Faye Short had no doubt when she became a heretic. It was in 1979 when she was mingling with the sisterhood at a district event of United Methodist Women (UMW). It was a time when the battle for the Equal Rights Amendment was raging. Faye had done considerable reading on the pros and cons of the controversial measure. She had her own thoughts about it, but did not think she would find the church sponsoring either side. Then she spotted a table displaying materials on ERA and checked it out. As she perused the offering she noted something strange: all the material was pro-ERA. Short found this puzzling. After all, this was not a NOW rally but a function of her church.

Short knew that individual Methodists held widely differing opinions on ERA, just as they did on taxes, gun control, welfare, economics, nuclear weapons, abortion, and many other issues. There was no specific biblical text on ERA, just as there was none about the speed limit in Alaska or what policy the U.S. should adopt toward Col. Qaddafi. The Methodist tradition allowed for reasoned discussion and of course differences of opinion on such questions. Feeling that if the church was going to render unto Caesar it ought at least to do so even-handedly, Short asked why the display didn’t include any material from the other side of the ERA debate.

"We don't have any," she was told, "because this is the view that the Women's Division takes, so we are only presenting pro-ERA material." In other words, Big Sister knows best. Those in charge of the Women's Division evidently believed that they possessed deep insights, intelligence, and moral clarity far beyond those of the church-going rank and file. This disturbed Short. She did not like the notion of an elite that had taken it upon itself to enlighten the heathens whose weekly contributions in the offering plate supported such missionary activity.

In this moment, Faye Short had embarked on a journey, although she did not know it at the time that would take her through the politics, dogmatism and ideological rigidity that now the rule political activists inside the Methodist church. In the years ahead, she would discover by direct experience that the church's social-issues hierarchy, what George Weigel calls the lumpenreligentsia, does no take kindly to those who oppose their politically correct position. She would see that the teachings of Christ have been elbowed aside by the teachings of Marx. She would see that for the activists who had created a social agenda for the church, Methodism was now a place for correct thinking rather than a place to think good thoughts.

Faye Short and her husband Dennis, both in their 40s, are different from other Methodists it because of an ongoing involvement in the internal workings of the church. Faye was born in La Grange, Georgia and grew up in Florida, where she studied Southeastern College in Lakeland. She worked in personnel administration in Massachusetts and Atlanta while Dennis completed his graduate work. Dennis studied at Gordon Conwell Seminary (Reformed) and graduated from Columbia seminary (Presbyterian) in Decatur, Georgia.

The Shorts were far from being social reactionaries. During his seminary days Dennis served as youth director and associate pastor in a Wesleyan church. While living in Boston as newlyweds, the couple worked weekends at an inner-city day-care center. Dennis is now a dean of academic support services at a technical college and a part-time United Methodist pastor. The pair have now been with the United Methodists for nearly 20 years and are currently living in Georgia.

Over the years, Faye was involved in adult, youth, and children's ministry, and held offices in various Christian Women's Clubs. In the late 70s, she became a district officer, conference officer, and president of a local unit of the United Methodist PC/GOES TO CHURCH
I'm still not sure how I can turn this into a thing that I can actually make sense of. It's not like I can just sit down and read it. I need some kind of context or something.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

May 1, 1993

I am writing to you about your recent article on Elaine Brown. I have been following your work for some time now and was quite disappointed with your portrayal of her in this issue. The way you discuss her actions and her views is completely one-sided and inaccurate.

Your article seems to focus on her political views rather than her personal life or her contributions to the Black Panther movement. I believe that it is important to acknowledge her achievements and her role in the movement.

I would appreciate it if you could provide a more balanced perspective in your future articles. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
[Name]

P.S. I have enclosed a copy of my letter to you for your information.

David Horowitz

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C O M M U N I T Y

Summer 1993

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HETERODOXY is distributed to newstands and bookstores by Bernhard B. Delbor, 113 East Centre Street, Nutley, NJ 07110
A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN: Hillary Clinton has discovered an agenda for the Clinton Administration. "Let us be willing to remodel a society by redefining what it means to be a human being in the 20th century, moving into a new millennium," she told an audience in Texas. Right Hillary. If you were a man, you'd never getaway with Orwellian claptrap like this.

PC TOILETS I: New York City has recently installed a number of public toilet booths on their city sidewalks. In a gesture of fair play, these booths have been made accessible with magnetic keys in place for those confined to wheelchairs. Is this not a truly great step forward? before members the disabled community became upset with this arrangement saying that this is just another example of the "separate but equal" mentality. One person even commented, "We feel we've gotten facility changes but not attitudinal changes...We're asking for basic civil rights in the '90s that most people got in the '60s"

HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH: Bettina Aptheker, true-believing daughter of U.S. Communist Party theorist Herbert Aptheker, teaches a course called Introduction to Feminism at the University of California Santa Cruz. As a special note appended to her course description she writes: "Many people who attend the University or work at it are unable to function. Severe congestion, headaches and the large number of pollutants, chemicals, sprays, perfumes, soaps, carcinogenic agents, etc. effect immune systems to such a degree that many are unable to function. Severe congestion, headaches and blackouts are frequent problems. In classrooms such as this one with windows and only back doors through which fresh air can circulate... minimizing the use of strongly scented soaps, perfumes, etc., really helps." OK, but what about the Hitler-Stalin Peace?

TONGUES TIED: Ohio State University is approaching Thiemer on the issue of sexual harassment. A new policy has been drafted by the Council for Student Affairs and being sent out for the usual round of comments and approval. It defines sexual harassment as follows: "Any unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, inappropriate remarks or conduct that suggest gender or sexual orientation or other conduct of a sexual nature." The emphasis has been added here to make clear what kind of "inappropriate" remarks. It's not that other similar codes in other universities across the country. If the idea of "hostile environment" makes the campus a jail, the idea of "inappropriateness" makes it a man a potential criminal. Not surprisingly, OSU spokeswoman Lenora Barnes-Wright is eager to talk about how "disciplinary measures" would ensure the new policy: "It can range from letters of apology, to educational sanctions, to what would be the most extreme—expulsion."

FAUX RAPE: The San Diego Union-Tribune recently printed a story about a 49 year old woman (she is nameless because she promised anonymity by the police) who emerged naked above a 4th-floor bathroom in a Nordstrom department store, and began screaming that she had just been sexually assaulted by a man who put a hunting knife to her throat and threatened to kill her if she didn't cooperate. The woman said that the man removed her gold wedding band, Scioto watch and gold chain, and took $131 from her purse. Then, using pieces of duct tape, he bound her hands, sexually molested her with a tire iron and forced her to oral copulation. Police spent the next 12 days investigating the gating these values on campus, I will diminish the benefits of my education and severely restrict my personal, professional, civic and social growth and achievement. I embrace responsibility for educating myself about others different from me and enhancing my awareness and understanding of others. I renounce and denounce the impact of racism, sexism, homophobia, and other forms of intolerance, on society and on me.

LOYALTY OATHS: The following was distributed to students at The University of Minnesota Law School in response to "offensive racist graffiti" found on lavatory walls. The Loyalty Oath to "offensive racist graffiti" led to a "coordinator of California's foremost sexual assault response program." Told about the hoax, Arndt said: "That woman is a victim of something. She's crying out. She needs help. But this is not it." The U.S. aircraft that the Communists had shot down in Vietnam and served a wedding in 1977. As the president pointed out that Robinson, was a victim of compulsive gambling, and that she had never been arrested before this crime, and that she was near the top of her class as William Mitchell. As a further testament to her rectitude, these colleagues pointed out that the bankrupt robbery itself had been "clean." As their memo pointed out, during the period (Robinson) used Peppard, a natural product, to prevent others from following her. She was concerned that the chemical Mace was too strong and might harm someone.” Oh well, case dismissed.

LOYALTY OATHS: The following was distributed to students at The University of Minnesota Law School in response to "offensive racist graffiti" found on lavatory walls. The Loyalty Oath to "offensive racist graffiti" led to a "coordinator of California's foremost sexual assault response program." Told about the hoax, Arndt said: "That woman is a victim of something. She's crying out. She probably was molested as a child."
Hand to Hand

BODIES OF

by SCOTT KERR

As campus protests go, the SASH bake sale here last April was almost surreally sedate. Outside a lecture hall in the prestigious, avant guard Center for Twentieth Century Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, a group calling itself Students Against Sexual Harassment set about selling cookies, muffins and day-glow bumper stickers which read, "Distinguished Professors do it Pedagogically."

The message was aimed at Jane Gallop, UWM distinguished Professor of English and Comparative Literature, who had organized the national conference then in progress: "Pedagogy: The Question of the Personal." A feminist theoretician renowned and controversial both nationally and at UWM, Gallop has been under investigation by UWM's affirmative action office on two complaints by female graduate students that the professor made unwanted sexual overtures. Thus the bumper stickers and the bake sale.

"A conference on pedagogy needs to address this issue," said bake sale organizer Eileen Schell. Sexual harassment issues have been "traditionally silenced at UWM," Schell said. Indeed, the school has been beset in the past three years by increasing complaints. Schell and other English department students decided to make public the mounting controversy within the department over the implications of the allegations against Gallop.

Ironically, student and faculty sources believe that Gallop's conference was intended to respond to well-publicized sexual harassment controversies on campus involving two male instructors. In one case, art professor Stephen Samerjan was suspended after attempting to deflect allegations he had a sexual relationship with one female grad student by citing a letter from another in which she insisted that her affair with him had been a "positive" experience. And in an incident with a somewhat comic subtext, ceramics professor Gary Schiappal had been recently fired after not contesting charges that a kiln overheated and suffered damage while he was engaged in sex with a female student.

In any case, critics of the Pedagogy Conference both at the bake sale and elsewhere claimed that many of the lectures it featured could be seen as sanctioning "erotization" of the classroom to the point of creating a "hostile environment. Lecture titles included: "I Walk the Line; The Body of the Graduate Student TA [Teaching Assistant] in the University;" "Discipline, Spectacle, and Melancholia in and around the Gay Studies Classroom;" and "On Waking Up One Morning and Discovering We Are There: Power and Privilege on the Margins."

But the real drama had to do with Jane Gallop. Dana Beckelman, a SASH member, has accused Gallop of harassment. A soft-spoken, articulate Texan and matter-of-fact lesbian who was seeking a Ph.D. in Rhetoric at the time of the controversy, Beckelman maintains that Gallop created a "hostile work environment" with flirtations, comments and physical advances. When Beckelman rejected the overtures, she claims Gallop retaliated by making her graduate student work increasingly odious, ultimately forcing her to change majors from English to Rhetoric. Gallop's attorney, Walter Kelly, emphatically denies that Jane Gallop created a hostile working environment for Dana Beckelman or anyone else.

Beckelman says she originally admired Gallop as "a famous theorist," and had wanted a mentor figure. But through 1990 and early 1991, the professor's remarks and flirtations in class and at social occasions puzzled her, in April, 1991.

"She stood up and said, I'm excited about this conference because it is about graduate student's sexual preferences and my sexual preference is graduate students." That night, a group of us went out and she came on to me..." Beckelman said Gallop kissed her and touched her.

While not commenting on Beckelman's harassment charges, Gallop has denied making the statement attributed to her. However, others who attended the conference recall it too. "People chucked," said one UWM staffer who was there.

The following day, Beckelman delivered a paper to the conference which she considered a strong rejection of the professor's behavior: "I don't have a problem fucking Jane Gallop as long as she practices safe sex. After all, she is merely an Other woman. But I do have a problem fucking my dissertation advisor." Beckelman said she had hoped the message would get through, and that the problem would be handled "in the family." At issue, in Beckelman's view, was not sex, but the power imbalance between teacher and student. Not until complaining to the school's affirmative action office, Beckelman said, did she become unaware of the university rule which outlaws faculty-student sex.

"The bottom line was even if I had tried to seduce her and she had done it, she would have been in the wrong," Beckelman said. But Beckelman maintains Gallop's flirtations continued and "she told me sexual fantasies... even after I thought I had publicly handled it." Beckelman said she continued her rejection and this was where the problems began.

"Previously, my work had been acceptable. Suddenly my work was unacceptable." Beckelman ended up leaving the program. To bolster her contention that the professor's pedagogy strategy came off as more than theoretical, Beckelman points out that the introduction to Gallop's latest book, Around 1981 (Routledge, 1992), reads as follows: "To my students- the bright, hot, hip (young) women who fire my thoughts, my loins, my prose. I write this to move, to please, to shock you."

Walter Kelly, Gallop's attorney, has criticized Beckelman for not observing by "the confidentiality of the investigatory process." Kelly argues that Beckelman's going public was an attempt to harm Gallop's reputation. Beckelman insists otherwise.

"I am not trying to get her. I am trying to point out her behavior to the university, and to have it examine whether or not it condones that behavior and to judge whether it is right or wrong." There is no word as to how long UWM investigators will take before releasing the findings on the allegations against Gallop. Attorney Kelly indicates there remain numerous "factual errors" in the preliminary findings. For Beckelman's part, while frustrated by the delay, she said she is relieved to be done with school.

"Graduate school is strange enough in terms of the paranoia and anxieties it creates in people about achievement. And then you have this added factor. Here you are, trying to prove yourself as an intellectual and someone says, I'm not interested in your intellect, I'm interested in your body."
left scared and shaking." Some witnesses reported that at the time of the incident they were afraid that Martin was going to strike Ms. Plantec.

Molly Campbell, Dean of Students, was informed of Professor Martin's behavior later that night. She referred Plantec to Owen Bookman, who serves as the assistant to President Nannerl Keohane and the Affirmative Action Officer. Ms. Bookman suggested to Plantec that she meet with Martin to discuss the "misunderstanding". Ms. Plantec agreed to meet with him, but no further action was taken by the administration, either to arrange the meeting or to investigate the incident. "I got consolation calls from Dean Marshall, Dean Campbell and Nannerl Keohane," says Plantec, "basically very superficial gestures." Frustrated with the administration, Plantec called her father and asked for help. He responded by writing a letter to Professor Martin denying that his daughter was a racist and saying that his behavior in the dorm had been inappropriate. He closed the letter by telling Martin that he could not use the fact that he was black as a shield to hide behind. He requested a public apology to his daughter.

Not only did Martin refuse to apologize (he said, "I have never apologized to a racist and I have no intentions at this point in my life of apologizing to someone who perpetrated a racist attack on me"). but he read Mr. Plantec's letter at a Black Student Association meeting. He defended his action by claiming that he felt an obligation to "make black people on this campus aware of what was happening." According to Ms. Plantec, Professor Martin also told his students that she was "a racist" who was "receiving psychiatric care" and being "paid off by the college".

At this point, it was apparent to Michelle Plantec that the administration was not only refusing to support her but also leaking details from her medical file to Martin. In the weeks ahead, she was treated as a confirmed racist by the black community at Wellesley. Even some women she believed to be her friends denounced her as a bigot. Under immense stress, she suffered a nervous breakdown and left Wellesley. Her family has brought legal action against the college.

More shocking than the behavior of Tony Martin in this matter are the actions taken by the Wellesley College administration to create a "cover up". All student witnesses were informed in strong terms that they were to remain silent. All members of the resident staff and the Head of Work Council were forbidden to speak of the incident.

For eighteen months, while Michelle Plantec was being stigmatized, the code of silence stood unbroken. If you ventured to ask anyone who was involved in the incident as a witness or as a member of student government about what happened, you were met with a denial that the incident ever happened.

The editors of the two major Wellesley College publications received phone calls from a member of the student paper willing to print what Martin had to say with the proviso that campus figures he attacked in his screed be given a chance to respond to the ad hominem arguments. Martin decided instead to self-publish his "self defense," a pamphlet with the catchy title Blacks and Jews and the Wellesley News.

In this pamphlet, Martin did not simply claim that he had assigned The Secret Relationship Between the Blacks and the Jews as collateral reading, one of many views, although even his supporters pointed out that this would have been the "smart" thing to do. Instead he embraced the entire anti-Semitic thesis of the work and elaborated on its major points, notably that Jews not only controlled the African slave trade but also organized "the international black community". Five Jewish students from the campus organization Hillel went to him after a class session to ask him why he had assigned such an offensive work. Martin rudely dismissed them. Later he made it clear that he felt they were a part of a conspiracy by Jews on campus to "get him." In the letters that were printed in the Wellesley News about Martin and The Secret Relationship some of those who spoke out were in fact Jews, notably the eminent classics scholar Mary Lefkowitz. But Martin was also attacked by black faculty members like Economist Andrew Marcellus. (Ultimately, African Studies Chair Sedgeway Cudgoe would imply, in an interview on "Nightline," that Martin was an anti-Semite.)

The Wellesley administration has coddled for several years now. Martin has presented problems on a personal as well as apotitical level. On the night of October 30, 1991, he was found walking unescorted through a student dormitory. In accordance with college policy which states that all non-Wellesley students must be escorted when walking through a dorm, student resident Michelle Plantec upon seeing Martin alone said, "Excuse me, sir, who are you with?" Professor Martin ignored her. Ms. Plantec repeated the question, "Excuse me, who are you with?" At this point, according to Ms. Plantec and 15 witnesses who later signed letters testifying to what they had seen, Professor Martin responded explosively. He called her a "white fucking bitch," "a racist," and "a bigot," among other things. The young woman fell down as a result of his onslaught and Martin went over to continue to rage at her. Professor Martin became so violent, in fact, having that the Head of House for the dormitory called the campus police.

After the campus police left, Professor Martin returned to the meeting he had been attending in the living room of the dormitory. He announced to the group of students and faculty attending the meeting that Ms. Plantec stopped him while he was on his way to the bathroom only because he is black. Ms. Plantec meanwhile was left stunned by Martin's outburst. She said later on, "I don't know how to express how violent his reaction was... I was.
THE SMELL OF NAPALM IN THE MORNING

by BILL CERVENY

Spring has come to the college campuses of America, bringing with it final exams, graduation parties, and long afternoons in the sun. This year, however, the usual fragrances wafting out of the groves of academe have been replaced by the smell of burning books. As the cultural warfare within the university intensifies, debate has been replaced by confrontation. In a series of disturbing scenes reminiscent of the literary bonfires that lit up Germany a generation ago, opponents of free speech have tried to eradicate dissent by taking a match to what they find objectionable.

It is ironic that the book burners should be active at Dartmouth College since it was here, in 1933, that President Dwight Eisenhower made a speech decrying the evils of McCarthyism and the suppression of free print as well as free speech. In front of the graduating senior class, he took the podium saying "Don't join the book burners. Don't think you're going to conceal faults by concealing evidence that they ever existed."

Eisenhower's lecture seemed at the time to have canonized free speech at Dartmouth. But today that canon, like others, has been called into question. Naturally, the controversy in Hanover centers around Dartmouth's conservative student newspaper, The Dartmouth Review: Embroiled in fiery debates with campus leftists since its inception in 1980, The Review has, at one time or another, successfully chafed every liberal organization at the college. It is no surprise, therefore, that members of Dartmouth's Afro-American Society recently became upset over an article entitled "Good Times."

The focus of the article was on Malik Hassan-Mustafa Franklin, a black student who was arrested in February for assaulting fellow student Tracy Gainor at an Afro-American Society meeting. Franklin became upset when he saw that she was wearing one of his fraternity members. The argument ended with the girl with Gainor when he saw that she was wearing one of his fraternity members. The argument ended with the girl

The Review's editor Orron Strause, "this would entail us stopping them from printing or distributing their magazines and the same thing happened. In a battle of wills, The Review reprinted their issues three days later. They were again stolen and destroyed by the black students. Erica Greenwood, a white female student, approached Amiri Barksdale, incoming President of the Afro-American Society and spokesperson for The Black Freshman Forum, and he was taking her copy of The Review. Barksdale refused to give the paper back and shoved Greenwood out of his way, calling her a "white bimbo" and a "fucking whore."

Amiri Barksdale denies that the Black Freshman Forum's actions are a violation of The Review's First Amendment Rights. He feels that "this isn't an issue about freedom of speech, because in the Constitution's application here at Dartmouth...it's not censorship. Censorship would entail us stopping them from printing or distributing it." Barksdale goes on to say that nowhere in the Constitution does it mention someone's right to read something like The Review. "People seem to believe the Constitution says that," he says incredulously.

"With Dartmouth's long history as a free speech proponent," says Review editor Orion Strasz, "this would be a perfect time for the college to take a strong stance, but they haven't lifted a finger to do anything about this situation." Dartmouth's administration refused to take any disciplinary action against members of The Black Freshman Forum beyond a verbal reprimand. In a unique take on freedom of the press, the college has said that it views The Review in the same way that it does "unsolicited restaurant menus, free samples of soap and other litter" found in dormitory halls. It chooses to view The Review as junk mail because it has never agreed with the paper's contents. Strause is not alone in believing that if publications by a black group were being stolen and destroyed, school administrators would have quite a different attitude.

Yet students agree that this incident has had a perverse educational value. The attack by black radicals on free speech so galvanized student concern at the college (the New Hampshire ACLU even took a stand against the
office was a blazing bonfire. Novak and his partner ran out to douse the flames. There they found the stolen papers and magazines, now a smoldering pile of ash.

The Centre Daily Times, a local newspaper in State College, Pennsylvania, was so horrified by the incident that it reprinted 6,000 issues of the Lionhearts free of charge. Times publisher Jim Moss asserted that “agreement with the content of The Lionhearts is not the issue in making this offer, freedom of speech is.”

These magazines were to be handed out the following weekend at a football scrimmage staged for school alumni. When the alumni arrived, however, they were greeted by a group of women protesting The Lionhearts’s “hate propaganda”. The women chanted mantras about misogyny and intolerance and carried signs that called for Ben Novak’s resignation from the Board of Trustees.

Donna M. Hughes, a lecturer in the Women’s Studies Program, read a statement from the “Womyn” of Penn State denouncing The Lionhearts and saying that feminists had stolen the issues in an act of protest and self-defense. “The issue is NOT free speech,” Hughes continued, “it is hate speech,” and thus justified the women in taking the newspapers.

Many of Penn State’s alumni were so put off by these protestors that they covertly slipped substantial contributions to the editor of The Lionhearts. Though the women involved in the magazine theft have openly confessed their guilt, no action has been taken by the university or the local police. The death threats against De Thomass and Snavely have not received more than a cursory investigation.

The University of Pennsylvania has been making headlines because of the appointment of its President Sheldon Hackney to head the National Endowment of the Humanities and because of the administration’s pusillanimous handling of the racial harassment trial of Eden Jacobawitz, which seemed to call Hackney’s qualifications into question.

The story of Jacobawitz, a university freshman, is by now well known. He was studying in his dorm room after midnight and five members of Delta Sigma Theta, an all-black sorority, were singing and chanting underneath his window. Jacobawitz’s patience was exhausted and he yelled “Shut-up, you water-buffalo!” He told the girls that if they wanted a party they should go to the local zoo. For this, Jacobawitz was dragged before the school’s Judicial Inquiry Office and charged with racial harassment. He was told that it didn’t matter how he had intended his comments. He was threatened with possible expulsion.

Ultimately, the five women who had accused Jacobawitz agreed not to press their complaint and he, in turn, agreed not to sue the University for suppression of free speech. But at the same time that this matter was slooshing toward resolution, another one involving weighty free speech issues continued to simmer at Penn.

The dispute focused on Greg Pavlik, one of the few conservative student columnists writing for The Daily Pennsylvanian. Pavlik has written a number of controversial columns in which he has criticized the University’s affirmative action policies. He has also taken on the administration’s pusillanimous handling of the racial harassment of students. He was studying in his dorm room after midnight and five members of Delta Sigma Theta, an all-black sorority, were singing and chanting underneath his window. Jacobawitz’s patience was exhausted and he yelled “Shut-up, you water-buffalo!” He told the girls that if they wanted a party they should go to the local zoo. For this, Jacobawitz was dragged before the school’s Judicial Inquiry Office and charged with racial harassment. He was told that it didn’t matter how he had intended his comments. He was threatened with possible expulsion.

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Pavlik called the University’s annual Art Attack festival—a time of harmless agit prop—as a vehicle for their message. The newspapers were later found heaped in dumpsters around the campus.

President Sheldon Hackney responded to the newspaper theft with words belittling one who has been a political figure (Hackney not only supported Clinton, but his wife gave $1000 to Hillary’s favorite charity, the Children’s Defense Fund). He said that the destruction of the papers was “an instance in which... two important university values, diversity and open expression, seem to be in conflict.” Yet instead of condemning the assault on free speech, Hackney proceeded to apologize for a security guard who had tried to stop one of the black student who was stealing a stack of Daily Pennsylvanians. He said that the guard was unaware that the student was involved in a “protest activity.” The Campus Police Commissioner has since “addressed the community’s understandable concerns” by placing the security guard in question on indefinite probation. Hackney concluded by saying that though free speech is important, “there can be no ignoring the pain that expression may cause.”

Even First Person Hillary Rodham Clinton, during a recent commencement address at the University of Pennsylvania, called for the protection of free speech. Hillary said, “We have to believe that in the free-exchange of ideas, justice will prevail over injustice, tolerance over intolerance and progress over reaction.” If the college administrators will sign on to this statement, maybe the book burners will put their matches away.

Bill Cervey is the Campus Editor of Heterodoxy.
individual women aware that they, and all women, are at risk.

This was meant to be performance art as well as an accusation. But the audience was soon performing and accusing along with the members of the Women's Coalition for Change as outraged students, both male and female, began crossing names off the billboards and writing statements on them depicting the event. They shouted at the masked women and complained to school authorities. As the actual event came to a close, the saga for Professor Josephine Withers and her students had just begun.

At first, Professor Withers was very happy with the outcome of her pet project. "I think it was wildly successful. I'm very satisfied. It was intended to open up dialogue. Sometimes that dialogue can be painful. That's okay. It's okay for people to be mad." But then the adverse reviews of the art project started accumulating and Withers' reactions made it clear that she meant it was okay for other people to be mad.

On May 4, Mara Stanley, a reporter for The Diamondback, Maryland's campus newspaper, wrote the first of many articles on the "potential rapists" controversy. The article mentioned that many students were outraged by the lists. By the following day, the focus started to shift from the male victims of the action to the female perpetrators. People on campus wanted the know the names of the masked women of the WCC. But these women refused to come forward and defend their actions. They wanted to remain anonymous, a privilege they had already taken away from their victims. Over the next several days, as the controversy continued to simmer, students kept demanding answers. Dvaja Azarbaygij, a senior graphics design major, wanted outside the Contemporary Issues in Feminist Art class. "I want to know who (they are). If they have the guts to release the names of 'potential rapists,' they should have the guts to come out," he told The Diamondback. Others voiced similar appeals. Chris Hoffman, a freshman, said, "If they published our names, then they should publish fotos. Stand up for what you believe in." Marcy Markowitz, a sophomore, added, "I think they should come out and say who they are. It's unwarranted harassment. You can't post people's names like that. They knew they were going to have the guts to come out," he told Professor Withers. "Everyone member of the faculty, except for the radical feminists, is extremely upset with her [Professor Withers]." According to his account, even some of the very liberal faculty members are angry with this issue.

Another professor said that this was the sort of action that might be expected of someone whose scholarly record is less than stellar. "She has been kind of a 'cause' person and has made her presence felt on committees and campus forums," said this colleague. "The fact that she is still an associate professor at the age of 55 or so means that she has not been productive in a scholarly sense." He also points out that one of Withers' few works is an anthology she edited in 1989 as part of a Project to Mainstream Scholarship by and about Women into the Curriculum. This book includes chapters such as "Attic Mythology: Barren Goddesses, Male Wombs and the Cult of Rape," from books with titles like The Reign of the Phallus.

Some of the women in the WCC are also well known on campus. One student said he knows one of the members and that she "is well known on the University of Maryland campus as the vagina girl." This is because "she dressed up in a vagina costume last semester and sat outside of finiteness row for the whole day, protesting the evils that the Greek system does to women.

If Withers meant the incident to be educational, she achieved her intention. The trouble is that students at Maryland have learned she probably wishes they hadn't, and this is that false accusations of rape or "potential rape" have been potent realities on campuses across the country.

At Oberlin College, a small liberal arts school in Ohio, an unsigned poster distributed around the campus last April read, "Take Back the Night is proud to introduce itself, since it hadn't taken any action against either the teacher or the nine individuals responsible. "The only reason I would even consider suing the University is because it has yet to do anything about this and something really needs to be done," he said. "This isn't even a thing about making money. It's about getting someone to do something about it. Nobody has done anything about it yet."

By mid-May, the Washington, D.C. based Center for Individual Rights was investigating the possibility of taking on a libel case for at least one University of Maryland student under their Academic Freedom Defense Fund. Michael McDonald, the center's President, said it is more difficult than a libel case against a newspaper or magazine because the physical evidence is hard to come by. Most of the posters and flyers had been torn down and destroyed. An additional question was who exactly was responsible. Depending on facts yet to be revealed, the lawsuit might focus could be on the University, the students, the professor, or all three together.

One student named on the flyers said that he was surprised to find the people who are most encouraging him to file suit are his professors. One faculty member he spoke with said "Every member of the faculty, except for the radical feminists, is extremely upset with her [Professor Withers]." Another anonymous group, dubbing itself The Politically Incorrect Coalition Against Feminazis began posting their lists. By the following day, the focus started to shift from the male victims of the action to the female perpetrators. The posters went on to state that "a female student who they printed in their flyers. It promoted discussion of the issue of rape at the University of Maryland. It promoted discussion of whether the zealots in the Women's Coalition for Change had labeled the smear name around the campus and soon was made public.

The accused student filed a formal complaint with the Dean. After a lengthy investigation, the woman who made the rape story wrote a second article for the Princetonian. This piece was entitled, "Apologizing for False Accusation of Rape." In it the woman admitted she had fabricated the whole story and that, in fact, she had never even met, or spoken with, the person whom she falsely accused.

The sad irony in such events is that the women leveling these false accusations are undermining the very objectives they claim to be striving for. Accusing the entire male student body of being "potential rapists" didn't promote discussion of the issue of rape at the University of Maryland. It promoted discussion of whether the zealots in the Women's Coalition for Change had labeled the women whose names they printed in their flyers. It promoted discussion and editorials commenting on radical feminism and whether it had "gone too far." Lost in the shuffle is the fact that women do face legitimate dangers of rape, on campus and off. Josephine Withers and her followers may have thought that they were engaging in performance art, but actually it turned out to be a Punch and Judy show in which they beat themselves over the head.

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DIGGING THE GRAVE OF ARCHAEOLOGY

by ANITA SUE GROSSMAN

The multiculturalist movement has been widely recognized as a threat to higher education for promoting ethnic quotas in hiring and admissions, and establishing various politicized "victim studies" departments. Far less well publicized is the movement's outright attack on scholarship in the name of minority rights, an attack that has had such success on the state and federal level that it may put an end to some disciplines entirely. One example of this attack is the demand for the "repatriation" of Indian bones and artifacts currently held in museum collections, and the restrictions proposed on future archaeological investigation of such remains.

The idea that museum collections of ancient bones and artifacts of Native American peoples should be returned to present-day tribes for reburial is a fairly recent one, which arose over the past two decades concurrently with other militant rights movements, all of them sharing the same general political orientation and multiculturalist agenda. It has flourished in an intellectual climate which idealizes primitive peoples as living in harmony with nature, and downgrades most Western institutions as oppressive, racist, and Eurocentric. According to these historical revisionists, Columbus' arrival in the New World marked a 500-year epoch of tragedy for its native peoples, meeting a day of national mourning rather than the traditional celebration. Similarly, the settling of the Western frontier by pioneers has been described as nothing less than genocidal. Because of such investigation, scientists are working against the long-term interest of their own people, destroying the source of any future knowledge of their history. Activists and their political allies reply that we know enough already. The bones, housed for decades in museum collections, have no further value and ought to be catalogued and then given away as quickly as possible to whatever Indian claimants appear to demand them.

California State Assemblyman Richard Katz, one of the most strident legislative advocates of reburial of Indian remains, chided the University of California at a 1991 Regents' meeting for not divesting itself more speedily of its enormous and unique collection of Indian bones, calling the five-year deadline set by UC policy, in conformity with the new federal law, "unduly lenient." At present the University has more than a million items, including skeletal remains and artifacts, on five of its nine campuses, with the lion's share housed in UC Berkeley's Phoebe Hearst Museum of Anthropology. This museum holds the nation's third largest collection of human remains, representing some 11,000 individuals, most dating from pre-Columbian times. Assemblyman Katz has said that he would "like to see the university take the leadership as one of the most prestigious universities in the world" in the repatriation of its collection of Indian bones. Katz did not say; but it is doubtless true that the rest of the world is watching what the University does.

Another vocal opponent of archaeology in California is Rosemary Cambra, of the Ohlone Families Consulting Service in San Jose, who denied in a newspaper interview that anyone benefits from museum collections: "If it benefited Indians [for scientists] to keep the bones—if they were utilizing these collections to develop a body of knowledge—it would make me feel very good. But the scientists are just storing them in boxes, or wrapped in some kind of newspaper, and nobody is benefiting. With all the research work the scientists say they have done, they cannot add a single day to the life of an Indian. That bothers me very much. The question should be asked, how often are these collections actually used?"

To this, UC Berkeley anthropology professor Tim White, has replied in a newspaper interview, "I study these bones at least twice a week." White notes that graduate and undergraduate students and faculty also use them, as do researchers from across the country. Moreover, he believes that frequency of use should not be the decisive criterion: "Just as in a library, there might be a book that is not used all the time but which is necessary to keep as a resource in the event that someone needs it—bones work that way."

The opinion has been echoed by other scholars, among them, Douglas Owsley, a forensic anthropologist and associate curator at the Smithsonian Institution, who told a reporter for Science in 1989, "because of new techniques for working with bones, he was "involved in projects I never would have dreamed possible eleven years ago when I got my Ph.D.? Some of these techniques of analysis include methods of extracting antibodies and genetic material from human remains. According to Owsley, studying the bones will eventually enable researchers to trace the evolution of specific human diseases—and with such knowledge may come, perhaps, the means of eliminating them.

When the Smithsonian announced in 1988 that it was planning to give up many of the Indian bones in its vast collection of remains from about 35,000 individuals, half of whom are Native Americans, dismayed researchers pointed out the enormous value their holdings have had for science. Not only do such bones help reconstruct the social history of ancient peoples, but they provide information about their clinical history—including their predisposition to various diseases—which in turn gives us an insight into present-day medical problems. As Bennett Brownson, chairman of the anthropology department at Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History observed, American Indians are the direct beneficiaries of the studies of diabetes and rheumatoid arthritis conducted with the aid of skeletal remains. Doctors, dentists, and forensic pathologists have all had recourse to museum collections. The Smithsonian alone has been visited annually by anywhere from 75 to 150
medical researchers. Because hip angles, for example, vary between ethnotypes, orthopedists have consulted the Smithsonian collection to obtain the proper angle for the prostheses they produce. Similarly, a plastic surgeon has used the Indian skulls to create a new model for his non-Caucasian patients requiring reconstructive facial surgery.

Those unfamiliar with techniques of statistical sampling have argued that most of the bones in museum collections could be returned to Indian claimants, leaving a few for researchers to work on. However, scientists require a large number of samples to arrive at meaningful generalizations. Also, more recent bones that can be identified and requested by tribes claiming descent or affiliation, are often more useful for scientists for that very reason: from them researchers can study death rates, disease patterns and other conditions specific to given tribes at given times.

These facts did not have much effect on the general public debate of the past few years, when a number of museums reached agreements with Indian activists to return the bones and other objects in their collections for reburial, at the same time that laws were being passed on the state and federal level mandating the return of these items, and more generally placing severe restrictions on the practice of archaeology.

One sign of the times was the Smithsonian's highly publicized decision in 1988 to return its collection of Blackfoot (Montana) Indian bones to the tribe and agreed to return many of the rest of its 18,000 Indian skeletal remains. This was a turnabout from its earlier policy whereby such items would be de-accessioned only to next of kin with proof of blood relationship to the deceased. The Museum has since set up a Repatriation Office and has returned about 260 sets of human remains to Blackfoot, Modoc, Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux, and Native Hawaiian claimants.

A far more significant loss to the Museum was the return—and subsequent rebuttal—in Larsen Bay, Alaska, of a collection of artifacts and bones from 756 individuals, some of them dating back 2,000 years. The material had been excavated in the 1930s by Alex Hrdlicka, the founder of the Division of Physical Anthropology at the Smithsonian, over the course of ten expeditions in Alaska. At Larsen Bay, his largest excavation site, Hrdlicka found hundreds of ancient artifacts in addition to skeletons in some 800 unmarked graves.

When the Larsen Bay Tribal Council first asked for the material, the Smithsonian refused. The Museum put up a five year legal battle to retain these materials. Officials claimed (in the summary of one reporter) "that the objects represented the museum's largest and most highly valuable collection and the return them would mean a deep loss to the museum." But in the end the Smithsonian gave in, and 370 cardboard boxes were shipped to Larsen Bay, where the contents were reinterred at a public ceremony in 1991 after being blessed, ironically enough, in a Russian Orthodox ceremony.

The attitude of the NAHC towards archaeologists can be gauged by a recent remark of their executive director, Larry Myers:... They know about the diet. They know enough about right-handed and left-handed. They know that everyone suffered from arthritis. Do they really need to know more?

Referring to the return of a collection of 3,000-year-old bones and artifacts housed at California State University, Long Beach, Myers said, "It's not a question of scientific value, but of religious rights. It's important to get archaeologist out of the graveyard of Indians.

California's "cultural resource" policy limits with other statutes which require archaeologists to remove bones and artifacts for analysis in order to mitigate the destructive effect on sites of potential historic or prehistoric significance. Archaeologists are thus caught between two sets of laws, one of which orders them to analyze and report their finds, the other requiring them to leave them in place.

Archaeologist David Van Hom was caught between these two imperatives and charged with a felony by the State Attorney General's Office in 1990 for having conducted an investigation at a site near Indio, California. Particularly upset was Emeritus Professor of Anthropology Bert Gerow, former curator of the museum housing the bones, many of which he and his students had collected for the University during his forty-year tenure at Stanford. In 1992, he contended that the University had reneged on its previous guarantee of lifetime access to the bones for his research. In the ensuing struggle over the custody of the archaeological specimens, the University obtained a court order keeping Professor Gerow away from the collection and changed the locks on the doors leading to them, even before the Smithsonian's American Association of University Professors passed a resolution condemning the University for denying Gerow's academic freedom by confiscating his research material. In the end, the bones were reburied, reportedly in such a manner that they will soon be destroyed by decomposition.

In 1990 President Bush signed into law the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act. This bill requires all federally funded institutions, especially universities and historic associations, to inventory all Indian skeletal remains and other associated objects preparatory to returning them to their tribes of origin, at the latter's request. Depending upon the size and type of the collection, such institutions will have five years to compile their inventory; under extraordinary circumstances, they can appeal for an extension of time. Grants are provided to museums and Native American groups to assist them in the inventory and repatriation process. No funds have been allocated, however, for any additional study of the bones before they are returned. As a result, scholars across the country are hastening to gather what data they can from the remains on their limited budgets before the specimens disappear forever.

Perhaps the single greatest loss to North American archaeology caused by rebural legislation occurred in Idaho last year when a skeleton approximately 10,700 years old was reburied only two years after it had been discovered in a grave pit in 1989 along with two artifacts—a stone knife, a bone needle, and a bone penis bone? The specimen may have been the oldest yet found in the New World, but the media largely ignored the story of its discovery. (In contrast, when a 5,300 year old mummified body was discovered in the Italian Alps shortly afterward, it was the subject of much publicity, including a Newsweek cover story on the "Iceman").

Todd Fenton, a physical anthropologist at the University of Arizona, managed to determine that the skeleton was that of female 18 to 20 years old, and about 5'2" tall. But other crucial studies employing DNA and chemical analyses were not done, and now will be. The antiquity of this specimen was such that it makes it impossible to establish any relationship to living Indians of any tribe. Conceivably, it might may have been ancestral to Indians now residing as far away as South America. Nevertheless, Idaho officials decided to return the bones to the Shoshone-Bannock tribes on the Fort Hall Reservation, where they were reburied. Idaho State Archaeologist and Deputy State Historic Preservation Officer Thomas J. Green justified the decision to discard this ancient specimen by observing that Idaho state law does not require the groups claiming them to establish any degree of cultural affiliation; neither does the age of the remains influence the decision.

A sense of the research opportunity lost is suggested by an account of the affair given in the April 1992 AC PAC Newsletter (the publication of the American Committee for Preservation of Archaeological Specimens). One archaeologist commented, "Are we going to now all we need to know from the people who did the studies of the Idaho burial?" While there are no other similar chances here, it appears to me that the story of the discovery, excavation, analysis, and disposition of this highly significant Paleo-skeleton and artifacts was deliberately held up until the remains could be safely re-interted.

Other recent archaeological horror stories can be found in just about every state. In West Virginia, the State Department of Transportation signed an agreement in 1990 with a group of Indian rights activists giving them unprecedented control over a federally-funded excavation (costing $1.8 million) of a 2,000 year old Adena mound unearthed by a highway project. According to this agreement, everything dug up in the course of the project—not just remains and artifacts but soil and pollen samples, good debris, chiping waste, animal bones—had to be reburied within a year. During the course of the excavation, the archaeologists were allowed to examine the material, the bones and artifacts could not be touched by menstruating women, and when not in use had to be kept covered in red flannel (a material unknown, of course, to the builders of the mound.) An educational video was authorized, but it could not show the human remains, and was in any case subject to the censorship of the West Virginia Committee on Native American Archaeological and Burial Policies. None of the Indians on this Committee could demonstrate any relationship to the mound builders; for that matter, some were from tribes outside West Virginia.

In 1992, political correctness struck again when the State of Illinois closed off and covered with a concrete slab a display of ancient bones dating from about 900 to 1300 A.D. at the Dickson Mounds site. This unique display in site of 234 open graves had been unearthed on Dickson family property in 1927. Over the years, in addition to being a resource for archaeologists, it had been a well-known tourist attraction with a state museum built around it. Indian activists over the years have protested the museum, on a few recent occasions jumping into the graves with a blanket to cover the skeletons, or marching with shovels to cover the bones with earth. In April 1992, Governor Jim Edgar closed the display, allowing scholars to make one final rushed study of the bones before the concrete entombment.

California's policies on native bones and artifacts is a case study in itself. In 1977, California created a Native American Heritage Commission charged with supervising archaeology in the state. According to current laws, any human remains discovered in an excavation must be reported to a coroner, who in turn must notify the NAHC. A political rather than a scientific body, the Commission determines the most likely tribal descendants to be notified, with the latter given authority to determine the ultimate fate of the archaeological finds. This legislation has been extended to include not only human bones but nearby objects on ancient sites which might be considered sacred.

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In 1991, archaeology in California has suffered other major setbacks. That year, Representative Richard Katz sponsored a bill which was passed and signed into law by Governor Pete Wilson which flatly announced, "It is the policy of the state that Native American remains and associated grave artifacts shall be repatriated."

In keeping with this directive, a collection of ancient Indian skeletons and artifacts housed for nearly two decades at California State University, Long Beach, was removed in May 1992 to the custody of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers preparatory to reburying by Native American tribes. The remains of 60 prehistoric Indians and their artifacts, dating from about 3,000 years ago, had been excavated by CSLB Professor of Anthropology Franklin Fenenga and some 400 of his students during a series of expeditions from 1971 to 1978 in the San Joaquin Valley. The excavations had been commissioned by the Army Corps of Engineers, which had been constructing Hensley Dam and had discovered the sites of dozens of prehistoric villages by the Madera River. Professor Fenenga, emeritus since 1987, told the Los Angeles Times that the loss of the collection would be a "great tragedy" and "a loss to science." Nevertheless, the University handed over all the materials on May 27. The Army Corps of Engineers, short of funds with which to perform required studies on these materials, had given them away to tribal claimants. The Army Corps had also given up the remains of 850 skeletons and 10,000 associated artifacts housed in the State Indian Human Skeletal Remains and Burial-Related Artifacts in Custody of the California Department of Parks and Recreation. The lengthy document admits that the reburying of archaeological materials will be an incalculable loss to scholarship. Nonetheless, it concludes that "the rights of Native Americans to determine the fate of Native American Grave Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA) to be of greater public interest than the scientific knowledge to be gained by studying the burials." Accordingly, the report "assumes that most, if not all, of the burial collections will be returned." Although issued by and other museums of the State Department of Parks and Recreation have been removed to their West Sacramento facility in anticipation of their being given away to tribal claimants.

The question naturally arises why there has been so little opposition to the growing movement to disband museum collections of Indian bones and artifacts. Apart from the general cultural climate of white guilt, there are several reasons for this movement's success. In contrast to the forceful and well publicized group of political activists agitating for reburying legislation, for instance, there has been no correspondingly unified pressure group willing to oppose them. Few citizens have any direct financial interest in maintaining museum collections. Moreover, the past few decades have seen a breakdown in the tacit public consensus that the research involved in such collections was inherently worthwhile and should be supported. Until recently, people understood that with few exceptions—chiefly in medicine and engineering—basic research does not "pay for itself" in terms of immediate short-term gain but they supported such research anyway as valuable in its own right. Prior to the political assault on the academy of the past two decades, scholars did not see the need to form pressure groups to fend off attacks on their disciplines, something that they were at any rate not particularly well equipped to do, by temperament or training. Other circumstances made physical anthropologists and archaeologists uniquely vulnerable when Indian activists began to make their demands. Museums housing the Indian bones and artifacts are generally tax-supported institutions. As such they are dependent on public good-will, and would naturally seek to avoid any controversy that might, however indirectly, endanger their funding. These museums are often umbrella organizations housing many different kinds of collections, and their administrators are more likely to have backgrounds in art history or museum administration than in archaeology or any of the physical
sciences. It should hardly be surprising, then, that professional organizations of museum administrators have, by and large, capitulated to demands for "repatriation" of their holdings in the interest of public relations. The Council of the American Association of Museums announced in 1988 that it was generally supportive of Indian demands, and even suggested releasing pre-Columbian human remains "unless there are compelling and overriding reasons to retain them."

The January-February 1991 issue of Museum News, the organ of the American Museum Association, devoted several articles to an upbeat portrayal of the repatriation movement without a dissenting opinion. More recently, the October-November 1992 issue featured an article entitled "Three Voices for Repatriation.? (No voices were raised against it.)

Physical anthropologists were at another disadvantage in their own university departments, where they are almost always outnumbered by cultural anthropologists. The latter group of scholars have little interest in osteological collections. Their first concern is maintaining good relations with the living tribes with whom they work—even if it means acceding to demands for the return of grave materials excavated by their own colleagues. By profession, such anthropologists are guided in their work by respect for native tradition and the wish to accommodate them to the fullest extent possible. One might go further to note that as a group, cultural anthropologists are accustomed to immersing themselves sympathetically in cultures alien to their own, and conversely, to viewing their own society with the cold, clinical gaze of cultural relativism. If academics as a rule tend to be further to the political left of the average American, cultural anthropologists may be well to the left of the average college professor. Symptomatic of the deep inroads made into the field by the "adversary culture" was a 1990 Ph.D. dissertation entitled, "My Momma the State: A Sociocultural Study of the Criminalization of Chicano.? Directed by a former chairman of Berkeley's anthropology department, with its then-current chairman as its second reader, the thesis took as its underlying premise that American society is racist and the criminal justice system biased against minorities. As the author states, "The intent here then is not to prove that institutionalized racism exists in the criminal justice system; that it exists is manifest.? Her particular focus, according to the abstract, is "the use of law and legal-judicial institutions to establish and enforce systems of social inequality based on racial and class distinctions." Given the ascendency of left-wing ideology among some members of the profession, and their propensity to view American minority groups as victims of a malevolent white Eurocentric majority, their support for the Indian activists on the issue of returning the bones was a foregone conclusion.

Archaeologists, the other major group of academics involved in the dispute, have tried to strike a more reasonable balance between the claims of the Indians and of scholarship. Initially opposed to any return of human remains, the executive group of the Society for American Archaeology announced in 1985 that it would negotiate with proven next of kin or these individuals who could demonstrate a genetic tie to remains in museum collections. They remained opposed to federal legislation, preferring that cases be settled on an individual basis. However, a dissident group led by Professor Larry Zimmerman of the University of South Dakota, and calling itself the World Archaeological Congress, split off from the International Union of Prehistoric and Protohistoric Scientists because it was "dominated by white American and European interests." Unlike most other archaeologists, the group generally favors reburial of Indian remains.

The single most active organization of scholars devoted to maintaining museum holdings is the American Committee for the Preservation of Archaeological Collections (ACPAC), founded in 1981 by UCLA anthropology professor Clement W. Meighan, now emeritus. With members in 49 states, it is devoted to preserving and safeguarding archaeological collections as "part of the historical and cultural heritage of the nation and the property of all citizens," according to its statement of purpose.

One irony is that the rebuttal issue, like the ethnic studies movement with which it is allied, often functions as a noisy sideshow, deflecting attention from the genuine problems of Native Americans, such as poverty, unemployment, and rampant alcoholism. Instead of addressing any of these, reburial is used to advance the political careers of those claiming special victim status in the larger society and group entitlements as compensations for past wrongs. In both cases, the activists chose a soft target, the scholarly community, whose members collectively represent one of the least racist institutions in the country. Moreover, neither movement seems ultimately concerned with true knowledge of the groups in whose interest they purport to act, but rather with political control of such knowledge.

The Chronicle of Higher Education reported that some Indian groups are opposed to "having the history of their people written by "outsiders," This is nothing new to those who have listened to the separatist rhetoric of ethnic studies departments over the years. Once again, the claim is made that knowledge is the special preserve of a particular ethnic or racial group. To put it another way, they are denying that objective knowledge is possible, since what we call "truth" they believe to be merely successful propaganda that has drowned out competing claims. History is useful, but only as a club with which to bludgeon one's political opponents.

In this view, science likewise becomes a tool of ideology. If that is so, we had not only better diversify museums of their collections, but shut down the universities themselves, which are founded on quite other premises—that objective knowledge is possible, if often difficult to arrive at; that it should be treasured for its sake; and that it should be made available to all.

Dr. Anita Sue Grossman is editor of The California Scholar. She wishes to thank Dr. Frank A. Norick of the Hearst Museum, UC Berkeley, for providing information for this article. Readers interested in ACPAC or its newsletter should write to P.O. Box 117, Whittier, CA 90609?
According to the most recent figures, the overall budget of the United Methodist Church approaches $3 billion. (The kind Methodist lady who provided this information conceded it was a large sum but revealingly shrugged it off as "less than the phone bill at the Pentagon.") The Women's Division is also the official policy-making body for United Methodist Women, which also holds financial clout. In 1992, UWM giving totaled $37,926,300. Initially, Faye Short was proud that the dedicated women volunteers of the Methodist Church raised this much money for the Lord's work—ministry, relief, and philanthropy. The Women's Division is the strongest and wealthiest branch of the church's General Board of Global Ministries, whose income exceeds $100 million and holds assets several times that amount. The Women's Division functions as the flywheel of board social policy because of a decision made during the 60s that half of the World and National Division's boards must be women. Further, 40 percent of higher echelon positions. The Women's Division has no difficulty conducting full analysis of North Korea (Strange that Amnesty International has no difficulty conducting full analysis of North Korea's abominable human rights record).

Other leftist organizations have received grants from UMW, which has supported still other groups with "in-kind" contributions such as the use of meeting space. These recipients include the African National Congress, the Pan-Africanist Congress of Azania, SWAPO, the Christian Peace Conference (for years a Soviet front group) and even the Venceremos Brigade. In 1989 they even gave $1,000 to the Nation, the Dead Sea Scrolls of the Left.

In her own church, Faye Short found herself a stranger in a strange land. She was in constant disagreement with the radical feminism, fundamentalist pantheism, liberation theology, and the demonizing of capitalism and American policy she found in official Methodist publications. She was not a political activist by nature. In fact, speaking and organizing were difficult for her. But she wanted to support her church and the people who depended on it for real spiritual sustenance rather than the "messianic" contributions such as the use of meeting space. These women, although this group's newsletter says it is not possible to conduct "full analysis of the human rights situation in North Korea" (Strange that Amnesty International has no difficulty conducting full analysis of North Korea's abominable human rights record).

At the 1982 UMW assembly Dr. Hazel Henderson invoked Gaia, Greek earth goddess, who, before troublesome human beings came along, "managed the biosphere very well by herself." A book on the UMW's 1991 reading list was Revolutionary Forgiveness by the Amancida Collective. According to the group, morality requires that we confront those people and policies which proclaim "sexual relationships between men and women, heterosexual marriage, and nuclear family constellations and normative for society."

The UMW gave $3,000 to the Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy (CNFMP), one of the Left's more strident bulwarks, a consistent demonizer of U.S. policy and a public-relations agency for Marxist dictatorships. After CNFMP disbanded in 1989, the following year Methodists gave $4,000 to the Central American Working Group, which carried on CNFMP's work. A grant of $23,300 went to the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, a rigidly anti-military and anti-capitalist group. The Antonio Valdivieso Center, a propaganda oracle of the Sandinistas, picked up $16,099. In 1990 the Interreligious Task Force on El Salvador, a consistent defender of the Salvadoran Communists of the FMLN. Also in 1990, United Methodist Women gave $7,000 to the Institute for Policy Studies, the American Left's most lavishly funded intellectual bunker which churns out the opinions for leftist mainstays such as Richard Barnet and Saul Landau, a Castro groupie who produces the dictator's promotional films. That same year the North American Coalition for Human Rights in Korea got $3,000 from the Methodist Church—this movement liberated nothing and no one.

As the Marxist movements it had supported went down to defeat, the Methodist left looked to America for its next set of commitments—spreading the gospel of political correctness and redeeming the heathens from their theological and especially their social traditionalism. Environmentalism, Columbus-bashing, and homosexual and radical feminist advocacy became the new causes.

This trend had actually begun in 1972, when the Women's Division gave $10,000 to eight women's liberation action groups and proclaimed its purpose to "bridge gaps between church women and the women's movement." UMW's Response magazine began to publish feminist radicals such as Mary Daly and Rosemary Radford Ruether, a sense of whose writing is given by her 1985 work Women-Church:

We say that the temples of patriarchy have disfigured and hidden our true Mother Teacher and replaced her with a great mechanical idol with flashing eyes and smoking nostrils who spews out blasphemies and lies. What does this idol say? How speaks this monstrous robot of the temples of patriarchy?

At the 1982 UMW assembly, a session on the "power of the family" was dubbed "a parody of a community meeting." Dr. Karen Shipley, a member of the Amancida Collective, complained that church women are "not taken on tours of the United Nations and the "God Box," the National Council of Churches headquarters on Riverside Drive. The Methodists are the largest member denomination of the NCC, which Short would eventually come to see as a sort of interlocking directorate of church social agencies where the nomendatura of religious political correctness plan their strategies.

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The training sessions turned out to be a kind of sensitivity encounter with questions asked which required a visible response such as standing up or raising a hand. For example, there was a "Litany for Mission," which mingled traditional Christian concerns with partisan advocacy of ERA and abortion rights. At each table of trainees, a professional staffer carefully monitored the response. "It was obvious if you disagreed," Short says. "It was coercive. I was like a sore thumb."

Theresa Hoover, longtime head of the Women's Division, told the trainees that there would be times when they would find Women's Division policies out of line with general thinking in the church. She reminded the inductees that they had, in a sense, "signed a contract with the Women's Division." She told them that if they felt that they could not support WD policies perhaps they should step aside. But Short's loyalties lay along different lines.

"At conferences I would raise questions from another view," she recalls. "It would create quite a bit of concern. People said Don't rock the boat, you are breaking the team spirit." These people, she says, had accepted the premise that women must accept what was called the United Methodist Women's "line of movement," otherwise they would lose their position and not be considered for roles higher in the hierarchy. "Privately they would come and agree with me," Short says, "but publicly very few stood with me."

Short was reading voraciously on social issues. Her notes had filled a number of notebooks. In discussions—they were never arguments if she could help it—she would marshal her facts and suggest that everybody in the church might not agree with the official "line of movement." She used the Methodist Book of Discipline, for instance, a massive official manual of faith and practice, to underscore the issue of whether or not the denomination's official position on homosexuality was incompatible with Christian teaching. And Short pointed out that in advocating liberation theology, the WD had reversed the Methodists' order of Scripture, tradition, reason, and experience in matters of faith.

After Short had been in office for a year, the chairperson of the nominating committee came to a regional school of missions. She followed Short around like a detective and eventually took her aside. "You've probably noticed that I was here and that I was following you," the woman said. "I was told that you were a troublemaker. But I found nothing of that. You get along beautifully. When you ask questions, you do it in a very courteous way. I don't see any problem." The woman failed to say who had given her the assignment. Short thinks it was someone in the denominational hierarchy.

According to official policy, the Methodists' Service Center enjoys "sole right of display and sale of literature" in all meetings sponsored by the Women's Division. Short found that the approved fare included "mission studies" and other materials put out by the Friendship Press, the publishing arm of the National Council of Churches which has been consistently sympathetic to leftist dictatorships around the world. The UMW makes more use of these "studies" than any other group, and Women's Division staffers must approve the content before they are adopted. Among others given the seal of approval are the following:

- Fire Beneath the Frost by Peggy Billings, a former UM staffer. Her view of the Korean War summarizes Billings' political outlook: "The Soviets chose to utilize the People's Committees that the United States had spawned. Apparently there was less violence and less resistance to the Soviet takeover in northern Korea than to U.S. control in southern Korea." Furthermore, Billings faults the U.S. for choosing "repression, not reform. The constabulary was increased and converted into a national police force. Several right-wing youth organizations were formed, modeled after the Hitler Jugend for the purpose of intimidating workers."
- China: A Search for Community advances the idea that China is "the only truly Christian country in the world, in spite of its absolute rejection of all religion." Another book, China: People-Questions, widely used at UMW

Roadmap for a QUEER CHURCH

Ray Beck of the United Methodist Reporter was skeptical of rumors that up to 25 percent of those working at the New York headquarters of the National Council of Churches were homosexual. Beck could not verify the numbers but his investigation did confirm that an informal but influential network of homosexuals did exist in high Protestant offices. According to staffers, bathrooms hosted a veritable decathlon of homosexual couplings, to the point that officials had to issue a warning.

"Why? The clergy and staff were simply practicing what they preach: And now abides faith, hope and gay sex, but the greatest of these is gay sex."

Deprived of the issue of war and peace, the Protestant Church has now taken on homosexuality as its burning question.

Presbyterians: The Presbyterian Church USA did not allow the Rev. Jane Spahr, a lesbian, to be ordained. So a church in Rochester hired her as an "evangelist" and she now conducts missionary work to the heathens in the pew who might still harbor doubts on the blessedness of homosexuality. The Rev. Spahr thus provides a model for a militant movement.

Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gay Concerns (PLGC) lobbies for ordination of homosexuals and acceptance of the gay lifestyle. The group finds strong support in the Presbyterian bureaucracy. One worker at the denomination's Louisville headquarters was selling PLGC buttons and advertising through PLOG Public, a electronic bulletin board on the Presbynet system.

In 1991 the PCUSA's Special Committee on Human Sexuality released "Keeping Body and Soul Together: Sexuality, Spirituality and Social Justice," a study that baptized the gay agenda as an admirable ethic of "justice-love."

Episcopalians: Episcopalians disturbed about the direction of their church tell of an incident in which three women were up for denominational office, all black, all feminists, and all socialists. Unable to choose between them, the hiring committee broke the deadlock by picking the lesbian.

"Integrity" is the Episcopalians' official pro-gay organization, active since the late 1970s and counting 57 chapters in four regions of the U.S., along with chapters in Canada and Australia. While there is no official policy on gay ministers, they do operate in the church. Members see Bishop Spong of New Jersey as a key advocate for gay concerns.

Lutherans: "I support your intention to lift the ban on homosexual persons in the armed forces," wrote Bishop Herbert Chilstrom of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America to President Clinton last February. The bishop cited the "enormous problem" of "sexual misconduct of heterosexual persons in the military."

He concluded: "Please be assured of the prayers of our church as you wrestle with many complex issues."

The Lutherans ordain gays but expect them to be celibate. "Lutherans Concerned," the denomination's gay caucus, is tying to change that policy, which some San Francisco clergy have already done. There have been several resolutions calling upon the church to "recognize the dignity, value, and genderlessness present by the grace of God, in the lesbian and gay community." Tags, (Teen Age Gays of St Paul) meets at St. Paul Reformation Lutheran Church. This is the gay version of Sunday school and youth ministry. There have also been various Lutheran task forces on "Homosexuality, Homophobia and Ordination."

Methodists: The Methodists have not yet approved the ordination of homosexuals but there was a case of a marriage ceremony involving two men. Several years ago Methodist clergy in Denver refused to dismiss a pastor who dumped his wife and children for his boyfriend. The Methodists' caucus for lesbian homosexual and bisexual concerns is "Affirmation." The organization recently issued a resolution calling the United Methodist Church "a moribund institution drained by its idolatry of heterosexual norms" and threatened to split off into a gay sect.

Clerical signers of a letter in support of lifting the military's ban on gays included Methodist bishop Melvin Talbert, a longtime anti-military stalwart. Steve Beard of the traditionalist Methodist group Good News points out the contradiction: "You have these left-wing clergymen campaigning to have homosexuals be able to participate in everything these homosexuals have always hated."

Unitarians: The United Church of Christ is led by the kind of people who drive you out of town by burning a question mark on your front lawn. The UCC has been ordaining gay clergy since the late 1970s and denominational staffers work with the Gay and Lesbian Coalition. The UCC approves homosexual marriage but there is no official rule on the practice. The UCC's Inter- Instrumentality Task Force on the Right to Privacy shows up at synod meetings and demonstrates for the overturning of anti-sodomy laws.
functions for years after its 1975 publication, says that "a violent revolution and bitter civil war were necessary to sweep away the decay, exploitation and backwardness of old China." This work also includes the following classic passage: "While liberation turned the whole society toward socialism, the Cultural Revolution deepened and continued that process. Mutant social growths were identified and unceremoniously uprooted. And, the Chinese conclude, there will be more cultural revolutions in the future as their society moves along a socialist direction." (emphasis added) The author of this volume was Michael Chinoy, now CNN's man in Peking.

Mary Lou Suhor of the pro-Castro Cuba Resource Center edited a People-Questions book on Cuba also approved by the Methodist women. In it she writes: "Cuba could not have grown in domestic stability or international prestige without the help of the USSR, to which Fidel Castro has acknowledged a deep debt, moral and financial." The idea that Cuba owed a "moral debt" to the Soviets bore the distinctive signature of the politics the Women's Division supported.

By the rules of some UMW conferences, spiritual growth retreats are the only events where women may display materials other than those certified by the Service Center. Before attending one of these retreats, Short went to a Methodist bookstore and picked up some books which she believed "showed a different perspective." They were Dee Joyner's Women Beyond Equal Rights, Let Justice Roll Down by black minister John Perkins, and Michael Novak's critique of liberation theology, Will It Liberate?

Although Short said she merely wanted to broaden the dialogue, the presence of these books bothered Marie Colón, UMW's conference president, and other officers. But they didn't want to debate the books' content. Rather, in the best PC style, they wanted the offending volumes banished from the premises lest contrary facts and opinion cause any of the sisters to question the infallibility of official policy.

Short describes the UMW's April 1986 quadrennial assembly in Anaheim as the most volatile political event she ever attended. Of these retreats, Short went to a Methodist bookstore and picked up some books which she believed "showed a different perspective." They were Dee Joyner's Women Beyond Equal Rights, Let Justice Roll Down by black minister John Perkins, and Michael Novak's critique of liberation theology, Will It Liberate?

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could fill a volume with examples taken from "influ-
ential" critics who engage in raving pedantry and
dogmatic claims, with cult-like followers repe-
ating arcane formulas and interpreting all language and
literature in the name of liberation from oppressive "hégemonies" of
one kind or another. What seems at times particularly
frightening to me are the echoes of the combative intellec-
tual scene in Germany in the 1920s, in which, as Robert Musil
writes in his essay "Surrounded by Poets and Thinkers": thousands
of little groups each peddle their own set notion of
life, so that it ought not to surprise us if soon a genuine
paranoia will hardly still be able to resist competing with the am-
ateurs

One finds a similar overheated atmosphere
surrounding current literary criticism (often hyped as
"Theory"), in which paranoia, disguised as "the
hégemonics of suspicion," fills the pages of this
material, and "resistance to theory" is seen as giving
"aid and comfort to the enemy" (G. Douglas Atkins). If one
reads these works carefully, one finds that the "enemy"
is common sense, intelligibility in critical prose, a love
of western literature, respect for the text, and objectivity
itself, which is considered a main source of oppression.
The idea that earlier scholars and teachers
might have actually known something is disparaged as
"the transmission of ready-made knowledge" through a
"master-slave relationship." (Atkins)

Apart from giving "the appearance of solidity to
pure wind," as George Orwell would have said, a good
current deal of critical writing is therefore driven by
destructive impulses (always in the name of freedom) and
suffers from shoddy and erroneous ideas, particularly the
idea that nothing has its own identity and that language and
literature are significant for what they do not say.

According to modern studies, language is
arbitrary, indifferent, and "decentered," having no
"reference to a center, to a subject, to a privileged
reference, to an origin or to an absolute archia
[beginning"] (Derrida), not even to an author, depicted in
several disparaging ways as the "authoritative authority" (H.
Stephen Greenblatt) and the "Author-God" (Barthes).

Ever since Nietzsche wrote that God is dead, the task of
"Theory," according to Michel Foucault, has been to
"locate the space left empty by the author's
disappearance, and follow the distribution of gaps
and breaches, and watch for the openings that
disappearance uncover. For critics who follow
the general premises of this neurotic-sounding
plan, reading becomes a confused combination of
argumentativeness and anxiety, obtuseness and
vigilance, as scholars go about exposing the hidden
issues of race, class, and gender and the
"hégemonic" preconception of objectivity.

However erroneous the conclusions may be,
"Theory" insists that the concept of individual
authors and texts is a tautology based on "the old
model" of interpretation, which assumed that writers
"were in the business of handing over ready-made
or prefabricated meanings" (Fish) to the reader. In
the new dispensation, however,

We know now that a text is not a line of words releasing a
single "theological" meaning (the "message" of the
Author-God) but a multidimensional space in which a
variety of readings, none of them original, blend and
clash. (Barthes)

Note how common words become typed
and overblown: meaning becomes "theological" a
writer becomes an "Author-God," and a text "a
multi-dimensional space," absolute pronounce-
ments that sound as if they came from the very
same "Author-God" which Barthes claims does
not exist. His criticism of traditional teaching and
scholarship is nothing more than a projection of
his own drive toward dogmatic pronouncements.

It is a curious fact that earlier poet-critics
such as Eliot, Pound and Frost and scholars such as
Bradley, Williamson, and Goddard had superbly
individual styles and points of view, whereas
recent and supposedly liberated studies patronize the same
ideas and the same absurdities, like a weird mantra of
ideological clichés:

... canon formation as a concept has lost what-
ever innocence it might ever in reality have
possessed. (Joe Weilman) There are no
innocent, objective accounts of Moholy family
history. (Michael Rogin) no language is
innocent... (Claire J. Kronish) A rhetoric can never be innocent... (James Berlin) Once
upon a time, history was an innocent word in
an innocent world. (John W. Kronik)

Cheerfully surrendering their
questioning faculties, critics not only engage in the
group-think of mindless repetition but also
practice double-think by believing contradictory
assertions simultaneously; for example, there are
no unique texts and that marginal voices must be
respected for their "Otherness" and that the old
hégemonies which was "innocent" was also tyrannical.

And everyone is hip. Everyone sees absences. Nothing
is whole: "one's own language is never a single
language" (Michael Bakhtin); "we can only picture things
which are not there" (Wolfgang Iser); "... the semantic
Force of what is not said" (Michael Johnson); "no story
is complete without its absences" (Kronik).
particularly absurd, since no one can know how many absences it would take to complete a narrative—(Kronik apparently forgot that there is no "closure" in literature). Nevertheless, despite the irrationality of the project—or perhaps because of it—critics today repeat ad nauseam that the thing to look for in a text is "what is not said," which removes the burden of reading what it does say. Every reader now becomes a "reader/rewriter" (Johnson), with complete license to "reinscribe" the "blanks" (Irigary) and look for "ideological and figurational shortcomings" among the "so-called masterpieces of literature," in Weixlmann's astonishingly cynical phrase. In other words, critics can attack a work for being restrictive and oppressive because it excludes anything they happen to think is important, i.e. women (or women's "otherness"), oppressed workers, "cultures of color," the lower classes, etc. The critic thus displaces the author and becomes the center of attention in what is sometimes referred to as "reader response theory." Conjuring up an academic Twilight of the Gods, Barthes makes the grandiose pronouncement that "The birth of the reader must be the cost of the death of the Author."

Since the oppressive "Author-God" is dead and readers have been liberated, they are free to find "gaps and breaches" and proclaim dire warnings about the tyranny they have just escaped, such as "Shakespeare's hegemony" over English literature and the absences he did not fill. In the critic's wisdom over the author, "We can understand what Shakespeare did not only if we understand what he didn't do and understand too that what he didn't do was worth doing." (Gary Taylor) Shakespeare, you see, did not dramatize Elizabethan "unemployment and economic exploitation, inflation and dislocation," to which one might add that he did not write about Elizabethan shipbuilding either, or the development of Dutch landscape painting and the state of England's public health, all of which would have been "worth doing."

The consequences of Theory, in true Kafkassian fashion, are both absurd and controlling. For instead of beginning with a predisposition to study literature on its own terms, critics believe that it has no separate reality and no boundaries of its own, and constantly look for faults according to their own "set notion of life." Weixlmann, for example, provides a check-list of ideological flaws, including sexism in Chaucer and Milton, Twain's "apparent (if unintended) racism, Hemingway's homophobia, and the like." Taylor actually subjects Shakespeare's plays to a democratic voting list and finds that "Like women, the lower and middle classes are systematically underrepresented" in his works. It is as though art were a matter of quotas rather than imaginative power—as though Juliet, Gertrude, Ophelia, Rosalind, Viola, Kate, Miranda, Cordelia, M innix, Quickly, Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, and Cleopatra (for openness) meant nothing; and as though Shakespeare should have had an imagination that agreed with Taylor's.

In contrast to this radical devaluation of Shakespeare's humanity, my students are surprised to discover that mental illness, homelessness, and profound social injustice, which they think of as contemporary problems, are right there in Shakespeare's King Lear, powerfully and compassionately expressed. What would Taylor want me to tell them? That they were seduced by "Shakespeare's hegemony" into a state of false consciousness?

To understand the new learning, one has to remember that old values have been reversed, so that objectivity is now seen as a ploy to maintain a "logocentric perspective" (Danny Anderson), whereas that hunt for absences frees us from repressive thinking and opens us to the "fantasance" of intellectual play. For Atkins, who sounds as if he's selling trampolines, "theory can be fun."

There is a kind of comic value to Derrida's being "faithful to the other heading and to the other of that heading," but Atkins means serious fun, the kind that comes from turning things upside down and back to front. In the hands of modern critics, "theory can actually become literature." Even more delightful, it can simply replace it. Ezra Pound, for example, foolishly thought that "literature gives us eyes to see with," whereas we now know that "it is actually theory that does so." Traditional literature, in other words, is based on ideologies that have huge blind spots, whereas dogmatic and unreadable theory is really literature and permits us to see the world as it is. Thanks to Atkins we can now see that Pound's (that "notorious Helene") didn't champion Old English, medieval, Italian, Provençal, modern French, and Chinese poetry, along with Greek, even though he did.

Once politicized theory replaces literature, anything can be said about an author or a text, no matter how erroneous. Stephen Greenblatt, for example, asserts that Shakespeare's plays are "a fetish of Western civilization," an instrument of social control that "Caliban curiously anticipates" in The Tempest, because he recognizes the power of Prospero's magic books. By the same reasoning, of course, Fusssian cry for redemption at the end of Marlowe's tragedy—"I'll burn my books!"—could be taken as a foreshadowing of the Nazi bookburnings in the 1930s. Beyond all evidence, judicious analogy, and poetic insight, Shakespeare must be depicted as the great "fetish" of western literature, the arch-hegemon who blurs by his "privileged presence" from seeing repressed humanity. Greenblatt's idea that Prospero is a colonialist who believes in "the dream of power" and that Caliban is a third-world victim has by now achieved the status of dogma. This interpretation, however, is as false to the text as his other pronouncements on the play. In Shakespearean Negotiations, for example, he characterizes Prospero as a power-hungry narcissist, even though Prospero 1) uses his magic powers for the purpose of arousing the conscience of his enemies and reconciling everyone; 2) gives up this power just before the reconciliations are completed; 3) says that when he returns as the rightful duke of Milan, "Every third thought shall be my grave;" 4) acts throughout the play in keeping with the motive that he gave Miranda when he created the tempest, "I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee my dear one, thee, my daughter;" and 5) frees Caliban at the end, who recognizes his folly in having blindly accepted the drunken Stephano and Trinculo as his family.

How could someone possibly acknowledge these facts, however, if he believes that pardoning people, as Prospero pardons his enemies, is actually "a demonstration of supreme force"? Greenblatt not only turns pardoning into coercion but also transforms evil into good, in which he idealizes Antonio as a kind of rebel.
sibling for having "escaped subordination to his older brother Prospero. This interpretation of the play makes sense, however, only if one believes that rulers are inherently wicked, since Antonio betrays his brother's trust in him, usurps his power, and attempts to kill him and his three year old daughter Miranda. As for meaning, Keats and Coleridge only offered lint, and clarity is "relentless," as though he should have been mercifully, not even unmethodical, exciting criticism, such as the compassionate counselor Gonzalo and take over the island later in the play.

Greenblatt is not alone in these distortions. Peter Hulce, for example, thinks that Caliban may not have tried to rape Miranda, as Prospero says he did, since Prospero could have taken any attempt at courtship as a violation of his daughter. The fact that Caliban agrees with him and reveals his true character when he replies "O ho, O ho! wouldn't had been done!" is simply ignored, no doubt because Miranda is the daughter of a ruler and therefore unfit to be believed as a victim of attempted rape.

The new learning does not make judgments on texts but invades them; and the ideologue's ability to gloss over wickedness in the name of freedom from oppression is aptly suggested in these perverse interpretations of the play. Under the new critical world order, discussions of great critics are often as invasive and dismissive as interpretations of great literature. Just as Adkins makes an ignorant accusation against Taylor and Golf articulates his traditional scholarship for not "putting knowledge into larger contexts," Taylor insinuatingly disparages the eminent nineteenth-century Shakespeare critic A.C. Bradley by attacking his methodical style. In fact, nothing seems to please the eighteenth-century Shakespearean critic A.C. Bradley by attack- ing his methodical style. In fact, nothing seems to please him, not even unmethodical, exciting criticism, such as the compassionate counselor Gonzalo and take over the island later in the play.

Shakespeare may at some point have closed the book; but he could reopen it again whenever he wanted. There is no Last Judgment anymore. You can appeal your conviction; you can remarry your ex-wife. Even death is no longer final; we resuscitate the dead, put them on life-support systems, we distinguish between heart death and brain death, and on and on. What outrageous nonsense! Is it really true that for all the advances in modern medicine "death is no longer final"? Does it make any sense to say that a work is never complete, since the creator can always revise it, even though he doesn't?

Concerning this issue of indeterminacy, Foucault has long complicated discussions of the authoritative-ness of texts, in which he sometimes sounds completely perversive:

When undertaking the publication of Nietzsche's works, for example, where should one stop? Clearly everything must be examined, but what is "everything?" Everything that Nietzsche himself published, certainly. And what about the rough drafts for his works? Obviously... What if, within a workbook filled with aphorisms, one finds a reference, the notation of a meeting, or of an address, or a laundry list: is it a work, or not? Why not? And so on, ad infinitum. How can one define a work amid the millions of traces left by someone after his death?

Hew, indeed? Let's suppose that someone turned up the complete shopping lists of Herman Melville and published them with scholarly annotations and suggested references to his works. Would anyone in his right mind have trouble understanding that they have a separate reality in form, motive, and significance form Mohy-Dick?

Foucault's argument on definition leads to the kind of sepulchral politicized thinking that one finds, among other places, in the new Columbia History of the America

I

nivalled. This attack is not confined to the higher reaches of "Theory," but takes place at the workaday level as well. In a publication of the National Council of Teachers of English, for example, Teaching English in the Two-Year College, (December, 1992), Lynda Haas refers to the teaching of English skills as "Imperial Literacy," a system of oppression in which students become "the instruments of language of those in power. According to Haas, traditional English teaching is "characterized by a strict emphasis on rules," a method that trains students to "be future blue collar workers," proletarian wage slaves who will "docilely accept rules handed down from above" and fit into "hierarchical society." (As if functionally illiterate workers would be more independent.) It's strange to think that teachers could be against teaching the very skills that they possess, yet Haas insists that this is an "imperialistic education," derived from "the current, ruling power," namely, "those who are white, male," and "propertied." As for teachers who are more modern and "progressive," they use "process" teaching (which is an instrument of "Colonial Literacy") to arrive at the same goal of perpetuating "a hierarchical class system."

In this pedagogy of paranoia, the good is particularly bad. For Haas, the liberal emphasis on the student's own thinking process is a substitute for inculcating a "nationalistic, a belief in "the ability of cognitive methods to solve problems." This wicked goal of rational problem solving does not teach students to question "how the oppressive features of schooling were created in the first place by political, economic, and social conditions of the dominant culture." You would mink that she was talking about indoctrination sessions in Nazi Germany, but no. Haas is talking about American education, an institution so lax that many of my Caribbean, South American, and West African students tell me of being depressed by what they feel is a general lack of respect for education in America compared to what they experienced in their English, Spanish, and French-model schools back home.

What then are we left with under the regime envi- sioned by Haas and her ilk? Independence without skills, cultural relativism without individual intellectual play without pleasure or delight. Look through the pages of Derrida, Roquin, Greenblatt, Taylor, and other influential critics and ask yourself if they actually care about literature, as earlier scholars and writers demonstrably did, such as Bradley, Lucas, Weedwood, Nicolson, Elliot, Frost, and Pound. They have nothing to say about the artistic imagination, their judgments of texts are imprecise and skewed, and there is always a sour note in their politicized interpretations, an unpleasant capping that makes me wonder why they bother with it in the first place if it is such a negative experience. My own view is that negativity is
precisely the driving force behind their work and that a major source of their intellectual pleasure is to attack the culture in which the works were created; as Ronald Takaki, for example, considers Captain Ahab "the embodiment" of nineteenth-century America’s "demonic iron cage," and as Jonathan Arac, agreeing with Foucault, concludes that Dickens and Twain supported "the growth of the repressive state apparatus." At the beginning of the same article, Arac states that "The debates over Proletarian Culture and Socialist Realism in the Soviet Union counted heavily for the mediation and production of literature throughout the western world." The murder of Russian writers such as Nikolai Gumilev, Isaac Babel, and Osip Mandelstam means nothing to him because he is working from a formula: Dickens and Twain evil/Stalin good.

Projecting their destructive ideologies onto Western literature and history, radical critics bear out the truth of Nietzsche's aphorism that "He who would fight monsters should be careful lest he become a monster himself." In this respect, it is interesting to note that for all their proclaimed indebtedness to Nietzsche, critics such as Derrida and Foucault do not seem to have learned some obvious lessons from the author of The Genealogy of Morals, Ecce Homo, and Beyond Good and Evil, such as Nietzsche's intense disgust with theorists and systematizers, his radical skepticism and insights into the psychology of dogmatists, and the clarity, freshness and intimacy of his style.

Modern literary studies have in far less in common with Nietzsche than with the deadly Marxist sophistries that Nadezhda Mandelstam describes in Hope Against Hope and Hope Abandoned, together making up one of the greatest intellectual autobiographies of the 20th century, which feminists, incidentally, seem to know nothing about.

Then again there is so much that radical critics seem to know nothing about. I would not feel as strongly as I do about such gross ignorance, however, were it not linked to the politicizing of literary studies, whose distortions, intellectual absurdities, and outright falsehoods deserve to be exposed for the shams they are.

Steve Kogan teaches English Literature in New York.
“RIMBAUD SAYS THE WORLD IS FULL OF HOMOPHOBES”

by DAVID BERLINSKI

Times. Waste of time. He’s doing hard time at Folsom.”

“Terrific,” I said.

Wanker took another long drag on his cigarette. “You lose your boy?” he asked. “That’s why you’re out looking for him?”

I shook my head. I could feel the hard grotting Peninsula light bounce off Wanker’s decals by the side of his lot.

“Man’s dead, Wanker. I’m sort of cleaning up after him.”

Wanker looked at me shrewdly for a long moment. “Night of the living dead, Asher,” he finally said.

I was four o’clock in the afternoon and the long slunk of the day had started to taper down toward evening. I was sitting at my desk with my feet up and looking out into the waters of the Bay. The telephone rang. This is Allison Hectorbrand.”

For a moment I didn’t know who she was, then I did. “Terrific,” I said, “Rimbaud decided she needed a little road work before she meets Big George, figures something on account of everyone had to have a star tattooed on their lungs.”

“You’re talking about a white man!” I nodded.

“White man rides a big Harley, wears colors,” Wanker reassured the Jem in his mind. “There’s kind of club over Vallejo, used to call themselves the Stida, means Star or something on account of everyone had to have a star tattooed here.”

Wanker held up his right hand and pointed to the space between his thumb and index finger. “Calmed the star the sign of the evil life. Figured they were going to be trouble. Guy busts up by the Angels. You might try them.”

Wanker dropped his cigarette to the ground and crushed it beneath his boot. He withdrew his pill bottle and popped another couple of tablets in his mouth. His eyes held a quickly clouded that dissipated when the pills took effect. I nodded toward the pills.

“You living on those things now, Wanker?”

“I’m living because I don’t feel like dying,” Wanker boomed, “and that’s the truth, my man.”

He lit up his unfiltered cigarette and drew the smoke into his lungs with a wet rattle.

I asked, “Know where I can get in touch with anyone of theirs?”

“They’ve got a house over in Vallejo, big old place, registered name of Ingelfinger. I know on account of he said a little collection work for me some years back. You might try there. Don’t go lookie for Ingelfinger himself, though. Waste of time. He’s doing hard time at Folsom.”

“She’s going hetero. Wants the world to know.”

“She’s going hetero. Wants the world to know.”

“Terrific,” I said.

Wanker nodded severely. Hectorbrand said: “Rimbaud says to meet her at The Virginia Wolf at eight.”

The Virginia Wolf, one “o,” was San Francisco’s most elegant lesbian bar. Everyone called it Wolfies. “I’m supposed to come in drag.”

“That’s up to you,” said Allison Hectorbrand. “In any case, something white, you’ll find it at the door.”

She hung up without saying goodbye. There wasn’t much of a line outside Wolfies. But a woman the size of a Abrahams tank was making a show of dropping the red rope in front of the door each time someone went into the room, and then hitching it up ostentatiously before she would let anyone else in. By the time I got there no one else was on line.

I walked to the rope and said, “I’m expected.” “Here?” said the Tank. “Cupcakes, I doubt it.” “Doubt it all you want, it’s still true. Go ask Rimbaud. She’s supposed to be inside.”

“Rimbaud,” said the Tank, marveling at the unnaturalness of it all. “She’s expecting you.”

“Rimbaud,” said the Tank, marveling at the unnaturalness of it all. “She’s expecting you.”

“She’s gone hetero. Wants the world to know.”

Go ahead in. Mention my name. It’s Asherfeld. You’ll hit moisture.”

The Tank backed up and lumbered off into the club. After just a minute she returned and without a word dropped the red rope.

“See;” I said as I walked past the Tank, “and all this time she was only waiting for Mr. Right.”

The Tank snorted.

Inside, Wolfies was low-key, soft, and soothing. A very sophisticated sound system was playing Mozart on what sounded like a marimba. The walls were earth colored and faux finished in a kind of marble glaze; the lighting was chrome noon tubing, the sort of stuff that spread a muzzy light everywhere. The place wasn’t terribly crowded yet; there were a handful of women at the bar and a few couples in the booths. Some of the women were dressed in leather. Conversations didn’t exactly stop when I walked in, but no one stood up and applauded either.

Rimbaud and Allison Hectorbrand were sitting side by side in a booth.

Rimbaud nodded severely. Hectorbrand said: “Rimbaud says no hard feelings.”

“I shut into the booth. I looked at both women for a moment. The bartender came over and placed a narrow flute of champagne in front of me. ‘Compliments of the house,’ she said.

Rimbaud and Allison were both drinking sweet looking red drinks. I lifted the flute and said: ‘Ladies.’

We sat there for a moment, the three of us, and then Rimbaud inclined her massive head toward Allison.

‘Rimbaud says things aren’t always what they seem’

‘You’re telling me,’ I said. ‘People confuse me with Charlton Heston all the time.’

Rimbaud leaned over to whisper in Allison’s ear. ‘Rimbaud says to cut it out’

‘The young Charlton Heston, of course.’

‘Rimbaud says you’d better cut it out,’” said Allison Hectorbrand. Something in her tone of voice must have sent out sympathetic vibrations; in just that moment the Tank drifted in.
from the front door and ground her truds casually by our table, nodding severely to Rimbaud and Allison as she passed. I took another sip of the awful champagne and leaned back in my chair. Rimbaud leaned over to Allison. "Rimbaud says the world is full of homophobes. "Man is born in Sin, no doubt about it."
There was a pause as Allison listened. "Rimbaud says she's afraid that homophbic forces on campus are going to use Montague's death to compromise Gay and Lesbian Rights."
"That's just awful," I said. For a moment, Rimbaud sat stock still, staring straight ahead. Then she leaned over again to whisper in Allison's ear. Allison lifted her head up and spoke directly to me. "Richard was a very naughty boy."
"I'll bet. Probably ate cookies before dinner."
"Naughtier than that. Much naughtier." Rimbaud reached toward her feet and withdrew a mail envelope from the leather briefcase she had propped up between her ankles. She handed the envelope to Allison who pushed it across the table to me. I took the envelope and opened it. There was a Charter of Incorporation for the State of California inside. It was for Commercial Scientific Corporation. The names of several of the corporation's officers had been carelessly whited out. I slid the Charter back into the envelope and passed it over to Allison. "No?" I asked. Rimbaud's eyebrows shot up for a moment; she inclined her head again toward Hectorbrand.

Rimbaud said, "It's the money. She says the money of incorporation is missing."
"It's always the money," I said. "And it's always missing."
"Rimbaud says a scandal is absolutely the last thing progressive forces on this campus need."
I sighted and took a sip of the awful champagne.
"I'm not in the recovery business," I said, pushing the flute from me.
Rimbaud shook her large square head and leaned over to whisper in Allison's ear. "Rimbaud says that she doesn't want you to recover the money. All she wants you to do is find Richard's business papers."
I lifted my hands and spread them apart. "Papers of that sort could be absolutely anywhere at all. It's more than likely that his attorney would be keeping them. It's not the sort of material an attorney would be happy to share with a stranger."
Allison Hectorbrand shook her head vigorously. "You're wrong," she said in her own flat voice. "The papers were not with Richard's other things. His attorney has no record of them." Rimbaud leaned over to whisper in Hectorbrand's ear.
"Rimbaud says that Richard always kept those particular papers in a brown pigskin case."
"That really narrows the search."
"Yes," said Allison Hectorbrand.
"What's it in for me, I look for the case?"
For the first time, Rimbaud looked directly at me. Her heavy brown eyes were clouded and flat voice. She smoothed the Charter of Incorporation on the table and tapped heavily with her index finger at the whited-out names.
Rimbaud said that if you find the case, then the whole, out comes of her.
I pushed myself away from the table and got up. I looked down at the Carter of Incorporation. I said, "It's a good thing you have so many colleagues you can throw to the wolves."
Hectorbrand said, "Yes."
I got up and said, "Ladies," and walked past the bar and out into the street. The Tank was still patrolling the red rope in front of Wolflies; and there was still no one lined up to get in.
"Make her go all trembly, cupcakes?" she asked. "Nothing any man couldn't do," I answered.

The rain started sometime after two in the morning. The papers had said a Pacific storm was moving into the city, and the papers were right. I could hear the drops hit the living room windows from my bedroom, and I could smell the dense close smell of the weather coming into the apartment I got up and walked into the living room in my underwear and watched the rain fall slowly over the scraggly little garden in the back of my building, the blackberry vines glimmering. After a while I went back to bed.
It was still raining when I got up, and it was still raining when I got on the oil-stained freeway and drove across the Bay bridge.
I got to Vallejo at a little past eleven. It's the sort of small city that generally fills up space on the map between where you are and where you want to go. There's an oil refinery by the Bay. The place smells vaguely of oil and even when the weather is fine in San Francisco a kind of sticky smell blows in over Vallejo from the waterfront.
Wanker had said not to try to contact Inglefinger directly. I did anyway. He had no telephone that I could trace, but a reporter at the Examiner named Leo Rubble used a reverse directory to get me his address. I drove down Parkside toward the waterfront and then followed a rabbit Warren of back streets until I came to Wampus. It's a scraggly one way street that dead ends on a vacant lot. I got out of my car and counted the houses until I came to 2040. It wasn't hard to spot. In a neighborhood of shabby wooden houses, it was the shabbiest.
The front of the house was pretty much much boarded up. Someone had nailed a couple of two by fours across the front door and each of the windows had been covered with plywood. A concrete walkway by the iron fence that separated the front yard from the sidewalk. A single wet red hole was drilled in his forehead.

When I awoke, my tongue thick in my mouth and the back of my head throbbing, the elegant pigskin attaché case was gone and the man who didn't drink while working or work while you're drinking, "Or work while you're drinking," I added helpfully. The whole place was gone of it's contents. There was a small mattress on the floor covered with an expensive red North Face sleeping bag. Alongsode one wall, a couple of plywood planks propped up on cinder blocks served as a makeshift bookcase. A stack of old Playboy's from the 1960s had been arranged neatly on the bottom shelf of the bookcase. I looked at the title: Jacobs Herbrand. Collected Papers. Inside the book was filled with symbols. It didn't look like fun reading.
I stepped over the mattress to the streaked and filthy window that looked over the back yard. I looked around the room again; mattress and sleeping bag on the floor. Check. Bookcase against the wall. Check. Rainstreaked windows and the yard outside. Check again.
There was a closet opposite the bookcase; its door had an elegant old fashioned glass handle. I walked over to have a look. The closet released a smell of odor and rubbish into the room. The only thing left in the closet was one of those pigskin attaché cases that cost a fortune and look like they plan on traveling to Europe on the Concorde. It felt heavy when I swung it down from the narrow closet shelf. The initials on the side said RM. I squatted down and pressed the latch above the combination lock. Nothing doing. I sidled out of the room with the briefcase underneath my arm and walked past the chicken bones on the landing and softly down the wooden stairs. I thought I might just slip out of the back of the house, the way I came in, but the drunk who had been sleeping so peacefully on the living room sofa was now sitting up. He looked at me with surprised red eyes.
"Hey, you don't belong here," he said snickily.
"You're absolutely right," I said. It's not my kind of place at all. Probably doesn't even have room service."
A new thought occurred to him: "Say, did Buddy send you over here? That's it, right? Buddy sent you over here to spy on me. See if I was drinking on the job or something."
"You? Drink on the job? Buddy knows better." I started to edge down the last step.
"Dam right," he said. "See, I'm a drinking man, I admit that, but I don't drink while I'm working, if you get my drift You tell Buddy that. Tell him I don't drink while I'm working."
"Or work while you're drinking," I added helpfully. The drunk peered intently at me. He had one of those noses that sprout stray hairs along its stalk. "Right," he finally said.
I nodded. I was about to say something more, and then for a fraction of a second, I thought I saw his wide eyes and then I heard a crushing roar. The wooden floor came up to meet my face.
When I awoke, my tongue thick in my mouth and the back of my head throbbing, the elegant pigskin attaché case was gone and the man who didn't drink while working or work while drinking lay sprawled against the sofa and his arms at his sides, a single wet red hole drilled in his forehead, just above the bridge of his hairy nose.
LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS CONSERVATIVES

by HAPPY JACKFEDER

 Conservatives, writers, politicians, journals and think tanks give unremitting updates on the culture war's front line: television, music, film, books, museum exhibits, the many manifestations of performance art, and especially the multicultural movement. Today's conservative soldier may pick and choose from a number of leftist foes to do battle with and blend the risk of outrage to such an extent that his readers will deem him worthy of a place in history.

But it often seems that the closer you get to the rattling of swords and the thickened smoke, the further you have traveled from the center of the culture conflict. In lieu of standing forth (where the bullets fly) to promote products and producers of a conservative culture, the generals of the conservative side often become what they claim to despise: professional whiners of an oppressed minority.

Conservatives will say it is unfair that a culture war can't be fought in the past where they think they have the high ground. But war has never been fair. The real battle is here and now. Everyday, 24 hours a day. Because we live in the present and move forward in time, art must be both timely as well as timeless. This is why the culture war is fought in movie theaters, videogames, television, advertisements, books, cdxs, and museums. These are the venues audiences visit to be both entertained and enlightened by their living contemporaries about life now, the one that matters.

That is the reality of this war, as the left well knows. The U.S. forces in Desert Storm won because they followed the proven war plan of the left: arm yourselves with an excess of state of the art weapons and follow a clearly defined mission. Yes, the left has most of the writers and artists for reasons too complex (and too depressing) to go into here. Why isn't the weapon and soldier it can lay its hands on? Do you recall the attention given, say, to the novels of conservative writer Ben Stein or Keith Maro? Do you even know they write novels? More to the point, why, in all venues of conservative thought, do I never hear about Mark Helprin and his bestselling works?

Mark Helprin published his first book in 1968 at the age of 20. His first novel, Refiner's Fire (1977) was moderately successful, and Ellis Island and Other Stories (1981) was highly acclaimed. His second novel, A Winter's Tale (1983), is a picturesque fantasy set in New York City in the hundred years from the late 1800s to the end of the 20th century, was on the New York Times Bestseller list for over four months. In 1988 Helprin set the world of children's literature on its head by selling his version of "Swan Lake" for an astronomical $800,000. His most recent novel, A Soldier of the Great War (1991), about a young Italian soldier who discovers the meaning of love and beauty amidst the chaos of World War I, was met with almost universal praise, as well as commercial success.

To the degree that it is political, Mark Helprin's fiction is a battle for the values connected to conservatism, rather than against the non-values of the left. Helprin's themes center on the quest for truth, beauty, love and family. Beauty, often a fearsome beauty, exists everywhere in his work, waiting to be discovered in nature, in music, in art, in women, even in fine machines. By pursuing beauty, his characters find that related life-affirming values are both possible and attainable. Yet only those like Alessandro Giuliani, the hero of A Soldier of the Great War, who summon strength and bravery to act on their convictions are able to fully appreciate beauty.

It is disturbing that both supportive and hostile reviewers frequently describe Helprin's values as "old fashioned." This term assumes that values such as truth, love and beauty are the equivalent of designer clothes, in and out one year and out the next. Yet Helprin's characters are inadvertent soldiers in the culture war because they take values seriously, will not suffer them to be deconstructed by others, and refuse to discard them, even at the risk, or certainty, of death.

Indeed, Helprin consistently shows that these values are enduring and able to transcend death. They carry Peter Lake, the hero of the fantasy Winter's Tale through the barriers of time so that he might join the woman he loves and exist with her forever, fused with beauty. Helprin's work has been praised by the literary-industrial complex. But those who claim that he is a writer of major importance have (along with people on the right who say they are fighting the culture war but are uncomfortable with culture) overlooked or ignored the clever advocacy of conservatism in his fiction. The essential definition of conservatism is the belief that values have objective existence and are not captive to fashion. Helprin's genius is in constructing their own worlds. They do not give to West Point cadets, in which he apologized for his avoidance of the U.S. draft during the Vietnam War. He says that he opposed the execution of the war, not its principles. Unlike Slick Willy, he describes his draft avoidance in precise terms as "a decision I will regret the rest of my life." Again differing from our present Commander-in-Chief, Helprin did not march in protests or travel behind the Iron Curtain. He escaped the draft by joining the British Merchant Marines and then the Israeli Army, and fought in the Six Day War.

His most politically defining editorial is a report from the beginning of the 1992 Republican Convention in Houston, in which he applies the principles of his fiction to the real world. He called on George Bush (or anyone!) to tap the proven winning power that comes from displaying big individual courage. Bush not only didn't follow Helprin's advice during the campaign, he couldn't even manage to repeat the statement Helprin made in the same article: "I'm a Republican. I'm proud to be a Republican. I'm proud of the principle for which the Republican Party stands." That Helprin, a Jew from New York, can write such words and get away with it (but for how long, one wonders) is testimony to his power as a writer. Yet he is probably the only truly conservative member of the literary establishment (along with John Updike) and the most outspoken conservative writer since John Dos Passos (although Dos Passos became unfashionable late in life when he had made the switch from left to right). Helprin's work, if not his politics, has been praised by the likes of Joyce Carol Oates, John Gardner, Reynolds Price, Anne Tyler, The Village Voice, and Vanity Fair. He was even chosen the guest editor for the 1988 Best American Short Stories Anthology. It's safe to say that the overwhelming majority of the readers of this last work are academics and literary leftists. It's also safe to say that Helprin's introduction offers the most scathing and hilarious critiques of minimalist and literary multi-culturalism ever written. It is worth the price by itself, even without the year's short fiction Helprin chose to anthologize.

Helprin obviously doesn't need help from conservatives. He has made his million dollar deals and found his spot on the bestseller lists without the aid of being the right's poster boy. Yet those waging the culture war on the right have some explaining to do, not only for ignoring Helprin, but other of his caliber. And maybe, like Helprin himself in regards to the deal, they need to do some soul-bearing apologies. They would do well to become aware of his work and his winning example. They could also publicize and read his books and recognize that in such an effort will advance conservative principles in the culture war. It will also do something to buck up morale. Happy Jack Feder is a writer living in Montana.
WAR BY OTHER MEANS: Soviet Power, West German Resistance, and the Battle of the Euromissiles

by JEFFREY HERF


Throughout eastern Germany today, the visitor will find a tangle of greenery growing through such places as 1945 restored palaces that house state parliament, new shopping centers with garden supply stores to brighten drab apartment blocks, and hundreds of mustard yellow telephone booths that link the locals to the outside world. But one must look farther than the vanished border fortifications that have been ground up into cement for new Autobahns or sold to collectors for a sense of the consequences of reunification. The wreckage of unity reaches around the bustling and decayed factories that are being pulled down in Bitterfeld and Wittenberg; it leads to every filling station where the price—visible in higher gasoline taxes—is paid by each motorist in a ritual repeated dozens of times per hour; it is visible too on the polished paupers floor of parliament on the banks of the Rhine, where beneath the outstretched black wings of the federal eagle, Germany's political elite struggles with an order tottering in the gusts of change. The agencies of parliamentarians recall, at the very least, the tempest that followed the Adenauer-Ehren era in the mid-to late 1940s, or at worst, the political collapse from 1929 until 1932 that preceded Hitler's chancellorship.

But the most evident evidence of the storm of unification's passage through this country lies in the most German of places, in the realm of the mind and the spirit of Germany's leading political intellectuals. Those Germans concerned with war and peace over the past two decades have particularly felt the trauma of unity which has merged with such post-1989 changes as the Gulf War, the collapse of the Soviet Union and the Balkan War. Matters of war and peace are so top-of-mind in Germany of the last two decades that one can hear German generals warn against military action, while Greens demand armed intervention in post-cold war conflict.

In the vanished days of the Cold War, questions of diplomacy and grand strategy in the Federal Republic raised their own furious storms. The last of these great storms, that of the so-called Euromissiles (Intermediate Nuclear Forces) as one called them in North Atlantic Treaty Organization parlance, was a microcosm of the strategic rivalries that are now paving the way to European unification. For nearly a decade from the middle 1970s until the final phases of the Cold War, as Herf points out, the German opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about nuclear strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft in the Warsaw Pact. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.

Herf shows that this attitude worked to the advantage of the Warsaw Pact. But it neither stopped NATO from equating 'both superpowers' and 'both blocs,' the willingness to restate the differences between the dictatorships of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, nor did it preserve some kind of strategic balance in Europe. For nearly a decade from the middle 1970s until the final phases of the Cold War, as Herf points out, the German opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about nuclear strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft in the Warsaw Pact. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.

Yet the West's political intellectuals, in particular, have pitched the hot potato of force and statecraft in the Federal Republic of Germany. Opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about military power in an altered Europe, while cursing the evils of democratic government. But one can also suggest that the West German anti-defense movement of the INF-era had its shadow side, which appears all the darker since 1989-1990.

For nearly a decade from the middle 1970s until the final phases of the Cold War, as Herf points out, the German opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about nuclear strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft in the Warsaw Pact. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.

A reading of Herf's work helps one to understand why these men erred about the strategic wisdom of the Intermediate Force Deployments and how they misjudged the value of the Atlantic Alliance. Its pages are sure to offend many who had felt quite cozy in their opposition to the Cold War and who took to the streets in the protests against the policies of Ronald Reagan. The world was raised its own furious storms. The last of these great storms, that of the so-called Euromissiles (Intermediate Nuclear Forces as one called them in North Atlantic Treaty Organization) is the subject of Jeffrey Herf's excellent and insightful analysis of the interaction of ideas, policy, diplomacy and grand strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft of its leading political intellectuals. Those Germans concerned with war and peace over the past two decades have particularly felt the trauma of unity which has merged with such post-1989 chaos as the Gulf War, the collapse of the Soviet Union, and the international system of states. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.

Herf intelligently analyzed the path in the interwar period to the Nazi celebration of a final solution of the Jewish question. Those critics of Schmidt and Kohl who blurred the lines between "freedom and unfreedom" did not focus their fire on the West German government. Herf's case study of the Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces crisis (1977-87), strongly condemns the opponents of Atlantic statecraft and strategy of a decade ago.

At the same time, Herf praises a group of West German policy makers from Konrad Adenauer and Kurt Schumacher to Helmut Schmidt and Helmut Kohl who built up an effective alliance, as integrated into the Western economy and statecraft, and who defended it in the ranks of NATO. The latter two men, in particular, received few kind words from the learned, chattering classes before 1989. But surely the course of events since German unification has added some weight to Herf's arguments. Herf's book continues certain themes explored in his 1984 work on conservative ideology and technology before 1933; at the same time, the present work marks a novel departure from his predecessors, as it centralizes the question of how ideas and machines interacted in the universe of strategic contention of 1979-1984 are now peacefully smashed up or stand in museums; NATO has defied its critics by surviving yet another existential crisis, as it has done so often since 1949, and, as the US withdraws most of its troops from Europe and scraps much of its nuclear arsenal, and as the NATO states disband to the lowest levels in memory to meet the demands of democratic consolidation, the nightly television pictures broadcast from the former Yugoslavia across the Atlantic world make one think often of episodes of internal chaos in the European past reaching back to the Thirty Years War.

The fordest dreams of the German peace movement have been fulfilled. Germany's missile offensive struck Israel, and have more recently shrugged their shoulders and cast their glance away from the roundts that have slammed into residents of Sarajevo. The sheer selfishness, the national egotism, and down-right dishonesty of America's strategic containment of 1979-1984 are now peacefully smashed up or stand in museums; NATO has defied its critics by surviving yet another existential crisis, as it has done so often since 1949, and, as the US withdraws most of its troops from Europe and scraps much of its nuclear arsenal, and as the NATO states disband to the lowest levels in memory to meet the demands of democratic consolidation, the nightly television pictures broadcast from the former Yugoslavia across the Atlantic world make one think often of episodes of internal chaos in the European past reaching back to the Thirty Years War.

The heirs of 1979-1983 who protested in German streets against the US at the start of the Gulf War, later fell silent once Saddam Hussein's mission offensive struck Israel, and have more recently shrugged their shoulders and cast their glance away from the rounds that have slammed into residents of Sarajevo. The sheer selfishness, the national egotism, and down-right dishonesty of America's strategic containment of 1979-1984 are now peacefully smashed up or stand in museums; NATO has defied its critics by surviving yet another existential crisis, as it has done so often since 1949, and, as the US withdraws most of its troops from Europe and scraps much of its nuclear arsenal, and as the NATO states disband to the lowest levels in memory to meet the demands of democratic consolidation, the nightly television pictures broadcast from the former Yugoslavia across the Atlantic world make one think often of episodes of internal chaos in the European past reaching back to the Thirty Years War.

For nearly a decade from the middle 1970s until the final phases of the Cold War, as Herf points out, the German opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about nuclear strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft in the Warsaw Pact. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.

The Atlanticist leadership in Bonn of 1977-1984 which only ten years ago captivated hundreds of thousands of figures as Erhard Eppler, Otto Schilly, and Oskar Lafontaine, is still richly evident among those Germans who only ten years ago captivated hundreds of thousands of figures as Erhard Eppler, Otto Schilly, and Oskar Lafontaine, while cursing the evils of democratic government. But one can also suggest that the West German anti-defense movement of the INF-era had its shadow side, which appears all the darker since 1989-1990.

Herf shows that this attitude worked to the advantage of the Warsaw Pact. But it neither stopped NATO from equating 'both superpowers' and 'both blocs,' the willingness to restate the differences between the dictatorships of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, nor did it preserve some kind of strategic balance in Europe. For nearly a decade from the middle 1970s until the final phases of the Cold War, as Herf points out, the German opponents of Atlantic security set the terms of debate about nuclear strategy in the Federal Republic of Germany and statecraft in the Warsaw Pact. This bond long threatened to return Germany to the darker since 1989-1990.
INMATES SETTLE WITH AUTHORITIES AT ROLLING HILLS

by JUDITH WEIZNER

An uprising at the Rolling Hills Correctional Facility in which residents threatened the life of the lieutenant governor was aborted yesterday when the institution's director, Ward Clinton, successfully negotiated an end to the unrest that has plagued the facility for the past four months.

Anonymous sources report that one Allan Greenberg, who is serving ten to fifteen years for a hate crime, provided crucial assistance in the negotiations that ended the standoff.

Yesterday's mutiny was the latest in a series of uprisings at Rolling Hills that began four months ago with a demonstration over the serving of pork in the non-vegetarian dining hall. Amid shouts of "Jihadi!" Muslim residents refused to eat the pork chops they had been given, insisting that officials of the institution knew that their religion forbids the consumption of pork. When Greenberg, the only Jewish resident in the institution, did not join in their demands, saying instead that he was not religious and had always liked to eat pork, the Muslim residents threatened to dismember him, but before they could carry out their threat, Greenberg persuaded Clinton to order the dietician to substitute beef for the pork. The hostage situation appeared grave and it seemed like a complete impasse had been reached until Greenberg made an impassioned speech to residents explaining that if they persisted with their threat, Clinton would undoubtedly call in the National Guard and that in the violence that was sure to follow they would be killed. The hostage situation appeared grave and it seemed like a complete impasse had been reached until Greenberg made an impassioned speech to residents explaining that if they persisted with their threat, Clinton would undoubtedly call in the National Guard and that in the violence that was sure to follow they would be killed.

But by far the most serious incident occurred yesterday when the lieutenant governor, during an inspection of Rolling Hills, stepped on a cockroach while touring the animist module and was immediately taken hostage by animist residents, who explained that they would have no compunction about killing him since their beliefs did not compel them to respect the lives of creatures that showed no respect for weaker life forms. Since the lieutenant governor's action demonstrated that if Greenberg had been religious he probably wouldn't have been at Rolling Hills in the first place.

The hostage situation appeared grave and it seemed like a complete impasse had been reached until Greenberg made an impassioned speech to residents explaining that if they persisted with their threat, Clinton would undoubtedly call in the National Guard and that in the violence that was sure to follow every rat and cockroach in the institution would be killed.

"The blood of these creatures will be on your hands," he said. The animists reluctantly released the lieutenant governor.

These recent demonstrations have taken corrections department officials completely by surprise. The advanced concepts underlying the design and management of Rolling Hills were considered practically a guarantee of an atmosphere conducive to cooperative behavior among inmates and speedy rehabilitation. Rolling Hills is a prize-winning, state-of-the-art maximum-security institution nestled in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. It houses eight hundred convicted felons in a bucolic setting. Residents live in cottages, grouped according to common interests. All rooms are equipped with color television, a VCR, a small microwave oven for cooking late-night snacks, a mini-bar and a cellular phone. Computers may be requisitioned, although fees are limited. The prison club is open daily from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. The VCR tape library receives first-run films at the same time they become available to the general public. Conjugal visits are allowed on a daily basis. Just last year Greenberg won the governor's permission for each resident to have one pet whose upkeep is funded by the environmental check-off option on the state income tax form.

Innovations in the design of Rolling Hills have been hailed as next-century improvements over the typical prison design of older institutions. Instead of the traditional concrete walls and razor wire characteristic of older institutions. Current research shows that appreciation of nature results in a less hostile attitude toward the larger society and encourages a more spiritual outlook. Indeed, that appears to be the case, since, in the six years that Rolling Hills has been operational, four residents who previously had no religious inclination have sought an affiliation.

Following the resolution of yesterday's crisis the governor promised to reexamine the Horton Commission before month's end to determine what changes are necessary at Rolling Hills. Greenberg, who was sentenced to Rolling Hills for having scribbled an obscenity on the top of his income tax form three years ago, has reportedly turned down the offer of a transfer to Allenwood.