Due to the concussion he suffered, Davis says his doctor told him that he was "struck with a powerful blow above the left ear." There was no furniture in the foyer. "I was not drunk. There was no basis for the jury inconsistent with a fall. "There was no furniture in the foyer." Davis says he felt he was walking on a trampoline for three days after the incident. He continues to take medication to dissolve a blood clot in his brain. He adds that the trauma-related amnesia blocked out exactly what happened and that he "may never recover that memory."

Davis says he now regrets not heeding warnings he had received from the office of a "high government official" in Washington before he left for Arkansas. "The exact phrase they used was, 'You've gotten into a red zone.' " He says his contact urged him to "Work your ass off and get out of there as fast as possible." This official also told him to "think Danny Casolaro"—a reference to another independent journalist who was found dead with his wrists slit in the bathtub of his West Virginia hotel room on August 10, 1991, while he was investigating links between the Iran-Contra affair, the BCCI scandal, the so-called October Surprise and other controversies of the 1980s.

On March 8, about three hours after he sent a partial draft of his story to The New Republic by modem, Davis says his phone rang. "What you're doing makes Lawrence Walsh look like a rank amateur," a man with a rich, baritone voice said with neither words of greeting nor introduction. "Who is this?" Davis asked. "Seems to me you've gotten your bell rung too many times," the man responded. "But did you hear what I just said?" Davis only managed to reply, "Yes, I did. Is this —." Before he could finish, the man at the other end hung up the phone. This cryptic conversation puzzles Davis. "Somebody seems to be transmuted into sorrow, a process which led me a couple of reversals, of betrayed ideals and closeted ambition and ironic role."

Still, my youngest son is now a freshman in college, and the relentless indoctrination is brutal, unapologetic, and administratively sanctioned. So the battle begins anew, although my chosen weapon now is the reminiscence rather than the soapbox.

Looking back on the events of my life in the 60s, I find it hard, in all honesty, not to see it in stark, even melodramatic, terms, as a history of misunderstanding, of closeted ambition and ironic role reversals, of betrayed ideals and...
FIGHTING WORDS

I believe basic civility and decorum demand that every respectable journalist shuns certain words, regardless of who else uses them. I hope in the future you will abide by basic policies of civility and decorum. Every breach of these simple, basic, essential virtues, yes, virtues demean all of us.

V. F. Masman Stunt
Paul MN

DON'T RECYCLE THIS LETTER!

I thought the pinhead who wrote the anonymous letter to the editor in last month's Heterodoxy might like this excerpt from UCLA visiting economics professor Ben Zycher's class syllabus. Describing the text for his "Public Finance" course, he writes: "The textbook (Harvey S. Rosen, Public Finance, 3rd ed., Richard D. Irwin, 1992) is quite good, although it is printed on recycled paper, the use of which adds to the toxic sludge problem, reduces (yes, reduces) the number of trees in the world, increases solid waste costs, and weakens incentives for efficient pricing of landfill use and siting. We would boycott this book were there an alternative close in quality and printed on virgin paper." Makes you want to think twice about recycling.

Karen M. Holian
Los Angeles, CA

P.S. The class was one of the best I've taken.

RUSH: A'CORPULENT CHICKEN HAWK*

Thank you for sending me your information about your new organization. While I agree with almost everything your organization seeks to accomplish, I must regretfully decline your offer to participate. The reason is because you make the mistake that so many others have made. By championing the cause of that despicable, draft dodging idiot Rush Limbaugh, you reveal that your organization is yet another in a series of sham organizations that only serve to line the pockets of this corpulent chicken hawk.

If indeed your organization is serious about doing anything other than acting as a platform for his uninformed, draft dodging, college dropout viewpoints, then I wish you luck. However, as long as you have any connection to him I must decline your offer.

Unsigned

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK

I am in full agreement with what you are doing. Unfortunately, since I am 76 and living on a small, fixed income, there is nothing I can do financially to help. Cash is especially short now after a cold Wisconsin winter with high fuel and electricity bills, etc.

As I look back over the last 50 or 60 years, I am appalled to see how much personal liberty we have already lost. The Bill of Rights is being attacked on all fronts; the most recent example is the unconstitutional methods used by the feds in the war on drugs. Even worse is ahead in the coming war against terrorism and the war against conventional religion. Here in Wisconsin, the D.N.R. seeks to get farmers out of business.

As a 76-year-old farmer out of business, I must decline your offer.

Robert Schmoll
Soldiers Grove, WI

MORE VENOM, PLEASE

Although I love your entire publication and regularly read it from cover to cover, one of my favorite features is your printing of letters, particularly those of your PC-crazed, foaming-at-the-mouth detractors. These venomous communiques positively drip with hatred, though carefully crafted to showcase the supposed moral/intellectual superiority and purity of the reaction. What particularly amuses me is the blatant attempt at threats and intimidation, all in the name of supposed tolerance and "sensitivity!" Ha! Ha! Just goes to show what happens when you shine the light of truth and reason on those who take themselves ever so seriously. Keep up the good work!

Janet P. McAuliffe
Happy Wife and Mother

P.S. "Final Analysis" is also priceless!

HOORAY FOR HOMO-CONS

Best wishes to David Brock, now able to come in from the cold (Jeff Muir's article, Mar '94, pp 9-10). A mere two years ago, many conservatives would have thrown him to the wolves. I suspect he might, off the record, express some gratitude to such pioneers as Bruce Bawer, who put the term "gay conservative" on the political map. Indeed, like Bawer, he might even have a good word for some gay leftists, whose earlier work made Frank Rich's cute smear campaign no longer defensible. (But what a relief! He is no longer forced to choose between the "closet" and a "progressive coalition" including such noted gay rights activists as Louis Farrakhan and Fidel Castro).

Hugo S. Cunningham
Boston, MA

KEEP THROWING BOMBS

Cease and desist all publication! You're confusing everybody with the facts. What kind of a country do you think this is? What are you trying to do, ruin the status quo? If you continue to print the truth instead of media innuendo and partisan politics, how are all the other news media going to survive? You're just adding to the problem by driving liberal myopic reporters and newscasters into the ranks of the unemployed. I hope, I hope, I hope.

J.A. Conover

RENO IS BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

I believe you skipped in the article on Janet ("The Butcher of Waco") Reno. You treated as fact her claim that "they set the fires...they brought it on themselves." There is scant evidence supporting the "blame the victims" attitude, and much evidence that the attackers directly or indirectly caused the fires. I've viewed considerable footage of the Waco matter, and although some of it is ambiguous (the media was kept at extreme distance) some footage clearly shows either a tank-mounted flame-thrower or tank-mounted artillery firing into the compound.

It is also known that the tear gas canisters are hot-burning and considered a fire hazard. The tear gas also, in heavy concentrations, becomes an explosive vapor in the air. I've discussed the matter with numerous military explosive specialists. All agree that the actions of the attackers could easily have caused the fires and explosions.

It should also be noted that the attackers chose to mount their assault on a windy day when resulting fires could not be controlled. Also, note that their casual contempt for the law and life was such that they did not even have the phone number of the local fire department, much less have fire trucks and ambulances standing by!

Finally, I note that much will remain forever conjecture. After having barred independent experts from inspecting the Waco remains while she conducted her own whitewash-style investigation, Reno recently levied the remains and plowed them under. Honest investigators will never have the chance to document the truth, and Reno has probably forever protected herself and Slick Willie from criminal charges and lawsuits by destroying the physical evidence.

Thanks for your great article about "The Butcher of Waco."

I had no idea that she was eyeballs deep in pseudo child-abuse profiteering.

Laver-Jones
Studio City, CA
FATE OF THE FISHWIFE: In the current issue of *Linguist* France, Jane Tompkins, wife of Stanley Fish, and author of "scholarly" books about reader-response theory, etc., tells author Adam Begley that she derives satisfaction from working weekends as a cook in a Durham restaurant called the Wellspring Grocery. She calls her new job "part of a trajectory of personal development" and hints that it may eventually lead to a complete severing of her ties with the university. Members of the Fish family have always been blessed with keen early warning detectors. Everyone concerned with the fate of literary studies should hope that once again they are on the cutting edge; that Tompkins’ trajectory continues, and that others of her ilk consider similar career moves.

JUST PLAIN BERNADINE: Recently some law professors around the country were surprised to get an invitation from Lawrence Fox of the Labor Relations and Employment Law Society at St John’s University informing them of an April 13 lecture by former Weatherman leader Bernadine Dohrn. In his letter, Fox described Dohrn as having "manifested an eloquent life-long commitment to issues of social justice."

"This will be a lecture where we remember her as a sack to Fidel Castro in the early 70s, as part of an operation attempting to plant bombs at the social functions of U.S. servicemen, and as an advocate of terrorism during her days in the underground. Bermadine presumably does not suffer from the aphasia afflicting Mr. Fox, but she has chosen to speak about the obvious in her past and since negotiating her way back into respectable society. During her appearance at St John’s, she lectured the audience on "workplace child care, sexism and sexual harassment proposed health reform, and related feminist issues."

Dona Shalala, move over!

GOOD RIDDANCE: Anserio Hall has given notice. After threatening to "kick Jay Leno’s ass in the late night television wars, he has surrendered and decided to cancel his show. It is too bad he didn’t make this decision a few weeks ago. If he had, America would have been spared the sight of Hall debasing the likes of Snoop Doggy Dog and Louis Farrakhan. Hall’s "interview" with the racist Farrakhan, whom he fawningly questioned on life and death, and opposite Albert Schweitzer, will stand as one of the truly shameful moments in television history.

SINGAPORE, USA: A recent issue of *The Gay and Lesbian Times* advertised an upcoming "Latherfest Workshop" in San Diego. Among the sessions offered was "a demonstration and discussion of the correct technique for fire play."

The ABCs of branding and "discussion of the sensually pleasurable manipulation of the anal canal with the hand and sometimes forearm." There was also a workshop mat managed to resonate with current events. It was Caring: "A demonstration of the different types of canes, where and how they originated, and how it has progressed over the many years of existence. The beauty, emotion and severity will be demonstrated."

WHEELCHAIRING IN THE RAIN: In a Reuters dispatch, it was reported that the Odd Ball Cabaret of Los Angeles was ordered by city officials to close its main attraction, a shower enclosure where nude dancers cavort under the eyes of those in wheelchairs and thus denied people who use wheelchairs equal opportunity to work as male dancers. In one of the great bureaucratic understatements, Ron Shigeta, head of LA’s Disabled Access Division, said "the law is the law, no matter how ridiculous it might seem to some people."

THE DEVIL MADE THEM DO IT: Hillary and Bill cheating on their taxes was a protest against Reagan era tax breaks for the wealthy. Many middle class and wealthy people deliberately paid less than mid-1980s tax rates required. They knew that in five or ten years the IRS would catch up with them and tack on penalties which would adjust the payment back up to where it should have been. If more people had been as farsighted and altruistic as the Clintons, we could retroactively erase the deficit! —Eleanor Clift, April 1, McLaughlin Group

IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER: According to an Associated Press report from Minneapolis, a Walker Art Center member contacted state health officials about a Walker-sponsored event in which observers said one performer cut another, mopped up the blood with towels and sent them soaring over the audience on revolving clothing lines. An audience member at the March 5 performance called health officials to ask whether spectators were at risk of contracting the AIDS virus if blood had dripped on them.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore

Rich Danilla, supervisor of the AIDS epidemiology unit, said that the caller was told there was "low risk unless someone actually got the blood into their mouth, an eye, or an open sore." Walker Director Kathy Halbreich told the Star Tribune that the performance in which Ron Athey cut Darryl Carlton should be understood in the context of contemporary art and historical and religious precedent, including "the rituals of the church and the body and blood of Christ being used." This comment managed to be inane and unrelated to the actual event.

NIXON’S THE ONE: Richard Nixon must have died a little more comfortably because of Pavel Sudoplatov’s *Special Tasks*, which was published a week or so before his stroke. The former Soviet spymaster made a series of startling revelations about the brutal world of Soviet espionage that should redress the faces of those in the U.S. government who apologized for the USSR for years and then, when that became too embarrassing, began to propound theories of "moral equivalence" between the Soviets and the U.S. Sudoplatov talks about arranging to please Stalin with the assassination of Trotsky. He admits that Raoul Wallenberg was "eliminated in a Soviet prison for refusing to cooperate. He fingers Julius and Ethel Rosenberg as "a naive couple overeager to cooperate with us."

In other words, *Special Tasks* is filled with food for thought and food that old lefties will choke on. Sudoplatov’s most startling claim may be his contention that physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer shared information about the newly developed atomic bomb with Soviet scientific contacts. Oppenheimer, made to into a trottery martyr by the American left in the postwar era, apparently leaked information for reasons which were in a way more venal than comparable actions by traitors out for financial or purely ideological gain. And he was fearful of the consequences should U.S. maintain a nuclear monopoly. In other words Oppenheimer was not so much pro-Soviet as he was as a crusading apostate, an anti-communist who had once been associated with the left-bloc who, in their fear of anti-communism, would sign a treaty with the Soviet Union and thus saved the states of the titanic postwar struggle between the U.S. and the USSR. For Nixon’s opponents, of course, his involvement in the Hiss case as the leading member of the House Un-American Activities Committee and a sponsor of Hiss’s accuser and (they would say) machinist Whittaker Chambers, made him a marked man. Ever after "destroying" Hiss he would be a Tricky Dick, sly opportunist, who would stop at nothing in his ruthless climb to power—a neurotic whose frayed cuff—upholding him made implacably hostile to those with a touch of class who—despite his 100% anti-communist discovery of anti communism provided him with a vehicle he would drive to the heart of American dreams and was for ever and always be paid to other Nixon’s victims” like Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, but the fine act of Nixon-hating as it developed over the years always came back to the alleged persecution of Hiss. It was this episode in his career that stigmatized Nixon as the id of American politics, the dark-jowled figure whose ambition, in coming in contact with his paranoia, caused a megalomania to arise from his public acts. It was never absolutely necessary that Hiss be innocent for Nixon to be guilty. But the fellow traveling left has always assumed that even if he wasn’t absolutely beyond suspicion a capable act was to become one of Richard Nixon’s victims. The image of Nixon staring intently at the one time advisor who was president of the Carnegie Endowment when he made his appearance before HUAC in 1948 would be part of Nixon’s legend: the mongoose measuring his prey. But now comes Pavel Sudoplatov with something to say about Hiss and it is not (as the egregious Roger Morris and other Nixon-bashing biographers have said) that Hiss was victimized by an unholy alliance between Nixon and Chambers. On the contrary, Hiss had an "official confidential relationship" with Soviet espionage agents close to the GRU, Soviet military intelligence. He was a source of intelligence for the central spy group in Washington DC, and when Chambers testified against him it was considered a "setback for the Soviet Union." This is the sort of revelation one would expect to touch off a delayed self-inventory on the part of the left. Nixon was right; they were wrong. All the grudging admissions about these brilliant insights into foreign policy are one thing—especially when they are hedged by the obligatory words on personal corruption and Watergate. But what needs to happen is for those who were his opponents the whole of Nixon’s career finally to say the unsayable. He was right about the biggest issue of his day—the "communist menace" and the willingness of American leftists and their fellow travelers to betray their country, and once betrayal was no longer fashionable, to continue secretly to despire it.
CBS and the Writer's Guild Make a Barrio in Hollywood

Half-Price Hispanics

by K.L. BILLINGSLEY

A short look backward shows that a number of the Guild's founders were orthodox Stalinists who remained faithful to the various schemes of the Great Helmsman, including even the 1939-41 Nazi-Soviet pact. During the Pact, in fact, true-believing screenwriter Dalton Trumbo wrote a novel called The Remarkable Andrew, in which General Andrew Jackson appears from the dead to argue against aid to Britain in its fight against Germany. It was also about this time that John Howard Lawson, also known as the "Hollywood commissar" and a prime mover of the Guild, was described by fellow communist Paul Jarno as "an infantile leftist, a sectarian sonofabitch.

Lawson's faction dominated during the early years of the Guild, and maintained a decorous silence while it also encountered some strange obstacles. Hearing of this last point was somewhat like the ACLU urging a suspension of habeus corpus until a crime wave subsides. Chatman's words nonetheless represent an accurate position of the Writers Guild, whose brass has no doubt that what it knows is best for the protected classes suffering from alleged white, Anglo hegemony. In 1941, WGA executive director Brian Walton pushed the affirmative action process into the twilight zone of social engineering when he suggested that some Latinos act as unpaid consultants on projects with Latino themes. "It's not the Guild's business to recommend," Chatman immediately protested. "This is not a job referral service." Indeed, a WGA policy statement says: "The Guild represents writers primarily for the purpose of collective bargaining in the motion picture, television, and radio industries. We do not obtain employment for writers, refer or recommend members for writing assignments, offer writing instruction or advice, nor do we accept or handle material for submission to production companies.

Chinea-Varela and others who assumed that the WGA, not the film and television industry, "controls on who could appear as a guest. This document further stated, "It is the Latino Writers Committee who..." established a reasonable policy over the controversial process was suppressed. Some derided these claims as paranoid. Yet a WGA document outlining the "Latino Writers Committee Objectives" states that a planning session "will only deal with positive input and positive data that could possibly benefit the group and/or individuals. Negative data or 'bitching sessions' will be absolutely prohibited and not tolerated." Committee officials also maintained strict controls on who could appear as a guest. This document stated further, "It is the Latino Writers Committee who..." and one of its committees, represented all writers, not just Latinos.

Vera complained about the consulting affair and found that debate over the controversial process was suppressed. Some derided these claims as paranoid. Yet a WGA document outlining the "Latino Writers Committee Objectives" states that a planning session "will only deal with positive input and positive data that could possibly benefit the group and/or individuals. Negative data or 'bitching sessions' will be absolutely prohibited and not tolerated." Committee officials also maintained strict controls on who could appear as a guest. This document stated further, "It is the Latino Writers Committee who..." and one of its committees, represented all writers, not just Latinos.

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industry. WGA screenwriter Fred Haines, whose 1967 adaptation of *Ulysses* earned an Oscar nomination, spoke for many when he said that the entertainment industry has ignored both Latino talent and the burgeoning Latino market. Dissident Chinea-Varela herself once wrote a script about a Cuban political prisoner, only to have a producer lamely reject it on the grounds that American audiences would not accept a story about "illegal aliens."

"If the networks like CBS really want access for Latinos, there's nothing easier for them to do," says Fred Haines. "Just hire them. Put the word that you want scripts from Latinos that is not what has come about .."

5 political precocious ender to Hollywood intersected with public policy last June, when the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights set up shop at the posh Sheraton Grand on South Figueroa and held hearings on the entertainment industry. The heads of major studios and TV networks showed up to hear the news (which they already knew) that minorities constituted a small portion of those working in film and television. They might have responded with a wise shake of the head about the human condition; statistical disparities, rather than being abnormal, are a feature of the industry and everyday life. Black Americans hit home runs at twice the rate of Latino Americans. Germans hold a higher rate of representation among piano manufacturers than the Irish Mohawk Indians. But blacks are represented by the Guild, not by every guild that has a union contract with major studios. And as far as the connection between equity and commerce is concerned, the fact that blacks comprise about 75% of all professional basketball players does not bother those who plunk down hard-earned money for tickets to the NBA. Instead, says Fred Haines, president of CBS Entertainment, "It's a matter of who you can get and who you think can articulate their message effectively.

To join the WGA, however, one must complete a certain amount of work in the industry. Thus, technically speaking, no Latino writer is an "emerging talent," and therefore not eligible for WGA membership. Thus, a Latino writer who has not been "firehosed" by the Guild's trainee program is automatically barred from the union. But that is not what has come about...

"It was the Guild's Brian Walton," writes WGA screenwriter Julio Vera, who responded that what the membership had voted for was training programs for aspiring writers, not a featurable for those who are already members of the Guild and are trying to avoid competing for work on an equal basis. Latino writer Julio Vera agrees. Including established WGA members was "where they crossed the line," he says. But the protected classes and Guild leadership loved the new plan, which had Hollywood Feelgood written all over it.

"The program is a wonderful situation," said Richard Yniguez. "We're bringing people in who are good here, solve the problem of invisibility. We are finding a little breath of fresh air." The Guild's Cheryl Rhoden told the Hollywood Reporter that it was "to the credit of CBS and Jeff Sagansky, in particular, that they have brought a singular focus to the problem of an equitable hiring of writers who are Latino."

But established Latino writers such as Julio Vera and Chinea-Varela, who had been holding their own in the industry for years, now found that prospective buyers of their material lumped them in with the bargain-basement trainees. Producers were cool to accepting material or offering jobs unless it was on "valid," that is, cut-rate terms negotiated by the Guild. In another telephone conversation, Guild executive Brian Walton told Chinea-Varela that "Latinos can work for half." To some, it was strange for a union with a radical past to be involved in what amounted to institutional slavery.

I or was it simply Latino writers who had achieved success by their own hard efforts and sold talents who were annoyed by the Guild's social-artistic engineering arrangements with CBS. Fred Haines, a founder of the Guild, said that it was "to the credit of CBS and Jeff Sagansky, in particular, that they have brought a singular focus to the problem of an equitable hiring of writers who are Latino." But established Latino writers such as Julio Vera and Chinea-Varela, who had been holding their own in the industry for years, now found that prospective buyers of their material lumped them in with the bargain-basement trainees. Producers were cool to accepting material or offering jobs unless it was on "valid," that is, cut-rate terms negotiated by the Guild. In another telephone conversation, Guild executive Brian Walton told Chinea-Varela that "Latinos can work for half." To some, it was strange for a union with a radical past to be involved in what amounted to institutional slavery.

The rejection has surely encouraged the WGA's protected Latino writers, that is, those who are not white, to continue their battle. But established Latino writers such as Julio Vera and Chinea-Varela, who had been holding their own in the industry for years, now found that prospective buyers of their material lumped them in with the bargain-basement trainees. Producers were cool to accepting material or offering jobs unless it was on "valid," that is, cut-rate terms negotiated by the Guild. In another telephone conversation, Guild executive Brian Walton told Chinea-Varela that "Latinos can work for half." To some, it was strange for a union with a radical past to be involved in what amounted to institutional slavery.

One participant in this electronic discussion wondered how much CBS would be willing to pay Sicilian writers and offer to bring his original olive oil. One writer cited abuses in a similar program at Disney, where non-Latino trainees reverse the roles of network writers for half-scale, cut-rate approval with full Guild approval. Some who started out defending the program had second thoughts and wound up attacking it. Talen, said one established writer, "is a protected class in the business, which had all along been the position of Migdia Chinea-Varela, Julio Vera, Fred Haines and others.

"Richard Yniguez concedes that the opponents of the plan make some legitimate points, but insists that they are ignoring the other side of the debate. The critics "are inciting people against something that is positive," he says. He is not about playing the ethnicity card as the discussion intensifies. "You have disgusted people who aren't working, who happen to be Anglo. I praise the union for caring what happens to me, because I am not the majority." As for those Latino opponents of affirmative action, he has a false consciousness problem. "They consider themselves otherwise than a protected class," says Yniguez.

During the entire Cold War, the film and television industry never openly championed the cause of a single Eastern Bloc artist or writer, though it did roll out the welcome mat for Marxist dictator Daniel Ortega and his Sandinista entourage, with Ed Asner prominent among the boosters. Hollywood heavies such as Robert Redford and Jack Lemmon are fans of Fidel Castro and attribute Cubans' democratic nature and their leadership and suffocating Marxist economics to the U.S. embargo. Disappy Cuban writers such as Habibet Aguilar or the poet Armando Valladares never received official support from writers in the American dream.

Unlike Lemmon and Redford, Julio Vera and Migdia Chinea-Varela have a personal direct experience of Cuban totalitarianism, which they quite naturally oppose. Perhaps this is why some union officials and Latinos of the Writers Guild have regarded them aske and left them dangling in the wind during their dealings with WGA brass. The two dissident Cubans believe their own Latino credentials are more solid than those of some members of the Latino Writers Committee, which is monitoring the CBS program.

The WGA's zeal for affirmative action, it should be noted, includes no mechanism for verification. By the Guild's standards, you are what you say you are. WGA spokeswoman Cheryl Rhoden is on the record as saying that, in the Guild, "economy is self-determined." In 1989-90, Oliver Stone listed himself as "Eastern Bloc artist or writer, though it did roll out the welcome mat for Marxist dictator Daniel Ortega and his Sandinista entourage, with Ed Asner prominent among the boosters. Hollywood heavies such as Robert Redford and Jack Lemmon are fans of Fidel Castro and attribute Cubans' democratic nature and their leadership and suffocating Marxist economics to the U.S. embargo. Disappy Cuban writers such as Habibet Aguilar or the poet Armando Valladares never received official support from writers in the American dream.

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"My dad was investigating Clinton's infidelities for about six years...I believe they had my father killed to save Bill Clinton's political career."

— Gary Parks, U.S. Navy

There are other unexplained incidents surrounding the Whitewater scandal, enough to provide material for several shows of The X-Files. At 11:56 p.m. on January 24, for instance, a fire was reported on the 14th floor of Little Rock's Worthen Tower, headquarters of the Worthen Bank, that burned 3.5 million to the Clinton presidential campaign and held on deposit $35 million in federal matching funds for the fall 1992 race against George Bush. While no one was hurt, the blaze partially destroyed the offices of Peat Marwick, a major accounting firm that in 1986 helped the Frost Company's audit of the Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan. Madison was owned by James McDougal, the Clinton business partner in the failed Whitewater Development Corp.

The fire "is suspicious in only people's minds," insists Peat Marwick spokeswoman Barbara Krabi, who adds that no documents were destroyed. Still, the timing of the blaze seems significant, coming as it did just four days after the appointment of Whitewater Special Prosecutor Robert Fiske and within three days of the Rose Law Firm's reported shredding of documents that were longed to former White House Deputy Counsel Vincent Foster.

There has been death as well as disaster. The "suicide" of Vincent Foster (please see sidebar) occurred the very day the FBI was granted a warrant to search the offices of Clinton associate David Hale, a former judge who claims that when he was governor, Clinton pressured his company, Capital Management, into making a $300,000 Small Business Administration-backed loan to Whitewater partner Susan McDougal, ex-wife of James McDougal, central figure in the scandal. $110,000 of that money ended up in Whitewater's account and was used to buy $10 acres of land from the International Whitewater shipping facility were pried off and broken. "I would say there was several hundred thousand dollars worth of inventory in there and nothing was touched," Shapiro says. "We have $50 color photo books and copies of the media computer."

Adding to the puzzle, Ian Shapiro, publisher of Compromised, says that on the weekends of April 2-3 and 9-10, the locks to SPI's street-level warehouse and shipping facility were pried off and broken. "I would say there was several hundred thousand dollars worth of inventory in there and nothing was touched," Shapiro says. "We have $50 color photo books and copies of the media computer."

"It is fairly easy for anyone who visits Arkansas to realize that they have entered a kind of intercontinental Third World police state."

— L.J. Davis

Last September 10, the offices were broken into again through the same wall, which had been repaired in the interim. On September 22, there was a break-in at a studio apartment the Spectator maintains on the upper east side of Manhattan. On March 14, John Bell, publicity director for SPI Books in New York City, came to work to find that someone had entered his computer contact he had developed to promote a new book called Compromised by Terry Reed and John Cummings. Among other things, the authors claim that in the 1980s, then-Gov. Clinton was involved in the CIA's mission to supply the Nicaraguan Contras. As part of that effort, more than $9 million a week in cash was secretly air dropped into Arkansas, which became the CIA's domestic "banana republic" These clandestine funds were laundered for the Agency and then used for the development of Arkansas industry."

As Bell clicked on his computer that morning, "there was something wrong," he says. "I quickly realized that my computer was a shell. It was completely empty, void, nada."

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dad was working on Clinton's infidelities for about six years, starting in the campaign around 1983. He claims that his father's investigative work was compiled in a pair of photo- and name-filled files hidden in his dad's bedroom.

Jane Parks says that shortly before her husband's death, their home was broken into and phone lines were severed, knocking out a security system. When she and her son looked for the Clinton files, they "were just missing," she says. "I suppose they must have been stolen."

"Something happened that got him disoriented and he dropped out of sight," his widow, Beth, says. "The landing lights in the rain might have caused him to lose perspective." Mrs. Friday still finds this all a bit curious. "He had landed here so many times," she said. "He was a very excellent pilot."
electrical trouble at about 10:30 p.m. on March 3. According to an FAA report Keating quoted, the plane vanished from radar near Lawton, Oklahoma, after the pilot signaled that he planned to refuel there. Oddly, the northbound plane crashed with a full tank of gas about 45 miles south of Lawton—just three miles east of the Shepard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls.

Bad weather was not a factor that evening. "It was clear as could be," Keating remembers. "I saw the stars myself at 3:00 in the morning." Nonetheless, the plane seemed to have been lost. Keating says a map and magnifying glass were found in the front of the plane. "It's kind of strange, I don't know why they'd be this far off course." The front of the plane was totally demolished and the back was intact, according to Keating, who adds, "The whole thing is weird."

As a result of all these ominous occurrences, Evans-Pritchard says he has been careful to remain a moving target on his three journalistic visits to Arkansas. Among other things, he changes hotels daily. "I check out and don't tell anyone where I'm going," he says. He can only remember one other part of the world where he took such precautions: "I used to do this in Guatemala and El Salvador when I was working on delicate stories and dangerous sorts of things."

"It's a bit difficult for people to understand that this is going on within the borders of the U.S. You've got quite a climate of fear," says the British journalist. "There's a serious shutting-up operation underway."

DEROY MURDOCK is a New York writer and president of Loud & Clear Communications, a marketing and media consultancy.
The scandal over the Tailhook convention in a Las Vegas hotel, which caused the biggest shakeup in the Navy's history and left a trail of ruined careers, is now part of U.S. military and cultural history. The government accused 140 Navy and Marine pilots of assaulting 83 women, but was unable to convict a single one of them in a court of law, a confirmation of the fact that this was a witch hunt rather than a legal proceeding. Heterodoxy reported on the scandalous nature of this inquisition, but the American media as a whole, intimidated by radical feminism, could not bring itself to pursue the story. The press found apologetically correct version of the outcome: The Tailhook prosecutions failed because the Navy was not really intent on convicting the accused. This was the theme pursued, for instance, by the erstwhile drama critic of The New York Times, Frank Rich, who wrote this about Tailhook: "The scandal has been swept under the Navy's rug. 140 marauding Navy and Marine pilots, 83 assaulted women, 0 Courts-Martial." Consider how Rich makes the alleged 83 assaults into a "fact," when it was actually nothing more than a claim which the government failed to prove in a court of law. Anyone who has read the government's own report on Tailhook knows that ten of these 83 women denied that they had been assaulted when asked by the government investigators. A Times editorial claimed that no one was convicted because scores of commissioned officers lied about what they had witnessed. In point of fact, no one was convicted because the women who accused the officers were proven to be liars themselves in a court of law.

Commander Robert R. Rae, an attorney who represented some of the Tailhook defendants and has a long experience with Naval justice, knows as much as anyone about the tainted nature of the Tailhook investigation and the inner workings of the trial, which failed to find anything resembling the holocaust of sexual harassment that radical feminists and their agents in the media claimed Tailhook represented. Heterodoxy's David Horowitz interviewed Rae on March 4, 1994, A partial transcript of that interview follows:

Q: How did you get involved in the Tailhook affair?
A: Actually, in a couple of the cases I was referred directly to the individuals by people who knew my reputation.

Q: What happened at the outset of this situation?
A: We first came on board with the investigation shortly after everything was just commenced with Admiral Reeden, who is the Service Force Commander and the consulad and disposition authority, kind of the head honcho that the CNO and the Secretary of the Navy had appointed to do all the Navy cases. And from the outset, it was just a very difficult task to get any information from the government other than 'these people are all guilty, we're gonna hang 'em all high and you're not gettin' any evidence.'

Q: We never heard anything in the press about the kind of extralegal methods and intimidations that went on in the Navy's investigations and prosecutions of these men.
A: Which is one of the faults of the media early on. They took everything the Navy presented to them as gospel, including the Tailhook report and the facts that they supposedly had, even though many times they were indeed not facts, but outright falsehoods.

Q: Give an example of some of the methods of the investigators.
A: Primarily, there was a special agent, Peter Black, who was one of the head honchos in this whole thing, who on the stand several times under cross examination admitted to certain policies that they had, such as not looking into any extramarital affairs that may have been launched there at Tailhook.

Q: In other words, some of the women had extramarital affairs and therefore had an ulterior interest in and sympathy for these men.
A: That is absolutely true, and was. It is one of the most ironic parts of Tailhook, too, because Admiral Kelso knew about a very important clause in the Navy's sexual harassment instructions that says if someone falsely accuses someone else of a sexual crime or sexual harassment, those people will be brought to justice. She never was, of course.

Q: So there was an outright attempt to defame the accused aviators.
A: That's right. The defamation, for many of them, began when their names were originally released. For instance, Commander Greg Tritt, who is about one of the straightest shooters you've ever gonna see, was always portrayed as being in the third floor passageway where the gauntlet was taking place. And he was never there. He never, ever any evidence at all that he was there. But the media accepted the government's word that he was a ring leader.

Q: Some people say that Tailhook is one of the worst witch hunts in American history, far worse than the McCarthy witch hunt in the number of careers and the number of lives that were blighted forever, for no particular reason.
A: According to the Department of Defense, 140 marauding Navy and Marine pilots accused aviators. 83 assaulted women, 0 Courts-Martial.

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lost; hosts of the defeated move through the halls like shattered armories. Even PC victors betray an angry exhaustion born of fighting for ideas that have already lost their resonance by the time victory occurs. Everywhere, one feels the growing enervation of decadence.

It was not always like this. 30 years ago, when I began teaching at CSUS—at that time called Sacramento State College—the college was already convulsed by a power struggle stemming from its recent conversion from a teacher-training college to a liberal arts school. It was in that moment of pause before the 60s turned radical and began to pour out hatred onto anything American and democratic. There was a power struggle on campus, one which was both political and academic, and it was a hopeful time, not yet constricted by the smelly orthodoxies of homegrown Marxism. Everything seemed to revolve around the Young Turks’ hope that a genuine orthodoxy of homegrown Marxism. Everything seemed so momentous in its significance.

As a result, many of my liberal colleagues, especially those in the upper-division courses; 3,000 became impossible three years after I arrived. But of greater significance is the fact that those professors who still have them—a struggle of demandstions and erode faculty confidence in the reasonableness of their requirements—that is so new in the academy and symptomatic of pathology, explains the politically correct’s wild, irrational excesses of demands but insatiable in their need for approval. The list of paradoxes goes on and on. Those demands that can be fulfilled within the constraints imposed upon them by their background and their situation—many must work long hours to afford even the relatively inexpensive college where I teach—are viewed as “reasonable”; those that cannot are resented as “unreasonable.” To be sure, no task is deemed reasonable unless it can be met within the unstated student guidelines in a manner certain to receive a good grade. It is this sense of entitlement, this low-level psychic warfare against educational standards and the expectations of those professors who still have them—a struggle to stave off the threat of a confrontation with a complex, intractable, and increasingly intolerable reality.

The situation I have just described is, I suppose, symptomatic of a larger educational crisis, a crisis as much rooted in economic decline, demographic change, increased pressure to receive a college degree, etc., as it is in the devastating consequences of a generation of Marxist liberal educational ideology. But this ideology and the corruption of educational values that follows such ablatantly dishonest attempt at indoctrination, when wed to the new postmodern delegitimization of old institutions and American society in general, has made such deep cynics of students that their cynicism is almost imperceptible, visible only as the complex of symptoms I have described. It is, thus, for all the liberal refusal to confront it, a loss of faith in education as a soul journey, also, a loss of hope in its transforming power; a loss of the spirit, and an exhaustion of belief. All of these are the result of 30 years of exposure to an ideology whose unstated aim is to erode belief in American institutions and American life.

Subjected to endless ideological assault, academia’s immune system is shot. It has become subject to a variety of opportunistic disorders. And the politically correct are not immune from attendant diseases, despite their conviction that traditional society is sick and they are healthy. In fact, I am persuaded that much of the militancy of the younger politically correct faculty, much of their compulsion to ignore inconvenient facts—indeed, to deny that facts (or truth) objectively exist—and much of their intolerance and brutal suppression of dissenting perspectives, in and out of class, is nothing more than an elaborate defense mechanism to stave off the threat of a confrontation with a complex, intractable, and increasingly intolerable reality.

Freud has argued that the ultimate measure of the ego’s health is a strong reality principle. If so, then what we are witnessing in the narrow, hermetic orthodoxies of PC are countless individuals who suffer from a beleaguered ego structure, and who are therefore compelled, in order to maintain the ego’s precarious organization, to withdraw from reality. This need to suppress awareness, which itself is symptomatic of pathology, explains the politically correct’s wild, compensatory fascination with the postmodern ideology of the omnipresent role of power in human affairs articulated so vulgarly by Foucault and others.

No, we were far more innocent in the 60s, and even if the age was filled with turbulence and pain, and even if its excesses are part of the origins of today’s malaise, it was at its worst different from what we have today—the rhetoric of challenge without force or conviction, supported only by coercion and intimidation. And everywhere one picks up the stench of exhausted ideas that even adherents no longer believe in.

My second, third, and fourth years at CSUS were marked by explosive tenure battles. The first battle, in 1964, broke out in the Education Division and involved a well-liked, innovative young faculty member who had a large student following. In 1965, we had the first of two English department tenure battles. This one dealt with an eccentric but sweet young anarchist, who, because she had but an M.A. degree, taught composition and freshman lit crature courses. She had a tendency, like many of the good-hearted, to attract all sorts of campus strays, but she was adored by her stu-
dents, and while she was wildly undisciplined in her grading and teaching methods and original understanding and an emotional reverence for literature, as well as a magic power to generate in her students a heartfelt love of reading and writing.

Taking a leaf from the spontaneous student demonstrations that had formed in support of the education professor, I actively began to organize the students in demonstrations for this woman. And in order to increase the pressure on the tenured faculty and the administration, I established an alternative newspaper run by student activists, a paper called The Student that lasted until the end of the Vietnam War. The department decision to deny her tenure was overturned by the division.

The next year, 1966, I myself was, without explanation, denied tenure, despite the fact that I had just published a book, written numerous articles, scholarly and otherwise, was active on key campus committees and had been awarded a Distinguished Professor Award, only one of four given to CSUS that year.

This time, because of my close ties with student activists and also with the liberal and radical faculty, things exploded at all levels of the campus. And this time, the news of the battle, and of the student petitions and demonstrations, spilled over into the local newspapers and TV stations.

An added irony occurred when I was selected in the spring of 1967 to be the Faculty Convocation speaker, the campus’s highest honor and an event for which classes were dismissed. I called my speech “The Underground Man” and took as my texts Kafka’s The Metamorphosis and Dostoevsky’s Notes from the Underground.

The student newspaper began its front-page review with this passage: “Are we losing sight of individuals and beginning to gare on labels; this is the inevitable result of bureaucratic impersonality and a view of the world which turns people into instruments and products instead of rich and meaningful individuals. People will not be turned into instruments or products, only robots will; the rest will go underground.”

At the time I gave that speech, my target was the entrenched “old guard” conservative who were obsessed with symbols of status and respectability instead of the substance of excellence. It seemed inconceivable men that this same speech would later seem a prophecy of an even more ominous future menace from my leftist allies, and that one of the immemorable ironies that pervaded the intervening years, it would become an even more telling indictment of them. Today, “going underground” has become for many students their only mode of survival in a brutal and dishonest PC world.

At this time I had not yet learned to watch how people treat others, only how they treated me. I had not yet learned to read people, so did they treat you when you become the “Other” (to use a chic current formulation)—that is, the negativity to overcome.

It seems clear to me now, in retrospect, that my radical allies only seemed more humane than the tradition- alists I viewed as the opposition, because they were still powerless. And I see now that their vaunted “compassion” was only a means of seeking power—it contained the seeds of the postmodern belief that power rules, all relations and in effect determines what is and is not moral. I should also have seen, but did not, that already in their intolerance and cruelty toward the old guard—whose offense, after all, was simply—that they had different beliefs and believed what they said—they betrayed their real attitude toward difference, which is why the PC multicultural obsession with toleration and respect for diversity is such a grotesque fraud and edifice of self-deception.

Te tenente battles of the mid-Sixties effectively destroyed the old guard at CSUS, and within two years—certainly by 1969—the radicals and liberals, aided by an end to the supply of new young faculty allies, swept to power. Having by my own tenure battle become something of a cause celebre, I found myself with greatly expanded influence and an enlarged arena of action on campus.

It would be tiresome to describe these years of power and influence. And while it might help define the place from which I began my journey of exodus from radicalism, all this seems so long ago—the actions of another man in another life. I do not even know if I would recognize that young man.

I do know this. Something more than a decade later, after I declared “war on the radicals” in a paid 2,000 word advertisement in the student paper, The Hornet (it had to be an ad because the paper did not accept it as an article), less than a dozen faculty members out of more than a thousand on campus would publicly acknowledge me or engage in conversation with me, so cowed by abusive radicalism had CSUS become.

This “declaration of war” had been coming for a long time. But I had not seen it—not even lurking in the shadows. In 1970 would not have believed it could happen.

With the exception of the death of my son, for whom I still grieve, nothing has matched my slow, agonizing but inexorable break with the left. At times during these years, as it became clear to me what was happening, I felt disemower, as if the moral center had been ripped out of me. I had bought so deeply into the Manichean polarities of the left and had so internalized the perversity of its analyses (espe- cially the obsessive oppressor-oppressed dichotomy), that for a long time I experienced the movement away from leftism as I was powerless to stop as a fall—from idealism, from generosity and goodness—right down as an act of the cave of illusion where I had been a prisoner, drenched by unacknowledged ambidi- tion and resentment I grasped at my loss—or innocence, of faith and hope, of confidence and belonging.

It would be nice to relate a Joycean epiphany that defined my falling away, but I experienced no sudden burst of illumination. Instead, there was only an endless series of small discoveries made and repeatedly repressed, only with ever-increasing difficulty and each time with a greater sense of dissatisfaction—with myself, foremost, but also with the world around me. The more desperately I clung to my failing belief, the more I was compelled to realize the truth and to increase my anger at them. It was a movement that would lead me—as it has so many others involved with leftism—to what the theoretical love of humanity hides: misanthropy.

Looking back, I can see countless small signs of the break that was to come—shock when in 1971, the radical- led Academic Senate voted to disband the College Honors Program as “elitist,” humor that it would terminate the publication and sale of faculty evaluations by the Associ- ated Students.

But there were large signs as well that illusions were yielding to a poisonous reality. For example, in 1968, when I was faculty advisor on the Visiting Speakers Bureau, a largely student-run affair, I remember thinking it would be a good idea to bring a feminist speaker to campus. (It was a year or two before the explosion of feminism in the university.) I believed there were nine people in the audience. Here things also took an ironic turn. A couple of years later, in 1970, the first feminist consciousness-raising encounter group was held in the College Honors Center. What transpired, far from being a dialogue, was a hate-fest. Soon men were compelled to roll over and expose their underbelly, although instead of winning for them forbearance, as it does in the animal kingdom, this act of submission brought only the requirement for more, and more dramatic, self-abasement.

Some time later that year, there was an explosion in the Educational Opportunity Program (EOP), a program geared to give financial aid to disadvantaged students, primarily but not exclusively minority. I had been on the committee charged with forming the program a year or two before, and I was still active in the interview and screening process. The newly formed Pan African Student Union (PASU) was demonstrating to get rid of the head of the EOP. He was Hispanic, and a good, caring, courageous, and competent man if I ever met one. The issue: unrespon- siveness. And what was the nature of this unresponsive- ness? He would not allow the interview process to be turned into a political litmus test; he thought the EOP was for the disadvantaged, whether they were white, Hispanic, or black. I know the interviews were being used as racial and political screening sessions for the selection of the “right” (read “radical”) minority students. I warned my Hispanic colleague, who already knew that a confrontation was brewing. But he refused to back down, not realizing how corrupted the academic environment had already become.

A meeting in the Little Theatre on campus, which was jammed with 500 faculty members, students, and administrators—a meeting full of that supercharged-en
d ternary so characteristic of the era that combined power- intoxication, angry self-justification and the desire for combat—turned into a kangaroo court. It was exactly as Dostoevsky described it in The Brothers Karamazov after the death of Father Zossima: Malice was unleashed and even good men were silent. I remember trying to make a statement in defense of my friend and colleague, but amidst the rhetoric, the angry shouts, the intimidating exclama- tions, the administrative paillimality, it was impossible. He was doomed. The next day the EOP Advisory Board fired him in an unanimous vote.

After the pandemonium in the Little Theatre, I ap- proached the leader of the Pan African Student Union— whom I knew, as I did many of the black campus leaders during the 60s—in order to explain my position. He was surrounded by other PASU members, and when I ap- proached, he shouted, “Get out of my face! I’ll catch you in my face again, I’m going to kill you, motherfucker!” He had to be physically restrained and was hustled away, quite filled up with himself.

The withdrawal from integration and the beginning of “cultural autonomy” (which in my case meant exclud- ing motivated, nature black and Hispanic men and women from programs like EOP in favor of young political radicals with poor academic prospects) had begun in earnest, much to my sorrow. The easy, open and trusting relationship between blacks and white radicals and liberals that existed in the early days of the civil rights movement had been replaced by a Black Power movement that assumed an aggressive, reactionist posture. The ppliticization and balkanization of the campus in a radically new, illiberal, and destructive way had begun. Taking a cue from Lenin’s perception of the defining power of change, radical orthodoxoxy renamed itself dissent and used mat name to suppress all real dissent as reaction. The silence that was to sweep over the campus in the early 80s and is still with us had begun.

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HE personal experience of the leader of PASU, a Marxist revolutionary colleague in social work tried to console me. He liked and respected me, though in his eyes I was only a “radical liberal” and not a revolutionary. I think he was genuinely sorry to have seen me hurt and humiliated like that. I do not recall precisely what he said, 

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but I distinctly remember its effect, which was that in a revolution, injustice is inevitable, and that I had to keep up or be swept aside.

I would like to say that his attitude was unique, and, I am sure it was somewhat uncommon. But in the ensuing years, though many people on campus would be embarrassed to hear such views so nimbly expressed, it has become the policy of the politically correct, the implicit assumption, the fully articulated view of others. Drawn from Marxist dialectic, the roots of which are lost or are never known to most PC adherents, added to other postmodern accretions like deconstruction, poststructuralism, and feminism. A campus PC worldview has grown up that легитимizes its excesses as part of the inevitable "dialectic."

This confrontation in the Little Theatre, to be repeated in different guises over many issues in the next couple of years, is my first memory of the discovery, which was to grow, that to preserve my radical liberal credentials and status, I would have to surrender my beliefs to the "revolutionary tide," which even then was turning Orwellian. To preserve my power to influence opinion, I would have to surrender to the developing radical orthodoxy, thus making my image powerful a sham. Throughout this period, the "orthodox snifflers" and the "commitment checkers" were out in force, with their jokes, their jibes, their nosy corrections. I remember being called a "mistake," a "mistake" in collective entitlement. In a long and withering attack of affirmative action. I was against it, for, despite my allies' efforts of anti-PC groups and individuals, but in the main I think it is due, despite all their self-righteous posturing and ideological bullying, to a growing crisis of confidence on the part of the tenured leftists. For a long time, members of the left have been able to live by a double standard: judging American society by its failures and their own ideology solely by its rhetorical aspirations. But as the left has grown an increasing power over the institutions that shape American life, its adherents are no longer able to take refuge in the fiction of good intentions and noble ideals. They, too, have to be judged by what they have wrought.

For a long time after I lost my radical faith, I tried to find an analogy for what was happening all around me in academia. For a time, I settled on a comparison drawn from the works of Turgenev and Chekhov, in that all around me I saw figures reminiscent of the well-meaning but superfic- ious Russian gentility, all of them ripe for annihilation by revolutionaries.

Today, I still would use a Russian analogy to understand academia, but it is its failures and their own ideology solely by its rhetorical aspirations. It is that the lies—fertilize corruption and the venal seeking of power in a way that bespeaks impending collapse.

Lies, and the calculated refusal to acknowledge them, whether by faculty or administrators, so pervades campus life that we are suffering from an intellectual disorientation that threatens the nation. Our colleges and universities are now prisons of a pervasively solipsistic ideology, so much driven by partisan political agendas that criticism itself, by which we mean (in Matthew Arnold's phrase) the disinterested interest, to see things as they really are, is now lame or captive. The very institutions that established the jokes that emerged from the Soviet Union then—grisly bits of gallows humor bubbling up from the depths of the long-suffering Russian soul. That spirit of futility—and the laughter-in-tears that accompanies it—permeates life in the American university today.

It is not simply that academia is drenched in lies, but the Soviet Union was under Brezhnev. It is that the lies fertilize corruption and the venal seeking of power in a way that bespeaks impending collapse.
The Stupid Club

by STUART GOLDMAN

After Kurt Cobain, lead singer of the rock group Nirvana, was found dead in Seattle at the age of 27, an apparent suicide victim from a shotgun blast to the head, his mother, Wendy O’Connor, told the Associated Press: “Now he’s gone and joined that Stupid Club.” She was referring, of course, to the long list of entertainers who have died by their own hand: Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Elvis Presley, Jams Joplin, Marilyn Monroe, and so on.

O’Connor’s comment was a bitter one. Suicide makes people bitter. It also makes them nervous. As novelist Joyce Carol Oates put it, “The suicide does not play the game, does not observe the rules. He leaves the party too soon, and leaves the other guests painfully uncomfortable.”

Clearly, lots of people were very uncomfortable about Cobain’s exit. It is also true, however, that many used the suicide as a soapbox for flatulent statements about the nature of rock and roll, of generational angst, and of the meaning of life. The press had a field day with Cobain. The Los Angeles Times ran lengthy pieces the entire week of his death. They even put his wife, Courtney Love (sort of a garage-band version of Madonna), on the cover of the Sunday Calendar section. The Los Angeles Weekly and Newsweek plastered the rock star on their covers. The Newsweek piece asked, “Why Do People Kill Themselves?”

After the orgy of press attention finally abated, it became clear that membership in the Stupid Club was not restricted to the exclusive group that Cobain’s mother had originally referred to.

Of course, one expects a certain amount of stupidity to come from people like rock critics, who are not necessarily intelligent life forms. However, the sheer amount of gibberish—the metaphor-mongering and homemade existential wails—that arose in the wake of Cobain’s death cut an intelligent life form. However, the sheer amount of gibberish—the metaphor-mongering and homemade existential wails—that arose in the wake of Cobain’s death cut an intelligent life form. However, the sheer amount of gibberish—the metaphor-mongering and homemade existential wails—that arose in the wake of Cobain’s death cut

In Nirvana, two million listeners have found a voice for their doubts and fears. Nirvana doesn’t offer any answers; these days it’s an achievement just to pose the questions. If they have any message for the world, it’s simply this: think for yourself. No wonder the music industry thinks they’re subversive. —Susan Black, Nirvana (Omnibus Press).

This one is worth quoting at length because it contains many of the major cliches about rock music and life. That it poses no answers, only questions. (What questions?) And mat it is subversive. Every bad boy rock group looking for a quick PR fix has latched onto these calling cards. The notion that Nirvana or, for that matter, any other group that sells ten million records is subversive is, of course, absurd.

STUPID ADJECTIVES COMMONLY USED TO DESCRIBE NIRVANA’S MUSIC

Blind, uncompromising, eerie, challenging, thrilling, menacing, terrifying, anguished, shocking... Oh yeah, let’s not forget angry (even though it’s not an adjective), a term that music writers writing about Nirvana manage to get into their copy.

STUPID STATEMENTS BY AGING L.A. TIMES ROCK CRITIC ROBERT HILBURN

Cobain was a deeply sensitive man blessed with a songwriting grace that has been compared to Bob Dylan and John Lennon—“Kurt Cobain, Poet for the Dysfunctional Age.”

As for comparing Cobain with Dylan and Lennon, the fact is that all three of these guys were capable of writing some pretty awful lyrics, but the other two had flashes of brilliance while Cobain did not. (See Stupid Cobain Lyrics below.) Also, Hilburn fails to mention that it was he himself who compared Cobain to Lennon and Dylan, hot some abstract authority he is citing. There is no law against self-plagiarism, but a writer ought to be wary of alluding to his own unattributed opinion as if it is received truth.

Cobain felt as confused and troubled as any of the millions of young people who had bought the albums he made.

Maybe. He might be dismissed as a guy who was more lucky than talented, more indulgent than tormented. But he was no such thing. No comment.

MORE STUPID JOURNALIST ANECDOTES

According to an observer, the journalists on the scene of the Cobain suicide immediately divided themselves into two camps. The checkbook journalists, led by representatives of A Current Affair, offered $1,500 (a pittance by tabloid standards) for an exclusive to the electrician who found Cobain’s body—and immediately got whatever interviews there were to be had. The rest of the press, including representatives from Rolling Stone, Spin and numerous local papers, were relegated to grabbing any kid wearing a flannel shirt and ripped jeans and grilling him for opinions on the fallen leader of his generation. Unfortunately, many of these fans were either too drugged out (or, it must be said, in keeping with the theme of this piece, too stupid) to provide very good interview material.

STUPID POLICE REPORT FILED BY COBAIN’S MOTHER

Several days prior to the discovery of his body, Cobain’s mother had filed a missing persons report with the Seattle police department. The report described Cobain as “not dangerous, armed with a shotgun, and may be suicidal.” —Los Angeles Times.
STUPIDITY EXHIBITED BY POLICE INVESTIGATORS

Three weeks prior to his death, police had been called to Cobain’s household by his wife, Courtney Love, who said her husband was locked in a room with his guns and threatening to kill himself. Police confiscate four guns, 25 rounds of ammo, and an undisclosed substance. Cobain, however, was allowed to keep possession of his firearms.

—L.A. Weekly

PORTION OF STUPID SUICIDE NOTE FOUND NEXT TO COBAIN’S BODY

I thank all of you from the pit of my burning nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the last years.

—Gina Arnold, reporting from Seattle

ROCK CRITIC AS MEDICAL EXAMINER

Though his condition has not been diagnosed, he had begun to show signs of narcolepsy, an incomprehensible illness which strikes its victims asleep as they stand. Working for a few weeks as a hotel janitor, Cobain spent more hours asleep in the unoccupied rooms than he did in the sweeping and cleaning that was supposed to be his occupation.

—Suzi Black

Maybe he just liked to sleep on the job?

LITTLE KNOWN FACT ABOUT NIRVANA

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The Cambridge Declaration

We, students of American colleges and universities, have assembled here at Harvard University on this 11th day of April, 1994, to voice our concerns about the state of academic and intellectual freedom in higher education.

American colleges and universities stand in high regard throughout the world, but along with long-established opportunities for students during the past generation have come other conditions which have served to undermine the pursuit of knowledge.

We call on university presidents and their staffs, administrators, and professors to reaffirm their commitment to open inquiry and to adhere to the standards of intellectual, social, and academic freedom by addressing the following issues:

- The calculated efforts of many university administrators and professors to prevent ideological confrontation, which discourages conscientious expression and curtails intellectual freedom.
- The widespread application of two sets of standards in both disciplinary and academic matters, one for those who are defined as members of a favored-status group and another for students lacking such membership.
- An ideologically motivated curriculum bias in many humanities and social science departments, which disparages the Western tradition and American institutions and discourages the need for objectivity and balanced treatment of the subject matter.
- New orthodoxy that stifles debate on "sensitive" issues by replacing reasoned analysis and discussion with intimidation, censorship, and slanderous attacks on individual expressing opinions contrary to those favored by the privileged.

We students, representing universities from Oregon to Florida, from Arizona to Maine, believe that the university should be a place of free speech and libertarian intellectual inquiry. We believe:

- That the defense of intellectual freedom is vital to the health of our democratic republic and to the future integrity of the university system.
- That the prior restraint by public universities of academic literature, whether posters, banners, or newspapers, is unconstitutional and diminishes the creative spirit.
- That speech and broadly drawn codes of conduct, so necessary where unbridled pursuit of knowledge is essential to the intellectual and social well-being of the university, and that no matter how plans will ever rule their destinies, have the ultimate effect of repressing views that do not fit prevailing campus ideology.
- That students should have the freedom to think, write, and speak the truth as they see it, without fear of intimidation, censorship, or the threat of mandating "sensitive" seminars, or any other form of official pressure.
- That as Gerald Gutierrez has suggested, the best cure for bad speech is "more speech, better speech," and when necessary, "reputation and contempt."

We believe that our universities should not be hostile to new ideas, which do not fit prevailing campus ideology.

We believe that the distribution of all cultures to the emerging world civilization should be recognized and studied according to the intrinsic merits. We also believe:

- That although the Western tradition is not above criticism, a knowledge of it is fundamental to good citizenship and should be an important part of every student's college education.
- That students should be encouraged to take courses in Western Civilization, logic, and philosophy.
- That students should gain an understanding of their own political and literary culture and that they should be encouraged to take courses in American history, American government, American literature, and in traditions that have contributed most to them.
- That while we believe that study of non-Western cultures is important, "multicultural" programs as they exist in many universities today often pose a misrepresentation of the Western tradition as alien and exploitative.
- That these multicultural programs, by focusing on the actions of some leaders, and practices at times have resulted in colonialism and imperialism, have been presented by some as a "great tradition" associated with liberty, freedom, or democracy.
- That works which have been marginalized, such as those of women, minority groups, or non-Western cultures, should be examined in a more favorable light.
- That individuals and their scholarship should be judged on substantive merits and not on the criterion of "correct" political, social, or moral views, or on the basis of the individual's political, social, or moral views, or on the basis of the individual's political, social, or moral views, or on the basis of the individual's political, social, or moral views.
- That public university administrators in particular, as agents of the state, must recognize their responsibilities to the public and their moral and legal obligations to represent the interests of the state in an honest and effective manner.
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The Cambridge Declaration
Law Firm Head Faces Ouster; Associate Charges Sex Harassment

by JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER

Oliver "Buddy" Kilkenny, one of the founding partners of Kilkenny and Katz, has been removed from his firm's letterhead and restricted to writing briefs pending final disposition of a complaint brought before the State Office of Gender Affairs following charges of sexual harassment made by Heather Harris, a thirty-two-year-old associate at the firm. Harris alleges that Kilkenny's fifteen-year-old son, Oliver "Buddy" Kilkenny Jr., made offensive remarks about her while making a telephone call from his father's office several months ago.

The alleged incident occurred when young Kilkenny, a freshman at Dolley Madison High School who has no sister, was permitted to skip classes and accompany his father to work on "Take Your Daughter to Work Day" on the condition that he write a report on activities at the firm from a female point of view. His notes for this report have been cited as corroborating Harris's charges.

Young Kilkenny began the day by observing his father in court. After lunch, in a phone conversation with a friend who was at home suffering from an attack of the flu, Buddy was overheard by Harris to say, "She's got Rolls Royce headlights on a Volkswagen chassis." Although Buddy had thought he was alone in his father's office, Harris had entered the room to place a brief on the senior Kilkenny's desk and had thus heard the automotive reference.

As she is the only woman in the firm, she concluded that the remark referred to her and approached the firm's harassment coordinator to lodge a complaint.

No stranger to sexual harassment, Heather Harris has creatively weathered significant challenges to her sex. Determined to make the high school football team despite her relatively small stature, and denied the right to try out for the team because of her gender, she signed up for scrimmage as "Harry." Harris, "Harry," was chosen for the team on the basis of "his" speed and uncanny ability to squeeze into and out of extremely tight spots. When "Harry's" true nature was discovered she was sidelined, but she appealed the coach's decision and won the right to participate fully after threatening a discrimination suit that would have cost the high school funding for its after-school activities.

After breaking both shoulders during her first varsity game, Harris quit the team and began to take her schoolwork more seriously. Accepted by Stimpson-MacKinnon College for Women, she received excellent marks. By the time she graduated Harris had far exceeded the number of discrimination and rape complaints applicants must file to be considered for acceptance by the college's law school.

Once in law school, Harris earned perfect grades, making law review at the end of her first semester. Although she had interned during summer vacations only in women's law firms, upon graduation she determined to plunge into the wider world and, turning down a chance to clerk for Superior Court Judge Penelope Loveless, went to work at Kilkenny and Katz.

She had been there only two months when she was victimized by young Kilkenny. Testifying before investigators for the State Office of Civil Rights, he swore that the remark had nothing at all to do with Harris or any other woman, but that he and his friend had been discussing a customized car belonging to a mutual friend. The teenager also indicated that if Harris had knocked before entering the room, she wouldn't have overheard anything. He noted that on several occasions that day he had seen men leave the area of the water cooler when Harris approached and suggested that perhaps she had deliberately entered the office without knocking so as to avoid a further blow to her ego. This remark was ordered stricken from the record when Harris burst into tears.

In an effort to discover the young man's general attitude toward women, the State Office of Civil Rights subpoenaed Buddy's "Take Your Daughter to Work Day" report. The report, in the form of a diary purportedly written by a young female attorney, had received the grade of C-plus. Buddy's teacher had noted that she gave him this mediocre mark because, while she thought the diary was well-written, accurate portrayal of a typical day in the life of a female attorney, she also felt that his descriptions of this attorney's repeated humiliations at the hands of male colleagues and of her attempted rape by a judge in chambers did not convey a sufficient sense of victimization.

The state investigator concluded that although the report showed that Buddy had only a limited understanding of the problems faced by women in today's society, there were insufficient grounds for stripping his father of his right to practice law. Charges against the elder Kilkenny were dropped.

Harris then appealed to the Federal Office of Gender Affairs, which has broader powers than the State Office of Civil Rights.

This agency's investigation into Buddy's background revealed that three of his friends had been in trouble at school for low-level sexual harassment on several occasions. This evidence of association with persons known to be insensitive provided a Gender Affairs investigator with the necessary grounds for a warrant to search Buddy's bedroom for the notes he had made for his report. The notes, in the form of a drawing made in the courtroom on the morning in question, show a roomful of men cowering before a stylishly dressed, shapely attorney in high heels who is holding a chair and a whip as if training a horse. The judge sits on a barrel licking the back of his right hand while the court stenographer is poking at the bailiff with a nail file.

An expert on women's issues subpoenaed by the Office of Gender Affairs for the trial testified that the drawing revealed a general willingness to ridicule women, a lack of respect for the professional accomplishments of women, and a personality prone to retaliation.

Under the new federal guidelines for Gender Respect, the elder Kilkenny can be held responsible for his son's attitudes since Buddy is under 16. And, since the incident occurred in the father's law office, Kilkenny senior is liable for dismissal just as if he had committed the harassment.

Stopped by reporters this morning as she entered her office, Harris was asked whether she had considered the impact Kilkenny's dismissal might have on her future at the firm. The senior is liable for dismissal just as if he had committed the harassment.

"I don't see a problem here," she said. "Any attempt at retaliation would be pretty obvious, and when it comes time for me to be considered for a partnership, the Reprisal Provision of the Glass Ceiling Act will prevent any unoward actions on their part. Actually, I think this will prove to have been an excellent career move."

Ms. Weizner's last piece appeared in the March issue of Heterodoxy.