adies and gentlemen, the liberation of Los Angeles has begun." John Bracey, Professor of African American Studies at the University of Massachusetts, was speaking at the Amherst campus on the day after the beginning of the Southern California riots. "These are our warriors," he went on to say about the murderers and looters who were doing the right thing in L.A. "We stand with them. They may not be much of an army, but they're the only army we've got."

In a different context, this sort of talk might be seen merely as harmless nostalgie de la boue, a rhetorical excess by a middle class black looking for roots in all the wrong places. But Bracey was speaking at a moment when student radicals in the crowd were burning the flag and getting ready to occupy the administration building. Anxious to have a little solidarity riot of their own, they had selected as the target of their penny ante Kristallnacht the Collegian, the University's newspaper.

Scarcely a reactionary institution, the Collegian had in fact accommodated to the melan-choly new political arrangements on campus over the years by voluntarily Balkanizing its pages to create separate editors for Women's Issues; Multicultural Affairs; Gay and Lesbian Issues; Third World Affairs, etc. Yet none of this protected the paper now. Claiming to be enraged by the paper's failure to publish an immediate denunciation of the King verdict and claiming to be seen merely as harmless nymphetes of the media, they had in fact accommodated to the melodrama of student radicals demanding political correctness. Yet another new victim edition—this time the category was Women of Color—and demanded also that a Co-Editor-in-Chief of Color be appointed to function as a sort of commissar alongside the paper's elected editor-in-chief. Then the mob marched on the paper's office, breaking a plate glass window, damaging equipment and threatening staff members with physical violence after accusing them of racism.

Over the next week, as South Central Los Angeles was going up in flames, the editors of the Collegian feared because of the threats levelled against them, were forced to go underground to get out their next issue, most of whose copies were immediately stolen or trashed. Anxious about upsetting the radicals, the administration ignored the intimidation of the student journalists. The atmosphere of fear on campus reached its apex just as the National Guard was beginning its pullout from Southern California, when a member of the mob that had been hunting Collegian staffers captured the Photography Editor and was threatening to train him with a baseball bat (just as Regina Denny had been brainied by thugs in L.A.) when he was tackled by a security guard.

An assault on free speech, the cowardice of administrators, and the salience of mob action in attaining political objectives: it is a dreary scenario all too frequently repeated on the college campus. But it is impossible to dismiss the doings at U Mass simply as more radical play therapy in the academic sandbox. What happened at Amherst did indeed have resonance with larger events in Southern California, although not in the tendentious rationale of professors like John Bracey and his radical followers, all of whom claimed "illuminati" over the King verdict and the institutional racism it revealed justified whatever action they undertook. Events in Amherst and Los Angeles were connected by more than shadow and act. In fact, the Rodney King riots were in large part "constructed" by the toxic orthodoxies about race and American society that have been seeping out of campuses like U Mass for the last decade.

What occurred in L.A. was, at bare minimum, a text whose meanings were indeterminate. An adequate reading of the riot would have considered a complex causation including, but not limited to, the Right's willingness to neglect festering problems and the Left's belief that moral values are kitsch and that the exotic forms of deviancy that grow in the petite dish of the ghettos are an authentic response to despair. It would have considered the incredible progress Americans have made in racial justice during the last thirty years as well as the distance yet to go. It would have considered the evil as well as the good wrought by the more than $2.5 trillion spent since the days of the Great Society; and most of all it
COMING UP

HETERODOXY will be taking a summer break

DON'T MISS our back to school issue in SEPTEMBER
HALF MAST: During the L.A. riots, mili- tiant students tore down the American flag at Ohio State's Bricker Hall. The group responsible was a student-faculty organiza- tion called ACTION or Afrikans (sic) Com- mitted to Improving Our Nation. One of the students with whom this action did not sit well was Jordan Shaor, a black psychol- ogy major. Her father, a career military man, had recently died. "There was a flag shout- ing in my voice," she said. "It has been precious to me after that." Soon after Shaor organized a peaceful rally to replace the flag burned by ACTION, she was attacked in the student newspaper by Kareem Rasheed: "The flag is the greatest symbol of hypocrisy the world has ever known. Everywhere this flag has gone it has meant nothing but rape, death and destruction for all non-white people who had the unfortunate experience of con- ning in contact with it... That's why we torch the flag... "Burn hypocrisy, burn... Do you finally get it my sister?" The nearby AMVETS post decided to recognize her at their next meeting, where they presented Shaor with a flag and a certificate of appreci- ation. Ohio State vice president Linda Tom was supposed to be present at the ceremony but failed to show.

JOCK CORRECTNESS: Rick Burns is the women's soccer coach at Mount Holyoke, a college that has been swept under the femi- nist tide. In an article in the NCAC News, he described the pressure exerted on him by politically correct players to watch his p's and q's. In particular he's been told not to use the term "girls" or "guy" in reference to players. He said "badass" but was quickly put right. "Women" was the acceptable term. But, as Burns observed, "Hustle over, women" just doesn't seem to fit. And in fact, when Burns referred to an opponent as a "full woman" he was reprimanded and told to use the term "vertically endowed." He was also asked not to use the term "sub" by a player who felt it was hierarchical and therefore demeaning. She suggested "others" as a sub- stitute. At one point during the schedule the team captain came to him and said that there was "some concern" that he was mentioning one particular player's name too often in halting discussions. The player in ques- tion had scored 60% of the team's goals during the last two seasons. When his article appeared, even though Burns pledged him- self to sensitivity, it ignited a firestorm at the women's soccer coach at Mount Holyoke, a program to give needy students who can- not afford a college that has been swept under the femi- nist tide, and Hispanic students. Responsible was a student-faculty organiza- tion called ACTION or Afrikans (sic) Com- mitted to Improving Our Nation. All about the domination exercised by "rule classes, and especially men" over subject minorities through "the control of writing and its technolo- gies." Incoming Freshmen are required to take one seminar from the Culture Studies program, and among the new offerings is Writing About Witchcraft. According to its catalogue description Writing About Witchcraft "will focus on the politics of witchcraft; we will consider why it is that writing about witches always springs from the fear, hatred, or persecution of a type of individual or group, and why writing about witchcraft is also writing about power: supernatural power, divine power, the power of the Church, the power of the mind." -GOSHI MALMIGHTY: Richard Price has is- sued a Really Revised Standard Version of some Gospel texts made acceptable for the higher educated. Matthew 12:10-13 goes like this: "And behold, there was a person who was manually challenged. And they said to him, "Jesus, is it lawful to heal on Sabbaths?" Not that there was anything par- ticularly wrong with him in the first place, mind you! so that they might accuse him of bias against the differently abled. He said to them, "What person of you, if he or she has one sheep and it falls into a pit on the Sab- baths, will not lay hold of it and lift it out? Of how much more value is a sheep than a man? But people have rights, too. So it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath. Then he said to the person, "Stretch out your hand, and the person stretched it out, and it was tempo- rarily abled like the other." -ITALIANS NEED NOT APPLY: The Sons of Italy administers a scholarship program to give needy students who can show some small quantum of Italian Ameri- can heritage help with their college expenses. When they tried to apply their awards to students at California State University at Northridge, however, they received a letter rejecting their support. Earl Weiss, Special Assistant to the President of the College, notified the Sons of Italy that the school would not accept any racially or ethnically- conscious scholarships unless they were first considered for Afro-American, Native American and Hispanic students. -LOOT SUTTERS: "A fashionable beggar approached a downtown worker during Los Angeles' three days of rioting and asked for money to buy food. "I was wearing a new suit with tags still on," Herb Sanders of suburban Van Nuys said in a letter published in the Los Angeles Times.

"The sleeves on the jacket were rolled up along with the legs on the pants. A piece of rope held up the pants. He had on a new shoe, too. He had two pieces of black plastic that didn't match." Sanders said the man asked for change to buy food. "I asked him, "Did you spend all your money on your new suit and shoes?" With a smile he said, "No, I'm a looter, and I got this new suit and shoes hugging." At that point, Sanders asked, "What do you think of the Rodney King situation?" "I don't follow sports anymore," the man replied.

REAGAN BUSH HEARTLESSNESS: "Regard- less of what one thinks of the merits or adequacy of anti-poverty programs, a look at the actual spending record shows that most held their own in the Reagan-Bush era and some even enjoyed huge increases in real, or inflation-adjusted, dollars. For "five major spending programs—Assistance to Families with Dependent Children, food stamps, child nutrition, Medicare and housing assistance—real spending levels increased from 4.4 percent to 63.4 percent between fiscal year 1981, the last Carter budget, and fiscal year 1990. Real spending per person in poverty for those programs rose from $1725 to $2099 during that period, according to an analysis by the House Ways and Means Commit- tee. (San Francisco Chronicle, May 27, 1992)

WE ALL LIVE IN A RED SUBMARINE: According to the lead article of the current New Left Review, "We live in a period un- precedented in its possibilities for the develop- ment of socialism."
The speech by Louisiana State University English Professor Ward Parks on February 3, 1990, may not have quite compared to the excitement generated by the arrival of basketball star Shaquille O'Neal on campus a year earlier, but it was certainly the biggest thing ever to hit the English Department. The setting was the Philosophy Club, which had more than 150 waiting to hear what Parks had to say. His presentation lasted 50 minutes. The questions, mainly hostile, ranged for the next two and a half hours. The summary moment came when Professor Robin Roberts, a specialist in MTV videos and female rap groups, stood up and said in a voice filled with self-righteousness and self-pitying pique, "Don't you realize that you've made me feel uncomfortable in this department?"

If Roberts was uncomfortable, it was not because Parks had made any ad feminem attacks in his talk. He had focused on the systematic bias against men in the faculty in a scholarly discussion. He described petty harassments, which included the labeling of his end of the department corridor as "boy's now" and the ritual demonization of men by faculty feminists including one who lectured her students that if men knew they could get away with it, they would commit rape at once. Parks contrasted the routine hatred of men by feminist professors which was part of the allowable norm in classroom discourse with the department's morally punctilious affirmative action guidelines which condemn as anti-female sexism such offenses as insufficient eye contact or the use of adjectives like "shall" or "strident."

But the heart of Parks' indictment was statistical rather than subjective. He bore down on the bias in the hiring practices that had come to prevail in English departments with the swelling tide of radical reform. Thus in the previous three years, eight first offers at LSU had gone to women and only two to men. Nearly two-thirds of the total of eleven men who had been offered jobs had declined because the demand created by affirmative action meant that they had better offers elsewhere. "The reason that men have been getting hired here over the last three years is that they are picking up what women leave," Parks said. He asked, "How can we in good conscience admit a man into our [graduate] program when, because of his gender, he would be at a vast disadvantage applying for a job at the very department that is granting him his degree?"

As it turned out, the speech did justify the frisson of anticipation that had preceded it. But this was only the beginning. A month later, the Baton Rouge Advocate, LSU's college newspaper, published the first of a two-part series by Parks on "Policization in the LSU English Department." In the article, Parks came out swinging, not just about the realities of his profession in a way that is increasingly rare. He called the open advocacy of political ideologies in the classroom "scandalous," and pointed out that of a professoriate of sixty, the tally of openly admitted Republicans could be counted on one hand. The reaction was immediate. Parks was told by several colleagues that they were officially not speaking to him. The newspaper on Cope's office was painted over with the words, "Conservative Shithed."

Even worse, when 39 students majored in English signed a petition claiming that an atmosphere of fear and intimidation existed in the department, Parks and Cope were blamed. Attempts were made to remove them from faculty committees. The tone of the reaction was summarized by a comment from Rodger Kamenetz, a professor of English, who dismissed the concerns of Cope and Parks in a string of non sequiturs: "These guys are two white, tenured professors who feel that because they're politically conservative they're somehow now members of a minority group. If you look around the university or the Board of Regents or the state legislature, what you mostly see is white males running things. So why they feel the sense of persecution, I don't know." Kamenetz defended the new emphasis on a multicultural curriculum: "The point is that when we look at Western civilization critically, we don't have all that much to be proud of. It's essentially a long history of murder." Finally, a series of grievances were filed against the two professors, culminating in an appeal to the Faculty Senate in February 1992. The complaint, alleging that the two were guilty of "a pattern of professional harassment against me (as well as against women faculty in general)," was filed by their colleague Robin Roberts with the aim of having them censured. She also wanted them removed "from voting or in any way acting in a supervisory fashion on my tenure."

The incidents and evidence forming the pattern of harassment alleged by Roberts consisted of the following:

1. A memo by Cope comparing to a committee to analyze the privilege of certain politically fashionable programs and faculty members, and requesting the release of statistical information to graduate students concerning the influence of gender on hiring practices at LSU and other institutions. This, according to Cope's memo, would provide prospective male graduate students in English "what our discourse of social justice is preparing them to encounter."

2. A second memo from Cope in which he claimed to have received complaints from students "about bullying, both within class and without, by members of the Women's Studies faculty." He asked that a committee be formed "to control the excesses of the Women's Studies faculty."

3. Ward Parks' speech, "Anti-Male Discrimination in the Profession." Roberts specifically cited Parks' comment that affirmative action was discriminatory and should be ended. According to Roberts' complaint, "violated the standard of academic freedom as it is defined in the Faculty Handbook: 'Academic freedom does not extend to any kind of abuse or infringement of the rights of others.'"

4. Parks' column in the college newspaper, specifically the sentence: "If you do not subscribe to all the tenets of radical feminism, you would do well to exercise caution before enrolling in a course in English department."

5. An article in Discourse, a student review for which Cope and Parks were faculty advisors, that had selected Roberts as "PC Professor of the Month." Roberts complained that in the "guise of an award, they disparaged my teaching and attacked my scholarship."

Just as at the time Roberts' grievance was filed, the atmosphere on campus was inflamed by a special Task Force on Cultural Diversity set up by the State Board of Regents. The Task Force issued a report that "violated the standard of academic freedom as it is defined in the Faculty Handbook: 'Academic freedom does not extend to any kind of abuse or infringement of the rights of others.'"

The publication of the report was a major event on campus. Supporters of the Task Force recommendations formed the Committee for Social and Cultural Diversity, while opponents mobilized as Students for Free Thought. What had previously been a battle behind the walls of the ivory tower, with Cope and Parks taking on the radical elite, now became a public debate. The local press had a field day with racy anecdotes of political correctness. One English professor was described as having told students "If you think David Duke is a racist, you should read Shakespeare." English professor Emily Toth, a biographer of Kate Chopin,
was reported to have handed out a questionnaire in an Honors Literature class that asked, "If you've never slept with a person of the same sex, and you particularly need a sex partner, do you need a good gay lover?" The questionnaire was defended by Michelle Masse, Director of Women's and Gender Studies, as "a teaching tool intended to "sensitize" students to gay.

The campus was increasingly polarized as the grievance hearing for Cope and Parks approached. The two men had once been friends, including her Jeffrey Deubner, an attorney with the Center for Individual Rights, and on his advice filed a counter-grievance against Roberts. Support also came from the parish's longtime protector, the Chairman of the English Department John R. May, a Gerard Manley Hopkins specialist, who wrote to the Grievance Committee Chairman:

"There is no basis wherever in Ms. Roberts' complaint for excluding Professors Cope and Parks from their normal role as tenured faculty in voting on her promotion and tenure. One can only regret Professor Roberts' misconception of their statements as personally directed at her. Surely one whose methodology is self-styled as being on the cutting-edge should anticipate, even welcome, intense debate and criticism. Our regrets about her feelings aside, we must hope that, in the words of Gerard Manley Hopkins, she 'will come to such sights colder/By and by, nor spare a sigh/Though worlds of wanwood leaf meal lie.'"

On May 6, the Faculty Senate Grievance Committee dismissed the charges against Cope and Parks, saying that Professor Roberts had mistaken a "spited debate for harassment: "It is not the function of this Committee to impede such debate."

Cope and Parks felt they won a "major victory." A week later, however, Cope received a letter from Paul Pitts, Director of the Affirmative Action Program in the Chancellor's Office, informing him that he was the subject of yet a new grievance, signed by five other members of the English Department. The grievance had been filed two months earlier but Pitts had held it, apparently wanting to await the outcome of the Roberts' case. Without giving Cope a chance to respond, in fact, Pitts had endorsed the radicals' complaint: "Their specific concerns focused on comments attributed to you...your long-standing discussions and evaluations of finalists for assistant professor openings. They felt your comments about some of the candidates (women and minorities) were totally inappropriate. I agree."

In the committee discussion on hiring, Cope had said that he thought all the finalists were inadequate, chosen because of affirmative action criteria and "fads" in the profession. One candidate recruited to fill a position in Victorian literature turned out to be a specialist in ghost stories, but also black and female and therefore desirable from an affirmative action point of view. Cope expressed concern that the discretion of factors other than strict merit in the selection process would create nagging awareness in the candidates of their debt to the radicals who hired them. In a sarcastic aside, Halperin had said it "looks like they'll be good pets for the Department."

The complaint letter to Pitts was signed by Michelle Masse, the head of Women's Studies, Cope, and Park's opponent Rodger Kamenetz, and three others. It described the offense in these terms: "About one candidate, an African-American woman, Cope stated that she might make a good "pet." He repeated that phrase upon request. Several faculty members noted that they found it "degrading," "insulting," and unrelated to any professional evaluation of the candidate's credentials. The undersigned would like to request that, in addition to whatever other action your office deems appropriate, you meet with Professor Cope to remind him of the obligation of employees to abide by University policies as well as state and federal law in regard to employment discrimination."

As Kevin Cope reflected on the events of the spring, the sense of victory slowly started to slip away. The Regents' aggressive multiculturalism program was still on the table. John May, the Hopkins scholar who had defended Parks and Cope, was leaving and the new chair of the department, John Finch, was not only a spokesman for the kil but also married to an English professor who had asked the new grievance against Cope. Finally, as an affirmative action grievance it would be decided not by a committee of Cope's peers, but by an administrator whose job depended on the radical forces reshaping the university, who had already shown his hostility.

"This is the end of what face, says Cope. "The order of the day in this and other English departments is one step forward and two back."
The "Asian Food Affair" never quite made sense, even to observers acclimated to the swampy multicultural atmosphere at the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California. How could a routine decision about a college dinner menu explode into the devastating events that followed, destroying careers, poisoning race relations, and ruining collegial friendships? How were campus officials and staff members allowed to use a juggernaut of political correctness as a Trojan Horse to further their personal agendas?

Two of the semi-autonomous colleges that make up UCSC, Crown and Merrill, share a kitchen but not much else. Focusing on "multicultural society" and the Third World, UCSC, Crown and Merrill, share a kitchen but not much else. Aspen is mainly scientists and engineers, on the other hand, has mainly scientists and economists on its faculty and takes a more straightforward attitude to learning. Perhaps because of this, it also has more Asian students than any other UCSC college.

The incident began simply enough: a staff decision at Crown about what to serve at a monthly College Night dinner. Weeks ahead Merrill had chosen an Asian theme, but Crown staff assistant Kyoko Freeman, an alumna who is Japanese-American, noticed that the dinner happened to fall on December 7, Pearl Harbor Day. So the staff members, mindful of the memories that day evoked, decided that there would be better times to celebrate Asian-American relations and chose a more non-ethnic theme for that night.

While Crown students munched peacefully on chicken and spare ribs, College Night dinner at Merrill was washed down with paranoia and moral indignation. Merrill's planned Asian theme for that evening had, in fact, recently been defined as Filipino. (The long-suffering food manager later testified that she had been forced to scramble to concoct a "Filipino" menu at the last minute because authentic recipes promised by the students never materialized. "So they weren't real interested," she concluded.) But interest picked up at the dining hall when Merrill students and staff began spreading a story through the dining hall that Crown had refused to serve Filipino food because they blamed Filipinos for the attack on Pearl Harbor. Was it an intentional act of disinformation? In later testimony, Chancellor Robert Stevens admitted that he had been informed that there were "forces at Merrill stirring the pot." One student activist told a former Crown employee of plans to use this theme to "get rid of Don." He was referring to Don VanDenBerg, Crown's affable but outspoken bursar, widely recognized as a talented, no-nonsense administrator who had hired and trained many minority staff and championed the cause of low-income students. Even his critics called him a "can-do" kind of guy. But he was vulnerable as well: the son of Auschwitz survivors, he was haunted by his family's past. Because of a kidney transplant, his blood-pressure sky-rocketed dangerously when he was under stress, and there were other medical problems. In the upside-down world of Politically Correct morality, he became the designated victim.

The racism charges had now been stretched from the staff at Crown to include the faculty of the college, even though Crown's economists had recently been named the campus's most helpful department to minority students, and several Crown faculty members were leading figures in the university's efforts in behalf of racial and ethnic groups. But since they too were now under attack, the faculty could not help slow down the careening PC juggernaut.

Mature leadership might have come from Budget Director Victor Kimura, the highest ranking Asian-American in the UCSC administration. Once when he demanded that his wife was his source.

Nonetheless the two men pressured her to write a public apology, part of which one of Stevens' staff members later dictated to her. The irony of these two "politically correct" males browbeating and humiliating a female colleague seems not to have occurred to them. Isbister even suggested that Mugnave appear before the Crown and Merrill student bodies to address "concerns about Crown's core course and other multicultural matters." It had overtones of a Maoist ritual of public confession and self-acusation.

Without stopping to find out the facts, Chancellor Stevens issued a statement calling the menu decision "an error in judgment." VanDenBerg pleaded with Stevens to show support for the beleaguered Crown staff, telling of vandalism and abuse, and of death threats he had received. Stevens scoffed, saying he'd gotten used to death threats. He never came to Crown's defense on the racism charges, but he did defend the right of free expression on the part of Victor Kimura, who had made such charges.

Stevens wrote of his hope that "this unfortunate incident" might be a "learning experience," but the only tangible result was sensitivity workshops for the Crown staff, which Mugnave later described as "brainwashing operations...humiliating experiences where people have to bare their souls and expose their innermost thoughts." When Stevens was asked under oath if he'd ever referred to the fellows from Crown "as a group of racist faculty," he waffled: "I hope very much I did not use that phrase.

Crown's final body count was grim. Following public criticism by the Chancellor, Mugnave felt compelled to resign. Don VanDenBerg, distraught and exhausted, was forced to take extended medical leave, robbing UCSC of a gifted administrator. The Crown staff, already demoralized and angry, balked when a Chancellor's henchman was foisted upon them as interim provost. Many resigned in protest.

When the bloodletting was over, it was hard to believe that it had all started over a menu choice. It was hard not to conclude as well that whatever its other faults may be, in this case multiculturalism served as protective coloration for various petty and vicious vendettas.

Barbara Rhodes-Ellis
A little more than a year ago, New England Law School professor Mary Joe Frug was murdered on a Cambridge street by an assailant wielding a 7-inch knife. Soon afterward, as a tribute to the murdered woman, the Harvard Law Review published an unfinished article by Frug (whose husband teaches at Harvard Law) entitled "A Postfeminist Legal Manifesto." Filled with warmed-over Catherine MacKinnonisms, dicta about how the law terrorizes women, and some unscholarly obscenities ("We are curts," Frug wrote at one point in this diatribe, and "Women get fucked by the law"), the piece was widely regarded as one of those embarrassing gestures by the politically correct to create their own martyrology. Frug hit the headlines again last month when a pair of law students at Harvard published an article in the Review, an annual parody issue, satirizing her essay (their piece purports to have been written from heaven by "The Rigor Mortis Professor of Law") and sending the Harvard Law School into chaos.

At best a skewing of the vacuousness and vulgarity of Frug's work and at worst a cruel breach of taste and decorum, the parody by third-year student Craig Cohen and Kenneth Fenyo uncovered a political fault line that has developed into an intellectual chasm at Harvard Law over the past few years. On one side stood radicals (most of them, like Frug and her husband Charles, himself a member of the Harvard faculty, adherents of the Critical Legal Studies movement which holds that the law is not about justice but about power) and their fellow travelers; and on the other side stood legal "traditionalists" who reject the notion that Harvard Law is a bastion of misogyny and racism. In this particular skirmish, the winners were clear from the outset.

Cohen and Fenyo apologized for the article almost immediately, but their intentions and their actual words themselves had already disappeared into a political maelstrom which had been on slow simmer and was now at full boil. A fax war of charges and counter-charges had erupted. Emily Schulman, President of next year's Law Review, was establishing a Task Force on Free Speech. "The overreaction to the spoof," he wrote, "is a reflection of the power of women and blacks to define the terms... But even an unintentionally offensive parody of Robert E. Lee could, if published, be seen as evidence of a willful absence of sensitivity to the thoughts and feelings of the audience and to the potential for injury it might cause."

In another, before the Harvard Jewish Law Students Association, he said that just as revisionist historians deny the existence of "the Holocaust as historical truth," so the writers of the spoof carried the message that "the hatred of women is a hoax perpetrated by feminists." He called it "a rape in all but biological reality," and compared the two students to members of the KKK.

The overreaction was so extreme that outsiders might be forgiven for wondering what game was afoot in Cambridge. Why had people who routinely defended Robert Mapplethorpe's elegant images of men urinating into each other's mouths or the right of an artist at the Chicago Art Institute to place an American flag on the floor? Why would the same viewers be forced to step on it even if it were simply an exercise of aesthetic taste? Ironically, Mary Joe Frug herself would have known the answer immediately. As a strong adherent of the philosophical cornerstone of Critical Legal Studies, she would have seen that what was at issue at Harvard Law was the age old question: who is to rule?

Indeed, early on in the controversy, there was a call for the resignation of the Law School's Dean Robert Clark. Radicals on the faculty oppose him for not making politically correct hiring decisions and for insisting on hiring the best candidates rather than the candidates who will achieve the goals of gender and color and toe the right line. Clark has found his ultimate antagonist in black faculty member Derek Bell who has vowed not to teach at Harvard again until a black woman has been hired and who has been defying the Law School's rule about being on leave for more than two years by teaching as a visiting faculty member at NYU. Some felt that they could see Bell's hand holding the baton as another well orchestrated call for Clark's head went out.

Twenty-one members of the faculty distributed a letter criticizing calls by their radical colleagues for Clark's resignation as the controversy over the Review article reached its apex. But they were drowned out by the opposition. So was the sober voice of Alan Dershowitz. The Clarence Darrow of the law faculty when it comes to taking cases of the damned, Dershowitz argued a losing cause in this case—the cause of free speech. "The overreaction to the spoof," he wrote, "is a reflection of the power of women and blacks to define the terms... But even an unintentionally offensive parody of Robert E. Lee could, if published, be seen as evidence of a willful absence of sensitivity to the thoughts and feelings of the audience and to the potential for injury it might cause."

"The controversy ended, as most of these controversies do, in the usual way. If Professor Cohen were to be held responsible, this case would be dismissed..." Cohen was given a few days to appeal. Karl, wrote a letter for his appeal calling it cruel and unusual punishment.

All in all, a victory for Cohen and his friends, if only a partial one. The issue was not resolved, the battle not ended, the head not postponed. But Cohen was able to go back to law school, to redouble his efforts, and, as he might say, to keep on keeping on.

VASSAR'S REGIMENT OF WOMEN

Milton Cohen was something of an anomaly at Vassar not just because he was a Jewish Good Ole Boy from Louisiana (to his friends he was "the Jew from the Bayou") or even because he was an excellent athlete who had to contend with playing lacrosse because Vassar had outlawed football, the quintessential male sport, when it decided to become co-ed in 1969. Cohen was out of place at Vassar because he never learned to be deferential to the nomenklatura of radical feminists who control the school.

It was a situation that was bound to come to grief and did in the end. In 1979, Cohen was accused of making a sexual advance on a female student. The school's radical feminists, the closet leftists who had been anathema to the school's official leftists for years by teaching as a visiting faculty member at NYU. Some felt that they could see Bell's hand holding the baton as another well orchestrated call for Clark's head went out.

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a West Point of radical feminism. The tone for this regimen of women has been set by Dean of the Faculty and Acting President Nancy Dye, nicknamed "Musso林" by some of the students. Dye's attitude towards faculty is alternately patronizing and intimidating. She has assumed the right to dictate to the faculty whom they are to hire, which is unprecedented at Vassar. (When a vacancy came up in the History department, she pushed for her husband to teach Vassar history.) She has attacked as "children" those tenured professors who have not rushed to embrace multiculturalism, women's studies and the idea of the classroom as a vehicle for "social justice."

Of course, many professors have signed on with Dye, both to curry favor and also because they agree with her. One student journalist says, "The curriculum here gives you a 1960s view of the world and worse. Utopianism, Marxism, deconstructionism, nihilism. I took a course with one history professor called "Money and American Culture." The first day of class he says he's never taken a course in economics."

He wanted to talk about how money is an oppressive factor in society and show that counterfeiting is a justified form of social rebellion." Dye's big campaign at Vassar has been to make the faculty at least half female. To advance this agenda, she has introduced the "post-tenure review" which compels professors to meet with her every three or four years to go over their performance. In practice this has meant a review of scholarship, and interrogation as to whether their curriculum is multi-cultural enough, etc. Based on this review, Dye can withhold benefits and salary increases. Said one professor, who is afraid to be named: "I thought she was going to use the review to fire me. I was frightened enough to consider consulting a lawyer."

Professors (and students) are also intimidated by the official policy forbidding the Vassar community from talking to the "outside" media, unless specific permission is given by Dixie Sheridan, Director of Public Relations. Thus while Dye's vendetta against the drama department is a well known fact, for instance, and widely discussed among Vassar faculty, attempts to interview a drama professor about this problem proved futile without prior permission from Dixie Sheridan.

The effect of Dye's new rules for review and the clamp-down on public discussion regarding doings at Vassar has been to terrorize the faculty, especially the senior male faculty. In the eyes of one of them, "Her goal is to make us want to retire early so we can be replaced with younger, lower paid females."

This year a department chairmanship was open. Dye passed over a senior male professor, Donald Gillin, with 30 years experience and many publications, and appointed a female lecturer with no PhD and no publications to be chair of the department. To justify this, she launched a personal attack on Gillin, accusing him of showing porn films in his classes. At issue was a slide presentation he had developed over the years on American, Japanese and Chinese stereotypes of each other, including a section on sexual stereotyping. Gillin included some pornographic materials because they were part of the stereotypes. Although Gillin had presented his slide show to Women Against Pornography in New York City, the noted critic, and the likes of feminists like Brownmiller and Andrea Dworkin, on the Vassar faculty took offense. Dye bucked them and accused Gillin of an act against women. He had to write a letter defending himself and refusing the charges.

Nancy Dye's draconian rule does not extend to Sixties' offenses. According to many students, drugs are a huge problem at Vassar. The dealing is flagrant to the point of arrogance. Not long ago, students living in a townhouse owned by Vassar were caught with a marijuana garden growing throughout the apartment, including in the bathtub. When the house was inspected by the Department of Halls, the students were brought up on charges and suspended for a semester by the College Regulations Panel. They appealed the decision, which was then put before a Board of Appeals with student representation. Dean Dye submitted a letter to this Board on behalf of the students. In the letter she said that the panel should have considered all five of them separately because there were varying degrees of complexity in growing marijuana. But more importantly their sentence should be reduced because the U.S. Congress was debating drug legalization and therefore the crime is not as black and white. The same leniency and latitude, however, does not apply to crimes like date rape and sexual harassment which strays into politically correct territory and are dealt with summarily at Vassar. According to Catherine Comins, whom Dye appointed Dean of Student Life at Vassar, if you feel offended by a male, that is considered rape. According to Comins, the legal definition of rape is too narrow. Therefore it's the role of the college, especially since Vassar is traditionally a women's school, to "empower" women by the way it handles accusations of rape. Comins told "that men unjustly accused of rape (under Vassar's new date rape definitions) can profit from the experience. "They have a lot of pain, but it is not a pain that I would necessarily have spared them. I think it ideally initiates a process of self-exploration."

This was the atmosphere in which the closet drama of Milton Cohen was played out. As his suspension was being appealed, he was widely stigmatized as a sex harasser, even though his only offense was a hasty and ill-chosen epithet tossed off in the direction of Beth Lambert. When the appeal was denied, the consequences were fairly dire. Cohen was on financial aid. Since he had already completed half of the semester, he had to forfeit the $10,000 tuition fee. He couldn't get credit for courses and couldn't get any of the money refunded. His friend Jonathan Karl says, "Termini isn't too strong a term for what Milton ran up against."

The effect of Dye's new rules for review and the clamp-down on public discussion regarding doings at Vassar has been to terrorize the faculty, especially the senior male faculty. In the eyes of one of them, "Her goal is to make us want to retire early so we can be replaced with younger, lower paid females."

In the current academic environment, where harassment codes criminalize anything from a significant look to the failure to look and courtship rituals take place over a legal as well as a sexual minefield, the "Sexual Harassment Consent Form" that appeared on a file cabinet in the Physics Department office might have been seen as an insurance policy for beleaguered campus males, or—since the anonymous poster of the document was reportedly a woman—as a way of encouraging males back into the relationship arena from which they may have withdrawn out of a sense of self-preservation. The document read in part:

I consent to the following forms of sexual harassment:

Salutatory Greetings:....
Eye-to-Bust Contact:....

I refuse to consent to the following forms of sexual harassment:

Eye-to-Eye Contact:....
Heavy Breathing on Neck:....
Hands on Body:....

Feet: Gropes:....

I consent to the following forms of sexual harassment:

Salutatory Greetings:....
Eye-to-Bust Contact:....
Heavy Breathing on Neck:....
Hands on Body:....

Feet: Gropes:....

I refuse to consent to the following forms of sexual harassment:

Eye-to-Eye Contact:....

When word of the document spread, however, the reaction was as explosive as if somebody had claimed there was a pubic hair in their coke. "Consent Form Deals Blow to Human Rights ran the headline of an editorial in the Arizona Daily Wildcat in which the editor lamented, "How sad for a woman to have respected herself so little that she would fall victim to her own oppression."

The University's Affirmative Action Officer, Jay Stauss immediately declared that the "consent form" violated federal law and university policy. The makings of another academic show trial were in place. All that was necessary was for Physics Department Chairman Peter Carruthers to offer up a confession and fall in line. But Carruthers defied the usual scenario by dismissing the prank as a "whimsical thing" aimed at "a simple political correctness movement which has grown sweeping this campus." He added: "Anyone who would take it as a serious statement against women is really stupid."

But Affirmative Action Officer Stauss was not about to let a culprit slip by. Denying that there was such a thing as a political correctness movement on campus, he told the Wildcat: "I can't believe people still think that we can joke about something as serious as sexual harassment and I can't believe there is an administrator on campus who thinks that way." University Provost Jack Cole ordered the Dean of the Science Faculty, Edgar McCullough, to warn the Physics Department that this was "unacceptable behavior and that it should not be tolerated." Dean McCullough then ordered the Physics department staff to attend sexual harassment workshops, and, in a related move, the University of Arizona Faculty and Staff for Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Equity, a group funded by the university, circulated a survey on "sexual orientation issues" to ferret out sexist and homophobic attitudes.

Physics department Chairman Carruthers refused to be cowed. He said that he would not reveal the name of the female faculty member who had posted the offending form lest she be subjected to an administration witch hunt. In a memo to the department, he announced that he would not attend the mandatory workshops and did not expect his staff to either. [The workshops] are a violation of academic freedom and First Amendment rights. We have no problem in our department and I, therefore, will not be party to mandatory workshops." He characterized the Equity survey as "offensive" and asked if university funds were also being used to subsidize "gala monsters, democrats, communists and other worthy causes?"

This last sentence was a signal for the Bisexual Gay and Lesbian Association to pass a resolution demanding that Carruthers apologize for what association member Thom Turner called his "homophobic" comments on the survey. Carruthers continued to concentrate personal attacks on the Physics department Chairman Carruthers refused to be cowed. He said that he would not reveal the name of the female faculty member who had posted the offending form. He refused to be subjected to an administration witch hunt. In a memo to the department, he announced that he would not attend the mandatory workshops and did not expect his staff to either. [The workshops] are a violation of academic freedom and First Amendment rights. We have no problem in our department and I, therefore, will not be party to mandatory workshops." He characterized the Equity survey as "offensive" and asked if university funds were also being used to subsidize "gala monsters, democrats, communists and other worthy causes?"

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Within this forensic fire, Mamet wraps the play's three-act scene to a stunning climax. Faced with his student's off-the-wall charges, John cracks. Her interpretation both of his "materick" philosophy suddenly threatens his future, which includes, dependent upon his tenure, the ownership of a house. A good-natured attempt at compassionate understanding (he touches her shoulder) becomes interference with her person; a compliment on her appearance is interpreted as a prelude to seduction. After the interruption of a phone call during which John refers to his wife as "Baby," Carol corrects him. He explodes, calls her a "vicious little bitch, a cunt," hits her, knocks her down and repeatedly kicks her. Like all zealots, Carol is unaware of the pain. Personal suffering is congruent with her agenda.

When John bleats out an abject apology, she rises from the floor. "Don't worry about me, I'm alright," she says, smoothing her clothes, calmly handing him "a statement" from her "group" whose identity Mamet leaves ostentatiously nameless. John will be denied tenure of course because of his attempt at "sexual harassment and misconduct." The group might consider finding him "provisional employment" but, first, along with a list of books that must be stricken from the curriculum, he must make a full Galilean retraction, a plea for "forgiveness" for failing in his "responsibilities to the Young." Cornered, John seems acquisitive but when Carol asks "What will you do differently?" he can only stutter. Warping an echo from his early concern (and compassion), Carol says with polite but malevolent insinuation, "Do you want me to help you?" The play ends in a blackout with John staring, helplessly, his "self-repair" in the form of an echo from his early concern (and compassion). Mamet develops this Socratic give-and-take, Oleanna stirs the audience with the strength of its polemical frenzy. In Mamet's metaphor we see fascism as dogmatism, and evergreen oleander that, despite its pale fragrance, has a leathery spine leaking poison.
would have honestly confronted—as a social fact, not merely as an occasion for rhetorical indulgence—the cause of the growth of the underclass, which has become the most ominous and intractable problem in American society.

Instead, there was exactly what transpired on campuses like U-M: lots of talk in the cloak of racism and charges about racism that dehumanizes the alleged victims even more than the alleged perpetrators, a national gabfest about the evil lurking in the shadowy dark of America. In the process, discarding the politically correct, the glass of American society is never half full, it is always completely empty. Real progress, such as the gains in the creation of a black middle class with access to stability and expectations for success, is discounted as so much window dressing. At the occasion for rhetorical indulgence—the causes for the violence that blacks could have honestly confronted—as a social fact, not merely as the invention of the politically correct, the glass of American society is never half full, it is always completely empty. Real progress, such as the gains in the creation of a black middle class with access to stability and expectations for success, is discounted as so much window dressing. At the occasion for rhetorical indulgence—the causes for the violence that blacks could have honestly confronted—as a social fact, not merely as the invention of the politically correct, the glass of American society is never half full, it is always completely empty. Real progress, such as the gains in the creation of a black middle class with access to stability and expectations for success, is discounted as so much window dressing. At the occasion for rhetorical indulgence—the causes for the violence that blacks could have honestly confronted—as a social fact, not merely as

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It is a sort of cherchez les blancs syndrome. One in four black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them black men are enmeshed in the criminal justice system? White racism made them

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even such an atmosphere, it is no surprise that the noise of political correctness was quickly drawn around the interpretation of events in L.A. Racism had caused the Simi Valley jurors to exonerate the cops; racism would now be placed on the shoulders of the black men to murder. In L.A., as at Amherst, the king verdict justified whatever happened because of the "anger and frustration" it unleashed. Never mind that this same logic would justify a rash of lynching in the 30s, or that it was a form of genocide; and 20% of them felt that AIDS was "deliberately created in a laboratory in order to infect black people." The smile when Farrakhanites talk about Jew doctors spreading our intellectual culture. It collaborates with the sinister theories of some social scientists, who posit that blacks commit crime, are explained—that is, explained away—as creations of the politically correct, the glass of American society is never half full, it is always completely empty. Real progress, such as the gains in the creation of a black middle class with access to stability and expectations for success, is discounted as so much window dressing. At the occasion for rhetorical indulgence—the causes for the violence that blacks could have honestly confronted—as a social fact, not merely as

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It was the blanket indictment coming out of events in Southern California, "No justice, no peace!" was the political slogan. While the fires were escalating in L.A., four black rappers (including professor Comel West, L.A. Congresswoman Maxine Waters, Jesse Jackson and other avatars of the racist discourse—incorporating Amherst students) were "redefining" rebellion as the politically correct gloss to explain and therefore justify the mayhem.

Now fantasies of racial division by blacks and the culture of corporate looting that will strike future generations as the great and unaddressed problem of contemporary American politics.” This rhetoric of moral equivalence was echoed in the comment of Crip gangster named "Bone" made to Ted Koppel: “Well, shit, they ripping off the S&Ls for $500,000, why shouldn’t I get that VCR?”

While the commissars on campus and the street gangsters themselves were promoting the view that the looters and murderers in L.A. were freedom fighters, the remnants of the 60s and their friends were perpetuating the other side of the same coin by saying that whatever they had done was now part of the new unpunished white criminals do every day. This will not just to hundreds of millions of dollars. As President Clinton said, “It will not be the small fly

One of the inescapable conclusions coming out of the riots is that America has more to fear from its citizens who have a stake in racial division (whose number is on the rise) than from those who harbor racist passions (whose number has decreased in the last 30 years). The expression of conflict not only from those in the trenches of the race war, the Farrakhanites and Ice Cube, but also from the opportunists and parasites who cheer them on from the sidelines, people like Spike Lee who almost rubbed his hands with enthusiasm in a post-riot appearance on the Today Show when discussing the fire that could be expected next time if and when the four men who were arrested for trying to murder truck driver Reginald Denny were convicted.

These fellow travellers derive not only & frisson of excitement but also a sense of authenticity from racial conflict. Not only those invisible and women of South Central Los Angeles who try to better their circumstances with hard work and try to stand against the assaults not only on their lives but on their sensibility as well. These people, the real victims of the riot, were under no illusions that the persons who terrorized them were "young warriors." They were under no illusions that what happened was "liberation." What they know is that there were 40,000 jobs lost as a result of the riots, their jobs and their ticket to respectability and perhaps their ticket out of the ghetto as well. These jobs, created with such difficulty and so irreplaceable, will probably never come back. A recent report from the City of Los Angeles, which is the latest report in the New York Daily News, says that they may not be published next year. These two events, one large and the other small, share the same tragedy.

We talk so much about victims that we don’t recognize them when they stare us in the face.

The Editors
**ANTI-MALE DISCRIMINATION IN THE PROFESSION**

by WARD PARKS

It is only over the last three years that the gender gap has been thrust into my consciousness as the paramount consideration in hiring in the English Department at LSU, and even then, the fact that this gap doesn't appear on the surface but betrays any special favoritism: in this time we have hired four women and five men, that is, 44.5% as compared with 55.5%. This seems to correlate well with the perception of the public applicant who best I could determine, were about 43% female and 57% male for these professorial lines. This is the kind of figure that the MLA Newsletter publishes. On the other hand, if groups like the MLA had the same concern for the rights of men as they have for the rights of women, they might be asking further questions that would bring to light the realities that some of us men are experiencing. For as a participant in a number of these hiring meetings, it is impossible for me to believe that the gender of the candidates has not been a factor in many cases the decisive consideration. A hiring is not purely an expression of the will of the employer; it also entails a choice by the person who is hired. Job offers are a more sensitive measure of the employer's preferences. To whom have our offers been made? The answer to this question paints quite a different picture: eleven offers have been made to women, and five to men. But let's go a step further: Who have been our job offers? Whom would we have hired if we could? Now the contrasts become truly dramatic: eight first offers have been made to women, and two to men. Then the question arises, why have there been no more women hired — only 44.5% of the total? Because seven out of eleven women — 64% — have accepted, whereas only one man — 20% — has done so. The reason that men have been getting hired here over the last three years is that they are picking up what women have left. This last figure is a paradox, a revealing one, for it suggests that these women as a group have a much richer field of choices outside LSU, a conclusion that accords with the experience that some of us have had in the job market of late. A situation like this is bound to impact in due course in such areas as the kind of salary that one can command. But let's stop here: there is another rich source of relevant evidence, that is, voting patterns. I have been able to find the records of six ballots from the 1987-88 job search through the present in which male and female candidates have gone head to head, and I would like to point out that if we had recorded the results of other votes, my case would almost certainly be stronger. For a woman won five out of six of these races — and this is not saying enough: the elections have been landslides. The average man received 26.6 yea's and 16 nay's, whereas the average woman received 35.2 yea's and 7.7 nay's: slightly less than a 2-to-1 ratio for women. Thus, it is clear that the process treats men as equals. Therefore, it is time to reopen the question of the ethics of affirmative action, over the resistance of those who are not persuaded by the evidence I would like to feature what I will call the "male discrimination hypothesis." That is, to whom are we saying no? Including all of the votes, 38.6% of us say no to the average male candidate, while 16% of us say no to the average woman; the negativity quotient for male candidates is more than twice as great as that for women. "Say no to men" might justly be characterized as the theme of our voting.

In sum, our hiring process over the last three years has been marked by a dual criterion for female candidates. Those who nonetheless wish to defend the process by the results that it has produced, disregarding the secondary consequences of this favoritism, and ignoring the element of individual choice, should be prepared to refrain from pretending that the process treats men as equals.

Graduate students, and particularly male graduate students, should be aware of these and all facts relating to our hiring; for how can we conscientiously admit a man into our program when, because of his gender, he would be at a vast disadvantage applying for a job at the very department that is granting him his degree? Are we willing to let him devote years of his life to the pursuit of a career in our profession and never tell him where he really stands? How can we look these men in the eye?

We should give male graduate students pitiless honest advice on this issue, encouraging many of them to go into another line of work. Part of that advice should include advising them to take a close look at the MLA Job List. The rhetoric of exclusion in that document could hardly be more obvious. But worse still are many of the letters pinned to our bulletin board; there is nothing to pieces of private correspondence that certain people have shown me.

In fact, why not go all the way? Here we could follow the lead of our colleges in library science: in a recent issue of American Libraries, a special bulletin of the College and Research Libraries Association, an article setting forth desiderata for the next executive director of that association from start to finish used forms of the pronoun "she," creating the unmistakable implication that only women should be considered.

We ourselves almost carried through on this injunction once. Not so long ago a search committee came to a departmental meeting with the recommendation that, even though according to their own figures 66% of the applicants were male, only women should be considered. Much to her credit in my opinion, a woman questioned the legality of this process, and in consequence, the slate of finalists was revised to include one man, who was, of course, utterly obliterated in the subsequent voting. Do our male graduate students know about this episode? Shouldn't they? For despite the inclusion of the token male, in truth men were not being considered for that job, and we would have been more honest to have followed the original recommendation of the search committee. Henceforth when our selection narrows to two or three men, we will be blackballed. I know that they think this should be done. It is a point to be considered that the overwhelming majority of our undergraduate majors are women: last year the graduation figures were 62 to 20. This can not at all be taken as proof of male estrangement due to sexism, for there are far too many other possible causes. Nonetheless, I would never major in English if I were an undergraduate now, and frankly, I would have qualms advising other men to do so.

But grades are not the sole measure of what is going on in the classroom; as every student knows, the classroom ambiance has everything to do with freedom of inquiry. Our affirmative action drive in this department laid considerable stress — as well it should — on respectful treatment to women in all circumstances, including the classroom. Is respect for men equally a concern among us? There are many indications that it is not; sexist slams against men seem to be becoming more and more routine and acceptable among us. A relatively harmless example from two or three years ago that I personally found rather nauseous was the derogatory labeling of the 212 corridor on which I have my office as "mean street" and "boys' row." Yet these cheap shots simple pale before some of the first-hand witness reports that I have been gathering about comments in the classroom, in lower division undergraduate courses as well as in graduate seminars, and not just by politicoized students. How do you like this in-class professorialized pearl of wisdom: If men knew that they could get away with it, they would commit rape at once. The reference to men was a generalizing one. Or again: The XY chromosome is a nuisance: men are genetic freaks. Can you imagine what would happen if a male professor made such classroom comments about women? The preliminary version of our departmental affirmative action statement decrees anti-female sexism in such forms as insufficient eye contact or the use of critical adjectives like "thrill" or "slurid." Such offenses are not even in the same league as those to which men are evidently being subjected in our own program. And it is not only male students who have been outraged; some of the most eloquent protests that have reached my ears were from women them- selves. The other day one of our female graduate students was telling me how exasperating it is to sit in a class in which other students are ventilating undisguised hatred and vengefulness towards men, and to know that dissenting men in the class have only the choices of praying to be in their own bashing or else keeping silent. As a woman who could not at all endorse these attitudes, what a predicament this put her in! Yet to protest is a dangerous recourse. For a number of our students are convinced — and I believe they may be right in their conviction — that if they criticize the new orthodoxies in this department, they will be blackballed. I know this because several of them have told me so.

The time has come where we men are going to have to stand up for ourselves before we forfeit all claim to self- respect. There are people in the world today who have nothing but contempt for everything that we are. But as we take up this fight we need to remember that our respect for ourselves depends on our respect for women. They are not our enemies. It is only when we can learn to relate to each other in a spirit of mutuality and co -humanity that we can ever find a measure of happiness.
GOD AND WOMEN AT HARVARD

by JENDI REITER

One might expect a Divinity School to be the last bastion of tradition, particularly at a university founded by Puritans to train ministers for that Shining City on the Hill. But at the Harvard Divinity School, Christianity is an offensive word and being a white male is the new Original Sin. Future ministers learn little about the Christian tradition besides how best to revile it as a legacy of oppression. In the name of tolerance the spirit of Torquemada coerces students and faculty alike into accepting bizarre "alternative" theology and the radical political agendas that inspire it.

As an undergraduate majoring in the comparative study of religion, I have often found myself in classes whose scholarly aims were thwarted by the substitution of power politics for intellectual debate. Courses ostensibly devoted to the study of religion, I have often found myself in classes whose agendas that inspire it.

"alternative" theology and the radical political

In attending my classes, I have sometimes felt that I was in an upside-down, Wonderland world of gnosticism and apocrypha. For example, Bible classes treated the history of the early church (as recorded in 1 & 2 Timothy and Titus) as the equivalent of the Fall, since these books describe a more structured religious hierarchy than the egalitarian and woman-led spiritual movement that exists primarily in the fantasies of feminist teachers.

Yet revisionist methodology is nothing compared to the outright contempt for Christianity that is part of other classes at HDS. In Professor Elisabeth Schussler-Fiorenza's "Gospel Stories of Women," a female candidate for the ministry complained because she felt that the stories were being studied "from a Christian perspective." John Hinton, a PhD candidate at HDS, experienced this anti-Christian bias in Professor Margaret Miles "Christian History" class. Students were asked to list and discuss the practices and beliefs they considered central to Christianity. After 45 minutes, when nobody had yet mentioned God or Jesus, Hinton pointed out this fact. He was criticized by the professor and class alike as "hostile" and worse yet, "Christocentric." One student asked him, "Why does Jesus have to have a part in my practice of Christianity?"

But antagonism toward Christianity is more often framed in terms of women's liberation than individualism. In Professor Sharon Welch's "Introduction to Theological Education for Ministry," a mandatory course for all ministerial students, recent HDS graduate Richard L. Tafel questioned the course's "inclusive language" requirement for all student writing. He was attacked both by professor and fellow students. "Common decency is not something we need to discuss," he was told. "Can't you see how hurtful that language is to women?" Feeling that the class was still not sensitive enough to women, even after this harangue, Prof. Welch removed all her male students for a week and assigned a male teaching fellow to instruct them, while she herself taught only the women. Many of the men returned to "confess" how this experience had revealed their insensitivity to them. When Tafel failed to follow suit, he was publicly derided as a "typical straight white male." The irony was that he is in fact a gay activist.

The "inclusiveness" issue also surfaced in a course I was required to take, a tutorial introducing religion majors to the different methodologies of religious scholarship. In my first paper, I followed the usage of the author about whom I was writing and employed "he" and "man" to stand for the generic individual. I was reprimanded for this. When I protested that I found none of the current alternatives acceptable (s/he, she/he, etc.) I was told that I had to compromise. My next paper had comments like "I couldn't understand your argument in this paper because I found the male pronoun too distracting."

Not only does the Harvard Divinity School allow political crochets such as these to corrupt the teaching process, it also allows professors to produce radical scholar-ship that often roosts between the shoddy and the bizarre. Prof. Schussler-Fiorenza, for example, teaches that the Virgin Birth was an example of rape and aims to deconstruct tradi-tional religious scriptures. According to her, these "texts" (the biblical literary work de rigueur) are so laden with patriarchal values that they are all but worthless and a new theology must be created from scratch.

Professors who do not line up with this new orthodoxy are few in number and constantly embattled. When Professor Jon Levenson, who teaches Judaic Studies, gave a talk to alumni last year that criticized the politicization of HDS, he was reprimanded by the administration. Nor such fate befall Prof. Welch when she had her class pray (on the day that the U.S. bombed Libya) that God would forgive "the ruthless imperialists that kill babies."

Nor was anything done about the teacher of "Native American Religious Traditions," a class I was unfortunate enough to take. Instead of following the course syllabus, she got up in front of the students every day and railed about white prejudice against Native Americans, playing to a chorus of white students who confessed their guilt and to minority students who offered their own testimony of oppression. It was like attending a Holy Roller tent meeting.

In addition to producing weak and tendentious scholar-ship themselves, many professors permit and even encourage it in their students. In a course on "Religious Imagination in the Nuclear Age," class time was taken up by films on nuclear weapons and in weepy sensitivity-sessions about the patriar-chal rape and murder perpetrated by the military industrial complex. One student I knew who only went to class twice during the entire year and did no work at all except for a short film about the evil of nuclear weapons received an "A" in the course because of his political correctness.

There is something particularly sinister about this sort of thing when it exists in a Divinity School, even more than in an English or History department. Future ministers are not only being ruthlessly propagandized but also being taught to live in bad faith, simultaneously representing and denouncing their religion. Worse still, the monochromatic nature of the moral and political dualities they learn leads them to believe that people and their faiths are simple and capable of manipulation; that human needs can be simply repaired or easily dismissed, and that people in crisis can be "empowered" by shallow slogans and politically reeducated by finger-pointing.

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Establishment of federal services to solve all problems. Congress passed the Mental Health Act mandating the "badly adjusted" Americans were. Five years later, destructive behavior, Psycholosism is obsessively capitalism and its discontents make all who live within it elements combine to form the basic premise that from the outer limits of Zen psychiatry and one part apocalyptic indictments of capitalist wrong-doing that have specialized in anti-American statements and perhaps the universe is now is be-nicked. (No wonder Americans have so many psychological problems?) In a foreword to David M. Jacob's "Secret Life: Firsthand Accounts of UFO Abductions," Mack writes that "a huge, strange thing is happening: the intertwining breeding program has invaded our physical reality and is affecting the lives of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people and perhaps in some way the consciousness of the entire planet."
The Twenty-First International Transpersonal Conference in Prague in June, 1992, Mack addressed the gathering on "The UFO Abduction Phenomenon: What Does It Mean for the Transformation of Human Consciousness?" RobertJay Lifton happened to be at that same meeting, but his views, unlike Mack's, have not departed from prevailing notions of reality, at least not yet. He has always been a more serious writer and more traveling agent of Psycholosism than a fellow traveler. His old enthusiasm for the Protestant man of the counterculture and for Maoist notions of revolutionary immortality are somewhat muted these days. He has also stopped arguing for an orgy of mass guilt over Vietnam. But new expressions of his abiding faith in Psycholosism continue to appear.

In the 1980s, Lifton's Psycholosism held that capitalism not only gives rise to the military industrial complex (which gives rise to a vocarious appetite for nuclear weapons) and to the "nuclear state," but also gives rise to a collective psychological disease—"nuclearism." Lifton coined the term in a 1976 book "Boundaries," in which he characterized nuclearism as a religious belief designed to achieve world order for the benefit of all mankind. It is a belief that has been held for centuries, starting with the ancient Sumerians, who believed that the globe was a gigantic gnomon carefully aligned to control the totality of the human condition. And it was only a matter of time before some psychiatrist applied his trade to strategic matters, as Jerome Frank in "Mentality in the 90s."

With Eric Markusen, he published "Indefensible Weapons," written in 1982 with fellow Marxoid Richard Falk, nuclearism had become a political-spiritual sickness that inevitably follows as a result of nuclear capitalism's corrosive influence upon our lives. It was a very bad sickness; it literally threatened the entire planet. Peace activists were foolish to want only to freeze nuclear weapons. Good hearted but perceptually unscientific, they failed to understand that the mere existence of such weapons drives governmental institutions to want to modernize the planet.

Lifton has continued to harp on the strings of nuclearism in the 90s. With Eric Markusen, he published "The Gonocidal Mentality" in 1992 to prove that the nuclear war policy is comparable to Nazism. "Nazi and nuclear ideologues," Lifton and his partner write, "have in common the impulse to slaughter human beings in numbers that can only be termed infinite, and to do so in the name of preserving one's own group." Further to the point, "In the United States, the nuclear system takes on the configuration of a vast industrial complex...the dominant purpose...Profit making is at the heart of most of the separate elements of the system."

The psychological disease flowing from the sickness of capitalism was both consequence and cause of the U.S. led nuclear arms race; it had nothing whatsoever to do with Soviet strategic programs or geopolitical motives. Only our attachment of "species common sense" to Spielvogel and Markusen could spare the world a nuclear arms race leading to eventual mass destruction and planetary extinction.

Within months the collection of Lifton's somnous nonsense, the US and USSR were engaged in a bidding contest over maximum feasible nuclear weapons reductions. This was not because the capitalist demons in our own country got species common sense because they were captured by extraterrestrials. It happened because the USSR went out of business, breaking apart the international politico-industrial gridlock of the last 50 years. It is too late to be embarrassed; he ought to ante up with an admission of how wrong he has been for the last 25 years. But it is safe to bet that he will not give up nuclearism, assuming it survives after the end of the Cold War is going to involve quite a stretch.

The thing that is amazing in all this is that the nation's media continue to treat people like Lifton and Mack as if they have been mainstream analysts whose predictions were more right than wrong. Unfazed by Mack's journey into the hyperspace of interspecies, the New York Times' Joel Brinkley reported his worries that today's children would transfer their terror about nuclear war into terror about the greenhouse effect and ozone depletion. Similarly, Brinkley quotes Lifton in his Cold War piece to the effect that "the country is confused." The country? This from someone who has a ready check on the debates of the last quarter century, especially, not only to get the story straight for future generations, but because it might encourage some of the people who have been wrong from the start to establish a personal moratorium on further changes and predictions while we clear the air. There are some cases, after all, in which a cigar is only a cigar.

LETTERS continued
Dear Heterodoxy,
How could you omit Andrea Dworkin from your collection of wacky feminists? She is the godmother of them all. Andrea Dworkin is to feminism what Jack the Ripper is to date rape. No one does it with more purity of heart. According to Dworkin, the origin of woman's oppression lies in the fact that woman "has a hole." (See her treatise on the subject: "Intercourse." "She slit her belts, which means entry into her—intercourse—appears to be the key to woman's lower human status." It means lesser privacy, lesser integrity, lesser self and thus "estabishes her lesser significance." The hole at the center of woman's being is "synonymous with entry" and therefore regarding to Dworkin—occupation, as in a country that is occupied. This creates the political meaning of intercourse, which is the question: "Can an occupied people.. be free?"

Of course Dworkin does not believe for a moment that biology is destiny. A hole is only a hole until it is "socially constructed," in particular by women-hating, hetero-patriarchal males. By itself, nature is nothing. "Law creates nature." It is male-made law that makes the hole what it is (see Catharine MacKinnon for further enlightenment). Sodomy laws prevent other holes from being occupied, and thus their owners—men—from being condemned to inferiority and oppression. "They protect men as a class from the violation of their sacred" womans. The same laws define the function of intercourse as recreation and thus "the whole meaning of the fuck—gender—[is] resolved by its outcome in producing children."

Intercourse in a male-defined universe is thus the source of women's oppression. "Intercourse is the pure, sterile, formal expression of men's contempt for women." All-powerful, misogynist men define intercourse just as they define women. As the rulers of the body politic they have the power to decide how women will suffer, and specifically which sadistic acts against the bodies of women will be constrained to be normal. "In the United States, incest is increasingly the sadism of choice," says Dworkin. According to her, this form of sadism is directed against the female child with the idea of socializing her to her female status. The use of intercourse follows logically the idea that rape is becoming a central paradigm for intercourse in our time.

Dworkin's work is the center of a whole philosophical school of feminists. The editor of Sisterhood Is Powerful, Robin Morgan, praises the "elegance" and "scholarship" of Intercourse: the author of The Hite Report cherishes its "pure insights," while feminist theologian Mary Daly proclaims it a "monumental" work. The author of Mothers On Trial, Phyllis Chesler writes: "Dworkin's prose is elegant, her passion for truth profound, her longing for justice both lyrical and unrelenting, her use of history and literature stunning...

This philosophical school of which Andrea Dworkin is the founding mother could be called Cartesian feminism: hate, therefore I am.

Vincent Veritas
To put these figures in perspective, over 5,000 teens will be killed in car accidents this year, and about half of these deaths could have been prevented if those kids had been convinced they should wear seat belts.

If the teenage “epidemic” is a hoax, what about young people generally? Here the picture shows a similar decrease rather than an increase one might imagine from the headlines. AIDS cases of “collegiate age” youth (20-24 years) dropped from 1,626 in 1990 to 1,485 in 1991, according to the Center for Disease Control. The news accounts also generally failed to note that teenage cases comprise far less than one percent of all AIDS cases, that the 20-24-year-old cases comprise a mere four percent of all AIDS cases, and that cases in both these categories, few as they are, are actually declining as a percent of the national total.

Moreover, the largest category of teen cases has nothing to do with sex or even drugs, but rather comprises those who have received tainted blood products. Infection data from the military also shows a decline in teenagers HIV infections for white and Hispanic soldiers of teenage years, albeit an increase for black teenage soldiers. Blacks are consistently overrepresented among AIDS and HIV cases.

All these facts notwithstanding, long before the Congressional report was released, the media and the government had decided that teenagers must be made a special target for AIDS fear. As the New York Times put it some months before the House report came out, “As schools and public health officials increasingly realize (or more correctly, increasingly see) that AIDS is a real disease, they are increasingly out to prevent it from spreading.”

The motives of the government and its bureaucracy can be understood easily enough. They are the same motives that always drive government. One is the attempt to justify the existence of bureaucratic jobs and to expand bureaucratic power. The AIDS crisis is exaggerated for the same reason; the folks at the Small Business Administration will tell you that but for them American small business would go the way of the dinosaur; for the same reason the EPA has been able to tell Americans that the air is so bad that it constitutes a health hazard. The Downtown Chicago skyline is an EPA project, as are the multimillion-dollar federal research campaigns to save the whooping crane and the bald eagle.

Another motive is the control of immigration. The AIDS crisis is exaggerated for the same reason; the folks at the INS have been able to tell the nation that but for them American immigration would go the way of the dinosaur. The INS, for example, only recently learned that many illegal aliens are entering the country in order to get AIDS.

And a third motive is the control of information. The AIDS crisis is exaggerated for the same reason; the folks at the National Institute of Mental Health have been able to tell the nation that but for them the mental health of the nation would go the way of the dinosaur. The National Institute of Mental Health has been able to do this because it controls the money and it controls the researchers and it controls the data. The money has gone to the researchers who do the research that the NIMH wants done, and the data that is kept secret is the data that shows that the government’s actions are not working and that the government is not doing anything to control the crisis. The NIMH has been able to do this because it is a government agency and it has the power to control the money and the researchers and the data.

The government has been manipulating AIDS statistics from the very beginning. For instance, it decided that all AIDS cases from the Caribbean and African countries would be classified as heterosexual. This suddenly doubled the size of the heterosexual AIDS category, setting off the first wave of heterosexual AIDS hysteria by the media. To this day, as the Congressional report on teens and the media reaction to it indicate, there is a silent conspiracy to convince Americans of the truthfulness of “facts” that the government’s own statistical data shows are fictions.

What is going on?

One real difference between homo and heterosexuals involves promiscuity, or partner switching, to use a more clinical term. Despite claims of the AIDS establishment that promiscuity is promiscuity is promiscuity, as homosexual journalist and author Randy Shilts has stated, heterosexuals “can’t hold a candle” to homosexuals when it comes to having multiple partners.

Indeed, the average number of partners claimed by the early clusters of homosexual victims of AIDS, 1008, is a figure which—excluding fantasies, to be sure—is reached in the heterosexual world only by the Wilt Chamberlains and Julio Iglesiases, and there are precious few of them.

The other difference between homo and heterosexual is the difference between the anus and the vagina. Indeed, part of the AIDS disinformation campaign might be called a rear guard action since there has been a desperate effort to insist that all scientific evidence aside, an anus is essentially identical to a vagina. Yet one does not need to be a physiologist to know that all orifices were not created equal.

The cells of the vagina are tough and platelet-like, resisting rupture and infectious agents, and are designed to withstand the rigors of intercourse and childbirth. The anus, meanwhile, is made of columnar cells which tear or rupture easily. The thickness of the vaginal wall is much greater than that of the rectum, providing far more protection to the capillaries beneath. The vagina has natural lubrication while the anus has none.

For these reasons, anal sex has always been more dangerous than vaginal sex. Long before AIDS came on the scene, homosexuals were contracting—and dying from—hepatitis B in vastly disproportionate numbers to heterosexuals. Like HIV, hepatitis B is a disease spread almost exclusively through contact with blood or semen. Study after study has shown anal intercourse to be the sexual behavior most strongly associated with HIV infection. One study found that of 240 men in a test group, which became infected over the course of the study, all but four admitted to engaging in receptive anal sex. Another study found that receptive anal intercourse accounted for virtually all of 95 new infections among a study group, while a third study of 85 newly infected men found all but two reported engaging in receptive anal intercourse.

But to homosexual activists and their sympathizers, conceding the rectum is a more hazardous orifice for sex is tantamount to conceding that homosexuality is inferior to heterosexuality as a sexual lifestyle. Thus, in an article that recalls the tobacco lobby’s efforts in the 1930s to convince smokers that cigarettes were really health aids, the national gay magazine The Advocate informed readers in a recent issue that anal sex is actually good for you—it builds strong muscles. Thus, AIDS activist Jan Zita Grover wrote in the Marxist magazine October that, “The continued emphasis on risk groups rather than risk practices in press and political discussions of AIDS masks the evidently unspeakable fact that fundamentally there are no differences in sexual practices engaged in by gay men and by heterosexual men and women—only in the values to which they are subject.”

Paola Treichler in the same magazine stated that it cannot be that the anus is more susceptible to penetration by the AIDS virus than the vagina because this “protects not only the sexual practices of heterosexuality but also its ideological superiority.”

Graver's and Treichler's comments reflect the desperation the AIDS lobbyists feel over the unavailability of physiological proofs that their忏愧 of Americans is the number one recipient of federal research funds. This effort consists primarily of assertions that this disease knows no special victims, that it is democratic in its opportunism. Average heterosexuals did not really lend themselves to such hysteria. But because it is believed (without the support of research) that teenagers are extremely promiscuous, they have become a more believable focus for the AIDS establishment's efforts to convince us that we are all at equal—and very great—risk.

Popular television shows like "Beverly Hills 90210" and special presentations like PBS’s "In the Shadow of Love: A Teen AIDS Story" perpetuate the idea that teenage AIDS is more common than teen age. As has been claimed, more Indians have been killed in movies than in real life, it is equally certain that more heterosexual teenagers will contract AIDS on television than in the bedrooms.

All of this might be merely an amusing episode in the origins and progress of social hysteria except for one little fact. AIDS does continue to infect and to kill. And every message, every newspaper or magazine article, every television show, every dollar spent, targeting those at virtual no risk of AIDS is one less message, article, show, or dollar spent targeting those who are at risk. But then, since the beginning of this epidemic, information about the real risk has been hard to come by. The tragedy is that not only is AIDS an Equal Opportunity Killer—that has not happened and probably never will—but that the disease will continue to be defined by the ideologies instead of the epidemiologists.
I hereby announce the founding of a new discipline, misanthropology. Distinguished from all those ethnic studies departments that eulogize the virtue of one or another branch of humanity, misanthropology derives wisdom from studying the cruellness of human nature, taken as a whole and in all conceivable parts. In this respect, it is profoundly egalitarian. The Twentieth Century has proven to be the "golden age of utopias"—in practice. From the Thousand Year Reich to the various peoples' republics promising to establish workers' paradises, ideologies that presume the essential goodness of mankind (or a favored part of it) have set new standards for bloodthirsty cruelty. Contemplating this dim spectacle of dreams turned nightmares, the misanthropist concedes that nothing causes greater suffering than schemes to end it once and for all. Perhaps the greater kindness lies in appreciating the opposite truth, which the religious call original sin and the evolutionary biologist attributes to our less than the divine origins. Either way, we are profoundly imperfect beings. "Manners are more important than laws," wrote Edmund Burke. Ill-tempered creatures that we are, we need all the good habits we can get. If we become second nature, they can partly compensate for the first.

Swift holds a place of honor in misanthropy, for there was surely no one who despised Humanity more. He was the inventor of a whole branch of the discipline, physical misanthropy, which conveys an informed disgust for the human body. When Gulliver visits Brobdingnag, the land of the giants, his diminutive size forces him to see even the smoothest skin as pitted and deformed. When teenage girls undress before him, their beautiful skin exhibits so many blemishes that, far from "a tempting sight," it evokes "horror and disgust."

When Gulliver, standing in the King of Brobdingnag's hand, discourses on the glories of the human race, the good ruler, who has been listening with attention, at last deems "the bulk of your natures to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

I thought about this line when Jimmy Carter ran for president, promising to us all government "as good as our people." Heaven forbid! Lovers of human nature, those intellectual descendants of Rousseau, cause great harm, because they do not plan for dishonesty from the outset and, when it happens, regard it as an unexpected accident or reactionary conspiracy. I remember that Carter was honestly shocked—shocked!—by the Soviets' perfidy in invading Afghanistan, and screamed utterly at a loss when the Ayatollah would not respond to reason. Reformers everywhere are too often surprised when those who staff their benevolent institutions eventually show more concern for themselves than for their clients.

Misanthropists, by contrast, always first ask what effect a proposed reform is likely to have when (not if) it is adopted. If even then the reform might do more good than harm, they endorse it. In The Devil's Dictionary another classic text of the field, Ambrose Bierce defined a conservative as "someone who is enamored of the evils of the past; as opposed to a liberal, who would replace them with new ones."

In framing the Constitution, America's Founding Fathers proved themselves history's greatest political misanthropists. For no lover of human nature, no one without a healthy appreciation of demagoguery, corruption, and ill-considered impulse, would establish so many checks and balances on popular government. By contrast, Utopians concentrate all power in the hands of the entitled leader so that he can act all the more effectively for the public good. No document of Utopian literature, and no Utopian society ever established, divides government into three warning branches. The Constitution assumes that people given power will sooner or later abuse it. People have to be quite determined over a long period really to change their way of governing, which means that they will do so only rarely because (this is another misanthropic principle presumed by the Constitution) they are above all fickle. And so Utopian give us a parade of bloody dictators, while we get by with Watergate and Wilbur Mills.

Misanthropology 101 begins by carefully distinguishing misanthropists from misanthropes. More often than not, misanthropes are disillusioned Utopians, whose blind love of humanity has turned into blind hatred. For such misanthropes, people have refused to be saved, and so they deserve to be condemned, transformed en masse, or, if that is impossible, done away with. The revolutionary Utopians of Dostoevsky's The Possessed anticipate cutting off "a hundred million heads" for the good of that grand abstraction, Humanity. Misanthropists instead prefer to keep their attention fixed on particular people.

If a misanthrope encounters generosity, he can only accuse trickery, and so all good efforts are wasted on him. Misanthropes therefore always find the loathsome misanthropy it expects. By contrast, the misanthrophologist understands how rare generosity is, and how quickly it is lost. With these people, one finds a line of villains, in the form of motives-to-stay-alone-by, I'll be done for Christmas, You Can Bet Your Ass; Everybody's friend is everybody's fool; and, courtesy of Jean-Paul Sartre, "Hell is other people." "If you ever meet someone who cannot understand why solitary confinement is considered punishment," she tells us, "you have met a misanthrope."

Misanthropology 202 teaches a quite different lesson, the value of practicing politeness even when feeling otherwise. "Manners are more important than laws," wrote Edmund Burke. Ill-tempered creatures that we are, we need all the good habits we can get. If we become second nature, they can partly compensate for the first.
Not many people thought the Los Angeles Riot was funny, but I did. I freely admit it. I enjoyed great sweeps of it. I suppose you could say I had a good riot. Of course, like most everyone else I watched nearly all of it on TV, which probably had something to do with my reaction. Everything seems more pleasant on television. It was funny, for example, when a Hollywood producer decided something "had to be done." So what did she do? She got a bunch of medium-rate film and TV stars to come down to a studio in Burbank (far from the maddened crowds) and sign their names to a huge white piece of paper called "The Wall of Justice." Then, in front of Entertainment Tonight's cameras, they pontificated at length about how they pontificated at length about how entertainers "must do their part." It was especially funny when a grossly earnest Reginald Denny, in the opening minutes of his trial for the murder of Black gangster Fred Goldman, pronounced himself in dire need of food and disposable diapers, even though he had been in prison for eight months. It was funny, for example, when a sophisticated oatmeal-eating lawyer representing the sporting goods chain that was mugged by a young African-American gangster, had actually asked for it. According to the lawyer, the riots were orchestrated by governmental con-men; that most of the fires were actually started by Los Angeles citizens; and that poor Reginald Denny, the driver dragged from his car by the bloody crowd, had actually asked for it. At least he was honest. I have to laugh. The riots arrived like manna from heaven for the National Rifle Association. I like a big gun as much as the next American—I even own one myself—but I had resigned myself to their increasing unpopularity and generally told very few of my secret vice. I like a big gun as much as the next American—I even own one myself—but I had resigned myself to their increasing unpopularity and generally told very few of this secret vice. Now, after the riots, NRA membership will probably quintuple across the nation. Gun control laws will flounder. Having an NRA membership will be like having a law-number Party card. A Korean grocer will replace Charlton Heston as the NRA poster boy ("Two looters came into my shop, one left") and after seeing those Koreatown militias in action, all I can say is that Dirty Harry had better look to his laurels.

On Thursday night Hollywood burned. Acid smoke from torched malls drifted over our house while friends and neighbors fled to the northern counties. My wife deftly barbecued hamburgers on the back deck. I called friends on the east coast and pleaded with them for aid. "Forget the National Guard," I told them. "Send more Koreans!" I had to laugh when I heard the case of a small shop owner who heard that looters were attacking a large sporting goods chainstore nearby. He was worried because he knew the place was full of guns for sale. He rushed over to find the store under attack, but never seemed to want to talk to an ordinary African-American who worked for a living.

Saturday morning I drove a trunkload of groceries to the First A.M.E. Church on the northern edge of South Central. Locals were in desperate need of food and disposable dia-

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by MARK HOROWITZ

GIVIN' GOOD RIOT

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