The goal," says University of Washington Professor Johnnella Butler about the future of Women's Studies, "has grown from balancing, mainstreaming and integration (essentially addition) to transformation (radical paradigm shifts)." The paradigm shifts Butler is talking about are away from the "Eurocentric, male-based, heterosexist, sexist, racist, and classist orientation of college and university curricula."

Women's studies even trumps Ethnic Studies, which need to be transformed because they are "generally male-centered and scholarship, sexism, and heterosexism." And according to Paula Rothenberg, another Women's Studies, which need to be transformed of college and university curricula."

"Eurocentric, male-based, heterosexist, sexism, and heterosexism." And according to Paula Rothenberg, another Women's Studies, which need to be transformed of college and university curricula.

"What we are doing," says philosopher Elizabeth Minnich, "is comparable to Copernicus shattering our geo-centricity and the change is fundamental, as dangerous, and exciting." Mary Ellen Capek of the National Council for Research on Women calls it "one of the most significant revolutions that's taken place in the history of knowledge over the last couple of hundred years."

Clearly, the apotheosis of women's studies has arrived, a movement whose grandiose, "tomorrow-world" rhetoric might provoke laughter if it did not accurately capture the temper of the times. In fact, however, it has been a swift and amazing trip for women's studies from what some critics regard as a Jerry-built discipline to dominatrix of the contemporary university. Un-known prior to 1969, when the first official program began at San Diego State University, Women's Studies has, in slightly more than twenty years, grown like Topsy, a character in one of the books it has insisted be accorded a central place in the canon.

By end of the 70s there were over 100 women's studies programs at schools across the country. By 1977 there were 276. The number shot to 350 programs (and over 5,000 different courses) by 1982 and continued to grow during the Reagan years, supposedly the dread Era of Oppression and Cutbacks. On the discipline's twentieth anniversary in 1989 there were 530 programs, which has since increased to over 620.

Of the slightly more than 3,000 accredited colleges and universities in the United States, over 2,000 of them, according to the American Council on Education, offer some form of Women's Studies. Camille Paglia might deride the discipline as "institutionalized sexism" and "unchallenged groupthink," but over two-thirds of all universities, nearly half of all four-year colleges, and about one-fourth of all two-year institutions offer Women's Studies courses. There are also over 75 centers or institutes for women's-studies research, with three or four of these being added each year.

How to account for this triumph? Partisans of Women's Studies, of course, feel that the discipline has succeeded simply because of its intellectual power. Others say that its growing influence has been created, not earned; that the power of

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**PC DORM** by JOHN MILLER

When Tim Gregory applied to become a Resident Advisor for the dorms at Cornell University, he figured that he would spend his time settling arguments over loud stereos, recommending worthy classes and professors, and befriending younger students. That's what RAs do, he thought. They help young people negotiate the rapids that mark the transition from life as a high schooler with Mom and Dad to life as a collegian away from home.

Tim Gregory was wrong. His RA training program virtually ignored important topics like roommate disputes and methods of mediation in order to concentrate on correct language and viewpoints. During the workshop that introduced him to the mysteries of residence advising, Gregory learned that words like "black," "Hispanic," "girl," "minority," and "handicapped" were anathema. In their place, he was instructed to use "African-American," "Latino" (or "Latina"), "woman," "underprivileged," and "differently-abled." He had to endure a tide of white males, a group which enjoys a free ride through life, according to one speaker who addressed the workshop.

After his training period ended, Tim Gregory was expected to move into a role as social engineer promoting correct ideas among the impressionable freshmen. It was assumed that he would use the bully pulpit his status as Residence Advisor gave him to spread the PC doctrine and win new converts to the faith. With hard work he could assist the project of creating an egalitarian heaven on earth, or at least in his dorm. The only problem was that he had shown himself unreliable. During his training period, when Gregory challenged the claim that white racists developed the AIDS virus to annihilate black people, he was held up as an example of institutionalized white power, and several RAs conceived a grudge against him they held for the following year.

*This desire to engage in moral teaching and behavior modification at the university represents the resurgence of a familiar concept: in loco parentis.* Latin for "in the place of parents." This doctrine reigned supreme in the 19th Century when most colleges were denominational and under church discipline. By the
The Irish poet and composer Van Morrison wrote:

"I got to the "Reader Response" column imagine my surprise to find the adolescent diatribe of a "tenured female Harvard graduate" suggesting that you "put your tiny penises back in your pants" and that Camille Paglia's greatest wish was to "dryump Madonna." I don't understand what penis size has to do with the feminist agenda, this must be something that is taught only at Harvard.

Donald Otto Bothell, Washington

As loath as I am to squander a postage stamp, much less twenty minutes of time in composing this letter, I must insist you remove at once my name from your mailing list. Your rampant hate-mongering and lowbrow trumpeting of such reactionary non-scholars as Camille Paglia align you with the neo-nazis of last summer's Republican Convention. Sincerely, Karin Coddon Department of English Brown University.

I had reservations about subscribing — until I walked through my school's main entrance and saw Professor Leonard Jeffries, in full African regalia, on videotape, blathering his racist wet-dreams. This reminded why PC needs to be opposed.

No name.

I am so angered and enraged by your magazine that it has only deeply inspired me to continue to fight for equality, feminism, and true "political correctness." At age sixteen I have already become very involved and aware in my community and world. Not only did your publication upset and disgust me, but it also made me very sad because in 1992 people still think like you all do. It really made me want to cry to think that the male role models I am supposed to grow up with are people like you all.

Sincerely, Misha Snyder Baltimore, Maryland

I am 11 years old and I cannot thank you enough for publishing this wonderful paper. I go to public school in D.C., and to a lifelong conservative, that is hell. My schoolmates are a bunch of feminist, liberal, PC, vegetarian multiculturalists. Heterodoxy is just the thing for recovering from a six and a half hour school day surrounded by them. Conservatively yours, Sam Munson (Sent to the Editor of The New Republic): Are you aware that the mailing list of your subscribers is being sold to Heterodoxy, a publication of unrelenting hatred and bile? Please stop it.

Daniel Yanow San Diego, Calif.

Thanks for Heterodoxy and the copy of Deconstructing the Left by Collier and Horowitz. I come from a family who's cat was named Malcolm X (in 1967), so I'm desperately in need of finding my roommates. Your books and magazine are helping.

Robert W. Salk San Diego, California

Surely your mysteriously well-funded academic endeavor would be more aptly named "Hetero-Dice," or even better, "Hetero-Dicks."

Yours in mutual hostility

Barbara Schulman

You're really pissing off the PCs. I love the angry and insulting letters to the editor your publication is generating. It sure gives you an insight into their true character. Regards Richard

Dear Dixies,

Raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, I was a lesbian feminist in the late seventies. Imagine my shock when I moved to radical liberal, collegial Madison, Wisconsin and discovered who I had been following. We're talking narrow-minded, puritanical. The arrival of S/M, leather and butch/femme dykes was a historical dialectic inevitability. Hope they made it to Madison. I didn't stay around to find out. So, I appreciate the motive behind your rag.

Yours truly, Devorah Kranse Willits, California

Thank you, thank you, thank you for your spring expose on our former Dean Jerry Irish ["The Dean As Political Apparatchik"]. A few of us at Pomona followed your article with letters to our school newspaper and to the trustees, and Dean Irish has resigned. However, Jerry Irish will be returning to our campus as a Professor of Religion, and we desperately need your help. Please continue your work.

Samantha Good Pomona College

Being a "red diaper baby" and a refugee/refugee from the Left, I've appreciated the efforts you have made to get the Left to experience what should be its "crise de conscience." Unfortunately, but not unpredictably, the Left seems to have just paused for a moment, excused itself by its good intentions ("I wasn't what we wanted") and proceeded on its arrogant, self-righteous way. It never learns from its experience because it never pays the price — others do, usually in the millions.

Don Tabor New York City

After scanning your garbage [sic], one can only think "who says Hitler was wrong?" Don't send anymore. I don't want it.

(Illegible signature)

This is the most offensive [sic] piece of reactionary trash that has ever polluted my mailbox. You represent an element of evil that has challenged the goodness in humanity for years. What is wrong with you?

J. O'Malley

Charles Perry's concern that "homeless" might someday be replaced with a politically correct euphemism proved prophetic but also late. For those who do not know, the PC person will only refer to the "undomiciled" when being harassed for spare change on the street. Note how the more sophisticated choice to use a five syllable word in place of mere two syllable word like "homeless" or the even simpler one, "barn," that does the job just as well. I'm not sure what multi-syllabomism has to do with multiculturalism, but I suspect that some correlation exists.

Michael Anderson Chicago, Illinois

May I suggest a possible contributing factor to the growth of PC on campuses. Take a group of intelligent people, confine them to an environment that requires that they work only 10% of the time, with no risk attached to job performance. I have just paused for a moment, excused myself by its good intentions, ("I wasn't what we wanted") and proceeded on its arrogant, self-righteous way. It never learns from its experience because it never pays the price — others do, usually in the millions.

John Brinon Allentown, Penn.

I must confess that your publication confused me at first. Then I got it. I'm on to you guys now. You are all radical feminists. Why else would you create a publication so senselessly vicious as to be totally discreditable? Jill Derhy, PhD Lecturer, Consultant Anthropology Gardnerville, Nevada

Your biggest little rag makes me sick. I just sent a check for $25 to the ACLU. Thanks for the motivation! No signature

Stop sending me your trash; I'm not the slightest bit interested in anything you have to say. Go to hell. Joan Ehrenberg Political Science Long Island Univ.

Too bad you wasted your money sending your racist, fascist, homophobic drivel to another radical feminist pagan like me.

No name
JUSTIFYING THE EXISTENCE OF HETERODOXY: "The power base of the left in America is now in the universities since the trade unions have largely been killed off," philosopher Richard Rorty recently told a panel at the University of Virginia. "The universities have done a lot of good work by setting up, for example, African-American studies programs, women's studies programs, gay and lesbian studies programs. They have created power bases for these movements."

PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF BLACKNESS: Recently, the Langsam Library of the University of Cincinnati requested members of the university community to name their favorite book. Eric Abercrombie, the Director of Minority Programs and Services submitted the following response: "My favorite book is The Holy Bible because it provides the blueprint for salvation. Also, it represents the true truth regarding Afrocentric human creation and existence. In spite of white racist efforts to enslave black people and fallacious symbols and information, the true historical and sociological documentation clearly represents that black people were the original people and that all of humanity came from the womb of black women. Furthermore, according to society's classification of race, it is evident that Jesus is a black man. Therefore, even though white racists have presented the idea that black people have contributed nothing to humanity, The Holy Bible clearly indicates that we have made the most important contribution."

GLOSSOLALIA: Jeantz Martin, specialist assistant/Americans With Disabilities Act Coordinator at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee) offers these no-no's in referring to people with disabilities: "AFFLICTED WITH — connotes pain and suffering. Most people with disabilities are not in pain, nor do they suffer. CONFINED TO A WHEELCHAIR — A wheelchair doesn't confine; it frees someone. DEAF AND DUMB — People who are deaf have healthy vocal cords. If they do not speak, it is because they have never heard the pronunciation of words. INVALID — This word means literally "not valid." Everybody is valid."

ALCOHOLICS SYNONYMOUS: In October, the Residence Advisors at Columbia University's John Jay dorm organized a series of group sessions for Alcohol Awareness Week. The PC advisors arranged separate groups for blacks, women, gays and lesbians. White heterosexual alcoholics need not apply.

BANG THE DRUMS SLOWLY: At a recent meeting of the Washington Multicultural Men's Conference, things at first didn't go as planned. By the recent meeting of the Washington Multicultural Men's Conference, the administrators, Bart left behind this quip as her intellectual legacy: 'There are not as many female rapists as male rapists.'

QUEER COUNTRY: "Imagine losing your home and job, being harassed and beaten. Imagine having your love called a crime... Imagine being lesbian or gay." This is part of a radio ad which the Gay and Lesbian Activists Alliance of Washington DC tried to place on popular country radio station WMZQ. Initially station general manager Charlie Ochs turned it down because he felt it would offend his listeners. But then the Alliance filed a complaint with the DC Human Rights Commission and the Mayor's office said that homosexuals are a protected class under the federal Hate Crimes Act and informed Ochs that not running the ad would be against the law.

BLOODSUCKERS: At Duke University, this year's Halloween tribute was sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Association and Screen/Society. It was a Lesbian Vampire Film Festival—an evening of lipstick porn featuring titles such as Mark of Lilith, Because of the Dawn, Love Me True, and, of course, that old classic, Sucker.

KOSHER CONVICTIONS: Back in October 1989, Tim Glass, co-owner of The Beach Club Deli in Minneapolis, decided that just as he didn't have to serve drunkards, so he didn't have to serve people who performed abortions either. So Glass waited for the abortion proponents at the Minneapolis Women for Women to phone for the abortion proponents at the Midwest Health Center for Women to phone in their next take-out order and then refused to fill it. Glass went out of business soon after the incident, largely because of a whispering campaign against him by the women in the Health Center. But Director Jeri Rasmussen decided to sue anyway, arguing that she had been discriminated against in not getting access to combed beef on rye because of her beliefs. The Del's attorneys were understandably taken aback and pointed out that Glass was supposed to behavior, not belief. But incredibly, the Minneapolis Civil Rights Commission panel that heard the case ruled that Glass was guilty of breaking a state law and city ordinance which prohibits discrimination based on "creed." Attorneys for Glass have appealed to the Minnesota Court of Appeals to see if abortion really qualifies as a religion.

The Future President Protects His Political Viability

ENEMIES WITHIN: Marilyn Schuster, Chairperson of the Department of Literature and Susan Van Dyne, Director of Women's Studies—both at Smith College—have a dog and pony show that shows up at places like Ohio State University. It is called "Race and Gender in the Curriculum: Stages in the Process" and the subtitle is obviously more important than the title. Schuster and Van Dyne hold an "interactive session" for professors in which they explore the six stages of curriculum transformation. They concentrate on "incentives that can motivate faculty to rethink courses."

But the focus of their effort is as follows: "By exploring issues of power in the classroom, they will assist participants in identifying typical sources of resistance within themselves and their students and their disciplines."

When will the Ford Foundation get around to funding the next step in the process: sending these professors off to the countryside to work with the crops while they contemplate the need for personal and curricular transformation.

BLACKSLASH: Pauline Bart, sociologist at the University of Illinois, has not been able to teach her courses this semester and may be severed from the school. Bart claims she is the victim of a "backlash" on the part of men who are against her "therapeutic" attempts to make her classes safe for the "large numbers" of women in them she believes have been raped. But last spring Bart stepped over the line as far as Donald Dixon, a black social work major, was concerned. Dixon alleged that Bart had said in class that he "fit the profile of a male black rapist." Bart denied the accusation but admitted that she felt Dixon and two other men had threatened the women in her class by "disruptive" comments. The administration, by ordered Bart to leave behind this question was her intellectual legacy: "There are not as many female rapists as male rapists."

A JEW DIES IN BROOKLYN: A little over a year ago, Yankel Rosenbaum, a 29 year old Australian student was surrounded by a crowd of angry blacks in Crown Heights Brooklyn, following a fatal auto accident in which he played no part. As the crowd chanted "Kill the Jew! Kill the Jew!" Rosenbaum, a Hasid, was stabbed and mortally wounded. A police officer arriving at the scene arrested Lemrick Nelson Jr. Nelson was brought to the dying Rosenbaum, who identified him as his assailant. The bloody murder weapon was found in Nelson's pocket and he confessed to police that he had indeed committed the crime. On October 28, Nelson was acquitted by a jury of 6 blacks, 4 Hispanics and 2 whites. There was no riot. In fact, there was no public outcry over the verdict except among the Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights.
When some 5,000 students staged a protest in behalf of a Black Cultural Center at the University of North Carolina last month, the event had an identity that combined the staccato rhythms of rap with the hysteria of a tent meeting. The Rev. James Bevel, onetime SNCC leader and more recently Lyndon LaRouche's Vice Presidential running mate, was there. Spike Lee, promoting his film Malcolm X and his line of politically correct clothing, made a grand entrance midway through the proceedings. But the character of the event was established by Dr. Khalid Muhammad, a Minister of the Nation of Islam when he looked out at the racially mixed crowd and said, "I'm tired of a blonde-haired, pale skinned, and take control. ("The crack is not the problem," said, for the black man to stand up for himself out at the racially mixed crowd and said, "I'm Minister of the Nation of Islam when he looked established by Dr. Khalid Muhammad, a Muslim minister.

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The days of the dashiki and swooned Afro hairstyle are over, but black nationalism is, if anything, a more potent force than ever on college campuses. In the 60s and 70s, black radicalism centered on getting a foothold in the university — establishing Black Studies courses and getting a slice of the budget. But in the 80s something unexpected happened: the quest for black power was overtaken by the emphasis on black pride, and black student unions began to be infiltrated by Islamic ideology. The "X" popularized by Spike Lee and others was not only a fashion statement but also a political code. The Nation of Islam, which was discredited in the 60s, has been provided intellectual shortcuts. In a racist ideology that mirrored the racism of society, Muhammad taught that blacks were the supreme race. They had been led astray from the true path of Islam by the whites. The book Nation of Islam's chronicle of human history, Muhammad wrote that about 6,000 years ago a demented scientist named Yakub created the white man, taught his new religion." Ferguson praised Hitler, warned of the coming vengeance of the Nation of Islam. Kooky prophecy and conspiracy theories could explain a host of intractable facts: that a quarter of black males were in prison, that the black family had imploded in chaos, that drugs ravaged the black community, and that a black underclass had solidified as a black middle class was growing. The peculiar thing was that while mainstream black America still regarded the Nation of Islam as a fringe group and while a large part of Louis Farrakhan's appeal is to people locked in slums and prisons, a generation and education gap had opened in which the Nation of Islam began to acquire a following among middle class black students. Buoyed by the advent of political correctness which destroyed intellectual standards and traditions, the Nation of Islam's influence over black college students is not confined to Chapel Hill. The Islamic presence on campus has grown exponentially over the last few years. Muslim ministers appear at large and prestigious universities like Harvard and at smaller institutions like Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, where they spread the same message. At Trinity, a violent debate was sparked by the appearance of Louis Farrakhan, one of the traveling messengers of the Nation of Islam. Muhammad leveled inflammatory charges at Jewish students claiming that Jewish doctors were responsible for the AIDS epidemic, having heartlessly injected black babies with this "man-made" virus. Moreover, the white man, according to Muhammad, had robbed the black community of all their achievements. In a statement similar to the fabrications of Soviet encyclopedists who held that everything had originated in the USSR, Muhammad said that Thomas Edison's claim to have invented the electric light bulb was bogus and he had only stolen the conception of his black assistant. During the time of Muhammed's appearance, one Trinity student reported seeing a member of the Fruit of Islam bodyguard slip on a patch of ice behind the student center, causing a semi-automatic handgun fly from his shoulder holster and onto the ground. The man quickly picked up his gun, tucked it back under his overcoat and continued down to the campus center.

At Columbia University, a group of over 200 black student activists rallied to preserve the Audubon Ballroom where Malcolm X was killed as part of a power struggle within the Nation of Islam. Soon the students broke into a

the world of the Caucasoid stain.

It was a message whose hatred and paranoia limited the number who could be converted. After the death of Elijah Muhammad in February of 1975, the Nation of Islam underwent a dramatic split. Wallace Muhammad, Elijah's son, took his father's place at the helm, and, after three months of leadership, decreed that whites were no longer the incarnation of evil. He began to steer the Nation away from bizarre social theory and toward a more orthodox version of Islam. They split the Nation into two camps, those who followed Wallace Muhammad and those who maintained loyalty to Elijah Muhammad and the man who picked up his doctrines, the former Louis X — Louis Farrakhan.

Farrakhan, who had dropped out of Teachers College to become a black and country singer, continued the message of African American self-discipline, focusing on self-sufficiency and independence, but also stepping up the attack on the evils of the white man, especially Jews. Farrakhan praised Hitler, warned of the coming vengeance of the Nation of Islam. Kooky prophecy and conspiracy theories could explain a host of intractable facts: that a quarter of black males were in prison, that the black family had imploded in chaos, that drugs ravaged the black community, and that a black underclass had solidified as a black middle class was growing. The peculiar thing was that while mainstream black America still regarded the Nation of Islam as a fringe group and while a large part of Louis Farrakhan's appeal is to people locked in slums and prisons, a generation and education gap had opened in which the Nation of Islam began to acquire a following among middle class black students. Buoyed by the advent of political correctness which destroyed intellectual standards and traditions, the Nation of Islam's influence over black college students is not confined to Chapel Hill. The Islamic presence on campus has grown exponentially over the last few years. Muslim ministers appear at large and prestigious universities like Harvard and at smaller institutions like Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, where they spread the same message. At Trinity, a violent debate was sparked by the appearance of Louis Farrakhan, one of the traveling messengers of the Nation of Islam. Muhammad leveled inflammatory charges at Jewish students claiming that Jewish doctors were responsible for the AIDS epidemic, having heartlessly injected black babies with this "man-made" virus. Moreover, the white man, according to Muhammad, had robbed the black community of all their achievements. In a statement similar to the fabrications of Soviet encyclopedists who held that everything had originated in the USSR, Muhammad said that Thomas Edison's claim to have invented the electric light bulb was bogus and he had only stolen the conception of his black assistant. During the time of Muhammed's appearance, one Trinity student reported seeing a member of the Fruit of Islam bodyguard slip on a patch of ice behind the student center, causing a semi-automatic handgun fly from his shoulder holster and onto the ground. The man quickly picked up his gun, tucked it back under his overcoat and continued down to the campus center.

At Columbia University, a group of over 200 black student activists rallied to preserve the Audubon Ballroom where Malcolm X was killed as part of a power struggle within the Nation of Islam. Soon the students broke into a
When Dinesh D'Souza, author of *Liberal Education,* finished addressing a crowd of 600 students in Wollman Hall at Columbia this fall, Rodney Crump, President of the Black Student Organization, stood up and began to yell. "D'Souza has no respect for the history of black Americans beginning with slavery," Crump shouted as the BSO cheering section broke out in cheers. "We had 400 years of affirmative action, affirmative action of white males," Crump continued to rant, winding up by asking, "How long are the Republicans not going to allow the oppressed people of this country to receive our due retribution?"

Ignoring the malapropism, D'Souza answered that slavery had been a worldwide phenomenon which the West had in fact ended, and that if he were not himself a "person of color" he would not even be allowed to point this out. Accusing D'Souza of doing the bidding of the white man, Crump launched into a new rant, at which point the organizers of the event pulled the plug on his microphone.

It was, by the standards of most schools, a fairly inflammatory moment, a flashpoint between black and white which could have escalated. But for Columbia, it was actually about as close to racial amity as it gets. A far more typical occurrence for the campus was one that had taken place about a year before Dinesh D’Souza’s appearance, when a student named David Cohen was working after hours in an office at Earl Hall, a Columbia University student center, and heard the sound of a gunshot and breaking glass.

Cohen knew that a fraternity party was in progress and the building was filled with people. As he flung open his office door, he was thrown back by a crowd scurrying on all fours trying to dodge from stray bullets. Cohen pushed his way out of the office in time to see a young black man disappear up a flight of stairs, shot gun in hand. When he found the hosts of the party, the fraternity brothers of the black fraternity Alpha Phi Alpha, they cooly told him not to worry because the man with the gun was "with us."

A university investigation was held and a report duly filed and duly ignored. The party had been unusual because unlike usual student affairs, invitations to the Alpha Phi event were posted in neighborhoods all around Columbia, including high crime areas like Harlem. Columbia's Dean of Minority Affairs defended what to many seemed a risky and imprudent gesture by saying, "It is important to show the community that we live in that we appreciate it and respect it."

Paying a small debt to reality, Columbia had required the Alpha Phi sponsors to set up a metal detector to search for concealed weapons. The checkpoint apparently failed because, as witnesses reported, "guests" climbed through second story windows to avoid paying admission. Other witnesses reported seeing bands of black teenagers covering the walls of the bathroom with graffiti as they smoked marijuana and drank beer.

Dumbing down these incidents might seem, however, no disciplinary action was taken against Alpha Phi Alpha. In respect to any fraternity but Alpha Phi this would have been unusual since the administration at Columbia, like other progressive colleges, has a record of hostility towards the fraternity culture, and indeed that same semester had taken stern measures against two others.

The Jewish fraternity Sigma Alpha Mu had transgressed by printing the name of a Columbia co-ed in their newsletter, along with the information that she had slept with a number of fraternity brothers. For this, the Sigma Alpha Mu brothers were placed on disciplinary probation, ordered to write letters of apology, and stripped of their first frate. Members of another fraternity, the FIs, were found guilty of what a Columbia official called "shapism" when it defaced a sorority's street mural with the words, "I Love Fat." For this crime, members of FIJI were sentenced to 600 hours of community service.

But the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity is black. Indeed, the very fact that it is exclusively black is a mark of the special privilege such an organization has at Columbia (and other colleges) since no other ethnic group is allowed to segregate itself and exclude members of other races.

The pandering of Columbia to such pathologies as racial exclusivity when they happen to be black can be directly traced to the radical Sixties when the University was taken over by student protestors and capitulated to their demands. The famous 1968 occupation of five buildings at Columbia, led by Mark Rudd and other soon to be leaders of the terrorist Weather Underground, began as a protest against the building of a new athletic facility in Morningside Park. The protestors saw this as a kind of imperialist aggression on the black neighborhood surrounding the campus. The gym was never built, but a pattern of appeasement that would last for decades was established.
In 1971 the Columbia chapter of the Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (NROTC) was forced by the university to vacate their campus office in the Hartley building, another capitulation to campus radicals. The ostensible reason for Columbia's decision was the Navy's alleged discrimination against homosexuals. In a symbolic transfer, the NROTC office was turned over to one of the radical groups, the Student Afro-American Society (SAS). It re-opened as a new black student center called the Malcolm X Lounge.

No sooner had the Student Afro-American Society created this liberalized zone than it published a mission statement revealing that even without the NROTC, the policy excluding homosexuals was going to remain in force. "In a time when black people are working to create a nation of men and women, they don't have time to wallow in the mud with people who cannot decide if they are men or women." The university took no position. It was one thing to make demands on the U.S. Navy and quite another to make demands on black students.

The Malcolm X Lounge exists to this day not as a liberalized zone but as an area that is separate but more etiologically created this liberalized zone than it published a mission student center called the Malcolm X Lounge. American Society (SAS). It re-opened as a new black ostensible reason for Columbia's decision was the Navy's serve Officer Training Corp (NROTC) was forced by the

That remark became the casus belli of a major campus confrontation. BSO phones rang all night and by 8 A.M. much had been organized across the campus to fraternity row where the activists chanted "No Justice, No Peace" and demanded that Sodl and the Sigma Chi chapter be expelled for being forced to leave the hearing room, but were wrestled to the ground by the police. Opponents also made their way upstairs to the Student Government offices and sucessfully passed the bill.

The racial hostility that continues to haunt the University exploded last December when the black students, angered at what they felt was the Student Government's inadequate funding of the Black Student Union, presented the Black Awareness Movement — the name was selected for the acronym, BAM — and demanded a non-negotiable "cash on demand" of $30,000. The BAM students were led by Nikitah Imani, Prime Minister of the Local Order of the 99, a student organization of militant blacks who often show up on campus wearing berets, camouflage trousers and combat boots. On the evening of December 3,1991, Imani and his "soldiers" led some 20 black students into a hearing room of the university Senate. While besmirched administrators looked on, several BAM members openly threatened student senators with physical harm if the BSU budget was not approved. At one point, while two administrators and two university police officers looked on, a black student named Raymond Sweet ran to the Senate table, wrestled the gavel from the Pro Tempore's hand, bashed it on the podium, and began to yell menacingly that the senators had to pass the bill.

The Columbia University administration has played an active role in encouraging the totalitarian attitudes of the BSO. From day one every student that enrols at the college is required to go through sensitivity training designed to make them race conscious, to accept a set of values in which white males are demonized and where double-standards are the rule. As Dean William Wiggins puts it, the university "stresses that students will have ongoing program." This is accomplished by a network of multi-cultural coalitions and committees with Orwellian names: the Civility Committee, the Intercultural Resource Center, the Ethnic Diversity Awareness Program. Each student is transformed into a different color chip in the mosaic of the Columbia University global community, unless, of course, the student happens to be white. At Columbia, whiteness is an absence of color and absence of content.

The presence of Padgett and Imani was a reminder of events that have at times during the past year threatened to turn the University of Florida into a racial battleground, events that have gone beyond talk or negotiation or even activism and have threatened instead to subject the student government to a black reign of terror. The Black Student Union President Latha Gethers charged that whites can't understand racism because of their "inability to empathize with pain." Other students testified to the hostility they had encountered on campus.

The BAM students were led by Nikitah Imani, Prime Minister of the Local Order of the 99, a student organization of militant blacks who often show up on campus wearing berets, camouflage trousers and combat boots. On the evening of December 3, 1991, Imani and his "soldiers" led some 20 black students into a hearing room of the student Senate. While besmirched administrators looked on, several BAM members openly threatened student senators with physical harm if the BSU budget was not approved. At one point, while two administrators and two university police officers looked on, a black student named Raymond Sweet ran to the Senate table, wrestled the gavel from the Pro Tempore's hand, bashed it on the podium, and began to yell menacingly that the senators had to pass the bill.

Disturbed by what was happening, several student senators attempted to leave the hearing room, but were challenged at the door by black students who attempted to keep them from leaving. Meanwhile, several BAM members made their way upstairs to the Student Government offices and

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FLORIDA US CURRICULUM OF EXTORTION

by RAYMOND GENTRY

Early in October the Institute of Black Culture at the University of Florida staged a forum on racism. There was the usual homogenized anger, guilt-baiting, and heavy rhetoric common to such events. Black Student Union President Latha Gethers charged that whites can't understand racism because of their "inability to empathize with pain." Other students testified to the hostility they had encountered on campus. Then David Padgett, Minister of Education for a militaristic black group calling the Local Order of the 99 got up to say that racism is a "mental illness that's instilled in most white folks." And Nikitah Imani, the Local Order's Prime Minister, followed to say that "black white forums" are by definition useless.

The Black Students Organization makes its presence felt in the campus life of both black and white students. Just before closing time at the Pies (a bar in the student activities center) a few years ago, a white football player and Sigma Chi fraternity brother named Matt Sodl and a BSO student named Mike Jones inadvertently bumped into each other. Sodl's drink spilled on Jones. Sodl apologized and then teased Jones lightly "I like your haircut," a reference to his new boxcut and pencil twists. Jones reacted to the remark as a racial insult. Words were exchanged and the situation led into a brawl between the blacks and the whites, with the whites getting the best of the fight. After the fight was broken up, the verbal violence continued. Jones promised to get his "homeboy" and his "posse" from the surrounding Harlem neighborhoods, and one of the frat boys (the BSO contended it was Sodl, others present denied it) said, "We're gonna kill you niggers."
acceded three student government officers who were working there. As one of these students put it later on, "They had to push us out against our will." Robin Jones, an SGA secretary, said that BAM members turned the lights off, shined a flashlight in her face and when she resisted their orders to leave, "one of the men tried to physically push me out the door." Senator Carl Klein tried to telephone security but was strong-armed out of his office. Once in control, the BAM students proceeded to trash the office. SGA secretary Linda Smart described what she saw the morning after the takeover: "Furniture strewn everywhere, personal items broken, machinery broken, computers unhooked and other student government property destroyed."

While the eight BAM members upstairs were barricading themselves in at SGA offices, downstairs student government Senators and the members of the newly formed BAM coalition continued the escalating verbal brawl. Though it was the first time the senators had seen the new budget request from the Black Student Union, and normal procedure typically requires a review period of two weeks, BAM members demanded the bill be signed on the spot. Student senators were shouted down in their own chambers, and — according to several in witnesses including law student Jason Unger, Senate President at the time — "threatened with physical violence" if they didn't sign the new budget bill.

Nikiah Imani said that the actions were justified because black students had to do "something drastic," to get the attention of Student Government senators. One-time Black Student Union president Tony Crawley told The Alligator (the UF student newspaper) the day after the takeover that "Student Government doesn't care about black students." He also justified the events of December 3 on the grounds that the BSU had in the past been under funded for Black History Month and needed to get the attention of the student government. The claim that they had been second class citizens in the distribution of student money was wholly false, according to officers of student government, merely a way for militant blacks to justify their strong armed tactics. According to Marshall Rothman, chairman of ACCENT, the student government speaker committee, student government had "worked closely with the BSU in the past." He said that ACCENT paid close to $17,000 for Alex Haley to speak during Black History Month three years ago. Student senator Karl Klein pointed out that the BSU is the only student organization which has a rider attached to its budget guaranteeing money from ACCENT for speakers.

In response to the December 3 melee, University of Florida President John Lombardi stated in a letter to The Alligator a week later, "We cannot approve of or permit activities that threaten, harass or intimidate members of the university community." Retreating immediately from this hard line stand, he also explained that "it comes as no surprise to find some African American students frustrated over their access to the resources that Student Government distributes on behalf of all students." What Lombardi did not bother to point out regarding BAMs demands for $50,000 was that with the $9,318 already allocated to the BSU by the student government before December 3 and the approximately $13,000 set aside for Black History Month Speakers by ACCENT, the Black Student Union, which represents less than 1% of the student population of the university, was already guaranteed more money than any other student organization on campus for the 1991-92 budget year.

The outcome of the December 3 confrontation was wholly in the favor of the militants of BAM. Following the three hour standoff in which approximately 100 BAM members staged a sit-in the lobby outside the occupied student government offices (they didn't sing civil rights songs but rather chanted, "Cash on demand!" and "You better have my money!"). Prime Minister Imani of the Loyal Order of the 99 negotiated a deal with the University's Chief of Police, administrators, and student government officials. Those who took over student government offices were granted immunity from arrest, the $13,000 being held for black speakers was transferred from the ACCENT budget to the BSU, and student senators pledged another $6000 to the organization. But claiming he had signed the new budget agreement "under duress," ACCENT chairman Marshall Rothman nullified his part of the agreement several days afterward. The nullification of the ACCENT agreement prompted a series of meetings between BSU leaders, members of the Loyal Order of the 99, student senators and administrators. Students reported that during these meetings black leaders in effect threatened violent disturbances if the money — not just the $13,000 but the $30,000 originally demanded — was not swiftly delivered to them. "There was no quid pro quo," said one student involved in the meeting, "but it was clear that if they did not get the money that there was a very good possibility there would be a riot.

A supplemental budget hearing was quickly scheduled and BSU was allocated a total of $25,932.50. Then University President John Lombardi quickly raised the remaining balance of $4,067.50 to make up the $30,000 originally demanded by the BSU. In a telephone conversation I had with Vice President of Student Affairs Art Sandeen, an administrator for 17 years at U of F, he said this amount was more than has been given by the President's office to any student group during his tenure at the university. This was a rare moment of administrative candor. In a meeting I had with President Lombardi shortly afterward, he attempted to avoid charges that he had capitulated to threats by claiming that he had actually told Imani that he would give the BSU money for Black History Month prior to the events of December 3. However, under closer questioning, Lombardi admitted he had never really "promised" the money, but only said to the Prime Minister of the Loyal Order of the 99 that he would "try to find the money, if necessary.

University Chief of Police Everett Stevens told me in a telephone conversation a month after the takeover, that what happened December 3, 1991 was "an act of terrorism," and that several laws were broken, including vandalism, obstruction of a public facility, breaking-and-entering, and assault via threats. But none of the eight who forcefully entered and occupied SGA offices were arrested. In fact only five of them were identified because as they left the SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult. State Attorney Len Register, while saying that it was "not open season" on taking over SGA offices, the lights were turned off in the lobby and over 100 BAM members formed a wall around them, making identification difficult.
by JAY OVEROCKER

Back in 1989, Fortune writer Daniel Seligman got so fed up with reading yet another Washington Post story about the demise of the traditional "Ozzie and Harriet" nuclear family he did a computer search on the phrase "Ozzie and Harriet" and turned up some 80 stories just in the previous six month period. What was the context in which these two names were typically invoked? "A politician was on stage," Seligman found, "reciting the news that the traditional nuclear family — the kind symbolized by the Nelsons during their marathon stint on black-and-white TV — was dead or dying. Usual moral of the recitation: we need a government program to help the new nontraditional family — the kind where mom is a cop, the kids are on dope, and dad is nonexistent or worse."

In the three years since Seligman did his little survey, announcements of the death of the nuclear family have gotten much more intense, especially since Dan Quayle spoke out on its behalf, leading countless reporters, essayists and commentators to attack him for his regressive patriarchy.

"The white middle class family is a fairy tale," sniffed Ellen Snortland in the Los Angeles Times.

"The Reagan/Bush administrations were trying to recreate the "June Cleaver nuclear family," charged Tammy Bruce, president of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Family Research Council, is that many middle class, well educated feminists erroneously assume that "every one lives the same way they do." That is to say, in fast-track urban enclaves with disproportionately high rates of alienation, anomie, divorce and single parenthood.

Another, larger reason is most reporters' lack of patience with (and insight into) statistics. The Daily News reporter cited above, for example, thought that only 20% of children under 18 lived with their parents. What the Census actually shows, says Census Bureau information specialist Larry Hugg, is that 72.5% of children in the country under the age of 18 live in a home headed by a married couple. Another 21.6% live with their mothers only. The remaining 6% live with their fathers, grandparents or other guardians.

In Los Angeles County, for instance, allegedly a bellwether of breakdown, the figures are even more dramatic with the percentage of children living with two parents ranging from 89% in white middle class areas, to 47% in impoverished and chaotic Compton. For Los Angeles County as a whole, the figure is 64%.

"So why do so many people think the nuclear family has disappeared? One reason, suggests William Mattox, Director of Policy Analysis for the Family Research Council, is that many middle class, well educated feminists erroneously assume that "every one lives the same way they do." That is to say, in fast-track urban enclaves with disproportionately high rates of alienation, anomie, divorce and single parenthood.

But attempt actually to understand the statistic. The percentage of households made up of nuclear families has certainly declined, but the reason isn't because most kids nowadays are being raised by single moms or strangers. The reason is that there are so many more households made up of widows, college students, childless married couples, empty nest couples, and gay households. If you confine your inquiry to what Mattox calls "the universe of children" (which is what you must do if your goal is to discover who is raising the children), then you discover, he says, that "70% to 75% of all kids are being raised in a nuclear family."

Then where, you might well wonder, do people like Connecticut Senator Christopher Dodd get off saying that only "one in ten American families" fit the fifties mold of dad at work and mom at home with the kids? Or how can Colorado Congressperson Pat Schroeder preach from her bully pulpit as chairman of the House Select Committee on Children, Youth and Families that "the traditional Ozzie and Harriet" family represents a mere 7.1% of all American families?

The short answer is that Schroeder uses statistics the same way the Queen of Hearts uses words — "They mean whatever I want them to mean." In order to make the percentage of traditional families (a breadwinner father, and a mother at home with children) look vanishingly small, Schroeder includes in her calculations both families with children and those without any at all. (This alone makes the problem of the nuclear family look 50% worse than it would otherwise). Further, she defines "traditional" to mean only those families where the mother does no work whatsoever outside the home. (Under the government classification, says William Mattox, even an hour's work a week outside the home is enough to cause a woman to be considered a working mother).

But the most deceitful aspect of Schroeder's semantics is to use the phrase "traditional Ozzie and Harriet family" not according to general usage (a mother and father and some kids) but quite literally as a family exactly like the Nelson's with a mother and father and precisely two children (David and Ricky). Under Schroeder's definition, a family with one child isn't a "traditional Ozzie and Harriet family" and neither is a family with three or more children.

Demeaning nuclear families and the fathers who play a pivotal role in them has a history that stretches back at least to the 1960s when feminists first started constructing the clichés which held that marriage is a "comfortable concentration camp." This was Betty Friedan's groundbreaking phrase which Hillary Clinton plagiarized in a now famous 1974 article in the Harvard Educational Review when she described marriage as "a dependence relationship" not unlike "slavery and the Indian reservation system."

The anti-male part of this attack was a contempt that...
stretched even to children of women's own wombs. Thus, in a famous 1974 article in Ms., a feminist related the disgust she felt when her ob gynist held up her newborn and it turned out to be a member of the oppressor class: "All I could see was cock!" The family was patriarchal and therefore a bastion of a conservative social structure.

The rantings of the radical feminist left had an impact. As University of Southern California sociologist Carlilf Broderick points out, a spate of books soon began to appear confidently predicting the death of the nuclear family or at least asserting that it would have give way to more "flexible institutions."

Not surprisingly, says Broderick, the people hurt most by the denigration of fatherhood and the attack on the much maligned "traditional" family were the least able to defend themselves—the children. "The hippos had this notion of the free human child, who didn't belong to his parents but was everyone's child, who had no sexual hangups and didn't have to learn the alphabet or any hard thing and why should they beencumbered with the constraints of the ages. It turned out that the kids couldn't read or write or add or hold jobs. It turned out that the kids who had multiple parents didn't have any parents. They tended to be abandoned and sexually abused and drug abused. They turned out to be the saddest children of all because their parents didn't take adult responsibility for them."

Despite all the predictions about the need for more "flexible" family structures in the 60s and 70s, the family didn't disappear, not even when, in the 80s, the gay and lesbian movement lent its voice to the attack. ("You can't erase a million years of human evolution in a ten year period," says Broderick.) And by the mid-eighties a widespread if fragile con-sensus was attempting to form around the notion that all things being equal a two parent home was better for children than one.

But then Dan Quayle gave a speech blaming the L.A. riots on the disintegrating family structure in the inner city. Suddenly there were hundreds of intellectuals and critics—who had previously been forced to hold their tongues because of the evidence showing the salutary nature of the traditional family—who emerged from the closet to bash the nuclear family because it had once again been identified as a fortress of conservatism.

The most egregious example of such ideological attacks was an astonishing front page article in the Washington Post, which argued among other things that fathers were much less important than had previously been believed, new research having indicated that the education of the mother was now the most important factors in a child's prospects, and, at least for black girls, having both parents was worse than being raised by a single mom.

In the post-Quayle furor the view that the family was the fountainhead of racial and sexism once again was proposed. Family values was a code phrase for hate, "family values and the cult of the nuclear family," wrote Katha Pollitt in a particularly obnoxious piece in The Nation, "is at bottom just another way to bash women, especially poor women."

As for the father, under the new dispensation, he is at best irrelevant and at worst dangerous. "...Nothing is more unsuitable to the needs of the young than suitable role models," New York writer Leonard Krieger asserted in the Los Angeles Times. "The idea that role models can make substantial contributions to the prospects of the young... is nonsensical."

It's no mystery why so many poor women rely on welfare checks, argued feminist social critic Barbara Ehrenreich: they're a lot less trouble than relying on a man. "I disagree that a father's influence is positive," snapped Tammy Bruce, President of the Los Angeles chapter of NOW. "I think it is absurd to say that a boy needs a father." "Abuse, she sputtered in an interview in the aftermath of the Quayle speech, "'skystorets' when a father is present in the home. The only way to keep men from passing their violent "male mind set" to their sons.

Children of unmarried mothers are twice as likely to end up in juvenile hall, three times as likely to be expelled from school and six times as likely to live in poverty. As for the radical feminist notion that the easy way to make boys love women is to remove them from their father's influence, Farrell says, "We have been raising boys without fathers for 20 years in the black community, and the result is not gentle black men. The result is a society in which black men are likely to be in prison as college."

In the inner city, teen-age mothers do not get married; and almost half of the young men are arrested before they reach 18. "The black community is being destroyed by this," says UC Long Beach psychologist Kevin MacDonald. "Anyone who says single parent families are good for black people is nuts." Even so, every time someone tries to address the issue of the family, the media elite responds not so much with an analysis of the problem as an attack on the messenger.

When Dan Quayle came to Los Angeles last May to tour a public school, a Los Angeles Times editorial characterized his remarks as "simplistic put downs of the evils of single motherhood."

And the Times gleefully described a 14-year-old girl's faulty challenge to the vice-president: "What would you prefer? A single mom, or a dad who gets drunk and beats your mom?" As if there were no other alternative.

For over 20 years now certain radical feminists have been making the case that men are wife-beaters, rapists, child abusers, murderers and plunderers of the planet all for the purpose of delegitimizing marriage, destabilizing family, and marginalizing men. So when someone comes along and says, "Hey, wait a minute, children need fathers," it generates "real anger," says Playboy's man's columnist Asa Baber.

Baber got a first hand lesson in just how deep that anger really was when he took part in a debate last Mother's Day with feminist author Susan Faludi at the 92nd Street Y in New York City. During his opening remarks to an audience of 1000 feminists, Baber noted that on Mother's Day the phone circuits are usually jammed with people calling home. But on Father's day, finding a free line is no problem. He noted, "We have to ask why there is so much less interest in fathers." "It brought down the house," Baber says of his comment "At first, I didn't get it. I thought my fly was open. I said, 'If you think this is funny, you are going to think this is a laugh riot. I think the fact that our fathers are so much out of the loop is a major tragedy in our culture.'"

At this point, said Baber, the audience stopped laughing and started hissing. Why, I asked him, because they thought men were useless, irrelevant and potentially dangerous?

"You got it," Baber said.
RIGOBERTA MENCHU TUM

Killing government informers (and alleged government informers) is a common if not especially appealing part of the revolutionary ethos. It is engaged in cold-bloodedly by those virtually and absolutely convinced they are in the right. People happy to engage in such ruthless killing, however, are not normally awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

But Rigoberta Menchu—a militant supporter of Marxist-Leninist guerrillas and this year's Nobel Peace Prize winner—is such a person. She narrates the incident on page 146 of her (miswritten) autobiography, "I, Rigoberta Menchu, an Indian Woman in Guatemala," a piece of agitprop drivel now admitted by Stanford University to the canon of the world's great books.

For some years now Rigoberta Menchu, only 33, has been the world's most celebrated Indian, traveling about the civilized Western world, honored and feted by intellectuals, progressive academics, Spanish-language teachers, Latin-American enthusiasts, and, naturally, Marxist-Leninists. As the bloom has gone off the rose of Marxism, you might say, thousands of Indian wannabees have rushed to take the place of mere Marxists to worship at the shrine of this rotund little Guatemalan woman—discovered quite marvelously to be the perfect, living symbol of all the evil the white race has done in the Americas.

The 500th anniversary of Columbus's voyage and the "encounter" of two civilizations (European and Indian, in case you haven't been keeping up) has obviously been a big year for Miss Menchu. Her aggressive lobbying, in fact, is partly responsible for the United Nations declaring 1993 to be the "International Year for Indigenous Populations." And, indeed, Berkeley, California (where else?), has officially renamed Columbus Day, to be known henceforth as "Indigenous People's Day."

So all you indigenous peoples of the world, of Somalia, for example—you murderous brigands, thieves, looters of U.N. relief supplies, merciless starvers of hundreds of thousands of other Somalis—know that Rigoberta Menchu has won the Nobel Peace Prize for you. The next relief truck you pillage, or the next emaciated, starving Somali you see gasping his dying breath by the roadside, remember Rigoberta Menchu and what she has taught us all.

And what might that be? the uninformed observer might well wonder. The Nobel Peace people in Oslo (not Stockholm) have honored a richly-varied and vapid assortment of personages ranging from Teddy Roosevelt and Gen. George Marshall, through Mother Teresa and Martin Luther King, Jr., to a curious collection of persons whose "peace" credentials are to say the least questionable, such as the IRA's Sean MacBride and North Vietnam's Le Duc Tho.

RIGOBERTA SPEAKS

"...If we couldn't use our escape route or any other of our security measures, we should at least have our weapons ready—the weapons of the people: machetes, stone, hot water, chile, salt. We found a use for all these things. We knew how to throw stones, we knew how to throw salt in someone's face—how to do it effectively...We've often used lime. Lime is very fine and you have to aim it in a certain way to go into someone's eyes. We learned to do it through practice; we practiced taking aim and watching where the enemy is. You can blind a policeman by throwing lime in his face. And with stones, for instance, you have to throw it at the enemy's head, at his face. If you throw it at his back, it will be effective but not as much as at the other parts of the body..."

"...As I said, I was engaged once. At one time he wanted a lot of things in life: a nice house for his children and a peaceful life. But I didn't think like that. We're known each other since we were children, but unfortunately he left our village and had to go to the city. He became a factory worker, and then really turned into a compañero...with good work prospects who thought differently from the way I and my village thought. So, when I became a revolutionary I had to choose between two things—the struggle or my companero. There I was between these two things—choosing him or my people's struggle. And that's what I chose, and I left my companero with much sadness and a heavy heart..."

"...We came to the conclusion that we had to form a united front...Out idea is to put into practice the methods initiated by the masses when they evolved their "people's weapons": to use their knowledge. What we use most in Guatemala are propaganda bombs. For the First of May, we carried out many actions and set up barricades. We wanted to weaken the government economically, politically, and militarily."

From I, Rigoberta Menchu: An Indian Woman in Guatemala (Verso Books, 1991)

Since Le Duc Tho split the honor of a Nobel Peace award with Henry Kissinger during the Vietnam peace bubble of 1973, one can assume that if the Germans had only delayed their further conquests after Munich for another year of so, Adolf Hitler might well have split a Nobel Peace Prize with Neville Chamberlain. The reasoning of these Norwegian peaceniks often seems about that deep.

Nobel Peace committee members did not, of course, claim that every single action ever taken by Rigoberta Menchu has been peaceful. Which would indeed by difficult, as Miss Menchu is an ardent supporter of Guatemala's Marxist-Leninist guerrillas, and there have been 253 political assassinations in Guatemala in just the first six months of this year. But it was the Nobel Committee's clear conclusion, in the words of the award, that Rigoberta Menchu's "long-term goal is peace."

But General Patton's long-term goal was peace. Audie Murphy's long-term goal was peace. You want a guerrilla supporter? What's the matter with Ollie North? His long-term goal was peace, too.

What swung the vote for Rigoberta Menchu—who in Nicaragua championed Daniel Ortega's Sandinistas against the country's Indian rebels—is that she is a Marxist-Leninist groupie first and an Indian second. She has declared emphatically that abuses of Indians by Right-wing governments (and these abuses are very real) should be met by a "just war."

But when the Miskito Indians of Nicaragua started acting up, annoying her Sandinista friends it was an entirely different story.

The Sandinistas murdered any number of Nicaraguan Indians, deported 70,000 of them from areas controlled by the Contras, and burned count less Indian villages to the ground. And what was Rigoberta Menchu's response to this repression of Indian peoples? A total and fervent defence of Sandinista orthodoxy. She went among the Miskitos, arrogantly lecturing them on why they should be perfectly happy to accept deportation from their Indian villages.

I, Rigoberta Menchu, Indian from Guatemala celebrated as an Indian-rights activist throughout peace-loving Scandinavia, am telling you, Indians from Nicaragua, that you'd damn well better do what my Sandinista friends here tell you to do. Or else.

How many members of the Nobel Peace Committee actually waded through the pre-school prose of /, Rigoberta, I have no idea. But another cute story it contains is how the young Rigoberta learned to throw lime in policemen's faces, blinding them. But she would blind them benevolently, you understand, her heart filled with love, in a Nobel Peace Prize sort of way, in the long-term interests of peace.
Women's Studies is political rather than intellectual, and that this is a synthesized revolution brought into being by the big banks of philanthropic organizations like the $6.1 billion Ford Foundation. The notion that Women's Studies should have sprung full blown from the head of such an organization might tap a phallic-centric myth, but the career of Mariam Chamberlain-Bernstein who violés that career highlights—suggest that this view may be the correct one. Founding President and resident scholar of the Nova Council for Research on Women, Chamberlain was formerly a program officer in the Ford Foundation's powerful Department of Education and Culture. She admits that many of the Women's Studies programs were "part of my portfolio" in her days at the Foundation. Chamberlain recently teamed with Alison Bernstein, a former Princeton Dean who now holds Chamberlain's old job at Ford, to chart the short march of Women's Studies to prominence in "Philanthropy and the Emergence for Women's Studies," which appeared in the Columbia University Teacher's College Record.

As Chamberlain and Bernstein tell it, in 1969 a group of faculty at Cornell organized a conference to examine "issues raised by the women's movement." They found a "phenomenal" but "neglect and often distortion" in the academy which "clearly called for a remedy. "Administrators proved cooperative. "There was one program for Women's Studies at the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin. By 1983, 12 more centers were established to institutionalize it; and then new journals were created to give it a simulacrum of intellectual respectability at the same time that professional lobbying organizations were built to protect its gains. Yet in a way all three of these stages were only the prelude to what comes text, a sort of booster rocket for the ultimate payload. This payload is transformation. Under the current plan, Women's Studies will no longer simply be localized in separate departments on campus like other disciplines. Now it will be integrated and mainstreamed into every nook and cranny of the university, transforming the entire curriculum of higher education.

Once again Ford has been instrumental in what its advocates hope will be the last stages of a permanent revolution. As early as March of 1985, Ford launched a project designed to "enable these [Women's] Centers to collaborate with minority scholars and racist-ethnic studies programs in planning and implementing projects to incorporate research and teaching about women of color into the undergraduate curriculum." Ford projects at institutions including UCLA, Barnard College, Metropolitan State College in Minnesota, and the University of Pennsylvania are designed to achieve the same end. In 1989 Ford also funded the work of the Mainstreaming Minority Women's Studies Program.

As in other stages of the revolution, other foundations have joined Ford and the Ford Foundation and government agencies like the Fund for the Improvement of Post-Secondary Education, which currently makes grants ranging from $15,000 to $150,000 per year for such projects. Caryn McTighe-Musil, former Director of the National Women's Studies Association, was recently the recipient of a recent three-year FIPSE grant to assess the progress of Women's Studies in transforming the curriculum all over the country.

It is something like perpetual motion. In an era of declining budgets, there is money to start Women's Studies programs, money to keep them going, and money to monitor how efficaciously the revolutionary ends are being achieved. In the beginning it was a revolution imposed from above and without; now it has become wholly internal. Over the last six years, Ford provided core support for women's research centers at Berkeley, Columbia, Harvard, the University of Michigan, and the University of Wisconsin. By 1983, 12 more centers were funded by Ford. These institutions, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, "provided models for the rapid expansion of campus based research centers that followed." Included in this category are the Southwest Institute for Research on Woman at the University of Arizona, which serves a four-state region, and other centers at the Universities of Washington, Duke, North Carolina and Memphis State. In 1982, Ford and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation helped establish the Spelman College Women's Center. Stage three of the Ford blueprint for Women's Studies consisted of support for publications and associations. Ford was a major funder of Florence Howe's Women's Press, which Mariam Chamberlain and Bernstein, call "one of the most influential advocates of Women's Studies." (The omnipresent Chamberlain is herself a member of the board of directors.) Howe and her associates used a Ford grant to produce Who's Who and Where in Women's Studies, which listed some 3,000 feminist teachers and 5,000 courses in over 2,000 colleges and enabled the mops in this war on curriculum to coordinate their efforts. A network congealed around the journals, the growth of which, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, has been phenomenal. Women's Studies Programs within the Ford network, for example, appeared in 1972, while SIGNS: Journal of Women in Culture and Society made its debut in 1975 under the leadership of Catherine Stimpson. Ford helped launch SIGNS, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, while the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Lilly foundations have funded special issues. The Feminist Press puts out Women's programs over a three year period to $19 million. The second stage of the revolution had arrived. This involved a change in emphasis from making grants to individuals who would establish a case for Women's Studies to the creation of women's "research centers" that would begin the institutionalization of the revolution.

In 1974, Ford funded the Institute for Research on Women and Gender at Stanford. (Susan Faith) would eventually write her book Backlash at the Center, showing how the agenda of Women's Studies involved outreach from academic to the popular culture.) Over the next six years, Ford provided core support for women's research centers at Berkeley, Columbia, Harvard, the University of Michigan, and the University of Wisconsin. By 1983, 12 more centers got Ford money. These institutions, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, "provided models for the rapid expansion of campus based research centers that followed." Included in this category are the Southwest Institute for Research on Woman at the University of Arizona, which serves a four-state region, and other centers at the Universities of Washington, Duke, North Carolina and Memphis State. In 1982, Ford and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation helped establish the Spelman College Women's Center. Stage three of the Ford blueprint for Women's Studies consisted of support for publications and associations. Ford was a major funder of Florence Howe's Women's Press, which Mariam Chamberlain and Bernstein, call "one of the most influential advocates of Women's Studies." (The omnipresent Chamberlain is herself a member of the board of directors.) Howe and her associates used a Ford grant to produce Who's Who and Where in Women's Studies, which listed some 3,000 feminist teachers and 5,000 courses in over 2,000 colleges and enabled the mops in this war on curriculum to coordinate their efforts. A network congealed around the journals, the growth of which, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, has been phenomenal. Women's Studies Programs within the Ford network, for example, appeared in 1972, while SIGNS: Journal of Women in Culture and Society made its debut in 1975 under the leadership of Catherine Stimpson. Ford helped launch SIGNS, says Bernstein and Chamberlain, while the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Lilly foundations have funded special issues. The Feminist Press puts out Women's...
Women's Studies has grown at a prodigious rate because private, corporate and public organizations have regularly injected the movement with huge doses of financial steroids. But in spite of all the financial successes, says Ford consultant Beverly Guy-Shaffer, Women's Studies "is at a critical juncture in its evolution and [still] requires substantial external funding." That funding appears to be on the way, from old and new sources.

Last year, old reliable Ford gave the National Council for Research on Women a grant of $100,000 for a national conference for scholars, policymakers, and journalists on educational diversity, including "controversies arising from efforts to include material on women and ethnic minorities in the undergraduate curricula.

With their desire to be on the cutting edge, funding organizations are backing the " queer studies" phenomenon which is moving into a dominating position in the discipline and is part of the attempt to transform the curriculum. The target of this part of the movement is "heterosexism" and "hetero-patriarchy" (which one participant at a Women's Studies conference described as "the complex process by which infants are transformed into male and female gender personalities...")

The Women's Studies program at San Diego State University, California's largest public campus with 35,000 students, offers a course in the Historical, Cultural and Social Exploration of Lesbianism in Western Civilization. At the University of Minnesota, a class in Lesbian Culture exists alongside offerings such as Women in Liberation Struggles, which deals with the social and political concerns of women in Lesbian Culture. The Faculty of Social Work offers a course in "Transgender Studies with books such as The Women's Studies Director Jacquelyn Zita herself teaches a course in Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Studies with books such as The Bathroom Line: Butch-Femmes Relationships and Lesbian Sex Wars in the 80s.

Among those organizations striving for transformation there is some concern that lesbian issues are underfunded. Last year the National Network of Women's Funds sent out a "lesbian survey," to its member organizations. Questions included: Do you fund lesbian projects? Do you intend to include lesbian projects in your funding priorities? Total grants versus lesbian grants? How many lesbians participate in your fund? Do you outreach the board for representation of lesbians? Do you outreach the lesbian community? Do you target fundraising in the lesbian community?

The most outstanding program of transformation, and without hesitation and Chamberlain, is the New Jersey Project. Since 1986, the state of New Jersey has poured over forty grants totaling over $1.5 million into this project of "integrating the scholarship on gender." The director of the program is a self-proclaimed Marxist feminist named Paula Rothenberg of William Patterson College. Rothenberg has made no effort to hide her commitments, and is well-known with an admirable nature of gender radicalism. About the nature of American democracy she has said: "In lieu of economic democracy, Americans are encouraged to participate in the process... freedom of speech and freedom of political and intellectual freedoms which are robbed of their content by the unequal distribution of wealth and power in America." About the nature of the American family she says: "It is biased in terms of both patriarchy and heterosexuality." Neither property rights nor patriarchy, says Rothenberg, will "yield without a struggle."

Rothenberg's New Jersey Project is that struggle. It tries for intellectual respectability by saying that it seeks a curriculum which integrates "issues of women and gender, race, class, ethnicity, and homophobia and heterosexuality." The Project conducts conferences, workshops and regional network meetings throughout the school year and holds a residential summer institute designed to bring together "the best scholars in the state and the nation." Yet it is gender radicalism backed by state money and unleased not only on students at the university but on those captive in the public education system.

To help stretch the mandate for Women's Studies to the public schools, Rothenberg has sponsored a conference that will deal with grades kindergarten through 12. Rothenberg is not the only one to take seriously the mandate, but "in a decade relationship to the invisible elements of the universe."

Lateral thinking, says McIntosh, "needs to be presented as central to education" as well as institutionalized, honored, and made part of the job description. McIntosh speaks of "100 years of change" that will be required to usher in her lateral/lateralism.

Idea-llogical fundamentalists on a roll the impresarios of Women's Studies have ignored opposition from ser-ous critics of the movement such as Camille Paglia and philosopher Christina Hoff Sommers. Paglia defends Women's Studies with books such as Beyond Politically Correct: Reclaiming Success of the knowledge base transformation that's actually gone on." Capes knows all about PC because she is the director of an NCRW project called Beyond Politically Correct: Reclaiming Diversity in the Curriculum," to which Ford contributed $100,000 in 1991. The project, says a Ford report, "seeks to support mainstreaming pro-grans by providing in-depth assistance for implementation and evaluation." Having fomented the revolution, the Foundation now gives money to stamp out the counter-revolution.

Guarding their gains and spreading the revolution at home, the subsidized radicals of Women's Studies have also set sail to colonize the rest of the world and transform it in their own image with what they call "global reach." On every front, Chamberlain says, the strategy is "further, further, further." Peggy McIntosh's SEED program has already set up shop in four foreign countries. Chamberlain and Bernstein say that the Ford Foundation, with its network of field officers is "in a strategic position to play an important role in the international arena and has already subsidized a number of programs.

Through such initiatives foreign societies too will be enlightened. They too will learn the delights of horizontal thought, the dangers of "ahistorical discourse," and the notion that exact thinking is "male" and therefore malign. All the pseudo-scholarship and dronyy-at-peace of feminist goofing off. Goddess trinkets and sub-titled versions of We're Talking Vulva" (title of a recent vide by the National Women's Studies Association) will no doubt follow, along with Urdu and Swahili translations of the World According to Paula Rothenberg.

They've come a long way Baby. And they're not finished yet! By K.L. Billingsley
No text provided.
"EXPLORING NEW WORLDS"

A Planetarium Show at the Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian

Reviewed Gregory Lagana

Most people would naturally assume that at the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum they can get a good dose of, well, air and space. The museum's claim that the exhibit is an "opportunity step for an understanding of the nation's capital and a mecca for families looking for an enjoyable educational outing for the kids. It's an oasis from Washington's political heat. Some place like New York's Riverside Church might feature chic political dialogue and poetry, but this museum is an oasis of fun for the kids.

For my seven-year-old son, Exploring New Worlds was supposed to be an unforgettable experience—a trip through earth, space, reality, perhaps. Although he would have to comprehend the unbelievable through what we assumed would be an ingenious use of light and special effects. After all, we were in the first first-person experience of information and artifacts on aviation and space exploration, a celebration of this country's proud achievements in flight. Space was the final frontier and this film would be the next best thing to being there—light years of space travel compacted into a near half hour, with perhaps a touch of patriotic pride because of America's pivotal role.

Cut to the black-and-white film clip of several school children in the Air and Space Museum. The children are watching a film titled "Exploring New Worlds." The film is shown in the museum's Einstein Planetarium, which boasts a 360-degree projection and interactive exhibits. The film is called "Exploring New Worlds" and is presented by the Smithsonian Institution. The film aims to educate young viewers about the history of space exploration, with a focus on the contributions of American scientists and engineers.

The film begins with a scene of a young boy and girl watching the first launch of a spacecraft. The boy comments on the incredible sight, exclaiming, "This is so amazing!" The girl agrees, "I can't believe we're seeing this!"

The narrator of the film, a prominent sci-fi author, begins by discussing the history of space exploration, from the early 20th-century efforts to launch rockets to the moon landing of 1969. He explains that the United States took a lead role in this endeavor, with NASA playing a central role in the success of the moon landing.

The film then moves on to discuss the many advances in space exploration since then, such as the International Space Station and the Mars rovers. It also highlights the contributions of women and minorities in the field of space exploration.

The film concludes with a summary of the impact of space exploration on our understanding of the universe and our place in it. The narrator reminds viewers that space exploration is an ongoing endeavor, and that there is still much to discover.

The film is very visually appealing, with lots of colorful images and graphics to illustrate the points being made. It is also very educational, providing a good overview of the history of space exploration and its impact on our understanding of the universe.

Overall, Exploring New Worlds is a great film for young viewers who are interested in space exploration. It is both educational and entertaining, and it does a great job of conveying the excitement and wonder of space exploration. It is highly recommended for anyone who is interested in this topic.
MARY LOUISE PRATT

Imperial Eyes: Travel Writing and Transculturation

Routledge, 257 pages, 16.95
reviewed by Douglas Fowler

This is a book with an axe to grind, but after all it is
1992 and a good year to grind axes — the five
hundredth anniversary of that disastrous historical
moment when Christopher Columbus brought the
'Eurocapitalist' bacillus to the New World. But
don't look for original theory or perception here.
While books like Pratt's are ostensibly concerned
with some-thing they call capitalism, the concept
has no objective existence as a mode of economic
activity but is used as a sort of all-purpose term of
denigration: something grown-up white men do
with money.

Of course we find here those same old grinding
tools for the axe, too: Marx, Freud, feminist
revisionism, Third World mythopoeia and so on. In
fact, if Pratt had not borrowed her epigraph from
that famous white Western phallogencentric sage
Yogi Berra ('You can observe a lot just by
watching'), she would have achieved a text of
immaculate gender-bigness, a perfect 10.

The neologisms are symptomatic, too, seemingly
laid into the texture of the piece to provide it an
aura of scientific reality fresh from the laboratory.
Like so much of the revisionist prose in the
humanities these days, the writer borrows through this
cross-dressed vocabulary the prestige of our era's
great scientific achievements in order to make his/her coffee table
revolutionary tract look portentous.

Not that the readership for Imperial Eyes will be
bothered by all this. They will instinctively appreciate Pratt's motives. In fact, the dust-jacket
will tell them of what they need to know, for it
represents an 1879 painting of a white
Western male being carried up the Andean
Cordillera in a backpack apparatus stretch-ing back
from the forehead-sling of a noble peasant,
(Tite: La montee de l'agonie.)

An authentic study of the cultural resonance of
travel writing and travel reading on the cultures
reported on would be something else. But that aim
is really only the neglected pretext for this book, with
all its fancy talk of autoethnographic expression' and
"bourgeois texts" and bourgeois, author-centered ways
of knowing texts," of reimagining and "strategies of
innocence," of allegorizing empire and of the
"commodifying, greed-glazed eyes of the English
engineers" and so on and on. As literature, Imperial
Eyes is an act of gender-revenge, its gestures toward
analyzing politics and economics and cultures really a
gentile mask for the pornographic thrills it purveys in
that distinctly 1990s academic sub-genre, the feminist
man-bash. This purpose is so urgent that Pratt
everywhere deforms her descriptive structures and
discursive prose to achieve it.

For example, because so many of her Western
male travel-writers from Humboldt to Theroux are
mere observers rather than the active oppressors
her melodrama demands, Pratt concocts the notion of
the "anti-conquest" to describe a type of narrative
that furnishes the material for a great deal of the text.
As far as one can tell, Pratt seems to use the term
"seeing-man" to denote a sort of passive-aggressive
observer (like Humboldt to Theroux) who only
seems to be innocent, objective, even on occasion
sympathetic to the natives. ("The main protagonist
of the anti-conquest is a figure I sometimes call the
'seeing-man,' an admittedly unfriendly label for the
European male subject of European landscape
discourse — he whose imperial eyes passively look
out and possess.")

As usual with this sort of politicized revisionist
critique in the contemporary American academy, the
reader must note and then pass over the logical flaws
in this definition. Why are only male voices identified
with the "unfriendly" label — isn't it possible that
"seeing-women" could "passively look over and
possess" the non-Western world as arrogantly as their
brethren? And how do eyes passively possess by
conquest? Don't ask: This work is explicitly written in
the spirit of gender-antagonism. This is the motive of
its composition; this will be the explanation of its
success.

Little is accomplished even in terms of what Pratt
has set out to do. Although her chapter headings
have a trendy grandiosity about them ("Science,
Planetary Consciousness, Interiors," "Reinventing
America/ Reinventing Europe: Create Self-
Fashioning."), Pratt only gives us a few initial
swelling assertions affirming the importance of
African and South American colonial imaginations
vis-a-vis the European metropolis and then lets her
argument fall idle. Again and again, the major
testaments and speculations that one would expect
to find go unexamined. There is no Crev ecoeur in
this book, no Oswald Spengler, no Franz Fanon, no
Leslie Fielder, no Che Guevara. Nor, for example,
do we hear about major imaginative efforts to
record the collision of cultures in novels like
Katherine Anne Porter's Ship of Fools or Malcolm
Lowry's Under the Volcano. Nor, for that matter, does
Pratt seem to be aware of, say, the appropriateness for
her argument of Thomas Pynchon's great chapter in
V., "Mondaugen's Story," concerning the German
efforts to exterminate the blacks of Southwest Africa.

Pratt's specialty is a sort of thumbnail art-
history lesson annotated as a passage of prose, but
her results are small, pestered with pop Freudianisms,
and contrived with an anxious desire to seem clever
and penetrating. For example, a passage on the
African night from Richard Wright containing the
tones of sense-impressions anyone from the West
might experience as containing "a serene
receptivity and intense eroticism," and the "phallic
candle" (Pratt's words) that Wright describes as
burning untrebling in the still air is to here
evidence of an "unfragmented consciousness and
selfhood." Wright is a man, true, but he is black,
and so the words that recount his African adventure
must reveal in this case his reconnection to the primal
sources of cultural identity — no anti-conquest and
"fantasy of dominance and appropriation" need apply.

In Pratt's world, women too are given a safe
conduct pass to avoid her theory. Because they are by
nature not the sterile soldiers of the capitalist incursion
that white men are, she makes a short and unremarkable
passage by Mary Kingsley describing the dangers and
thrills of piloting a small boat down an African river
at night reveal treasures of perception which your
arrogant, funny, money-obsessed phallogenocentrast is
of course incapable of experiencing: "It is not only
Kingsley's gender that enables her to forget (certainty
and control) in her writing. Besides being a woman, she
is a child in Africa as well, at play in the ego-centered
non-Oedipian world Spoke must have died longing for.
Africa is her mother, and down those dark and slimy
pathways, Kingsley is getting herself born."

An ambitious chapter sub-heading promises us
a glimpse of a 'feminotopia' in Peru and Chile. But if the
reader expects that here at last is confirmation of that
feminist Guynthia, the true matriarchial society, the
results are absurdly trivial. Although the scene is captivated
as nothing less than a transformation of received images
that "evoke and remake Europe's traditional allegorical
representations of America as a female figure," the event
set before us turns out to be an all-woman alfresco
luncheon in a private garden and some superstitious
gossip about witchcraft. That's all, folks, but Pratt insists
we've just witnessed an episode of profound symbolic
overtones: "So the episode ends, shrouded in an atmosphe-
re of paganism, female erotics, and mysterious sister-
hood."

The only place this atmosphere truly exists is in
revisionist feminist scholarship in American academe,
circa 1992, filled with Imperial Eyes and other scholarly
promotions.

MISSING ISSUE NOTICE

For reasons we have not yet been able to
certainty, the Post Office has "lost 35,000 copies (out of 100,000 sent) of our
September issue. A still undetermined number of readers have also not received
their October issues. Whether the mis-
placing of these issues by the Los Angeles
Post Office was deliberate or merely
government business as usual we do not
know. We have turned the matter over to
our lawyers. In pursuing this matter, it will be
important for us to have as accurate an
estimate of missing copies as possible. We
would also like to send copies of these
issues to those have not received them
(present stock permitting). Therefore we
urge anyone who has not received either
their September or October issue to phone
us at 800-752-6562. Thank you for your
coperation and patience.
In a landmark decision today, the Supreme Court reinforced the principle of affirmative action for the hearing-impaired in a ruling that may transform the nation's symphony orchestras forever.

The Court held 7-2 that the Newark Philharmonia must hire Jane Taubhorner, a hearing-impaired French horn player. It further directed that the symphony immediately implement the Employment Guidelines of the American League of Hearing-Impaired Musicians, of which Ms. Taubhorner is president.

According to these Guidelines, all orchestras that receive funding from the National Council on Art and Music must be comprised of no fewer than nine percent hearing-impaired players by 1997. The Court also directed that the cost of any technical adjustments that must be made in orchestral procedures, in the instruments, or in the players, shall be borne equally by the orchestras and their subscribers.

Although nine percent is far in excess of the percentage of hearing-impaired Americans at present, this figure was set as a means of making reparation to past generations of hearing-impaired people who might have played in symphony orchestras had the opportunity been available to them. The Court left open the question of whether the figure may be revised upward at some future date.

The salient points of the Employment Guidelines of the American League of Hearing-Impaired Musicians were revealed today following the announcement of the decision.

1. Conductors will be required to communicate with the orchestra in American Sign Language (ASL). Translators must be provided for conductors who do not speak English.

2. Hearing-impaired players will occupy the front chairs in the orchestra so that their sight lines to the conductor can be kept free from obstruction. (For merely, these places were awarded on the basis of competitive auditions to players who received bonuses for serving as leaders of their sections. These bonuses will not be affected when they relinquish their places.)

3. Music stands must be equipped with oscilloscopes to aid the hearing-impaired players in adjusting their intonation to that of the other musicians.

4. A hearing player who becomes hearing-impaired in the course of his employment cannot be dismissed on that account.

5. The U.S. Symphony Orchestra Association must establish a fund to be used in the immediate training of six-teen percussionists. (Since there are at present few identified hearing-impaired students of orchestral instruments in the country, immediate action must be taken to fill the needs of the future. It is generally thought by professional musicians that the percussion instruments can be learned more quickly than either strings or winds. They have the added feature of being highly noticeable, thus providing hearing-impaired persons with the inspiration to study music.)

6. As of June 30 of the fifth year after the implementation of the Guidelines, string and wind players must be hired until the nine percent goal is reached.

7. The hiring of hearing-impaired musicians will begin immediately with Ms. Taubhorner.

In an exclusive interview following today's announcement Ms. Taubhorner emphasized a unique attribute that makes hearing-impaired players highly suitable for employment in the modern symphony orchestra: they are unlikely to suffer from the emotional problems that plague many hearing players who are frequently required to perform contemporary music. Ms. Taubhorner expressed confidence that the decision would have the additional effect of creating a warmer climate within the professional music world for young composers.

Jane Taubhorner's interest in music began while she was a student at the N.Y.C.U. School of Social Work. Research for a paper led her to the discovery that there were no known instances of hearing-impaired orchestral players or conductors since 1827. Immediately upon graduation from N.Y.C.U. she undertook the mastery of the French horn, at the same time founding the A.L.H.M. of which she has been re-elected president every year. Now sixty-seven years of age, Ms. Taubhorner will be eligible for retirement from the Newark Philharmonia in five years--just as the first of the newly trained string and wind players provided for in the Supreme Court decision begin to take their places in the nation's orchestras. "It is the fulfillment of a life-long dream," she said.

Outside the Supreme Court building, as Ms. Taubhorner and her sup-porters celebrated their victory with a wild cacophony of triumphant chant, a spokesperson for the Confederation for the Sight-Impaired indicated that the Confederation plans to institute legal proceedings tomorrow as there are no sight-impaired players in any symphony orchestra in the country. Noting that they have just won a suit against the Amalgamated Bus Driver's Association, she seemed confident of victory.

By JULIET N. WEISNE

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