When Elizabeth Sisco, Louis Hock, and David Avalos began prowling the streets of San Diego and buttonholing strangers and talking to them with animation, some observers noted a drabness in various forms of urban malaise, may have thought they were just another trio of panhandlers practicing their craft. Not so, they were artists and what they were practicing was art, conceptual art, which in this case involved handing out crisp new $10 bills to illegal aliens. These immigrants were puzzled by the handout—in effect a sort of reverse panhandling—but delighted to cash in. Some doubtless thought that gringolaudia, billed as a bastion of oppression by the same Hispanic activists who want them to come here, wasn't such a bad place after all. But some of the peasant laborers from Oaxaca and Michoacan were surely muy confundido when it was explained to them that they weren't just getting a ten-dollar handout but participation in a genuine obra de arte, kind of like what Diego Rivera had done back home. It is not hard to imagine the reaction of urban malaise, may have thought when it was reasonable that what is happening to them is not a sanction that they themselves recognize that what is happening is not serious, not serious, nor, often, do they think of themselves as victims of free speech rights, rather a suppression of free speech rights with serious consequences for the whole university.

On September 3, as news of the giveaway was being reported in the major media, Museum of Contemporary Art director Hugh Davies stated that he stood by the artists. "We believe we have done nothing wrong," Davies said. "We do not intend to back away from that position." The next day the NEA withdrew its backing of the project, prompting Davies to say that he would not interfere with the one last handout that Sisco, Hock and Avalos planned. But he would do some "budget shifting" so that federal funds would not be used. Someone else's money will now be sent, as the New York Times editorialized over the incident, "straight down the gurgler," and kicked off campus.

If this little drama did not cause anyone to think about art-as-politics (and vice versa) making a larger political point that illegal aliens contribute to the community. But underneath the jabber about art-as-politics (and vice versa) the fact remained: the federal government was serving as a sort of welcome wagon for illegal aliens. The Individual Rights Foundation, a Southern California based organization fighting against the suppression of free speech rights, filed charges against the fraternity for other chapters of other fraternities on other campuses. But this case had a slightly different outcome. The National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) would not interfere with the one last handout that Sisco, Hock and Avalos planned. But he would do some "budget shifting" so that federal funds would not be used. Someone else's money will now be sent, as the New York Times editorialized over the incident, "straight down the gurgler," which was probably the only fitting way to send a Southern California based organization fighting against the suppression of free speech rights.
Enclosed is a check for $50. Please extend my subscription for one year and add my friend to your list of admirers. He hates gays, feminists, vegetarians, fat people, homeless animals, criminals, handicap ramps, and children, so he should be a perfect candidate for your publication.

Jim Arthur
Compton, California

Fellow Menaces:
With reference to "Tailhook Witch-Hunt" you have very neatly impaled the activities and motives of Lt. Paula Caughlin, but to go a notch further; it is interesting that when Lt. Caughlin identified one of her molesters, it was not the "short guy in the orange shirt," rather it was one of the better looking flight officers, who as fate would have it, was elsewhere at the critical moment. Could it be that Lt. Caughlin was attempting in her simple way to attract the eye of Lt. Bonham? Wonder what would happen if the Bon-Homme should discover an interest in Lt. Paula? Maybe she could un-reitre all them admirals and the secretary of the Navy. Looks like a woman scorned has done more damage than the Japanese Navy in WWII but then we've been warned.

With some trepidation I would impale Judith S. Weizner toward a day care center!

J. W. Rhyne

I am a medical doctor and was getting a bitter-sweet amusement from Judith Weizner's October story about Dr. Arzt's malpractice trials. I was, that is until I got to the third-from-last paragraph: "...particular attention is given to the nuances of everyday speech."

Four days ago, my department head mentioned a call from a corporate nurse concerning an employee who had come to see me. The employee had seen my dictation stating that she was sitting "slumped" (the complaint she had is often related to poor posture). While admitting the accuracy of the observation, the employee said it was because she had waited long in the reception area, then even longer in the exam room before I came in. She was irked because she was actually proud of her good posture but apparently said repeatedly that this was not a complaint.

Nevertheless, the nurse called the department head and reported the conversation, pointing out that, while this was not a complaint, she felt she should call since the employee was unhappy over the use of the word "slumped." The department head suggested I might try substituting the term "forward flexed."

Gordon Daugherty
Austin, TX

As a college student and concerned citizen I want to voice my support for the work your organization is currently conducting. I am very interested in the conservative perspective that you are currently taking. As a college student and concerned citizen I want to voice my support for the work your organization is currently conducting. I am very interested in the conservative perspective that you are currently taking.

I read Judith Weizner's account of Dr. Arzt and his malpractice suits with interest.

Your photograph depicting Dr. Arzt is, however, incorrectly captioned. The gentleman appearing in the picture is my brother, Dr. Simon Pippick, who is posing in front of his shelves of slipped discs. Dr. Pippick has pioneered disc surgery for 10 years and has preserved his removals in special "sleeves" that carry notes and data relative to every operation he has performed.

Lawrence J. Pippick
Los Angeles, CA

We admit this life-time conservative was a mite suspicious when first subscribing to Heterodoxy. This writer is old enough to remember you birds during your red-hot radical days back in the 60s - and David's romance with the Black Panthers. Was Heterodoxy for real or some insidious, inside scam planted in the belly of the corpus conservative? Men and institutions are defined so not succinently by the friends they attract as by the enemies they select. We have found your research illuminating, your exposes satisfying and fascinating but it is your letters section which has defined who you are.

Heterodoxy has selected as antagonists the finest estuary of Marxist loons and brain-damaged Intelligencia Ignoramus as this frightened planet affords. Heterodoxy has proven itself the nemesis of self-deluding charlatans, leftist hypocracies, pedagogical frauds, black fascists and other assorted dog-puke which has largely come into possession of our government, schools, colleges and institutions across this once enlightened and blessed land. It was a brilliant decision to publish absurd, leftist letters in this volume. These diatribes expose the brainwashed, intellectual poverty of the so-called educated left. Their rantings, ravings and bigotttries have illuminated the murky lairs of their oxymoronic, poisoned wells of logic more definitively than anything you could have written. But none should despise these pathetic émigrés of the Orwellian deeps. We need compassion for them as for other mental defectives. They are victims, not villains. They condemn you not so much for your thoughts which they are incapable of understanding, but for your effrontery in publishing them. These people are lost. It is their children who will rise up to refute the leftist dementia. Keep up the good work!

John Frederic
Arnold American Impact Group San Diego, CA

I noticed an item in your Reductio Ad Absurdum feature for October, 1993 about a Maryland high school teacher who took his class on a simulated "Long March." I think you may be too hasty in pshaw-powing a promising educational technique. Imagine, if you will, the nation's multiculturalists (along with government educrats and teacher's union officials) simulating another epic trek, say, Napoleon's retreat from Russia. Mr. Garan himself could lead the march. The simulation would begin on December 2nd, a date calculated to appeal to the participants for two reasons. First, on that date Napoleon declared himself emperor, which would appeal to the statist inclinations of the above named groups. Second, Napoleon abolished the Holy Roman Empire at the same time thus separating church and state (another notion dear to the hearts of above).

To ensure historical accuracy, the simulated retreat would begin in Bismarck, North Dakota and end in Chicago. The participants would be clad in summer clothes and restricted to cross country movement only. Conservatives could play the role of the pursuing Russians to move the group along. I'm sure there are many groups who would be willing to sponsor such an event. I see only pluses for the cause of education in America if a simulated retreat took place as I propose. Thanks and keeps up the good work.

Dennis Dillon
West Allis, WI

Your book review of American Feminist Thought at Century's End (Heterodoxy, Vol 2, No. 1 Sept. 1993) reminds me. I recently heard an interview on National Public Radio with Catherine MacKinnon. After hearing this person speak one of the questions I had was was MacKinnon her father's name or her mother's maiden name? This person's ability to tie the seemingly unrelated together astounded me. The atrocities in Somalia and Bosnia are happening only to the female species. I did not realize that. And that these atrocities are the same and just as evil as the prostitution that goes on in this country. All of this seems to be oppressed by all of us evil men. We are evil because we have an appendage between our legs that she lacks. This trendy politically correct thinking about feminism in general will survive only on our college campuses because that is where you will find the liberal thinking sympathetic male. Being a feminist is capitalistic and PC. Leave the campus and get a real job and your whole perspective changes. So what do you think Catherine MacKinnon thinks of Ted Kennedy?

Christopher Gass
Collingswood, NJ
SEXOLOGY 1 A: Recently the school paper at San Francisco State University caused a furor by running a story about psychology professor John DeCecco in which it revealed that he served on the editorial board of a Dutch journal advocating pedophilia. But his work on “man-boy love” is not merely an avocation. DeCecco's three unit course at SFSU lists the following subjects in the class syllabus: Masochism in the Modern World (complete with videotapes); Transvestism; Gay male pornography; Feminist/lesbian porn; Beastiality (lecture and videotape); Male and Female Striping (performance and discussion); and Sadomasochism (performance and discussion). DeCecco should probably get “artist” Joel Peter Witkin (see p. 9) to come as a guest speaker.

PC LITE: A growing number of animal rights activists are taking their cause a step further and are placing their pets on vegetarian diets. According to one woman, ever since her dogs have quit eating meat, “they have more energy, more clarity of mind and a real peacefulness.” Despite the fact that veterinarians warn that a meat-free diet is unnatural for dogs and cats and may cause coat damage, heart trouble, reproductive problems and/or liver and muscle damage, these New Age Pavlov hold that this diet of honeydew and bean curd helps to purge their pets of their “predatory instincts.” One woman even claims that ever since her cat has started to eat tofu, he has stopped chasing mice.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS: “I regret being born a white male. If I could have been born anything, I'd be a Native American.” -River Phoenix, Boston Globe, July 30, 1993

SNITCHCRAFT IN MINNESOTA: At the University of Minnesota, the administration, sympathizing with a small minority of students, is considering whether or not to ban the school’s Minuteman mascot. This call to action arose when someone pointed out that the Minuteman was nothing more than a white, gun-slinging male that stood for sexism, racism and violence. (The Minuteman was chosen in 1972 after the university decided that their current mascot at that time, the Redman, was too racially insensitive.)

PC MASCOTS II: The Blazers of the University of Alabama at Birmingham are also on the lookout for a new school mascot after “Blaze” the Norseman was fired for being “too Aryan,” for not representing women and minorities, and for frightening small children. The burly Norse warrior first appeared on campus last January. University officials took a year to come up with Blaze at a cost of $20,000. They could have saved time and money if they had chosen Oprah.

CASTING THE FIRST STONE: In the September issue of Heterodoxy we ran a Reductio Ad Absurdum on Antioch College and their new sexual harassment code. Their new policy requires students to receive verbal consent from their sex partner at every stage of their carnal relations. Newsweek magazine recently sent a photographer to the Antioch campus to take pictures for a story they were doing on “Sexual Correctness”. After setting up her equipment outside of the campus student center, the photographer began to hear a large group of people screaming. Within minutes she was surrounded by 200 students who were calling her a “media demon”, a “capitalist pig” and were yelling for people to throw stones at her head.

AT LAST: Early in 1993, a small group of women met in Washington, D.C. seeking to find an alternative to both extremist ideological feminism and anti-feminism traditionalism. The result was The Women’s Freedom Network, a Washington-based association, national in scope, comprised of women from diverse backgrounds who view women’s issues in light of a philosophy that defines women and men as individuals and not in terms of gender.

We, the founders of the Women’s Freedom Network, support the full participation of women in every area of American life. We celebrate the achievements women have already made and anticipate continued progress. We recognize that women vary greatly in economic status, family arrangements, educational attainment, cultural background and personal preferences. We do not expect uniformity of opinion among women. We believe in empowering individual women rather than the state and its bureaucracies, and therefore urge a full and open discussion of the role of government and the private sector in creating equal opportunity and providing social services for women.

We believe that there are no “male” or “female” standards of excellence, morality, or justice. We reject the creeping paternalism that, under a feminist guise, portrays women as victims who are not responsible for their behavior and need special state protections in key areas like employment and child care decisions to the justice system to personal relations. We believe that the rhetoric of victimization trivializes real abuse, demeans women, and promotes antagonism instead of real partnerships between men and women. We believe that women are competent and capable of assuming responsibility for their lives.

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Some time ago I read an extraordinary review in the New York Times Book Review of James Kincaid's Child-Loving: The Erotic Child in Victorian Culture. In the book, Kincaid says that "the real criminal is not the pedophile but the prescribed attitude to pedophilia," that "denying the child access to sexual feeling is also a way of maintaining unchallenged what are clearly traditional views of gender, family and authority," and that "pedophiles, such as may exist, are gentle and unaggressive."

In a saner world than ours now is, a reader might be forgiven for wondering how any historian or sociologist could take so benign a view of adults who prey on children, or be so misinformed as to think them gentle. Kincaid is no expert on MA or CV, however, nor does he have a professor of English Literature. This odd work stems from that strange world of college literature departments, where comprehension of an arcane phraseology and of doctrines is sufficient preparation for all kinds of topics formerly thought to require real empirical knowledge.

Even more astonishing than the book, however, with its notion that we cannot know lust until we lust after children, or that parents who fear pedophiles are just afraid of the power their children may acquire, is the fact that the Book Review editor had obviously taken great pains to find a reviewer who shared these attitudes so completely that he might have written the book himself. Walter Kendrick (author of The Secret Museum: Pornography in Modern Culture and of course also an English Literature professor) commended Kincaid for giving us "the good news about those gentle pedophiles who commit "very few crimes," and especially liked the idea that we are all pedophiles—the problem, of course, being that you are i.e. repressed pedophiles who need to demote the unpressed ones to propitiate our own guilt and fear. The editor signaled her agreement with the headline: "We Have Met the Pedophiles and They Are Us.

Some Times readers may have been startled: a national institution, the nation's "newspaper of record," cheering for pedophilia and PC absurdity? But the sad fact is that this kind of non-sense is no longer a surprise: most will long since have realized that the Book Review has become a hobby for political correctness. When a book deals with one of the hot-button issues in the culture wars, the choice of reviewers is ruthlessly partisan: pro-PC books are protected by assigning them to ideological clones of their author, while books that object to any aspect of PC ideology are given to the very people the book criticizes, who then respond with predictable animation.

Two angry letters attacking Brock.

Neither a protective review nor an adversarial one is necessarily objectionable in itself. Book reviews have two main functions: to inform the reader about the content of new books, and to initiate a discussion and evaluation. Editors can differ legitimately in the relative weight they give these different purposes. The problem with the Times' pattern of choices is that they reflect neither a consistent attitude to reviewing in general, nor a desire to maximize the usefulness of the review for each particular book, but simply the bitterly partisan ideology of the review editor: book on one side of the debate are carefully protected, those on the other side are savaged.

It is not always wrong for a review editor to be guided by premises to make like this, but the Times' editors' comments have a characteristic point of view, one which their readers seek. (Heterodoxy does too.) But the New York Times is, or should be, a very different case—its liberalism has no ideological real centre. It is a national, not a sectarian organization, and it ought not to behave like The Nation.

How can this bigotry have infected the Book Review? The case of Allan Bloom indicates both the magnitude of the change and its time frame. In 1987, Bloom's Closing of the American Mind was reviewed by Roger Kimball, managing editor of The Nation, certainly a "protective" choice, but probably a wise one. Bloom is a maddeningly inconsistent thinker, at one moment shrill, original and thought-provoking, the next plain silly. An adversarial review would have run the risk of picking on all that is silly in Bloom, easy to do and not very useful. Bloom's latest book, however, was treated differently. The Times gave the book to Katha Pollitt, associate editor of The Nation, with results the editor could easily foresee; Pollitt is snidely dismissive throughout. Bloom had died quite recently, and this was surely an occasion for a serious appraisal of his work and influence. How grateful it was to let Katha Pollitt loose on Bloom for his obituary. (Contrast this with socialist Michael Harrington's swan song, given to Paul Berman for a predictably effusive review, though both were members of the Dissent editorial board.)

There had been previous episodes of intrusive ideology in the Book Review, notably in the early seventies when then-editor John Leonard gave over the entire content of a single issue to a piece by Neil Sheehan on Vietnam. But what happened to the Book Review after the Kimball review of Bloom marked a catastrophic departure from the status quo. The key to understanding the break with the more or less even handed tradition of reviewing that had, up until a few years ago, been honored by the Times lies in the story told by Nan Robertson in her The Girls in the Balcony: Women, Men and the New York Times. Central to that story is The Lavstus, a legendary event in Times history. The paper had always been staffed largely by men, but by the early seventies it had a small number of highly talented women who were routinely ignored for precisely the reasons that sometimes went even to the men that they had trained. The incensed women filed a lawsuit, and the Times, though insisting that it had never discriminated against women, was too sensitive about its image to risk a protracted court battle; it settled, promising to begin hiring women managers.

This was the first wave feminism; the issue was equitable treatment for women who had already held jobs in which they had proved themselves. But here, as everywhere else, the victories won by equity feminism soon degenerated into quotas, and worse still, sensitivity-femi-
nism. The highly experienced women who brought the suit did not benefit from it, and instead, a supreme irony, the new women managers sometimes had less experience than either the women who had been passed over or the men who had been promoted over their heads.

Robertson is uniformly sympathetic to all the women involved but inadvertently shows us something of the nature of second wave feminism in an incident that occurs in the last few pages of her book. In April 1991 the Times ran a story naming the woman who accused William Kennedy Smith of rape (and who had already been named on network TV). The morning the story appeared one of the new women managers "was so incensed that she changed downstairs from her eighth-floor office and burst into [exec. officer Max] Frankel's conference room, where a meeting was going on...[and] told them the story was an outrageous smear—sexist, class-ridden...." Who was this person, who, though fairly new to the newspaper, stormed into the executive suite to assure him she was radical feminist views? She was the editor of the Book Review, Rebecca Sinkler.

Sinkler had been a Vassar girl, dropping out when she got married at age 20. Eventually she finished her undergraduate degree as a reentry student and got her first job at age 39 as an unpaid intern at a small local newspaper in Philadelphia. Some ten years later she was taken on by the New York Times as deputy editor of the Book Review, and soon thereafter (January 1989) it was her editor. It was now that the decisive change in the Book Review took place. Was somebody in the top management awake and taking notice? Indeed they were. Robertson's book gives us a chilling pointer.

Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., who recently succeeded his father as Publisher (no affirmative action here), considers himself a feminist...[and] is an ardent fan of the writer Marilyn French. "Yes, Marilyn French, she who tells us that men aim to destroy, subjugate or mutilate women. Heaven help us. No wonder it often seems that fringe feminism is in charge at the Book Review.

Becky Sinkler feels free to enforce all aspects of PC dogma. Literature professor Edward Said's Culture and Imperialism is given to someone who might question its one-dimensional view of western colonial oppression, or just to a historian, but to another English professor who is working on—what else?—"a study of imperialism and the novel." More egregiously, M.I.A. Or Mythmaking in America by Bruce Franklin (60s Maoist and editor of Stalin's works) is given to and reviewed appreciatively by a soulmate, SDS founder Todd Gitlin. Richard Slotkin's Gunfighter Nation, a book which warms us to the racism and imperialism in its infiltration with western movies, is reviewed by Peggy Pascoe, also author of a revisionist book on the American west, who praises it but wishes Slotkin would go further and include sexism in the list of the western's sins. Frank Bannerman's The Culture of Desire: Paradox and Perversity in Gay Lives Today is given to Charles Kaiser, also at work on a history of gay life, and so the writer and reviewer have no trouble agreeing to the silly proposition that homosexual desire among men (like every other PC obsession) "presents a threat to conventional arrangements of power and identity in society." All of these books are protected from commentary on their glaring weaknesses by reviewers who are their ideological twins. With matchmaking skills like these, Ms. Sinkler is wasted in print, but she should run a datting service.

My favorite example of Sinkler's thought process is the April 4, 1993 feature essay on the East German writer Christa Wolf. Whom do you get to write on an author with a histrionic, humorless advocacy of the virtues of socialist regimes, who instead of accepting responsibility for the damage she did is now scrambling desperately to salvage her reputation after the course of events made her look foolish? Todd Gitlin. Just so.

Yet when Stanley Leberman writes a book on the blessings of free speech, he gets Robert Kuenstler, who is working on, you guessed it, a book "about the virtues and limits of markets." In case somebody missed the point, Sinkler chimes in with a childish headline: "The One With the Most Toys Wins, an Economic Historian Restrains the Acquisitive." This, one hopes, embarrassed Kuenstler.

Sinkler's main obsession is of course campus radical feminism and the associated "discourse" that sustains it. It is this that regularly takes the Book Review to the outer edge of PC dementia. She carefully protects even the goofy work of Mary Daly (see "Ten Wackiest Feminists on Campus," Heterodoxy, May, 1992), giving her Outercourse—to naturally—another radical feminist professor of Religious Studies. Sinkler manages to find a reviewer who will reassure us that Judith Herman's The Culture of Deception:黕n the Myth of the Goddess, who praises it but wishes the writer and reviewer have no trouble agreeing to the course of events made her look foolish? Todd Gitlin. Just so.

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THE ACADEMIC ASHERFELD
by DAVID BERLSKIN

The story so far... Richard Montague, professor of philosophy at a prestigious Bay Area university, has been found dead under suspicious circumstances. Detective Aaron Asherfeld has been hired by university authorities. His investigation has taken him through the university demi monde of strange sexual and political styles. Among his collection of incompatible clues is Asherfeld's discovery that a federal investigation into Montague's affairs has been blocked on incompatible clues is Asherfeld's discovery that a federal investigation into Montague's affairs has been blocked on affirmative action grounds and that Montague has obtained a NF grant by representing himself as African-American. In the last installment, Asherfeld had a conversation with fraternity bro Dee Froemmen in which he discovered that black activist U.B. Goode was dealing drugs to students, which were perhaps supplied by a professor with an illicit drug factory on campus.

Never Say Never

The Office of Multicultural Affairs was housed in a building named Diversity Hall; it wasn't bigger than the Taj Mahal but it was a lot wholesaler either. When I called to see Dean Climax, the woman who answered the telephone said, "Neava, Neava?" as if I were asking that the dead be raised. "I think she's at Sensitivity now, with Goode. You can probably reach her there.

"Who's having their sensitivity sensitized?"

"Oh, yes, that's Daed DeafDeltas again, she's so naughty."

"What do they do? Call a person of color black?"

"Oh, no," said the woman, "they sponsored a Domestics Night dance to raise money for the Afro-American Center. It was a terrible. They all came dressed as domestics and carried mops.

"Oh no, Mr. Asherfeld. It was very, very insensitive to people of color. It made it seem as if domestics were going onto the marble floors from convex skylights set high in a fantastic rotunda, a huge five-sided space with light streaming in from the hills at a slant.

"I walked rapidly with the golden afternoon light coming off down the hill beyond."

"I want all you white bitches keep on standing, black ladies you can sit.

"The hundred of blacks in the room sat down.

"Now, bitches," said Gordon Wooper, "do I have your attention? Good. Now listen up, I want all you whites you went to integrated public schools, sit down. Rest of you bitches remain standing.

"No one moved.

"Continue across the stage. "Good," he said with satisfaction. "Now we cooked, now we know who needs to be sensitive. You the bitches stickin' in my throat for four hundred years, all that time I be wonderin' what's matter with my throat, something sticking there like a piece of chewed up old gum, all that time it be you just stickin' there in your white skin and your fancy clothes and your Daddy's money and you figure you going to just march into this university and order around people of color just the way you did at home? I got something to tell you, bitches. It is not going to happen. No, you are going to learn that your white skin is not the lowest form of pig in the universe. The time I be finishin' you sensitive you going to look in the mirror and ask yourselves why on earth you ever wanted to be white in the first place."

"I left the doorway just as Wooper seemed to be warming up and walked down to the second floor."

"Neava Climax turned toward me and said "I make it very plain to members of this faculty that the dynamic I establish has to do with the fact that I intend to counter the silencing of people of color. I want to make sure that they feel empowered to speak.""

"You're not talking about Shaka Zulu in there, are you? Because to me it looks like he's already been empowered too much.

"Neava Climax turned toward me; she wasn't a bad looking woman. She was a long gentle face and shapely lips."

"Mr. Asherfeld, I have no idea who you are, but at this university we take racist remarks very seriously."

"Sure you do," I said, "as long as they're made by white men."

"Now I must ask you who has given you this information."

"I'm not here to argue with you, Dean Climax. Can we finish makin' you sensitive you going to look in the mirror and a sk yourselves why on earth you ever wanted to be white in the first place."

"Mr. Asherfeld, I cannot believe you are a friend of Maya Angelou's."

"I drove across the Golden Gate Bridge with the window wide open, my arm resting on the door frame. Someone was playing a trumpet fantasia on the radio. I got to Sinston Beach at a little before noon. Aptum Hilyar lived on the north side of the beach itself, an area of solid old-fashioned Victorian houses, with some of the houses on the manor part of the estuary, and othersstruggling up the hill beyond.

"He told me that he was a tall tough looking man somewhere in his eighties, with leathery skin and a great jagged beak of a nose and shaggy eyebrows and enormous hair."

"He looked at me suspiciously for a moment as he mumbled over my name. I had called him two hours before.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked abruptly.

"I looked at his bald head and at his large rounded face, with its deep creases."


"Hilyar chuckled happily."

"Everyone says that. Eighty-four. I'm eighty-four." "That's pretty terrific."

"Hilyar gave me a fierce inquisitive look."

"Aren't you going to ask me how I do it?"

"Sure. I forgot. How do you do it?"

"You're," he said triumphantly and slapped himself on the chest."

"He looked at me with a sly expression."

"Still gettin' ed, it's really something to look forward to."

"Neava. You bet," said Hilyar. "You the fellas wants to talk about the gas, that right?"

"I shook my head."

"I want to talk to you about your nephew, Richard Montague."

"Hilyar's eyes lost their fierce sheen for just a moment."

"Wrong kid," he said. "Come on."When he escorted me back from the front door, I noticed that he limped, dragging his left leg behind him."

"Show you around the place," he said grudgingly, stamping off down the hall.

"It was a handsome old house, the sort of thing that Kehlmen put up in the 19th century, full of wood and heavy plaster and molded ceiling.

"Mollie used to sit in here," Hilyar said, opening the door to a first-floor sitting room."

"He stopped by the door and looked at me, the life leaving his face and then coming back into it."

"You should see the kitchen," he said. "Showpiece."

"It made it seem as if domestics were going onto the marble floors from convex skylights set high in a fantastic rotunda, a huge five-sided space with light streaming in from the hills at a slant.

"I looked up in surprise.

"Why is that?"

"U.B. Goode represents the future of this institution, Mr. Asherfeld. He is what a multiracial, multicultural institution is all about."
We inspected the kitchen, which really did look as if it had been laid out for a culinary magazine, with a lot of counter space, and a gamy metal double-doored refrigerator, and one of those black cast-iron stoves that look as if it could be used to roast an ox.

“Say,” I said. “Great kitchen,” with as much enthusiasm as I could muster.

“Yeah, well,” said Hilyar, “you like cooking it’s a good place to cook. Me, I never eat cooked foods. Be the death of you. You never see a wild animal cook its food, do you?”

“Yeah, I guess not.”

“There you have it Want to see upstairs?”

“No.”

“Good,” said Hilyar. “I don’t want to show it to you.

I guessed that Hilyar had been married to a much younger woman, the house didn’t belong to him and he didn’t belong to the house.

He took me instead to the front parlor; by the time he opened the door, he was almost holding his own leg and thrusting it forward.

“Bother you much?” I asked.

“Nothing wrong with my leg,” he said irritably. “Still, is all. Damn fool doctor first thing out of his mouth is cut this, cut that. I said to him: Doc, something’s missing from my diet is all.” So I triple my yeas vitamin C and B.

He hobbled over to an overstuffed easy chair that faced inward from the bright windows.

“Look at me now,” he said triumphantly.

I sat down in the easy chair facing the window.

Hilyar pointed toward the far wall.

There were some photographs that depicted him dressed in bathing shorts and a number of personal things, letters.

“See that one there?” Hilyar said, still pointing, "swam from Seal Rocks out to the Farallones.”

“Sure, sure,” he said. “Go up the stairs, first door to the left.

Hilyar’s defiance collapsed if only because he forgot the precise, lightly accented English answered the telephone. "How do you do?" "I'm just tying up some loose ends for the death of you. You never see a wild animal cook its food, do you?

“I’m not being hard,” said Hilyar, “I’m just remember-

ing, is all.”

Aptum Hilyar lifted his enormous hand from his lap and let it drop. The gesture seemed to exhaust him.

“Hey, no,” said Hilyar, bristling, “that things is private.”

“I understand that,” I said carefully. “But your nephew’s reputation, that’s still public.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hilyar asked. He was getting querulous.

“It means I’d like to make sure your nephew gets to rest in peace.”

I didn’t much like what I said and I didn’t much like myself for saying it. Hilyar’s defiance collapsed if only because he forgot why he had been defiant.

“Sure, sure,” he said. “Go up the stairs, first door to your right. Richie’s papers on the desk.” He waved his hand and pushed it forward.

“Handy ever,” said Hilyar glumly. “I told him he had to eat right. Every time he was here, I told him, one thing I know it’s that cooked food be the death of you. He didn’t pay me any attention.

“And look what happened,” I said sympathetically. “It was that cooked food,” said Hilyar. “He was a rotten kid.”

“I wouldn’t be too hard on him.”

“How do you do?" "I’m not being hard,” said Hilyar, “I’m just remember-

desk and swiveled in his office chair. He waved his hand gently in the air.

“May I know nature of problem?” I wanted to sit down, but there was no other chair in the room.

“Are you trying to make some sense of Richard Montague’s affairs?” I said. It was close enough to the truth to be true. “Couple of points I thought you might be in a position to help me out.”

Wah Gee looked at me imperturbably. “I am afraid you mistake, Mr. Ashfeld,” he said. “Not in position to be assistance to you. "Why is that?”

“Are you with police?” “Me? No, I’m not.” “Then it not a point I obligated to explain,” he said without raising his voice. I appreciate that. I just figured that as Richard Montague’s accountant you’d be willing to explain some things to me. "You mistaken again, Mr. Ashfeld," then he looked at his watch orientationally. “Is there other matter which I may be of service? If no, you excuse me. Hour late. I expected these cases.

Wah Gee nodded gravely, his hands held in front of him and crossed at the wrists. He spoke bad English without effort.

‘Till I see myself out,” I said. “I remember the way.”

Wah Gee nodded again but said nothing.

I left Wah Gee’s apartment and walked to the head of the block in the cool evening air.

Then on a bunch, I crossed the street and took a seat on one of those chipped little benches that the city put up inside the graffiti-streaked bus stands. I saw Wah Gee leave his house no more than five minutes after I had left; he walked briskly to the head of the block and got into a taxicab at the stand on Columbus. I made a note of the number and got up heavily. I could feel the cool damp air in the small of my back. I walked back up toward Columbus and then down to Ghirardelli Square with the wind blowing off the bay and the light turning golden in the city streets.

I got myself an espresso at the espresso stand in front of the Square and took it over to the telephone booth just beside it and called the Yellow Cab company’s dispatcher on O’Farrell; I asked what the day shift would be coming in.

“About twenty minutes,” he said. That meant that Wah Gee’s cab would probably be heading back toward the terminal after Wah Gee had been dropped off.

I walked quickly over to the foot of Hyde Street and caught a cable car on the run, just as it was about to start lumbering up the hill. I got to it over the hill and down the other side.

I got to the dispatching office on Polk just as the day shift cabins began streaming into the terminal.

Wah Gee’s cab was in the middle of the bunch. The driver parked his car and got out with that every-muscle-is-flushed grimace that cab drivers get. He was carrying his routing sheet on a clipboard.

“Say,” I said walking over to him, “aren’t you the son-of-a-bitch just picked up my wife—fall, good-looking redhead?”

“Yeah?”

“I find out where she’s going, I’m going to kill her and then I’m going to rip the heart out of the guy who took her there.”

“Easy man,” said the driver. “Last fare I picked up some Chinese.

“You’re not the guy headed up the hill toward the Mark Hopkins?” I said incredulously.

The driver held up his routing sheet and ran his finger down the addresses.

“Pier 96, pal,” he said. “Right here. Big ship docked there, Marquess de Camillia.”

He looked up at me under my nose. I checked the time and place of the last pickup just to make sure.

“Hey,” I said. “It was an honest mistake.” “Sure,” said the driver sympathetically. “I know.”

You don’t know that half of it,” I said. “To continued...
I was not hard to see this giveaway of taxpayer money along the California border as a metaphor for an arts-industrial complex that is out of control. Somewhere along the line, the notion that free artistic expression constitutes the right to a government grant has become the Magna Carta of that increasingly strange entity called the "arts community." (As onetime NEA Director of Public Affairs Marvin Liebman notes, "It's not a compensation to out of administrators, an art bureaucracy [that is] self-perpetuating and elitist.")

The NEA, whose current budget is in the region of $180 million, receives about 18,000 grant applications each year but only approves about 4,000 grants. Most of those for which the NEA rejects each year go back to the drawing board and start again, except for a vocal minority who, with the full support of the "arts community," believe that to deny them a grant—particularly if their "art" is pro-homosexual or anti-normative—is to "censor" them.

The arts community has effectively propagated the myth that anyone opposing public funding for the activities of merlins like Sisco, Bob and Avalos, and their kissing cousins on the opposite coast, Holly Hughes, Tim Miller, and Karen Finley, whose "art" consists of smearing their bodies with odd substances and exposing their orifices in some creepy-seeming manner, are traitors like Jesse Helms. This has been their most successful piece of disinformation—a rhetorical work of art. "The NEA is not an entitlement agency," the agency's former publicists point out. "When you take government funding, an NEA or a government subsidy, there are strings attached. It is not free. To earn an NEA grant should require excellence of a person's art. It's not designed to be a welfare agency or an entitlement. It's an award."

This is so self-evident that it has the force of a proof in geometry. When episodes such as the giveaway of public funds to the incoherent or incomprehensible, or when the reaction of any rational person is obvious: why doesn't someone do something? But this is easier said than done. Anne-Imelda Radice discovered this during her brief tenure as head of the National Endowment of the Arts. In return for attempting to apply the rules of common sense to the public support of the arts, she ran afoul of the arts community and suffered what one observer has described as "drive-by slander and moral knee-capping."

A n avid Renaissance scholar, Radice earned a B.A. in History from Wellesley College in Massachusetts, an M.A. from Villa Schifanoia in Florence, and a Ph.D. in architectural and art history from the University of North Carolina. Paying her dues in the arts business, Radice served as Assistant Director of the National Museum of Women in the Arts, Assistant Curator of the National Gallery of Art, and as the Architectural Historian of Capitol Hill. Before moving to the NEA, she worked at the creative arts division of United States Information Agency. But while she had a resume Jane Alexander would envy, she had a couple of problems—her party affiliation and (an irony given the current hypertrophied debate about sexuality) her sexual preference.

Radice's father, a medical doctor, was an active Republican and she followed suit, joining the liberal wing of the Young Republicans in college and working on the campaigns of people like Margaret Heckler and Edward Brooks. She also became a lesbian. Radice was a supporter of George Bush in 1979 and after Bush was finally elected, White House personnel asked Radice if she would be interested in a post at the USIA. Radice's sexuality was never an issue with the Bush people. They didn't ask and she didn't tell. For Radice, one's sexual sexuality was never an issue with the Bush people. They finally elected.

After the NEA, Radice went to work for the NEA administrator Jill Collins, "and nobody made a big deal out of it."

But by the end of the 70s there had been a change in the arts community, Radice says. "I was beginning to see an anti-Americanism, being antiestablishment and generally subversive, which has been the dominant mentality of artists at least since the Romantic movement, to being anti-American. By the mid-80s, the "arts community" became almost completely politicized and mobilized against that segment of American culture which was alarmed about questions of values and morality in public life, and, worse yet, which had Ronald Reagan as its president for 12 years in office. To do something about these issues. This community believed that art had to "challenge" certain evils—noticeably those evils embodied in the unholy trinity of sexism, racism and homosexualities which are thought by some right-thinking artists to characterize American social life. It was looking for a confrontation.

Around 1990, between the departure of Frank Hodsell and the arrival of John Frohnmayer, the Robert Mapplethorpe and Serrano issues hit the fan and gave an opportunity for the culture war which had been taking place in guerrilla fashion for so many years to be joined in a pitched battle. Andres Serrano was clearly a creature of the mid-1980s the "arts community" had become and against whom a portrait of Lenin, Stalin, or Mao Tse-Tung framed in podium excrement, for example, would not be likely to secure a grant, whereas immunsce Jesus Christ in urine might do the trick. Mapplethorpe's models posed into each other's mouths, fisted each other, and put various impedimenta into each other's anus. And the photographer constructed images from these encounters which they knew were not meant to be abstract forms.

When it emerged that the NEA had been funding such high culture, Senators Alfonse D'Amato and Jesse Helms complained on the Senate floor. This provoked the most notorious NEA controversy of all. Helms had been hoping for control of the NEA for some time. And the power of this establishment was such that the conflict was fought exactly on their terms—free expression versus repression. Caught up in the polarization, the National Endowment of the Arts pretended that it was defending the First Amendment, although the organization knew that it had been pushed into a danger zone by the NEA dare not turn it down for fear of being accused of being an American socialist. It was a form of disinformation—a rhetorical work of art. "The NEA is not an entitlement agency," the agency's former publicists point out. "When you take government funding, an NEA or a government subsidy, there are strings attached. It is not free. To earn an NEA grant should require excellence of a person's art. It's not designed to be a welfare agency or an entitlement. It's an award."
The Disgusting Government-Supported Art of Joel-Peter Witkin

Testicle Stretch with the Possibility of a Crushed Face

Woman Castrating a Man

Melvin Burkhardt, Human Oddity

The Baiser (The Kiss)

Note: Mr. Witkin had an anatomist at the University of New Mexico cut this head in half. The two halves were then turned together so they touched and photographed to appear as though they are kissing.

Portrait of the Holocaust

Mask and Severed Genitalia at Netsuke.

These photos were displayed for the press by the Christian Action Network at a conference on October 22 of this year.
As Dave Barry has observed, when you run out of arguments or nothing else seems to work, the easiest tactic is to compare your opponents to Nazis. Frohnmayer resigned under fire in February of 1992 and in a National Press Club Speech likened his dismissal to Hitler's annexation of the Sudetenland. On May 1, Anne-Imelda Radice took over as acting head of the agency. Within days her troubles began.

Radice vetoed a grant for an exhibition at MIT's List Visual Arts Center. Though it lacked images of baldheaded suppositories and urinary marksmanship, the exhibit included plenty of penises, Vaginas, and assorted body parts, by which the creators evidently intended to shock the puritanical, heterosexual public. Outraged by the decision, Katy Kline and Helaine Posner, director and curator of the List Center, explained that these body parts were "metaphorical expressions of a spiritual malaise" in America. The rock band Aerosmith chipped in some of their millions to forestall the arrival of a Dark Ages of censorship and the exhibition went forward.

Yet if Art had been saved, a new villain had been born. It was Radice. On May 12, she vetoed NEA funding of a similar display at Virginia Commonwealth University's Anderson gallery on similar grounds: that it did not meet the Endowment's standards of artistic excellence. These exhibits, it should be noted, were not singled out. That year the NEA received 433 grant applications in the special exhibitions category and approved only 167.

Radice also rejected NEA funding for three homosexual film festivals, also on the grounds that they did not meet artistic standards. The flicks included Nice Girls Don't Do It by Kathy Diamond and starring masturbation, dildos and urination. No Skin Off My Ass starred nipple piercing skinheads licking boots and toilets and giving each other blow jobs and Nazi salutes, backed down by a Nazi soundtrack.

Radice removed John Killacky, a Minneapolis gay, from another term as chairman of the solo performance panel. She recommended removal of the famous "Scarlet O" pornographic videotape, which showed lesbians working on each other with dildos and which an NEA panel had neglected to examine but wanted to fund. "Some of the people on the panels are really off the edge, left type people," Radice says. "Very radical. Any thing goes." As it turned out, even Frohnmayer wanted to turn down "Scarlet O," whose chief special effect was a dildo. Radice also rejected NEA funding for the Names Project AIDS memorial quilt because she thought it violated fund-raising guidelines.

Radice discovered that some organizations were using NEA funds for blatant political lobbying, which NEA policy forbids them to do as a condition of receiving a grant. The agency had known about this for years, says Radice, but "looked the other way." A dance newsletter from an NEA funded group consisted of, what else, a bunch of crotch shots plus specific political messages, "Any such thing I came in contact with was defunded," said Radice. "The new interim head of the Endowment has "looked the other way." A dance newsletter for Radice. "The new interim head of the Endowment has a political agenda and pointed out that there were "no divine rights to government subsidies" for so-called "cutting edge" artists who "have a disproportionate influence" on the NEA's peer review panels. "When the liars, perversers and bungo men come after her, as they will," wrote Wes Pruden, "we hope she's ready for them." They did and she was.

One straw in the wind came when NEA grantees for Radice in control was "like being given the thumbs up by the Vichy government in France during the Second World War." Baiz bravely showed himself willing to put taxpayers' money where his mouth was by donating his $15,000 NEA grant to two organizations. Radice had turned down. It will not be ''in complicit with faux-moralist sharpees of the Right," he huffed, "nor with the psychosexual hysterics in the cultural sadking of this country, which has once again become a favorite conservative pastime."

Soon the rest of the soi-disant arts community, accustomed to rubber-stamp approval from their colleagues in the arts bureaucracy, quickly took aim at Radice. And when they did so, it was not only her actions as Acting Head that the radicals in this community took aim at, but also her sexuality. Apparently Radice's lesbianism did not qualify for fair treatment under the sensitivity guidelines of diversity and multiculturalism. In short order they decided to "out" her. On May 14, representatives of Queer Nation and ACTUP gathered outside NEA headquarters at 11th and Pennsylvania Avenue handing out posters of Radice labeled "Absolutely Queer." An accompanying statement by Queer Nation's Margaret Cantrell said that Radice's "lesbianism did not qualify for fair treatment under the sensitivity guidelines of diversity and multiculturalism. In short order they decided to "out" her. On May 15, 1992, the Women's Action Coalition, a purported advocate of "sensitivity," and defenders of the "right to privacy" wrote to Radice blasting her "cagerness to act as a decency czar."

The "alleged controversy provides the religious right with an opportunity to promote traditional values," a neat euphemism for their agenda, which combines white-supremacy, misogyny and homophobia in one neat package. Then it got threatening, lapsing into the dialect of a Mafia enforcer: "Let this letter serve to tell you, Imelda, who we are: The Women's Action Coalition, we are watching YOU and we will take action."

For Donna Minkowitz, writing in The Advocate, "Radice's position is a sign of new gay political power: Suddenly we are a community conservatives want to tokenize and divide—not simply ignore." Minkowitz quoted Rochella Thorpe, a colleague of Radice at the Museum of Woman in the Arts, that "everyone on the staff knew Radice was a dyke." Gregory King of the Human Rights Campaign Fund, (HRCF) a gay political group in which Radice and her lover served, said that "we are certainly treating her as the enemy."

In a "Dossier" piece, titled "Not Even Worth an Outing," The Advocate also called Radice "Helms' favorite hatchet." President George Bush, the piece said, "has a new doormat homonormative who could give his administration a run for its money."

The Advocate, after calling Radice a "decency czar," Robert Bray of National Gay and Lesbian Task Force met with her to discuss her policy on art produced by homosexuals who comprised a disproportionately large part of the arts community and of NEA's budget. An unnamed source said Radice was "homophobic" and said that such accusations hurt her. But after the meeting, Bray told various gay publications that Radice wanted only "whiteman Rockwell look a like's and that it's clear to us that she's willing to sacrifice gay and lesbian art to save the NEA," Bray did not mention that her first week in office, Radice had defended the Todd Haynes film Poison, which had been the focus of complaints by Rev. Donald Wildmon.

"It's a shame that people were revealing their sexuality strongly in a political context," says Michelangelo Signorile, author of Queer in America and one of the initiators of the "outing" strategy. "She should have been outraged whether or not she was doing any positive or negative things for the gay community."

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to enforce ideological conformity in an attempt to put forward the notion that there's a monolithic homosexual" view of the world, that certain gay groups "speak" for all gays and lesbians." The Post found "a particularly totalitarian sensibility at work here. It holds that anyone in a public post who dares to disapprove of a gay 'cause'—from funding Mapplethorpe to keeping the bathhouses open—has no right to privacy. The radical groups will use whatever means they can to enforce homosexual group-think."

But for the most part, reaction from the prestige press differed little from that of the Advocate and other gay organs. For example, Los Angeles Times art critic Christopher Knight blasted Radice first "as a conservative Republican" (as though the entire Western Hemisphere would instantly recognize this fact as the unforgivable sin). "Second, she is an insider in the Washington maze. And, finally, she is an open lesbian." Radice, wrote Robert Pincus of the San Diego Union-Tribune, "is a... bureaucrat in the Orwellian mode."

"It was clear to me," says Radice, "that there were a bunch of folks out there who didn't like the fact that a Republican woman was in charge of an agency, a woman who had a private life as opposed to a public life. The outing and the ongoing attacks that followed had the objective of making her life miserable and ultimately of removing her from the NEA. She continued to receive threats in the form of anonymous phone messages: "We're going to get close to you. We're going to hurt you." And: "You better not go after the artists because we're going to go after you." Compounding the problem, the Washingtonian" magazine published where she lived. For a while Radice had a U.S. Marshall protecting her, which made her job still more difficult.

Hostile staffers began to wear "Arrivederci Radice" buttons. But Radice, as a Washington veteran, had never been under any illusions that she would be a permanent fixture. She resigned last January when the Clinton Administration took office and is now working for a television company. Though she had plenty of grounds to do so, she did not publicly protest that her departure had been the result of storm-trooper tactics on the part of homosexual radicals.

Bill Clinton's acting director of the NEA was Ana Steele, who recently reversed Radice's rejection of the grant to the gay film festivals. The tax dollars of Kansas plumbers are now flowing to the promoters of No Skin Off My Ass. Steele also authorized a $252,000 settlement to performance artists Holly Hughes, Karen Finley, Tim Miller and John Fleck, a payoff approved by Attorney General Janet Reno.

During her tenure, Radice rewrote Endowment grant guidelines to make them more democratic and "more open to people outside of the [in]group." Under Ana Steele, all those guidelines were called back. Radice also launched a new process to make it easier for lay persons to become NEA panelists, which Steele also reversed. "Supervision over programs has returned to fiefdoms," Radice laments. "It's back to business as usual, or worse."

Like union patriarch Samuel Gompers and his heirs in the education establishment, the creed of the arts community may be summed up in one word: "More!" For example, in its threat to Radice, the radical Women's Action Coalition said it believes "that the NEA DOES need reform: it should be greatly expanded. A larger budget and a broader, more courageous vision is required." The Clinton Administration has just the woman for the job, actress Jane Alexander, who testified in 1990 that it was not appropriate "to try to regulate or judge what is obscene."

Yet this is the end of a chapter but not of the book. The controversy over the NEA can only become more serious as the arts community, feeling that it is in the saddle again, strikes out at values and public morality with renewed vigor. As this happens it is inevitable that more and more people will call for the abolition of the NEA and of the state supported art of grave robbers, excrementalists, and homo-McCarthyites.

by K.L. Billingsley

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by K.L. Billingsley
COUNTER COUP continued from front page. heard about the Phi Kappas' problem and came to their defense. After lengthy negotiations with administrators at UCR, Foundation attorneys not only got the fraternity chapter reinstated but also in a settlement with police. By the far-reaching consequences, forced the University to agree to force its administrators to undergo several hours of sensitivity training to prevent racist, sexist, homophobic or any of the other sins against multiculturalism, but in the First Amendment and the assaults against free speech in the multicultural campus.

T
t this odd (and, from the perspective of Riverside administrators, a scary) tale began early in the fall semester, when members of Phi Kappa Sigma were guardedly interested in their fraternity rush of the year. As traditions demands, the fraternity had scheduled two separate parties to woo prospective members into joining their group. To kick off their rush, the members of Phi Kappa Sigma decided to throw a multicultural party in front of the Border Fiesta and then, the next night, a Jamaican Island party. In advertising their events, Phi Kappa Sigma ordered some T-shirts featuring a man in a serape and sombrero, sitting on the beach and drinking a bottle of tequila. This caught the school's campus activities office, telling him that there were intended to show the inclu- 
driver's president, was approached by a member of Fiesta party Rick Carrez, the fraternity's president, was approached by a member of Phi Kappa Sigma's RUSH T-SHIRT

PHI KAPPA SIGMA'S RUSH T-SHIRT

RUSH PHI KAP

SHIRT

RUSH PHI KAP

MATTER WHEN YOU COME TO PH

Phi Kappa Sigma's hearing in front of the IFC Judicial Review Board was scheduled for the Friday after the party had taken place. By the time it arrived, tension on the campus was high, some members of the fraternity having had personal possessions stolen and others having had their car tires slashed. Fliers had appeared all over campus reading:

Stereotypes: The Phi Kappa Way Of Life.

The members of Phi Kappa Sigma have repeatedly committed rude and offensive acts of Ster- reotyping Women and Minorities. Now they have finally been brought up on charges. Help fight against their Stereotyping.

Just before the meeting on Friday, Carrez received a letter from the National Office of Phi Kappa Sigma indicating that without further inquiry it was placing a series of sanctions on the fraternity in response to the T-shirt incident. These included 16 hours of community service, two sensitivity seminars on multiculturalism and a formal letter of apology to the offended groups.

Although these penalties were stiff (and indicative of the fact that Phi Kappa Sigma had left its elders to twist slowly in the wind) they did not compare to what the fraternity's members felt was coming next when they arrived at the Inter Fraternity Council Judicial Hearing and found that it was open season on them. The room was packed with students from MEChA, who immediately presented the Board with a letter co-signed by the UER, the Union of Gay and Bisexuals and the Women's Resource Center, listing their grievances against the fraternity. MEChA was first to take the floor, accusing the fraternity of promoting "negative stereotypes" and saying that Phi Kappa Sigma had been left clear of any theme that might be viewed as inappropriate.

The members of Phi Kappa Sigma were devastated after telling Carrez that he had better get in contact with thePhi Kappa Sigma National office to arrange some sort of defense for his fraternity, Ferguson followed MEChA's correspondence with a letter of his own to the Chancellor. In it, he accused the members of Phi Kappa Sigma of "promoting negative stereotypes" and said that he would have them brought before the Inter Fraternity Council Judiciary Board within the week. Ferguson was clear that he could contain the matter by offering to enroll the fraternity brothers in one of the school's sensitivity seminars, saying that "the actions now being taken by the IFC Judiciary Board as well as the students of UCR will be sufficient to educate this chapter on the issues of multiculturalism and the importance of avoiding any rash activi- ties for the following year. Although the punishments were stringent, the MEChA students were not satisfied, walking out before the board could finish the sentencing.

The members of Phi Kappa Sigma were devastated by the IFC's decision, but they felt some relief in the fact that their ordeal was over they were still a recognized fraternity. But it didn't, and the IFC's decision came down hard against Phi Kappa Sigma, ordering them to destroy the offending shirts, banning them from intra- 
drugs as well as sports as well as sports and as well as sports activities for the following year. After telling Carrez that he had better get in contact with thePhi Kappa Sigma National office to arrange some sort of defense for his fraternity, Ferguson followed MEChA's correspondence with a letter of his own to the Chancellor. In it, he accused the members of Phi Kappa Sigma of "promoting negative stereotypes" and said that he would have them brought before the Inter Fraternity Council Judiciary Board within the week. Ferguson was hopeful that he could contain the matter by offering to enroll the fraternity brothers in one of the school's sensitivity seminars, saying that "the actions now being taken by the IFC Judiciary Board as well as the students of UCR will be sufficient to educate this chapter on the issues of multiculturalism and the importance of avoiding any rash activi- ties for the following year. Although the punishments were stringent, the MEChA students were not satisfied, walking out before the board could finish the sentencing.

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Meanwhile, although he felt that they had done nothing wrong, Carrez set up an appointment with MEChA's officers, in which he expressed his regret that thePhi Kappa Sigma T-shirts and party theme had offended them. He told them that in the future his fraternity would steer clear of any theme that might be viewed as inappropriate. Despite Carrez's apologies, however, the members of MEChA rejected any compromise or retraction, saying that they would take further action.

Carrez still couldn't understand why the Chicano students were so upset. They were accusing Phi Kappa Sigma of being racist, yet his was the most racially diverse fraternity on campus. Carrez himself is part Native American, while the fraternity's Vice President is Latino, and the Second Vice President is Chinese-American. Even the student who designed the T-shirt in question is Hispanic. When Carrez pointed this out, MEChA representatives merely said that because of the fraternity's diversity, "they should have known better."
the Individual Rights Foundation was founded by Southern California attorney John Howard earlier this year. A well known litigator with a successful corporate practice, Howard had become concerned about the advent of speech codes and other threats to free speech on college campuses across the country. What most concerned him was that groups like the ACLU merely made sympathetic noises but really hadn't stepped in to help students who were seeing their rights to free expression assaulted in the name of a "higher morality" involving multiculturalism and diversity.

After talking to some of his colleagues, Howard formed the Individual Rights Foundation and set about gathering a network of attorneys around the country who would function as a sort of First Amendment equivalent of 911 for beleaguered students like Rick Carey who are unable to defend themselves against the juggernauts which "incensed women's groups on campus," although this happened in 1984, when the current members of the fraternity were about 12.

At this point, the situation seemed hopeless to Carey and the rest of the Phi Kappa Sigma members. Del Pizzo's sentiment seemed to be uniformly expressed through out the college administration. Carey felt stigmatized and abandoned. He was ready to throw in the towel. It was at this point that he received a call from John Howard of The Individual Rights Foundation.

The Individual Rights Foundation is trying to reverse this tendency. Once 9/11 for beleaguered students like Rick Carey who are too intimidated or too strapped financially to make a fight of it, "he says.) But because this case was so blatant, he decided to pursue an idea which had been incubating since he began the Individual Rights Foundation. One of the ways that advocates of multiculturalism had succeeded in their drive to close down discourse on campus, Howard had realized, was by sentencing students to sensitivity training sessions which were both punishment and reeducation for their thought crimes.

Turning this malicious idea on its head, Howard made a final demand on the Riverside authorities. In order for him to withdraw his suit and not press for damages, they would have to agree to send their high level administrators to sensitivity training—not in racism, sexism and homophobia, but in respect for the First Amendment. In this case, the sensitivity trainer would be a constitutional lawyer and the sessions would be for five hours.

When asked his opinion of the settlement, Del Pizzo, somewhat closed-lipped, said that "If that's what I need to do for the university to resolve [this situation] then that's what I will do." None of the other administrators, however, would commit directly on the university's capitulation.

The brothers of Phi Kappa Sigma are pleased by the fact, perhaps an ironic one, that they are part of a momentous event which may mark the beginning of a counter-offensive against the forces that have succeeded in putting free speech on the defensive on American campuses during the last few years. But for the time being there are more important things to celebrate. Next week marks the beginning of UC Riverside's Greek Games. These particular fraternity boys will be easy to find. Printed across their backs will be a new slogan celebrating their recent victory: "Back By Popular Demand!"
Cuss Me Kate: 
The Lunacy of Catharine MacKinnon

Only Words
By Catharine A. MacKinnon,
Harvard University Press, 152 pp, $14.95, Reviewed by David Horowitz

Catharine MacKinnon's Only Words is a dishonest, intellectually worthless, malicious book. Masquerading as a legal brief against pornography, trussed up with pedantic footnotes and forensic citations, it is actually an embarrassment of display of perversity on the part of a female Savanarola innocent of human nature and in desperate need of public attention. Pages of hyperventilated prose disfigured by wild accusations and zany hypotheses, all advanced with a Mad Hatter logic, leave only one clear and lasting impression: its author's hatred of men, sex and women in that order.

This is how Professor MacKinnon opens her case: "Imagine that for hundreds of years your most formative traumas, your daily suffering and pain, the abuse you live through the terror you live with are unspeakable -- the basis of literature. You grow up with your father holding you down and covering your mouth so another man can make a horrible scaring pain between your legs. When you are older, your husband ties you to the bed and drips hot wax on your nipples and brings in other men to man can make a horrible searing pain between your legs."

Who is the "you" here? The only clue provided by MacKinnon is in a footnote to this paragraph which explains: "Some of these facts are taken from years of confidential consultations with women who have been used in pornography; some are adapted from People v. Burnham,... and media reports on it; and Norberg v. Wyer... That is all of an insult to the intelligence."

MacKinnon justifies her contention that for hundreds of years women who make pornography have been horribly abused by interviews with a handful of anonymous women who -- need I point this out? -- are certainly not hundreds of years old.

Where is an acknowledgment of the thousands of female porn stars who not only do not complain of abuse but seem to positively enjoy their craft, return to it film after film and year after year, attend the annual Adult Film Awards ceremonies to celebrate their achievements, and parade themselves on Geraldo and Oprah to defend and luxuriate in the pleasures and satisfactions of their profession? (There is even at least one politically radical porn star who -- need I point this out? -- is a subordinated female, a victim. Has this woman been laughed out of town? Why doesn't somebody laugh at her for the part?)

Annette Haven makes the part; I don't do sex for the part."

The rationale by which she justifies outlawing all pornography (including Playboy and its genre) in the absence of abuse by the pornographers themselves is the abuse that women experience in society at large: "Empirically, all pornography is made under conditions of inequality based on sex, overwhelmingly by poor, desperate, homeless, pimped women who were sexually abused as children."

The word "empirically" is a hoot given the absence of empirical evidence in this book. But even if MacKinnon's claim were true, so what? Are we to believe that the remedy for homelessness, child abuse and poverty is to outlaw pornography? Not even MacKinnon, in her guise as Victorian barrister, believes that a simple non sequitur to argue that because poverty makes someone unequal, their choice to perform a particular job for money is coerced and/or the result of the abuse. Ninety-nine percent of the violent felons in San Quentin were abused as children. Does this fact absolve them of their responsibility for choosing to abuse others? Do women who make pornographic films, even if they are poor, lack the free will to decide whether or not to act in them? MacKinnon's entire thesis rests on the claim that they do.

If it were true that social inequality forced women to make porn films for money, how could one explain the most booming aspect of the current porn industry -- the explosion of "amateur videos," for which the actresses and actors aren't even paid? And even if they were paid, why would the need to be paid compel one to make porn films and not, for example, flip hamburgers at McDonald's?

MacKinnon's argument is a simple one sometimes advanced by liberal racists who claim that blacks commit crime because of their inferior social status.

Pornography is defined by MacKinnon arbitrarily and indefensibly as "graphic sexually explicit materials that subordinate women through pictures or words "Playboy," which is defined by her as pornography, pays women $25,000 to appear as centerfolds. If elected Central of the Year they can earn as much as a million dollars, merely by being photographed with their clothes off. If we accept MacKinnon's metaphysics, we have to regard this woman as a subordinated female, a victim. Has this woman been homeless, abused, pimped and therefore coerced into accepting a million dollars merely to take her clothes off in front of a camera? This is where MacKinnon's arguments lead. It is a view so far removed from the reality of
actual women as to border on psychosis.

Like all radical elistists, MacKinnon's rhetorical compassion is driven by actual contempt for the victim group she pretends to defend. Otherwise, how could she fail to be embarrassed by her own argument, which assumes that women are poor ninnies who do not have free will? A female like Arnette Haven is clearly beyond the impoverished ken of a Catharine MacKinnon. The process of creating a sexually repressive Mormon man, who, by his own account, rose to fame because she used pornographic images to show others that sex was not sinful and could even be pleasurable. Haven’s rationale for making pornography is, not surprisingly, identical to that of Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner. But we need not accept their self-aggrandizing explanations to know that life is complex and people make decisions to create and consume pornography for complex reasons which rarely have anything to do with MacKinnon’s demonological system of domination and submission.

MacKinnon’s effort to force pornography to fit the radical melodrama of oppression is finally based on a fraud—a fraud created by that pornography. This fraud is made easier by the absence of any discussion of any particular X-rated films. (Even the specific contents of the one she does mention, Deep Throat, are ignored.) As anyone who has viewed it knows, pornography is not about domination and submission. The sadomasochistic element is only a small portion of the X-rated film business and — contrary to everything that MacKinnon’s argument would lead one to suspect — the sadomasochism primarily features women dominating men.

What pornography is really about is far more innocent and on the surface. It is the psychological element at the heart of all theater, exhibition and voyeurism. Some like to show and some like to watch. This is the basis for a market exchange which is not dissimilar to the exchange involved in any theatrical production. Pornography is not a sexual revolution or a melodrama of explaining away the apparent free choice of women to act in pornographic films. MacKinnon argues that “money is the medium of force.” But this is just more Marxist claptrap. Money is not a medium of force anymore than rape is a form of force. If MacKinnon has contempt for women, however, it is men that she hates. (Her contempt for women derives from the fact that there are women so enmeshed in false consciousness that they actually like men.) This animus is revealed in innumerable vicious asides in the text (e.g: “the ultimate act of freedom is, to the blackout of consciousness, an act of passion.”) But it is captured best in her passing reference to Deep Throat, the only pornographic film even mentioned in a text which pretends to be about pornography. The star of Deep Throat, Linda Lovelace, is a special object of MacKinnon’s concern, because she is one of the few porn stars ever to make the claim that she was coerced (by her husband) into performing sex acts on camera. And MacKinnon: “If a woman had to be coerced to make Deep Throat, doesn’t that suggest that Deep Throat is dangerous to all women anywhere near a man who wants what he says he wants?”

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW continued from page 5

Sinker obviously loves the postmodern jargon of university cultural radicals, and the dated French thinkers that are central to it. As usual, she conspicuously loads the dice when that strain of French thought is at risk. Tony Judi’s Past Imperfect: French Intellectuals 1944-56, is a scathing account of the irresponsibility of Parisian intellectual in the postwar period. Follow the familiar edito-

torial sight once more. Sinker, who has viewed it, knows that pornography is not about domination and submission. The sadomasochistic element is only a small portion of the X-rated film business and — contrary to everything that MacKinnon’s argument would lead one to suspect — the sadomasochism primarily features women dominating men.

Williams is barely able to state Steele’s position cor-

rectly, and Brademas on Sowell gives no idea of the scope of the book’s argument. Nancy Dye may have been Steele’s candidate of a predictable “no” vote on D’Souza, but the best she can do is accuse D’Souza of using unrepresentative anecdotes; the real argument of his book is not met. A cartoonist chosen because she is intellectually safe is not up to the task of evaluating MacKinnon’s argument, nor is an obscure radical feminist an intellectual match for the ebullient Robert Hughes.

As English on Steinem and Goodman on Faludi do not begin to approach the quality of the reviews of those books in other national journals.

Another consequence of narrow sectarianism in choosing books for review and people to review them is that much appears in the Book Review which does not deserve national exposure, while much that does is absent. Books like those by Daly, Kincaid, Bordo or Faludi deserve to stay in the obscurity of the campus where they appeared, and the campus where they speak. The same can be said of reviewers like Kendrick and de Courtivron, yet these two are regular reviewers who return even when their first efforts should have appalled an editor with any judgment. Meanwhile Sinker protects the nation from incorrect thoughts by omitting from the Book Review works like Robert Edgerton’s Sick Societies, a fine book and a devastating answer to PC’s beloved cultural relativism, or George Aitken’s Africa Betrayed, a well-researched account equally devastat-

ing for Afrocentrists, or Herman Belz’s Equality Transformed, which Nathan Glazer called “by far the most thorough account of the tortured history of affirmative action in employment that has ever been written,” or Rita Kramer’s excellent Ed School Follies. How could anyone think that such books are less deserving of attention than the dotty work of Kincaid and Mary Daly, or that these two deserved a full page while major books by D’Souza and Sowell got a bare half page each.

Front page professors and campus radicals (for example, Annette Kolodny, Todd Gitlin) have become the prestigious Gauss Lectures at Princeton. If ever there was an index to measure the intellectual debasement of the contemporary university, it must surely lie in these honors accorded to Catharine MacKinnon.

No other publication has the Book Review’s power to make or break a book. As a source of news and opinion on new books it has no rival. It is a national scandal that a publication with this unique position and influence avoids a politically correct orthodoxy, protecting or destroying books accordingly, and acting as a mouthpiece for the even the craziest and most irresponsible aspects of PC radicalism.

We should all look to see what comes next. Since Brock’s book went to a feminist, will the upcoming Jane Mayer/Jill Abramson defense of Anita Hill go to Tom Sowell or Walter Williams? If Sillier’s book went to a fellow feminist editor, will Christina Sommers’ forthcoming critique of radical feminism go to Lynne Cheney? No other publication has the Book Review’s power to make or break a book. As a source of news and opinion on new books it has no rival. It is a national scandal that a publication with this unique position and influence avoids a politically correct orthodoxy, protecting or destroying books accordingly, and acting as a mouthpiece for the even the craziest and most irresponsible aspects of PC radicalism.

Walter Goodman, who, as he candidly admits, was openly partisan, having already been in a war of words with Limbaugh. Goodman’s review is on the high intellectual plane that Sinkler doubtless expected. Limbaugh, he says, alternates between “slobberings of sincerity and slaverings of invective.” Sad to think that such small-mindedness is at work in a (formerly) great national institution.

Is it possible that this pattern of choices is just an unconscious thing, without malicious intent? Certainly not, for the issue comes up all the time in book review-

ings. Two friends who have reviewed for the Times have told me of incidents in which editorial staff piously told them that (in the one case) protective reviews by people who had any kind of vested interest in a book must be avoided, and (in the other) that it would not do to have a predictably adversarial reviewer. But on both occasions, a politically incorrect review was what this display of piety seemed to be trying to avoid. insult was added to injury as the Book Review used noble prin-
tiples that it routinely violates as an excuse for enforcing its narrow little ideology.

Close to a thousand books a year are reviewed in the Book Review, and inevitably the occasional exception can be seen: Frank Kermeode’s omnibus review of a number of books dealing with the PC controversy comes to mind, as does a feature essay by Camille Paglia—though the sec-

ond book by this now surely major figure received only a brief note, not a review proper. The general pattern, however, is clear, and it is overwhelming.

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Aaron Wildavsky: In Memorium

Professor Aaron Wildavsky, who died on September 4, was a member of the Berkeley faculty for thirty years, and his distinguished scholarly career culminated in his election as President of the American Political Science Association. He helped to found the California Association of Scholars and served as its first President. In his scholarship as well as his activism, Wildavsky made important contributions to our understanding of the pathology of political correctness, particularly in his studies of the political culture of radical egalitarianism.

He was a featured speaker at the March 1993 conference of the National Association of Scholars, where he gave the following address.

—John Ellis

Political correctness in personnel policy—the replacement of excellence in research and teaching with "diversity," i.e., with gender and racial preference—will not merely weaken but destroy higher education.

Most informed people disagree with this apocalyptic vision. Some believe that social justice, which they define as guaranteed equality of outcomes, requires proportionality by gender, ethnicity, and race in college admissions, administrative, and faculty. Others believe that rules that treat personnel primarily in terms of the group to which they belong rather than for their individual accomplishments are either politically necessary or only moderately harmful. The political necessity comes from the support they believe will be forthcoming when members of those preferred groups see people like themselves represented in proportion to their numbers in the population. Political necessity is also invoked by those who believe that public support will be withdrawn if proportionality is not achieved. The belief that only modest harm will come from gender and racial preference is based on the unwarranted assumption that the measures that caused this decline are only temporary expedients. I believe these views drastically underestimate the consequences of pursuing the path on which almost all of higher education has embarked.

By the end of the first decade of the next century, if not sooner, the three consequences I shall outline will change the content and character of higher education beyond recognition in all but the most esoteric scientific fields. And for the worse—much, much worse. Who would have thought that the Assembly and Senate of the State of California would have passed laws (later vetoed by Governor Deukmejian) requiring that student admissions, administrative positions, and faculty appointments be based on achieving proportionality to the state's population in race and gender? Moreover, these bills want as far as they could in mandating proportional graduation rates.

(1) When those who enter faculties under principles of proportionality reach something like 20 percent of the total, they will seek to make the preferential principles that brought them to colleges and universities into the institutionally prevailing norms. Academic excellence will be downgraded in favor of personal life experience and contribution to the "liberation" of their communities. After all, no one likes to feel that he is devalued by his own institution. The growing conflicts in which groups claim that positions belong to them (it is not the best person, but the qualified person who comes from their group who ought to be hired) are but a small harbinger of things to come.

(2) The once proportionality is established as the norm of personnel policy, the most gender- and ethnic- and race-conscious individuals will be sequestered and will then be in a position to select out those who possess too much of the pathology of academic excellence. The content of curricula will change into teaching about the inherent evil of traditional (read: patriarchal and hierarchical) culture. Among the dominant doctrines will be those claiming that real knowledge does not exist, that it is only "constructed" by dominant forces in society to serve themselves and to put other people down. Or knowledge will be held to be equivalent to group identity, so that some groups have it and others don't, by virtue of who they are, not what they know.

(3) If there is no truth outside of group identification, and if truth is only the servant of power, those who have power in society will feel possessed of the right to remake universities in their own image. Hence American universities will follow the processes by which many Latin American universities have become so politicized that their character changes with alterations in regime.

At the point where political power and the criteria for hiring university personnel coincide, American higher education will have irretrievably altered its character. When the egalitarian critique of our universities changes from being only partly true, as in the past, to entirely true, when, in brief, power will determine content, all that universities should be in an open society will be lost. And the most dreaded will be not only those minority students whose education will degenerate into political correctness, but also those who have achieved long-sought positions in higher education only to discover that these are no longer worth holding.

Let us hope that these grim forebodings are not realized. Let us hope they are, as they surely will appear to many, overwrought and extreme. Certainly, as I look at my own universities, I visit from time to time, I see them content, all that universities should be in an open society will be lost. And the most dreaded will be not only those minority students whose education will degenerate into political correctness, but also great and vibrant institutions. Higher education does indeed have untold strengths; it is a monument, with all its faults, to human creativity. When we fight against political correctness, but also those who have power in society will feel possessed of the right to remake universities in their own image. Hence American universities will follow the processes by which many Latin American universities have become so politicized that their character changes with alterations in regime.

We are grateful to Mary Wildavsky for permission to print this statement. We also appreciate the cooperation of the editors of Academic Questions, where this essay will also appear.

Aaron Wildavsky

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