I know it is going to be a distinctive academic experience when the woman who answers the door at the suburban San Diego house tells me to leave my shoes at the door. I paid $7 to join this "Mark Group" and am not sure what to expect. Some guy is practically dry-humping a woman on the couch, although the pair attract little attention. Other couples are engaging in spontaneous massage, but it remains uncertain who had come with whom. I keep hearing the phrases "doing" someone and "getting done by."

I sit across from a robust woman who looks like Tip O'Neill. Men outnumber women by a small margin. A woman who describes herself as "a healer, an actress and a travel agent" says that this is not usually the case in the Mark Groups. We go around the room for introductions, which sometimes digress into short autobiographies, the ages run from about 25 to over 60. There are five masseuses, many real estate people, some brokers and copier salesmen, and one guy with a charter bus business.

When asked why she came, a woman in a tight pink sweater responds: "To get turned on." Others say they wanted to meet people and have fun. "I had nothing else to do," one man volunteers, "and this is better than watching LA Law."

On the coffee table lays a book on academic experience when the woman turns on. It's the very first number men invented, and what's it shaped like? All straight and rigid and pointy like that? I rest my case. Math is unfair. It's time we started to raise consciousness about the need to make mathematics more flexible. We need to get rid of the ludicrous idea that there's just one "correct" answer to every math problem. We need to soften and, yes, feminize math.

This is, of course, a ludicrous proposal, but if I were to write a book on this theme under a female pen name, perhaps with a picture of a lesbian in a muumuu on the back cover, I'd have a best-seller. Let's face it: Women hate math. Not all women, just the type of women who end up as militant feminists and, for that matter, the type of foggy-brained males who support them. The book I envision—let's title it "Divide and Conquer: How Men Use Mathematics to Oppress Women"—could actually perform a service for all those closet arithmephobes in the feminist movement. Until now, radical feminists have had to hide their hostility to math. Take the famous Barbie incident. The Mattel Toy Co. produced a talking Barbie doll that said, among other things, "Math class is tough!" Feminists complained that this perpetuated an unfair stereotype of women. Mattel promptly did to Barbie what the Sandinistas used to do to La Prensa. This led the executive director of the American Association of University Women,
The next quotation is from The Gay Science, section 377 (1887): "No, we do not love humanity; but on the other hand we are not nearly "German" enough, in the sense in which the word "German" is constantly being used nowadays, to advocate nationalism and race hatred and to be able to take pleasure in the national scabies of the heart and blood poisoning that now leads the nations of Europe to delimit and barricade themselves against each other as if it were a matter of quarantine."

Lawrence J. Tyburski
Dravusburg, PA

In the January issue of Heterodoxy, you slandered Nietzsche by asserting that he was one of the intellectual godfathers of Communnism and Nazism. In fact, Nietzsche severely criticized Socialism, anti-Semitism and German nationalism. Here are two quotations that demonstrate this.

The first is from Human All Too Human, section 473 (1878):

"Socialism can serve to teach, in a truly brutal and impressive fashion, what danger there lies in all accumulations of state power, and to that extent to implant mistrust of the state itself. When its harsh voice takes up the wadding 'as much state as possible' it thereby at first sounds noisier than ever; but soon the opposite cry through with all the greater force: 'as little state as possible.'"

The next quotation is from The Gay Science, section 377 (1887):

"..."
NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS: The spring issue of a strange, little-known magazine, Magical Blend, which is steeped in mysticism, contains a strange article by none other than Vice President Al Gore. Gore's essay, "The Story of the Earth and Us," examines the tension between the Platonic world-view, which emphasizes rationality, and the Aristotelian world-view, which emphasizes feelings, and man's interconnectedness with nature. Gore, predictably, comes down on the side of feelings, and insists that our high-tech Platonic society is careening toward an apocalyptic collision with the natural world. "...We have believed that a detached intellect could enable us to understand nature and control it," he writes. "But we need to feel as well as think...The scientific revolution seduced us with false promises, with the idea that if we concentrated on the form of the intellect we could solve all our problems." Also featured in the spring issue of Magical Blend is an article on the distinct differences between male and female sorcerers, and one on lucid dreaming.

GOING APE: In the February issue of the popular science magazine, Discover, writer Daniel W. McShea joins the growing chorus of animal rightists who want to extend human rights to apes. McShea notes that even though apes are intelligent and are close kin to humans, some people argue that humans are somehow special, and deserve greater consideration. "To answer this," he writes, "I suggest a different sort of argument than the one based on intelligence and kinship. The argument for ape rights is based on our concern for our own well-being, our own feelings...Apes have feelings, but the case for protecting apes doesn't hinge on the damage done to our feelings by maltreatment. Rather it hinges on the damage done to our feelings." To his credit, McShea admits that there are problems ahead, such as whether apes should have rights to property.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE: "Girls who love girls and women who love women are OK!!!" On Valentine's Day, members of the Lesbian Avengers distributed that message, attached to pieces of candy, to children between the ages of six and eleven years old at Cowing Elementary School in West Springfield, Massachusetts. The leaflets also included an 800 number offering "hot, uncor-

THE COLOR OF PREJUDICE: A recent Louis Harris poll on racial and ethnic stereotypes in America turned up some interesting data. The results, published in the Chi- wold Times, President of the National Confer- ence of Christians and Jews. Hispanics consider blacks inclined toward crime and violence, and a large number of blacks believe Hispanics lack the drive to succeed and consider Asians unscrupulously crafty and devious in business. When presented with the statement that Roman Catholics "are narrow minded because they are too con- trolled by their church," for instance, 57% of non-Catholic Asian Americans and 44% of non-Catholic blacks agreed, as opposed to 34% of non-Catholic whites. When given the statement, "When it comes to choosing between people and money, Jews will choose money," 54% of blacks agreed, along with 43% of Hispanics and 34% of Asian Americans, while only 27% of non-Jewish whites signed on. Prejudice is indeed a growth industry in America, but not, apparently, in the white community.

OLIVE UBER ALLES: Oliver Sacks, whose ongoing anti- Americanism bears some striking similarities to the mind- wall of The Wizard of Oz. Expect protests from the vertically challenged.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

YOU CAN'T MAKE RULES ABOUT THIS. People get hungry, they bat- tle their eyelashes. So what am I supposed to do? I don't want to make a girl. Those animal sequences are very troubling. Could animal rights activists condone a play that depicts a dog forced to work as a nanny or makes light of feeding an alarm clock to a crocodile?

THE SCHOOL that killed Peter Pan is now considering staging "The Wizard of Oz." Expect protests from the vertically challenged.

NO BULL FROM MI: As the Chicago Bulls suffer through a lackluster season without Michael Jordan, the team's new go-to-guy, Scottie Pippen, got annoyed at the fans' booping and accused them of racism, asserting that they had never booted a white player. Asked if a response, Arnie Jordan slammed Pippen, saying that there had been vicious booing of white players during his time on the team: "I know this about Chicago Stadium. The fans want to see good, solid basketball, and if they don't see it, they're going to boo. It doesn't matter what color you are, whether you're black or white or yellow."

THEY JUST DON'T GET IT: Khalid Abdul Muhammad, foul-mouthed official of the Nation of Islam, is the Typhoid Mary of black racism, spreading it wherever he goes. Just recently, after the opera bouffe in which Louis Farrakhan pretended to discourse him, Khalid appeared at Howard University. His comments were relatively mild, considering what he had said at New Jersey's Kean University several weeks ago, but his mere presence ignited racism in others. During Khalid's appearance, a student named Malik Zulu Shabazz got up and led the audience in this call and response: Who killed Nat Turner? The Jews! Who controls the Federal Reserve? The Jews! University administrators did not discipline student nbrabuz, which is laudable. But at least they could have given the foolish young man some ridicule, a corrective he badly needs.

GAY FOR VIEW: Gay and lesbian shows are turning up on cable TV. There is also Gay Entertainment Television, a New York-based channel dedicated to gay and lesbian program- ming which is now carried in five major cities. Our correspondent Turk Richards has come up with a way to turn the scene "gay" slant" on classic straight T.V. programs: DICKIE VAN DYKE-Lauren Petrie has been outed as a lesbian; she leaves Rob and her son Ritchie to become the domestic partner of Sally Rodgers. Rob questions his own sexual identity and has a brief affair with Buddy Sorrel, who quickly decides that bisexuality is not for him and returns to his faithful wife Pickles.

BRIDGIT LOVES BRIDGIT: Two women from the upper East Side, Bridgit Sullivan and Bridgit Ginsberg meet while on vacation at Fire Island. They fall in love, but find that their in-laws just can't accept having a "mixed marriage" between a Jew and a Shiksa.

DICKIE VAN DYKE—Laura Petrie has been outed as a lesbian; she leaves Rob and her son Ritchie to become the domestic partner of Sally Rodgers. Rob questions his own sexual identity and has a brief affair with Buddy Sorrel, who quickly decides that bisexuality is not for him and returns to his faithful wife Pickles.

BARNEY—A children's show starring Massa- chusetts Congressman Barney Frank, and his former love, prostitute Steven Gobbi. To introduce youngsters to "diverse" relationships, the two men open each show in purple face (after sexual asphyxia) and sing a duet of "I Love You, You Love Me."
Notes of a Sensitivity Training Survivor

By CRAIG T. COBANE II

After dividing us up, the facilitator produced something I had not seen since I was about four years old: Tinker Toys. She gave a bag of them to each group and said we were going to play a "game." The rules were simple: the two groups would have 15 minutes to use the Tinker Toys to build the tallest possible freestanding structure. After completing our Tinker Toy structure, we were then to disassemble it entirely and rebuild it, this time without any verbal communication.

Before we started our group mapped out a strategy: while we were building the structure during the period in which conversation was allowed, one of the members would draw a sketch of it with directions of how we built it for use during the silent portion of the exercise. Someone asked jokingly who could draw and Hilda volunteered. When we started, my group was sitting at a table which was obviously far too wobbly to support our project. Boris suggested that we move it onto the floor and I agreed. Hilda did not like the idea and said that we were taking the game too seriously. The two black students made it clear that they could have cared less what we did.

Throughout the endeavor, whenever Boris and I had a disagreement over construction, it always turned out that they could have cared less what we did. The two black students made it clear that they could have cared less what we did. Boris took over our conversation, I told him that I was new to the department. The other group included two white males (both had several years of experience in this department and tended to be passive), two white women (one very outspoken and the other very submissive) and a black male who did not stay for the whole session.

As the facilitator read off the list of names, she kept looking up at us to associate names with faces. It was obvious upon reflection that she had arranged the groups to provide the object lesson she intended to enforce.
so it was only natural that I would consider only Boris qualified for leadership. "How did you feel, Hilda, when you tried to point out that the structure was not being built according to "the plan" and the two white males just ignored you?" Again, the sensitivity facilitator explained that it was normal for white men to discount the ideas and experience of women and minorities or to place them in positions having little power. It was noteworthy that the white males in the group had delegitated the secretarial role to the white woman in the group, and did not think the two black members worthy of being assigned any task at all.

It was all quite absurd, but I couldn't help trying to explain myself. As I tried to talk, the facilitator kept me from finishing my sentences. She continued to single me out and make references to my past, especially the then-recent death of my father, facts she could only have known if she had been prepped by my Residence Hall Supervisor. At one point, the facilitator invited me to "touch her arm" so I would have the experience of physically contacting a black person. "You do come from an all-white school, don't you?" she taunted. The session descended to its lowest point when she called my deceased father a racist. She made reference to the fact that the death of my father "removed one more racist influence" from my life and stressed the need to "un-teach" all the racist views my family and especially my father had instilled in me. The death of my father, according to "the plan" and the two white males just ignored me, could only admit it was my sentiment exactly. Paralyzed by the irony of that last exhortation, I could only laugh at the absurdity of the situation and the facilitator's statements. Nearly our minds and bodies "purified" and getting us to agree do with learning to say "hello" in Swahili, learning to "appreciate gender differences," I was informed that there were many unfounded stereotypes about men and women, among them that men do better in math, are more competitive and are often chosen as leaders in group work, whereas women suffer from "math anxiety" and favor "less competitive classroom projects." Furthermore, I was told that debating is "a male-oriented teaching style" that functions to "give advantage to some." On the basis of these "facts," I was told that I had an obligation to produce "a class where everyone feels comfortable" that was without "white male bias."

The topic of yet another session was "Cultural Diversity in Teaching." A sizable portion of this session had to do with learning to say "hello" in Swahili, learning to shake hands like a black man, the importance of having our minds and bodies "purified" and getting us to agree that it was "important not to play with words," I was only paralyzed by the irony of that last exhortation, I could only admit it was my sentiment exactly.

Another session I was required to attend centered on "Feminist Issues in Teaching and Learning." During this session I was informed that "higher education, among other things, is sexist and racist," and that "education is aimed at boys" because "boys are number one." I was also told that "objectivity" is a "non-interactive male value." One of the facilitators in this session then described how she was a "survivor" of the educational system, invoking parallels to being a rape survivor. She stressed to the females in the session the importance of "building an underground support group." While conceding the difficulty of graduate school, I had trouble believing it bore any resemblance to rape or to living in Nazi-occupied France.

During this session I was also told that in American society you are "privileged if you have a penis," that "being white no matter how talented gives you an advantage." When a woman in the audience bravely objected to these assertions, saying that she had white male friends who had been turned down for jobs in favor of women, she was jeered and ridiculed by the session leaders, who said she "had been trained well" by the white male system.

I left this session feeling drained. Although I felt abused, I did not know how to describe the experience to myself or to others—until a while later when I saw the resolution of a hostage crisis situation on television. As I watched the faces of the relieved hostages emerging from the small office building where they had been held against their will by a ranting madman, I felt an immediate kinship. I know exactly how you feel, I thought to myself.

CRAIG T. CORANE II is a doctoral student in political science at the University of Cincinnati. A different version of this article appeared in Campus.

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SOMETHING FISHY:
Stanley Walks the Cutting Edge

by DAVID BERLINSKI

A dark Prince of the English department at Duke University has brought his limp literary powers to bear in the defense of multiculturalism, affirmative action, feminism, gay rights and ethnic studies; but the great Army of Indigation to which Stanley Fish now offers his allegiance has already triumphed wherever it has taken the field. Leaping superbly to the canon’s mouth, Fish runs the unaccustomed risk of seeming to leap too late. It is no surprise, then, that the elegant essays that result are informed, they are often sanctified, by an appeal to large but somewhat anachronistic philosophical principles. In his acquired sympathies, Stanley Fish is of the camp given over to language subordinate to a world of facts, it is language that brings facts into being. Those troubled by the turn, Fish acknowledges, take it to imply that “words have no intrinsic meaning, values are relative, rationality is a social construct, everything is political, every premise false.”

But what Fish writes in the course of denying the existence of literal meaning is meaningful in English and not in Farsi, a circumstance that might suggest constraints on interpretation of precisely the sort that Fish thinks nonexistent; by now the point is well known, if not well accepted in its conclusions, regarding them as commonplaces. “There is no such thing as literal meaning,” he buoyantly affirms (italics mine), “a meaning that because it is prior to interpretation can serve as a constraint on interpretation.”

But if what Fish writes in the course of denying the existence of literal meaning is meaningful in English and not in Farsi, a circumstance that might suggest constraints on interpretation of precisely the sort that Fish thinks nonexistent; by now the point is well known, if not well accepted in its conclusions, regarding them as commonplaces. “There is no such thing as literal meaning,” he buoyantly affirms (italics mine), “a meaning that because it is prior to interpretation can serve as a constraint on interpretation.”

Whatever a critic’s position on essentialism, and the thesis yet advocated ardently by the low-browed faithful at Mongahela Community College; elsewhere Fish’s line is apt to elicit only a few inordinately polite murmurers of assent. And for obvious reasons, 1, for one, am completely compelled by the truth that tin is softer than molybdenum, while this is only a part of the truth about tin, it is not necessarily a partial truth, the very form of words suggesting incoherently that a particular truth might, like a Chevrolet Camaro, be broken down into parts, and not even partially a political truth if the political and metallurgical truths are in any reasonable sense distinct. Fish’s animodversions on transcendence thus constitute a clean sweep, with every argument invalid, every premise false. Essentialism represents another tempting but dangerous target. “The essential,” Fish affirms in his preface, “is a rhetorical category whose shape varies with the contingencies of history and circumstance.” Confidence in this familiar declaration, another Mongahela lunchroom staple, does not survive a confrontation with examples, as when one says that the noble and lovely thing answering to the name of Stanley might have been a lawyer rather than a literary critic, but not that he might have been a seal rather than a man, some essential part of what it is to be Stanley having been irrevocably and thus poignantly lost were he to emerge dripping from the waves, sleek fur receding over a phocine head. This judgment appears to owe little either to the contingencies of history or circumstance. Might Fish have been a seal in another time or place? Under other circumstances? It is again a contingent fact that cats do not have pink fur and lack the capacity to crochet sweaters or play the oboe, but not a contingent fact that cats are mammals rather than reptiles or amphibians; it is a part of the essence of literary criticism that it is not dentistry. Whatever a critic’s position on essentialism, and the issue is yet vexed and has long been vexed, the distinctions embodied by these commonly made and intuitively plausible judgments need either to be enforced or, if false, explained convincingly as artifacts. This Fish does not do.

Atheistic on essences, Fish is radical on epistemology, arguing in the course of the otherwise sensible “Being Interdisciplinary is So Very Hard to Do” that knowledge...cannot grasp, or name the grounds of, its possibility, and whenever it thinks it has done so, those grounds are elsewhere than they seem to be... an affirmation calling to mind nothing so much as a fraternity brother’s astonished discovery that try as he might he can never catch sight of his own well upholstered rear end, it swirling as he swivels and all. If the objects of knowledge are propositions, the grounds of any proposition constitute, on one reading of Fish’s assertion, the set of propositions necessary, but not necessarily sufficient, for its truth. The thesis of radical epistemology, then, is that one could never know on pain of infinite regress the set of sentences necessary for every sentence that one knows. This thesis is true so long as no sentence is necessary for itself which is to say not obviously true at all; and indeed, if the truths are taken to be points in the closed unit ball in Euclidean n-space (and concepts expressed by continuous functions), demonstrably false. By Brown’s fixed point theorem, the argument too obvious to bear repeating.

Epistemology is not a strong subject for Fish; but then again neither is ontology or metaphysics. Writing in the book’s introduction about the difference between the sociology of science and science itself, he proposes to let ininterpretable doctrines, like sleeping dogs live where they lie: “Acting scientifically means acting on the assumption of a determinate nature waiting to be described by a neutral observer; acting sociologically means acting on the assumption that nature is socially constructed by the very speech acts of which it is supposedly the cause.” Expounding on this theme, Fish remarks that “it is no longer taken for granted,” and surely not taken for granted by him, that “molecules and quarks come first” in the scheme of things, “and scientists’ models of molecules and quarks come second.” These theses taken literally, it follows that as far as sociologists of science are concerned, a scientific act could bring an elephant into existence (Arne, Dumbo); and that molecules (and the materials they compose) did not exist before the molecular theory of matter—the Cathedral at Chartres thus acquiring, in Fish’s account, its molecular structure eight hundred years after its construction. This is not an intellectual position calculated to inspire confidence. It is Fish’s plangent confession that an older, insufficiently flexible generation of scholars has rejected the interpretive turn because it is unfamiliar; he is sympathetic to their plight: “One cannot blame those who entered the academy thirty years ago for feeling discommodified and dispossessed by developments they could not possibly have predicted...” The cover photograph on his book persuades me that if Fish is not middled aged he is at least a man of certain years, and if he has managed to retain the intellectual sufficiency necessary for a fine appreciation of the interpretive turn it cannot be age alone that keeps the rest of us scoffing on the sidelines.
I
n the title essay of his collection, "There is No Such Thing as Free Speech... and It's a Good Thing, Too," the socially engaged Fish forsakes philosophy in order to argue suavely that it might in some circumstances be a good idea to shut some people up. Who would argue? But those among Fish's many wishes to silence I prepared heedlessly to urge on from the sidelines; those that he encourages I would see silenced as so many public nuisances. Contrary over cases inevitably remains, prompting the corroso-sive suspicion that if there is no agreement on who is to be silenced, it might be the better part of wisdom to leave off silencing anyone. The specific defense of speech, Fish believes, rests on a flabby and unsupported distinction between speech and action. A distinction denied by the evidence and if speech is a species of action it falls, it must fall, under the scope of rules or regulations, speech crime arising at the busy interdiction of a public prohibition and a provocative utterance. It is, of course, trivially true that what a man says is a part of what he does. Contracts are created, hearts are broken, marriages are made on the strength of what a person says, and Fish is alone in perceiving this elementary fact engender a false air of Fish v. Foul, et al. Investigating speech with the attributes of an offense, one with the observation that, like snow upon the desert's dusty face, much that a man says falls quite without effect. Still, if some things are said without effect, others plainly are not; the law recognizes libel, slander, and blackmail, and common sense recognizes as well what Fish earnestly affirms, namely that "speech-related injuries be grievous and steep in taking," even if as offense silence applies to every university campus the objective evidence for offense giver tends to dwindling and then disappear. Cash remains in which offense is both given and taken. No set of specific rules, Fish admits, can inform the deliberations of campus censors addressing racist, sexist, and homophobic speech, but Fish is well disposed in general to a principle of expected utility expressed succinctly by Judge Learned Hand: "[A]sk disposed in general to a principle of expected utility the deliberations of campus censors addressing racist, whatever the ground, if it is to prevent the possibility of the spoils, diversity cannot be a remedy to the black community to a specific, an avowal or declaration carrying the requisite intentional commitment necessary to bring about a crime. But as the circumstances of utterance are fixed, specificity in the form of words unremarkably disappears. Attitudes such as assertion, avowal or declaration take propositional objects, something indicated by their gram.
importance and abiding concern, that is, those who are poor, black, Hispanic, Asian, female, gay, etc. Without his advocacy, Fish is persuaded, class, race, ethnicity and gender may for a moment go unmentioned, a prospect for those familiar with the shape of campus controversies that will seem chillingly preposterous. And as for those who are poor, black, Hispanic, Asian, female and gay, their endless greechery fills the academic presses and campus podiums, striking evidence, if any were needed, that whatever attempts may have been made to exclude these groups from discourse have been tragically unsuccessful.

The position that Fish advocates on the canon is at odds somewhat with his practice, which reveals, as he himself is the first to admit, that whatever the outcome of the debate, he at any rate is not going to get caught teaching feminist hermeneutics to walk-eyed women or spending time reading from the works of various Third World worthies. Nonetheless, Fish is provoked beyond measure by appeals to common grounds in the humanities, by appeals to common anything. "Someone who says to you," he writes, the froth of indignation on his lips, "This is our common ground," is really saying, "This is my common ground, the sub-stratum of assumptions and values that produces my judgment, and it should be yours, too." Addressing essays by Lynn Cheney and George Steiner, and by extension Alan Bloom, Chester Finn, William Bennett and many others, Fish is persuaded that the demand for an uncorrected canon "reflects [nothing more than] the authoritative imposition of one group's very particular tastes in the name of the common and the transcendental." But the categories of the common and the transcendental appear in this quotation algebraically to cancel one another. The burden of Fish's obloquies is carried by his adopted indignation that somewhere, someone's tastes are being imposed on others.

What results is a curiously self-defeating handbacked argument over the canon, since the disagreement over the canon is genuine, it cannot be a matter of taste. Taste causes preferences and preferences may be different without revealing disagreement, the fact that I may prefer Milton to Maya Angelou compatible with the fact that others may prefer Maya Angelou to Milton. If the disagreement is not a matter of taste, then it must be a matter of judgment. But if judgments are in conflict, they cannot all be true on the grounds that inconsistent truths may be upheld by different groups that are inconsistent. Now our judgments are compelling or they are not. It would seem that everyone party to the dispute over the canon is compelled by his or her version of the truth. "No one in the field," Fish pointedly reminds us, "is aligning himself with falsity." But "when the present shape of truth is compelling beyond a reasonable doubt," Fish adds, "it is our moral obligation to act on it and not to defer action in the name of an interpretable future that may never arrive" (my own zestful italics). To act on a judgment is to urge it vigorously on others: "In ordinary contexts," Fish reminds us again, "talk is produced with the goal of trying to move the world in one direction rather than another" (the italics mine again). Moving the world is just what Lynn Cheney, George Steiner, William Bennett, Alan Bloom and Chester Finn are endeavoring to do. And if this is so, then why, for heaven's sake, why is Fish criticizing them since the argument that sustains them is one that Fish has himself lovingly prepared? Fish's indignation, then, is at odds with his argument, so that the two invocations, that indignation and the argument that follows, describe the antipodes of a closed sphere. It is not, then, their advocacy that Fish would dispute, but their intentions or the ways in which they are reached. "What are these truths," he asks, "and how and by whom are they to be identified?" But of these questions, the first is asked rhetorically, since the theses advanced by Cheney and others are well known; and the second is unanswerable on the grounds that no one knows quite how the truth is ever reached. It is the last of these questions that expresses the dessenting Fish, by whom functioning as a way of suggesting that the truths answer-

ing to the first part of the question have been corrupted by a partisan, a political, agenda and so do not count as truths at all.

This is argument by insinuation, to give it a name and assign it to a rhetorical category, and consists in the expectation that a series of slight doubts will sum to a substantial defect. It is evoked in an argumentative form and like so many such arguments, it does not survive a confrontation with a counter-example. Proponents of a core curriculum in arithmetic, to take the obvious case, often stress that the natural numbers follow a certain order and must be arranged in a certain way, so that 10 is indisputably a greater number than six. Greater for whom, one might ask, following Fish? The appropriate answer must surely be that it does not matter. The argument by multiculturalists in favor of a system according to which the number two is followed by many or the denunciation by feminist epidemiologists of a phallocentric number system in which some numbers are greater than others and so function as swollen symbols of patriarchy—these we dismiss as an idiotic irrelevance, whatever the pitch of controversy; correspondingly, the affirmation that 10 is greater than six retains its truth even if made by those who occupy the hot white center of overwhelming political power.

What remains, then, of Fish's argumentative meditatio

n on the great books is his projected sense that there is conflict about the canon, a point trivially true inasmuch as Fish's essay itself contributes to that conflict; but the fact that certain familiar claims about the western tradition have been contested hardly means that they are false.

For the most part, these essays make for good company. I say for the most part because there is one essay in this collection that Stanley Fish will, I am persuaded, remember with a moan of embarrassed dismay. I refer to his attack on Arthur Schlesinger in "Bad Company." In The Disuniting of America, Schlesinger argued for a number of propositions, all of them on the rosy border of common sense: that the achievement of the United States as a multi-ethnic Empire is contingent upon a shared sense of national identity; that the United States in its institutions, its culture, its language, its way of life, its presumed moral universe, is an expression of European culture and that its chief legal and institutional affirmations are Anglo Saxon in their cast and character; that the United States is in its largest aspect a part of western civilization and not the alien civilizations of Africa or the east.

Against this, Fish would argue that Schlesinger's book is in a tradition of turn-of-the-century anti-immigration works such as The Melting Pot Mistake (Henry Pratt Fairchild) or Our Country (Josiah Strong). In the tradition? Not at all. Fish is "arguing for a match at every level, from the smallest detail to the deepest assumptions."

Reality? In what particulars? Fish mentions only three. The works Fish deprecates because in the first instance they are "anti-immigration tracts"; in the second, "anti-Catholic" in their sentiments; and in the third, expressive of "out and out racism."

Anti-immigration? What Schlesinger says is this: "Americans has so long seen itself as the asylum for the oppressed and the persecuted—and has done itself and the world so much good thereby—that any curtailment in immigration offends something in the Americans soul."

Anti-Catholic? There is no mention of the word 'catholic' in the index of Schlesinger's book; the word does not occur essentially in the text. So much for that "match at every level, from the smallest detail to the deepest assumptions."

Racist? What Schlesinger says is: "White settlers had systematically pushed the American Indians back, killed their brave, seized their lands, and sequestered their tribes. They had brought Africans to America to work their plantations and Chinese to build their canals. They had enunciated glittering generalities of freedom and withheld them from people of color. Their Constitution protected slavery, and their laws made distinctions on the basis of race...It occurred to damned few white Americans in these years that Americans of color were entitled to the rights and liberties promised by the Constitution."

In a passage already notorious, Fish asks whether Arthur Schlesinger is a racist. "If you mean by racism," he responds, answering his own question, "the deployment of a vocabulary that avoids racist talk but has the effects of perpetuating racist stereotypes and the institutions that promote them then...Mr. Schlesinger, with his talk of the inevitable Anglo Saxon 'coloring' of the American character and the necessity of sublimating ethnic strains in a true American amalgam, is a shoo-in."

If what Schlesinger has written makes him a racist, all that I can say is, count me in.

I would not leave the reader with the impression that the reprehensible Fish is a representative Fish. The Fish, that I myself have come to treasure is a Fish whose fine sense of the margins of the preposterous, whether in argument or affirmation, is undercut at every occasion by a very human need to determine whether those margins may be crossed without anyone anywhere noticing that anything is amiss. It is thus that Fish recounts his own experiences with affiliation action. Passed over for some high level administrative position, he attributes his bad luck to a preference for minorities or women on the part of the institution that might have hired him. "Although I was disappointed," he writes manfully, "I did not leave the reader with the impression that the reprehensible Fish is a representative Fish. The Fish, that I myself have come to treasure is a Fish whose fine sense of the margins of the preposterous, whether in argument or affirmation, is undercut at every occasion by a very human need to determine whether those margins may be crossed without anyone anywhere noticing that anything is amiss. It is thus that Fish recounts his own experiences with affiliation action. Passed over for some high level administrative position, he attributes his bad luck to a preference for minorities or women on the part of the institution that might have hired him. "Although I was disappointed," he writes manfully, "I did not leave the reader with the impression that the reprehensible Fish is a representative Fish. The Fish..."
A
fter the question "Who killed Vince Foster?" became the hottest topic among Washington's chattering classes these days is the "coming out" of David Brock, the conservative investigative journalist whose best-selling book, The Real Anita Hill, exposed a liberal icon as a fraud and whose recent reporting has shed new light on Bill Clinton's sexual pecadillos and the private lives of both Clintons. More than a month after Brock openly proclaimed his homosexuality on the pages of the Washington Post's Style section, the story is still generating copy.

There are, of course, several interesting angles to the story. Was Brock "outed," as he claims, by the New York Times's Frank Rich with the connivance of The New Yorker's Sidney Blumenthal? Why has the self-proclaimed "sensitive" mainstream press, which usually portrays homosexuality as an oppressed virtue, used Brock's sexual preference/orientation as a means of tarnishing his reputation? And what do conservatives, generally thought to be "homophobic" or anti-gay, think about one of their most celebrated and respected reporters coming out?

For many on the right, Rich's column of sexual innuendo about Brock and the consequences that followed it were simply attempts by the liberal press to bring down America's hottest conservative voice this side of Rush Limbaugh and the only investigative journalist of note on the right. Furthermore, as a young man, Brock seemed to have his best years ahead of him and seemed also to have enough of the right stuff when it came to journalistic digging to someday become a conservative Bob Woodward.

The improbability of David Brock seems even more striking when one realizes that he graduated from that mecca of radicalism, the University of California at Berkeley, where he was editor of the daily student newspaper. In 1986, Brock left Berkeley for Washington, D.C., to take a job as a reporter for Insight magazine, a small-circulation conservative weekly affiliated with The Washington Times. Then came a stint as a fellow at the Heritage Foundation, where he spent a couple of years writing freelance articles for The American Spectator and began work on a book about Congress.

Then, as Brock puts it, the Anita Hill story fell into his lap. What he thought was a routine assignment instead bloomed into a blockbuster. His article "The Real Anita Hill" painted a very different portrait of Clarence Thomas's former assistant from the one that had appeared in the mainstream press. It was a profile of a woman who was both weak and calculating, a woman who had her own agenda and showed herself to be just another of the tools of others. (The article revealed for the first time that the original leaks about charges of sexual harassment originated with the staff members working under Democratic Senators on the Judiciary Committee.) That issue of the Spectator soon sold out, and when Rush Limbaugh began to read sections of the article on his radio show the magazine began printing reprints by the truckload.

Brock was literally the only investigative reporter to cast a suspicious eye on Hill and the only one to dig at the information buried behind and beneath her relationship with Thomas. Rather than earning him respect, his article made him plenty of enemies among the country's journalistic elite. But then, the Spectator could be written off as, in Katie Couric's words, "a far-right-wing radical journal," so he wasn't seen as too much of a threat. The networks and the mainstream press pretty much ignored his revelations both about Hill herself and about the process of confirming a Supreme Court nominee. But then Brock went a step farther and turned the article into a book by the same title. The reporting was solid; the case Brock made about Hill was strong; he spent several weeks (The Real Anita Hill has sold over 170,000 copies to date and will soon be in paperback.) David Brock could no longer be ignored.

The establishment media did its best at first to freeze the story on it. All of sudden David Brock was everywhere, front-page stories to C-SPAN. Having followed up and exceeded the success of his Anita Hill reporting, Brock had established himself as the hottest conservative in the country. But despite the sensational nature of what has come to be known as "Troopergate," ("Fornigate," ) Brock was still treated with a measure of disdain or disrespect by his fellow journalists.

His appearance on Nightline was perhaps typical. Brock was paired with Sidney Blumenthal, a former senior editor of The New Republic who is now Washington editor of The New Yorker (whose anti-Brock bias had been proved by the unorthodox book review of The Real Anita Hill earlier in the year). In an amazing display of hubris and doubletalk, Blumenthal said of Brock, "He's a young right-wing writer—I hesitate to call him a journalist." Blumenthal, repeating what had become the standard response to Brock's revelations about Clinton, stated that since Brock worked for a publication with political motives, his reporting was therefore to be taken with a grain of salt. "There are political motives and political forces behind that ought to be considered," said Blumenthal of the Trooper story.

Clearly there is a double standard being applied here, which is characteristic of left journalism. Forget for a moment his own blatantly partisan reporting for both The New Yorker and The New Republic. Blumenthal himself has been caught allowing "political motives" to influence his credibility. Last year, The Wall Street Journal reported that while he was covering the 1994 presidential campaign, Blumenthal wrote at least one speech for Democratic candidate Gary Hart.

Brock doesn't let attacks by people like Blumenthal get to him. "As long as I feel comfortable with the facts that I report, I don't let the criticism and personal attacks bother me," he says. "I'm a reporter, an investigative journalist, and the standard by which I measure myself and by which others ought to measure me is whether or not I get the facts right."

But rock first heard rumors about his sexual orientation just after the release of the Anita Hill book. In fact, he had never done much in his lifestyle or stay "in the closet" in the first place. He simply refused— unlike other gay writers—to mingle his personal life with his professional, and so it remained his personal life. In any case, the rumors subsided. But then came his耦 with the Trooper story and the Frank Rich column in the New York Times, which led to his eventual declaration that he was gay in a story in the Washington Post. According to Brock, "After I went with the Trooper story," says Brock, "I thought about the sex angle and the Anita Hill stuff, and I figured that someone, somewhere, would begin to talk about my sexual orientation." Did he consider not running the story to protect his privacy? "Only for the briefest of moments," according to Brock. "After all, aside from hurting me personally, what my enemies really want is for me to shut up. And I wasn't going to assist them in that effort."

Expecting the issue to come up in the days after the
recently criticized Brock, saying, "Shame on him for having been critical of Brock for being gay. Paul has complained about having his sexual orientation re-covered as a macho image of abstinence: 'tall and trim, with the kind of physique that can "get away with murder."' The revelation that Brock is a homosexual has indeed sent shock waves through just about every segment of the political community. Most liberal pundits and columnists have blasted Brock for complaining about having his sexual orientation revealed while he made his career and reputation reporting on the sex lives of other public figures. Conservatives have countered that the original critique of Brock was that he reported on irrelevant aspects of his subjects' lives—their sexuality—and that his ability to do so has been used against him, these same liberals are more than happy to use it to discredit Brock.

Certain fringe elements of the conservative movement have been critical of Brock for being gay. Paul Cameron, head of the Family Research Institute, recently criticized Brock, saying, "Shame on him for coming out of the closet." For the most part, however, conservatives have said, "So what?" And that attitude, according to Brock, is one of the reasons he's always been attracted to the conservative movement and conservative principles. "I've always felt more comfortable with conservatives," he says, "because they generally have an attitude that judges a person based on his individual abilities and accomplishments. For the most part, conservatives can be against the radical homosexual agenda as a general principle yet still respect, admire and work with gay individuals."

Brock says he's been deluged by requests to discuss his sexuality from the gay and mainstream press. He has refused every one of them except the original Washington Post story. Why? "They all wanted me to discuss 'gay issues,'" says Brock, "and if I just don't want to be marginalized as a 'gay writer' or a 'gay conservative.' I do have opinions on, say, gays in the military or gay marriage. I will not discuss them publicly, because they have no bearing on what I do: investigative reporting."

Despite having his personal life dragged through the media, David Brock is on top of the world. Coverage of his Troopergate scoop has made him the most sought after conservative commentator around. He has an audience awaiting his next investigative project with anticipation (and enemies who await it with fear and trembling). And while he handles himself superbly on television, Brock insists that he has no interest in the world of punditry. "I just want to be a journalist," he maintains. "I'd love to spend the rest of my life as an investigative reporter, writing books every few years."

Is there a book on the Clintons in his future? "There's certainly a couple of books' worth of material there," says Brock, "but I don't know if I'm going to write one." One thing is for certain: his enemies have failed if they thought they could intimidate Brock. He has no plans to leave the Spectator; and he has no plans to stay away from controversial stories.

WHY JOANIE CAN'T ADD continued from page 1

Anne Bryant, to crow in fractured syntax (intonationally proving that, for some women, English class was no breeze either): "It's a wake-up call to manufacturers that there's a greater sensitivity for toys not to continue stereotypes." Women probably do not have an inherent dislike for stuffed toys, but radical feminists certainly suffer from a fatal attraction to flawed statistics and sloppy thought that gives the whole of the second sex a bad name with questionable results of its own. In fact, hatred for mathematics—and its near-relative, logic—is virtually the only thing that the various movements that make tip the left wing in America have in common anymore.

My favorite example comes from a lesbian feminist named Victoria Brownworth. She recently wrote a column in the Philadelphia Gay News in which she repeated a historical example that is apparently making the rounds among phallophobes these days. This example is intended to prove that male homosexuals can be just as promiscuous as homosexuals. "There were on the streets of London on the day Victoria was crowned queen, three prostitutes for every man in England," Brownworth wrote.

Whew! Let's subject that sentence to a little remedial math. First, we'll assume that the Earth's population had in those days roughly the same number of men as women. It becomes obvious that even if every female in the nation, from babies to octogenarians, had been used up like Madonna and planted on street corners, the hooker-to-man ratio could not have exceeded 1 to 1. Virtually the entire female populations of France and Holland would have had to be imported to reach that ratio. And more than four times the entire female populations of France and Holland utilized in one day to become comparable to male citizens. But odds are that only about a quarter of the males in England would have been in London on that day, so the hookers would have outnumbered their potential clients by about 12 to 1. Is it any wonder that, after wading through this crowd, Victoria would go on to usher in an era of prudery? The appalling thing about such idiocies is that not that someone has uttered them, but that they can be gazed upon by editors and read by the public and never questioned. A classic example occurred when the great thinkers of the American feminist movement I rose as one to declare Naomi Wolf's book, The Beauty Myth, a masterpiece. Wolf's central assertion is that American women are starving themselves into anorexia in an attempt to attain an ideal of beauty forced on them by the white male establishment. Great theme, but unfortunately no such trend exists. Nutrition experts regularly survey the American population to determine rates of anorexia and bulimia. The best such surveys show the numbers holding steady at below 2 percent of American women.

But the facts aren't even speed bumps to Wolf's rush to judgment. She spews number after number until she convinces herself that the majority of American females are dangerously thin. (Hasn't this woman ever been to a K-mart?!) Four out of five female college students suffers from either anorexia or bulimia, she tells us—contrary to all evidence. Of her absurd statistics, here's my favorite: "The United Kingdom now has 3.5 million anorexics or bulimics (95 percent of them female), with 6,000 new cases yearly."

Nice try, Naomi. But if Britain is accumulating anorexics and bulimics at the paltry rate of 6,000 yearly, it would take 583 years to reach a total of 3.5 million. The only way the country could have reached that total is by adding up virtually every anorexic woman who had trod English soil since the signing of the Magna Carta. Anorexia must lead, not to an early death, but to immortality.

The idea that any warm, fuzzy sentiment is entitled to uncritical acceptance certainly is not unique to the women of the left. Mush-minded males are equally guilty. A recent Harris Poll made the claim that one in 10 American youths between the ages of 10 and 19 had fired a gun at someone. The poll was funded by a gun-control group that has the rather Orwellian goal of "transforming gun violence from a criminal issue to a public health emergency." (Doc, I'm feeling depressed. Can I get a prescription for an AK-47?) Louis Harris himself was quoted as saying the poll was scientific. He didn't say what sort of science, however. Alchemy? Astrology? The most recent census reports that there are about 35 million, youths in the 10-19 age group. Ten percent of 35 million is 3.5 million. But the FBI reports that only about 3,000 homicides are committed yearly by youths 10 through 19 years of age; in other words about 3,497,000; kids must have shot and missed. This indicates that Mr. Harris's pollster* forgot to ask an important follow-up
question to all those 10-year-olds who claimed to have shot at someone: "No, I mean with a real gun?" Harris claimed the poll had a 3-percent margin of error. The actual margin of error was approximately 116,500 percent. Details, more details.

Remember how the newspapers used to jump all over every inaccuracy in the public utterances of Ronald Reagan? The same editors touted this poll as if Mr. Harris had brought down his figures from Mt. Sinai. Virtually any assertion that supports liberal goals seems to go unexamined in the press. A good example from the gay liberation debate is the argument, unquestioned in the media, that gays are no more likely than heterosexuals to be child molesters. The logic goes like this: Most child molesters are heterosexuals. Therefore, heterosexuals are more likely to molest children than homosexuals, homophobic propaganda notwithstanding.

Amazingly, this fallacy has won general acceptance. A Colorado judge even cited it in throwing out the results of a statewide referendum that would have banned the granting of civil rights based on sexual orientation. It is, however, total nonsense. Most child molesters are heterosexual for an obvious reason: Most people are heterosexual. The only way to answer the question of whether gays are more prone to pederasty is to determine if they commit the crime out of proportion to their numbers.

To answer that question, you first have to determine what percentage of the population is homosexual. According to data assembled by a study of Psychological Reports, this figure is probably about 2 percent and certainly not more than 4 percent. Next, you have to ask what percentage of child molestation are homosexual in nature. If that number exceeds 4 percent, gays would seem to be more prone to pederasty. Studies of arrests in various jurisdictions show that, on average, 40 percent of those charged with child molestation are homosexual. At that rate, homosexuals are about 16 times more likely to be prosecuted for pederasty than heterosexuals.

This conclusion is obvious from the data, but anyone voicing it would immediately be labeled "homoephobe" (an absurd term that, reduced to its Greek roots, means literally "afraid of sameness") or, if one prefers an English/Greek etymology, "afraid of homos"). However, facts are neutral. They have no ideological content. Fundamentalist Christians might argue that a homosexual tendency to pederasty would prove that all gays should be thrown in jail. Conversely, the North American Man-Boy Love Association might, and in fact does, argue that pederasty is an essential part of gay life and should have full legal protection. In either case, the facts don't change (though the fact that NAMBLA is a member in good standing of the American Psychological Association might, and in fact does, argue that pederasty would prove that all gays should be thrown in jail).

The forces of political correctness have created an atmosphere in America in which certain facts simply cannot be mentioned. Perhaps a thorough study of the subject would prove that the average, well-adjusted gay person is indeed no more likely to commit pederasty than the average, well-adjusted hetero. We'll never know; the subject simply can't be examined.

It's no wonder the left's current target is Western I culture itself. Beginning with Plato, Western culture A has been organized around the idea that the world can be understood through reason. It's, however, total nonsense. Western culture itself. Beginning with Plato, Western culture A

HETERODOXY

MATH TEST

2+2=

Name:
Class:

There's something of a feeling that people who are good at math are sort of idiot savants who don't really know what they are doing. "In general, I find people don't make arguments anymore. They don't say, "This is what I believe, and this is why I believe it." They say, "This is what I feel." I'm not much for conspiracy theories, but if there's a grassy mound in all this, one of the shadowy figures standing on it must be Im Magazine. Magazine played a pivotal role in developing higher education in America. In the '60s, Magazine led the fight at Brown University to end requirements that students take such courses as math, science and foreign languages. This trend swept the nation. Magazine is now asking Americans to accept on faith a 1,342-page health reform package with a math problem on every page. (Can you say "value-added tax"? ) And up there on the knoll next to Im Magazine is that three-letter organization of government employees whose power-grabbing schemes reach into virtually every area of American life. Now, I'm not talking about the CIA; it is the NEA that I have in mind. The National Education Association (with its wholly-owned subsidiary, the Democratic Party) continues to resist all efforts to improve American education. Their idea of reform is still tied to the '60s cliché of relevance. The mere mention of school choice drives them nuts, but come up with a curriculum that states the Mayans invented the toaster oven and they'll gladly parrot it. In one study of America's competitiveness in education, our ninth-graders came out 146 of 17 nations, tied with kids in Singapore and Thailand. In another, the best schools in the Minneapolis area turned out to be about equal to the worst in comparable cities in Asia.

In short, we are a nation of morons, especially our teachers. One survey of high school seniors found that those who intended to major in education averaged just 845 on the combined SAT. You can score 845 on the SAT by answering correctly just 56 of a total of 145 questions, or slightly under 39 percent. Get a degree in education (another "science" that, unlike Marxism, still awaits its debunking), and you've got a job for life—"as long as you don't get caught having sex with the kids," as one teacher told me. That sounds incredible, but it's true. The NEA has been so successful in winning tenure for even the most incompetent of teachers that the basic qualification for teaching in the U.S. these days is not academic achievement but a disinterest in pederasty.

All this bothers the American left not a bit. They have come flush up against the reality that the best-laid plans of mice and women can't change human nature. Rationality didn't work, so they're trying irrationality. Liberal beliefs have descended to the level of the mantra; it's not whether the words make any sense, what matters is that you mouth them often and with enthusiasm. Chant "AIDS doesn't discriminate" enough and people will ignore the statistics that show AIDS is the most discriminating contagious disease in American history. It's reached the point where anyone who introduces facts into a discussion is automatically labeled a right-winger.

The good news about this turn away from the rational is that it may mark the death of the American Left. The '60s activists are now facing the doom brought about by their own success. They dumbed down American education to such a degree that an impenetrable like Naomi Wolf could graduate from Yale and go on to become a leading intellectual on the left. One problem: when she became leading, she started wavering in her leftist commitments; now she's writing articles for Glamour magazine, saying how she really likes men after all, and she was recently listed in Esquire magazine as one of a new wave of "do-me" feminists. But who can blame her for her ideological meandering? No one knows what the left is anymore. In the early part of this century, leftists made the world tremble. They took over nations, raised huge armies and changed lives by the millions, often by ending them. But the leftist movement these days has taken on the air of a bitch session in a college dorm. Naomi wants to be able to staff herself with prime rib and Twinkies and still be desirable to men. It's hard to think of a government program that could grant that wish.

Militant gays, meanwhile, want to make the Army more like the Village People; again this sounds like a difficult goal. Black intellectuals want to have a racial memory of having built the pyramids; perhaps NASA can start work on a time machine.

Unlike Lenni's, the modern left's agenda can't be achieved by the simple expedient of eliminating a few inconvenient souls. Barbie was right: Math class is tough, and the left is getting a failing grade, although it is the rest of us who get the report card.

PAUL MULSHINE is a writer living in New Jersey.
Sensuality.

communications, and Ph.D. degrees in "Lifestyles" and Bachelor's and Master's degrees in the humanities and since 1979 the Golden State has approved More to grant private Postsecondary and Vocational Education verifies, with Vic. "The most unique thing about More is that it tion of the Human Nervous System" and "A Weekend sic Hexing," "Aphrodisia," "Mutual Pleasurable Stimula-

program.

Diego has not been trying to revive arcane '60s life-

received their professional training. This group in San

requisites and three grand," Jackie Van Sinderen, More's

group in San Diego has not been trying to revive arcane '60s life-

This wins him a laugh.

"Victor Baranco, it emerges, is the founder of More University in Lafayette, California, the institution where the hosts of this "Mark Group" and several of the participants in the session received their professional training. This group in San Diego has not been trying to revive arcane '60s life-

According to recent descriptions, More University's founder, Victor Baranco, 59, stands six-foot-two and weighs some 300 pounds. He is currently living in Hawaii where he has faced drug charges. He is not approachable.

"Dr. Baranco talks to people who have the proper requisites and three grand," Jackie Van Sinderen, More's Dean of Instruction, told the Contra Costa Times. She was referring to a More University course, "Audience with Victor Baranco," which costs a cool $3,000. When Times reporter Michael Hytha travelled all the way to "Dr." Baranco's hideaway in Pupukea, Hawaii, he found himself confronted by a bare-chested bodyguard named Sam, who was polishing a white Cadillac in front of Baranco's purple house and who warned, "Vic doesn't like to speak with reporters." Yet as with the presidents of more conventional universities, Baranco has a curriculum vitae, however much he tries to hide it.

More's founder was born Wilbert V. Baranco in Oakland in 1934, the son of a black jazz pianist and a Jewish woman named Florida Mae. Baranco has claimed he was a gifted child but drummed out of Hebrew school because of "the black thing." He has also claimed he played in the 1954 Rose Bowl, but unfortunately Cal's squad didn't go to the Bowl that year at low prices, got hippies to fix them up, then resold or rented the places at

Millionaire, a television program from the '50s in which a man of means gives away $1 million to a strange in each episode. Another influence came from the Lloyd Douglas novel, Magnificent Obsession, in which a character gives away the family fortune to the needy. Baranco established Turn On To America (TOTA), as Felton describes it, "to collect government and foundation funds for alcoholics, nonplaceable foster children and paroles."

Baranco acquired the 16-acre Lafayette spread currently houses More University in 1968. The grounds feature a main residence and houses, a studio, a house trailer, some shanties, tennis courts and assorted junk cars. The buildings are all painted a bright purple because that was the favorite color of Baranco's first wife Suzanne, whom he married in 1959. They bore two children then divorced in 1976. Suzanne, however, continued to live on the Lafayette property, which neighbors call the "Purple Palace" and journalist have dubbed "Fuck U.," a tag that fits in ways other than curriculum.

The campus features a lookout tower and guard-

houses at each entrance. Armed guards guard the property and signs warn: "No trespassing, unless you want your feelings hurt" and "Only cowards commit suicide slowly."

Members of More's paying student body arrive in purple Cadillac limousines and get around on campus in golf carts, which travel on paths paved with carpet remants.

A 1978 More course catalog explains that the school was established in 1967 to "expand the physical, spiritual and intellectual capacities, with tolerance for all apparent alien encounters." But the prophet of responsible hedo-

nism found that, even in swinging California, tolerance has limits. In 1978, according to the Contra Cost Times, the county sued and got a court order prohibits more than five unrelated people from living on the property. Baranco simply moved classes elsewhere, then moved
them back when a court of appeals overturned the ban.

Also in 1979, Contra Costa County health officials reported that a three-year-old girl contracted gonorrhea while on the Lafayette property. No charges were brought, but the parents, who lived on campus, agreed to a $3,500 settlement with the county. That same year, Contra Costa sheriff's investigators said they had evidence that four men sexually molested two girls and a boy and that there had been illegal drug use at More. For reasons that remain unclear, the sheriff's called off the investigation, and there were no arrests or charges.

That same year, during the apostasy of alternative lifestyles under Governor Jerry Brown, Baranco applied to the California Department of Education for approval, which the state granted in 1979 despite the troubling sexual incidents. More University could now award academic degrees.

According to Darlene Laval, who headed the state council that reviewed More in 1980, all one needed to do for approval at that time was show that they had a certain amount of money and a library, or access to one, "and that was about it." There was no review of the school's faculty, facilities, or curricula. State approval doubtless raised Baranco's self-esteem, even as it enhanced More's recruiting prospects. (Werner Erhard of EST fame even attended a Baranco class.) But approval did not eliminate the school's public-relations problems.

Dr. Marc Hirsch had been serving as the head of More's Department of Medical Science. In 1980, California's Board of Medical Quality Assurance revoked Hirsch's license on the grounds that he had been prescribing excessive amounts of narcotics and mood-altering drugs. The same year Hirsch married Victor Baranco's ex-wife, Suzanne.

During 1981-82, More filed three lawsuits against the Contra Costa Times, which found the university a lively topic. Although all three suits were dismissed, the school's fondness for legal action was not diminished. Court records show that Baranco has been involved in nine lawsuits over property rights, including a long struggle with his own parents. The university recently filed a libel suit against the San Francisco Chronicle, which dubbed the school an "Academy of Carnal Knowledge." Still another suit involved Contra Costa County. During this tiff, More lawyer and longtime resident Richard Ryland said, "We'll consider suing everyone." After the suits against the Times were dismissed, More continued its affair with little publicity. Indeed, few people in the Bay Area know such a place exists, even though it operates a sort of extension campus in the purple residences owned by Baranco. The Times has also reported that in 1990 More reported total income of $958,140, from UCLA and 14 from More. The state lists More's destinations in the various entities housed at More control $1.7 million in non-profits including "Turn On To America" and "The Private Sector," which both deal with the homeless. To the Institute of Human Abilities Baranco has added Humore Inc., the real estate company in charge of the East Bay properties. Both Humore and the institute are run from a property on Pursen Lane in Lafayette, one of several residences owned by Baranco. The Times has also reported that in 1990 More reported total income of $958,140, though it is not clear what came from where.

Baranco's charitable impulses, some reporters discovered, did not extend to his parents. According to state officials, More's entire doctoral program will set a student back $43,200. That same year, during the apotheosis of alternative lifestyles under Governor Jerry Brown, Baranco applied to the California Department of Education for approval, which the state granted in 1979 despite the troubling sexual incidents. More University could now award academic degrees.

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11 of More's courses were designed by Victor Baranco, who has described the "mutual stimu-:ion" program as "making friends with another crotch." The Expansion of Sexual Potential includes a two-week stay at Lafayette and costs $16,800. According to state officials, More's entire doctoral program will set a student back $43,200.

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mid-1980s, California had tightened its rules for private post-secondary education. A team of educational inspectors were preparing for their first trip to the purple palace, completely unaware of what they would find.

"It was an eye-opener," says Darlene Laval, who chaired the state's regulatory council for five years and now works for the Department of Education as a consultant. In 1986 she and two colleagues spent two memorable days at More.

"We went there to talk with Vic," says Laval. "I said we need to talk to Vic, only to learn that he was "too busy.""

To maintain approved status, schools must send in a lengthy self-study. More's version said in one place: "Equipment to take to class: a towel, a mirror, and all body parts." This caused review team member Roz Elms, who earned her Ph.D. at U.C. Berkeley, to crack, "Doesn't that discriminate against the handicapped?" When she learned of the "Weekend with Vic" course, Elms asked, "Is there a ward within which they said the classes were in?" Aware of past complaints against the school, the team wanted to see the nursery. They were told that it was closed that day because a child had fallen and was "on the verge of dying." But a staffer did let them see one building that contained a state-of-the-art video studio with a gynecological table as its centerpiece.

The inspection team wanted to see the classrooms and attend sessions. They were told they couldn't. In fact, says Laval, "Vic said none were being held. They said the classes were in the Classroom." Aware of past complaints against the school, the team wanted to see the nursery. They were told that it was closed that day because a child had fallen and was "on the verge of dying." But a staffer did let them see one building that contained a state-of-the-art video studio with a gynecological table as its centerpiece.

"My mind dropped," says Laval. She and Elms, imaginations running wild, asked about the purpose of the table. They were told that this was where Vic "did his sessions" in front of the student body. As Laval recalls, "They had a library of tapes of things like Vic's birthday party. There were hundreds of tapes, in order and labeled. This was the only library we found at the place."

Neither was there any required reading... The team asked to see financial records. Such information was not available, they were told. "There was not one verification for any of the faculty," says Laval. "Vic told us that he had none being held. They said the classes were in the Classroom." Aware of past complaints against the school, the team wanted to see the nursery. They were told that it was closed that day because a child had fallen and was "on the verge of dying." But a staffer did let them see one building that contained a state-of-the-art video studio with a gynecological table as its centerpiece.

Those described as the campus' "elite" lived on the third floor of a "downtown dorm," according to Hyland. But they did learn that the elite enjoy the services of male servants dressed in skimpy costumes, which they use for "sweating" and to rsolve problems.

"Fever," was the term used. "Do you want clean underwear?" someone asked. Leider, says that More has learned of the records of More's non-profits in Sacramento, says that More receives generating the state of the art video studio.

The reporters were the only female visitors in a room full of guys they didn't know, many smoking and drinking beer. The room spent much of the night playing cards and bailed out early the next morning.

John Koopman of the Contra Costa Times followed up on his earlier discovery by attending a Basic Sensuality course with three other students: a dentist, an engineer and a veterinarian. The teacher was Joe Hills, who had the class talk about male and female genitalia and masturbation. He also asked them to strip and use mirrors to take a "visual inventory of [their] bodies." Homework questions asked whether they would have sex with men, midgets, paraplegics and animate. The course included a "do date," which, according to Koopman, "usually consists of one person masturbrating the other."

When Dan Reed of the San Francisco Chronicle went to the More campus, they ushered him into a room with a conference table across from the Van Sinderen menage a trois. More staffers videotaped the entire interview, during which one of the scantily clad maids brought in water.

Reed discovered that More uses its own currency, called "scrup," which is redeemable for cash at a Malls of Milled" packs embossed with the university seal, but which now resembles Monopoly money and is called "Karma Molecules."

Allan Steele, a hypnototherapist from Coral Gables, Florida, who treats sexual disorders, said he and his wife Rochelle paid $47,500 to the university for doctorate courses. "While I was living on campus there was enormous pressure to use illegal drugs, including the availability to purchase illegal drugs," Steele wrote in an April 5, 1992, letter to the California Council for Private Postsecondary Education. "They also engage in prostitution..."

The agency currently charged with protecting Californians from educational fraud is the Council for Private Postsecondary and Vocational Education (CPPVE), established in 1991, as its "fact sheet" notes, "the institution breach its contract with the students."

The state considers the task of protecting consumers from educational fraud so important that it pays the college and the council's director, Rochelle Baranco, a handsome $82,000 a year plus benefits. Other professional staff earn in the $60,000 range. As those who try to contact them will verify, these people spend a lot of time away from their desks or flying around the country to confer with... But although it has taken stands on issues involving race, and gender and multiculturalism in other institutions, the CPPVE has, to date, done nothing about More.

"California is much more tolerant than the rest of the United States," explains the council's Ken Miller. "If something is legitimately new and innovative, they let it go ahead." Miller is vaguely aware of the sexual nature of the courses but allows that there has been "lots of research with Masters and Johnson." He has not visited the campus.

More's removal has been a topic in the American Council on Education, which has refused to give the university a "business as usual" letter of encouragement to use illegal drugs, including the offering of bona fide instruction by qualified faculty and the appropriate assessment of students' achievement prior to, during and at the end of its program. Further there are "tuition refund formulas" that "the institution breach its contract with the students."

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What is most disturbing about this reductionist, and thus winning film Wicked West have, recently emerged in revisionist versions advance the population's physical well-being and to what primitive harmony and the simplistic notion of relativism on "Pleistocene Overkill." Also left out of Sale's picture of and the camel, in large part due to the hunting practices of the pict pre-contact Indians as members of idyllic "primal Columbus, and thus against Western Civilization. Sale de-

characteristic of the thinking and rhetoric of the cultural left are two sharply opposed social types. On the one hand there are small scale, face-to-face folk communities that are inherently harmonious, stable and satisfying to their members, while on the other there is Western Civilization which is inherently alienating, vicious and rapacious, a society that demeans its members, while on the other there is Western inherently harmonious, stable and satisfying to small scale, face-to-face folk communities that are

The crude stereotypes of the Noble Savage and the Wicked West have, recently emerged in revisionist versions of the western. A striking example is the Academy Award-winning film Dances with Wolves. This story of a deferent from civilization who finds primal happiness among the Sioux tells us far more about trendy Hollywood in the 1990s than it ever could about the real Plains Indians of the 1860s. What is most disturbing about this reductionist, and thus misrepresentative, image of culture and history is that it is gaining ground in our educational institutions under the rubrics of "diversity" and "multiculturalism."

The scholarly discipline best positioned to debunk this stereotype is social and cultural anthropology. Yet because anthropologists are caught up in a folk culture of their own, they often preach the need for "cultural sensitivity" that is often received for the enjoyment of cultural flesh. Other tribes were repulsed by the custom and eventually joined together against the Tonkawa in a war in which half the Tonkawa population was slain. Cannibalism was therefore far from adaptive for those who practiced it. Human sacrifice is another custom that is hard to justify. Edgerton gives the example of a chief named Ne-

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Robert B. Edgerton

Sick Societies: Challenging the Myth of Primitive Harmony

By Glynn Custred Maxwell

Macmillan International, 278 pp., $24.95
Ellie Susstraum has been awarded first prize in the Sixth Paolo Casorti International Cello Competition. The thirty-six-year-old woman is the oldest person ever to have won the prestigious quadrennial contest since its inception in 1970.

At Carnegie Hall today, Ms. Susstraum was presented with fifty thousand dollars and the use of the Stradivari cello, that the Paolo Casorti Foundation lends to the winner for the four-year period between competitions. The foundation will also finance her future New York Philharmonic debut.

Ms. Susstraum’s inspiring journey to the winner’s circle was an arduous one, following her near-miraculous recovery from injuries sustained in an accident six years ago. At that time, Ms. Susstraum was a doctoral student in ethnomusicology at the Grove School of Music at Manhattan University. For her thesis she had undertaken to learn to play every musical instrument native to Uzbekistan prior to the Second World War and to write a book of instruction for each one in the hope of stimulating the physical needs. Since her left arm can no longer open out freely to have a cello customized to suit her unusual temperament to conform to these external standards, the very act of forcing people of artistic temperament to conform to these external standards could be a cause of severe stress. The panel also concluded that judgement of more subjective matters such as beauty of tone and interpretation were likely to be too vague, promoting confusion in the young musicians who could never be sure exactly what was expected of them. The panel also found that any of these factors could be affected by a participant’s state of mind, health or preparedness, giving an unfair advantage to those who had slept well the night before the competition. Likewise, inequalities of physique, talent and musical training could favor the physically or musically gifted and the financially well-off. Accordingly, when this year’s competition was announced, no criteria for entry were given. The sole requirement was submission of an essay entitled “Why I Want to Enter the Sixth Paolo Casorti International Cello Competition.”

From among the 3,000 entrants, 30 semi-finalists were chosen at random and given the option of playing a recital. The atmosphere was electric at Carnegie Hall last evening when Ms. Susstraum was declared the winner after a paper bearing her name was drawn from a fishbowl containing the names of all 30 semi-finalists. In addition to making history as the oldest winner of the first non-competition contest, Ms. Susstraum is also making history as the first winner of the Paolo Casorti International Cello Competition who has never actually played the cello.

“Getting hit by that cab was the best thing that ever happened to me,” Ms. Susstraum said in an interview in the green room today. “It gave me graphic proof that the most important thing in life is to pursue one’s dream no matter how impossible it may seem.”

JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER’S last piece appeared in our January issue.