I struggled with part-time work for almost a year after Ronald Reagan had left Washington in 1988. I was a movement conservative and, while there had been great accomplishments made during the last eight years, there was now a sense of letdown. George Bush, as Lloyd Bentsen might have said, was no Ronald Reagan. But by 1990 my friends convinced me to come back into the arena. They wanted me to become a field director to recruit and develop activists in one of the largest states in the Union. They were excited, and so was I, about my full-time return to the conservative movement. Communism would soon collapse, and much of the world would turn to Reagan's vision of international democratic capitalism. We had set out to change the course of the nation; instead we changed the world. It was so

Joseph died happy.

His name was Joseph. He and I were very close. I had wanted him to be my lover, but he treated me like a brother. Still, there was a pleasure simply in being confidants.

"I won't abandon you," I told Joseph. "This is your Calvary Hill. I won't abandon you." For the next 18 months I took care of him and eased him into death. His passing came at about the same time as our victory in Desert Storm. Joseph was proud to be a veteran of the military, just as I was. He was glad to have lived to see our victory in Desert Storm. Joseph was my lover, but he treated me like a brother. We were very close. I had wanted him to be my full-time return to the con-

From the New Masses to the New University

WHO INVENTED POLITICAL CORRECTNESS?

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

As a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle, the country's tenth largest daily newspaper, I must regularly deal with clichés, fantasies, and urban legends. I have encountered them far more frequently than I care to recall, from the mouths of interviewees, as well as in other reporters' copy.

Clichés especially are part of the landscape of every newsroom. You get used to them. Even so, the appearance of a new cliché, if it is silly enough, still has the power to surprise, even to stun.

One example would be the notion, circulating widely among the lumpen intelligentsia that infest media and academia, which holds that "political correctness" (understood as a rigid standard of virtue based on a prescribed opposition to sexual, racial, and related forms of injustice and enforced by coercive sanctions) is based on a fiction created out of whole cloth by white, male, heterosexual conservatives desperate to maintain their purported monopoly over cultural dialogue.

This cliché is more ludicrous than the absurdity of the ghost of Vietnam. He was appalled as I was. He was glad to have lived to see the liberation of Kuwait and the exorcism of the radical gay movement. And I should say right at the beginning that I have written this article anonymously (I flatter myself that many of you would recognize my real name) not to protect myself from my straight conservative colleagues, many of whom I consulted while writing this piece, but from members of the Gay Left. I know by experience that when they are confronted with a bothersome truth, they react with threats, intimidation, and terror. Despite their at-temps to cloak themselves in the mantle of human-rights advocacy and an opposition to hate, I have observed how vicious and unprincipled they can be toward those who break ranks with them (although this, of course, reveals to the larger world exactly what that part of the culture wars centering on gays is all about).

Like environmentalism, the gay-rights cause began as a legitimate movement, but in my estimation, it was hijacked by the radical Left almost at the beginning. Its vanguard, unlike most gays, was anti-Western, anti-Christian, and, in the age of AIDS, still more concerned with exercising sexual freedom and blaming others for their troubles than in creating protective and self-imposed restrictions on their behavior.

This gay movement argued that life would be better for homosexuals somewhere in the Third World (perhaps somewhere in the Third World (perhaps Please turn to page 18

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IT'S OCR PARTY, YOU CAN CRY IF YOU WANT TO!

Your ignorance saddens me.

You are clueless as to the larger ways in which oppression works within our society—it's not about "political correctness"—it's about fighting to end woman-hating, racist, homophobic zealotry like your journal.

Julie E. Plante

I WANT TO EAT YOUR CANCER

Thank you for The Stupid Club (April 1994). Living so close to Grungeland and being the recipient of more than I care to see of "alternative" rock effluvia, I particularly enjoyed your piece. Our own Oregonian newspaper wasted three front-page major articles on this perverse junkie. (My favorite lyric of Cobain's: "I want to eat your cancer, when you turn black.")

I have enclosed a local "zine" with its own trope regarding Mr. Cobain that I thought you might find amusing.

In the first paragraph (p. 14) the progenitors of this tripe not only display their vivid and inane attempts to wring philosophy out of the wasted life called Kurt Cobain and their desperate attempt to compare his joining the Stupid Club with the death of my Lord, but they highlight their own appalling ignorance by their apparent misbegotten belief that Jesus died in Rome!

So much for the inherent wisdom of the young and the rebellious.

Paul deParrie
Portland, OR

ARE YOU TWO RELATED?

Mega kudos to Judith Schumann Weizner for the article "Law Firm Head Faces Ouster; Associate Charges Sex Harassment!" The author has a wonderful wit and great writing style.

I also enjoyed the author's article in the March 1994 issue, concerning the outstanding cellist award to a person who couldn't play the instrument. Judith Schumann Weizner is my choice for the recipient for the Center's Andy Rooney Award.

Donald C. Smaltz
Los Angeles, CA

GIVE ANTI-WAR A CHANCE

Much as I am often unimpressed by the general attitude taken by Heterodoxy, I am in profound agreement with your active efforts to support the Bill of Rights against the PC crowd and the state. Please accept my donation of $25.00. Having proven my support by putting my money where my mouth is, I want now to make a critical point about how Heterodoxy deals with these issues.

Your justifiable attacks on the vicious actions of these people could also show some awareness that they did not emerge from a vacuum. Some abuses they use to justify their nastiness are genuine. A truly constructive approach would also address how they might be better addressed.

For example, when I was a graduate student at Berkeley, there were those in the political science department who refused to take women students seriously. Cultural evolution is usually preferable to legal action, but that evolution can be speeded up by admitting problems exist. In short, you too often mix up attacks against bad actions with a denial of the reality of the problems they oppose. I believe a more balanced approach would make you much more effective.

I also see a continuing problem with Collier and Horowitz's work. Good analysis requires context, and context is repeatedly neglected. When reading Destructive Generation, I noticed their neglect of the fact that the anti-war movement (of which they and I were a part) was provoked by genuine and severe abuses of political power. For example, where in the Constitution will you find authority to fight such a conflict with a declaration of war? And where will your justification for Lyndon Johnson's deceit with his Gulf of Tonkin Resolution? Or the fact that he was elected on a promise of peace, painting Goldwater as the warrior?

Might these breaches of faith have contributed to the disillusionment and anger of the day? I do not justify everything done by the anti-War movement—but this makes it comprehensible. Destructiveness was hardly confined to some members of one generation. If only virtue were on one side, all vice on the other, history and politics would be so simple.

Even so, I applaud your work defending the Bill of Rights, and wish you complete success in that important task.

Gus deZerega, Ph.D.
Seattle, WA

JUST DOESN'T ADD UP

Your article "Why Joanie Can't Add" (March) makes some important points about innumeracy in our society and the ludicrous attempts to justify it.

However, you focus on the Left as a center of this problem. Neither Left nor Right have a sole claim to irrationality, anti-intellectualism, or mysticism.

It was Ronald Reagan who said of funding for science, "It is not the business of Government to subsidize idle curiosity." It was George Bush who visited math classes and told students not to worry if they didn't do well in math, because he never did either.

It was Hitler, leftists, who promoted astrology, destroyed fringe medicine, dismissed quantum physics and relativity as "Jewish Science" and hence false, and then made all his scientists swear that the stars were all made of snow.

It was Nancy Reagan who brought astrology into the White House. And Richard Nixon's right-wing friend Jean Dixon who made psychic forecasting respectable among middle America.

I have a physics degree from MIT and have been doing engineering in private industry for 12 years. I am, by the standards of your magazine, a leftist in every way (although I consider myself very moderate). In my studies in physics I would say that of those students who had political tendencies far more were liberal than conservative.

Many of the most outstanding physicists of this century are or were liberal. In fact, some of the Manhattan Project physicists were even suspected of being communists!

I enjoy the journal The Skeptical Inquirer because it deals with irrationality, pseudoscience, and anti-intellectualism without resorting to the unsupported assertions that you resort to. You offer anecdotes but no statistics to support your claim that leftists are more irrational or less mathematical than rightists or libertarians.

Math is hard. Understanding the real solutions to social problems is far harder. Simplistic solutions are advanced by ignorant people on both the Left and the Right. Insults are easy. Constructive ideas are hard.

Robert Bernstein
Goleta, CA

LESBIANS DON'T GET PREGNANT

I agree that the "Tailhook" affair was a witchhunt, blown out of proportion. Nevertheless, your April article was substantiated.

1. Where was the author's name? This is especially pertinent in an article offered for reprint that makes personal attacks on an individual.

2. The two skin photographs were the lowest in political sleaze. If they came from an officer, he should be court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

3. Motives were oversimplified. We are asked to believe the entire "Navy" was out to frame the Tailhook defendants. In fact, many Navy officials originally treated the affair with the moderation it deserved. A chronology of the feminist firestorm in Congress and the Bush administration would have been useful.

Someone else's article suggested that feminists, including one of the principal accusers, used Tailhook as leverage to open combat jobs to female officers. Once that reform was achieved, this accuser mulled her testimony, and some defendants were acquitted. Supposedly, she must have been lying from the start; another interpretation, however, is that, having won her struggle with the Department of the Navy, she intentionally let individuals escape.

Some of the Tailhook witch hunters may have been taking vengeance for earlier anti-lesbian witch hunts. There is no evidence that lesbians make bad soldiers; on the contrary, they do not get pregnant.

Hugo S. Cunningham
Boston, MA

WHY KARL INSTEAD OF GROUCHO?

Professor Comerchero’s tale of his gradual awakening to the nihilism of the anti-American socialist beliefs that have gripped our nation’s intellectual class for the past 30-some years was fascinating (“Lost Horizons”).

He could do much to help the rest of us understand and fight this socialist/PC phenomenon by doing a follow-up piece to try to explain just what there was about Marxism-Leninism that attracted him in the first place!

John R. Smith
Tallahassee, FL

WITH THIS DOUBLE ISSUE Heterodoxy goes on its annual summer break. Expect to hear from us again around Labor Day, when we will be tan, rest, and ready to do battle with the commissars of correctness once again.

Inquiries: 800-752-6562

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Cynthia Fisher had all of the qualifications to win tenure at Vassar College, except one—she was married. A developmental biologist, Fisher had won several competitive research grants from the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health and had solid credentials in the world of scientific research. Her work, often a key factor in tenure decisions, was published in well-regarded academic journals in her field. She had won high marks from her students and colleagues during her seven years teaching at Vassar.

When she came up for tenure in 1985, Fisher was shocked that she was voted down by the biology department. Even more stunning was the reasoning behind the decision: Women who are married with children just can't be good scientists. The time Fisher “had taken off in order to raise a family [prior to teaching at Vassar] was a principle factor in the Department's recommendation to deny her tenure,” admitted Leathen Mehaffey, then chairman of the biology department, in the course of a federal trial last year.

It was a bizarre outcome for a college whose name has long been synonymous with women's rights. And in the minds of some close to the campus, it showed that Vassar's traditional commitment to women had narrowed so broadly at Vassar that a suggestive glance or gesture is now considered a threat to a woman's tenure. (One of them confided that she'd recently been denied tenure. “I do believe there is a double standard here,” she said. “It is disgusting.”)

Fisher protested to then-President of Vassar Virginia B. Smith, but Smith refused to overturn the biology department's recommendation that Fisher not be granted tenure. Fisher decided to have her day in court and sued. She figured she was on solid ground. Since 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court has held that discrimination based solely on a woman's marital status is unconstitutional discrimination. Such discrimination has virtually vanished from the profit sector but lingers in nonprofit backwaters like Vassar, which represents with respect to judicial involvement in the tenure process: To the best of our knowledge, no judge has ever made such definitive pronouncements on either a plaintiff's qualifications for tenure or the worthiness of other members of a plain-tiff's department for promotion.

In fact, a careful reading of Judge Motley's decision, which exposes to public view the dark side of academic politics, tells quite a different story. The court record yielded a mountain of evidence showing that by every objective measure, Fisher was not only qualified for tenure but perhaps the best candidate the biology department had seen in almost two decades.

In weighing a candidate's tenure prospects, most science departments examine the quantity and quality of articles published in academic journals. The importance of that research to other scientists, the use of sabbatical leave, the number of research grants won, the number of consultations with outside reviewers. By these criteria, Fisher was a shoo-in.

Seven of the eight papers Fisher published appeared in the top 5 percent of the more than 4,000 scientific journals published each year, according to the grading system established by the Science Citation Index. Her seven papers were cited by other scientists 50 times.

After much maneuvering behind the scenes, Fisher's bench trial finally began almost a year ago. For feminists who pay attention to such things, the lineup in the case must have had a certain gender irony. Fisher, her lawyer, Eleanor Jackson Piel, and the judge, Constance Baker Motley, were women. Strangely enough, Vassar was represented by a man, John Donohue.

Like most job-discrimination cases, this one turned on the interpretation of statistics. Fisher's attorney, Piel pointed out the stark fact that no married woman had been granted tenure in any of the hard sciences in the past generation. In 1977, she was already 45 years old—and much older than her unmarried peers. And she had made different career choices than they had, having worked as a part-time professor at a nearby college so she could raise her two adopted daughters. Many Vassar professors are childless and view a woman's decision to slow her career for the sake of her children as tragic rather than heroic. Nonetheless, after being denied tenure, Fisher found it hard to believe that her choices of marriage and family had tipped the scales against her. Then she began an investigation that led her to some surprising conclusions. Vassar had not tenured a married woman in any of the "hard sciences" (biology, chemistry, mathematics, physics, geology, and computer science) in more than 30 years. Fisher began to suspect that she and other married women were victims of systematic discrimination.

Fisher protested to then-President of Vassar Virginia B. Smith, but Smith refused to overturn the biology department's recommendation that Fisher not be granted tenure. Fisher decided to have her day in court and file suit. She figured she was on solid ground. Since 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court has held that discrimination based solely on a woman's marital status is unconstitutional discrimination. Courts have prohibited hiring and promotional decisions based on such factors as whether a woman is married or mother of a child, and whether she is pregnant.

By these criteria, Fisher was a shoo-in. Seven of the eight papers Fisher published appeared in the top 5 percent of the more than 4,000 scientific journals published each year, according to the grading system established by the Science Citation Index. Her seven papers were cited by other scientists 50 times. More than a year after filing suit, the case was finally set to trial. The judge set the trial for January, 1980, when he was awarded tenure, and 1985, when Fisher was denied tenure, published only one article between 1977 and 1980. His last two articles appeared in the top 5 percent of the more than 4,000 scientific journals published each year, according to the grading system established by the Science Citation Index. Her seven papers were cited by other scientists 50 times.

Additionally, the court found that Fisher's publication record was superior to that of the three males who received tenure prior to the consideration of Dr. Fisher for tenure.

Dr. Mehaffey, the department chairman at the time Fisher was denied tenure, published only one article between 1980, when he was awarded tenure, and 1985, when Fisher was denied tenure.

In terms of the importance of the research done, the court found that the biology department had lied in claiming that Fisher's work was "fairly narrow and highly specialized," a phrase which it suggested more accurately describes the work of other scientists to whom they had awarded tenure in the past. In fact, Outside reviewers of the Value of Fisher's research said she "has made an important contribution to the study of the development of the skin," which "may have important implications in other areas such as cancer research."
time at Vassar had no consultancies, and the fourth (Mehaffey) had only one.

The court found that the department “minimized the importance of Dr. Fisher’s minority grant successes, including several from the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation. The judge cited evidence that the biology department had led the college to believe that the federal government’s expert-review panels missed “defects” in Fisher’s proposals.

In short, the court found that no reasonable person could deny Fisher tenure, especially when all of those who received tenure between 1977 and 1987 were clearly less qualified. Her case seemed especially invidious given the fact that the biology department went to bat for Dr. Norrod, a single woman, when another faculty committee recommended that she be denied tenure because she had published no articles or secured any grants during a brief time at Vassar. What’s more, Norrod was awarded tenure after teaching at Vassar only three semesters, not the customary six years before tenure is considered.

W

by would Vassar risk embarrassing itself and its feminist ideals by discriminating against married women? The answer leads into the dark side of academic politics at former women’s colleges. Retired Vassar History Professor Donald Gillin relates the experiences of Jessica Griffen, the wife of an assistant dean at the time Gillin joined the faculty in 1968. Gillin told him she was “made to feel completely inferior because I had married and had children. The inference I drew from that was that most of these women [women tenured] were lesbians.”

Female professors treated Griffen “like she was sub-human,” says Gillin, who adds that his own wife “wasn’t included in the faculty and concentrate on teaching in Poughkeepsie’s inner-city schools. There is a long-running prejudice against married women at Vassar. It goes by the name of Gillin.

In a sense, Fisher’s lawsuit began in 1969. Vassar turned down an offer to merge with Yale University, the way Baddalife had merged with Harvard and, instead, took a radical step: admitting men. It was a turning point in the 108-year history of the institution, one that is still bitterly contested by legions of older alumnae. The year Vassar cut itself loose of its traditional moorings was the year of Woodstock, and the counterculture on campus was at a fever pitch. The gender of much sex seemed to portend that anything was possible. One by one college traditions were eliminated. Some of the bypassed traditions were innocuous. (“Sporting the oak,” in which students placed a bough on their door to discourage interruptions; women wearing all white to college assemblies.) Class rankings and honor societies were among the first casualties. New, more “relevant” majors such as women’s studies emerged. Other traditions, such as convocation, remained in name but in spirit were turned into street theater for causes ranging from divesting from South Africa to rooting out vestigial sexism at Vassar.

Gradually the radicals seized power and tenure. Much was made of their style (which was an unkempt appearance mixed with a confrontational manner), their abrupt changes in course curriculum (replacing the classics with best-sellers), and their lectures as explorations of their wounded psyches. But unnoticed amid all the Sturm und drang was the fact that the radicals were leaving their mark on professional life. For them the personal was political and, therefore, marital status was a political statement.

Cynthia Fisher was a victim of all these cultural changes. But now, thanks to a federal court, Fisher and other married women may have a fair shot at securing tenure at Vassar and other former women’s colleges. Fisher’s accomplishment was not winning tenure, but striking a blow for genuine diversity—not the nightclub imitation of diversity the tenured radicals at Vassar have been performing before cowed audiences for the last decade.


Terrorism at Binghamton

By Bernadette Malone

On May 4, 1994, approximately 40 students invaded Academic Provost Maryann Swan’s seventh-floor office in the Cooper Administration Building at New York’s Binghamton University and declared a take-over. Another 40 supporters, including a few faculty members, camped out in the lobby of the building. They were protesting the democratic proceedings of the Harpur College Council, which had voted 22 to 21 to amend a proposal submitted by Maria Lagones, professor of Latin American and Caribbean studies, which would have politicized Harpur’s current requirement by insisting that diversity courses focus on “structures of oppression, asymmetries of power, and resistance to the center/margin relation.” By the time their occupation was dispersed 32 hours later, the protesters had even brought along a boom box and a tape and boom box to provide ambiance. They swore they were prepared to stay for as long as it took to win their voices back by putting on a show that they meant until they got the new diversity requirement.

There was an irony available to those who had watched the unfolding of events at Binghamton over the years. The campus had long been in the front seat of the PC bandwagon. The administration had instituted strenuous programs of equal opportunity and affirmative action at Binghamton. And some observers had been appalled at the way in which increasing numbers of “multicultural” courses displaced traditional ones. The crowning irony was the fact that before the trouble began, Harpur College’s students were already required to take two diversity courses. In the fall of 1993, Binghamton University instituted a diversity requirement. It specified:

To ensure that students encounter and understand the cultural, sociopolitical, psychological, and philosophical questions posed by human differences.

Harpur College requires that all students take two diversity courses. These courses devote a significant portion of their content to dialect and a commitment to the question of how our understanding of the nature and meaning of human variation engages ideas of race, ethnicity, culture, religion, gender, life styles, languages, and class.

But for them the personal was political and, therefore, marital status was a political statement.

Last November, the student supporters of radical feminist professors Carol Boyce-Davies and Juantia Diaz invited members of the Trotsky group, the National Women’s Right Organization, to the Binghamton campus for a professional disruption. Although the administration building wasn’t invaded during this action, the mixture of Binghamton students and Trotskysts that burst into two HCC meetings and stood on top of the dean’s desk while intimidating and cursing the council was potent enough to elicit the demons of liberal white guilt.

HCC granted the demand of Boyce-Davies and Diaz that the diversity requirement be redesigned by “people of color” and homosexuals. Maria Lagones, director of the Latin American and Caribbean Area Studies program, was deputized to head the new Ad Hoc Diversity Task Force. Lagones’ proposal read:

Harpur College requires that all students take two diversity courses to ensure that students encounter and understand the social construction of human difference and the consequences of that construction. "Human diversity" refers to the differences which have hitherto been underrepresented in the traditional U.S. curriculum: that is, differences conventionally expressed by such categories as race, gender, religion, nationality, sexuality, class, and culture as well as their interrelations and intersections. Not only do these courses consider as central to the social construction of human diversity "the asymmetries of power in structures of dominance, but also resistances to the hierarchical relations of dominance."

Opaque, academic jargon, and post-Marxist garble were the words HCC faculty used to describe the Lagones proposal. Even professors sympathetic to the themes Lagones and her crew supported conceded that mandating such politically slanted courses at a
state institution of higher education was probably unconstitutional.

The diversity task force was enraged by this skeptical response from HCC, and fired back that all course material in mainstream academia is biased in that it embodies Western patriarchal culture. The Lagones proposal should be viewed as an attempt at "equal time," not a coup d'etat, her supporters insisted.

So then why did they capture the administration building when they failed to get their way by petition and observance of parliamentary procedure? Because such aggression is the easiest way to get the administration's attention at Binghamton University. And the most effective way to ensure a concession, provided the demands, are made by oppressed students, like blacks, latinos, and gays.

Mass disruption and threats of forced occupation have caused President Lois B. DeFleur to give in to outrageous demands in the past. In 1992, for instance, DeFleur banned die American Red Cross from campus under pressure from a group of militant blacks. At that time, the Red Cross had not yet developed a test for a strain of the HIV virus found only in sub-Saharan Africans, and so blood donations from people from this region were not accepted. Regardless of the fact that white sub-Saharan could not donate but black Americans could, the campus radically blocked the Red Cross with racism, and DeFleur caved in to their arguments.

And in 1993, despite recommendations from the central office of the State University of New York, President DeFleur reversed her decision to arm the University Law Enforcement Department when some rowdies of color predicted the slaughter of innocent minorities by inherently racist white cops. Four months after this capitulation, an off-duty policeman was brutally stabbed while trying to break up a fight at a cultural union's party. An unarmed, on-duty officer watched the incident, helplessly waiting for back-up from the town police.

When asked about the celebration, Dean of Students John Ford equivocated: "The Student Assembly voted to close [Willard Straight Hall] and that was one factor in our decision to close it," he said, in standard administrativeness. "There were also a number of administrative groups that felt it should be closed... and it was closed for the 20th anniversary and so there was a precedent."

Many observers believed that there were ulterior motives for the commemorative closing. As L. Pearce Williams, an outspoken professor of history, said: "[The administration] is scared to death of black students and they feared another takeover. Even Dean Ford himself hinted that this reasoning did indeed play a large role in the university's decision. As he said, 'Lots of people in the building with different agendas [would not be] the best climate in the building.' He added, 'I don't know if it was the right decision, but I think it was.'

The closing of Straight Hall not only caused inconvenience for students, it cost them money as well. Dean Ford said he was unaware of how much the commemoration cost, but admitted that it was a significant sum, since the building houses two dining halls, a bank, a movie theater, and several dormitories.

In addition to the closing of Straight Hall, the university planned a roster of other events. Numerous individuals involved in the 1969 takeover were invited to speak. [Incidentally, one of the radicals responsible for the takeover now serves as a member of Cornell's board of trustees.] Numerous discussions on racism were also held. And a gallery of photos depicting radicals with guns adorned the walls of the building as if these were honored heroes.

During a university-sponsored lecture, Andre McLaughlin, one of the participants in the 1969 event, lauded the black students' actions. "Our rebellion in part was an act of self-preservation, a response to the act of assimilation which Cornell offered." Students demanded that Cornell be educationally responsible. But not all the speakers agreed with her. Tom Jones, one of the 1969 leaders and now the president of the world's largest pension-fund company, expressed remorse over his actions and called for racial reconciliation. "[Students] should build a society that respects and celebrates diversity but also affirms a greater sense of community, our diversity, and unity of people despite our various colors and cultures and creeds," he said. "People are retreating into race and ethnic enclaves all around the world. It is a virulent disease reminiscent of the era of tribalism which led to the formation of nation states. But tribalism will not create a better future for our children."

These words might have been seen as stirring in some quarters of Cornell. But Cornelians were shocked when Alakhun accused Jones of being a traitor to his race. "Yeah, he's a sell-out," said Edward L. Whitfield, a fellow participant in the takeover. After witnessing the treatment of Jones, very few black students dared to oppose the orthodox interpretation of events 25 years ago and today, 200 years old, it can be25.

The most controversial aspect of the anniversary celebration was a university-sponsored rally where contemporary Cornell students used the occasion to unleash a fury of virulent anti-white speeches. Hadi Alakhun, a student from nearby Syracuse University, espoused a profanity and hate-filled speech reminiscent of Khalid Muhammad's "The Stinky, diseased white man [is] responsible for the way we're treated," he said, continuing the harangue by telling white students to "take a look at the mirror and see your ugly face." Alakhun then chastised blacks who associated with other races and lambasted interracial dating, goading black males to "return to your black women."

Predictably, the Cornell Daily Sun, the school paper, neglected to mention Alakhun's speech in the next day's edition and only reported on the milder speeches. And although administration officials were present at the rally, none bothered to condemn his hate-filled speech. "I would rather not characterize that speech one way or another," said Dean Ford. He instead said the true meaning of the speech depended on the "eye of the beholder."

Another speaker then demanded more funding for ethnic studies and racial living centers. She asked the crowded 250 students, "Are you ready to learn about your own history?" At one point, the rally turned nasty when Steven Wolfe, former editor of the conservative Cornell Review, disented from one of the speeches that followed. A throng of students proceeded to grab Wolfe and forcefully shove him out of the rally. No actions have been taken against the students who manhandled Wolfe. (The Daily Sun described this altercation euphemistically as "a sortie away from the podium when his comments became disruptive." University officials refused to comment on this incident.

Many Cornellians expressed disapproval at the celebration of the takeover. Hours before the university-sponsored rally, members of the Cornell Review held their own rally to protest the celebration of the infamous event. And they did not mince their words in condemning this debacle. "We are celebrating 25 years of thugs, appeasement, and pusillanimity today," the combative Steve Wolfe said. "The [radicals'] actions were not an assault on white privileged males, but an assault on the entire student body."

Michael Pulizotto, organizer of the counter-rally, said, "In 1969, 1978, 1991, 1992, 1993, and now 1994, these radical thugs have been rewarded for their terrorism. The Campus Code of Conduct doesn't mean a damn thing. Ujamaa [the all-black dorm] and the Africana Center are the fruits of coercive action and terrorism. " For his speech, Pulizotto has received death threats.

The next day, the Daily Sun, which had given the racism of radicals a kid-glove coverage during the Review rally, "No group of students should be allowed to denigrate or insult another group. Their words can be considered racist at worst and insensitive at best but we do not even have the sensitivity to open dialogue," the editorial stated. "Administrators should move [to] condemn the actions of these students."

Back in 1969, during the event which has been veiled during the intervening years in Sixties' nostalgia, outspoken professors received death threats, and accordingly most faculty members remained silent this time around. However, Professor L. Pearce Williams was one of the few faculty members willing to openly discuss the event. "People who celebrate this event are fools because it was a tragedy," he said of the
black takeover 25 years ago. "No one won and Cornell lost. It was an abomination... It destroyed Cornell
black takeover 25 years ago. "No one won and Corn-
rightful antagonism of the Willard Straight Hall takeover did have
black takeover 25 years ago. "No one won and Cor-
rightful antagonism of the Willard Straight Hall takeover did have

It is this devastating experience of being a gangly red-haired kid from Michigan awash in a sea of preppy blond Eastern-types, Duderstadt has said, that enabled him to empathize with the oppressed peoples of the world. It is presumably also the motivation for inflicting two monstrous affirmative action and diversity programs on the Nation's oldest, and one of the largest, women's studies departments).

And, in what ought to strike fear in the hearts of faculty and students alike, the Agenda also envisions establish-

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another administrator might have been daunted by
the problems his blueprint for Utopia had created.

By Jeff Muir

The newly reinstated BAM seized on these
figures as evidence of an institutional racism, and
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Mr. Duderstadt
Builds a
Dream House

By Jeff Muir

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equivalent to the statewide population (about 10 percent).

IlI this notwithstanding, at the end of that school year, Shapiro was out and Duderstadt was in. He
presented his plan for the Michigan Mandate to the regents, who gave him their full backing.

New, however, was Duderstadt's unique approach to the diversity problem. The Michigan Mandate led to the
involvement of several universities, including the Michigan, in the national leader in the study of women and gender issues.

Thus do the problems his blueprint for Utopia had created.

But not only.

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WHERE WILL THE NEXT ATTACK ON YOUR FREE SPEECH COME FROM?

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Sadker-Masochism: Adventures in the Sexism Industry

By BARBARA RHODES ELLIS

T he scene is a congressional hearing on an April morning in 1993, and euphoria is in the air. The House Women's Caucus. Members of the Elementary, Secondary, and Vocational Education Subcommittee have just arrived from a "very excellent" show-and-tell press conference that demonstrated how schools are biased against girls. The subject of the day is the Gender Equity in Education Act, and everyone is quoting from a report issued by the American Association of University Women:

"How Schools Shortchange Girls."

Rep. Pat Schroeder repeats its claim that, in America's classrooms, boys call out answers eight times more often than girls, and those rare girls who try it usually get reprimanded and are told to raise their hand. Rep. Olympia Snowe says that the AAUW report was the "imprimatur ensured an enthusiastic media reception for the book Failing at Fairness: How America's Schools Cheat Girls, proudly (and correctly) claims that their work is the backbone of the AAUW Report.

N o one is more identified with the trendy sub-field of feminist themes—bias in test books and testing, sexual harassment, date rape, anorexia and bulimia, male-domination of classes in math and science. The point of it all seems less to illustrate their research than to create a general mood of outrage about sexism.

W ith no real chance to evaluate the original research, the reader must rely for clues in the book as to how reliable the Sadkers were as investigators. At this more or less subliminal level, the signs are not at all promising. To begin with, there is a relentless anti- boy bias. When a principal puts boys down, the Sadkers cite her approvingly: "Many boys come to school the center of attention, the pride and joy of the family. Then the school hits... As one of many, they must wait to learn to take their turn, and follow the rules. They come to school the Prince of Everything, and here they lose their royal standing."

The major factor in the progress of this improbable legislation is the prestige of the venerable AAUW. Its imprint on an enthusiastic media reception for the book was practically invented. For years they have worked on a deadline and your projected TV program is just about to begin. The Sadkers patiently explained it all to them: "It was as if the Dateline staff members were wearing blinders. We halted the tape, pointed out the sexist behavior, and played the tape again. There is a classic 'aha' effect in education when people finally 'get it.'"

One has to wonder whether the "aha" effect is easier to get if you have a deadline and your projected TV program is just about to go up in smoke.

Especially given the fact that it now appears to be driving Congressional policy, it would be gratifying to be able to get some details of the Sadkers' research, so that we could judge for ourselves whether their studies were reliable. It would not be necessary for them to give the full paraphernalia of a research paper perhaps, but it would be good to know at least some of the details of the study's design, the size of the statistical samples, the number of raters and how they were trained, the safeguards used to prevent observers from seeing what they might want to see, the attempts to test possible alternative explanations of the data.

In fact, the book Failing at Fairness was a golden opportunity for the Sadkers to lay to rest critics' doubts about this research, which surfaced when the AAUW Report first appeared. But instead of nailing down exactly what they found and how they found it, the Sadkers give only a vague general summary of their findings, and most of the book is in fact not about their own research at all, but rather a cut-and-paste assemblage of "women's and girls' stories" and snippets from secondary sources on feminist themes—bias in text books and testing, sexual harassment, date rape, anorexia and bulimia, male-domination of classes in math and science. The point of it all seems less to illustrate their research than to create a general mood of outrage about sexism.
Thighs. They move from ‘self-confidence to self-consciousness.’ Growing ‘fat on their chests’ is just another catastrophe visited on girls. Isn’t that casting the victimology not a bit wide?

The slide continues: ‘Denied their history, discouraged from taking crucial courses that lead to key careers, concluding that the appearance of their bodies may be worth more than the quality of their minds, realizing they are not the gender of choice, diminishing their intelligence, and ability, high school girls make the journey from adolescence to womanhood. They pay a steep price for their passage.’ Pass the kleenex.

The Sadkers seem not to notice that they slip into very unflattering images of girls as wimps, quitters, complainers, losers, lacking all resilience and resourcefulness. It is a group of women who find Yale Law School intimidating. They carp about the masculinity of the dimly lit law library, its dark leather upholstery and books, its somber-looking male portraits staring down, and about students in competition with each other, trying to make points at one another’s expense. Imagine: budding lawyers intimidated by law libraries and the cut and thrust of lawyers’ exchanges!

Another reason for skepticism about this research is that even though they have spent their careers observing children, the Sadkers seem clueless about the culture of kids. Many readers will be grateful to learn that an ancient paper-folding art of the ‘cootie catcher’ is still practiced by school children. They chase and touch each other, giving, getting, and sometimes ‘collecting’ cooties in their threat of being called a ‘cootie catcher’ is still practiced by school children. They chase and touch each other, giving, getting, and sometimes ‘collecting’ cooties in their threat of being called a ‘cootieatcher’ is still practiced by school children.

Two instances will suffice. The Sadkers have avoided giving specific categories, but exactly how much was boys getting a larger share of the other categories, concluding that girls were getting away with, not the other way around! Yet this is the showpiece statistic being used to support of its findings when they were not. One government study found that ‘despite findings that boys are more disruptive (and thus receive more teacher attention) data suggest that teachers respond to the nature of the student behavior rather than to gender,’ but it was nonetheless cited among studies allegedly finding gender bias in the classroom.

If the Sadkers can’t even report their own research without reversing it—not just in details, but in its central thrust—what confidence can we have in their reports of what kids say and do? But there is another way in which it is obvious that the Sadkers have little confidence in their own research. They shrivel from publication in professional journals and find it they will. And so, for example, they miss the call-out—what confidence can we have in their reports

Far from making their case, then, the Sadkers’ book gives us plenty of reasons to doubt that their research could stand up to the closer look that they withhold from us. Any remaining uncertainty on this score is resolved by another recent book, Christina Hoff Sommers’s Who Stole Feminism? which chronicles the strange results of the author’s attempt to get a firsthand look at the Sadkers’ research.

Even finding their research papers turned out to be far from easy. For technical details on the Sadkers’ findings, the AAUW Report directs readers to articles in the Phi Delta Kappan, but those articles are only a few pages long including illustrations and cartoons, and thus unuseful. The Sadkers never mention which articles were peer-reviewed by experts in the field. She writes: ‘In two exhaustive searches in the education data base (ERIC), I was unable to find any peer-reviewed scholarly articles by the Sadkers in which their data and their claims on classroom interactions are laid out.’ Even Failing at Fairness cites no such papers.

Sommers next turned her attention to two final reports filed by the Sadkers in 1984 and 1985 with the federal agency said that it no longer had a copy. The AAUW report had referred readers to these reports, even though they were unpublished and therefore had never been peer-reviewed. An exhaustive library and computer search failed to find any copy of the 1985 report, and the federal agency said that it no longer had a copy.

When a research assistant of Sommers’ called Sadker himself to ask how to find it, he told her that he did not have a copy and urged her to look at the Phi Delta Kappan articles.

The 1984 report was eventually located on microfilm in the Harvard library. Here at last was the record of this seminal research, unpublished and practically unavailable, yet relied on as a basis for national policy by all kinds of people who had almost certainly never seen it. What had to be done?

‘They and their assistants visited hundreds of elementary classrooms and observed teachers’ interactions with students. They identified four types of teacher comments: Praise (‘Good answer’), acceptance (‘Okay’), re- demption (‘Gave it another hard this time’), and criticism (‘Wrong’).’ The overall percentage number for all students were 5 for criticism, 11 for praise, 33 for remediation and 51 -56 for bland acceptance.

Boys and girls got close to the same level of bland acceptance, with the boys getting a larger share of the other categories, but exactly how much was difficult to determine from the data presented. In their published articles, the Sadkers had avoided giving specific figures, preferring to make statements like, ‘Girls receive less than their share in all categories.’ But in the study there was no sign of the huge statistical discrepancies between boys and girls that were being bandied around in the AAUW and the Congress.

Now Sommers began to wonder about the widely quoted eight-to-one classroom “call-out” figure—evidencing male aggression and domination of the classroom. The AAUW Report cites as the source of the call-out claim a 1981 article by the Sadkers in a defunct journal called The Pointer. The Sadkers themselves, in a 1991 article, repeated the eight-to-one figure and cited The Pointer article as the original source.

But what Sommers found there was quite different. The 1981 essay said nothing about call-outs, or girls being reprimanded and told to raise their hands. There was an eight-to-one claim there, but a very different one: boys, the article said, ‘receive eight to ten times as many reprimands as their female classmates...’ When both boys and girls are misbehaving equally, boys still receive more frequent discipline. Teachers are ‘over three times as likely to reprimand girls as they are to reprimand boys. But are more likely to get reprimanded in a harsh and public manner and to receive heavy penalties.’

Against those alternatives. They want to find gender bias, and find it they will. And so, for example, they miss the point of the rising incidence of sexual crudeness in schools of which they make so much—the verbal assaults, pinching and groping in the hallways, bra-snapping, flipping up skirts, obscene graffiti, and so on. In their zeal to force everything into the category of gender bias, the Sadkers miss the broader and more daunting fact of the general decline of civility and discipline in schools, and are blind to the development of a popular youth culture awash in sex, cynicism, and violence.

The Sadkers are ‘shocked’ at the degree of contempt for girls expressed by so many of these boys. But shouldn’t it be assumed that they are contempt for boys? It is possible that some want to be boys partly because they like girls, and could not like them in that way if they were girls? Would they admit this, even to themselves? Such subtleties are lost on the Sadkers. They can only ask us grimly to pity poor adolescent girls, so desperate for the approval of boys for their self-esteem, when it is like being in a carnival mirror, one seeing back an image so grotesque and misshapen that its distortion is startling. ‘Adolescent boys don’t like girls? And find it they will.

Another interesting factor in this case is that the responses were written by ten, 11, and 12 year olds, precisely the age when girls and boys are out of sync, one reaching puberty, the other not. Could that mismatch have anything to do with the disparant responses? One can immediately throw out reasons why it couldn’t. Maybe girls are somehow threatening to boys at this age, or perhaps girls are already more grown up and practical.

But such thoughts take us to the heart of what is wrong with the Sadkers as researchers. They lack the curiosity and mental flexibility that it takes to conceive of alternative ways of interpreting data. Nor do they possess the open-mindedness needed to consider a case for or

Psychologists Myra and David Sadker that allege American teachers play "secret mind games" with female children.

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MAY/JUNE 1994
A Dissenting Voice

Anorexia is a life-threatening epidemic among young women. Over six million, women are brutalized by their spouses each year. Every five seconds, a women in the country is beaten, raped, or abused by her lover or husband. One in four women will be raped sometime during their lifetime.

Forty percent of women suffer from severe depression, American schools, from the elementary to the university level, shortchange female students. Teenage girls suffer from crippling low levels of self-esteem. Standardized tests are gender biased.

These statistics have been parodied about so often and so aggressively for the last decade that many Americans now regard them as unquestionable truths. Prominent feminists from Gloria Steinem to Naomi Wolf trot out these factoids whenever discussing the plight of the American woman.

Politicians cite them to support new legislation such as the Violence Against Women Act and the Gender Equity in Education Act. Secondary school administrators use them to justify gender segregated math and science courses and teacher "sensitivity training."

But what if these statistics and sound bites are false? Moreover, what if these "facts" are the product of politically motivated advocacy research? Christina Hoff Sommers's new book, Who Stole Feminism?, proves just that. A Professor of philosophy at Clark College, Sommers carefully reviews the numerous popular "studies" done by women's advocacy groups on domestic violence, female self-esteem, depression, and gender bias, and finds that not even one is based upon credible evidence. Instead, these studies are the fanciful creations of "gender feminists" who are engaged in divisive gender warfare.

Sommers first became aware of this con-fabulated feminist academic research in 1988. As a specialist in contemporary moral philosophy, she had begun looking into feminist writings on family ethics. "I am a trained philosopher," she says, "concerned with rules of evidence and getting the facts right. It just looked to me as if there were a lot of shoddy arguments. So, she presented a paper at the American Philosophical Association criticizing some of this feminist work. Then all hell broke loose."

"I have presented papers before on contro-versial topics," says Sommers. Typically you have a lively debate, someone gets bitter, but you end as friends. This was different. The women in the audience had clearly never beencriticized before. They reacted hysterically. There were women weeping, calling names, there were four-letter words, in short they had a temper tantrum. At that moment I realized that this was not your run-of-the-mill academic debate but that I was facing basically a religious movement."

Sommers did a subsequent article for The Chronicle of Higher Education on academic feminism and received an even more hostile reaction from her sisters in die academy. ("Feminists are one of the only groups of academics who say you mistake their positions merely by quoting them. ") She experienced first hand on her own campus the power of the new radical feminism when she was sent a memo asking her how she intended to incorporate "the feminist perspective" into her syllabus. Sommers refused to comply with the coercive request and sent a questionnaire to all of her colleagues asking their opinion of the memo. She received an overwhelmingly negative response from faculty members across the political spectrum who had also found the memo intrusive. A group of students from the women's studies department organized a rally protesting Sommers's actions and demanding a retraction. At this point, Sommers realized that she had been conscripted into the culture wars sweeping through the American university.

Sommers began her extensive research on what she v3now thought of as "gender feminism" (as op- posed to "equity feminism," which she supports) during the winter of 1991 after The Atlantic Monthly asked her to write an article on women's studies. She attended many women's studies conferences and events. Given the tone of the discipline, she expected to find hard-core Marxist intellectuals. To her surprise, she discovered only "new-agers, goddess worshipers, psycho-babblers, twelve stepppers, and Tm-dysfunctional-you're-dysfunctional types. " When the radical feminists heard about her assignment from The Atlantic Monthly, they launched a nasty campaign against her with the magazine's editors. The Atlantic Monthly never ran the piece.

"I kept waiting for the adults to arrive, " Sommers says of her early experiences in the trenches. "I was astonished that no one was blowing the whistle on this."

Although much of what Sommers documents in Who Stole Feminism? are disturbing, the gender feminists are often rather amusing, in a pathetic sort of way. The comic highlight of Sommers's book is the section in which she discusses her experiences at women's studies conferences. Members of the sisterhood form "healing circles" to share their "ouch experiences." Adult women "assume the postures of trees experiencing rootedness and tranquility." At one conference, Sommers was called back from a coffee break by a panelist with two puppets, a dog, and a bear. The panelist told Sommers, "Teddy and his friend say its time to go back inside."

"This conference was so tame."

All this becomes less amusing, of course, when one realizes that the women engaged in this play therapy are professors, deans, counselors, and administrators at America's best universities and colleges and that they have a political agenda they push relentlessly.

"The new gender feminism is badly in need of scrutiny, " Sommers writes. "Only further scrutiny will be able to diminish its inordinate and divisive influence. If others join in a frank and honest critique, before long a more representative and less doctrinaire feminism will again pick up the reins. But it is not likely to happen without a fight."

Thanks to Christina Sommers, the fight has at last been joined.

—ALYSON TADD
We want the word to go forward today to friend and foe alike that the Congressional Black Caucus, "Kweisi Mfume, Democratic representative from Maryland and chairman of the caucus told the assembled press last fall, "after having entered into a sacred covenant with the NAACP to work for a teed and meaningful change, will enter into that same covenant with the Nation of Islam." Furthermore, Mfume asserted, the caucus would "bear any burden" to keep this covenant embracing the two wings of the black political movement intact.

There was an irony in the pronouncement that went unnoticed at the time, although it would soon begin to haunt Mfume in his colleagues. This irony had nothing to do with the borrowing of a phrase from the Kennedy application. Would the Black Caucus and the NAACP revealed, rested not simply in its imagery, but in its ideological beliefs. And for the first time since Reconstruction, blacks would "bear any burden" to keep this covenant embracing the two wings of the black political movement, represented by the black members in Congress, become this extreme?"

"All of us are children of the Voting Rights Act," said Rep. Cynthia McKinney (D-Ga.) of herself and the 15 other new black members elected to Congress in 1992. The Voting Rights Act, as amended a decade earlier, mandated gerrymandering to maximize black voting strength throughout much of the South. Consequently, most of the districts represented by the freshmen were as new as their representatives. Only three of these new electoral districts were represented by the incumbent districts; the remaining 13 seats were created because of the Act. And for the first time since Reconstruction, blacks represented districts in Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. This influx of new membership, Congressional Quarterly predicted in 1992, would "certify" blacks as a "small cadre of liberal activists, identified with big cities and an urban perspective."

Now, near the end of the 103rd Congress, it is evident that the extent of this "move to the center" is a marginal at best. According to Roll Call's most recent ideological ranking of representatives, 24 Black Caucus members fall within the range of "centrist Liberal"—five of whom were first elected in 1992. Nearly 85 percent of the caucus was classified as "Cerifiedly Liberal," and eleven of the freshmen members were either "Cerifiedly" or "Ultra Liberal." The caucus represents the moderate to the liberal end of the ideological spectrum. Nevertheless, unlike its present-day successor caucus, which, because of the civil-rights struggle, has flourished in the 24 Black Caucus members included various Congressional land grants for black land grants in the Western territories and distribution of duty-free clothing from England to blacks emigrating from the South to Kansas. Rep. John Adams Hyman (R-N.C.) sought financial relief for the Cherokee Indians. Other black members' offerings included various Congressional land grants or aid to landless freedmen. These initiatives, most of which were not included in the Civil Rights Act of 1866, were not significant enough to be included in the Civil Rights Act of 1866. The Black Caucus has put forth or acts it has taken to reflect any inclination toward moderation. In its first action, the caucus selected Kweisi Mfume to replace the outgoing chairman, Rep. Edolphus Towns (D-N.Y.), for whom the nation's oldest and most respected black member was elected in 1878. A handful of blacks enjoyed a brief return to the House, aligned itself with Republicans opposing the Black Caucus. The caucus opposition to the trade agreement got some of its antebellum control of the South. And through amendments to the various state constitutions, they abolished several congressional districts in which they did not possess a majority. Consequently, no blacks were elected in 1878. A handful of blacks enjoyed a brief return to Congress in the 1880s, successfully contesting fraudulent elections in tight districts and gaining GOP nominations in safer ones. But in the 1890s, state constitutions and election codes were further revised, disenfranchising blacks entirely. The last black to serve in Congress was George H. White (R-NC), elected in 1898. In his final speech on the House floor, he predicted that blacks would never return to Congress. Over a quarter century would elapse before that would come to pass. Black migration to northern urban areas in the opening decades of the 20th century would become the electoral foundation of the Congressional Black Caucus. Oscar DePriest's election in 1928 as a representative from Chicago initiated a succession...
of black congressmen from northern cities: New York, Detroit, and Philadelphia, as well as Chicago. This shift from South to North coincided with a party shift from the Republican to the Democratic party. The first black elected from a Northern city, De Priest was also the last black Republican elected to the House until the 102nd Congress welcomed Gary Frank. And since the New Deal, only one black Republican other than Frank has been elected to either body. Sen. Edward Brooke from Massachusetts (1966-1979).

Adam Clayton Powell, the most famous and notorious black member in the half century between De Priest's election and the creation of the Black Caucus, took office in 1945, representing New York's newly created Harlem district. Known for attaching an anti-discrimination clause to so many pieces of legislation that the rider was called the Powell Amendment, he also prodded President Eisenhower to make anti-colonialism an administration foreign-policy position.

The flamboyant Powell would be most remembered for his sexual escapades, his tax evasion, and the scent of corruption that emanated from his office. He often gave the impression that he was pursuing interests that had little to do with those of the United States as a whole. That seems to be part of his legacy which has most influenced his successors in the Black Caucus.

On November 16, 1993, caucus member Donald Payne (D-N.J.) offered a nonbinding resolution before the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Africa in support of political leader Moshood K.O. Abiola, a Nigerian businessman who was duly elected president only to have the results voided by the ruling military. The measure passed, five to three, along party lines. During the hearing, Rep. Dan Burton (R-Ind), ranking member of the Africa subcommittee, challenged the Black Caucus Foundation to reveal the amount of Abiola's contribution—reported at $250,000—and so doing, highlighted the caucus' lucrative affiliation with business leaders at home and worldwide figures abroad.

Legislative Service Organizations, such as the Black Caucus, began developing in the 1970s. Designed to serve as research organizations for congressional coalitions and interest caucuses for whipping legislation, House Administration began regulating them in 1981. Under House rules, LOSs may not accept money other than the Congressional dues paid by joining members. To circumvent House rules, LOSs may not accept money other than the Congressional dues paid by joining members. To circumvent

The cornerstone of its fundraising effort, the)

While Abiola's friends in Congress were gathering support to support recognition of the African leader's government. The problem was, the Washington Post reported, Jefferson was a former partner in the New Orleans law firm that really represented Abiola, and there were strong indications that Abiola was himself a Jefferson client during the 1980s. Worse still, the Post story revealed that Jefferson maintained substantial ties to his former firm, insisting on their behalf to arrange a meeting between its partners and top officials of the Treasury Department to discuss a Resolution Trust Corporation decision to restrict the firm from receiving contracts for legal work. The restriction, it turned out, resulted from Jefferson's failure to disclose his defunct law firm owed about $700,000 in loans. And further indicating possible conflict of interest and misuse of power, though Jefferson sold his shares in the firm after election to Congress, the Louisiana Congressman continued to collect $100,000 a year in payments.

While Abiola's friends in Congress were gathering commitments, his rivals were working just as diligently to block them—and, as sitting government officials, their coffers were deeper. Burton continued exploring the Abiola donation to the Black Caucus, disclosing that the Nigerian government, then headed by Gen. Ibrahim Babangida, in 1992 donated $120,000 to the Black Caucus Foundation.

The foundation maintained that there were no ethical dilemmas in accepting significant sums of money from two competing factions of Nigeria. The two men, who control a combined $1 billion in personal wealth, were vying for control of one of the world's poorest—and most corrupt—nations, one where the per-capita income is lower than $700, despite Nigeria's substantial oil reserves. If some found the caucus' dalliance with a brutal, anti-Democratic, and authoritarian regime to be contradictory, others regarded it as business as usual for Black Caucus heavyweights. When Rep. Ronald V. Dellums (D-Calif.) returned from a fact-finding trip to Grenada in the early 1980s, for instance, he not only defended the Maurice Bishop regime that was then hosting large numbers of Soviet-Cuban military advisors, but he also informed Congress that the airport the island-state was constructing had no military purpose. That airport, in fact, had been built by the Soviet Union as part of their economic development of the country. Over two weeks after the invasion, when the extent of Soviet-Cuban military activity on the island became public, Conyers nonetheless introduced impeachment proceedings against Reagan for liberating Grenada.

This effort to uphold socialist-Maoist governments, sometimes covertly, other times overtly, was part of the Black Caucus' political repertoire in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Caucus members supported the Sandinista government. And in spring 1980, when the Soviets were supporting guerrilla efforts against the Duarte government of El Salvador, Farid Handal, the Salvadoran rebel who had organized the International Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, an international network between the guerrilla forces and the Sandinistas, arranged for him to meet with the Black Caucus. Handal fanned through the caucus an assortment of papers to corroborate a failed campaign of human-rights violations against the Duarte government.

The Black Caucus, of course, denies that its agenda is to undermine U.S. policy interests, but rather to oppose U.S. military adventurism. The caucus offers its own budget alternative annually, cutting hundreds of billions from defense budgets, in addition to increasing taxes by hundreds of billions more, and spending the lion's share of the bounty on a potpourri of domestic programs. But when United States forces are placed under United Nations control, the caucus' antipathy to military activity diminishes. The Black Caucus is one example, who had opposed the liberation of Kuwait, supported U.S. intervention in Somalia and opposed withdrawal. When the House debated a Sense of the House Resolution calling for withdrawal on October 19, 1993, Dellums took the floor, "We are now talking about peacekeeping, peacemaking plus, peace enforcement. These were terms not in our lexicon in the context of the cold war...I believe that the Somalias of the world, the Bosnias of the world, the Haiti's, the United Nations, are the new realities." Rep. Craig Washington (D-Tex.), another caucus member, closed the debate: "Pontius Pilate was not guilty of the death of Jesus Christ, but he was not innocent. And we are not guilty of what is going on in Somalia but we damned sure as hell are not innocent....We are responsible because every colonialist is responsible for neo-colonialism [sic]." Neo-colonialism in Somalia concerned Black Caucus members, it certainly didn't with Haiti, where many members are calling for an all-out invasion of the island that earlier this century U.S. forces occupied for 20 years. "The Congressional Black Caucus bit our lips and held our tongues for one year," Mfume said. "We're employing legislation, arrests in the front of the White House, a stronger and stronger language, and a number of quiet meetings indicative of taking the issue to a higher level, even if it means killing the White House initiative.

After a battery of legislative losses and setbacks, obtaining a turnaround on Haiti constituted a face-saving measure for Mfume and the Black Caucus. The policy change, however, was more than the processing of all captured Haitian refugees before returning them to Haiti. By processing the refugees, Mfume hoped, persons fleeing Haiti seeking political asylum would be allowed
into the United States.

Mfume first publicly took Haiti to a higher level when he and five other Congressmen submitted a joint public statement in a letter to the White House late in April. This act, combined with the hunger strike by Randall Robinson of Trans Africa, led Clinton to change the policy on May 8. But unlike the response to Iraq, in which the Black Caucus maintained that sanctions (still in effect) would be sufficient to topple Saddam Hussein, many caucus members maintain that sanctions alone in Haiti were an insufficient response.

Saddam Hussein, many caucus members maintain that the response to Iraq, in which the Black Caucus maintained that sanctions alone in Haiti were an insufficient response. Haiti provided a face-saving exercise for the caucus in terms of its erratic and often anti-American foreign policy. But members of the groups that know the success of the caucus will always rise and fall on its success in domestic policy matters.

The problem is that in this arena, the liberal social agenda of the Black Caucus has all but run out of steam. It has always counted on the perception of America as a racist country to give it clout. But that perception has deserted the caucus. Asked what the top two or three problems facing Haiti today were, only two percent of respondents in a January 1994 NBC/Wall St. Journal poll listed racism.

Perhaps because it has bet so heavily on racial divisiveness to give it credibility, the Black Caucus has failed to achieve its much heralded coming of age during the 103rd Congress. This is perhaps why the caucus’s actions have taken on such a quality of half measures that bespeaks a political and moral chaos at the heart of the organization, which was seen in the “sacred covenant” with Farrakhan and the attempted exclusion of Gary Franks. And the fights before it don’t hold much reason for optimism.

The caucus is fighting campaign finance reform which, if passed, would abolish PACs, thus eliminating a disproportionately significant amount of campaign funds available to candidates in minority districts. Secondly, it continues to back the gerrymandered districts that provided the influx of new voters that are now under assault in the courts. (Last summer, the Supreme Court handed down Shaw v. Reno in which Justice O’Connor ruled that district boundaries needed justifications other than providing minority representation to be legitimate.) Even if all the gerrymandered districts remain intact, there won’t be any new ones. Thirdly, welfare reform, which appears to be an idea whose time has come (however slowly), threatens to reduce entitlements that the Black Caucus traditionally has sought and protected. Finally, Republican gains in the House dictate that future White House legislation will have to seek accommodation with moderates and conservatives instead of liberals, a shift that would render caucus influence less important than ever.

Placed in this context, the Black Caucus’ attempt to embrace Louis Farrakhan seems politically comprehensible, if morally alarming. Extremism is gripping much of the black civil rights community, from an ever more rabid Nation of Islam, to a more militant Afrocentrism, down to the once-integrationist NAACP, which is now flitting with pan-nationalism.

Gary Franks has drawn the bottom line. “It is ironic that the Congressional Black Caucus could not tolerate me, a Black Republican, because of my conservative views,” he said, “but would have such a difficult time divorcing themselves from Mr. Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam.”

The places where the Black Caucus has been must give any observer of black politics pause. But indications of where it is headed are even more ominous.

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CAMERON HUMPHREY is an editor at Roll Call.

When Louis Met Tom

Give Louis Farrakhan five minutes and he’ll introduce you to his enemies. “Practically everywhere I have gone, the Jews have been in front of me stirring people against me,” the Nation of Islam leader wrote in his newspaper The Final Call on May 9, 1988. “Listen, Jews,” New York magazine reports he said on October 7, 1985, “you cannot say ‘never again’ to God, because when He puts you in the oven, ‘never again’ don’t mean a thing.” And, as the New York Post revealed on May 23, 1988, Farrakhan declared in Flushing, New York; “The Jews Cannot defeat me. I will grind them and crush them into little bits.”

Louis Farrakhan should be judged not just by those he calls his foes but, more importantly, by his friends. Farrakhan fails this test too. Amazingly, Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam have accepted money from and cooperated with members of white supremacist groups, including veterans of the Ku Klux Klan.

“I was a guest of Louis Farrakhan’s organization in Los Angeles,” Tom Metzger told me by telephone, confirming reports published in The Washington Times and The Washington Post in the fall of 1985. Metzger, the former Grand Dragon of the CaliforniaKKK, and the current head of the White Aryan Resistance, attended a Farrakhan rally at the Fabulous Forum on September 14, 1985, along with a half-dozen of his racist cronies.

“It’s not true,” Leonard Muhammad, Farrakhan’s chief of staff, says of Metzger’s story. “Our meetings are open to whomever wants to come.” Yet Metzger insists that he and his associates were invited to the affair by Farrakhan’s staff. “I’m sure it had his authorization,” Metzger explains. “They roped off a small section towards the back of the auditorium just for us.”

“We were treated quite well,” Metzger recalls. He notes that he and his guests gave $100 to Farrakhan and the Black Muslim organization as a “gesture of understanding.” He adds that the contribution was acknowledged by the onstage announcer. Asked about this donation, Mr. Muhammad replied, “I have no comment on that.”


Metzger’s fondness of Farrakhan is more than just a schoolboy crush. A convergence of interests unites white supremacists and the Nation of Islam. “They want their Own government and their own territory and that’s exactly what we want for them and for ourselves,” Metzger has said. They share a “concern about the survival of two separate and distinct races,” Metzger said, later adding, “They are the black counterpart of us.”

He up a mirror to Metzger’s Birds of A Feather: Black anti-Semitic Louis Farrakhan remarks and you will see the words Farrakhan (top) and white supremacist Tom Metzger (bottom).

with other white extremists. At the October 1985 Christian Patriots Annual Conference in Michigan, Chicago-area white supremacist Art Jones told a gathering of 200 cross-burning, Nazi uniform clad racists: “The enemy of my enemy is my friend. I salute Louis Farrakhan and anyone else who stands up against the Jews.”

Farrakhan and Metzger are birds of a feather. Their flights of paranoia have led them along separate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s important to add that this sad symbiosis ate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasy-land. It’s importan
The Unbearable Lightness of Being in Cuba

By Paul Mulshine

When I was in Nicaragua in 1987, rented a room in a house across from a school. All day, I'd hear a constant sound coming from an infernal toy called "clackers." Ackers—two hard plastic balls on a string, ackers had been a fad in the United States many years before, but only briefly, because this toy is so boring. (All the balls did was smash into each other over and over again as the kid moved arm up and down.) But for the Nicaraguans is, clackers were the only game in town. Their clacking became, for me, the soundtrack of the Sandinista Revolution. Clack-clack—how long? I have to stand here?...clack-clack...playing with this stupid toy?...clack-clack...until this damn revolution ends and I can get a real toy?...clack-clack....

In Cuba, the waiting has become a narcotic all its own. Havana has become a living museum, sort of a holocaust Museum of Marxism. Yet the end finally peers to be in sight, and I decided to go to Cuba before clacking was over forever. The first step in this process failed getting a journalism visa from the Cuban Interests section in Washington. Given the conditions in their country, Cuban officials would be wise to issue journalism as only to reporters who have no eyes. But since that's not possible, they do the next best thing by trying to limit access only to those who have no brains. A case in point is a writer for The Nation named Carol Brightman, who recently returned from Cuba and ad a hand-wringing article, even at this late date, about Castro's efforts to devise "a different kind of socialism." He also boasted about getting Castro to autograph a baseball cap for her 14-year-old son. This was a different take on the concept of la lucha. We tried to get a police exit (I'm married, and the girls were not up to Joe's exacting standards), but Diego was having none of it. He and the hookers followed us back to our hotel, the price for a night's recreation was $30. We rarely got into the hotels. I had to physically break loose from our newfound friends to make my escape. I couldn't feel sorry for the hookers so much as for Diego. In Cuba, a veterinarian does not take care of puddles. No, Diego had to take a bus out of Havana every morning to the countryside, where he ministered to cows and pigs on a state-run farm. That earned him his $1.60. To get any more, he had to deal with human bodies, as in the case of the two girls. In prostitution, at least, there was something like a free market.

Joey and I found no surf in Havana. We flew to the Atlantic Coast and wound up in a beach town called Guardalavaca. Palm-fringed coral cove, white-sand beach, hotels with pools and volleyball nets. There were even cute little restaurants with nautical themes. Each of these restaurants was made up to look like the sort of place an enterprising young chef might run. In fact, they were all part of the government resort compound. The collapse of the Soviet Union left American liberals out on a limb, leftists could pose as moderates. It was the old good cop/bad cop routine. The commies wanted all your money; the liberals would settle for taxes that ran no more than two-thirds of your net worth. The commies had state control of all media; the liberals had National Public Radio. The commies had state control of all media; the liberals had National Public Radio. The commies wanted all your money; the liberals would settle for taxes that ran no more than two-thirds of your net worth.

...to surf. The Cuban government may be awful, but the people are great, the nicest I've met in all Latin America. Poor as they were, they didn't seem to want anything from us but our company. Total strangers would offer rum from the communal bottle. An old guy who helped us carry our equipment refused my offer of a t-shirt in payment. It wasn't until I showed him the next day that I had plenty of shirts that he agreed to take the freebie.

Nice as the locals were, however, someone ratted us out. We found that out one afternoon when we were having lunch at one of the faux private restaurants overlooking the beach. The restaurant was a mile or so from our hotel, and we hadn't told anyone we were going there. In fact, we'd made the decision on the spur of the moment. Nevertheless, an unsanitary little bastard in fatigues tracked us down. He came up and told me that we would be having an interview with the Ministry of the Interior.

I asked the officer a simple question. How could some photos of beautiful beaches in a surfing magazine harm the Cuban government? He had no idea, but he took me into the kitchen and showed me what he had to do to have someone meet us at the airport as promised. So we were allowed not only capitalism but home repair. In addition to the decaying buildings, the cars, such as they were, were Fords and Chevies from the '50s, it were the people grim, depressed? Not a chance. They're grinning like idiots. I got the impression we were walking through an open-air asylum.
But now the American liberal is for the first time leading what Czech author Milan Kundera calls “the Grand March.” The Grand March, he wrote in The Unbearable Lightness of Being, “is the splendid march on the road to brotherhood, equality, Justice, happiness; it goes on and on, obstacles notwithstanding, for obstacles there must be if the march is to be the Grand March... What makes a leftist a leftist is not this theory or that theory, but his ability to integrate any theory into the kitch called the Grand March.”

The term kitch is central to Kundera’s writing about communism in his native Czechoslovakia. Kundera was making a point that was a bit subtle for its time. During the Cold War, the critique of communism centered on repression. But overt repression quickly faded in importance for most people actually living in communist countries. It was like an electric cattle fence. Once enough cows have been shocked into submission, the electricity can be turned off. What Kundera found most repugnant about communism was not the repression, but the imposition of a public culture based on kitch—the stupid, cheery images of socialist art, “the Communist ideal made real...that world of grinning idiots.”

Grinning idiots—exactly the words that came to mind on my first day in Havana. With no chance to organize an opposition to Castro, the people simply grin and bear it. An idiot like The Nation’s Carol Brightman takes this to mean they are happy. “(But the real reason for the patience Cubans display in the face of blackouts, fuel and food shortages, factory shutdowns and layoffs—conditions that might spark a full-scale riot in any American city—is that on a basic, nearly invisible level of consciousness, Cubans seem largely at peace with their government and the society it has helped create.”

Brightman makes the same mistake that so many other clueless American liberals made when they visited Nicaragua during the ’80s. They start with a comic-book view of communism, a Stalinist state in which the people organize an opposition to Castro, the people simply grin and bear it. An idiot like The Nation’s Carol Brightman takes this to mean they are happy. “(But the real reason for the patience Cubans display in the face of blackouts, fuel and food shortages, factory shutdowns and layoffs—conditions that might spark a full-scale riot in any American city—is that on a basic, nearly invisible level of consciousness, Cubans seem largely at peace with their government and the society it has helped create.”

Brightman makes the same mistake that so many other clueless American liberals made when they visited Nicaragua during the ’80s. They start with a comic-book view of communism, a Stalinist state in which the people walk around staring at the ground, afraid to look up. When they get to Nicaragua, or Cuba, or wherever, they find it’s not like that. The people are smiling. Life seems to be going on just fine, except for the dearth of consumer goods. The people are smiling. Life seems to be going on just fine, except for the dearth of consumer goods.

The left is wedded to the idea of progress, but their ideas produce only stagnation. Once they’ve grabbed power, they argue constantly about what is required to find that “different kind of socialism” people like Brightman still think possible. They argue not because anyone has any real idea of how to improve life. They argue just to pass the time. A game of bridge would do as well.

No difference exists between the endless arguments over ways to save state control in Cuba and the debate over the ways to save state-controlled institutions of roughly equal size—the American public school system and the American welfare system. In either case, no proposal offers real reform. Abolition is the only solution. In both cases, the leftists talk of ideas, but the only idea that would really matter is unhappiness—freedom.

On my last day in Havana, I wandered around checking out the icons of the revolution. The most common such icon is Che Guevara. I’ll say this about Guevara: He was one hell of a good-looking guerrilla. His ubiquitous image reminded me of another dead hero from the ’60s, Jim Morrison. The two had a lot in common: Long hair, checked features, penetrating eyes, and a line of snappy patter about love and fire. Most important was the good sense to die young. A fat, balding Jim Morrison tottering to the stage for the 25th anniversary of the unzipping of his pants—now there’s a frightening image. Same thing with Che. His image would lose a lot of impact if its owner were pushing papers in a Havana office and babbling to youngsters about the good old days in the Bolivian bush.

Small wonder Castro wants to keep attention centered on that glorious day in 1959, the once and future assumption of power, the so-called “Triumph of the Revolution.” Cuba is frozen in the ’50s. In Havana, I kept expecting to turn a corner and run into Ricky Ricardo. Instead, I ran into the Museum of the Revolution. In a park behind the museum one of the strangest icons I’ve seen is preserved under glass: the Granma, the yacht on which Castro sailed from Mexico in 1956 with 81 men to begin his revolution. Half of Cuba seems to be named after this boat, including a province and a newspaper. It’s totally unnecessary, just a cabin cruiser. At first glance the display looks more like a Chris-Craft showroom than a monument to revolution.

But it means a lot to Cubans, and it could soon mean a whole lot more. The statue of Lenin means one thing when it looks down over a Russian city; quite another when it topples. When Cuba goes, it will in accord with the Spanish tradition—bloody as all hell. Here’s the script: A crowd has gathered for a fiesta, or perhaps a baseball game. Something sets them off, maybe the police abusing some wiscous kid, or the Ministry of the Interior hauling off an illegal petty bourgeois vendor of tomatoes. The people, prohibited from acting as individuals, begin to act collectively. The cops don’t have the heart to fight it; they’re as tense as this nomsense as everyone else.

The hookers begin throwing rocks through windows. The black-market cigar sellers overturn a police car. The crowd takes over the streets. The poor bastards who’ve been huddling in their decaying apartments for years come streaming out. The crowd reaches the Museum of the Revolution and streams past the guards and past the airplanes that gunned down anti-Castro Cubans at the Bay of Pigs. An out-of-work economest builds a pile of newspapers under the propellers. A cigar seller lights a match. The whores cheer. Castro calls the Air Force to tell them to warm up his B-26. He’s heading for Chile, the lastplace on earth where anyone will listen to his five-hour speeches. They had the Granma out to sea and sink it.

In the meantime, the most exciting option for half the population of Havana is to stand on a street corner in the hopes of meeting a horny German. After I got back from Cuba, people asked me what was the oddest thing that happened on my trip. I thought about it a while. Here’s the answer: Joey never got laid. Strange but true. He was one of the most sex-obsessed characters I’ve ever met, and he had a new girlfriend every day we were in Cuba. But he didn’t have sex with any of them.

Some conservatives might take this as a positive sign. I view it differently. It’s as if Castro has succeeded in something Andrea Dworkin can only dream of—making sex uninteresting. This is the final Triumph of the Revolution: boredom.

Paul Muldoon’s last contribution to Heterodoxy was “Why Joanie Can’t Read” in the March issue.
Ouch!!!

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Gay Conservative

Continued from page 1

under Castro), condemned American society as violently homophobic and intolerant, and secretly delighted that gays were dying of AIDS. The leftist gay political culture has, for its values, set the stage for the present and will continue to promote the free-speech agenda of the 1960s and 70s. It has made a virtue of a form of censorship: the right to offend the very people who pay for it. I find myself wondering why we are paying people to urinate and leave their feces on the corridors of government. Why do they think that we do not also have the right to use politically incorrect language? We cannot be a nation that permits individuals to fund naked artists who rant and rave about white men and ridicule religious people while funding their genitals before an audience? We are the only democratic community to stop this? Are we so insecure and so easily manipulated by a few professional gay radicals that we do not manage to enlighten most of the people that they do not really want to be seen as anti-family and anti-American?

The gay ruling class has almost perversely set itself up in opposition to the values of this country. How many times have I seen Washington's newspaper stands, mail boxes, and abandoned store fronts plastered with writing of radical Jews defining Jews and attacked someone who also happens to be, in the PC cliche, "a person of color." These straight friends were enormously supportive of me during my long months of grieving after Joseph died. They were at my side, urging me to stay, and Sen. Robert Dole all knew— and cared. They urged me to stay in the movement. Conservative talk-show hosts even called me at my hotel for many years trying to keep me in the movement and pull me out of my grief.

They knew I was a conservative who had worked at generating grassroots support for the Nicaraguan Contras. We had celebrated together the electoral defeat of Daniel Ortega, candidate of the nomenklatura of Managua and the Hollywood Left. They knew I had supported Reagan and his groundbreaking re-election. The same opposition that included George Bush because he was not a movement-oriented conservative. (There would never be a Bush Revolution from Kentucky or South Carolina. Never.)

I urged my activist network to support Patrick Buchanan. I knew that Pat's statements about homosexuality at the Conservative Political Action Committee was cord dressing. Buchanan's reference to "cross dressing" was making the same point that Terry Dolan, chairman of the National Conservative Policy Center, made during the 1980 campaign when the Right first began to inform the public how many elected members of Congress would espouse conservative values during campaign speeches at home—and then go back to Washington and support a decidedly liberal agenda.

They knew of my vocal support for Judge Clarence Thomas and the successful documentary about him I had produced for African-American owned stations. They knew that I had placed numerous minority figures on talk shows to demonstrate how much of the younger generation in the civil rights community was breaking with traditional liberals to support Thomas.

But my contributions are no more significant than those of so many other gay men who are leaders and fellow travellers in the conservative movement. Since the days of Eisenhower, at least 25 percent of the gay vote has consistently gone Republican. In very good Republican years—such as those of so many other gay men who are leaders and fellow travellers in the conservative movement. These men were scholars, project directors, and columnists. They were part of the intellectual spearpoint of the Reagan Revolution. If you sat down with them, you could never tell they were gay. On and off the job they dressed and acted differently from a character on Seinfeld or an attorney on LA. Law.

They were men with advanced degrees; they went to mainstream churches; they were staff directors for Attorney General Ed Meese and conservative think tanks such as the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, and the American Enterprise Institute. They were part of Jewish, Asian, and Hispanic ethnic groups within the conservative movement. They helped hammer out the conservative legislative agenda. They were part of the Right. Many supported the Religious Right's drive to reinstate values in our culture. Bill Bennett inspired them. They knew that his eloquently expressed doubts about the gay movement came from opposition to the politics of radicalism, not from doubts about them personally. Along with the Gipper and Bennett himself, their heroes were Barry Goldwater, Caspar Weinberger, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Linda Chavez, Alan Keyes, John Pope Paul, Margaret Thatcher, Tom Selleck, William F. Buckley, Rush Limbaugh, Paul Harvey, and Richard Nixon.

And I don't believe these people were an aberration. Nor do they share the radical's view of world. But even though the radicals are a minority among gays, they have managed to come to the fore and make most of the people that they are the most popular; they are mainstream.

Not only do they advance an insidious sex-obessed agenda that includes job quotas for people based on sexual orientation; they are linked to every radical leftist organization. They are the extremist groups that only reinforce negative and frightening stereotypes of gays when they physically and verbally attack people in churches, demand the right to teach first graders sexual orientation, they are linked to every radical leftist organization.

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HETEROXY

resulted in an exceptionally prosperous gay the history of the world. Although oppressed and involvement in the economic decisions of free people. It is a society that has driven up property values in ice-dilapidated areas, dramatically improved the appearance of once-blighted and abandoned sections of the inner city, and certainly expanded the revenue base for metropolitan, state, and federal governments to prey on.

Gay entrepreneurship was not just evident in many of the professions one usually associated with gayness—hair-styling salons, fashion designers, florists, culinary arts and catering, theater and symphony rectors, and left-wing book stores. I consistently found only entrepreneurs involved in design-construction businesses, architectural firms, law firms, counting and medical practices, income-generating rental properties, public relations, and oil and gas exploration.

Along with this successful participation in the yen market is the fact that most monogamous gay couples) do not have to defer their prosperity for twenty years by raising and saving children and getting them into college. Gay people enjoy solid upward mobility and above-average disposable incomes earlier in life than do their heterosexual counterparts. Just look at Wall Street. Everyone there knows that they are sexually different but do not want to identify themselves as hostile aliens in their own society. Gay conservatives simply believe in their own life experiences, which tell them that America has generally lived up to its promise to provide economic opportunity and personal freedom. For that reason, we defend democratic capitalism as the most revolutionary, fair-minded, and opportunity-driven society there is.

No gay group has ever seen such economic prosperity. As a former U.S. military officer who served during the Reagan defense build-up, I chose to serve my country in a time when we conservatives try to portray out of some extraneous animus. But the greatest victims of the sexual revolution are the gay community. We believe that democratic capitalism, providing supply-side economics that—at least for a brief, shining, and glorious decade—liberated the achievers and job producers from the overbearing control of the federal government. Gay conservatives are officers and members of local chambers of commerce and the National Federation of Independent Businessmen; economic-development advisors to mayors and governors; and generous contributors to private sector initiatives such as the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, the Sunrise Optimist Club, and the Rotary Club. Most of their business associates do not know they are gay—nor do they need to. It is as if their sexuality is a part of the economic progress and leadership in their local community.

And during the Goldwater and Reagan years, they cheered the voices that defended local enterprise and capitalism, propounding supply-side economics that—at least for a brief, shining, and glorious decade—liberated the achievers and job producers from the overbearing control of the federal government. Gay conservatives are officers and members of local chambers of commerce and the National Federation of Independent Businessmen; economic-development advisors to mayors and governors; and generous contributors to private sector initiatives such as the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, the Sunrise Optimist Club, and the Rotary Club. Most of their business associates do not know they are gay—nor do they need to. It is as if their sexuality is a part of the economic progress and leadership in their local community.

Finally, gays must move away from the nihilistic, value-neutral agenda of the Gay Left. One cannot attend a gay pride parade in Washington, D.C., without hearing a chant of "I'm not gay, I'm against gay rights." The leftist yardstick is always, "anyone who does not agree with our agenda is wrong, wrong, wrong."

But what we need to do is to work with the policy-making bloc in the United Nations, and Reagan's campaign to work with the Vatican to defeat international communism. We believe the gay instinct for most gay people is patriotism. Gay people would generally be far more comfortable with new leadership that can convince Americans to embrace us once they understand we embrace the basic American values that compelled and sustained this country in its defeat of Nazism and communism. We feel the military is so full of hatred and sexual obsessions that they are dysfunctional. Sometimes it seems that they are driven to destroy each other precisely because American life provides them the greatest tolerance they would ever find—the tolerance that allows them even to make themselves into hydrogen warheads.

It is this understanding of what totalitarianism has done to their fellow travelers and the societies they have created that has caused them to side with anti-communists. It is our belief in liberty that has led us supporting John Kennedy in his confrontation with Castro (the last competent anti-communist Democrat to hold the White House). Ayn Rand is a god on the individual, Jean Kirkpatrick's stand against the Soviet bloc in the United Nations, and Reagan's campaign to work with the Vatican to defeat international communism.

Gays, Family, and the Sexual Revolution

And we deeply abhor the Left's use of class-warfare rhetoric that imputes many Americans, gay and straight, with anger, frustration, hate, and a false sense of entitlement other people's money. In fact, we consider the Left's unmitigating use of inflammatory rhetoric even more dangerous to a democratic society than the rhetoric we hear from some members of the gay community who proclaim that we are inherently destined to damnation.

Strange, then, when we conservatives try to pro-mulgate this point to our political community, we are immediately silenced and intimidated by the gay thought police. Those who have set themselves up as the arbiters of gay speech and behavior as political correctness have been. We are stereotyped as paranoid, cloistered mental cases who are hemmed in by self-soothing. This, of course, is the Big Lie of the Left. Gay conservatives have little in common with the fair share of problems; human sexuality is a complicated affair. But the conservative gays and lesbians I have met over the last decade and a half in the conservative movement are a largely committed, dedicated, and indomitable people. They have little problem interacting with straight people or gays (at least those who do not bait and defame them). And they are outstanding role models for those young gays who know they are sexually different but do not want to identify themselves as hostile aliens in their own society. Conservative gays simply believe in their own life experiences, which tell them that America has generally lived up to its promise to provide economic opportunity and personal freedom. For that reason, we defend democratic capitalism as the most revolutionary, fair-minded, and opportunity-driven society there is.

Gay and lesbian activists often argue that heterosexuality is socially "constructed" by a dominant elite that imposes its values that compelled and sustained this country in its defeat of Nazism and communism. We feel the military is so full of hatred and sexual obsessions that they are dysfunctional. Sometimes it seems that they are driven to destroy each other precisely because American life provides them the greatest tolerance they would ever find—the tolerance that allows them even to make themselves into hydrogen warheads.
of conscience; that Ronald Reagan did this to them. This must rank as one of the greatest lies of our century.

The obsession with sex in the gay world has made many gay people feel just as ugly, lewd, and miserable as it does in the straight world. Greeks are convinced that sex is the ultimate self-expression. Self-restraint is ridiculed. Promiscuity—even the mere appearance of promiscuity—is glorified in nearly every medium of expression in the gay world. T-shirts, greeting cards, calendars, verbal banter, and publications of the subculture all focus on sexual acts, not on the cultivation of long-term, substantive relationships. The dominant gay subculture, from which many of our gay political leaders have emerged, is so obsessed with sex that gays entertain themselves with vicious, speculative slander about each other's sexual behavior. For me, this is nothing more than an enduing, institutionalized form of self-hate.

There is no confidentiality, no respect for privacy or dignity. Everything related to a person's sexual behavior, real or perceived, is "out" and augmented with speculative fiction. This subcultural obsession leaves in its chaotic wake scarred self-images and battered self-esteem just as anything the most homophobic antagonists of gay people might utter. These self-inflicted wounds have contributed to the bitterness of millions of gay people. For them, the eyes of a "safe sex" community gay leaders, multiple partners are still considered part of progressive and enlightened sexual behavior in the gay community. And the tragedy is that nobody speaks up and asks why, during the age of AIDS, we allow our opinion and cultural leaders to continue to promote the discredited, harmful attitude that's been here in Washington, D.C., for a hundred years. My friend Joseph once raised this question in a published letter to the editor in the Washington Blade. Congressman Barney Frank was just then in trouble for keeping a former drug-dealing, male prostitute, whom he was running an escort service out of his home and getting the congressman to fix traffic tickets for him. Joseph strongly suggested that Frank resign and that the congressman should instead take on the model of a young AIDS activist. He was contemptuously and loudly denounced by gay civil-rights activists who screamed faggot at him repetitively in front of people in his own living room. They didn't know he was dead. I'm not sure it would have made any difference.

It is crucial that a new cultural and political leadership class emerge within the gay community. The Republican Log Cabin group should place this at the top of their agenda. They need to come out with positions that should be honored, their country like some of this nation abandoned the veterans who were "cursed by God" because they had been burned at the stake as witches and African Americans who were "cursed by God" because they had been burned at the stake as witches. People born with cerebral palsy and mental retardation were considered cursed by evil spirits and were hidden in attics and basements. Gay people have also been stigmatized. Homosexuals do not choose their orientation. Nor do they hate Christianity, as the outpourings of radical gays suggest. Many gay rights leaders, authors like C.S. Lewis and listen to Billy Graham. Many Christian gay, like conservative Christians, are against abortion and condemn situational ethics. During the last two years, prominent gay Christians in the Washington, D.C., area have marched in the pro-life rallies and have formed chapters in every region of the country. Of course, the mainstream media and gay press choose to ignore their presence because they are not politically correct.

I actually entered the conservative movement out of concern over the secularization of American society. The excesses of abortion on demand, the removal of school prayer, the rejection of the moral absolutes, and the glorification of all human weakness instead of the virtues of leadership, sacrifice, and charity. It has celebrated hope through the life of Jesus. But it has also assumed that certain gay people were cursed by God or destined to final damnation. Such groups included innocent women who were burned at the stake as witches and African Americans who were "cursed by God" because they had been burned at the stake as witches. People born with cerebral palsy and mental retardation were considered cursed by evil spirits and were hidden in attics and basements. Gay people have also been stigmatized. Homosexuals do not choose their orientation. Nor do they hate Christianity, as the outpourings of radical gays suggest. Many gay rights leaders, authors like C.S. Lewis and listen to Billy Graham. Many Christian gay, like conservative Christians, are against abortion and condemn situational ethics. During the last two years, prominent gay Christians in the Washington, D.C., area have marched in the pro-life rallies and have formed chapters in every region of the country. Of course, the mainstream media and gay press choose to ignore their presence because they are not politically correct.

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from writings by Chaucer to the then-popular song, "Dominique," by The Singing Nun. Targets of Hamburg's rage even included Allan Sherman's satirical recording, "My Son, the Folk-singer," which he stigmatized as an anti-Semitic slander, although the performer and most of his audience were Jewish.

I was at about this same time that I also first heard claims that Hodackbery Finn should be purged from public school lest a black child somewhere have his or her feelings hurt by Mark Twain's use of nigger.

Exposure to this frenzy only made me curious about the works in question, all of which I examined. I had already been through Huck Finn several times and it was obvious to me that Nigger Jim was not only a positive character, but the moral touchstone of the novel, and that Twain had intended the book to stand against racist stereotypes. The Merchant of Venice seemed to me, in the end, a plea in favor of its Jewish protagonist. Chaucer's Jew-baiting I found less ambiguous but also unthreatening. "Dominique" was in French, which I did not understand very well, but I suspected that the attack on The Singing Nun was loony.

I myself first fell afoul of this variety of political correctness when I submitted a book review to the New York Times op-ed on March 10, 1994, as the People's World with a single reference to the poetry of Ezra Pound. Pound had been defended, nay, idolized, by the eminent Scots communist poet Hugh McDiarmid, whom I would quote in Pound's favor. But McDiarmid's opinion—that of a Scots communist poet—seemed an eternity. Maxwell manfully defended his boxing.乡村振兴的特色，乡村振兴的特色

Another episode of the same sort involved William Styron's Confessions of Nat Turner, which I also defended. The assault on Styron by a group of black writers led by Michael Thaddeus and spurred on by my communist friends was, as I recall, the first such ignorance to gain wide attention in the 1960s.

Saul Bellow accurately described "this fanatical style," in a New York Times op-ed on March 10, 1994, as "a sort of Stalinism—the Stalinist seriousness and fidelity to the party line that senior citizens like me remember all too well." While my recollections are fairly recent, located in the Sixties, Bellow traces the phenomenon to the 1930s, actually one could go back even further.

This apocalyptic narrowmindedness, which is now a general characteristic of leftists, as well as of many liberals, appears always to have been part of the subculture of socialism since the advent of Bolshevism. Certainly the Jewish Socialists of the pre-Bolshevik era argued passionately. But notwithstanding their legendary addiction to public speaking and the occasional outburst of personal irritability, they seemed most of the time to have argued such topics as Zionism and the revival of the Hebrew language (to say nothing of vegetarianism,_MODULESEXECUTION_
with the Stalinist disease that plagued American intellectual life in the 1930s and 1940s, went into remission in the 1950s, and reappeared in a yet more virulent strain in the 1960s. Interestingly enough, I have yet to locate any polemic against either The Merchant of Venice or Huckleberry Finn dating prior to the Stalinist-influenced 1940s. But the malady of which such bizarre behavior was symptomatic became truly acute among the 1960s radicals. That the present caste of academic leftist would claim otherwise is nothing less than an attempt to falsify history—a revisionism that, in claiming "political correctness" was hatched by the right in the waning years of the Reagan and Bush administrations, descends to an unparalleled level of dishonesty.

I recall a number of issues of what might be called "premature" political correctness in the 1960s and 1970s, which show that this was a disease waiting for the right circumstances—the leftist takeover of the university—to arise. To name only three such cases: With regard to Fidel Castro's dictatorship in Cuba, how many in the (broadly-defined) left spoke out at that time against the internment of homosexuals in labor camps and the suppression of the non-Soviet left (anarchists and Trotskyists), both of which occurred quite early on? Doubts about Cuba were inadmissible among most American liberals and all leftists, long after the infamous "Padilla affair" in 1971, when the imprisonment of a leading poet provoked a worldwide uproar.

Who, in the 60s, addressed the brutality of the North Vietnamese regime, which had attained power in 1945-46 by slaughtering its critics on the left and maintaining its rule by massacring rebellious peasants in 1956? The topic was ignored, as far as I know, by nearly all American intellectuals.

Who in those days confronted the truth about the cultural genocide suffered by Tibet, a martyrdom overlooked for years by China worshipping American intellectuals? Paradoxically, in the 60s, a positive evaluation of Israel and Zionism was not yet judged completely "politically incorrect"—not until a long struggle, led by the pro-Arab sector of American leftist opinion, had taken place. In that era, Israel, Zionism, the New York teachers' strike of 1968, the "hard-hat" movement against war protesters, the disintegration of the black family, and urban crime could still, at least, be discussed, if acrimoniously and occasionally even hysterically. But on Cuban, North Vietnamese, and Chinese totalitarianism, the silence in the liberal-left was absolute and enforced with heavy-handed insistence.

The ideological controversies of the 60s, such as they were, even featured sparks of humor that are impossible to imagine today. The funniest experience I ever had with "political correctness," long before most conservatives had ever heard of such a thing, came when I was in college in 1971. My studies were focused on Latin America and the Spanish language, and during one semester, I took a course in Latin American political science that began at 11:00 in the morning, three days a week. Before that class, anxious as other of my fellows radicals to prove I was no racist, I signed up for a black-studies course, beginning at 10:00 a.m. I was the only white to do so.

In April 1971, Hattian dictator Francisco Duvalier, universally excoriated as "Papa Doc," drew his last breath. I read the news cheerfully, on the way to my black studies class. But once in class, I was amazed to find that when I reported with satisfaction that Duvalier had died, I was subjected to diatribes, both from the teacher and my fellow students, of a kind that are only too familiar to university students today.

I was accused not just of "insensitivity," today's baseline charge, but of racism, pure and simple. I was informed that "Papa Doc" was a "righteous Black brother," a hero of all conscious Afro-Americans. ("Afro, not African, was correct back then." "Papa Doc," I was told, had been maligned by world media because he struck terror in the hearts of the white oppressors.

Chastened, I went to my next class, in Latin American politics. My brain newly washed by my black colleagues, I repeated their arguments in Duvalier's favor. But the reaction I got was just as negative as the one an hour earlier, although in the opposite direction. The professor was shocked, upbraiding me in front of the class as someone who previously had shown high political consciousness, but who now, incredibly and hideously, defended one of the hemisphere's worst tyrants. The students were almost dancing with joy in the aisles of the classroom over the death of the dictator.

The whole experience left me dizzy. I ended up dropping the black-studies class, and was rewarded in the Latin American politics class with a B; the professor said candidly that I would have gotten an A had I not spouted off about Duvalier. But at the time I considered all this to be an eccentric experience; never did I suspect it would become the norm in academic life.

Which position, for or against Duvalier, would be considered "politically correct" today? I hesitate to speculate; although I suspect that for a white student to even mention such a discontinuity these days might lead to unpleasant moments in class and perhaps even a starring role in a campus melodrama about insensitivity.

Radical intolerance originated with the Stalin era, and it is probably best analyzed as an effect of the introduction of Stalinist police methods into Western political life, with the leftist heroes of a given moment susceptible to "unmasking" as enemies according to convulsions in the party line.

But the 60s generation differed from even the most truculent Stalinist radicals of the 30s, in that the latter embraced an inquisitorial attitude somewhat shamelessly, trying to explain away such habits as a matter of immediate but limited necessity or as a justifiable response to "fascist aggression. (That is how phrases such as "no free speech for fascists" first saw print.) Twenty years after Hitler's death, however, with few if any genuine fascists on the political horizon, the 60s radicals made intolerance a central prelude of their activity.

Increased intolerance by "politically correct" leftist-liberals, as the years passed, was particularly visible in the 1980s debate over U.S. policy in Nicaragua. Leftists in 1964 had denied or refused to discuss Castro's depredations against the Cuban press. Twenty years later, the purges of the Sandinista regime north of the Rio Grande publicly advocated the outright suppression of the independent Managua daily, La Prensa, in a style noticeably more extreme than that typically employed by the Nicaraguan Sandinistas themselves. (I remember more than one public event in the Bay Area at which official Nicaraguan representatives soft-peddled Sandinista censorship, while Sandinophile gringos chastised them for not favoring total repression.)

Similarly, in the Nicaragua debate, admirers of Sandinists in such locations as Cambridge and Berkeley cited the massacre and flight of the anti-communist hill peoples from Southeast Asia, after the Vietnam war ended, as an unanswerable precedent for the Sandinista attempt to wipe out the autonomy of—and, in many cases, to physically exterminate—the indigenous Miskitu, Sumu, and Rama communities in the Nicaraguan Atlantic coast. Such would be appropriate treatment, the Sandinista groupies argued, for anybody who sided with Washington in a revolutionary conflict. The Hmong and other indigenous peoples of Southeast Asia were incorrect in fighting against the communists, and so were the Mis-skins in Nicaragua.

The Stalinism of the 1930s and the neo-Stalinism of the 1960s found more than a few critics in liberal ranks; while the quantity of intellectuals willing to actively combat "political correctness" today appears to be minuscule. Faced with the ominous advance of radical intolerance throughout our culture, one might actually wish that the liberal-leftists were right and that "political correctness" were nothing more than an ideological garment fashioned out of whole cloth by conservatives seeking to scupper their way to continued political dominance.

In reality, however, as anybody who goes near a campus or newspaper today knows well, the entrenched white, male, heterosexual "power structure"—department chairs, editors, college administrators, and managers—have fully surrendered to "political correctness" to guard their own careers. The fight against "political correctness" is being waged by the sort of people liberals and leftists once honored, or pretended to: individuals with integrity and a free spirit who have little to win and much to lose from such a struggle.

What we call political correctness is what Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and other Great Helmsmen would have called, without batting an eye, business as usual.

STEPHEN SCHWARTZ is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle.
DECONSTRUCTING Jesus


VIEWED BY J. BARRETT MILLER

Let me begin with two confessions. First, the movement to locate the "historical" Jesus did indeed intrigue me for a while in the late '60s during my days as a religious studies major, me, as for most people, the initial attraction of the historical Jesus movement came from the desire really to know this most pivotal person in the history of western Civilization, fueled on the one i by my passion as a Christian believer on the other by the anti-establishment passion (and burden) of my generation.

Secondly, however, I must also say I paid little attention to this movement since graduate school at the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in Virginia. My rejection of the "quest for the historical Jesus" and its proponents named it, came a thorough reading of the works of its advocates, Their efforts, if not a cruel hoax, I felt, were certainly an egregeious smokescreen sent up to hide personal and professional agendas. From Ernest Renan, David Fried-Strauss, and Ferdinand Christian Baur in the early century—Albrecht Ritschl, Walter Rauschenbusch, Adolph von Harack at the turn of the century and on Rudolph Bultmann and lesser figures in this century, had their identifiable bent driving their work toward predictable conclusions. Their hidden agendas ranged from anger over a personal loss of faith or rejection of the church establishment to an "enlightenment" rejection of the categories of revelation and the miraculous. What the differences in personal motivation, the consequences in terms of their work were similar. They all wanted to recast Jesus in their, own image.

The quest for the historical Jesus has become such a tired act (the very premise calls up one of those Leonard Nimoy "In Search Of shows on TV) that under ordinary circumstances I might not have picked up John Dominic Crossan's latest book, Jesus: A Revolutionary Biography. But I recognized that what was once an eccentic movement has now become an assault—and Crossan is of that. In the last two decades, the historical Jesus crowd has formed a sort of corporation of apostacy characterizes this fourth-century meeting, called by the Emperor Constantine, as a chummy get-together by a bunch of early church bureaucrats anxious to perpetuate their power. There was indeed a mood of intensity and intrigue at the council. The stakes were high, and no wonder: It was necessary to deal with guys like Crossan himself who were then (as now) merchandising heresy under the guise of concerned piety.

There is also the fact that although Crossan says he wants cross-cultural anthropology and Jewish history to be primary vectors of his search for the historical Jesus, he is active in his use of them. He completely ignores one aspect of the peasant culture he claims as Jesus' true background: its oral nature, in which the passing on and accurate retelling of stories, not just sayings, is a way of life. And his reading of first-century Judaism is so superficial that it cannot be reduced to the retainer class's elitist aspirations and the peasantry's violent dreams. This is his own fantasy, comprised equally of Marxism and Manicheanism.

There is a bottom line that puts this all into perspective: the resurrection. Crossan misses the point that an early Christianity with no resurrection is an inherently contradictory idea. There were several Jewish movements of revolt in the first century, several revolutionary episodes of messianism. Most ended with the death of their leader; all ended in oblivion. This was not the case with Jesus or his followers; their movement lasted. Was it only because the apostles of Jesus were more devout and canny about power arrangements than the apostles of other revolutionary figures? Far more plausible than any of Crossan's trivial and tawdry arguments is explaining this outcome is the argument that Jesus was different from the plethora of other wanna-be messiahs because He was not just Jesus of Nazareth but also the Christ.

After finishing Crossan, I found myself back where I started: the current search for the historical Jesus is no different and should demand no more attention than any of the other searches since they began at the turn of the 19th century—except for one thing. There is no avoiding checking out the legendary garb of political correctness, with the requisite blather about power and the obligatory trash- ing of male authority figures. What we are dealing with here is simply autobiography masquerading as biography and history.

Readers who want to explore these issues would be far better off reading C. FitzSimons Allinson's new book, The Cruelty of Heresy, than Crossan and his fellow deconstructionists. Writing about the Four Great Church Councils, Allinson says: "One cannot give one's own experience of redemption to another person, much less to another generation. One can only witness to it, describe it, and tell the story of that experience and live in a way that makes the witness believable and attractive. In telling the story, it was then and is now crucial to get the story right."

The cruelty of heresy lies in the fact that it distorts the gospel truths and thus the truths about matters of life and death. Which is why it is so important, when reading the writings of Crossan and others, not to lose sight of the fact that the historical Jesus crowd does not have the story right. Most of all, these writers should not be allowed to continue to cozy up to the Church as if their work only had to do with minor intellectuals. The Church is and always will be about forgiveness and spiritual generosity. But it also is and must always be about drawing lines in the sand.
Court Rules Paraplegic Can Keep Athletic Scholarship

BY JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER

Federal Judge Frank Senzabrio ruled today in favor of high-school athlete Louis Geronimo, thus paving the way for the young man, paralyzed from the waist down in a car crash last spring, to fulfill his dream of attending Southern New York State College in athletic scholarship.

Mr. Geronimo, whose friends call him Gimo, was the star quarterback of the West Bedford High School Travelers (formerly the Indians), a team renowned for its record of 94 consecutive victories. He was also a star forward on the school's basketball team and a pitcher known for his 85-mile-an-hour fast ball.

Last May, Mr. Geronimo was injured when the sports car he had "borrowed" from a parking lot crashed into a pick-up truck during a high-speed chase conducted by the police. The owner of the stolen car, upon learning the extent of young Geronimo's injuries, declined to press charges, and, in a moving televised interview, announced his intention to dedicate the rest of his life to helping young people.

Prior to the accident, Mr. Geronimo had been awarded the prestigious Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to attend Southern New York State. Informed of Mr. Geronimo's injuries, the college withdrew the scholarship which is awarded annually to an outstanding high-school quarterback under the age of 23 on condition that he play football for the college for a minimum of four years. Mr. Geronimo unable to afford the cost of four years at SoNYSC, sued to retain the scholarship.

In a non-jury trial before Judge Martin Vollmam, Mr. Geronimo's attorney argued that depriving his client of a scholarship on account of a physical disability was a clear violation of the Americans with Disabilities Act. SoNYSC officials were extremely sympathetic but insisted that in his present condition Mr. Geronimo could not fulfill the conditions of an athletic scholarship, and that his academic record did not qualify him for any other award. They also pointed out that by taking a stolen car on a joy ride he was largely responsible for his own unpleasant circumstances. The college promised to restate the scholarship in the event that Mr. Geronimo regained his ability to play football before reaching the age of 23.

Judge Vollmam ruled in favor of SoNYSC. Mr. Geronimo's lawyer appealed, citing the precedent set in Zahn v. New England Dental College. There, the New England Dental College was ordered to retain scholarship student Thomas Zahn after Zahn was blinded when a filling into which he had inadvertently mixed some ether exploded as he was attempting to dry it. Zahn was allowed to keep the scholarship and continue his dental studies with the aid of a sighted guide.

Lawyers for SoNYSC argued, that had young Geronimo already been enrolled at SoNYSC and been injured in a football game, the Zahn case might have applied. (Zahn had become disabled while in college and engaged in the very activity for which he had received the scholarship.) But Geronimo was not injured in the course of any college- or sports-related activity.

The Appellate Court judge expressed frustration that he could not rule in favor of Geronimo on the basis of the Zahn case. While the New England Dental College had been forbidden to dismiss Zahn when it was feared that he might become suicidal over having caused the death of his patient, there was no basis in law for requiring SoNYSC to give Geronimo moral support since Geronimo had not injured anyone but himself.

Depressed over the possibility that his athletic life might be finished before it had begun, Geronimo replaced his first lawyer with Leonard Hirschowitz. His fortunes immediately began to improve. Ignoring the Americans with Disabilities Act, Hirschowitz filed suit in federal court alleging that by rescinding his client's scholarship, SoNYSC had violated the Family Togetherness Act of 1994. In an argument already being held up to the nation's law students as a model of breathtaking creativity, Hirschowitz, presenting his case before Judge Frank Senzabrio, reasoned that by granting the Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to Louis Geronimo, SoNYSC had, in effect, welcomed him into its family. "In most families," he said, "when one member is in need, the others pitch in to help in whatever way they can. If they don't, the member in need can pursue a remedy under Title One of the Family Togetherness Act of 1994. Mr. Geronimo seeks the restoration of his scholarship based on the protection afforded a family member under Title One of the Family Togetherness Act of 1994."

The college's attorney argued that Hirschowitz's use of the word family was, in this case, purely figurative so Title One could not apply. But Hirschowitz, brandishing a copy of a letter to parents in which SoNYSC referred to its community as "the SoNYSC family," made an impassioned rebuttal. "We no longer expect the college to act in loco parentis, but we certainly recognize the importance of family relationships other than parent-child. Our society has largely turned its back on the extended family of earlier times, but SoNYSC demonstrates in this letter an obvious desire to remedy that situation for the members of its community. It owes Louis Geronimo all the rights and privileges accorded to its other family members."

In his first decision following his appointment to the federal bench by President Clinton, Judge Senzabrio ruled that the college could not be allowed to shirk its familial responsibility. "Institutions can no longer be permitted to slide out from under their obligations to those who are part of their communities. SoNYSC is hereby directed to restore the Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to Mr. Geronimo."

Noting that sports is an area of endeavor that has remained resistant to the changes being made in the larger society, Judge Senzabrio also directed that within the next 60 days SoNYSC must come up with a plan for adapting the rules of any and all sports in which Mr. Geronimo wishes to participate to accommodate him and any other athletes who may be similarly differently abled.

Asked to comment on his good fortune, Mr. Geronimo said, "I'm real glad the decision went my way. Without the scholarship I wouldn't be able to go to college and, believe me, you really gotta have that degree if you want to join the FBI."

JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER's last article appeared in the April issue.