 noted that RFK was uncharacteristically somber, Jack quipped, "Don't worry about Bobby. He's all chocked up over Martin Luther King and his Negroes today.")

Kennedy was always ready to change a policy, to backtrack and birdwalk, to reverse his field. Yet one thing he never questioned was the intellectual foundations of the Cold War. Oliver Stone may believe in moral equivalence between the U.S. and the USSR (and between the U.S. and Nazi Germany, for that matter) but Jack Kennedy did not. As a young Democratic Congressman, he had joined Republicans in attacking the Truman administration for "losing" China. He had ridden into the Presidency on a platform that excoriated like for cutting defense and fabricated the existence of a Missile Gap. And once in office, Kennedy in fact greatly heated up the Cold War with the trunculent rhetoric about the war of words. The President who increased the U.S. and Nazi Germany, for that matter) but Jack Kennedy did not. As a young Democratic Congressman, he had joined Republicans in attacking the
This was the turning point of the war. Before it occurred, the Saigon government was a slender reed, but after the Kennedy assassination, it would now have the entire responsibility for waging the war. Huge numbers of ground forces would now have to re-place advisors there as part of the inevi-
table build up and escalation.

Such an historical record is irrele-
vant to Stone. (And for those necessarily, his approach to history should be irrelevant to art, it might be pointed out that if this is true then art ought to refrain for calling for the reopening of history's sealed files). His approach to history is deconstruc-
tive. He wants to break it down and reconstitute it. He makes it not into a warning or even a lesson, but into a blunt instrument.

*Qui bono?* Who profited from the assassina-
tion? When Stone asks the question, the answer is obvious to him: American fascism. But it is not as if there is a lack of more plausible prospects. The Soviets, for instance, Kennedy had not only outfaced Khruschev in the Mis-
cle Crisis but also regained the momen-
tum for the U.S. in world affairs which had been lost to the communists at the end of the Eisenhower era.

*Or Castro? What about Castro?* In JFK, Stone portrays Operation Mon-
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Catherine MacKinnon, who interrupted males present in the audience to attack her ritual demonization of the white male concept. Baker's words were echoed by the French thinkers of the late 60s. The result is intellectual backwardness. Women's consciousness of moral equivalence they put into effect. It was typical that many wing fakers — who were funded by the nefarious right — mounted a PC "scare" to take people's minds off the horrors of life in Reagan-Bush America. Stories, for instance, has been pos-


The collapse of communism and triumph of democracy has left them without a larger objective and without the other political struggle everywhere but in the university. The collapse of communism has stood to the crisis in the academic community into frightened academic guerrillas are the same people who've been wrong about everything that has happened since 1917 and who have now lost the political struggle everywhere but in the univer-
sity. The collapse of communism and triumph of democracy has left them without a larger objective and without the other half of the equation for the theorems of moral equivalence they propounded so long. They are a van-

...
Every young girl, at least until recently, has thrilled to that famous stairway scene in Gone with the Wind when Scarlett beguilingly says, "No, no, no," and Rhett sweeps her into his arms to carry her upstairs anyway.

Today, certain "sex-aware counselors" and feminist radicals insist that rumbling night at Tara is as irrelevant as the experience that roused the affirmative action attacks on women's clothing and sports a nipple pin in an affected voice, wears for a semester for "sexual assault," all have "violence" and "inappropriate"

The rush to find rape everywhere, radical feminists and some women's activists and scholars "and feminist radicals insist that rape and less real study of it, it is safe to say, than of any other major crime. Feminist Mary Koss, Who is described as the mother of date rape research, in her book "Women: Their Rights Are Not Men's Rights," argues that rape is more frequent and that men are more likely to be victimized than women. Koss states that rape is a "women's issue" and that it is important to recognize that rape is more than a private affair between a man and a woman. She also argues that rape is a "social problem" and that it is important to understand the social dynamics that contribute to rape.

The definition of "rape victim" is crucial to these discussions. In the Middle Ages, rape was punished by castration and burning, and not so long ago it was a hanging offense nearly everywhere in the world. The fundamental differences between the sexes: "Rape" is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear. Andrea Dworkin goes even farther, describing all women as making up an occupied country of inferiors and stops just short of calling every episode of intercourse, no matter how consensual, a "rape." The idea that a woman was not a virgin at marriage was "damaged goods." Even so, Dworkin has not succeeded in convincing many people that charges "date rape" is different from raping a woman who is jumped by a man from behind, walking in a deserted beach at 3 a.m. "Forgetting" the alleged victims. Their project to make rape, whatever its source, the ultimate tragedy of all this political jousting is that it trivializes what is one of the most capital offenses. If "yes means no" or "no means yes" or "no means yes as much as no means no," and if a victim does not need to know she has been victimized, then can we distinguish the crime from the rhetoric? If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?" If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?"

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The Advocate, into which I am "the most homophobic movie in the history of Hollywood.") Although GLAAD has not yet put together an apparatus like that of the Hollywood McCarthyists in their heyday 45 years ago, it has been able to make its presence felt. In 1970, 7,000 supporters helped monitor radio, television, and print, and because of this it received among the most hostile reactions from the film industry. GLAAD's newsletter, GLAAD Newsletter, contains the idea that a woman not a virgin at marriage was "damaged goods." Even so, Dworkin has not succeeded in convincing many people that charges "date rape" is different from raping a woman who is jumped by a man from behind, walking in a deserted beach at 3 a.m. "Forgetting" the alleged victims. Their project to make rape, whatever its source, the ultimate tragedy of all this political jousting is that it trivializes what is one of the most capital offenses. If "yes means no" or "no means yes as much as no means no," and if a victim does not need to know she has been victimized, then can we distinguish the crime from the rhetoric? If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?" If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?"

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Deconstructing Date Rape
by Suzanne Fields

Every young girl, at least until recently, has thrilled to that famous stairway scene in Gone with the Wind when Scarlett beguilingly says, "No, no, no," and Rhett sweeps her into his arms to carry her upstairs anyway.

Today, certain "sex-aware counselors" and feminist radicals insist that rumbling night at Tara is as irrelevant as the experience that roused the affirmative action attacks on women's clothing and sports a nipple pin in an affected voice, wears for a semester for "sexual assault," all have "violence" and "inappropriate"

The rush to find rape everywhere, radical feminists and some women's activists "and feminist radicals insist that rape and less real study of it, it is safe to say, than of any other major crime. Feminist Mary Koss, Who is described as the mother of date rape research, in her book "Women: Their Rights Are Not Men's Rights," argues that rape is more frequent and that men are more likely to be victimized than women. Koss states that rape is a "women's issue" and that it is important to recognize that rape is more than a private affair between a man and a woman. She also argues that rape is a "social problem" and that it is important to understand the social dynamics that contribute to rape.

The definition of "rape victim" is crucial to these discussions. In the Middle Ages, rape was punished by castration and burning, and not so long ago it was a hanging offense nearly everywhere in the world. The fundamental differences between the sexes: "Rape" is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear. Andrea Dworkin goes even farther, describing all women as making up an occupied country of inferiors and stops just short of calling every episode of intercourse, no matter how consensual, a "rape." The idea that a woman was not a virgin at marriage was "damaged goods." Even so, Dworkin has not succeeded in convincing many people that charges "date rape" is different from raping a woman who is jumped by a man from behind, walking in a deserted beach at 3 a.m. "Forgetting" the alleged victims. Their project to make rape, whatever its source, the ultimate tragedy of all this political jousting is that it trivializes what is one of the most capital offenses. If "yes means no" or "no means yes as much as no means no," and if a victim does not need to know she has been victimized, then can we distinguish the crime from the rhetoric? If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?" If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?"

The Advocate, into which I am "the most homophobic movie in the history of Hollywood.") Although GLAAD has not yet put together an apparatus like that of the Hollywood McCarthyists in their heyday 45 years ago, it has been able to make its presence felt. In 1970, 7,000 supporters helped monitor radio, television, and print, and because of this it received among the most hostile reactions from the film industry. GLAAD's newsletter, GLAAD Newsletter, contains the idea that a woman not a virgin at marriage was "damaged goods." Even so, Dworkin has not succeeded in convincing many people that charges "date rape" is different from raping a woman who is jumped by a man from behind, walking in a deserted beach at 3 a.m. "Forgetting" the alleged victims. Their project to make rape, whatever its source, the ultimate tragedy of all this political jousting is that it trivializes what is one of the most capital offenses. If "yes means no" or "no means yes as much as no means no," and if a victim does not need to know she has been victimized, then can we distinguish the crime from the rhetoric? If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?" If rape is merely in the eye of the beholder, does it make sense to call a man a "rapist?"

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Homo-McCarthyism

explains: "Sexual preference is a term used by the far right to suggest that homosexuality is simply another sexual orientation..." (as for instance regarding a child that contracted the disease through transfusion) Such usage implies that there are such things as "guilty victims" says Fowler, and places GLAAD at an unacceptable "value judgment on sexual behavior." By the same token, there is also no such thing as a "sawed homosexual," says Jennings. "We don't take vows."

The preferred usage is simply to note that the person is "openly gay or lesbian." The preferred term of radical lesbians because it innon, herself a champion of political correctness, understands that while sexual relations between boys as homosexuals. They are pedo-bephilic — it is a sexual orientation. Being gay, the guide asserts, is not a lifestyle — it is a sexual orientation. The preferred term of radical lesbians because it

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Warner Brothers, for example, had a film in development called Sessions, which was about a German psychiatrist who burned down anyone interested in the younger woman for whom she served as mentor. One source in Warner Brothers had a problem with the script, says Richard Jennings. "We joined our voices with [a GLAAD]... and Warner Brothers finally sent us some of their draft showing that someone new."

When subtle pressures fail, GLAAD is ready to play hard ball. GLAAD is ready to play hard ball with protests and other forms of direct action. On one occasion GLAAD met with the audience of a Ruth Langford TV taping in order to "decode" the audience response and to sabotage the show with hostile interruptions. The outburst of GLAAD's hecklers eventually became so raucous that the network had to clear the set. In another case, after Dutch director Paul Verhoeven refused to soften the homosexual sub-themes in Basic Instinct, GLAAD contacted its allies, the American Jewish Committee and the Gay Times, to demand that homosexuals be entitled to prior restraint. GLAAD just isn't your typical activist organization, says one veteran observer: "It has become a cause for four hours that day."" The effort to intimidate Times staff over an article by a politically incorrect homosexual may explain why the growing (if still covert) opposition to GLAAD is so broadly based. Among GLAAD's opponents are people who are socially liberal, but who strongly resist the notion that an organization with a political agenda should have the censorship power this organization has accumulated. GLAAD just isn't your typical activist organization, says one veteran writer-director who is worried enough about the group to ask not to be named: "If you want to put a Jew or a Catholic into a project, you are not expected to..."

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Love in the Cold War
by Ronald Radosh
T
he center-piece of Love in the Cold War is the story of the Den-
nies' first son, Tim, who was left behind in a Moscow day care facility reserved for the Party elite while his parents did their dirty business for the Soviet state. But when Moscow decided it was time for its agents to return to America and for Gene Dennis to take his place in the national leadership of the American Party, Soviet leaders informed the boy's parents that little Tim, now five years old, was to remain a hostage in Moscow. (The term "hostage" is one that the documentary pointedly avoids.) The explanation provided to the parents — and fatuously repeated in this film — was that it was too risky for the American Party's image to have Dennis seen with a five year old who spoke only Russian. The real reason the child was held in Moscow was to provide Stalin with a hammer over Gene Dennis, who in his new position in the leadership of the American CP would have the crucial duty of securing support for Moscow as the world moved closer to war.

The abandoned Tim, who would undermine his parentessness by eventually choosing the name Timur Timofeyev ("Tim son of Tim"), went on to be educated at Comintern schools and become part of the Moscow elite. He was not to see again his parents until a brief visit to the U.S. in 1960, when he arrived as a translator for Nikita Khrushchev and his entourage. The Sovi-

ets promised that Tim could stay to visit with the seriously ill Eugene Dennis, who would die a few months later. But this was not to be. This time Dennis's own American comrades insisted that Tim go back to Russia. Once again the excuse trotted out — and accepted by the PBS film — was that his presence would serve as an embarrassment to the pretext that the American Party had no Moscow ties. A better explanation can be found in the internal politics of the American Party, where Dennis had been recently unseated by Gus Hall, who viciously pulled strings to further humiliate his rival by forbidding him to have an emotional reunion with his son.

If the brutalities visited on this Com-
munist family by their Communist mas-
ters are glossed over by the PBS film, however, no such tender mercy is avail-
able to their American persecutors. Here, as in other PBS histories of the Communist epoch, the depredations of America's witch-hunt are on full display. And as in other matters involving the Party, the machinery of historical re-
write is in full operation. Thus the film omits the role the Party itself played in Dennis's incarceration in the 1930s — a particular how Dennis's enemies in the Party leadership, knowing that his Comintern service made him the most vulnerable among them, for that very reason tried to eliminate him out to represent the Party at Congressional hearings where he was confronted with a choice between perjury and contempt. Dennis chose contempt and was sent to jail. Peggy Dennis had the honesty to tell this story in her book; the PBS producers do not have the honesty to tell it in this film.

Like the Rosenbergs, Eugene Den-
nis is seen by PBS as a victim of Cold War America. Few viewers will have enough historical knowledge to resist the pathos of young Eugene Dennis Jr. when he relives the regular train rides from New York to Atlanta to visit his father in a federal penitentiary. Having been shielded from the Dennes's complicity in the mass murders of the Stalin era, and having been denied access to the calculations which made them even sacrifice their children, we are now induced to shed tears for the rough treatment that America's anti-Communists visited on the innocent.

The result is a socialist-realist version of One Man's Family in which Eugene Dennis, a father and husband who abandoned his family to serve a homicidal tyrant, is portrayed as a victim of the terrible McCarthy era. The film concedes that he might have been wrong about the

A
fter the famed Khrushchev report of 1956, in which for the first time American Communists learned a bit of the truth about the Stalinist reign of terror, many of the Party faithful de-
serted its ranks after finally understand-
ing that they had served tyranny in the name of humanity. In her book, Peggy Dennis claims that she and her husband sat and wept "for the years of silence in which we had buried doubts and questions." But neither her book nor the film tells us the truth: that in the crisis created by the Soviet invasion of Hungary, the Party's image to have Dennis seen with his son.

The other son's claim — left stand-
ing in the PBS film — that Dennis tried to transform American Communism into an idealistic and democratic movement turns out to be the most pedestrian lie of all. It is understandable that Gene Jr., who was as much as a victim of Com-
munism as his older brother Tim, wants to see his parents in a rosy light. What is the excuse of the film-makers for leaving us with that message, without letting us in on the sordid role played by Den-
nis and his wife for three nightmare decades? What a comment on the po-

tical fashions of public television that in the year 1992, as Communism falls off the edge of the earth, we are treated once again to the fairy tale of America's American Communists as America's heroes on America's taxpayer-supported televi-
sion stations.

USSR, but insists that in the long view Gene and Peggy Dennis must be seen as having carried the banner of truth and justice, while their prosecutors were petty men defending a world of exploi-
tation and misery.

Early in January, when PBS showed Love in the Cold War, a drama about the troubled domestic life of prominent American Communists Eugene and Peggy Dennis, the fourth network was once again playing the role of third man by reaffirming its own long-
standing romance with the Party. ..........................

This romance began in 1974 with a presentation of The Unquiet Death of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, which ar-
gued that not only were the Rosenbergs victims of a frame up, but that America's free enterprise system had shown the "evidence of its own bankruptcy" in its treatment of them. Updated in 1984 and repeated in 1988, the Rosenberg film was followed by Witness to Revolution, a PBS biography of Anna Louise Strong, one of the most dogmatic and rigid Communist propagandists who served both Stalin and Mao, and who once explained that those killed by Stalin were like flies in the path of a steaming locomotive which had to reach its world- historical destination regardless of the consequences. In 1988, while the dicta-
torship of the proletariat was beginning its final death throes, PBS gave us See-
ing Reds, a nostalgic portrait of Ameri-

Can Communists notable for its whitewash of Party history, and The Good Fight, which portrayed Stalin's American legion in Spain as heroes in the fight against fascism, rather than the sacrificial pawns of Stalin's cynical di-

plomacy they actually were.

PBS's newest, and (given the prox-
imity of its appearance to the collapse of the USSR) most absurd contribution to this celebration of American Commu-
nists is an adaptation of The Autobiog-
rphy of an American Communist by Peggy Dennis, whose husband Eugene became General Secretary of the Ameri-
can Party in 1956 after the couple had spent a decade abroad serving Stalin. Love in the Cold War is told from the point of view of the Dennis's youngest son, Gene Jr., who looks back on their past with anger and love. The film con-

centrates on the "injustices" his parents suffered, in particular the imprison-
ment of Eugene Sr. in the 1950's under the Smith Act when he was found guilty, along with ten other top Party leaders, of "con-
spicacy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the U.S. gov-
ernment by force and vio-

lence." Dennis himself actually en-
dorsed the use of the Smith Act during the 1940's, when the Trotskyist leadership of the Teamsters' Union was prose-
cuted under its terms and thrown in prison. While the producers of Love in the Cold War omit this pertinent irony, however, they cannot ignore the fact that Dennis's career was based on slavishly following Kremlin orders. Thus, the film relates in a flashback how Den-

nis, who was facing the pros-
pect of a long jail term for brawling with police during a strike in California during the late 1920's, was sent abroad to serve Moscow's international apparatus. We learn that both he and wife Peggy be-
came Communist agents — traveling to South Africa, China and the Philippines between 1931 and 1935, and returning to Moscow in 1937-38 and again in 1941.

What we are told is exactly what role the couple played in defending Stalin's control over the international movement. Gene Dennis, for example, was a Comintern agent in Shanghai during a bloody period when the Moscow-con-
trolled party dealt summarily with its disidents. In her book, Peggy Dennis admits she was a courier for Moscow in cities across European capitals at a time when such couriers often transmitted Kremlin orders. Working in the time-honored Stalinist tradition, Love in the Cold War brushes these little details from the re-
cord.

The Smith Act when he was
The Chop Revisited
by Wilcomb Washburn

To chop or not to chop. As spring training gets started, this monumental question which agitated the baseball world at the end of last season returns again to haunt America's past time.

The controversy was given a robust start during the World Series when Jane Fonda was viewed on television enthusiastically chopping away next to Ted Turner, soon to be her husband and owner of the Atlanta Braves. Fonda's reputation as a virtual vestal virgin of political correctness made the image doubly humiliating to those who saw themselves as "sensitive" to the Indian cause. Was Jane's infatuation with the Braves' outfielder (The real thing, not the Braves' outfielder). American Indian Movement members demonstrating outside the Minneapolis stadium seemed to think so.

The history of such protests goes back to 1972 when AIM leader Russell Means threatened to sue the Cleveland Indians for their use of an Indian caricature. "How long do you think the stadium would stand if the team were called the Chief Symboles with a caricature of Aunt Jemima?" By every time a ball was hit some guy would come out and do the soft show?" he asked, in sentiments that would be widely plagiarized during the World Series controversy. "Why don't they use a picture of an Indian that shows respect instead of a pointed-headed, big-toothed clown?"

In the frenzy that followed, Means' main point — an assault on negative stereotypes and demeaning representations — got lost in the shuffle. When I talked to Means during "the Longest Walk" demonstration in Washington a few years later, I asked him if, in criticizing Cleveland, he had intended to eliminate all symbols, positive as well as negative, emblazoning as well as demeaning. He responded that of course he had not. He laughed when I told him that Dartmouth University had banned the use of the Indian symbol there, even after it was revealed that all of the older Indian graduates of the college were in favor of it.

When arguments against use of Indian symbols reemerge — as they did at the end of last baseball season, and will again when the first ball is thrown out in 1992 — they always ignore the difference between negative and positive symbols. Thus Washington Post columnist Richard Cohen recently conjured up the specter of the "Miami Hymies," the "Los Angeles Hispanics" or the "Detroit Ay-rabs." I wrote a rejoinder noting that he had not mentioned the Vikings, Cowboys, or 49ers, symbols chosen for their positive virtues, although some might consider them offensive. The original Vikings and 49ers were rough characters. And in answer to Cohen's objection that there were no Indians on the Washington football team, I pointed out that there were probably no Saints on the New Orleans roster either. And what about the "Fighting Irish" of Notre Dame? The University apparently does not require an appropriate percentage of Irish — and belligerent ones at that — to justify its symbolic identification. I once lectured at a Quaker college whose football team had been identified as the "Fighting Quakers." Shortly before my arrival, a new President eliminated the nickname, but it was more because of its incongruence than its insensitivity.

As one thinks of the vacuousness of the arguments on the subject of the Indian symbol, one wonders when women will begin to object to being portrayed as symbols of victory and freedom as they have been for so long in so many classical and even modern sculptures. How dare someone of a different sex use the female form to convey some idea or emotion without the approval of the designated (or self-designated) spokespersons for that sex? It is surprising that the feminists and radical Indians have not mounted a joint campaign to recall all currency on which Indians and women are represented on the grounds that the high ideals they are supposed to represent are in fact demeaning and contemptuous, not to speak of supportive of exploitative capitalism.

What about the most famous symbol of all — the goddess Athena? Have the Greeks thought of the possibility of demanding that the use by non-Greeks of a Greek to represent wisdom is incompatible with Greek dignity? Of course the argument is ridiculous. But so is the arguments about the Braves and Redskins.

Football is an analogue of war. One of the stratagems of war is to strike terror into the mind of the enemy by symbolically enhancing one's own ferocity. (The Indians did this in their tribal wars.) When the painted warrior "Chief Osceola," mounted on an Appaloosa, rides onto the football field as a symbol of the Florida State University Seminoles and casts his flaming, ten-foot lance into the turf, the message is one that the football team wishes to convey and one that celebrates the fighting spirit of Indians.

What those opposing the use of a positive Indian symbol forget is that the positive image of the tiny Indian minority in the United States is enormously enhanced by the display of Indian symbols appropriated by non-Indian teams. The "multiplier effect" of such images makes it possible for the Indian voice to be heard when Indians appeal real grievances in the white man's world. The Indian image would virtually disappear if non-Indians were unable to associate themselves with Indian virtues, even if those virtues are those of the warrior rather than of the peacemaker. Were this to happen, the problems of the Indian would drop out of sight on the white radar screen to the same degree that his popular image disappeared from view.

The current campaign against the Braves, the Redskins, and other prominent and successful teams proudly identifying themselves with Indian virtues will disappear just as similar campaigns in the past have disappeared. Only in elite universities such as Dartmouth and Stanford are the entrenched guardians of fashion (which they call morality) still able to enforce bans on the symbol.

The earlier campaign against the use of the term "Indian" in favor of "Native American" has come close to collapse because of the clear preference of most Indians for "Indian." In the same way, the stiffness of those who can't distinguish between a negative and positive stereotype will also give way, I think, to a recognition that no one owns the virtues incorporated in ethnic symbols, but all can aspire to emulate them.

Grap those foam tomahawks, Jane and Ted! Play ball and let the chop begin!