When Michael Hethmon, a resident of Prince Georges County, Maryland, read in a local paper that an "Afrocentric Exposition" was going to be hosted at his local Largo High School his curiosity was piqued. He knew that multicultural education was much in vogue in the state, and Afrocentrism in particular was being vigorously championed in the Prince Georges County public school system, where a majority of the students are black. Hethmon had long been interested in the study of African civilizations. And since he was the father of a baby girl who would be entering into the local school system in a few years, he wanted to know more about the program of reforms that were transforming local K-12 education and decided to go to the Exposition.

Arriving at Largo High School on the morning of December 1, 1990, Hethmon found that the workshops had just ended. About 30 people were still milling around in the lobby, evidently following upon discussions initiated in the workshop sessions. Asking after the exposition display, Hethmon was directed toward a pair of tables, one covered with badges, kente clothes, and other assorted items currently in fashion among enthusiasts of African culture, and the other with books and pamphlets. Unable to find the books intended for classroom use, Hethmon began to browse through some of the designated "adult" texts, which evidently had been written primarily for an audience of teachers and other pedagogues in Afrocentric programs. What he read jolted him. Official promotional literature on the Maryland state multicultural program had consistently stressed "inclusiveness" and "respect for a diversity of cultural but instead of finding books that reflected these aims, Hethmon encountered what he should later describe as "some of the most bigoted, twisted, hateful material I have seen in years." Slurs against Jews and Americans of European, Asian and mixed-race ancestry, assertions of the genetic, cultural and moral superiority of "Afrikans," and exhortations to fight against and racial intermarriage were combined with extremely dubious historical and religious doctrines in a "conspiracy theory" format eerily similar to that used by racist and fascist organizations such as the Klu Klux Klan and American Nazi Party.

The item in the display that especially dismayed Hethmon would remain with him as a symbol of Afrocentric hate literature; and in the months ahead, as he waged a lonely struggle against the Maryland educational bureaucracy to purge the curriculum of bigotry, he would show it to those who claimed that critics of radical Afrocentrism were exaggerating the problem or themselves being racist. It was a book entitled The Black Student's Guide to Positive Education, written by Baba Zak Kondo, who is identified as Director of the International Studies Program and a teacher of history at Bowie State University in Maryland. The book comes with the usual catalogue of enthusiastic endorsements, chief among them a back-cover blurb from the Director of the University of Virginia's African American Cultural Center which characterizes Kondo's work as "a detailed and philosophical approach, rooted in African American Culture, to effective leadership styles for Black Administrators and student leaders."

Yet Hethmon did not have to read far to discover that something more than simple leadership training was on the author's mind. "This essay is designed to combat the miseducation of Black students," Kondo states in the preface. "Most whites and their satellites—Negroes—will find this essay unnecessary at best, anti-white at worst. Neither finding will be accurate." Then he launches into a diatribe against the hypo-

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**ANATOMY OF A THOUGHT CRIME LAUGHING MATTERS**

*by BILL CERVENY*

Martin Lask, a sophomore at Sarah Lawrence College, had just watched John Boesky give a wonderful performance in the student play, *Camino Real*. From the audience's response, it was clear that everyone else had appreciated the performance too. At the final curtain, Lask and his friend Spencer Rosenberg met Boesky in front of the Risinger Auditorium and, with a congratulatory hug, gave him a bouquet of flowers. At that moment, Peter Nichols, another Sarah Lawrence student, happened to be walking by. Adopting a swishy strut, Nichols, an activist for gay causes, mocked the affection of the three friends. Boesky returned fire, calling Nicholas a "faggot." This was all Martin Lask could take. He broke into laughter. As he giggled, he did not know he had just committed a crime.

The following day, Nichols sat with another Sarah Lawrence student named Amoryn Engle. He told Engle about the run-in with Boesky, Lask and Rosenberg the previous night, how Boesky had called him a "faggot," and how Lask had laughed. Members of the Sarah Lawrence Lesbian Gay Bisexuals United (LGBU) organization, both Nichols and Engle decided that these three students were a perfect example of the homophobia festering on the Sarah Lawrence campus. What Boesky had said was despicable: that a bystander like Lask would implicitly affirm such behavior by laughing was unacceptable. Nichols and Engle felt that it was their duty to report this to the LGBU.

Informed of the incident, the LGBU called the first of several private "emergency meetings." Peter Nichols was invited to appear before the group and testify about the events following the performance of *Camino Real*. In his telling, Boesky's comment was almost incidental; it was the reaction of Lask and Rosenberg which upset him. After hearing from him, the LGBU drew up a battle plan.

When Marlin Lask heard of the LGBU's interest in the exchange with Nichols, he was taken aback. Peter Nichols had been John Boesky's freshman roommate. While living together, the two students had argued strenuously on a number of occasions. The comment following the performance was by comparison nothing more than a couple of innoxious jabs. When Lask confronted Amoryn Engle and challenged the LGBU's interest, she became agitated, charging that by laughing when the word "faggot" was used, he was just as guilty of harassing Nichols as Boesky was.

The LGBU encouraged Nichols to take the next step and file a complaint with the Sarah Lawrence Judicial Review Board (JRB). It was at this point that Lask, Boesky and
I was dismayed to find the April issue of Heterodoxy in my college mailbox. I suspect my father gave you my address.

Although I find your paper somewhat amusing because of its blatant stupidity and reactionary viewpoints, I find it even more pathetic. I applaud your use of our country's "freedom of speech" right. However, it is the very people and organizations which you blindly blaspheme, who strive to ensure your rights in this country. Please remove my name from your mailing list immediately. I don't intend to waste any more stamps, paper, or printing ribbon on your behalf.

Alex
Pomona College
Claremont, CA

A high school English teacher for 24 years in the Midwest, I have been using your Heterodoxy this year to illustrate to my students the current competition between satire and reality. Along the way, my Advanced Placement seniors have learned a lot about the PC they are so keen to encounter in places ranging from the University of Virginia to Stanford.

Mrs. Brenda Rainer
Eastern High School
Loudon, KY

I am so dismayed and appalled by the article on Pres. Johnnetta Cole by John Ellis that I am unable to respond. I am a long time personal friend of Dr. Cole's and the first thing that floored me was the fact that the editor did not even spell her name correctly! The remainder of the article was disgusting in its gross misinformation and just plain ignorance about the facts of Dr. Cole's life. His entire article is so contrived that I cannot imagine how a newspaper of your reputation could allow this to be published.

The conspiracy about Shalala, Hillary, and Cole is sheer nonsense. I personally recommended my book agent to President Johnnetta Cole by John Ellis that I am moved to respond. With an annual giving of over 37 million dollars in 1992, I am sure you would be interested to know this is a potentially a radical organization. They would probably even deserve to be on Roy Cohn's hit list, were he still alive.

Are we supposed to be alarmed by the presence of 25% homosexuals at the NCC headquarters in New York? The Vatican is probably over 50% homosexual! Jesus condemns adultery throughout the New Testament as the greatest of sins. Funny how he never once mentions homosexuality. Jesus does not even condemn the women for being adulterous.

Have you forgotten that Marxism is dead? You write as if the Red Menace is looming over us. All that is left in the world are either democracies, pseudo-democracies or dictatorships. Right or left have been replaced by the "religious right" movement—which is neither "religious" nor "right." You accused UMW has given over $30,000 to various questionable "leftist" organizations since 1989.

Neil Tadken
Los Angeles, CA

Yoo Hoo! You idiots must stay up all night (Because that's what a total waste of recycled paper and use of ink your so called publication is. I just can't bring myself to use language anyone over 8 years of age could not understand. After reading the first issue you sent, I automatically file any we receive in the trash. I couldn't think of a more fitting place. I actually feel sorry for all of you and wonder how much at peace you are with yourself and what kind of childhoods you all had to be so twisted in your thought processing. All I can say about Heterodoxy is YUK! Untagged.

Your periodical is the coolest thing since sno-cones. Please renew my subscription. Keep up the good fight.

Paul Baxter
Westland, MI
CONSENTING ADULTS: Antioch College has enacted the following rules for students who want to engage in sex: Anyone who initiates a “sexual activity” must seek verbal consent as he or she moves through each “level of sexual intimacy.” Anyone who drinks alcohol or takes drugs is regarded as being incapable of giving consent, and sex with such a partner is statutory rape. Students are required to attend mandatory workshops at which they learn how to ask for verbal consent. “May I sit down next to you? Is it OK to kiss you? Can I put my arms around you now? Do you mind if I unbutton...?” In the brave new world of sexual consent, it is not hard to imagine a sexual Miranda Act to be mumbled at the object of desire at various steps on the slippery slope toward sex.

BLACK LIKE ME: Four Hasside Jews from Israel, dressed in traditional garb of long black coats, black hats and sidelocks were the targets of a drive-by shooting while walking in Kewonah, Wisconsin. One of them was wounded. The alleged assailant, who are black, told police they thought the men were Ku Klux Klan members.

MAO MAOING THE INNOCENT: A Modern World History class at The Walter Johnson High School took a hike in the mountains of western Maryland to re-enact Mao’s Long March. On the march, students read from Mao’s writings and “experienced communal working activities.” According to the school newsletter, the Long March was one of the “central heroic sagas in Chinese Communist [sic] history, and the students should have learned more from this experience than they could have in the classroom.” Unfortunately, the trek did not take the students through a killing field where the students could have reflected on the 50 million people who Mao killed.

SIC TRANSIT SIDWELL: Chelsea Clinton, as everyone knows, goes to the elite private school Sidwell Friends where Kemelkys and other members of the guilty ruling class have passed before her and where the curriculum stresses the virtues of egalitarianism to everyone knows, goes to the elite private school Sidwell Friends where Kemelkys and other members of the guilty ruling class have passed before her and where the curriculum stresses the virtues of egalitarianism to the students whose parents pay $11,000 a year tuition. An eighth grade multiculturalism assignment summed up the school’s credo. Students were asked to write an essay “Why I feel guilty being white.”

WAYNE’S WORLD: An L.A. Times magazine article about teenagers with AIDS told the story of Alex, a 15 year old runaway from Azusa who met an older male named Wayne in a child’s nightgown, arms outstretched sitting on a hobby horse next to a gumball machine.

To NGUES UNTIED: According to New Age guru Marianne Williamson, “Some men know that a light touch of the tongue, running from a woman’s toes to her ears, lingering in the softest way possible in various places in between, given often enough and sincerely enough, would add measurably to world peace.” But if Williamson were at Antioch College how would she frame the request?

JURASSIC INCORRECTNESS: Deborah Prothrow-Stith, the assistant dean for government and community affairs at the Harvard School of Public Health, recently slapped Steven Spielberg on the wrist in a Boston Globe editorial. Stith criticizes Spielberg’s blockbuster Jurassic Park for perpetuating stereotypes about “the valued blondes and less valued incidental others.” Stith writes that in Spielberg’s movie, “all the blonde characters—and only the blonde ones—are lucky or smart enough to survive without injury... In 1950 there would have been no blacks in the movie, in 1993 they don’t seem to be able to survive.”

THE ONE EYED WOMAN IS QUEEN: Norma Cantu, the head of the Education Department’s Office for Civil Rights was recently profiled in the Chronicle of Higher Education. Reported the Chronicle “She scoffed...at the statements of medical school officials who say they cannot admit students who are paraplegic or blind because these people might not be able to be doctors later in life.” Cantu said they should be admitted because “education in and of itself has intrinsic value to the student.” Is there a doctor in the house?}

HETERODOXY. The scientists pushed it a step further, calling for the use of “gender neutral language in astronomy publications.” As one juror explained after the “decision: ”The mind grows dizzy just contemplating the possibilities for future politically correct mock trials. Let’s get Charlie Manson in a three piece suit, cut his hair and have makeup block the swastika off his forehead. Then the defendant can proclaim that he was not being tried for eight horrible murders but for being a hippie and opposing the war in Vietnam.

RING-AROUND-THE-PROZAC: Deborah McMahon, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, was recently featured in a local-area newspaper for her eight-hour therapy sessions called “The Play Shop.” The sessions are designed to help adults free themselves of the emotional burdens that come along with being a grown-up and “reconnect” with their wounded inner child. Meetings involve “song, dance, drawing,” and “pretending.” McMahon advertises her $200 New Age hypnotherapy treatment with a photograph of herself in a child’s nightgown, arms outstretched sitting on a hobby horse next to a gumball machine.

HAVE A NICE DEATH: The Honorable Charles J. Hearn of Texas has recently come under fire for his meanness while presiding behind the bench. His critics stepped forward when Hearn signed the ex-exution order of a convicted murderer with a smiley face after his name.

NOOKIE OF THE YEAR: A group of female Hubble Space Telescope researchers recently held a news conference at the American Astronomical Society’s national meeting to promote their new feminist manifesto. The women, tired of being “sexually propositioned in dark observatories,” say that “the message [that male astronomers convey] is, ‘I don’t care what you’ve done, let’s go play nookie.’”

THE RAPTURE: Dr. Diane Humensky, a Minnesota psychiatrist, was recently sued by two of her patients for malpractice. Humensky was accused by one of her patients of forcing her to “admit and remember that she was sexually abused by her relatives and others during satanic rituals.” Other aspects of her therapy involved injections of sodium amytal, viewing films of “sexual perversion and satanic rituals,” threats of losing their children and family if they did not admit to recalling abuses, and the assignment of various personalities and “animal identities” and making them “assume those roles.” On one occasion Humensky asked each of the two women to spend the night with her so that they could get in touch with their lesbian personalities.

PC FLOURISH OF THE MONTH: For Professor Takaki, our history pretty much comes down to the history of ethnic victimization — one group after another, rebuked and scorned, hunted, manipulated, and exploited, invariably by the white American power structure. In a special flourish of political correctness, Professor Takaki offers subsections, in very nearly each chapter, indicating how much worse it was for women of color. —Review of A Different Mirror by James W. Tuttleton in The New Criterion.

(With the PC FLOURISH of the Month will be published in this space and winners will receive a Heterodoxy T-shirt).
A specter is haunting the educational bureaucracies of America, the specter of school choice. The idea is a simple one that makes perfect moral, intellectual and economic sense—giving parents power over their children's education—and is also in keeping with the best American traditions. But choice has been subjected to a ferocious attack by those most deeply implicated in the current system—teachers, administrators, and school bureaucrats—and thus the fight about to take place in the trenches of California has assumed the proportions of an epic struggle.

Proposition 174, the Parental Choice in Education Initiative, would give each child a voucher or scholarship worth $2,600, half of the average annual amount the government spends schooling each child, to be spent at the school of the parents' choice. This is somewhat like the G.I. Bill, in which the dollar followed the scholar, not the institution. Indeed, the voucher plan functions as a sort of G.I. Bill for families, giving them some power over the educational fate of their children. It would be a particularly liberating choice for poor families who are most at the mercy of the most merciless public schools. But the entrenched educational interests are taking no chances. The powerful California Educational Association has already assessed its 250,000 members $57 each as part of a plan to raise $12 million war chest to defeat the California initiative. And the Association of California School Administrators has drawn the philosophical lines taut with statements such as this one: "Parental choice proceeds from the belief that the purpose of education is to provide individual students with an education. In fact, educating the individual is but a means to the true end of education, which is to create a viable social order to which individuals contribute and by which they are sustained. 'Family choice,' is, therefore, basically selfish and anti-social in that it focuses on the "wants" of a single family rather than the 'needs' of a society."

School choice and vouchers were a subject that was on the back burner of the social agenda since the 1950s when Milton Friedman began raising the issue. But then, in the 1980s, Ronald Reagan put them high up on his agenda. It was also at this time that schools across the country began to crumble with alarming velocity. A Gallup Poll taken late last year showed that 70% of the people in the U.S. would like the right to determine how their educational dollars are spent. Most people in the world already have the choice that has been withheld from people in the U.S. Jack Klenk of the U.S. Department of Education notes that, going along with the movement toward free enterprise in the economy, there is also a very strong movement toward choice in education in the former Eastern Bloc. Poland, for example, has a system in which the government will pay half of the operating costs of private schools, and the Czechs are developing a similar plan. Klenk notes that Australia, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, and in fact 'almost any country has had significantly more choice than we have.'

Even Sweden, the West's most socialist state, has adopted vouchers. "Truly, the U.S. is the odd man out when it comes to parental choice in education," says Klenk, who expects the former Soviet Union and its ex-colonies to establish a full-fledged system of choice before we do.

Standard professor of political science Terry Moe, co-author with John Chubb of the acclaimed Politics, Markets and America's Schools, has studied educational choice in Britain. There, schools can "opt out" of the public system, giving parents a great deal of latitude in defining the education they offer. Moe notes that parents were initially confused when the plan was put into effect because they had never had these responsibilities before and, like American parents, had always been told what to do. But now, "the argument is won," says Donald May Smiths, Chief Education Officer for the borough of Wanstead in London. "People want the best school close to home," says Moe, "which is exactly what they are addicted to it. There is no going back."

Moe reports that parents are choosing schools primarily on the basis of three criteria: discipline and order, achievement, and proximity. In other words, "They want the best school close to home," says Moe, "which is exactly what you'd expect.

Indeed, it makes such good sense that it is amazing that it has never been tried in the U.S. Three states have passed school choice legislation and, in at least 34 others were considering such legislation. In 1991, 20 state governors had indicated support for some form of school choice. Last year the number increased to 29. Citizen coalitions are working for school choice in at least 19 states. Vermont recently extended its so-called tuitioning program which allowed small communities to send children to private academies. Minnesota subsequently passed several other kinds of bills on choice.

The poor and minorities are particularly strong in their support for choice. Depending on the city where they live, as many as 90 percent say they would prefer to have control over their children's educational destiny. Polls show that big city toxin-loosed then into the educational system persist to this day.

"In the face of attacks alleging that our schools were elitist, irrelevant, oppressive, boring, and racist [during the Sixties], we forgot the answers," the

By world standards, American public education fared relatively well in its early years. Sputnik knocked the establishment out of its lethargy and launched an effort to shore up the nation's sagging math, science and engineering capability in the Fifties. But the move to higher standards ran into the Sixties. No school, public or private, survived that decade unscathed, and the losses loosed then into the educational system persist to this day. In 1945, the average number of words in the vocabulary of an American child aged six to fourteen was 25,000. Today the number is 10,000. And this reduction is not merely the result of television and other conventional whipping-boys. It is also the result of Sixties refugees like English professor Arlene Zedowsky, who says, "Grammar is elision. I wish to destroy what is dead, lifeless and snobbish."

Considering this critique, "In America, our children are the offspring of the English colonists who came here with the idea that our children should not be the children of the past, the children of the English. They should be the children of the English and the French and the Spanish and the Portuguese and the Indians."

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In the massive Los Angeles School District 31 people bag salaries of over $100,000, more than the number of people making over $100,000 in L.A. County and city government combined. Another 133 people make over $80,000, 407 over $70,000, 1,795 over $60,000, and 8,952 over $60,000. There are also 93 supposedly temporary consultants making $75,000 a year, with no job description. The highest paid public official in California is the president of the University of California at some $240,000 a year. For a long time undervalued, the U.S. educational bureaucracy is a gushing Niagara of money spent. And, as educational theorist Chester Finn points out, the results of the system bear no relation to its financial input. We get a system with the ideology of Dodo in Alice in Wonderland, who said: "Everybody has won and we all must have prizes." The present production line system serves to enhance credibility and put students at the mercy of eager PC brainwashers in higher education, the media, and popular culture.

By all standards, public education—especially in California—is a colossal failure, bloated, arrogant, indifferent to standards, hostile to accountability. The system takes its customers for granted and operates without consequence for failure. Everyone is protected except the children.

As the authors of Mandate for Change, a product of the Progressive Policy Institute, think tank of the Democratic Leadership Council, put it: "The public schools display in classic form the overcentralization and bureaucratic rigidity in which an inability to adapt to new circumstances and to the public demand for improvement is rooted in the monopoly character of the system."

Quite naturally, many people want to leave this monopoly. But the educators are mounting a campaign on several fronts to ensure that they stay put. As part of their strategy for fighting school choice, they are now saying that they too are for it. But of course they want to limit choice to government schools. This is equivalent of the Soviet official a few years back telling starving Muscovites that they are free to purchase any shabby, understocked government store they like.

The current push for "charter schools," which allow limited choice within the public system, is the educators' version of perestroika—a measure to head off vouchers and real choice. While reform-minded teachers might do some good with charter schools, the limitations cancel any broad-based effect. With 7,500 schools, California allows only 100 charters and Minnesota a paltry eight. Some California administrators have drawn up charters that wold the state's quo in rigidly in place. Milton Friedman sees this type of choice within the system as the "kiss of death" for true educational freedom.

In California the educrats are so anti-choice that they don't even want citizens to vote on the question. Last year, when voucher supporters for what became Proposition 174 were circulating petitions to get the measure on the ballot, hostile union teachers surrounded and harassed them in the streets. There is also evidence that anti-choice forces filled petitions with bogus signatures in hopes of voiding them.

The 253,000 member California Teachers Association (CTA) is easily the most powerful and biggest spending lobby in Sacramento. According to California Secretary of State's office, the CTA spent $2,125,872 lobbying in first quarter of 1993, four times the amount spent by California Medical Association. In 1991-92, the CTA spent over $7.4 million on politicians and lobbyists. According to John Jacobs of the Sacramento Bee, the CTA kicked in $430,000 of the $561,000 raised in the attempt to keep the voucher plan off the ballot two years ago. The rest came from California School Employees, the Association of California School Administrators, the state Council of Service Employees, and the California Federation of Teachers.

During the time 174 was qualifying, the State PTA told parents at a Villa Park Elementary that they couldn't dissent from opposition to the initiative. Administrators and teachers in some districts have prepared anti-choice propaganda on school time and with school funds, which happens to be illegal. In some cases they sent the propaganda home with students, stapled to their homework. Anti-choice teachers at El Camino Real Elementary in Irvine gave kids handouts in the form of oversized checks proclaiming the choice plan a fraud.

In March of 1992, L.A. school board members Barbara Boudreaux, Mark Slavin, Julie Korenstein, Jeff Horton, and Monta Wornhaha and Letitia Quinlan broadcast anti-choice propaganda, at public expense, over Channel 58, their school district's television station. They charged that the

THE FINAL CHOICE

by ISABEL LYMAN

It has been called "the ultimate in school choice." Indeed, for families who want flexibility and control over their children's education, the push for the greatest change in the public school system, home schooling is one answer.

Home schooling, taught exclusively at home by relatives, new member over 306,000, according to U.S. Department of Education statistics. A highly personalized network of home school advocates, lobbying legislators and winning court battles, has succeeded in making home schooling legal and legitimate.

The contemporary home schooling movement began in the 1960s. Unlike those in each other, two educational, one secular and another, and the other, the Christian fundamentalists, none are making the same conclusions, but traditional schooling had largely failed at its task of educating and nurturing children.

The late John Holt was a veteran classroom teacher whose philosophy against the stark class distinctions in How Children Fail was published in 1969. His books were read by the third grade, and was followed, says D.A., in the 1970s, many home schooling organizations in California dedicated to continuing Holt's "heresy" expound a philosophy that can be summarized in "living, learning, and growing" school, which in essence is that if wing of the home schooling movement, pupils in the learning, the left.

While John Holt was publiclyasing his frustration, the Department of Education, parent, was reaching some of the same conclusions. In the mid-70s, Moore focused an aggressive inquiry to the question of whether the institutionalization of young children in the traditional schools were educational practice. The findings from the research of 100 noted experts including celebrated as the psychological adjustment of students were finding. After years of observing the system, Moore's was: "We are teaching non-learning.

One book, Moore's, was even thinking of a school, an observation. Along with his, Dr. Dorothy was stating the California Department of Education research, in Washington State, the Monroe School, the Monroe School, the Progressive Policy Institute, think tank of the Democratic Leadership Council, put it: "The public schools display in classic form the overcentralization and bureaucratic rigidity in which an inability to adapt to new circumstances and to the public demand for improvement is rooted in the monopoly character of the system."

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voucher initiative was a "fraud," a "lie," "destructive" and a product of "bigotry." Korenstein said it would lead to a "fascist type of society." Such obstructionism and hysteria defines quite nicely the character of contemporary public education, but it failed to keep the choice measure off the ballot.

Now the fight is against 174. Leading the anti-choice forces are the CTA and the Committee to Educate Against Vouchers (CEA V), a coalition of anti-choice, pro-establishment groups that includes the CTA's 2.1 million-member parent organization, the National Education Association (NEA). The groups, all with deep pockets, are planning to spend a whopping $13 million to defeat the initiative. At a July 2-3 meeting held by NEA in San Francisco, the nation's largest teachers' union announced that it alone would kick in $1 million to the anti-choice cause.

"The apparchicks of education justify their monop-
yopoly power just as their Soviet counterparts used to do," UC Berkeley Professor of Law Philip Johnson says, "by telling us that choice and competition will lead to inequality and exploitation." A prime example of what he is saying is California Assemblywoman Delaine Eastin, who chairs the Assembly's K-12 Education Committee and is one of the CTA's most aggressive mouthpieces in state government. Eastin has raised the specter of "David Duke schools" being established to take advantage of vouchers. She even evokes the dead: "David Koresh could have packed up his arsenal, moved to California, and he would have qualified easily...figure on millions of tax dollars flowing into Survival Camps, crackpot cults, political fringe groups."

Parlaying Eastin's arguments, the CEA V has charged that if 174 passes, "a science course could be teaching kids how to make Molotov cocktails."

Pro-voucher spokesmen argue that the initiative has safeguards against extremists. The measure states, for example, that "No school which discriminates on the basis of race, ethnicity, color, or national origin may redeem school-

By mid-summer, with the election months away, the CTA had already spent $1.9 million for a six-week series of radio and TV ads telling Californians that everything is basically OK in education. The slick spots ignored the fact that California SAT scores rank 34th and that its dropout rate is worse than 43 other states. As the vote draws nearer, a "San Diego Union," predicts that the anti-voucher forces will be telling the public that if the initiative passes, in addition to Duke and Koresh-like schools, witches will be starting academies and academies and collecting vouchers.

On August 10, the CEA V faxed a warning to Joe Allbrandt of EXCEL, a pro-choice group. The message, written by Pat Dingsdale of the California State Parent Teacher Association, referred to pro-voucher radio and TV ads and demanded that they "cease" making certain statements. This was odd because the pro-choice side had already spent $1.9 million for a six-week series of radio and TV ads telling Californians that everything is basically OK in education. The slick spots ignored the fact that California SAT scores rank 34th and that its dropout rate is worse than 43 other states. As the vote draws nearer, a "San Diego Union," predicts that the anti-voucher forces will be telling the public that if the initiative passes, in addition to Duke and Koresh-like schools, witches will be starting academies and academies and collecting vouchers.

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POLLY WANTS A CHOICE

by DALE D. BUSS

POLLY Williams knows her audience, and to-day she's working one of about 100 black parents and others concerned about the woeful state of Milwaukee's public schools. They were packed into the back of St. Mark’s AME Church on a bright summer morning to get school-by-school statistics about how bad things really are in their community.

But they also have come to agitate for change and to follow the lead of their agitator-in-chief. Polly Williams tells them that "knowledge is power," but pauses briefly so the idea can sink in. Her delivery resonates with her nominal authority as their representative in the state legislature, but even more with the moral standing she has earned as a former welfare mother who has taken on the school bureaucracy and won and in the process become a potent national figure.

"Knowledge is power!" she repeats, this time exclaiming the phrase to a muttering of affirmations around the room. "And so the more information we have, the more we know about what's going on, the more we'll be able to have the power to make decisions about how we're going to function."

With a rising chorus of affirmations in the background, she continues: "If you've got your information, and you've got your facts together, you don't have to go shopping to get up. While she speaks, aides distribute charts that quantify the rampant decay and confusion that black schools in inner-city Milwaukee. The 33 percent daily absentee rate at Marshall High School. The fact that of 84 percent of black students in the attendance area of Clarke Elementary School, near 1,800 kids, are bused to faraway schools each day.

A few weeks later, Williams' crowd is very different: hundreds of county club Republicans, political operatives and talk-show-energized, white middle-class parents who have gathered for the first regional meeting of Empower America, the "grassroots" group that is a sort of government-in-waiting for Jack Kemp and Bill Bradley.

Williams speaks their language, too, railing against stifling bureaucracies and ill-conceived social programs as she slaps an overhead slide onto a projector that shows the dozens of bus routes that lead to one elementary school in north Milwaukee. Then she overlays second, third and fourth transparencies, until the screen is just a splattering of lines and dots that connecting Palmer School with neighborhoods all over the city. A graphic representation of the disparate, wasteful mess that forced busing has become.

"We've got all this," shouts Williams, pointing to the screen, "and then if my child gets in a bus crash, I've got to count on some parents from some other neighborhood going and getting the bus because he can't go to school near his home. Who can measure that trauma? We don't want it, but somehow we're told, 'You've got to have it!'"

Williams is perhaps more fiery and less articulate in the country club setting than in the church base ment. But as a 56 year old woman arguing passionately for the empowerment of minority parents and simultaneously jousting with entrenched liberal social policy, she connects with both audiences. Williams is a cross-over artist who can range around the country and across the political and demographic spectrum on behalf of school choice, helping to construct a coalition of conservatives. More than any other person, this gray-haired, charismatic black iconoclast has come to embody the desire of ordinary people to take back power from the educational establishment.

"She's going directly to practical solutions to the problems of her constituency instead of traditional political alliances," says Jerold Hail, President of the Landmark Legal Foundation, which successfully defended Williams' Choice Plan before the Wisconsin Supreme Court in 1992. "That's why she can get things done. She's unique in the political world."

Williams is trying to help choice advocates win their biggest battle todate. On Nov. 2, Faced with fervent opposition by the state teachers' union and a large number of the state's public school parents, this will be her third ballot measure to put the state's school choice program on the ballot. "Williams' program is a breakthrough in education," says John Witte, a University of Wisconsin education analyst who has conducted the most definitive study of the program.

Critic have hatched other conclusions of Witte's 1992 report, including the fact that choice students so far weren't faring any better academically than randomly selected public school students and that the program had as much attraction. But Williams points out that choice parents' guarantee that their children will be academically more accomplished; it only ensures that primary accountability for their education returns to parents. "Advocates say parents' increased interest in academical performance is a result of choice as a result of choice is likely over time to result in measurable improvements in academic performance."

Williams' obstinacy has helped turn Milwaukee and the entire state into an educational free-for-all. Running largely on an educational seven-hour, well-funded campaign, she still managed to finish third in city voting for Milwaukee County executive in 1992—and even got 5,000 votes from the largely white suburbs. She led opposition last winter to a $473-million school building referendum proposed by Howard Fuller, the Milwaukee Superintendent of Schools and the city's best known black politician, because Fuller neglected to promise true reform along with all the new bricks and mortar. Voters trounced the bond issue 3-to-1.

And her Democratic colleagues in the legislature, who had used Williams more effectively, the pro-choice candidate last spring could have won. As it was, Linda Cross garnered 47 percent of the statewide vote and fell only 10,000 votes short of taking Milwaukee County. But she was too late and sloppy in her use of Williams, whose early and active support in the black community might have made the difference.

For all her success, Polly Williams is still profoundly connected to her north side neighborhood, living in a modest but nicely appointed house on 16th Street Michael Joyce, president and CEO of Milwaukee's Bradley Foundation and an early Williams backer, likes to tell the story of how he met her at his office one morning last winter, teary-eyed over the scene she had just witnessed: a handful of shivering black schoolchildren huddled together on a corner near her house waiting more than two hours for a broken-down bus before a substitute vehicle finally rescued them from the encroaching wind and cold. It was an unusual passion, Joyce saw, one rooted in authentic experience and real concern.

Opponents charge her with following the changing winds of politics. But Williams says her basic views have remained constant She is an ardent opponent of busing, for instance, and preached parental empowerment. If there is any change at all, it is that at some point she stopped looking to government to solve problems it was creating. And that's when the liberal establishment both black and white, began to demonize her.

So now, The Journal makes fun of her. (One recent political cartoon had her as a pantser screeching, "Polly wanna voucher?) And her Democratic colleagues in the legislature gerrymandered her district last year so that it's now only about 60 percent black, down from about 95 percent previously, setting the stage and another black candidate could split the minority vote someday, opening the way to Williams' defeat by a white.

But Williams may be beyond critics' reach by now. She seems indifferent to the possibility of running for a seat in the state's lower house, despite longer-term, higher pay and bigger perks. And other issues may beckon. "The stuff she's doing with education could just as easily be done with police or housing," says race Harrell, and now head of the Williams-created Milwaukee Parental Assistance Center.

Besides, she's earning good money from a rigorous speaking schedule that has taken her around the U.S., from Indianapolis to Stanford University, from Jefferson City to Yale, as well as to a New Zealand technical institute for two weeks and to Fiji for tilt for a "women of color" conference. Williams takes heat from other blacks for having been adopted by conservatives. But this too was part of her break through. "They accept me the way I am and don't pass judgment on me. They don't say, 'You've got to do this or that, and you're not constantly watching over my shoulder checking on me. Liberals aren't like that. You never become an adult under the liberal philosophy." After thinking about the issue for a moment, she adds: "Black people are conservatives. Believing and keeping the Ten Commandments is a conservative agenda."

"Neither do conservatives seem particularly worried by Williams' segregationism. "The tendency toward balkanization is much more something to be feared from top-down, central- ized bureaucracies and experts than it is from what parents want for their children," says Arizona's lone black parent who may want respect for African traditions and personages, they may want for their children," says Joyce. "And their kids to encode and decipher and behave under the liberal philosophy."

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"But while Williams is a lightning rod for strong passions, she herself is above the melee she has created. "You're never under attack if you're not doing anything," she says. "The more I'm under attack, the more effective I know I am. To get under attack, you've got to stand up, and they won't be able to ride anymore."

DALE BUSS is a journalist in Milwaukee.
I lay on my couch in my living room after I got back to the city, too tired to bother to take off my clothes, too tired to move to the bed. The grey greasy dawn had come and gone; the fog had rolled over the little garden outside my window. The grey greasy dawn had come and gone; the fog had rolled over the little garden outside my window.

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"Your name, sir?"
"Asherfeld," I said, "with an A."
He ticked off my name and gave me a number to put in my windshield.

"Park anywhere along the road, but not past the coachhouse," he said.

I drove up the dirt road and parked in the shade of a beech tree, a few hundred yards from Violet's place.

The NOMAS meeting was being held in the natural amphitheater where I had stumbled on the week before. I must have been the last to show; there were a dozen or so men sitting on the benches when I trudged up the path.

Dottenberry spouted me right away. "Glady you could come, Asherfeld," he said shaking my hand softly still, so the other men could see it. I nodded to the men on the benches and took a seat.

Dottenberry withdrew to the leanto and emerged carrying a large Japanese drum; he proceeded to bang it swiftly. The sound boomed and reverberated through the hot hollow hills.

The men got themselves into a semicircle; they were seated shoulder to shoulder; squatting in the clearing. I tried to squat along with them, but after just a minute or two, my thighs began to ache, so I surreptitiously dropped from a squat to a seated position. The man next to me put a warm hand on my shoulder and said: "No noses here, brother. Sit the way you want."

The sun was nearly at its zenith, and the warm air was motionless.

Mike Dottenberry stood in front of the semicircle and continued to bang his drum merrily. After a time, the men began to clap rhythmically and roll their heads from left to right. Some of the men moaned softly.

Dottenberry wound up with an especially vigorous spam, his hand thrashing, and then abruptly stopped beating his drum.

He said: "I'd like for us to welcome Aaron Asherfeld here today. I want to honor Aaron for making himself vulnerable by coming up here."

There was a kind of murmur from the group.

"I want to celebrate that," said Mike Dottenberry.

The men in the group murmured again.

"Aaron," said Dottenberry, explaining things to me, "We do work in areas of creativity and the development of an integrated, spiritually centered brotherhood of men in planetary stewardship."

I nodded: I had no idea what else to do.

Mike Dottenberry turned to one of the men and said: "Last week you mentioned your gayness, Omo. I want you to thank you for that.

The tall spare entirely bald man to whom Dottenberry was addressing himself bowed slightly from the waist and flashed with pleasure.

"Well, thank you," he said. "It's liberating to have that honored."

"You're welcome," said Dottenberry. "But really, thank you, Omo, it honors you."

"Thank you."

It went on like that for almost two hours. Two men asked that their gayness be acknowledged; and Dottenberry honored and celebrated their gayness. One man talked for a long time and then said: "I want to know whether you honor my gayness."

"I want to honor it," he said.

"I can't dialogue with anyone who's homophobic," he said abruptly.

"I'm gay," he said.

He looked at me with sharp glittering eyes.

"I don't have to answer those questions, Asherfeld."

"You don't have to answer any questions I don't feel like answering," he said. "I don't have to answer any questions I don't feel like answering.

"Aren't we being bitchy, today," he said. "Must be something up here.""Aren't we being bitchy, today," he said. "Must be something up here.

"Asherfeld, why're you sticking your nose into my business."

The change that had overcome him was remarkable; he seemed lean and focussed and tough.

"My wife send you?" "Your wife?"

I was flabbergasted. "I love and honor Marianne," he said, "but I'm not going to let that bitch tell me how to live."

"What's that?"

"I'm not going to allow any prude faced son-of-a-bitch to come up here and screw me over. My security people tell me you're wanna-daring around my property. Nature Conservancy ask you to stick your head up my butt, that it? Want to know if I'm planning to put condos on my property?"

"You got it wrong, Omo. I think condoms could be a tremendous improvement. All this open land's an eyesore. On the other hand, it's kind of curious that you'd be letting other people use your property. "Meaning what?"

"Meaning how come Violet gets to live in a swell coach house. Meaning how come you've got people shackled out on the hillside reading newspapers that sell only in Hong Kong.""

"I don't have to give you any answers, Omo. You're going to have to answer the questions sooner or later. You know that.

Omo looked evilly at me, staring through the curled smoke of his cigarette.

"Asherfeld, you see this house? No road goes up here. Means that I had to have every piece of timber in the goddamn place hauled in on someone's back. Cost me big bucks. More than you're likely to see in a lifetime. You really think anyone's going to make me answer any questions I don't feel like answering?"

I waited before saying anything. Finally I said: "Probably not. It was what Omo wanted to hear, and it was the truth."

After awhile I got up to leave. The heat on the hillside had become intense. Violet's WV was still parked in front of her house. There was no one at the security gate. To be continued..."
that the black man who accepts the values of "white America" and succeeds in mainstream society, "Tom," Kondo's hypo-
thetical villain in the book's opening chapter, recites the Pledge of Allegiance in school every morning, volunteers for the military out of a patriotic impulse, wins admission into Johns Hopkins Medical School, does his residency at a "lily-white hospital in suburban Maryland," marries a white woman, moves into a white neighborhood, and joins a white club.

"By American standards, Tom is a success," Kondo summarizes, but he's a black standard. Tom is a misfit. A misfit. A sickening soul. An 'Oreo.' A mental time bomb waiting to explode. He is an "ogre that American education devours."

This perspective with blacks who break rank and defy the summon of racial solidarity is at the core of The Black Student's Guide: Returning again to the problem of the "Negroes" who study the Founding Fathers ("some of the most racist, inhumane, immoral men ever to live") and who are thereby sucked into accepting the American political and economic system, Kondo castigates college educated blacks who "sell-out the African masses for money, material gain, or position.... In a very real sense, these individuals are traitors. As a race, we can no longer tolerate traitors in our community."

Hethmon was dismayed by the rant in the book but even more disturbed by the fantasy about "African" history. Kondo holds that Africans (and this term always refers to black Africans, not the Arabs or other inhabitants of the African continent) were the first humans, the first Europeans, the inhabitants of Sumer, the original Egyptians, the original Jews, the original Greeks, and the original Italians. Moreover, Beethoven was African, along with Alexander Hamilton (his status as a Founding Father notwithstanding). Paskin, Richard Browning, Saint Jerome, and the prophet Muhammad's maternal grandmother. Africans discovered farming, invented literacy, created at Luxor the world's first university, and Ghana, Mali, and Songhay created the "first modern nations on this planet."

Indeed, Africa was the "epitome of civilizations" in times when "western Europe lived in a state of savagery and barbarity featuring 'T朕h, sexual dis-
 ease, incest, homosexuality, bestiality, and anarchy."

The nemesis of black people is and has always been the white man, who "continues to exploit, degrade, and oppress Africans (and other non-whites) at every corner of the globe. To recognize this fact does not make you anti-
white or racist. It merely means that you have enough intelligence to see our enemy. The white man is our enemy. As a result, his interests and our interests can never be the same just as the interest of the master and the slave can never be the same. Kondo stresses the need to recognize that, at a certain point, "you must resort to violence to protect and defend yourself and your people. If and when this becomes necessary, do not compromise on this challenge."

Poring over page after page of this material, Hethmon was appalled. It was shocking enough that someone would write material of this kind and someone else would publish it. But what could possibly be the justification, he wondered, for imposing such bigotry on impressionable elementary and high school students? On what basis could young black students, learning about their world for the first time, critically evaluate a version of history and race relations that would pit them in a life-long struggle against the white race? And how were they to feel in a school system where they were being depicted as enemies against whom violence might be needed?

What made the official endorsement of such anti-
white racist tracts in the school system particu-
larly offensive was the fact that Prince Georges County, unlike the neighboring District of Columbia, has not been weighed down by an urban underclass that might be too unapologetic to evaluate material such as that presented by Kondo. Located along the northeast corridor of the Beltway in the Washington metro-
politan area, the County has an unusually high concentration of educated and comparatively prosperous black profession-
als. As a result, the County has an unusually high concentration of educated and comparatively prosperous black professionals, many of whom commute to and from work in the nation's capital. Boosting mean and average household incomes of $43,127 and $48,606 respectively, Prince Georges is, in fact, among the wealthiest counties in Maryland. Blacks comprise 50.7% of the overall County population (compared to 43.1% whites), but in the public school system there is a 67% to 23% black white ratio. With more than 113,000 students projected for the fall of the 1993 academic year, the County school system is the fifteenth largest in the nation.

As Michael Hethmon began to research the issue, he learned that multicultural education in Maryland first gained momentum in the late 1960s, with a 1969 Maryland State Department of Education bylaw establishing the first multicultural guidelines. Nothing more was done for the next twenty years, but then, in 1987, with multiculturalism in a public institution, is morally, politically and legally equivalent
to the inquisition."

"Afro-Fascism Continued from Page 1"
Infusion of African and African American Content in the School Curriculum: With an essay by Joan, oppenheimer, founder editor of the Journal of African American Education, which holds that "Africans" were among the original inhabitants of the world, among the Volga-British, associated with the ancient Egyptians and the destruction of the New World, among the ancient Chinese (the first emperor of China was a black man), and even among the Japanese (the first emperor of Japan was a black man). These conclusions can come into being when the black Africans who first explored the region were caught in the ice during the Ice Age and lost their melanin in their skin pigment. The taints of these explorations iPhones nicely with Leonard Jeffries' more vulgarly expressed melanin theory, according to which the differences between blue, white, and yellow races are warm, empathetic, and community minded, and whites, who as "ice people" are analytic, individualistic, and violent, can be related to the presence or absence of melanin in the skin; and indeed, van Sertima cited Jeffries with approval.

As he read further, Hethmon discovered that pseudo-biological and evolutionary arguments of this type seem to be enjoying a growing currency in Afrocentric circles. According to Frances Cress Welsing, for example, while racism is psychogenic in origin, since white people, when they marry other races, produce colored offspring. "To be subverted by guileful whites who are not necessarily black, but who are skilled in the art of genetic manipulation and produce "bastard offspring," who then turned against black people as an expression of their own self-hate. "Asians," to Williams, are a mixed breed who ally themselves with whites in an ongoing conspiracy to destroy black civilization and all record of its achievements. This conspiratorial theme is a constant in Williams' history books, as well as his criticism of Western colonialism ("white devils from the West"). And concludes with exhortations toward modern-day black unity. Williams writes: "The necessity for the destruction of Blacks and a possible solution of the racial crisis can begin only when Blacks fully recognize their real lives in their culture. The white man is their Bitter Enemy. For this is not the ranking of wild-eyed miscreants, but the cultural and unmistakable verdict of several thousand years of documented history." By the time he had read through these materials, Michael Hethmon was convinced that the racism that had so dismayed him at the Exposition were not confined to a few texts like KonDo's but could be eliminated from the list of classroom instructional materials but were at the very heart of contemporary Afrocentric thought. He believed that the Prince George's County proponents of multicultural education could not fail to know this. Yet, they had shown themselves determined to proceed with an infusion of Afrocentrism into the curriculum nonetheless, suggesting that they themselves were sympathetic to the racial separatist and black supremacist Afrocentric agenda. Because, he believed, the only way to smash the malevolent view of the Afrocentric's twisted facts and paranoid reasoning: So he decided to concentrate on a clinical evaluation of two books, The Destruction of Black Civilization and Williams' The Destruction of Black Civilization, and the next two years he filed a series of complaints with county and state agencies. More than two dozen books and materials in these books denigrating and stereotyping whites, Jews, and Asians.

In March, 1991, he submitted a discrimination complaint under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act. And a month later he filed a "request for reconsideration of library or classroom instructional materials." A hearing was scheduled for late May, during which he was given fifteen minutes to set forth his arguments. At the conclusion of the Director's review, Williams and Williams books on the "must have" lists for school libraries. Since the County multicultural program uses no formal textbooks, these lists of works were, in effect, the guidelines that had been favorably reviewed in several publications, but more fundamentally because, as the Committee had earlier approved had, without Hethmon's objections:

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MICHAEL HETHMON
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books approved for library use and not for the classroom per se. They do not necessarily reflect the multicultural definition and perspective of the Prince Georges County Public Schools. After all, the fact that school libraries contain copies of Mein Kampf, the Bible, and The Koran (does not imply the adoption of Nazism, Christianity, or Islam as part of the curriculum.) Further, students ought not to be kept in the dark about the possible content of the material; they have been given no indication that Williams, Diop, and Williams books had been favorably reviewed in several publications, but more fundamentally because, as the Committee had earlier approved had, without Hethmon's objections:

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While this legalistic maneuvering was still in progress, the Prince Georges County Alliance of Black Educators, as if to register their disdain for this locally critical of the Afrocentric movement but should, on the contrary, be given access to and encouraged to explore "multiple points of view." Hethmon's response was that he would never have protested Kondo's Guide if it had been intended for use alongside Merriam's as an example of the late literature that students should learn to recognize and deplore. And unlike The Koran, for example, Afrocentric as expressed in texts like Kondo's, was part of the multicultural mandate. He pointed out the problem as he saw it: the Afrocentric hatred of and paranoia about white people is very much a contemporary reality among these segments of the population that are attracted to this literature, and in validating these works the school system had given no indication that it repudiated this particular form of racism.

In arguing his case, Hethmon pointed out that the distinction between studying a racist screed as a significant (if benthelif) social phenomenon, on the one hand, and teaching it as "truth," on the other hand, is an obvious one that the Committee members surely must grasp. If the prohibition against racial denigration and stereotyping that had been mandated in the Multicultural Guidelines did not apply to such material, what force did these Guidelines have? These Guidelines were very much in force—and rightly so—where white content was concerned. The survival of the fittest, none of which had been in evidence in the curriculum for decades. In short, he concluded, the Committee seemed to be engaged in ignoring the Guidelines standard and condoning racist stereotypes by the recitation of its title in a form of "access" and "diversity of viewpoint." When his arguments were rejected, Hethmon wrote a letter of protest to Associate Superintendent Louise Weyman at the beginning of June, who replied that he would be given an opportunity to present his case to the Evaluation Committee. After a series of delays, Weyman wrote again to explain that there would be no formal review of the objectionable materials after all, but only a formal vote on their adoption. Meanwhile, the list of "must have" books and materials that
prison being there for sexual offenses.")

By contrast, black people whose pineal glands are functioning well are particularly sensitive to "feeling or perceptions of discrimination, feelings of prejudice." This is why "young African American children may have difficulty in a school setting." Even those (presumably white) teachers who "espouse objectivity toward children of color cannot hide their feelings," feelings which these hypersensitive, pineal-enriched children can intuit without being told. Since the causes of white insensitivity are biological, one is led to infer, though Warfield-Coppock did not state this inference specifically, that racial integration has no future in the world of Afrocentric education.

Hethmon came away from this new chapter in Afrocentrism feeling that he had just been released after spending time in an alien spaceship. It increased his desire to do something and also his fear that this development had now achieved critical mass in his community. With the county and state educational bureaucracies both unresponsive and intimidated, he sought legal help from the Washington-based Center for Individual Rights, which has over the past few years given support to many others struggling against the tyranny of the academic and intellectual Left. This particular battle, now being waged in a jungle of red tape and legalistic evasion, is still in progress with the final outcome in doubt. Just this month, a Center for Individual Rights attorney appeared in Hethmon's behalf before the state Board of Education. The members, interested in the Afrocentric coup in Prince Georges County but wary of becoming involved in a local educational issue, will issue a ruling later this fall. They know that the ruling will not occur in a vacuum since the state of Maryland has spent enormous time and money in the last twenty years trying to achieve racial balance in public schools and the sort of thinking that has taken hold in Prince Georges could cause white flight that would set the state back to the pre-Brown vs. Board of Education era. They know too that this is exactly what the advocates of Afrocentrism want.

WARD PARKS is a professor of English at LSU spending the year in India.

For Michael Hethmon, the crusade has not made him feel noble or righteous. It has been a lonely and psychologically painful trek with little support or interest from other parents who are too willing to give the schools over to advocates of bigotry. Every time Hethmon looks at his daughter who will be attending school soon he thinks about melanin and pineal glands and ancient black aviators in Stone Age helicopters and he knows that he is caught in a ludicrous, surrealistic dream that will disappear only when everyone else wakes up.

Are You Being Harassed By Radical Feminists, Gay Activists Or Other Members Of The Campus Thought Police For Exercising Your Free Speech Rights?

THE INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS FOUNDATION IS HERE TO DEFEND YOU.

At Occidental College, feminist thought police demanded that the college administration suspend the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity and take their house away. The crime: privately circulating a bawdy limerick. The college administration caved in to the feminists' demands and announced its intention to discipline the culprits.

Enter the Individual Rights Foundation. IRF attorney John Howard served notice on Occidental President John Slaughter that the IRF would sue the college (and him personally) for violating the free speech rights of the ATO fraternity members. Howard then served summons on each of the feminist professors who had organized the attack.

Within 48 hours, the college capitulated and agreed to drop all disciplinary measures. The university also agreed to suspend all its sexual harassment codes insofar as they referred to speech.

Your campus can be a free speech zone too.

Contact: The Individual Rights Foundation 800-538-3152 12400 Ventura Boulevard Suite 133 Studio City, CA 91604

The Individual Rights Foundation is a California 501(c)3. Membership is $25 per annum. Members will receive a subscription to the IRF newsletter and a copy of the book Surviving the PC University.

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Though the three students denied the charges of repeated harassment, neither Lask, Boesky, nor Rosenberg were permitted to confront Nichols while they were before the Review Board. All testimonies were given in private between the accused students, their attorneys and the judges. Despite the repeated protests from the accused's faculty advisors, the JRB safeguarded Nichols from having to openly defend his allegations. This practice, usually reserved for rape victims, was an effort to shield Nichols from any further "emotional trauma." To the Judicial Review Board, being laughed at and being called a "faggot" was enough of a psychological bruise.

Rosenberg realized they were about to be drawn into a large nightmare. For harassment charges a surreal twist to an ongoing rumor became so widespread that even members of the LGBU had begun to think it was true. But from that moment on, the LGBU had a new enemy. Neither Lask nor his confederates thought Nichols' charges were worth the effort. Though the three students denied the charges of harassment, neither Lask, Boesky, nor Rosenberg were permitted to confront Nichols while they were before the Review Board. All testimonies were given in private between the accused students, their attorneys and the judges. Despite the repeated protests from the accused's faculty advisors, the JRB safeguarded Nichols from having to openly defend his allegations. This practice, usually reserved for rape victims, was an effort to shield Nichols from any further "emotional trauma." To the Judicial Review Board, being laughed at and being called a "faggot" was enough of a psychological bruise.

Within 24 hours, the radical student groups at Sarah Lawrence had formed a skirmish line behind the gays and lesbians. Backed by the Asian Student Union, Harambe (the black student coalition) and Unidad (the Hispanic student coalition), the LGBU began to put up flyers around the campus protesting "hate speech." One flyer read: "Faggot - Spic - Nigger - Chink. Has anyone ever said this to you? Have you ever said this to anyone? Harassment exists on this campus. Sarah Lawrence College has a policy against harassment. USE IT." Graffiti were scrawled across many of the signs, calling the three students "white trash" and accusing them of getting special treatment because "their parents have more money than anybody."

It was not long before the majority of the Sarah Lawrence students had heard one of the mutated versions of the events that transpired in front of the Risinger Auditorium. The rumor mill began to churn. One of Lask's close girlfriends was warned to stay away from him because he was a "well known date-rapist" and the only reason that he wasn't prosecuted was that he came from a wealthy family. Lask received long letters from friends telling him that, because he was homophobic, they would not be able to speak with him anymore. On one occasion Lask was even called an anti-Semite, which was particularly strange since he is a Jew.

Spencer Rosenberg was already a favorite target of the LGBU. In his freshman year two lesbian students had accused him of threatening to beat them up, when what he had actually done was sit on the hood of his car and exchange hard glances with them, Rosenberg says, "The Dean ended up telling me a week later that the girls were paranoid and that they had made this type of complaint before. But from that moment on, the LGBU had me pegged."

Now, after Nichols' charges, Rosenberg was approached by one of his professors asking him if he had "really beaten up a gay man in the school parking lot?" This rumor became so widespread that even members of the school's maintenance staff were approaching him about "the assault." At one point, 10 people surrounded Rosenberg at a party and threatened him because, as they had it, he had called Peter Nichols a "faggot." The fact that Nichols was pressing harassment charges chaffed Boesky especially. When he had lived with Nichols the year before, he had not gotten along. Boesky charges that while they were roommates, Nichols had stolen pills and hundreds of dollars from him. In return, Boesky—because his father Boesky was a convicted inside-trader—had been victimized by a variety of late-night phone calls, in which Nichols and a group of friends would taunt him about family financial acrobatics. The fact that he was being brought up on charges for harassing Nichols was a surreal twist to an ongoing nightmare.

In his complaint to the Review Board, Nichols wrote that on the evening of the play, he was walking up the steps of Risinger Auditorium when he saw Boesky, Lask and Rosenberg. Nichols said that he became "apprehensive" when he felt that the three students were looking at him and laughing among themselves. Nichols writes that "Spencer and Marlin (and be John) began to shout 'faggot'!" at a "menacing tone." Nichols claims to have walked away while the three students were laughing at him "in a forced, obnoxious way." A half-hour later, Nichols wrote, he again came across the three friends and Lask referred to him as "the guy who likes to put things in the wrong places." He then complained that "they all immediately began to yell in a playground bully kind of voice," and he became "freaked out." He appended a second charge by claiming that both Lask and Rosenberg had harassed him again the following day while he was walking through a school dormitory. The complaint says that "it seemed like they were trying to scare me" by walking with ominous slowness down the hall and then calling Nichols a "faggot."

Within days of receiving the formal complaint, the Judicial Review Board decided that Nichols' allegations were worthy of trial. Shortly afterward, Lask, Boesky and Rosenberg were brought before the JRB in the college President's home. Each student directly involved was allowed representation from their faculty advisor (campus advisor).
CAMPUS CULTURE WARS: Five Stories About PC
Directed by MICHAEL PACK
Shown on PBS stations, September 24-October 3 Reviewed by LAURENCE JARVYK

This PBS documentary about how political correctness affects ordinary students and professors in college classrooms across America today was produced and directed by Michael Pack ('America's Political Parties, Fire from the Sun, Hollywood's Favorite Heavy'), written by John Prizer ('Jonestown: The Guyana Tragedy'), and is hosted by actress Lindsay Crouse ('House of Games' and other films).

The documentary uses interviews, archival footage, and re-enactments to demonstrate vividly how political correctness is enforced at five different college campuses: Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Stanford, Penn State, and the University of Washington. There are also dramatic vignettes that show what is, after all, a human problem. There is no intention to deceive. The actors in the re-enactments do not look like the real-life interview subjects, and the dramatizations are clearly labeled. Pack and Prizer say every statement made will be controversial, but they are extremely effective, giving immediacy to the issue. There are people talking to each other when they are not quoting each other, if you get my drift.

One of the stories concernsddit Professor Murray Dolfman's troubles in his course on contracts at the Wharton School. Here Pack uses the re-enactment technique to great effect. He explains the ban on contracts for involuntary servitude based in the 13th amendment to the Constitution, Dolfman refers to a black student as an "ex-slave" in class. No one says anything in the class. After the class, Dolfman asks in his office to explain Dolfman (who had earlier also referred to himself as an "ex-slave") apologizes, saying "I'm sorry." It's not enough for the students, who mount a campaign to get Dolfman fired.

There are fascinating interviews with Houston Baker on why Dolfman should be punished, and with Alan Kors on why Dolfman should be spared. Dolfman also pleads his own case. There is dramatic footage of demonstrations, rallies, and even an appearance by Sheldon Hackney, then University President and now head of the National Endowment of the Humanities, who approves a plan where Dolfman undergoes 'sensitivity training' and is suspended for his statements. It is hard not to believe that if this documentary had been broadcast by PBS before Hackney's confirmation hearing, he might not be a member of the Clinton administration today.

At Stanford University, Pack and Prizer save the best for last. This is the case of Pete Schaub, a business major at the University of Pennsylvania in the attack on the Peninsula. The saddest case of political correctness is the one Pack found at Penn State. A fat and frumpy middle-aged professor couldn't stand her students snickering while she lectured in a classroom which featured a reproduction of Goya's beautiful "The Naked Maja". Rather than deal with the personal matter quietly, she complained to the administration that Goya's painting displayed painted women, and succeeded in instituting formal procedures to have it moved. This is the most pathetic case in the film, which shows how politically correct demands are a combination of auto-therapy and trivial pursuit.

Pack and Prizer save the best for last. This is the case of Pete Schaub, a business major at the University of Washington who took a Women's Studies class and became so outraged that he found himself in a confrontation with the course's two instructors and several "facilitators." (The course began as an explicit consciousness-raising experiment). In Pack's re-enactment the class recalls the brainwashing episode in Manchurian Candidate. The "facilitators" stare menacingly at anyone who contradicts the teacher. When Schaub decides to question the feminist dogma during class discussion, he is yelled at and eventually expelled from the class. He decides to fight his expulsion and returns. The instructors call campus security guards to keep him out.

This is the only case in the film with a happy ending. Schaub convinces the University to give him full credit for the course (although he was not allowed by the enforcers to attend the classes). Defeated, his teacher leaves Seattle and gives up teaching. After graduation, Schaub goes into the construction business, and becomes a "hardhat." He is an amusing fellow, and it is unfortunate that the censors at PBS required Pack to delete some of Schaub's comments on the in-class teaching of female masturbation techniques. It is also too bad that he was suspended for his "taste," a requirement they waived in passing on Marlon Riggs' homoerotic advocacy film, Tongues United.

Pack also had another segment featuring professors claiming President Lincoln was gay which he was forced to delete, also on grounds of "taste." One has to wonder about an academic universe in which education material is so repressive that it cannot even be shown on PBS, which is an educational broadcasting system.

Pack does not criticize PBS for requiring changes, but is in fact grateful that his film is being shown on PBS at all. "I think it took courage for them to schedule this," he says, "and they should be praised for doing so." This reviewer agrees. Campus Culture Wars is a back-to-school special with a higher calling.

LAURENCE JARVYK is the Washington Director of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture.

September 1993

AMERICAN FEMINIST THOUGHT AT CENTURY'S END
Edited by LINDA S. KAUFFMAN
Blackwell Publishers, 477pp., $19.95 Reviewed by DOUGLAS FOWLER

Of the contributors to this anthology,玲玲 Rubalcaba (self-identified in her bio as "a Chicana tejana and dyke-feminist poet, fiction writer, teacher, and cultural theorist") delivers herself of the following claim: "The supreme crosses of cultures, homosexuals have strong bonds with the queer, white, Black, Asian, Native American, Latino, and with the queer in Italy, Australia and the rest of the planet." We come from all colors, all classes, all races, all time periods. Our role is to link people with each other--the Blacks with Jews with Indians with Asians with whites with extraterrestrials.

That's right, extraterrestrials, victims of our terrestrial chauvinists. One imagines that the next phase of the national guilt-trip will be a talk-show consistency consisting of probably quarreling creatures with green tentacles and hard-luck stories about inegalitarian low self-esteem. And now you Earthlings force us to breathe this dirty thing you call oxygen...

American Feminist Thought at Century's End consists of 17 essays of which presumably extraterrestrial and written by human female professors currently teaching at California universities. Most of these professors seem to know each other and no one else, and to quote each other and no one else, or to quote someone very much like each other when they are not quoting each other, if you get my drift.

To be fair, some editorial effort has been made to include articles on different dimensions of the current American academic and cultural enterprise, and there are pieces here that at least touch on civil liberties as they affect women, on legal issues concerning abortion and female employment opportunities (at least they announce that they are going to discuss these issues), and there are essays that might be called "cultural studies" centering on the place of the female in American public philosophy and political assumptions. Several of the articles focus on women and AIDS, or on the phenomenon of surrogate motherhood, or on the intersection of race and gender--in fact, the intersection of Race and Gender seems to have become the Hollywood and Vne of the feminist fake-bitch, and I can assure you that we who suffer more than a few times in the course of getting through the collection, although not nearly so many times as we hear the term privileged-white-upper-middleclass-white-heterosexual-own, which is a phrase that frankly I hope never to see again.

A couple of the pieces discuss the implications for feminist-radical campus thought of films like Coming to America, Gorillas in the Mist, Crossing Delancey, and Cleric's Heart. But there are no male contributions for the volume and no viewpoints from women other than academic--and wouldn't it have made sense to include something by, say, Meg Greenerfield of Network or a column or two from a working-woman magazine like Cosmopolitan? There are no voices from the academic past or the non-academic legal profession. And there is especially no philosophical dissent of any kind whatsoever. And all of these essays--also, without exception--are couched in that unique academic-feminist idiom one has come to expect. There are to my mind precious few -isms in this volume which might be recognized as "dissociative" here on Planet Womanhood: a mock-scientific PC jargon heavy on the Faddish radical mainenance when it bothen to refer to the world of previous thought at all.

This is a problem. The "gnocnosis" of current American academic feminist sensibility is so buoyant redefining the sins of phallicrine that charts of style has been left out of the mix, and I need hardly remind you that there's an
old saying that you can’t make a decent salad out of gravel and Agent Orange. This anthropology is aesthetically chal-
lenged, and one is numbed by the thought of how many
millions of dollars in University salaries and grants
and so on that must have gone into undermining the
careers of its contributors over the years while they were
creating these essays and responding to each other in ams
of clearly and quoting each other in extended, flatter-
ing, footnote footnotes.

Law, science, and popular culture are the three favor-
table points of departure for these essays, and the argument
can be roughly sorted out along those lines of attack. (The
sisterhood has evidently tired of molesting mere literature
and has moved on to bigger Guy Things.)

Law first. And here it is immediately to
blurt out the name of Catharine MacKinnon. She is to
American feminism what Madonna is to popular music—a
self-created celebrity whose fame derives from acts of
calculated mock-transgression. Onstage, Madonna pre-
tends to be a majoritarian on page, MacKinnon pretends to
discuss the nation’s legal system as a system of male-created
oppression. The real point for both careers is to get noticed
and be a celeb, and MacKinnon’s outages (“all sex is rape”)
as well as her Don King hairdo seems as thrilling to the
frumpy academic women who identify with her as the rock
star’s Truth or Dare sexcapades are to the junior-college
chicks who’ve made her their hero.

MacKinnon’s “Reflections on Sex Equality Under
Law” is disguised in high-octane legalese to look just like an
androgynous—organ that is an organ of
Trump. But really there is as much legal-intellectual content as
one of those faked diatribes about AIDS or hunger or “the homeless” that
Elizabeth Taylor delivers these days at TV events.

The long process of sophisti,
ylish thinking, and poetic license by which the U.S. Congress
has been tortured to yield up the right to abortion derived from the
right to privacy said to be implied in the Fourteenth Amend-
ment, will be a subject before us in the foreseeable future, but
MacKinnon’s article does not engage the real
issues. Like most of the authors here, she writes what
everyone assumes correctly, to an feminist folk psychology;
no other dolorous lyric for their Book of Martyrs. Rational, orderly principles? Forget all that.

MacKinnon’s persona, the Glittering Virago, seems
clearly designed to win
appeals on a refrigerator door with neither loss nor gain of signifi-
cance. The undercurrent of her essay is an attempt to retrieve
“semantic imperialists” who are getting all that great pub-
licity. She is to
and has moved on to bigger Guy Things.)

Donna Haraway’s essay, “The Biopolitics of Postmodern Bodies: Determination of Self in Immune System Discourse,” also takes AIDS as a point of departure
for its excursion into deep space and is written in immaculate
post-modern Feminism—i.e., the usual pseudo-scientific
argot straight from the bargain bins at your Postmodern Wal-
post-modern Feminese—i.e., the usual pseudo-scientific
theory of science, as the attack on black and pub-
licity. The undercurrent of her essay is an attempt to retrieve
the disease for womyn: the citizens of gynocosmos are not
about to deprive themselves of its mutually satisfying

As with almost all of the prose in this anthology, you can
see that the units can be swapped around like the magnets
on a refrigerator. Rosie’s knack in the face of what we
late thought of as literary criticism and the study of history
is an obvious gesture toward academic disciplines that evidently have not been suffi-
ciently feminized as yet, and male practitioners of those are
made to hear the sound of Red Guard boots approaching
the garden path. Thus, a wryly dyaal calling itself Judith
Stacey and Barrie Thorne (pair-shaped writing is all the rage)
and Evelyn Fox
Keller, in “Making Gender Visible in Pursuit of Nature’s
Secrets,” flexes like a disciplinarian’s riding crop “an
discipline of immense subversive power,” i.e., a feminist

Several of the articles cast an ominous shadow toward
academic disciplines that evidently have not been suffi-
ciently feminized as yet, and male practitioners of those are
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DOUGLAS FOWLER is a professor at Florida State University.

Douglas Fowler

is a reliable guide to the future of those disciplines after they
are unpacked and sold over the counter at Wasson’s, we will
soon be looking at the chalked outlines of a couple of
fresh corpses on the academic carpet.

Put Ms. Modeks on the other end of a phone-sex operation
and you’d be out of business in a week, but
then it occurs to me that this may be part of what is referred to
on campuses these days as her hidden agenda—perhaps even
an extraterritorial agenda, come to think of it. And if MacKinnon’s
campus is like your campus and my campus, old Mr.
Libidinal Cathect, bless his soul, is already having
bamboo splinters driven under his fingernails by a half-dozen sex-
police committees and the Faculty Senate every other week.

Now and again in this anthology some indifferent fun is
provided by the strange and curious delights of
women’s view. Although one supposes that most academic feminists
side with the Early Salem viewpoint toward porn espoused
by Catharine MacKinnon and Arlie Rus Dworkin whose
stance toward at least a hundred million years of biological
delight is wonderfully concentrated by her claim that “inter-
ence is the pure, sterile, formal expression of men’s contempt for women”), a contributor named Gayle S. Rubin
senses the dangers in feminist-inspired repressions for “erotic
disorder” like herself with calls for “erotic
creativity.” Since Ms. Rubin is a self-styled gay activist
operating out of San Francisco, the phantasmagoria
his empathetic conjure up for the dark
visions Conrad’s Mistah Kurtz experienced on his deathbed.

Rubin claims that in modern America, “the sexuality of
the young is denied, adult sexuality is identified as a
variety of nuclear waste, and the graphic representation of
sex takes place in a mire of legal and social
circumvention. Specific populations bear the brunt of the current system of
erotic power, but their penetration upholds a system that affects
everyone.” Persecution? In America? In America’s
San Francisco? Edmund Wton once said after laying aside a
copy of Henry Lee’s Life magazine that he did not think he
lived in the same country depicted there, and his claim
comes poignantly in the current context. Present-day San
Francisco, that strange kingdom where so many dear little
girls go to die, strikes all of us out here in the boomdocks
as a world beyond which no culture could possibly go and
still survive.

In a private letter to Josephine Herbist, Katherine Anne
Porter wrote of her McCarthy witch hunt, her feminist,
described Gertrude Stein with poisonous accuracy (and it is
hardly a coincidence that Stein is one of the great sain-
ty gynocosmic heroes of the current campus hagiography).

Using the Pomona sociology faculty and
advocated as virtues 5 or 6 of the seven deadly sins, of
which avarice became her final favorite. It is a fact that after
the war Hungary was run by a group of people who
size that she was a total monster of just plain, pure selfishness, laziness,
greed, aecidlia, avertise, and God knows what. She just
speckled through her life like a big slug, and digested it all in
LANDMARK LEGAL RULING REVERSES BAD LUCK FOR VIOLINIST

by JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER

A violinist who developed tendonitis playing the violin was awarded forty million dollars today by the New York State Supreme Court in the last of several judgments involving her family that have broadened responsibility in negligence, malpractice and liability cases to an unprecedented degree.

With her victory in this suit Carla Vindicaro, a thirty-year-old violinist, has also reversed the crushing run of bad luck that has plagued her family for the past twenty-four years.

The Vindicaro family's ill-fortunes began with the loss of the family business, a successful notions store, twenty-four years ago when August Vindicaro, Carla's father, was sued by the widow of a man who had died of lung cancer brought on by cigarette smoking in a trial remarkable at the time, the widow won a judgment against the National Tobacco Company. She then turned her attention to those outlets where her husband had purchased his cigarettes. The Supreme Court decided that the chain of responsibility should include the sellers of the cigarettes and August Vindicaro became liable for seven hundred thousand dollars in damages. Unable to pay, he declared bankruptcy and the family was forced to move into a two-room apartment over a liquor store where he found work as a stock boy.

After several years of hard work, Mr. Vindicaro was able to make a down-payment on the liquor store and once more, the Vindicaro family prospered. Carla had begun studying the violin several years before and spent her afternoons in the back of the store practicing. The sound of the violin twelve hours a day and one morning upon awakening

In addition to pumping gas, Mr. Vindicaro worked in the garage and eventually learned to repair cars. By this time, Carla had become quite advanced on the violin and had begun playing at weddings to supplement the family's meager income. After school she practiced in the garage's waiting room much to the enjoyment of the people whose cars were being repaired. Soon the garage had more business than it could handle and the owner established another garage in the next town, making Mr. Vindicaro its manager. The family prospered once again and in a few years the Vindicaros moved to a small house on a quiet street near the new garage.

But hard luck struck again when a six-year-old boy was killed by a drunk driver who had left a party at the Vindicaro service station and ran over the foot of a traffic cop. Crushing his instep, the cop, five weeks away from retirement, sued the man, the young woman who had just bought gas at Vindicaro's service station and ran over the foot of a traffic cop, crushing his instep, the cop, five weeks away from retirement, sued the man, the young woman, the Dodge motor company, Westroot Dodge, and, of course, Vindicaro. The resulting cases, decided over a period of four years, have broken new ground in the area of liability. In her suit against her teacher, the court held that although violinists traditionally use the right hand for the bow and the left for fingering the strings, Kreutzer should have foreseen the possibility of injury to a player who works twelve hours a day and should have encouraged Carla to become, in effect, a switch hitter. This lack of imagination cost Kreutzer two million dollars, although he testified that he had often advised Carla not to work so hard.

The Juilliard School, as Kreutzer's employer, was held responsible for an additional million dollars. Further, the court directed that OSHA be alerted to the possibility of widespread violations at the institution.

The court also found that Johannes Deutsch, the dealer from whom Ms. Vindicaro purchased the Gagliano, had been negligent to the tune of three million dollars because the violin had not carried the required warning label. But today's stunning decision is being acclaimed by consumer advocates as truly seminal. In her suit against the violin maker, Nicholas Gagliano, Ms. Vindicaro's lawyers faced a serious challenge since Mr. Gagliano died sometime before eighteen hundred. In Vindicaro v. Nicholas Gagliano, Mr. Gagliano's heirs, owners of the Great Grapes winery in California, have been directed to pay the judgment against their forebear. "Nicholas Gagliano should have been able to anticipate that his product, when used for its intended purpose and held in its intended position, could cause undue strain in susceptible people. Further, the court holds that the death of the defendant is no bar to recovery. The Gagliano family is directed to pay Ms. Vindicaro forty million dollars."

When asked about this abrupt reversal of the family's fortunes yesterday, Ms. Vindicaro said, "I have always believed in the principle that whatever goes around comes around."

JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER'S last piece appeared in our May-June issue.