A

ccording to Navy Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, a helicopter pilot and aide to Rear Admiral John W. Snyder, she had no idea that she would be walking into sexual hell around midnight on September 6, 1991, when she went up to the third floor of the Las Vegas Hilton to visit the hospitality suites at the Tailhook Association’s annual convention. But as she entered the hallway of the hotel, she immediately found herself in a sea of leery male faces swollen with sexual energy. A taunting chant arose, “Admiral’s aide! Admiral’s aide!” A man bumped her from behind, grabbing both of her buttocks and lifting her up off the ground. Then, as she spun to confront this attacker, someone else grabbed her from behind. She felt hands going down the front of her blouse.

Paula Coughlin was not the only victim of this bacchanal. Ensign Elizabeth Warnick said that she entered a hotel room after an invitation and was immediately jumped by three naval aviators who grabbed and blindfolded her, threw her on the bed and began ripping her clothes off. With heroic effort she managed to kick at the men, get herself free and escape from the room. The scandal known as “Tailhook” which erupted two years ago, after Paula Coughlin told her story about what happened that night in Las Vegas, would eventually shake the American military and the culture that supports it more than any event since the trial of Lieutenant Calley for the My Lai massacre two decades ago. Just as Calley’s trial became a symbolic event for a military culture that supports it more than any event since the 1968 massacre two decades ago. Just as Calley’s trial became a symbolic event for a military culture that supports it more than any event since the 1968 massacre two decades ago. Just as Calley’s trial became a symbolic event for a military culture that supports it more than any event since the 1968 massacre two decades ago.

Two years and many military careers later, these images of sexual barbarism and cover-up are still firmly lodged in the American mind. Perhaps they always will be. But as the Tailhook investigations have been completed and the trials and court-martialed of alleged criminals have begun, a very different picture of what took place that fall weekend is beginning to emerge. That late the evening hours of Friday and Saturday nights on the third floor of the Las Vegas Hilton constituted a mob scene which to some extent was out of control is beyond dispute. That some $23,000 worth of damage was done (albeit most of it the result of stains on carpets) cannot be doubted. That there was in fact public lewdness and sexual- ity, some drunken brawling, and a general groping of females by intoxicated military personnel has been proven. Some civilian women who strayed into the third floor party unsupervisedly were indeed verbally and physically abused and there were perhaps one or two cases of real sexual assault.

All this notwithstanding, however, the Pentagon investigation, conducted by civilian federal agents and involving several thousand interviews with witnesses and detailed reports on the night’s activities in every single one of the 26 hospitality suites, shows something else inside the military, yet critics claimed that women still were “second class” participants, restricted from combat and thus from the careers that conferred the highest rank and esteem. When Tailhook, the annual bash of the Navy’s and Marine Corps’ elite “top guns,” seemed to have turned into an orgy of wholesale sexual harassment and assault it also appeared to have proven everything the critics said, presenting a picture of the male military culture which was not only resistant to change, but morally degenerate and out of control. When Navy brass instituted a “cover-up” in the wake of the revelations of Coughlin and other victims of Tailhook, it was taken as proof by politicians and the public at large of the existence of an Old Boy Network that would stop at nothing to protect its own. Critics of the military like Representative Patricia Schroeder said that heads would roll, and roll they did.

The NEWS FROM GILLIGAN’S ISLAND

by BARBARA RHODES-ELLIS

To celebrate her daughter’s second birthday, columnist Anna Quindlen threw a temper tan- trum on the pages of The New York Times: “My daughter is ready to leap into the world, as though life were chicken soup and she a delighted noodle. The work of Prof. Carol Gilligan of Harvard [Graduate School of Education] suggests that sometime after the age of 11 this will change, that this lively little girl will pull back, shrink, that we should instead say that men are partly credited to the success of Gilligan’s earlier (1982) book It’s a Different Voice, which certified her as a feminist icon. There Gilligan challenged a current theory that men make moral decisions at a higher, more abstract plane than women. Leaving intact the dubious notion that the sexes differ mor- ally, she claimed instead that the difference had been wrongly assessed by male standards which devalued feminine morality, and that we should instead say that men adhere to an “ethic of rights,” women to an “ethic of caring.”

Fire came from all directions. Traditional feminists were alarmed at the boost her theory gave to the stereotype about women that they had been battling for decades. Some thought her interview sample of 25 Harvard-Radcliffe undergraduates to be too narrow to support such sweeping conclusions. Others said she mismanaged the data and doubted that what her subjects said about hypothetical situations had much to do Turn to page 10


Even Kathleen Parker, a funny and usually sensible life-style columnist, was ready to leap into the world, as though life were chicken soup and she a delighted noodle. The work of Prof. Carol Gilligan of Harvard [Graduate School of Education] suggests that sometime after the age of 11 this will change, that this lively little girl will pull back, shrink, that her constant refrain will become “I don’t know.” Professor Gilligan says…”

"Girls have it tougher," Parker wrote. "So say researchers who already knew this, inasmuch as they are women, but apparently felt they had to prove it statis- turum on the pages of The New York Times: "My daughter is ready to leap into the world, as though life were chicken soup and she a delighted noodle. The work of Prof. Carol Gilligan of Harvard [Graduate School of Education] suggests that sometime after the age of 11 this will change, that this lively little girl will pull back, shrink, that we should instead say that men are partly credited to the success of Gilligan’s earlier (1982) book It’s a Different Voice, which certified her as a feminist icon. There Gilligan challenged a current theory that men make moral decisions at a higher, more abstract plane than women. Leaving intact the dubious notion that the sexes differ mor- ally, she claimed instead that the difference had been wrongly assessed by male standards which devalued feminine morality, and that we should instead say that men adhere to an “ethic of rights,” women to an “ethic of caring.”

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Why you idiotic, white supremacist, "conservative" bigots continue to send me copies of your appalling, and frankly nauseating publication, is beyond me. You make me sick!!! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!!!! I'm politically correct and proud. I don't need you insulting and questioning my beliefs all the time. My goal is to destroy your publication and everything you stand for! Ima Dyke

Remove my name from your mailing list immediately. I am a conservative, not a radical. Violet Bonn Scottsuff, NE

Your flippant and ill-considered rag is a huge handi- cap to those of us who stand for diversity, against rape and against the repressive idiocies of PC. We stand for diversity with a capital D. We cherish tolerance and mutual compassion, a diversity which realizes that not every pain can become a prosecution, a diversity not afraid of academic quality. For our pains, we are run over by repressive alliances of administration and the PC, and are labeled right- wingers in the process.

Your rag lends legitimacy to such fears and under- mines our every effort to restore forgiveness, com- passion, laughter and academic quality to social progress, undermines our efforts even to be included in the relevant committees.

Cool, balanced, articulate reporting is what is needed, and the rejection of vile, racist letters of the sort printed in several of your issues. Grow up.

Kenneth H. Lockridge
Department of History
The University of Montana
Missoula, MT

Heterodoxy is indubitably a sanctuary of candor and forti- tude among the noxious swamps of political correctness. As a new subscriber, I must admit that your journal delivers what American society is in dire need of: unyielding exposure and excoriation of the radical left's follies (and the malicious hatreds which underlay them). As an example of Heterodoxy's on-target critiques and scathing wit, Douglas Fowler's review of "American Feminist Thought At Century's End" should be cited (September).

His cogent and courageous analysis, while a no-nonsense, witty, erudite and generally scintillating fashion, you have advised you of my impending lawsuit: by writing in such a manner, you have

I am a graduate of State University of New York at Farmingdale. Because of this, I can relate to what Michael Hethmon endured at the Afrocentric Exposition (Heterodoxy, September 1993, "Afro-Fascism On The Rise"). During the last leg of my 4 1/2 years at this liberal college, my school newspaper has been inundated by PC HS artists and Eurobashers that oozed their way in because Farmingdale University (FU, as I call it) had accidentally lured this new fifth column in with its low tuition to match their low self-esteem.

I'd like to thank both Heterodoxy, Ward Parks, and Michael Hethmon for their courage in the face of being labeled racist. Let the multicultural elite perish from their own PC. Death to the left.

Chuck Watson
West Babylon, New York

Judith Schumann Weizner's article in the September 1993 Heterodoxy ("Landmark Legal Ruling Reverses Bad Luck For Violinist) was brilliant. A tour de force. This is to advise you of my impending lawsuit: by writing in such a wittly, erudite and generally scintillating fashion, you have caused me to feel like an utter failure. As a writer, thinker, even--yes, I have to say it--as a human being. Needless to say, this is having a highly negative effect on my marriage. My husband tries to understand, but being gender-impaired, poor thing, is doomed to abort failure. The children, dog, even the cars are showing the strain. Things are simply not what they were.

And you, Ms. Weizner, yes, you are responsible. And for this, you must pay.

I look forward to a telling mediocratisation of your output in the future.

Alison Bernhoff

A sample copy of the September issue of Hetero- doxy arrived in my mailbox yesterday, and I spend an interesting part of an evening reading it. I have to confess that the style and quality of the writing did not indicate to me a high degree of credibility; however, I am highly sympathetic to the viewpoint of your organization so I hope many read it. In any case, it served to increase the level of ire in my life against certain forces in society. Most specifically, the article on the back page angered me in regards to the crisis in the court system—the story of violinist Carla Vindicaro and her family is a landmark travesty of justice, and she is just as guilty. I want to know—did that really happen in all its details, or is the story embellished, or is it pure fiction?

Please answer this for me, as I am assuming it is true and am showing it to anyone who will listen as an example of the extremes of stupidity in the legal system.

David Clark
Eden Prairie, MN

After reading Judith Schumann Weizner's story on the violinist Vindicaro, I think that you have been had. Perhaps they are trying to wreck your paper. The story states that the court has found three parties to be responsible for the violinist's tendonitis: the violin dealer, the Juliard School of Music, and the heirs of the violin maker who died a hundred years ago.

Have the courts gone beserk? For anyone to believe this story, you need to cite or reference the cases, dates, court, and judges. Otherwise, the story is yellow journalism.

Allan E. Hokanson

I am writing in regard to your article on the back of the September issue of Heterodoxy which was sent to my home.

Being violin makers and owning a violin shop, it really had us worried and we were about to send copies to other violin makers in the American Federation of Violin and Bow Makers and the International Association of Violin and Bow makers, of which my husband is a member. There was no disclaimer stating that this article was not true and I would not have known, had I not called your office. Others have seen this article and have brought it to our attention also. This scenario seems far-fetched, but considering the crazy things that are going on today it is not completely unbelievable and could actually give some "sue-crazy" individual ideas. I think you owe your readers an apology for publishing misleading articles and I hope that you will let readers know from now on if an article is fiction or non-fiction.

Nancy Benning
Studio City Music
Studio City, CA

As a lawyer who makes a hobby of following outrageous lawsuits and judgements, I read with interest Judith Schumann Weizner's article in the September 1.993 issue of Heterodoxy concerning the Vindicaro case. My at- tempt to relate this story to others is marred with some inordinate, and I have to agree that the facts of this case stand out as highly unusual. I would appreciate it if you would cite to me the relevant court orders and findings in Vindicaro v. Guglielmo, as well as any other related cases or, if feasible, send me a copy. I greatly admire your courage in publishing your paper. Joshua Davidson

Editor's Note: We live in a time when fact is stranger than fiction which is why Judith Weizner's imaginative pieces always con- fuse readers.

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HETERO DOXY

EDITORIAL STATEMENTS

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

Pornographically Correct: From Mother Jones, September '93: "It's eight o'clock on a balmy Wednesday at the University of California at Berkeley, and Women's Studies 39, 'Literature and the Question of Pornography,' is about to begin...Today's discussion involved a previous guest speaker, feminist-socialist porn star Nina Hartley. The professor asks what insights the students gained from Hartley's talk. They respond: "She's free with her sexuality...I liked when she said, 'I like to fuck my friends.' No body-image problem...She's independent in that relationship..." Where is Andrea Dworkin when we need her?

TOUGH LOVE: In the recent trial of the four youths accused of beating truck driver Reginald Denny, defense attorney Earl Broady said that his client was, in reality, trying to protect Denny. According to Broady, when the videotape is closely examined, one can see that his client "put (his) foot gingerly on the neck...and he was doing something to protect Mr. Denny from further assault." Broady continues by saying that his client was not at the intersection that day to "harm or rob people," rather he was merely upset with the injustice linked with the King case.

TATTOO YOU: John Balldetta, a 28 year old nursing assistant in Seattle, was recently fired from his job for refusing to conceal a tattoo on his left forearm that read: HIV POSITIVE. It was not long before the EEOC became involved, ruling that the hospital was breaking the Americans with Disabilities Act, which covers people infected with the AIDS virus. Balldetta was quoted as saying "I want this to be a good teaching experience for Harborview and other employers that ignorance and hate...won't be tolerated any longer."

Nasty Work But Someone Has to Do It: William W. Kerrigan, an English professor at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, deflected sexual relations between professors and students in a recent interview with Harper's magazine. Kerrigan says that "there is a kind of student I've come across in my career who was working through something that only a professor could help her with. I'm talking about a female student, who for one reason or another had unnaturally prolonged her virginity. There have been times when this virginity has been presented to me as something that I, not quite another man, half an authority figure can handle—a thing whose preciousness I realize."

Black Role Models: Representative Kweisi Mfume, the head of the Congressional Black Caucus, has recently drawn fire from his hometown newspaper. The Baltimore Messenger writes that Mfume "comes from Baltimore's west side, where he dropped out of school, took on a series of meaningless jobs and fathered five children by three women before deciding which direction he wanted his life to take."

Pouring Testosterone on Troubled Nipples: Querer Nation recently staged a "tit-in" at the University of Arizona. As the name suggests, a bevy of topless women took to the campus mall to protest the laws forbidding women to show their nipples in public. Before being arrested, the women became extremely upset as playful onlookers shot them in the breasts with squirt-guns. One protester commented that the men wielding the water-guns just "can't see past [their] fucking pea-brain testosteronere.

One Reason Why There Should Be a Voucher Plan: In an item in our last issue we told about the teacher at Walter Johnson High School in Bethesda, Maryland, who took his World History students on an all day hike on the Appalachian Trail to simulate Mao Tse Tung's Long March. Well, it was worse than we thought. Not only the March itself can which high school students were required to read Mao's Red Book, and practice self-criticism "to get to

another reason why there should be a voucher plan: In Washington, D.C., area schools a new Afrocentric curriculum has been implemented. On one bulletin board in a fifth grade classroom, the students' silhouettes line the wall next to the words: "We are the sons and daughters of The Most High. We are the princes and princesses of African kings and queens. We are the descendants of our Black ancestors. We are Black and we are proud." In the same classroom, "Brother Ah," one of the school's "music consultants," tells the children, "When they brought us here there were kings and queens. We were the first royalty before other cultures, before England...They told me in school that Africa was small. You can put the entire United States of America, including Hawaii and Alaska, in the middle of the Sahara Desert."

Something Queer is Going on at Cornell: A report in the Cornell University English Department Newsletter notes with concern that there is currently no introductory course at the University in Queer Theory (a term preferred "because it is less cumbersome than Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Studies and more accurate than Gay Theory, which usually implies men only"). The report goes on to note that in a recent survey of English department graduate students, 87% of the respondents "identified the need for an English Department hiring in the field of Lesbian/Gay/ Bisexual Studies."

The English Department has made a start by adding this field to the list of possible minors in the graduate program. This means that students will be able to work with the "near-canonical texts" of theorists such as Eve Sedgwick and Adrienne Rich. Makes you wish for the good old days when black radicals with rifles took over buildings, doesn't it?

For Elizabeth With Love and Squalor: Someone named Elizabeth A. Meese has apparently published a very embarrassing book entitled Semiotics: Theorizing Lesbian Writing (New York: University Press, 1992). Somebody named Susan J. Leonardi of the University of Maryland (College Park) has just written a very embarrassing review of this embarrassing book in the South Atlantic Review. The review, couched as a love letter, begins "Dear Elizabeth." It contains sentences like the following: "You, a lesbian writer, write about lesbian writing (and, of course, about lesbians writing) and so produce lesbian writing, some of it 'fite writing,' some the life writing erotic writing. I, a lesbian writing (reviewing), write about your lesbian writing and so about you, a lesbian writing, and your life, including your erotic life, and so, in some sense at least, about my life, including my erotic life." Hold on, it gets worse: "You've taken me to your bed. You've made love to me. (Is this the same as fucking the reader?) I have to admit that I wasn't altogether comfortable about that. I don't usually finish reading critical material with ravished palms and crotches."

And so on. The love that dare not speak its name now clatters on with brain-dead smuttiness in the critical journals of the land.
Dave and Bill: The President As Film Fan
by Richard Grenier

March 22, 1993

Hillary Rodham Clinton, co-worker with Michael Lerner in a "politics of motherhood," recently elevated Dave, Hollywood's political film of the season, to the summit of her summer enjoyment as a "really fun movie." The story of a presidential look-alike who brings kindness and compassion to the White House by taking the place of a very nasty fellow who somehow managed to get himself elected President of the United States, Dave, in Mrs. Clinton's view, is perhaps a "movie of meaning" mirroring contemporary history. Hillary has said that one of the thrilling things about being in the White House is that the building has its own little movie theater, and that she and Bill are delighted at being able to see whatever and as many movies as they like (flushed free by the Motion Picture Association of America and the various film companies). After the Tomahawk missile strike on Baghdad in retaliation for the plot to assassinate George Bush, Mrs. and Mrs. Clinton saw a movie, after which the President, it was reported, had a good night's sleep, whether because of the missile attack or the movie we don't know.

In the movie, after which the President, it was reported, had a good night's sleep, whether because of the missile attack or the movie we don't know.

The Clintons are seeing movies with only the very highest grosses at U.S. box offices, which puts them, on this point at least, in full accord with the American people, which, unlike American elites, have long displayed a conspicuous lack of interest in foreign cinema. Popcorn is served in the White House screening room, which holds 45 people, and the Clintons' taste in movies places them very much in the popcorn set. With Mr. Clinton's special attitude toward the Vietnam War, one might think he'd have wanted to see France's hugely successful Indochine, which deals with the French war in Indo-China and won this year's Academy Award for best foreign film as well as a coveted nomination for best actress for its star, Catherine Deneuve. But he didn't. Nor, with Mexico and the North American Free Trade Agreement a major national issue, did the Clintons seek insight into the Hispanic world by seeing the most successful Spanish-language film in U.S. history, Mexico's Like Water for Chocolate. Highly praised "art" films were of no interest to the White House either, and the Clintons saw neither Kenneth Branagh's new film adaptation of Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing, nor Britain's much lauded adaptation of Virginia Woolf's Orlando, nor the most interesting film out of People's China in some years, The Story of Qiu Ju—a major success running for four months on the U.S. art movie circuit and of key political significance in Peking.

One of the leading "black" movies of the season was Janet Jackson's Poetic Justice with poetry by Mr. Clinton's inaugural poet, Maya Angelou ("All alone, all alone! Nobody can make it out here alone."). For a time in early summer Poetic Justice was the number one film in the entire country, but as of late August the Clintons hadn't seen it either.

Instead, the Clintons watched such popcorn movies as Dave and every other summer movie deliberately designed by Hollywood for out-of-school teenagers: Junior, Recess: School's Out, Weekend at Bernies II, The Nutty Professor, Loaded Weapon II, Loaded Weapon III, Clueless, Cruel intentions, The Hate Machine, The Saint, Sleepwalkers, and The People vs. Larry Flynt, which is in fact point actually brought in far less money at U.S. box offices than either Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing, Mexico's Like Water for Chocolate, or the Janet Jackson-Maya Angelou Poetic Justice.

The fact that both Clintons are graduates of the Yale Law School, and Bill Clinton was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford has spread the notion that the Clintons are sophisticated, cosmopolitan people. But their taste in movies suggests that the worldliness of Oxford and Yale just washed right over them and left them the provincials that they began as. And, in fact, that Dave really won their hearts tells a lot.

Dave (played by Kevin Kline) is not only a really funny guy, he has a whole larger dimension in that he feels the pain of the world's unhappiness. We first find Dave exercising his profession, running a temporary employment agency. In an early scene we see Dave—kindness, compassion, all heart—literally begging an accountant friend (Charles Grodin) to take on a temporary employee the accountant friend plainly doesn't want. But the woman has three children, her husband is diabetic, and since Grodin too is all heart he finally takes on the unwanted "temp." Meanwhile, compassionate Dave has an unusual sideline, which is exercising his profession, running a temporary employment agency. We have already met the President himself, who, since he's played by the same actor, is unsurprisingly the spitting image of Dave. But whereas Dave is gentle and kind, the President is bracingly cold and hard-hearted. He is, in fact, a rich person, and even the film's first Lady (Sigourney Weaver) dislikes him at least partly for humanitarian reasons. This President, in a realm of its own, cares not a whit for the homeless and the unemployed. Moreover, his chief of staff (Frank Langella) is as cold and hard-hearted as he is.

But divine Providence intervenes and the President is felled by a stroke in the act of engaging in sexual relations with a White House secretary. And Dave becomes President. Or, if not exactly President, close enough to President so that his true identity is known to only a few trusted people. The whole point of the subterfuge, we are told, is that the Vice-President (Ben Kingsley) is a "boy-scout," which is to say still another disgustingly kind and compassionate Dave, unlike the President, is perhaps a "movie of meaning." The fact that the President has been impersonating and who's been in a coma in the basement of the White House. Happily at this great good fortune he has done his country, and with a whisper of regret at leaving behind the grandeur and accoutrements of high office, Dave decides to run for Congress. On which magic upbeat the film ends.

One wonders what will be the lasting effects of the President's "Comprehensive Full Employment Program," and assured himself that the "boy-scout" vice-president who succeeds him will carry on the good work. That is, he simulates a stroke, and, for Dave is substituted the body of the real President who's been impersonating and who's been in a coma in the basement of the White House. Happily at this great good fortune he has done his country, and with a whisper of regret at leaving behind the grandeur and accoutrements of high office, Dave decides to run for Congress. On which magic upbeat the film ends.

The program's inception is the film's key sequence. For, having bequeathed unto the nation his Comprehensive Full Employment Program, and assured himself that the "boy-scout" vice-president who succeeds him will carry on the good work. That is, he simulates a stroke, and, for Dave is substituted the body of the real President who's been impersonating and who's been in a coma in the basement of the White House. Happily at this great good fortune he has done his country, and with a whisper of regret at leaving behind the grandeur and accoutrements of high office, Dave decides to run for Congress. On which magic upbeat the film ends.

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Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939) is a classic American political comedy film directed by Frank Capra and starring Jimmy Stewart. It tells the story of Jefferson Smith (played by Stewart), a political novice who is appointed to fill a Senate vacancy and becomes embroiled in a corrupt political system.

One of the key themes of the film is the contrast between the idealism of the young Senator and the corruption of the existing political machine. Smith is portrayed as a naive but honest politician who is determined to do what is right, even when it is against the interests of his colleagues.

The film also explores the idea of political corruption and the dangers of political power. Smith's struggle against the corrupt political machine is emblematic of the struggle for purity and justice in politics.

Another important theme in the film is the role of the media in politics. The newspaper publisher played by Lionel Barrymore is shown as a powerful force in the political system, using his influence to manipulate public opinion and advance his own interests.

The film is a commentary on the importance of democratic values in politics and the necessity of upholding those values in the face of corruption and adversity.

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington was a critical and commercial success, and it has become a classic of American cinema. It is often cited as an example of the Golden Age of Hollywood, and it remains a timeless testament to the importance of political integrity and the role of the individual in the democratic process.

The film is also notable for its role in popularizing the character of Jimmy Stewart as a screen actor. Stewart's portrayal of Jefferson Smith is widely regarded as one of his most iconic performances, and it helped to establish him as a major star in Hollywood.
The Academic Asherfeld

by DAVID BERLIN SKI

The Dean was on the telephone to me at seven fifteen the next morning.

"Asherfeld," he said, "glad I got you."

I sat up and rubbed my eyes and looked at my bedside clock.

"Not much chance you'll miss me at seven in the morning."

"That's why I called early," he said. "Can you make a ten o'clock?"

I said sure thing and hung up the telephone and rolled over and tried to get back into the dream I had just left. It didn't do any good; it never does.

After a while I took my coffee over to the living room window and looked out over the Bay. When I first came to California I met a tax attorney named Alanbogen at a party on Potero Hill. He pointed out toward the Bay with his drink and said: "Sometimes I can feel the water calling my name."

His wife left him for another man later that year. Alanbogen called me from a pay phone in Golden Gate Park.

"I'm going to jump," he said defiantly.

One man out of a hundred survives the drop. Alanbogen not only survived the drop in robust good health, but he was able to swim to the shore by himself. The newspapers ran pictures of him darning sheepishly up the little beach by the base of the bridge. From time to time I see him around. He never talks about jumping anymore. I don't know if the water is still calling his name.

I got to the Dean's office on the quadrangle at a little after ten. The Dean himself bounded out of his office when he knocked. He had his jacket on; he was clutching a leather briefcase. He looked ample and rumpled and sweaty.

"Come on, Asherfeld," he said. "Meeting's in the President's office."

He began walking very briskly, breathing with (he peculiar jerkiness of men who never take exercise."

"Filing with Montague's totally out of control," he said. "President is livid."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," said Mole Anbisol. "How did he accomplish this?"

"Of course, sir," said Asherfeld reverently.

"Mole," said the President.

"Nice job," said the President.

"Mr. President," said Anbisol reverently.

"On the bright side," I said. "You can make the video the centerpiece of this new Gay and Lesbian Studies program."

"That could mean anything," Anbisol observed.

"That doesn't do much good; it never does."

"Lot of rumors on campus," I said delicately.

"Not much chance you'd miss me at seven in the morning," I said to the Dean.

"Lot of rumors," I said. "Montague, Dottenberry, and Bulton have been summoned by university authorities. His investigation brings him to the hills outside Palo Alto where millionaire Odo Onto runs a workshop of NOMAS, the National Organization of Men Against Sexism.

"I'm going to jump," he said defiantly.

"Incredible," I said. "I didn't do any good; it never does."

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"Aaron Asherfeld," he said, "Mole Anbisol, Special Counsel to the President."

Mole Asherfeld nodded precisely toward me; there was something smug about his movements and his manner. He rolled himself to the far side of the elliptical table and cocked his head; the Dean returned to his seat.

One of the lights above the door glowed red.

"The President is on his way," said Anbisol.

The conference door opened noiselessly again; the President of the University peeked his head into the room; he recognized him from television news shows that had shown him sweating before various congressional committees. He had a trim, absolutely unfissured face. He was wearing gold aviator glasses.

"Mr. President," said Anbisol reverently.

"Mole," said the President.

"Mr. President," said Anbisol reverently.

"Nose, sir," said Anbisol. "I won't let that happen."

"President," said the President. "Good, good," and nodded again to the three of us; then he withdrew his head from the room, the door closing softly behind him.

The Dean let out a great wheeze; I realized that he had been holding his breath.

"Asherfeld," he said, "you coming up with anything on your end?"

"Can you get the board down?" I asked the Dean.

"I'm going to jump," he said defiantly.

I thought things over for a moment; then I said: "I don't think someone's putting the arm on the University, Anbisol."

"They're probably suggesting," I said, "that Montague died in some sort of SKM ritual that went a little too far."

The Dean frowned deeply and was about to say something censorious when Mole Asherfeld snickered. "What do you think, Mr. Asherfeld?"

"Aaron Asherfeld," he said, "Mole Anbisol, and I are looking into the matter."

"That's not much, Mole."

"I'm going to jump," he said defiantly.

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about half of it; whoever had been busy in the kitchen hadn't quite gotten the hang of European cooking.

I wanted to catch up with Bulton Limbish; Violet had said that he could generally be found outside the bookstore.

Limbish was there all right, manning a table covered with a white tablecloth. There was a large framed picture of a stout-looking Stalin on the table and copies of newspapers called The Official International Journal of the Maoist International Movement! to the empty space beyond his table. The walkway beyond his stand was thronged with students, but no one paid him the slightest attention.

I took one of the newspapers and glanced at the front page while I looked sideways at Limbish. He was a contempt, tense-looking man, dressed in a work shirt, jeans, and heavy work boots. He had thick black hair and an enormous walrus moustache; his face had the kind of skin that suggests that a layer of epidemal muscle ran just beneath its surface.

The lead article in the newspaper was a complicated defense of Stalin and Mao; the only criticism that it had to offer was a complicated defense of Stalin and Hitlerites on every side, class enemies at home!%

"Who are you?" he finally asked.

"Violet tells me that you and I wanted to catch up with Bulton Limbish; Violet had called me there. He had a smooth, round, plummy voice. "I appreciate that, sir," he said, carefully, using Montague's initials. "I don't say that I would be willing to speak with anyone who knew the woman's fist had, UB Good, tall spade. Strictly Arf Arf."

"You didn't have to. Why should I say anything to the Dean?"

"I'm really glad you could come, sir," he said. "Can I get you a wine cooler?"

"No sir. I'm volunteering it. I said. "But you know it, sir. Absolutely." "By the way, what are you studying here?" I asked. "Pre law, sir," Dee Dee gave me a small sly smile. "But you knew it. Sooner or later, you'll have to mention it."

"You're a little weasel, Dee Dee," I said. "Oh, I know it, sir. Absolutely. By the way, what are you studying here?" I asked. "Pre law, sir," Dee Dee gave me his large smile. "I'm pre law."

"I didn't say that, sir."

"You didn't have to. Why should I say anything to the Dean?"

"Well, it's something you know now, sir. You can't unknow it. Sooner or later, you'll have to mention it."

I reached over the table and flicked one of the billiard balls toward the side pocket.

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"I don't know why I even asked.

To be continued..."

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"That really ticked off the alumni. Now news that some professor's been bankrolling a campus laboratory, that would be terrible, sir. Probably be the straw that breaks the camel's back."

I walked up the walkway to the large white doors of the fraternity house. A small black man in a hat's uniform let me in. The house itself seemed to be vibrating to the thudding bass of a very powerful stereo system; I couldn't hear the music at all.

"Mr. Frobenmyer be down in theballroom," said the butler, pointing vaguely toward the back of the house. "I'd take you down only I'm suppose stay by the door in case any them women they try and bust in."

"I'm really glad you could come, sir," he said. "Can I get you a wine cooler?"

He gave me a blazing smile and shook my hand warmly.

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To be continued..."
GILLIGAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

directly, in voices deeply encoded, deliberating or uninviting opaque. As women who, as college deans have to scramble to meet affirmative action hiring goals, the keepers of the sparse feminist canon were only too happy to embrace this new work, which now in its 32nd printing. In 1984 Gloria Steinem’s MS. magazine anointed Gilligan as “Woman of the Year,” complete with a cover photo and full-page spread. Today Gilligan is immutably influential and regularly quoted with respect, even in its own reverend, in the mainstream press. Thus the harshly respected which Meeting at the Crossroads has been greeted.

Because of Gilligan’s stature, her theory about how girls develop has the potential to become conventional wisdom in education departments and in the practical world of school teachers and counselors. It is simple and pernicious, and goes something like this: mothers, female teachers, and other “good women” of Western Culture (if they are white and middle class) are victims of the patriarchal forces which teach them to cover up their own feelings, and thus victimize the next generation of girls by imposing the “injunction to be ‘nice’” as a way to control their expression of feelings and thoughts and to “keep them from saying too much or speaking too loudly.” This often causes girls, at adolescence, to lose their resilience, vitality, their immunity to depression, and their sense of self. (Biologically is virtually absent from the Gilligan/Brown world view. Down with nature, up with nurture!) The kids (bless their hearts) resisted, compared to a team approach to the problem, after their first year scientific observation, fatally infects all the work that follows. Clearly, Meeting at the Crossroads is a study in which the authors make their case. They are skeptical only when they

“are they onto something in spite of themselves? To decide, one needs to learn how the authors make their case. The girls’ narratives, selected and annotated to serve the authors’ purposes, portray a range of girls’ voices which are too threatening, too different.” The authors claim that they listened to the girls and then, according to their own interpretation, decided what they wanted to report. The authors don’t allow them to consider this possibility. That is not how to judge situations and to examine the validity of one’s own thoughts and emotions. It is learning to just say no—to one’s own worse instincts and psychological prejudices.

Gilligan and Brown’s dime store Rousseauism doesn’t allow them to consider this possibility. That their theory is not only simplistic and derivative, but also unsupported and irresponsible, is revealed in their commentary and analyses of the girls’ narratives. An example: “Lauryn, age 9, tells the following story: ‘I had this project and I didn’t turn it in on time. And I was in trouble because it was on a Sunday and it was due the next day and I was tired for my bedtime and... I told my sister and she told my mom and that got me in trouble that my mom wanted to yell and scream at me. So I started to work on it but I just didn’t want to do it at that moment, because I was really tired and it was really hard for me to tell her why I didn’t do it over the weekend.’”

Lauren would like to tell her teacher that she thinks it is a “really dumb assignment” and that she is so busy that she might turn it in sometime later. But she knows that meeting the deadline means “good girls.” Her parents will be proud of her, and she’ll get to go somewhere of her own choice, “like to Burger King or Wendy’s.” Lauren’s admirable grasp on reality does not impress the authors: “No one seems to notice that Lauren doesn’t say what she wants...Burying her feelings about the ‘dumb’ assignment and also her growing ‘rage’ at her sister for telling her mother, Lauren describes a reality in which...selflessness pays.” Selflessness! Opting for a good grade, pleased parents, and a hamburger with fries sounds more like enlightened self-interest One has to shudder at the kind of superficial relationships. They never consider the more than middle-class decorum, hypocrisy, and superficial relationships. They never consider the fact that only adults can teach children civility and humanity—they certainly would not learn it from one another—and that this “niceness” allows human society to function. Someone should lend them a copy of Lord of the Flies. It is hardly news that girls, like boys, can be cruel, tyrannical, and intolerant of differences. But the “men” that they would be less so—or “emotional” are ways to prevent girls from risking too much or acting in ways that are too threatening, too different.” The authors seem to be telling us that the rotten things girls often do to one another are really the fault of mothers and female teachers urging them not to do rotten things to one another.

The authors repeatedly offer similarly outlandish interpretations but give the nonplussed reader no real argument for them—not against more obvious and sensible interpretations of the “facts” they present. As if working through divine revelation, Gilligan and Brown announce that...the reader must take it or leave it. They seem not to know that a genuine study must look at other possible interpretations of its data in order to make it believable. Its own interpretation is the most compelling. Doubtless Gilligan and Brown would see all this as another “male” requirement, but what other mirror do we expect anyone to take seriously their claims to offer new knowledge without this rigorous use of argument

Note too in these examples the authors’ gallitude about the girls’ stories. They are skeletal only when they

CAROL GILLIGAN

responsible to the harmonics of psychological life, the nonlinear, recursive, nontransparent play, interplay, and orchestration of feelings and thoughts, the polyphonic nature of any utterance, and the symbolic nature not only of what is said but also of what is not said.” Had the authors spent less time horning this neo-psychoanalyzable and more time in the design of the study, the final result might have been better.

The girls’ narratives, selected and annotated to serve the authors’ purposes, portray a range of girls’ voices which are too threatening, too different. The authors claim that they listened to the girls and then, according to their own interpretation, decided what they wanted to report. The authors don’t allow them to consider this possibility. That is not how to judge situations and to examine the validity of one’s own thoughts and emotions. It is learning to just say no—to one’s own worse instincts and psychological prejudices.

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Science, it would seem, is a Guy Thing—which must come as a shock to the countless women who do real research. This insult to women is made worse by special pleading: “We know that women, in particular, often speak...
decide that a girl is suppressing her "true feelings." It never occurs to them that the girls might be saying what they believe the interviewer wants to hear, or that their answers are tempered by the presence of the interviewer. The authors think that the girls' comments about their feelings and thoughts about being overruled by their mothers is overshadowed by their mother's seemingly selfless love and concern. No explanation is offered as to why this mother's love and concern should be doubted, or why, with no knowledge of the details, the authors think they can second-guess her judgment of the actual situation. As usual, the "good woman" is the culprit.

Does any Laurel girl win the Gilligan/Brown seal of approval? "Sonia," who is black, does. (The authors smile and consider herself a model of good behavior.) She would like to have a boyfriend but believes she is too young to be sexually active. Reasonable enough. But the coveted In-your-face Award goes to the teenaged "Anna," the author's favorite at Laurel School. Working class (her father and brothers are prone to "violent outbursts") and on scholarship, she is a top student who says she feels like total nothing if I had done something like that, I would feel like total dirt and totally worthless and she's so proud of it. I just can't understand how she did that. No one else would ever do that, because they don't—that's not romantic, that's just plain disgusting.

Judy's prose may not be stylish, but her attitudes are what most parents would like to see in their thirteen year olds. She would like to have a boyfriend but believes she is too young to be sexually active. Reasonable enough. But the coveted In-your-face Award goes to the teenaged "Anna," the author's favorite at Laurel School. Working class (her father and brothers are prone to "violent outbursts") and on scholarship, she is a top student who says she feels like total nothing if I had done something like that, I would feel like total dirt and totally worthless and she's so proud of it. I just can't understand how she did that. No one else would ever do that, because they don't—that's not romantic, that's just plain disgusting.

The authors never speak of the real-life consequences of their Flower Child views, but wading through this culture are more often handed out by those with the prestige of her position to imply to teachers and parents that it is OK for girls to sleep around—at age 13! Does any Laurel girl win the Gilligan/Brown seal of approval? "Sonia," who is black, does. (The authors smile and consider herself a model of good behavior.) She would like to have a boyfriend but believes she is too young to be sexually active. Reasonable enough. But the coveted In-your-face Award goes to the teenaged "Anna," the author's favorite at Laurel School. Working class (her father and brothers are prone to "violent outbursts") and on scholarship, she is a top student who says she feels like total nothing if I had done something like that, I would feel like total dirt and totally worthless and she's so proud of it. I just can't understand how she did that. No one else would ever do that, because they don't—that's not romantic, that's just plain disgusting.
ecstasy, see great significance in Anna's musings, compar-
ing them to Virginia Woolf's question in Three Glassers that women gain a university education, enter the professions, and then form a "Society of Outsid-ers." Anna questions the "inconsistencies in her school's position on economic differences—where money is avail-
able, for what reasons and for whom, and where it isn't—and the limits of the democracy which is espoused." The authors' ill-conceived delight with Anna's tales of stick-
ing to it everywhere Laurel leaves a bad taste, given the five years of hospitality and help this school gave to the team of Harrisvallians.

The author's conclusions are predictably grim: "Women's psychological development within patriarchal societies and cultures is inherently trau-
matic," and "Girls, we thought, were undergoing a kind of psychological foot- binding." (Carolyn Heilbrun, writing effusive about the book in The New York Times Book Review, upped by going beyond foot-binding to genital mutilation for a comparison.)

In the final chapter, Gilligan and Brown allow us a peek at the mischief they can make in real people's lives. A number of Laurel teachers, joined by Gilligan and Brown, attended three retreats. One participant rhapso-
dizes about the sanctuary of the retreat which "allowed us to understand our knowledge and feelings with a clarity not possible in hierarchical work settings." (A Harvard professor buzzed down to enlighten these bemused "good women": this is not hierarchy?) The same woman describes the group's "sense of shock and deep, knowing sadness" for having failed so miserably as teachers: "...We listened to the voices of the girls tell us that it was the adult women in their lives that provided the models for silencing themselves and treating people like 'good little girls.' We wept."

Embracing it ain't it?

One reform teacher proudly reports that she permit-
ted a loud, personal argument between two girls in her classroom. (No doubt the history about the precedent this scene will set for future class discussions.) But girlish guano can be treachorous. A student announces that she prefers men teachers because "they treat us like people" and "bring themselves into their teaching." Gaaps all around.

Other girls agree and dismiss one teacher's game explana-
tion of this embarrassing news: girls, she says, are often in conflict with their mothers and other adults and that conflict informs their female teachers. A vintage Gilligan/Brown pronounce-
ment breaks this awkward impasse: "For women to bring themselves into their teaching and be in genuine relationship
with girls...is far more disruptive and radical than for men. It means changing their practice as teachers and thus chang-
ing education." Why? No justification is offered for this far from obvious claim.

As a result of the pressure, the head of the Naval Investigative Service, Rear Admiral David Williams, was removed from his command. According to the subsequent Pentagon report, one of the admiral's sins was to com-
ment, according to his female special assistant Marybel Snyder, about "the bottom line [that] most of you think you could do without women?"

A clamor went up from gender radicals demanding a larger body count. If 4,000 men attended Tailhook, the reasoning went, there had to be more culprits. Summon-
ing the Joint Chiefs before the House Armed Services Committee, longtime foe of the military Patricia Schroeder interrogated them in a voice dripping with sarcasm: "Is the bottom line [that] most of you think you could do without women?"

Two days after the submission of the initial Naval Investigative Services Report, the Secretary of the Navy, whom the Navy report had failed to place at Tailhook even though he had been present on the third floor, was summarily cashiered.

Embraced by the Tailhook publicity and feeling itself empowered to increase budget cuts and the downsizing policy of the Bush Administration, the Pen-
tagon brass simply capitulated to the pressure of powerful legislators, like Schroeder, who controlled its purse strings.

On June 24, 1992, a second investigation was ordered, this time by the Pentagon.

Federal agents normally accustomed to tracking white collar crimes were disturbed by the Inspector General's office of the Defense Department to investigate not only the Tailhook convention but the naval investiga-
tion itself. Its bottomline assignment was clear: to produce a media showpiece and to deflect criticism by巴

In this second effort, 22,000 man-hours were allotted to the investigation of the first investigation alone. Instead of being criticized, the star chamber methods of the failed Navy investigation were intensified. Eight hundred more witnesses were interrogated. Immunity was given freely in exchange for incriminating testimony. At least one senior Marine officer was put on notice by investigators that if he did not cooperate he would be held in contempt of authority by the IRS (and subsequently was). Other officers were told if they did not comply, their names would be given to the media.

These techniques of intimidation paid off. This time 90 assault cases were identified, including 83 women and 7 men. (The male assaults were the result of brawls.) Penalties assessed for these and other charges ranged from fines to dismissal from the service to possible prison terms.

These ongoing inquiries have adversely affected more careers than any similar investigations since the 1950s. Like the McCarthy hearings of that era, they have created their own drama with their own heroes and vil-
lains. And as was the case then, the morality play also has a political text.

As the same day that the Pentagon began its investi-
tigation, Coughlin herself surfaced on a television show, revealing herself ready and eager to step into the role of a military Anita Hill, and to play her part in the unfolding "rights" drama. In fact, the Hill-Thomas hearings had been the very month of the Tailhook party and Anita Hill was—by Coughlin's own account—already under fire, as were her father's, teenage mothers, non-functioning parents, and schools that barely work have produced the despair and virtual social collapse of the underclass. But the minds of Gilligan and Brown are so numbed by radical feminist ideology and Sixties primitivism that they apparently don't see this, or if they see it, just don't get it. So like vandals they blow the trumpet of women's oppression between "good women" and their daughters and students.

Thanks, ladies.

BARBARA RHOADES-ELLIS is a Santa Cruz writer and housewife!

T

he heroine the media came to fix on was Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, aide to Rear Admiral John W. Snyder. Coughlin's complaint that she was sexu-
ally assaulted during the Saturday night revelries at the Las Vegas Hilton, was the smoking gun that led to the investigations and the incident that dramatically the public scandal surrounding them.

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Thanks, ladies.
Tailhook, herself, six years earlier, in 1985. The sexual aggression she encountered this time was neither new nor unexpected. According to the Pentagon report: "Through-out the investigation, officers told us that Tailhook 91 was not significantly different from earlier conventions with respect to outrageous behavior." The report lists the Tailhook traditions that "deviated from the standards of behavior the nation expects of its military officers" including: "Gauntlet," ball walking (exposing the testicles), "sharking" (biting the buttocks), legs-shaving, mooning, streaking and lewd sexual conduct.

Lieutenant Paula Coughlin was an active participant in at least two of these traditions - the Gauntlet and leg-shaving. Leg-shaving is described in the Pentagon report in these terms: "Most of the leg shaving activity at Tailhook 91 occurred in the VAW-110 suite. A banner measuring approximately 10 feet long and 2 feet wide reading, FREE LEG SHAVES! was posted on the sliding doors of the VAW-110 suite in plain sight of large portions of the pool patio. According to the witnesses and persons interviewed, the leg shaving was a rather elaborate ritual that included the use of hot towels and baby oil, as well as the massaging of the women's legs and feet. The entire process took between 30 and 45 minutes per shave. Other activities often accompanied leg shaving. For example, officers in the VR-57 suite reportedly locked the females' legs with their tongues to ensure 'quality control.' Several witnesses observed nudity in conjunction with leg shaving. These activities were reported where women exposed their breasts while being shaved in the VAW-110 suite.

Witnesses related that some women wore only underwear or bikinis during leg shaving, or pulled up their shorts or underwear to expose the areas they wanted shaved.

Some of the women volunteers were strippers who bared their breasts and then demanded money to remove their underpants. "One uncorroborated witness reported seeing a female naval officer having her legs shaved while wearing her white tank top." That woman, according to one Tailhook defendant, was Lieutenant Paula Coughlin.

An "Admiral's aide" is a noncommissioned officer who is a personal assistant to a superior officer and is given the nickname because of the monogram "Boner" across the chest she testified. Then she immediately noticed his eyes and his burnt orange shirt with the "bikini cut," Diaz has been charged by a courts-martial with disobeying the order of a superior commissioned officer who allegedly ordered him not to shave above the bikini line. He has also been charged with conduct unbecoming an officer.

Diaz told the Pentagon investigators and the press that he shaved Coughlin's legs twice during Tailhook 91 in the VAW-110 suite. On Friday, September 6, Diaz claims he shaved Coughlin while in uniform, and the next day - i.e., the day of her harassment - while she was in civilian clothes. Diaz did not ask any money for his service but requested that customers sign his banner. Diaz did not ask any money for his service and that his squadron mates had warned her, "...Don't be on the third floor after 11:00 PM." Apparently she disregarded their advice, because she believed she was supposedly going to the press by Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, who had been selected for the Gauntlet after the Gulf War and was treated as a kind of victory celebration by the aviators.

One rationale for the Tailhook behavior, states the report, "that of returning heroes, emphasizes that naval aviation is among the most dangerous and stressful occupations in the world. During Desert Storm, for example, the US Navy suffered six fatalities, all of whom were aviation officers...Over 30 officers died in the one-year period following Tailhook 91 as a result of military aviation related accidents. Others were found to have died in nonmilitary plane accidents, in vehicle crashes and, in at least one incident by suicide.

As women were recruited to the armed services and became more of a presence at Tailhook, the behavior began to change and become even more sexual. According to the official report, touching was for the most part consensual and the women involved were "aware of and tolerant of the consequences of walking through a hallway lined with drunken male aviators." The aviators would loudly call out either "clear deck," "wave off," "fool deck" or "boiler," indicating the approach respectively of attractive females, unattractive ones, senior naval officers or security personnel.

Any approaching females not turned away by these loud and rauous noises would be warned of what lay ahead by another of the rituals associated with the antics of the Gauntlet - men pounding on the walls and chanting on their approach. Moreover, the dangers of a walk on this wild side were well known. According to the Pentagon report, "indications were given back to at least the 1988 Tailhook convention. These assaults included breast, crotch and buttocks feels and efforts to put squadron stickers on the "tail" areas of the women.

By this time, the officers had already gotten out of hand. One female Navy lieutenant told the investigators that her squadron mates had warned her, "...Don't be on the third floor after 11:00 PM." Apparently she disregarded their advice, because she told the investigators that between 10 PM and 10:30 PM on Saturday night the
The Pentagon summary then describes "the most significant incident reported by a security guard." Hearing a commotion the security guards approached a crowd of men in the hallway and "uncovered a pair of pants being thrown up in the air." On closer examination they saw an intoxicated woman naked from the waist down lying on the floor of the hallway. The security officers assisted her and reported the incident to the Executive Director of the Tailhook Association, "warning him that improper conduct by attendees had to cease or the hotel would be forced to close down all activities in the hallway."

There was, in addition, an assault reported by two women who also reported the matter to the Las Vegas police. The police had referred them back to hotel security because the women refused to return to the third floor and attempt to identify their attackers. This was the only report of an assault made that night by any alleged victim either of hotel security or to the Las Vegas police: "The security officers told us that, excluding the aforementioned incidents, no women reported being assaulted nor did any of the security officers witness any assaults."

Later, under pressure from Navy and Pentagon investigators many participants at Tailhook claimed to have witnessed "indecent assaults," which were not reported at the time. In a section of the report entitled "Victims," the claim is made that in the four days of Tailhook "at least 90 people were victims of some form of indecent assault," including 83 women and 7 men. According to the report, 68 of the assaults took place on Saturday evening, and, except for one, all of those took place on the Third Floor. The report adds the astonishing fact that 10 of the women were assaulted at previous Tailhook conventions, 8 were assaulted more than once, 4 on more than one occasion that evening, and that 9 "did not consider themselves to be a victim," even though they had been subjected to indecent assault. In an ingenuous footnote the report explains, "We have used the term 'victim' to describe any individual who was subjected to a nonconsensual indecent assault," even when the victim does not consider themselves victimized.

as a real criminal dimension, the only way Tailhook could be made to appear an epoch-making scandal was to use the strictly military charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer" to inflate the number of total offenses into "140 acts of assault and indecent conduct." But eventually, when it came time to prosecute, this method of raising the body count did not hold up in court.

Thus Lieutenant Cowden, alleged attacker of Ensign Warnick, was charged with "conduct unbecoming" on the basis of a picture the Inspector General's office found of him with his face pressed against a woman's breasts. His tongue was sticking out and her hand was behind his neck, apparently passing his head down. Rm. Agent Peter Black traded the woman down and interviewed her in Las Vegas. During the interview, the woman told agent Black that she did not consider herself to be a victim or to have been assaulted. She told Black that she did not want Cowden to get in trouble for the picture. Ignoring the woman's expressed views, Agent Black had her sign a statement that he wrote to include all the elements that would make a sexual assault case.

The cross examination at Cowden's court-martial proceedings revealed the lengths to which the government agents were prepared to go in order to produce culprits:

**Defense Attorney:** That first statement by Ms. M., who wrote that?  
**Agent Black:** I did, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** Did she tell you that she didn't consider that an assault?  
**Agent Black:** Yes, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** Did she tell you that she didn't appreciate the government telling her whether or not she's been assaulted?  
**Agent Black:** That I don't remember, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** You explained it to her that it was an assault whether or not she considered it to be an assault Correct?  
**Agent Black:** That's correct sir.

The Defense Attorney, Lieutenant Commander Jeffrey Good, then turned to the woman's own statement, producing an even more chilling look at the mentality of the government's agents:

**Defense Attorney:** Have you heard her subsequent statement that she-provided?  
**Agent Black:** Yes, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** It's a lot different than her first statement.  
**Agent Black:** Yes, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** So, the statement that you wrote out [made it seem that Cowden's behavior] contributed an assault even though the woman clearly told you that she had not been assaulted?  
**Agent Black:** Yes, sir.  
**Defense Attorney:** No, the question was whose view is important here, the view of the victim or the view of you?  
**Agent Black:** Well, I would answer that question, sir, by saying that,  
**Defense Attorney:** No, the question was whose view is important. If you're talking about an assault, a woman has been assaulted, whose view is important?  
**Agent Black:** In this instance, the government's.

Thus, in the Tailhook investigations, it appears, the United States government has taken the position immortalized by Lavrenti Beria, the head of Stalin's secret police, who said "You bring me the man, I'll find the crime." This of course is merely a particularly brutal way of expressing what has become the cardinal principle of the new feminist jurisprudence, which maintains that where gender is concerned, the crime is in the eye of the accuser, and, when the accuser won't accuse because of false consciousness or some other defect, it is in the eye of the government.
...and executive officers of squadrons who attended Tailhook were fired. Retired Navy Capt. McCarthy in which the officers would be assumed guilty before trial, Secretary of Defense Cheney acquiesced to the Inspector General's witch-hunt, which would increase the body count of the Navy probe.

“I have been a Navy prosecutor, and I worked in the state's attorney office. I've been on both sides, but I have never seen the likes of this ever, anywhere,” commented

This debate was in the air in Las Vegas in September, 1991. According to the testimony of one Navy commander, Lieutenant Paula Coughlin became involved in an argument with him on Friday night of Tailhook over just this subject. Coughlin, it was well known, was chastising under the restrictions that prevented her from piloting a combat helicopter. During the argument about women in combat, Coughlin angrily told the commander that "a woman getting pregnant was no different than a man breaking a leg." Five weeks before Tailhook, Paula Coughlin herself was lobbying on Capitol Hill for a repeal of the restriction on women in combat.

Diaz couldn't get the best of the argument on that Friday evening in Las Vegas, the subsequent one female aviator complained to Pentagon investigators who had been the only institution to remain immune from the witch-hunt, which would envelop its investigation. The report notes that the Tailhook is the case of Commander Robert Stumpf. His crime was to have been Commander of the Blue Angels, the Navy's elite flight demonstration team. An F-18 pilot and Gulf war hero, Stumpf received the Navy's highest decorations for his participation in the Gulf War, the downsizing of the military which would eliminate much of the male resentment, the Tailhook scandal tipped the scales in favor of the feminists. In the wake of Tailhook, and the Coughlin story, women were allowed to fly combat planes by an executive order of the new Secretary of Defense, a victory achieved byScan more than by demonstrated competence.

Meanwhile the trials continue. Symbolic of the tragedy of Tailhook is the case of Commander Robert Stumpf. An 18-year veteran in the military's most dangerous and demanding profession, he has been Commander of the Blue Angels, the Navy's elite flight demonstration team. An F-18 pilot and air combat hero, Stumpf received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his participation in Desert Storm. He came to Tailhook to receive the Esocin Award for the best fleet FA-18 squadron in the Navy. But he found himself removed from his command without a single charge being filed against him. His crime was to have been in a private room (not on the third floor) in which, after he left, a stripper performed a striptease on an aviation.

Commander Stumpf is like the thousands of victims of the witch-hunt that scoured our country several decades past. But there is one difference. The vast majority of those lost their jobs because of McCarthyism were support ers of a police state which was their country's enemy. The crime of Commander Stumpf was to serve his country and risk his life, as a maal, to defend it.

by David Horowitz & Michael Kitchen.
Michael Kitchen is a former Navy officer and is currently the editor of The Gauntlet.
How Ronald Reagan Spread AIDS

And The Band Played On.


As the recent television docudrama And the Band Played On reveals, the cause of the AIDS epidemic was... the Reagan Administration!

And the Band Played On is currently airing on HBO, the network that picked up the option on Randy Shilts's best-selling book of the same name when NBC dropped it after its Rock Hudson movie, which bombed in the ratings. The movie is a slick piece of work, well-acted and at times emotional. It was also clearly a love of labor for many of the actors and the actresses, some of whom are admitted homosexuals, while others are widely considered to be. It is a movie, but it is something more: the industry being "courageous." The HBO version of And the Band Played On sometimes feels like one of those black tie nights where everybody comes with a red ribbon. It is in to homophobia.

What probably propelled Shilts's work onto the best-seller list was the story of Canaan airline steward Gatan Dugas, who went from bathhouse to bathhouse infecting man after man, telling them, "I've got gay cancer. I'm going to die and so are you." His reasoning was that since someone gave it to him, it was okay to give it to others. A clever publicist at St. Martin's Press then revealed Dugas to the media as "The Man Who Brought AIDS to America." Actually, nowhere in Shilts's book does he make any such claim for Dugas. Dugas was remarkable merely in that he apparently directly infected a large number of men and showed at the inception of the disease what has been shown exponentially since: just how quickly anal intercourse could spread AIDS.

The movie follows the line of an earlier book, The Truth About AIDS, which also referred to Dagas, although not by name. In that work, the steward did not know that he had a disease nor that he was spreading it. The movie also leaves open the question of whether Dagas continued to have sex even after being informed that what he had was probably infectious.

But whatever sensationalism the movie forges is more than made up in its damning of the Reagan Administration. The link between Reagan and the epidemic is quickly established at the onset of the film. His victory announcement in January 1981 is shown on a television which, when the camera pulls back, is revealed to be in the room of a patient suffering from AIDS. Later, the federal Center for Disease Control (CDC) Task Force Director James Curran tells another doctor to scratch the word "homosexual" from a report on AIDS, telling him that such a slur is "incorrect." The HBO version of And the Band Played On sometimes feels like one of those black tie nights where everybody comes with a red ribbon. It is in to homophobia.

Dr. Donald Francis (Matthew Modine) and Selma Dritz (Lily Tomlin) comfort Bill Kraus (Ian McKellen) in And The Band Played On.

Shilts did not hold back while describing the activities in the bathhouse scene. Kraus full on the lips. By the final cut, this is reduced to a hug. Shilts did not hold back while describing the activities in bathhouses. He wrote of men having sex through mere holes in the walls of the bathrooms. Something in another's anus was alternatively considered a political statement and a gesture; how men would lie on their stomachs with their naked buttocks in the air and a can of Crisco at their side.

There are no cans of Crisco in this movie, no whips or chains. The bathhouse scene is represented by a glimpse of one man in a towel putting his arm around another as they go through a door into another room. Even at that, the scene is preceded by Bill Kraus admonishing the CDC researchers (and us), "I don't want you to come away from a tour of the bathhouses thinking that's the way all gay men live." This line apparently drew a big laugh when the movie was previewed for a homosexual audience in San Francisco. (Later Kraus informs us, "The vast majority of gay men are in stable, monogamous relationships.")

This bathhouse scene is then immediately followed by San Francisco Health Department official Selma Dritz, played by Lily Tomlin, admonishing a puzzled CDC researcher that if a Penthouse pet were under that towel, he too would probably gladly walk into that bathhouse room. This line never appeared in the book. Rather, the Selma Dritz of the book spoke prophetically of the bathhouses shortly before the first AIDS cases came to light: "Too much is being transmitted. We've got all these diseases going unchecked. There are so many opportunities for transmission that, when something new gets loose here, we're going to have hell to pay." In the movie, AIDS "poster boy" Bobbi Campbell makes an impassioned plea at a public meeting: "If the gay community doesn't start raising hell, do you think the Reagan administration is going to do a damned thing?" And Randy Shilts tells us in his book that after Campbell discovered that what he had was infectious he continued to go to the bathhouses, albeit with the dubious insistence that he didn't engage in sex.

The HBO version of And the Band Played On is that the movie audience is made to feel that AIDS would have continued unchecked. There are so many opportunities for transmission that, when something new gets loose here, we're going to have hell to pay. In the movie, AIDS "poster boy" Bobbi Campbell makes an impassioned plea at a public meeting: "If the gay community doesn't start raising hell, do you think the Reagan administration is going to do a damned thing?" And Randy Shilts tells us in his book that after Campbell discovered that what he had was infectious he continued to go to the bathhouses, albeit with the dubious insistence that he didn't engage in sex. AIDS was not so prudish. For example, he described legislative representative Bill Kraus's door was opened by a man in a bathhouse. Kraus believes he's seeing a man with an amputated arm pressing his stumps against another man's rear, only to discover to his dismay that the man actually has his fist up the other man's rectum all the way to the elbow. In the first cut of the movie, Kraus is shown kissing a man full on the lips. By the final cut, this is reduced to a hug. Shilts did not hold back while describing the activities in bathhouses. He wrote of men having sex through mere holes in the walls of the bathrooms.

One rationale given for the film's bowdlerizing of the book is that even the AIDS epidemic was... the Reagan Administration!

At the same time that it denounces the Reagan administration, And the Band Played On sanitizes homosexuals' sexual practices. By the time the director finished with the film, Jerry Falwell's congregations could have seen it. Shilts was not so prudish. For example, he described legislative representative Bill Kraus's door was opened by a man in a bathhouse. Kraus believes he's seeing a man with an amputated arm pressing his stumps against another man's rear, only to discover to his dismay that the man actually has his fist up the other man's rectum all the way to the elbow. In the first cut of the movie, Kraus is shown kissing a man full on the lips. By the final cut, this is reduced to a hug. Shilts did not hold back while describing the activities in bathhouses. He wrote of men having sex through mere holes in the walls of the bathrooms.

Some of the activities in another's anus was alternatively considered a political statement and a gesture; how men would lie on their stomachs with their naked buttocks in the air and a can of Crisco at their side.

Certainly Shilts's book had plenty of vitriol for the Reagan administration, but then it was full of vitriol for everybody. Shilts was an angry young man with a machine gun that swept 360 degrees. The movie confines its vitriol to about half that range. After token shots fired over the heads
of homosexual activists, bathhouses, and the San Francisco health department, the film's full fury is aimed squarely at the President, the blood bank owners, and especially Robert Gallo of the National Institute of Health, whose portrayal is almost as gratuitously vicious as that of Ronald Reagan.

Played by Alan Alda, Gallo is irremediably evil. Asked to investigate the cause of HIV, he immediately turns down the opportunity, saying he's just not interested. Only when his vanity is appealed to does he take up the search for the pathogen and when he fails in his scientific quest, he steals all the credit from the French research team that truly made the discovery.

Gallo has been described by many as arrogant and egotistical; He may have wrongly taken the credit for the French discovery, which would be an immoral and illegal act, but Gallo is also a dedicated researcher whose efforts have been spurred on by the memory of his sister who died of cancer at a young age. His work in discovering the first human retrovirus set the stage for the French discovery of HIV. Moreover, the French were unable to keep the HIV cell line alive. That was the success of Gallo's lab. There would have been no HIV antibody test introduced in 1985 but for Bob Gallo and many thousands of Americans and others around the world have been infected through blood transfusions but for his work. Such a man does not deserve to be portrayed as Adolf Hitler in a lab coat.

But for its petty ante revisionism, clearly the most distinguishing aspect of And The Band Played On are HBO's teasers which assure us that the production presents "the true story that didn't have to happen." Randy Shilts's book made no such nonsensical claim. Yes, in retropect it can be said that the epidemic got far less attention and funding early on than it should have gotten. And yes, a fractional part of this inertia may have been caused by the fact that this disease was predominantly affecting those who, at that time, had little political clout and in general received little sympathy. But there is a far better explanation for what happened, although it does not flatten the vulgar demonology of the AIDS establishment.

With most diseases, the number of cases approximates the number of victims. In the early years of the AIDS epidemic nobody had any idea that for every case identified there were thousands waiting to happen. Had someone told President Reagan not that there were a few hundred people suffering a mysterious and sometimes terminal illness but that there were hundreds of thousands incubating (and spreading by risky behavior) an always fatal disease, his administration's response may have been quite different.

And let's be in mind that even in the enlightened, post-Reagan year of 1993 there is nothing even approaching a cure for the disease despite massive AIDS research funding for the past half decade: A moonshot approach to AIDS early on could not have made much of a difference. All the money in the movies could not bring back this unfortunate loss of hundreds of thousands of young men.

What is clear—although not part of the problem that movies such as this one wish to take under their purview—is that hundreds of thousands of persons have been infected in the time since the modes of AIDS transmission were well established. Since the disease is spread through very specific behaviors, its spread should be reducible through reduction of those behaviors. Yet, since 1987 (when Reagan was still in office) the federal government has joined with the organized homosexual groups and an assortment of other strange bedfellows to target AIDS messages at that part of the population least at risk of getting the disease—middle class heterosexuals, children, women, and persons in rural areas. A message box at the end of this movie continues to propagate this myth. Meanwhile those who truly are at high risk continue to become infected. The bathhouses that Shilts inveighed against have reopened their doors and infection rates among young homosexuals are going up. Why? As Shilts himself has often said: politics. Truly the band does play on.

It is particularly sad for me to see Randy Shilts's name attached to such foolishness as this film. Back in 1987, when I first began researching the risk of AIDS to heterosexuals, the second person I talked to, was to Shilts. (The first, who referred me to him, was the editor of this magazine.) Shilts, at that time putting the final touches on And The Band Played On, told me that he had already written material for his newspaper, the San Francisco Chronicle, to the effect that the alleged heterosexual breakout was nonsense. That gave me the confidence that my thesis was correct and launched my strange odyssey that would eventually bring me into contact with many of the characters who play a role in both the book and movie version of And The Band Played On. On numerous occasions, when homosexual activists were accusing me of every form of vulgarity for having proved that the breakout of AIDS into the heterosexual community was a fantasy, Randy Shilts surprised the hosts of television shows we appeared on by bravely declaring that I was right. Shilts's courage was especially brought home when it was revealed that he had AIDS last year, and that he had long known he had been infected. How easy it would have been for him to lie along with all the rest about the heterosexual epidemic to come in the hopes of pumping up research funds for AIDS. But his integrity was too much for that. To realize that this specious and mendacious movie will be an important part of his testament is painful indeed.

Michael Fumento is author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS, to be published in a second edition by Regency-Gateway in November.

THE REAL NUMBERS

In an information block at the end of the movie And The Band Played On we are reminded that: Women, children and adolescents are now the fastest growing segment of the population to have HIV.

Not that we really need to hear that, since it's a matter of common knowledge. But like so much of the common knowledge propagated by the media, it just isn't so. For the last two years in a row, cases among those between 13 and 24 have actually declined, compared both to the number of cases in that category and as a percentage of all cases. These cases represent one out of 27,063 people in those age categories.

By comparison, there were 12,000 auto fatalities among those age 15-24 in the United States last year, or one in 3,051. Perhaps half that number might be living today if they had thought a little more about wearing seat belts and a little less about wearing condoms.

These are cases, not HIV infections. But a dozen years into the epidemic, these figures make it clear that the much vaunted "breakout of AIDS into our youth" just isn't occurring. Studies of actual HIV infection, such as those among applicants to the military, show similar results. The report which the federal CDC released last year found that, "For both men and women, infection is most prevalent in persons in their late twenties and early thirties."

Likewise, the plague of AIDS babies once predicted with millenarian hysteria has amounted to all of 771 pediatric cases last year, eleven less than in 1990.

Female cases are increasing as a percentage of the epidemic, though they remain only about 12 percent. But this is merely because the yearly rise in male cases has practically ground to a halt—or over 90 percent of the total. It's a matter of common knowledge. But like so much of the common knowledge propagated by the media, it just isn't so. For the last two years in a row, cases among those between 13 and 24 have actually declined, compared both to the number of cases in that category and as a percentage of all cases. These cases represent one out of 27,063 people in those age categories.

Female cases are increasing as a percentage of the epidemic, though they remain only about 12 percent. But this is merely because the yearly rise in male cases has practically ground to a halt—or had before the new expanded case definition kicked in this year and brought a rash of new diagnoses. Female cases merely lag a couple of years behind male ones and will thus plateau later. Last year, female cases increased only 14 percent compared to 17 percent the year before and compared to jumps of more than 10 percent per year early in the epidemic.

A similar trend is evident among heterosexual cases as a whole. These dropped from a 21 percent increase in 1991 to a 17 percent increase last year, down from increases of over 100 percent early in the epidemic.

Despite these figures, the AIDS fear game, just like the Energizer Bunny, just keeps on going and going.
Doctor Vindicated in Second Malpractice Trial

by JUDITH SCHUmann WEIZNER

It was reported early this morning that Dr. Steven Artzt, a gastroenterologist at the New York Westside Medical Administration Hospital, has been cleared of malpractice in the retrial of a Case that sets a new Standard of responsibility in the doctor-patient relationship.

The verdict in Stau v. Artzt was announced today as picketers in hospital gowns paraded in front of the Civil Court building with placards reading “Whatever Happened to Marcus Welby?” and “We Want Outcome-Based Surgery.” Needy every phase of the trial, the watched trial has broken new ground, providing a fascinating look at recent changes in the nation’s medical administration.

When the case was first tried last spring a finding of negligence on the part of Dr. Artzt seemed a foregone conclusion. Testimony revealed that the patient Mr. Stau had consulted Dr. Artzt complaining of chronic intestinal bloating. Mr. Stau’s responses on his Medical Uniform Patient History Questionnaire indicated that he was thin and had a history of constipation. Following Medical Administration Diagnostic Guidelines, Dr. Artzt ordered several tests, all of which showed that Mr. Stau appeared to be constipated.

In accordance with the M.A. Procedures Alternative Regulations, Dr. Artzt presented Mr. Stau with three treatment options, one of which was surgery. Mr. Stau chose to have the surgery and it was performed at the Westside M.A. Hospital. Following the operation, Mr. Stau lapsed into a coma in the recovery room and remained comatose for three days. Specialists called in to consult were stymied until a retired anesthesiologist observed that the anesthesia drip had not been removed from Mr. Stau’s I.V. Shortly after the tube was disconnected Mr. Stau awoke from the coma and immediately called his lawyer who filed charges against Dr. Artzt, anesthesiologist Dr. Rip V.W. Lethe, and the Westside Medical Administration Hospital.

The jury quickly found in Mr. Stau’s favor, awarding him and his descendents Lifetime Priority Medical Administration Benefits.

In the celebratory crush immediately following the trial Mr. Stau was heard to remark to a friend that in his initial consultation with Dr. Artzt he had failed to mention his propensity for putting American cheese on his peanut-butter sandwich and white bread sandwiches. Dr. Artzt’s attorney immediately petitioned the court to reopen the case on grounds of newly discovered evidence, arguing that by withholding information about the cheese, Mr. Stau had forced his client to proceed with incomplete data.

Mr. Stau’s attorney argued that Dr. Artzt ought to have been able to infer from what he already knew that Mr. Stau could have been affected by the introduction of prunes into his diet and that surgery should never have been suggested. The judge ruled, however, that Mr. Stau, by failing to inform the doctor about the American cheese, had concealed facts critical to proper diagnosis and ordered a new trial.

In his opening statement at the recently completed second trial Dr. Artzt’s attorney explained that an understanding of the new relationship between doctor and patient was crucial to his client’s case. He called Dr. Ira Mediziner, President of the Gotham Medical Administration School of Medicine, of which Dr. Artzt is a graduate, as the sole witness for Dr. Artzt.

Dr. Mediziner’s testimony, summarized below, left no doubt that Dr. Artzt’s treatment of Mr. Stau conformed to Medical Administration standards.

Dr. Mediziner explained that the post-Spock generation has difficulty accepting the doctor as an authority and that when such patients are given orders they tend not to obey them. Affording patients a greater measure of control over their treatment has resulted in a much higher level of compliance.

Today’s young doctors are taught to involve their patients in the exploration process and to approach them in a sensitive, oblique way, eschewing traditional, sometimes offensive direct questions. Formerly, diagnostic technique followed the old “masculine,” linear approach, in which a doctor might pursue a direct line of observations such as “The patient complains of a sore throat. Are his glands swollen? Has he a fever? Has he a cough?” But the post-modern approach is multidirectional, a “surrounding” and gradual working-out of a problem somewhat akin to eating a bowl of oatmeal from the edges in—an intellectual nibbling that permits doctor and patient to solve various possible solutions while seeking the best one.

By engaging in a sustained dialogue, patient and doctor arrive at a diagnosis together, affording the patient a feeling of empowerment. The doctor then presents the patient with a menu of possible treatment modalities, thereby demonstrating respect for the patient’s judgment and intelligence.

Dr. Mediziner’s testimony showed conclusively that Mr. Stau failed at this point in the process: by choosing surgery over less radical therapy, he placed himself in a position of the verdict, Dr. Artzt, speaking through his attorney, expressed his intention to file a three million dollar malpractice suit against Mr. Stau, since Mr. Stau has been shown to have withheld crucial information resulting in his own near death, thereby endangering Dr. Artzt’s professional reputation and standing in the community. Dr. Lethe and the Westside Medical Administration Hospital are expected to follow suit.

Judith Schumann Weitzner’s last piece appeared in our September issue.