Mickey Marxism

Poor Michael Eisner is as down on his luck as a man who earns more than $200 million a year can be. He had heart problems. His break-up with Jeffrey Katzenberg, who brought in all the recent blockbusters for Walt Disney Studios (The Lion King, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin), might bode ill for the parent Disney company as well, particularly now that Katzenberg has joined fellow triumvir Steven Spielberg and David Geffen in forming a new Hollywood mega-enterprise. Eisner is facing humiliating failure with the hemorrhaging French Euro Disney, which lost $900 million last year and continues to lose—this following the disdain heaped on it in Europe by intellectuals and investors. And for months he faced a titan drought over the Disney Company's decision to build the giant historical theme park "America" in northern Virginia on the great Civil War battlefields of Antietam and Bull Run. The residents of affluent, horse-fie Prince William County cringed at the projected vast influx of an estimated 10 million visitors a year that would clutter their historic district with not only automobile traffic but a huge complex of cheap motels, fast-food outlets, parking lots, T-shirt shops and "help wanted" signs. But Eisner faced pressure from other, more significant disinclined who were also opposed to the idea of doing heavy construction on Civil War battlefields. These were America's historians. In fact, at times it seemed that the entire intellectual class was ranged against the theme park. A specially formed association of American historians led by David McCullough and C. Vann Woodward opposed the very idea of building a Disney historical theme park on such hallowed ground. Celebrity adherents

There Were Many Scoundrels During Scoundrel Time

THE HOLLYWOOD TEN REVISITED

BY RONALD RADOSH

Remembering the martyrs of the 1950s blacklist has become an occasion for an annual reunion by the survivors and sympathizers of those dramatic years in Hollywood. This year, the Lincoln Center Arts Museum held a panel discussion in conjunction with an exhibit about the Hollywood 10 and, as expected, the New York Times featured the panelists—Ring Lardner Jr. and assorted colleagues—in yet another episode of controlled hysteria (comprised of equal parts breath-taking and guilt-baiting) in which the occasion was mourned and we were warned again that it could happen again.

It is certainly true that the blacklist was an abomination. Artists should never have had their livelihoods taken from them because of their political views, however self-servingly they might have been as spokesmen for communism, however ignorant or malicious their grooming apologists for totalitarianism, however duplicitous they were when they claimed that they were being persecuted for their defense of democracy.

But what was the reality of the blacklist and the record of those who were blacklisted, and how has Hollywood since dealt with those issues? That is a question worth asking, a question that is rarely posed because those closest to the issues are fearful of the possible answers.

Since the 1970s, when the New Left generation began to make its mark on Tinsel town, scores of films have used the atmospheres around the blacklist as a dramatic backdrop. The Way We Were is probably the most prominent of these films. But Hollywoods' "brouhahas" also stood behind The Front, Marathon Man, The House on Carroll Street, and HBO's Fellow Traveler. Irwin Winkler directly worked with the issue in his directorial debut effort Guilty By Suspicion, a film which, in the typical style of these guilt-fests, portrays its innocent hero (Robert D'Niro) as being forced to become a friendly witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, as the character puts it, "just for going to a couple of meetings." Of course, whether used as backdrop or central focus, the story about Hollywood during this era is always the same: Those persecuted had done no wrong; they were unadulterated heroes, victims of the McCarthyites and the despised red-baiters. They were pure as Ivory Snow—as Lillian Hellman depicted herself in her fraudulent memoir of the blacklist years Scoundrel Time— a political innocent who only wanted peace. She was not a Communist herself, and claims not even to have known whether her lover of years, Dashiell Hammett, was a Communist.
Natural Pairings
Your front-page article "Man-Boy Love" (Sept.) first establishes that the leaders of the American North Mexican Man-Boy Love Association are neither very scholarly nor very thoughtful. Agreed! But then author Paul Mulshine appears to completely accept NAMBLA arguments as valid!

NAMBLA argument number one: The only "natural" gay pairings throughout history are those between a mature adult and a teenager. The truth is that even in the years before Jesus was born, gay love affairs were frequently between people of the same approximate age. If you want to call it "incestually, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality," winner of the 1981 American Book Awards for History, established that. And everyone has heard of the Greek "armies of lovers," who, presumably, were of the same age. Don't forget David and Jonathan of the Old Testament, who appear to have been of the same age.

NAMBLA argument number two: Gay teenagers generally only want sex with older people. I know this isn't true from donors, if not hundreds, of conversations I have had with other gay men about their first sexual experiences. Overwhelmingly, gay teenagers have sex with each other, more than with older men. And, yes, gay teenagers can be exposed to AIDS from each other, not just from older men. If Paul Mulshine is concerned about teenagers and AIDS, he should be a fan of Joycelyn Eldridge, who warns all 12-year-olds to be educated about how AIDS is spread and who also wants easy access by youth to condoms.

Richard Winger San Francisco, CA

Giggle, Giggle, Giggle
You have outsourced yourself with the story on "Man-Boy Love." It is disgusting, racist, and homophobic. You guys do more gay-bashing than Jesse Helms and all the right-wing Christians put together. It is obscene with y'all folks.

I read your sleazy publication, and I see a bunch of fools making up new and clever reasons to bash gays and then giggling uproariously at their own naughtiness. It is gross. You guys give me the creeps. I can't help wondering about the nature of your fixation with homosexuals. Are we dealing with in-becloseted types here? If so, why don't you just let it all hang out? Go out and Do It! You'll feel much better, and you won't have to spend all that time every month doing all this obnoxious writing.

Benjamin Dover Cambridge, MA

A Question of Taste
In the past, I have been uneasy about Heterodoxy's slap-happy, juvenile approach to personalities and issues. While I often found redeeming articles within its pages, its acerbic tone prevented me from recommending this most important publication to my more moderate friends. Heterodoxy was useless for persuading the fainthearted individual who is confused about the debate over political correctness.

Heterodoxy has a legitimate role in combating the attacks on free speech by those with authoritarian inclinations who desire to rid our society and culture of its liberal democratic underpinnings. Going out of our way to encourage rage and bitterness does little good for anybody. Civilized behavior is a mandatory requirement for those advocating a defense of civilization. There is indeed something to be said for polite satire, but outright nastiness serves no practical or moral purpose. A more dispassionate, analytical perspective should be encouraged for Heterodoxy's future issues.

David Thomson
Los Angeles, CA

It's Called Satire...
Nothing appears anywhere in the September article by Judith Schuman Weinzer to suggest it to be a spoof as bad as that might have been. My question to you is: Where is this Northern New Jersey State College?

I will not go any farther other than (for now) to ask for an immediate response. I live in northern New Jersey and am very much aware of the educational institutions in the state. If there is no such school, you've done a great injustice to your readers. I lived for 11 years in West Los Angeles, Santa Monica, and Sherman Oaks. My reasons for saying this is to impress you with the reality that I do have occasion to visit and will do so in the not-too-distant future.

Then I will confront you in person.

James Forges
Haverton, NJ

Paula Coughlin Memorial Award
As an avid fan of Heterodoxy, I look forward eagerly to each month's issue in my mailbox. Judith Schuman Weinzer's hilarious spoofs on the state of the politically correct world today are what I turn to first. Then I look over the tidbits under the "Reductio Ad Aburdum/department"—always good for a laugh.

I recently read about one story crazy enough for that department, and since I haven't seen you cover it, I thought I would give you and your readers the details. It's sort of a reverse Tallboys situation—if I could, accompanied by much less outcry.

It seems that an air-traffic controller by the name of Douglas Hartman has filed a lawsuit claiming he was sexually harassed at the hands (literally) of his female coworkers at the Federal Aviation Administration. This alleged activity took place during a sensitivity training workshop for administration employees, to boot!

Hartman is seeking $500,000 from the Department of Transportation, because he says he was forced to "walk the gauntlet" to see how it felt to be a sexual object. As he walked, the women conducting the session "gropped everything: genitalia, buttocks, the inner thighs. You name it" (his lawyer's words). In addition, Hartman says that his female peers called him a "wimp," insulted that he was impostor, and rated him and other men on a scale of 1 to 10 based on their "perceived sexual attributes."

I wonder if he'll win? Anyway, thanks again for putting out a great publication!

Shelley Benjamin
Rochester, NY

Out of the Dark Ages
Readers who want to read further about the point of view of Prof. Stephen Goldberg ("Stephen Goldberg, Iconoclast," Sept.) might read the first four chapters of a book titled "Foundations of Sociology" by George Lundberg. Additional reading might include "Dimensions of Society" by Stuart C. Dodd and the writings of Allen L. Edwards, a professor of statistics.

Edwards suggests the use of a 10-point scale in making social evaluations for a more precise third stage of measurement. The 10-point scale may allow for the development of equal units with social measurements and the ability to repeat a measurement to get to the same point on a scale—very similar to the equal units and agreement on the repeat measurement of a distance or any other physical element that may be measured.

Goldberg's point of view has immediate application. For instance, each element of employee performance reports should always use the 10-point scale because it is much more meaningful. By comparison, the three-point or five-point evaluations usually used are virtually worthless.

Goldberg may yet lead us out of the current Dark Ages of much of the applied and theoretical social sciences.

Charles L. Smith
Berkeley, CA

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COMMUNIQUÉ
HILLARY LYSNKO: Having been overwhelmingly rejected on the health care front, Hillary is perhaps only a financial supporter of the campaign trail on behalf of her brother Hugh Rodham, who is running for office in Florida. Campaigning more, the First Lady noted in a rambling speech to members of a synagogue that she had recently read Deborah Tannen's You Just Don't Understand and that this book on gender linguistics had totally changed the way she related to her husband. I thought I was the only woman in the world whose husband refused to ask...
Politically Correct Jim Crow At Cornell University

By Kenneth Lee

You don't know what you're talking about. Do you know what kind of damage you're doing to your school? Do not come here next time." These were the words Cornell Vice President Henrik Dullea used to several students during a private meeting about racial apartheid on the Ithaca campus. Dullea continued to harangue one particular student until she left with tears welling up in her eyes.

Why would a "top level" administration member rebuke a student in such harsh and caustic terms? On most campuses, such a confrontation would be taboo, but for Cornellians, incidents like this one have become quite commonplace as the university struggles with a growing racial polarization.

For the past few years, Cornell University has experienced a series of conflicts over the school's racially segregated dormitories. Under the guise of fostering an environment that is more multicultural and therefore theoretically more comfortable for minority students, the university has created several racial and ethnic living centers where these students can self-segregate. The first one was established in the wake of the infamous takeover of Cornell in 1969 by armed black students. The university erected a Latino Living Center this year after student protesters stormed the administration building. A Native American living center exists as well.

The dorms may not yet have balkanized the campus into ethnic enclaves, but they have already sparked racial tension and ethnic conflict. A recent student referendum revealed that nearly 60 percent of the student body opposed ethnic dormitories. The situation has become so sticky that this past May, the New York Civil Rights Coalition and the New York Civil Liberties Union warned Cornell that they would challenge the segregated facilities if changes were not made.

"[Cornell] must not and will not be allowed to either institute or continue to perpetuate a system of Jim Crow facilities on the premise that students themselves say they prefer segregation," said Norman Siegel, executive director of the New York division of ACLU, in a letter to President Frank Rhodes. Michael Meyers of the New York Civil Rights Coalition said that if Cornell did not dismantle this voluntary apartheid, he would file complaints with the New York Board of Regents and the U.S. Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights.

When notified of the NYCRC's and NYCLU's possible challenge to the dormitories, Henrik Dullea, the vice president of university relations, at first welcomed an inspection. "We have absolutely nothing to hide," he coolly declared. But when Siegel and Michael Meyers visited Cornell, they sensed that something was rotten in the state of New York. Rather than being reassured, the two men became even more determined to do something about the Ithaca campus, especially after talking to students who opposed the politically correct Jim Crow situation created by the administration. It was during Siegel's and Meyers' visit to Cornell, in fact, that Vice President Dullea issued the stingy rebuke that left several students stunned and one of them tearful.

The meeting with Siegel and Meyers had been fairly placid until several students showed the two men anti-Semitic flyers that had been circulated by some members of Ujaama, the all-black dormitory. That's when Dullea lost his cool and began to rant at the students.

The episode was all the more surprising since Dullea is generally known as an affable and kind administrator. This has led observers to use the incident as a metaphor for the explosive atmosphere created on campus because of the debate over multiculturalism. When asked later about his altercation with the students, Vice President Dullea tried to downplay the incident. "There's no question that the students who met with Mr. Meyers and Mr. Siegel expressed themselves spontaneously, and there were indeed disagreements," he said. "But I wouldn't characterize the meeting as explosive."

Dullea instead tried to conjure a more rosy picture of the meetings. "We took them [Siegel and Meyers] around campus and had them meet with students and faculty and staff who are involved with a variety of [ethnic] programs," he said. "I think they were good meetings... Students involved in the program houses had an opportunity to tell why they felt they were very beneficial."

In fact, both men were appalled at what they saw. The New York Civil Liberties Union's Siegel said, "I understand [ethnic dorms] are a sensitive issue for the Cornell community, but I'm an integration-ist, and the racial segregation I saw made me very uncomfortable." Meyers of the New York Civil Rights Coalition was more pointed in his reaction: "We went up to Cornell for an onsite inspection. There was no snow on the ground, but the university attempted to give us a snow job. It was not a convincing one. We're not sure there are segregated facilities with the complexity of the university, and it will be challenged."

Meyers implied that he felt he had been given a Potemkin Village tour. "Those who spoke with me were exclusively the ones the university apparently wanted me to talk to. They were only those who were supportive of the program," he said. "These are children of all their explanations and rationalizations. I got the view that we were getting double-talk." Siegel was disturbed by the uncooperativeness of the university. "We asked the school for information on the racial breakdown of Ujaama [the black dormitory] for the past 22 years, but we haven't gotten anything from the university."

Cornell has been embroiled in a long battle with the New York Board of Regents over these living arrangements. In 1978, the New York Board of Regents issued only a slap-on-the-wrist reprimand. But this time around, the board may not be as lenient. And that has worried many administration officials. (Although Cornell is known as a private Ivy League school, the university also has three state-supported colleges and is subject to many New York State regulations and compliances.)

Reaction on the Cornell campus to this incident has been mixed. The generally left-bent of the New York Civil Liberties Union and the fact that the outspoken Michael Meyers is black has fanned many campus activities which would like to dismiss any reaction of racial apartheid as a plot by white conservatives. "It's hard to understand why they would do such a thing. I would have expected right-wingers [or have challenged the dormitories] instead," one radical student remarked.

Even more interesting has been the splintering of the campus conservatives. Some conservative students are divided at the prospect of ethnic houses being dismantled. Racial dormitories have long served as havens for student radicals and a source of campus unrest. (Ujaama, the black dormitory, has invited violent anti-Semitic speakers from the Nation of Islam on campus during Jewish holidays in the past.) Furthermore, minority students have been browbeaten into following the lead of the racial nonentity in Ujaama for fear of being ostracized as "traitors" to their race.

"For years, student radicals have demanded special ethnic dormitories, and the university has willingly complied to their demands," said Michael Pultorino, one of the students involved in the altercation with Vice President Dullea and a staff member of the conservative Cornell Review. "It is about this time type of segregation and special treatment ends."

But other conservatives have watched the developments with apprehension, fearing that a state-mandated decision to dismantle segregated housing will allow other mandates on behalf of "more benign" affirmative action and multicultural programs in the future. "This is yet another example of the Leviathan State assuming control of everything it touches," the Cornell American editorialized. "We neither want nor need the power of the State to support us in this fight for those our private property is too important to compromise, even if doing so would seem to support our cause."

But campus radicals and conservatives alike are keeping their eyes on Michael Meyers, who has forthrightly expressed disgust over the new "integration" that has indisputably crept into many universities. "The University of Michigan, for example, is home to "cultural lounges," which are restricted to use only by certain ethnic groups; and the University of California at Los Angeles offer separate commencement ceremonies for its minority students."

It is not surprising that Meyers, a life-long NAACP member, would crusade for racial integration despite its current unpopularity among many members of the minority community.

While the NAACP and other civil rights leaders have codified Louis Farrakhan, Meyers denounced the controversial Nation of Islam leader as an "apostle of hate" on the MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour. "The so-called self-segregation will not by tolerated in any way," he said. "We have and will continue to challenge such segregation."

Meyers plans to challenge the segregated living facilities at Columbia University next. "As recipients of federal money, even private schools are under jurisdiction of the Civil Rights Office of the U.S. Dept. of Education," he says. "We have them [the school] on the run, and we are very serious in ending the so-called self-segregation when the university has complexity in it."

It is ironic that this battle over the "new self-segregation" has occurred on the 40th anniversary of Brown vs. Board of Education. The landmark decision not only ruled segregated public schools unconstitutional but also challenged the racial ethos existing in America at the time. Ending this "new segregation" may be as painful and divisive as it was in Alabama 40 years ago.

Kenneth Lee is a student-journalist at Cornell.
FAIR: The Media's Favorite Media Watchdogs

By Tim Graham

As part of a surprising summer convergence of attacks on liberalism's Public Enemy Number One—Reagan—Limbaugh—media outlets promoted a “study” by an organization calling itself Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, charging that the nation's most popular radio and talkshow host is guilty of “slippiness, ignorance, or fabrication” and has a “finely honed ability to twist and distort.”

By attacking Limbaugh soon after Bill Clinton did, FAIR made a Great Leap Forward in prominence, thanks to liberal media friends (which range from major newspapers to TV shows to Down East), but half of Rush's "documented errors" are really differences of opinion. On women, for instance: "Women were doing quite well in this country before feminism came along," or on the poverty line: "$14,000 for a family of four. That's not so bad." On health care: "If you have any doubts about the status of American health care, just compare it with that in other industrialized nations. These may be provocative invitations to debate issues, but they are not fact-based.

As with the work of other left-wing groups doing "public interest research," FAIR's attack on Limbaugh was taken as nonpartisan. The quality and accuracy of FAIR's other work (especially on domestic violence) and the fact that the organization is the wolf of advocacy dressed in the sheep's clothing of objective research was never mentioned. FAIR was taken at face value by the media, which never bothered to note that FAIR is two-faced.

FAIR was founded in 1986 out of a handful of leaflets in opposition to the ABC miniseries America, a rambling 14-hour story of a Soviet invasion of the United States. (The networks, they believed, was unfair to the communists and might threaten America's resolve to fight the Cold War.) It was an irony given the fact that FAIR would soon come to depend on Hollywood for cash ("We've raised a lot of money from Hollywood, and we're proud of that," FAIR chief Jeff Cohen told the American Journalism Review), as its budget increased to $750,000 annual budget—"as a result of publicity generated by the attack on Limbaugh—a derived from friendly left-wing foundations like the Leonard Foundation, the J. Rodick MacArthur Foundation, and the New World Foundation (including a grant approved by, among others, board member Hillary Clinton).

The hidden agenda has been the organization's model operant. Since its beginning, the first edition of the FAIR newsletter, Extral, proclaimed: "FAIR came into being to offer a different kind of media criticism—fully in keeping with the First Amendment. We do not work to prevent the airing of viewpoints with which we disagree. Our approach is to work for the inclusion of new viewpoints, not the exclusion of old ones." Despite FAIR's self-proclaimed mission as an "anti-censorship group," however, there has always been a whiff of authoritarianism in its actions. The group hinted that the best solution to Limbaugh's "reign of error," for instance, was to get the Federal Communications Commission involved. In a New York Times ad boosting its own tainted accusations, FAIR charged that the stations that carry Limbaugh "can be held accountable if they broadcast falsehood... It is, in fact, a condition of their licenses."

This isn't the first time FAIR let the mask drop in its character as a First Amendment stalwart. Last year, FAIR chief Jeff Cohen also wrote a long letter to Richard Carlson, chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, attacking a program on crime on the documentary Reverse Angle before it ever aired. Cohen argued that the fact that Reverse Angle hosts Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes also appear on The McLaughlin Group canceled the need for the program. "FAIR would never insist the right of these newsmen to appear on TV, they simply heard—loudly."

Despite its rhetoric of being free speech friendly, FAIR has always believed that censorship is helpful against Western "cultural imperialism" and its self-serving ideology of a "free press." The November/December 1988 edition of the newsletter Extrap included two articles decried the American media's alarm over the United Nations' proposed New World Information Order, which would have allowed Third World governments to inhibit the flow of information from "cultural imperialism" (read: Western) news outlets and reporters. (An article by C. Anthony Gifford even complained that American media organizations had warned the World Press Freedom Committee and other international bodies of the danger in canceling "private media, redundant world conferences, and international conferences to endorse 'free press' ideology."

FAIR, one of the beauties of this Orwellian New World Information Order was that it had canceled a telephone presence of American news outlets abroad and thus given left-wing authoritarian regimes more power to define themselves without the nagging presence of a dissenting view.

Perhaps the most amazing fact about FAIR has been its success in positioning itself as a "public interest" organization despite its ideological bias. The FAIR "storehouses" of ABC, NBC, and CBS, the attack on Limbaugh, were reported by liberal national media outlets with the same solemnity given to reports from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Despite the fact that the organization is such an obvious and inviting target, no reporter who publicized FAIR's attack on Limbaugh investigated FAIR's own previous record. And that record is not only one of ideological special pleading, but of slippiness and outright fabrication. These qualities certainly characterized The Great Super Bowl Hit of 1993, a matter that was almost entirely central to it.

In the week before Super Bowl XXVII, FAIR put on a Los Angeles press conference and issued a press release on the theme that Super Bowl Sunday coincides with the apex of domestic violence against women by football-watching men filled with pent up and vicious violence. Associated Press reporter Jeffrey Meyer wrote: "Some women's shelters report as much as a 40 percent increase in calls for help on Super Bowl Sunday and the following Monday, [said] Linda Mitchell of Fairness and Accuracy Reporting, a media watchdog group." When Washington Post reporter Ken Ringle discovered that FAIR and other activists publicizing these claim had no scientific data to back them up, FAIR spokesperson Steve Randall admitted The Boston Globe that the supposedly serious academic researchers at FAIR had actually taken the number out of a book of photographs. Said Randall: "It was not quite accurate... It should not have gone out in FAIR materials."

In defending his recent story promoting FAIR's attack on Limbaugh, Washington Post reporter Howard Kurtz proclaimed on CNN: "Everyone makes mistakes, and obviously anybody who's on the air as much as Rush Limbaugh is going to make a few. The question is, Do you acknowledge your mistakes?"

The irony, of course, is that FAIR is the one that now fails to acknowledge its mistakes on the "Day of Dread" campaign. Realizing the corrosive effect that being caught in a blatant inaccuracy can have on a group named Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, FAIR has pounced offensively on any suggestion that the campaign about domestic violence during the Superbowl was inaccurate. With the exception of Steve Randall's admission (which in retrospect has the feel of a Freudian slip), FAIR's strategy has always been..."
to attack everyone else's accuracy with such hyperbolic aggression that he gave no one notice of its own inadequacies.

"Recently, FAIR jumped on professor Christina Hoff Sommers, whose book Who Stole Feminism? criticizes the hoaxes of FAIR and its feminist allies in proliferating bogus academic violence statistics. FAIR chief Jeff Cohen attacked Sommers first in a letter in the August 29 National Review. "To say that we had no basis for making our research (on the Superbowl) is a reckless attack on our integrity." But FAIR's idea of defending its integrity has been to claim that it only used anecdotal evidence from women's shelters in making its claims in researching about the Superbowl. So why hold a press conference and kick off an episode of national hysteria?

FAIR didn't gain much in its attack on Sommers. In fact, Sommers responded by pointing out that FAIR's February 1993 newsletter charged that the surgeon general found domestic violence statistics to be "leading health hazard for women between the ages of 15 and 44." The co-author of that report, disturbed by FAIR's distortion of her findings, told Sommers, "I spend my life trying to get it unattributed to us."

FAIR, of course, was undaunted by this reproof. The organization is now using its "public information" service to summon reporters to attack Sommers herself. In a July 14 fax (with the inscription "Storm the Bastille!"): FAIR "Women's Desk" coordinator Laura Flambers asks "Friends of the Facts" to write Sommers's publisher, Simon & Schuster, to complain that the book is riddled with errors and unsubstantiated allegations. If the hint that it was wrong were well known, such pleas might go unheeded. But the organization's front as a watchdog agency devoted to the public good keeps people from inquiring about its hidden agenda. A couple of weeks after getting the memo about Sommers, law professor Linda Fineholmen obediently attacked her in the Los Angeles Times.

FAIR has also been active on the electronic-mail circuit against Sommers. When Eye to Eye with Connie Chung aired a segment on Sommers's book, FAIR urged a preemptive strike against CBS: "Based on our contacts with Eye to Eye and with others the show has talked to, CBS is not planning to present a balanced report." FAIR urged its allies in an electronic mail message to "call Eye to Eye...and ask who will provide balance to Sommers on a program." FAIR was less professional when Steve Randall sarcastically responded in e-mail to Sommers's defender Frank Beckwith:

"Your servile adoration to a really shoddy piece of work shows that you don't really have the temperament for rigorous scholarship. What's your field, physical education? Next time you want to play with the big kids bring your lunch and your EVIDENCE!"

This, from the man who admitted using a book of photographs as the "rigorous scholarship" behind FAIRS lurid claims about domestic violence on Superbowl Sunday.

The real question raised by FAIRS attacks on Limbaugh, X Sommers, and the men who watch the Superbowl is clear: Why would a group whose stated interest is "fairness and accuracy in reporting" focus on talk shows and launch a sleazy campaign against a feminist who regard as politically incorrect? In fact, FAIR's criticism of the news usually blame everyone but those who do die reporting, focusing on the owners, the executives, the talk show hosts, the booking agents, the talking heads. Why?

In an interview with Jeff Cohen published in Unreliable Sources, the FAIR chief was asked: "For a group that calls itself a 'media watchdog,' FAIR have a lot of friends in the media?" Cohen answered: "That was a conscious strategy of ours, in keeping with our view that the media are not monolithic and that many on the working press are FAIR's political allies. Our common foe is media conglomerations and callous media owners."

This popular frontism seems to have worked. The fact that FAIRS's secret agendas have remained secret shows that the organization's core assumption—that the working media are populated by leftists and fellow travelers—may be correct. How else to explain the media's failure to publicize FAIRS's more embarrassing episodes? It is a pity that political correctness should be more important than factual correctness.

Tim Graham works for the Media Research Center.
The Highjacking of C.S. Lewis

By K.L. Billingsley

hen Clive Staples Lewis, who preferred to be called "Jack," died on November 22, 1963, notice of his passing was buried not only beneath news of the Kennedy assassination but also of the death of fellow writer Aldous Huxley. Once considered a visionary and an icon of the counterculture, Huxley is no longer much of an item. By contrast, C. S. Lewis has gained a worldwide following that is still increasing 36 years after his death. Lewis's books sold 1.5 million copies last year, and total sales now stand at more than 100 million. His Chronicles of Narnia continue to be read by children all over the world. The success of the film Shadowlands, with Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger, gave further impetus to the already thriving Lewis cult.

There are numerous C.S. Lewis societies and newsletters put out by people who call themselves "Lewisians," a term their spiritual mentor would surely dislike.

Most of all, Lewis is at the center of the spiritual revival now brewing in America. (One southern California church even boasts a stained-glass window of Lewis.) His followers know not that this century has been dominated by the secular gods of materialism—socialism, humanism, and, the current incumbent, nihilism. But they know too that these gods don't deliver and that their failure has created a vacuum for a figure like Lewis, whose Mere Christianity and other works represent a modern revival of the "unarguable Christianity" of the 19th century, an active faith that does battle with its secular foes and does not require adherents to check their brains at the church door.

While the Lewis legacy continues to shine, however, an eclipse of sorts has become visible in recent years, giving the term "shadowlands" something of an unintended meaning. The millions of Lewis devotees might be disturbed to learn, for instance, that what they have been reading in some editions of The Screwtape Letters, a Lewis classic, is not what the author originally wrote: The location has been changed from Europe to America, television has been brought in, and a mention of French philosopher Jacques Maritain has been changed. Some Lewisians are angered by They Stand Together, the title of a book of Lewis's material releases posthumously, because they see it as a homosexual code phrase. Others believe that The Dark Tower, a novel released under the Lewis name long after his death, is an outright forgery.

Has there been a posthumous hijacking of C. S. Lewis, as some now charge? The place to begin answering this question is the preface to The Dark Tower, which says that an intrepid rescuer saved this questionable work from destruction, along with other priceless titles by Lewis, in a fire set by people who had no idea of the treasures they were burning. The alleged heroic rescuer of this trove of Lewisiana, a man named Walter Hooper, has become the kingpin of a thriving industry of commentary and hitherto unknown works and hold of what has come to be known as the "Lewis Mafia."

Listening to his real Oxford accent and professing ignorance of American geography and customs, many assume that the 64-year-old Hooper—literary adviser to the Lewis estate, for which he has also served as executor, trustee, and manager as an Englishman. In fact, he is an American who was born in North Carolina and lived stateside until his early thirties.

That the mysterious Hooper has instigated himself into the C. S. Lewis persona is beyond doubt. How he did so is a question that exists in a kind of shadowlands all its own. Hooper claims to have been Lewis's live-in personal secretary whose handwriting was so much like Lewis's that he had the author's permission to sign his letters. He has told audiences that he flicks through Lewis's ashes the way Lewis did. He claims that the writer wished that he had been his son. ("Meanwhile, Lewis and I became more intimate, and finally he asked me to become his co-executor and so I moved into the house." Hooper writes in the introduction to They Stand Together.) In C. S. Lewis: A Biography, Hooper claims that Lewis called him, "the son I should have had" and said, "Walter is part of my private life." Another Hooper anecdote places the two at church together in a crucial moment on Easter 1963.

Hooper spread the notion that he and Lewis were tightly bonded with such intensity and repetition over the last 20 years that his truth has been accepted by religious journalists who profile the man in articles with titles such as "Like Father, Like Son." So thoroughly has he identified with the master that Hooper even billed one of his U.S. speaking tours "A Visit With C. S. Lewis."

After Lewis died, Hooper moved to England to study literature at Oxford but was turned down for the graduate program. At this time he began to intrigue himself into Lewis's affairs, marshaling what C.S.'s brother Warren Lewis later called his "astonishing talent for infiltration." Warren was trying to shepherd along his brother's affairs, but he was old and had an alcohol problem and, in any case, the Lewis industry of the future was little more than a corner store which offered more supply in the mid-'60s than there was demand. Hooper discovered that Warren Lewis's busy co-trustees, Owen Barfield and Cecil Harwood, were pleased to accept his help in dealing with literary matters. These two luminaries were anthroposophists (a creed C. S. Lewis himself regarded as occult) and apparently accepted Hooper's credentials without question. Soon, with their help and Warren Lewis's neglect, Walter Hooper became C.S. Lewis's literary executor.

In this role, Hooper moved with alacrity to become the keeper of the C.S. Lewis flame and monopolist of his memory. (His introductions alone to Lewis's works tally 270 pages.) In a phone conversation from England, Hooper says that he is not responsible for claims made about his intimacy with Lewis on the jackets of books: "Everything in the introductions is absolutely accurate and correct, and there is no controversy over here." He claims that no note has been interested in the "alleged inaccuracies" of his account of his relationship with Lewis.

Actually, they have. The picture given by many people who knew Lewis well is somewhat different from the Hooper version. For them, Hooper was only an acquaintance the writer made at the end of his life, an acquaintance that always remained rather casual. These people point out that according to public records there are only eight letters between the two men over a nine-year period, four of them written between September and October 1963. The longest of the letters is 335 words: the shortest 23.

"Hooper's introductions have amazed me for some time," says Sheldon Vanauken, an old friend of Lewis's and author of A Severe Mercy. "There couldn't possibly have been that many special moments between the two men." Vanauken believes Hooper has "obviously blown up" his friendship with Lewis in England, which Vanauken says could not have lasted more than one month.

These views are echoed by Kathryn Lindskoog, a Californian who met Lewis in 1955 while studying at the University of London. The following year she sent Lewis the thesis she had written on his Narnia work, and he replied: "You are in the center of the target everywhere. You know my work better than anyone else I've met.... I hope we shall have some really useful critical work from your hand." Lindskoog's thesis became a book and her C.S. Lewis: More Christian is now in its third edition.

During the 1970s, Lindskoog began learning things about the fate of the Lewis legacy that disturbed her. She
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begin pointing out problems with Hooper's accounts of his special relationship with Lewis, and, when no clear answers emerged, she angrily confronted Hooper, who was then working as a part-time faculty member at the University of Kentucky at the very time when he claimed to have been serving as C.S. Lewis's secretary-companion. Hooper otherwise maintained a summer-school program in Oxford from July 1 to August 9 of 1963. During that time, particularly during August, he did visit Lewis at his home, but it is clear that he was not functioning as his secretary because Lewis's letters from the time reveal that the author had no help with correspondence. That year Easter fell on April 14, when Hooper was still in Kentucky, so it is not clear how he could have attended church with the author on that day and had a summery moment, as he has frequently claimed.

Lewis never appointed him, and I never knew Hooper existed,” says Vanauken, who spent time with Lewis at the Kilns in the summer and fall of 1963. Indeed, Lewis's letters to Vanauken contain no mention of Hooper.

If he previously unknown Hooper first claimed that he was Lewis's companion-secretary in his introduction to the 1964 book Poems. (Where I was his secretary,” he wrote, "he sometimes used to dictate poems.") This assertion could never be verified, for no Lewis devotees, and Hooper quickly made a national name for himself. When Warren Lewis returned from an extended trip to Ireland early that summer and encountered Hooper, he began to be afraid that Hooper would take over his brother’s affairs. Already in his eccentric years, Warren was also afraid of what Hooper might say about the two of them after their own death. Warren willed his own papers to Wheaton College, where they are now part of the Marion Wade collection and available to the public. That is how we know that on May 12, 1969, Warren Lewis wrote to Hooper complaining about his claims of having served his brother. "At no time did you ever come to Liverpool or to know me,” he wrote. "I am not a writer, nor do I have a knowledge of your books on 17th-century France, and passionately devoted to compiling every scrap of information about his brother. Warren’s death came in 1795. A short time later, a letter began to arrive in his mailbox. (Kathryn Lindskoog has suggested that if this is true Warren Lewis belongs in the Guinness Book of World Records.)

According to Hooper, the drunken, disconsolate Warren ranmussed the Kilns for papers and, in 1964, gave them to Fred Paxford, the gardener, to be burned. Hooper happened to have felt compelled to visit the home that day and saved several suitcases full of material from the flames, so much in fact that he could hardly lug it away. His treasure trove included a notebook of poems and a manuscript of a science-fiction novel. It was this he rescued, in fact, that led him to be named Lewis’s literary executor.

The trouble with this account is that Lewis devoted did not learn of his existence for several years, long after the demise of anyone who might cast doubt on it. Hooper first revealed the fact of new material’s having survived a fire that had destroyed the literary company’s files at the California State College at Los Angeles. Lindskoog believes that Marchington, a clever writer as well as a scientist, is the most likely author of The Dark Tower. Hooper has billed this book as part of Lewis’s famous science-fiction trilogy, Out of the Solent Plain, Perelandra, and That Hideous Strength. But Warren Lewis had never heard of it and neither had any of his brothers of his. Neither the sexually lurid content nor the style is at all like Lewis. Lindskoog notes that parts of the book bear a strong resemblance to Hooper’s 1963 novel, The Wrinkle in Time, published after Lewis’s death. Vanauken, who recently read all of Lewis’s works, remains unsure about the authorship of The Dark Tower. "If he did write it, I wish he’d burned it,” he says.

They Stand Together. Hooper’s collection of the letters of Lewis and Vanauken, now suitably advertised as "ten years in preparation," although it is not explained why a collection of letters should take so long to assemble. More unusual is the cover design, which features Lewis and Vanauken set on a backdrop of Oxford’s Magdalen Tower thrusting

up phallically between them. (Greeves lived in Ireland and did not attend Oxford, so the title has no significance in his life.) As for the title, some people have claimed that it is a gay code phrase, although Hooper, who chose it, says that it comes from Lewis’s own work. In any case, seven years after its release, the publishers suddenly substituted another title, The Letters of C.S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves. Lindskoog has chronicled these and other difficulties she has had with the Hooper version of the Lewis legacy in her 1988 work The Lewis Letters Hoar, which Lewis’s friends George Sayer and Sheldon Vanauken welcomed, as did Arthur C. Clarke. Lewis’s favorite science-fiction writer. But Hooper and the C.S. Lewis estate were not amused. They sent a letter to the publisher demanding that the book be withdrawn. The publisher declined, and the estate took no further action, in spite of the seriousness of Lindskoog’s charges. Why no lawsuit against Lindskoog? "That would be giving her self-advertisement, and that’s just what she wants,” says Hooper. Lindskoog is now working on an expanded version of this work to be called Light on C.S. Lewis/Shaadowsland, which will be published with a foreword by University of Southern California religion professor Robert Ellwood.

Meanwhile, the C.S. Lewis industry continues apace. Contrary to what many suppose, his stepsons t Joy Diddrum, David and Douglas Tredinnick, have no say in his estate, having sold it a few days after it was settled. The estate is now called the C.S. Lewis PTE, owned by several anonymous investors in a holding company based in the Channel Islands and Hong Kong. Its president is Ralph Sieber, who reportedly resides in Holland or Switzerland.

Though the estate remains shrouded in secrecy, it tenaciously guards its interests. A cloistered man in New Jersey wrote an eighth Narnia chronicle called The Cenarian Thus and a foreword by his friends Lewis himself, on both the cover and in the text. All royalties from the sale of that book, which was published by the C.S. Lewis estate on the 1976 version of The Screwtape Letters that moved the story to America and put Lewis himself in the tale. The introduction portrays Lewis up to his elbows in soap starch and talking with Hooper after a dinner that took place on August 7, 1963, a date on which Lewis was an invalid just released from the hospital.

Through Joy and Beyond was not the only project on which Hooper and his companion Marchington collaborated. Under the pseudonym Walter Churceington, they authored an article defending the practice of excluding females from all-male colleges. And Lindskoog believes that Marchington, a clever writer as well as a scientist, is the most likely author of The Dark Tower. Hooper has billed this book as part of Lewis’s famous science-fiction trilogy, Out of the Solent Plain, Perelandra, and That Hideous Strength. But Warren Lewis had never heard of it and neither had any of his brothers of his. Neither the sexually lurid content nor the style is at all like Lewis. Lindskoog notes that parts of the book bear a strong resemblance to Hooper’s 1963 novel, The Wrinkle in Time, published after Lewis’s death. Vanauken, who recently read all of Lewis’s works, remains unsure about the authorship of The Dark Tower. ‘‘If he did write it, I wish he’d burned it,” he says.

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Mickey, Marxian, continued from page 1

It was taken as a bad omen that Eisenhower's model for America would be the largely successful Disneyland in Anaheim, California, or Disney World in Orlando, Florida, which were deliberately located in places where tourists take free-fare buses to nearby Disney. People rioted when the 400 foot
cable car for that dis已然 Kenya, constructed in a locale an hour's drive from Paris, was that the hoodies of tourists who came around the sites of their relatives' graves rubbed elbows in France and the Eiffel Tower for a couple of days, would be ready for something new. Even the local Einner himself who had advertised to hating history in school would dream of watermelons and Pepsi and Big Macs and cry out for Disney.

didn't work in France, but Eisenhower decided to try out the same principle on Americans, whom he seems to think exist on a lower intellectual level than the Europeans. Washington, D.C., too, is flooded with tourists every year. And Einner who says he spent one of the worst weekends in his life when he was taken to visit Washington as a child is betting that children-tourists to Washington, like the child Einner, will be bored senseless by the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol building and the White House and will cry out to have history made fun for them by Disney.

those tourists don't understand and that actually it would be history made fun for them by Eric Foner.

Eric Foner is not exactly a household name, but he may have become one when Virginia Gov. George Allen and that state's U.S. Sca. John Warner and Chuck Robb—
all strong supporters of the historical theme parks in their state—found a bit about the man Michael Einner has chosen as chief historical consultant for his undergraduate course in U.S. history.

Eric Foner is not a name widely known outside academic circles, but in New York, "Foner" isn't just a name. It's an institution. One Foner was head of the Communist Youth League of Workers Union. A second Foner was head of the Communist-run Drug and Hospital Workers Union. Anh Foner is a founder of a Communist-life history of American labor. Eric's father, a fourth Foner, was dismissed from the City College history department during a late-1940s (pre McCarthy) anti-Communist purge. The fifth Foner is Eric himself.

Eric Foner is an American historian with a specialty in the 19th century, especially the Civil War and Reconstruction, who has done prize-winning work in his field, although, according to old friends, he entered the field of history in the first place to vindicate the worldview of his blacklisted uncle. The field of academic history is so politically correct that only future generations of historians will be able to sort out the real worth of Foner's work when Foner leaves his field in the 19th century and enters the 20th century we all acquire expertise. Not to mince words, Foner is a lifelong pro-Soviet Marxist who finally broke with the Soviet Union only when more was no more a Marxist. In last summer's issue of Dissent a journal of the Left, Eugene Genovese the true father of 1960s Marxist historical "revisionism," who has since renounced his "revisionism" (which the hardliners in the contemporary academy) wrote a major article addressed to all fellow Leftists: The "Communes of Communism: What Did You Know and When Did You Know It?" One of the principal pro-Soviet American intellectuals at which Genovese takes aim is none other than Eric Foner. Year after year, writes Genovese, his "old comrade" agreed with him every step of the way on the Soviet Union and the world Communist movement, producing not one word of criticism of either. Neither in public nor in private did Foner ever criticize Moscow or Communism. Everything that came out of Moscow was pure gold, he contributed to The New York Times. Eric Foner, who was a journalist in 1949, and replaced by the Muppets. After a public outcry, it was reopened, but on a good day its spacious, 744-seat theater was down to audiences of only 8 or 12 people. Meanwhile, Foner went to work helping to redesign the Hall of Presidents at Disney Island in Orlando. When this exhibit reopened last November, the left-wing Nation magazine described it as "impressive." Victoria wrote The Nation, "will find a strikingly intelligent and remarkably progressive program. The Lincoln speech has been shifted from a vaguely McCarthyistic warning against the 'danger within' to an acknowledgment of the centrality of race in American history; and the Hall of Presidents program has been shifted from a vaguely fascistic celebration of presidential leadership to a challenge to viewers to consider the incompleteness of freedom in America today."

No one has yet seen anything of Eric Foner's contribution to plans for Disney's "America." But whether it winds up being built in Virginia or Maryland, Bob Weiss, a Disney senior vice president and a creative director in the theme park, says the park will tell "the environmental story" as well as that of "the exploitation of workers." This brings up a question: Can tens of millions of people be induced to have a good time by sitting through a forest fire dance called "Salome's Orange?" Or a tour of a fun house packed with hyperbolic "workers doing piece work?" Foner's, 67, a Clinton Professor of History at Columbia, has been a Professor of American History at Cambridge in England and has won Guggenheim and history prizes galore, including both the Bancroft and Parkman awards. One might well assume that Foner was merely one of those intellectuals infiltrated with the Soviet Union from afar and had never actually seen a full-blown socialist system in operation.

But no. Has his been a hands-on infiltration. In 1990, as the Soviet Union was entering its last phase, somewhat less than a year before its final collapse, Eric Foner spent four months as a full-time Lecturer in American History at Moscow State University and was neither horrified at what he found. Not horrified, unfortunately, by me malfunctioning of a miserably inefficient economic system, in the heavy-boned patients they had to pay medical staff medical staff at the medical staff at the medical staff at the medical staff. Not horrified, for instance, that almost every one of his students, who had enjoyed the exhilarating benefits of Soviet life, supported Estonia's right to leave the Soviet Union. Not horrified by his students express regret at the recent Soviet loss of Eastern Europe or the decline of the Soviet Union as a world power. He found himself as one of the happy few that were able to profit from the accidental liberations of glasnost, but rather because he was trying to keep the Soviet Union together, a fact that led Foner, eager to see that this is to be accomplished, to compare the Soviet transition leader to Abraham Lincoln.

Foner, who gave a humorous account of his USSR experiences in Harper's magazine, learned the Moscow Institute of World History on the specialty, American mistreatment of blacks, and noted with chagrin that his talk was very well received, listeners being puzzled by what they considered his "unorthodox" approach, calling him at best "hopelessly eccentric." Acutely distressed at what he called this strange Russian "love affair with America," Foner was almost completely demoralized by a new Russian view that the U.S. Constitution embodied both "universal human ideals" and the key concept of a "law-based state" that Russia could never hope to create. Everywhere he found Russian scholars stressing their ties with Western Europe, which Foner considered appallingly "Eurocentric," which he has found somewhat popular in the American academy. Even the Russian intellectual lexicon had changed, he observed bitterly. "Progress" and "class" were out, and during his four months there, he never once heard the word "imperialism."

But what shocked and discouraged Foner most was educated Russians' nostalgia for the era before the Bolshevik Revolution. Their "reverence to confront the unpleasant aspects of czarist society" and their "painting the history of the Soviet era in black and white" he found perverse when not simply outrageous. (Soviet historians once considered dissident have estimated that in all the centuries of Czarist rule some 14,000 people were put to death for crimes against the state, whereas in its comparatively brief tenure the Soviet regime sent to its deaths over 50 million.) The peculiarity in all this, for anyone with even a minuscule knowledge of history, is for a foreign intellectual to be in a country filled with people who had survived Lenin, Stalin, and the Gulag—to which almost every family lost at least one member—spend his time lecturing these people on their wrong-headedness in too severely judging the Soviet system. This must be what they said: Foner certainly learned not to miss the boat with paranoia. At the end of his tour of duty in the crumbling USSR, he says, Lenin is still widely revered as a kind of Washington's George Washington. "Rarely has history been so malleable as in Gorbachev's Soviet Union," Foner wrote indignantly in Harper's. "A word, one wonders, does not even think about "historical malleability" in Stalin's Soviet Union, where people were airbrushed out of history, disappeared into the Gulag, and liquidated in secret ceremonies of death? It was speaking of Stalinism, after all,
Imagineering Gay Disneyland

Having imagined a theme park called "America," based on the export desire of an amusement park closely identified with Marxism and black liberation, the Disney Company might well want to continue its foray into cultural diversity. What if Disney's elite corps of "imagineers" went on to imagine other such spin-offs? "America," a feminist park, might be a possibility, or "Esperantic," a nod in the direction of America's fastest growing minority. What if Chairman Michael Eisner were to use his power to build "Disney's Gay America" at a site, say, in Martin County, California, north of San Francisco?

It is not difficult to imagine Eisner, whose company appears to be in robust financial health but actually shows disturbing signs of instability, making such a gesture to capture the interest of this well-heeled special interest group. In fact, Eisner's move might well come during Gay Pride Week, since it was on his own occasion last spring that thousands of gays and lesbians from around the nation descended on Disney World in Orlando.

Disney executives would no doubt at first fear that Gay America would damage the company's reputation as a promoter of "family values," but in the end they would probably decide that their themes had always emphasized love, friendship, and the struggle for freedom and independence against forces of evil, and that gay life should be included in this vision.

Disney's vision of Gay America, however, would have as much to do with money as spiritual. The investment experts called in by imagineers would certainly be curious if gays have a higher per capita income than any other group and that Gay Pride week was one of the most profitable in Disney World's history. It is easy to hear the statement of a company executive: "Sure, this is a high-growth piece of the market. We don't think of it, in fact, it's a market we've barely scratched over to cater to."  

Bend ever backwards, indeed. Who would Disney hire to become the public liaison for this project? Perhaps someone like Broadway personality Harvey Fierstein, director, choreographer, and star of Torch Song Trilogy. "What we're doing here in Martin County," Fierstein would probably say as he ushered mimes and story boards at an inaugural press conference, "is taking the old familiar Disney themes and characters known around the world and turning them on their heads."

"Every hour Disney on Parade will have a salute to divinities that promise to make our main boulevard look like a scene from La Cage Aux Folles. Variations would be surprised to see Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck stop and kiss as they walk down the park's main boulevard. Or Donald might even take a little nibble on one of Mickey's licentious loaves with his bill. All in all, in their world they are "lifelong companions."

Speaking of companions, to commemorate the projected opening of this park, Disney might plan to release its 23rd full-length feature cartoon, "Poisoned Relationships," featuring Goofy and his "domesticated partner" Plato on a bi-continental adventure that takes them from Fire Island to San Francisco. Disney's film division could draw ambitious plans for other gay-oriented features including the first all male, X-rated animated picture, aptly called The Lion King, or a new version of classic Cinderella called Cinderella.

"This is the Cinderella for the 80's," the promotional literature for this film might well read, "a Cinderella that honors the validity of alternative lifestyles."

When the state passes a law limiting child adoptions to only 'traditional' nuclear families, he is taken away from his gay foster parents, and placed with an evil Republican, whose sexual identity and his children. When he is flown to his godmother's home in a plane to go to the Goofy's Ball, it is not just any prince that meets him there—it's a gonzo rock star! They fall in love and go off on Prince's latest tour, "Rainbow Rave."  

Movin' On might also be treated to the release of a remake of Snow White timed to coincide with the park's opening: "Don't be surprised to find Ms. Whitman's diminutive pals singing 'Hi ho, hi ho!' as members of the Disney Gay Men's Chorus after 'somewhere out of' their diamond mine to open a Beverly Hills beauty salon. While entertainment is our primary goal, we hope these cartoons will give children and adults food for thought on how to view alternative lifestyles.

Food, as a matter of fact, would present planners with another way to remind viewers where they are. Disney's culinary division could use the dias to create a commemorative well known figures in the gay community throughout history. There would be main courses like Billie Jean King Crab, Seve Ocas Libres, or Cole Porter Steak. For those who want a fast-food snack, there would be a Gourmet Steinburger or a 100% Kosher Banana Frankfurter. Dinners might quench their thirst with a glass of Harvey Milk or a Porter Ellie, and of course begin their food service with a range of cocktails, including a Martini Navarrete. Dessert choices might include a Truman Capote or a sampling of Walt Whitman's Chocolates.

Were Disney's "Gay America" to become reality, it is not hard to guess the central feature of this animation would be cinematic recreation of the history of the AIDS epidemic. Parkgoers might enter through a 100 foot high red ribbon and get on a tram ride that would take them through a realistic panorama tracing the evolution of AIDS. The climax of the ride would come when visitors get off the tram and are confronted by a robot with the features of the monsters who personally bear the responsibility for the spread of AIDS in this country—Donald Reagan. Speaking in a lifelike voice, the Reagan robot will admit to departing guests the full extent of his culpability while a line of dancing Pimpoloches place condoms on their imminent nuns and tell flirtatious lies.

Imagineering could make it so.

—Turk Richards
Of course, we now know, thanks to the evidence left in the papers of Heilman's attorney Joe Raskin, that she was a card-carrying Party member, who lied easily for decades to the ranks of the gullible.

The Hollywood blacklist films follow the scenario outlined almost 20 years ago in a seminal New York Times article by Hilton Kramer. The stock figures are the "easily recognized villains, from Congressmen out to grab ahead-line at any cost to craven industry executives solely concerned to protect their careers and investments in former comrades out to save their own necks." On the other side are the blacklisted themselves, paragons of virtue who are always totally innocent. Missing from the films are the actual Hollywood Communists, who either never existed or are seen as figures of J. Edgar Hoover's overheated imagination.

But the communists did exist although it has become something like bad form to mention this fact, and virtually everyone on the blacklist came from their ranks. Yes, HIAC's Hollywood hearings in 1951 were peculiar—the committee already knew who the Hollywood Reds were, and their sole purpose was to force recalcitrant witnesses to engage in a humiliating act of contrition by offering up the names of those friends the committee actually already knew about. To gain abjectness, a witness had to confess one's sins and name names. A nasty business. But most of those summoned by HIAC were indeed ardent Stalinists, whose own sins exceeded those of their current tormentors. Virtually all of them, as the Left-wing historians Larry Cepl Hyperion, have explained. Fascinatingly, a surprising blackened version of the blacklist era, The Inquisition in Hollywood, "defended the Stalinist regime, accepted the Communist's policies and aims, and criticized enemies and allies alike with an infallible self-righteousness, superiority and selective memory which even alienated all but the staunchest fellow travelers."

These Hollywood Reds were hardly political innocents or outsiders suddenly trapped in industry politics. Indeed, the political infatuations of the 30s were over the temtuous alliance of liberals and Communists. In the 50s, the Party formed a broad anti-fascist coalition, which shared the support of figures like Melvin Douglas. That creation splintered the moment the Nazi-Soviet Pact was signed in 1939. After the pact, when the Hollywood Reds insisted that their front group switch from opposing fascism to supporting neutrality, it was too much for Douglas. He resigned and introduced a resolution denouncing both "Nazism aggressors" and "Soviet perfidy. The Communists refused to support it, and they allowed their group to collapse rather than have it turn against Stalin's policies.

Douglas's resignation from the party was one of the first glimmerings that Hollywood's liberal community got of the true face of Stalinism. As World War II broke into the Cold War, the Reds insisted that their followers condemn the Marshall Plan and fight the Truman administration tooth and nail for its "anti-Soviet" policies. It was in this context that HIAC began its famous investigation of Hollywood. At first, Hollywood's liberal community came to the defense of the suppressed screenwriters who would become mythologized as the Hollywood Ten. But the Ten's insistence upon hiding their own beliefs, their belligerence before the committee, and their spurious claim that the goal of their conspiracy of silence was simply to defend the right of privacy isolated them from mainstream liberals, who were also put off by the Ten's continued charge that America was going fascist. HIAC actually focused its attention on the small group of actual Communists and fellow travelers, and largely ignored their active liberal community. After the indictment of the Ten, the Reds invoked the Fifth Amendment. Instead of proudly proclaiming their Communist affiliations and insisting on their right to their own politics—and facing the consequences of doing so—some Reds denied they were Reds and argued that they were being persecuted because of their fight for peace and their defense of democracy. They avoided going to jail, but their mendacity was so obvious that they wound up suffering what was perhaps an even more serious political penalty.

WHY did he lie? Lester Cole, a top Hollywood Red and one of the cherished Ten, explained in his autobiography that affirmation of his party membership would have harmed his public role as an officer of the Screen Writers' Guild. He admits that his own membership was obvious, and that silence about it weakened his credibility. But he argues that "the cloak of secrecy surrounding party affiliation" was demanded by the party, since "open identification would provide more ammunition for the enemy propaganda against us."

That sentence is worth thinking about. What Cole was saying was that he was a Communist, but was being called one by his political opponents. Therefore, he had to offer a clear statement that he was a Communist, which was proven correct. If a Communist was called a Red, he was to meet the charge by invoking the countercharge of red-baiting, a sin worse than anything. Cole, in reality, was hiding his Communist affiliation during the 30s and 40s, long before the HIAC hearings, when acknowledgment of his affiliation—during the war years, for example—would not have harmed him at all.

And, of course, one would not know from the heralding of the Reds in the recent Hollywood films that over the years, they had in fact introduced and practiced the blacklist solidarity within their own ranks. Indeed, one of the Ten's own, the screenwriter and novelist Albert Maltz, committed a serious indiscretion in the mid 1940s for which he almost suffered banishment from the world of filmmaking. His offense was to have given a good review to a novel by James T. Farrell. Maltz was informed by his colleagues that he had made a serious error. He was meant to have condemned the book since Farrell was a "Trotskyite." Called into an inquisition, Maltz was forced to grovel, and, abandonmg his own dignity, he condemned his own review, recanted, and readily issued the expected condemnation of Farrell. Maltz, of course, was lucky he had not committed such an indiscretion in his beloved Soviet Union or he would have suffered this humiliating ritual of self-abasement and then been put to death, to boot. "Others faced similar trials". Joseph Freeman, author of the acclaimed An American Traitor, was forced by the party to buy up and literally burn all existing volumes of his own book, which evidently did not pay enough homage to Stalin in its pages. The book was supposed to have been optioned for a movie, but later Freeman claimed that the film was never made because of the opposition to it by the Hollywood Communists. And the screenwriter Morris Ryskind, who testified against the Ten before HIAC, wrote in his autobiography how, in the 12 years prior to his testifying, he was one of the 10 highest paid writers in Hollywood, turning down three assignments for each one that he accepted. But after his appearance before the committee, Ryskind found that he and three others who appeared were "never again to receive one single offer from any studio. Ryskind found himself, it appears, on the most stringently maintained blacklist of all—the one kept by the left. And of course, there always is the case of the great director, Elia Kazan, who made some of the most memorable films of the 30s. There was always a canker on the rose of Kazan's success—the whispering campaign mounted against him by the Hollywood Reds who called him "the Jew's finn" because of the truth Kazan told about the Communists. The blacklist, it seems, cut two ways.

And what can we say, then, about the reality of the blacklist? It is true many members of HIAC had little regard for liberty and failed to see any differences between loyalty and security, dissent and treason. Their investigations often violated America's democratic standards and were carried out more for the effect of publicity and grandstanding than for any serious purpose. But their antics did not mean that Americans had no good reason to worry about Commu- nism in the age of Stalin's reign, and today, few are those who understand that it was possible to oppose both HIAC and the Communists. Rather than deal evenly with what really happened, Hollywood had made Communism a non-existent symbol for HIAC's unpardonable behavior—and, when mentioning them at all, treats them as defenders of American democracy, not as those who really were.

Perhaps it is fitting to quote the epigraph for the blacklist years given before his death by Dalton Trumbo, the most celebrated member of the Hollywood Ten, and the one Communist who ended his years in triumph, once again penning award-winning screenplays. Accepting a Screen Writers' Guild award in 1970, Trumbo magnanimously argued that "it will do no good to search for villains or heroes or saints or devils, because there were none; there were only victims...none of us—right, left, or center—emerged from that long nightmare without sin." Hollywood—true to its usual state—has ignored Trumbo's maudlin, and persists in giving us picture after picture of villainous devil pitted against unflawed heroes.

It is ironic that Hollywood, which made amends for the radical past of some of its leading citizens by giving us long forgotten comic open portrayals of villainous Reds in the 50's, should have turned the tables on itself in an endless series of films in which there are no Reds at all, or some depicted only as innocents led astray by their guillotine good nature. Isn't it time for a more balanced and accurate film about what really happened in Hollywood in the 50's? Such a work would not only educate the country about a complex moment in its past but help wash the wounds that afflicted Hollywood even today.

It is time to get real about Hollywood's Soundtrack Time—not only by telling who the real soundtracks were but also by putting the whole episode in perspective. As Abe Polonsky, one of the Ten, once said, "It was only a blacklist. It wasn't Auschwitz."

Ronald Rashid, co-author of The Rosenberg File, teaches at Adelphi University.
Rollerbladers for Cuomo
By Jonathan Daniel

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14— I play the bass guitar in a New York City-based jazz trio called Beantown Posse that cannot say no to a booking. Because of this, I often find myself at parties to which I would otherwise be invited. Several weeks ago we played at a funfair house. Last night we played at a neighboring tavern that had some fine audience members—one of the 2000 or so members of the New York City Rollerblading League. Like most Americans who grow up during the age of cable TV, my information comes from broadcast and read on the internet. I don’t know, for instance, the protagonist in Nixon’s famous Checkers Speech was his dog checkers, yet I do not know what that speech was about. This type of knowledge is great if you’re playing Trivial Pursuit; but if not, very helpful if choosing a worthy political candidate, or as I thought until last night.

I walked in a few minutes before the festivities were to start and had time to pick up some of the literature on display. Reaching the door, I noticed a pamphlet on voting through the Internet and an invitation to “Rollerbladers for Cuomo” gathering in Central Park. (Blades required, black optional). The idea of the rally seemed to be to attract Manhattan’s youth vote. Unfortunately, only the elite of Gotham City’s “youth and young people” could afford the $25 cover charge.

But this consensus was last when the lights dimmed, and, as the drum and string music started, “We Want Cuomo,” young Christopher Cuomo took the microphone. He briefly mumbled a few overheard lines about his father focusing on qualification versus slogans. This was followed by the most hopeful/least realistic of all the slogans—something that sounds important, like, say, qualification versus slogans.

Karen Burton, the lesbian who have done for up attorney general, refused to stage quite like Andrew’s junior. I couldn’t help feel that the California Times had been the California last lass. She seemed to be in a rush, but, in my opinion, had not had a chance to run for office. Her relentless re-election for this campaign meant it made absolutely no sense to focus on any other point she was trying to make. She did joke about the overcrowding of the filled-to-capacity club and the lack of a fireman present. Oh, those rebel Democrats! Breaking laws left and right and always living on the edge.

Burton reminded the audience of the importance of voting and the need for the American people to vote in the upcoming election. She stated that the campaign had decided to pull out of the race.

How do you whip New Yorkers into an instant frenzy? Have one of their beloved singers, musicians, or dancing queens or (in this case, failing, say Sinatra. The background and his wife walked on to perform the theme song “New York, New York.””) panned the room full of the spirit and sounds of yesterday. From the onset, Cuomo was like a rock star performing his greatest hits. He sang all the right songs, all the right notes, and every word. It seemed to be going well. People were dancing, waving, and enjoying the performance. But in the midst of this, there was a quiet figure standing alone in the center of the stage. This person was wearing a blue suit and white shirt, with a black tie. As he began to speak, everyone quieted down.

All three of us were here tonight, and all three are worth your vote. As an attorney general, I have fought for the rights of New Yorkers and worked tirelessly to ensure that justice is served. I believe in fairness and justice for all people, regardless of their background or status. I am committed to protecting the rights of all citizens and ensuring that our laws are followed.

Borderlines: California’s Proposition 187
By Craig L. Hymowitz

LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 14—For many, the subject of immigration calls forth stirring images of Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty and the budding women who came to America yearning to be free. But for those in the Southwest United States and Florida, the images have become of fences and razor wire, ofDITIONally, and new and more stringent enforcement of U.S. citizenship or U.S. citizenship as a condition for enrollment or benefits or face reporting to the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the state Attorney General.

It was a day last fall when the author co-authored a book called “The People of the State of California, the United States of America” that I address the situation of Proposition 187. Proposition 187 is a campaign funded by donations of less than $250, while nearly 70 percent of the funding for Proposition 187 comes from the CTA, the State Committee of the California School Employees, and Utruscit, the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund is three too. And more than 2 Hispanic groups out of more than 250. Proposition 187 is, and that’s a beautiful way to start the year.

And it’s clear that the people’s union has clearly planned up less for reasons of principle that of pocketbook. With California’s educational funding per student tied to average daily attendance, the expansion of approximately 500,000 illegal alien students per year at $1.5 billion in aid, as a stable chunk of CTA’s membership (and union dues) as fewer teachers are needed, particularly those in the growth industry of bilingualism. But CTA’s losses might not end there, as currently 44 percent of the L.A. Unified School District students are classified as Limited English Proficient, a classification that generates greater per-student funding than for regular students. In addition, teachers’ salaries are put at the top of the list of priorities, and hence, the people’s union has clearly planned up less for reasons of principle that of pocketbook.

It’s appropriate to talk about money, because that’s all that 187’s opponents really care about. Nearly half the money raised in support of Proposition 187 came from the CTA, the State Committee of the California School Employees, and Utruscit, the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund is three too. And more than 2 Hispanic groups out of more than 250. Proposition 187 is, and that’s a beautiful way to start the year.

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ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF SURVIVING THE PC UNIVERSITY!
Documenting Derapage


REVIEWED BY STANLEY STEWART

A mericans are cynical. At times it seems that the only thing they believe in any more is getting even. Even before the big question is asked ("Is the U.S. on the right track?") Americans sniff, "No way!" And yet the runaway film success of the summer of 89 was Forrest Gump, the story of a yea-sayer who, as the world careers from one calamity to another (Vietnam, Watergate, Civil Rights protests), remains confident and faithful, loving and innocent—proud to be an American Cyanics might say that I missed the point of the film. After all, Forrest Gump is stupid ("intellectually challenged," "differently gifted"). He can’t read. He fights in the Vietnam War! What upwardly mobile PC person with any smarts would do that? Only an idiot like Forrest Gump would believe that the American way makes sense. Why, the man’s a Christian, for Christ’s sake! And doesn’t he go to business to make a profit and then compound the offense by getting rich? Maybe so, but the film has an engaging belief, and in the closing frames, as the camera backs away from Forrest waiting at the bus stop for his son, we hear the chirping of many birds who fly, not away, but into the tree where he and his childhood playmate found solace.

The question for the audience at this point is pretty much the one that Richard Bernstein takes up in his book about the reign of political correctness in our culture, Dictatorship of Virtue. Okay, the current generation has pretty much made a mess of things, but what about the next generation? Will they, with the help of parents and the educational system, learn the skills necessary to survive and flourish?

In Dictatorship of Virtue, Bernstein advances a new and provocative diagnosis of the case of the so-called American malaise of derapage (a "slippage" or "slide"). The classic instance of derapage was the slide during the French Revolution from the noble aims of the Declaration of the Rights of Man to the Dantonian practices of the Reign of Terror. Although Bernstein assures his reader that Americans need not fear that PC revolutionaries will bring back the guillotine, he does show how their means and motives represent a slippage from the aims of the civil rights movement (inclusion and equality of opportunity) to the doctrinaire motives (raising consciousness and engineering equality of result) and tyrannical, methodical (exclusion and character assassination) of the PC cadres on the battlefields of business, government, and (especially) education.

Multiculturalism, purveyed as the cure for all the fractiousness Americans have known and still know, is, Bernstein argues, a cause of the disease—this despite the fact that evidence seldom, if ever, supports the multiculturalists’ understanding that American society is rife with violent expressions of racism, sexism, and homophobia. Rather, continual brawling of the sort that the multiculturalists have so often espoused at, and in recent years cases succeeds in, instilling an irrational self-doubt in Americans about the character—the values—of American society.

Lest Bernstein be dismissed at the outset as an uncultured academic, it should be stressed that he has made an honorable living as a reporter for Time magazine and the New York Times, having served as a foreign correspondent in Hong Kong and Paris. A native New Yorker, he has published several books that exhibit his firsthand knowledge of China and of immigration issues.

The son of Hungarian Jews who immigrated through Ellis Island, Bernstein sees himself as a non-ordinary second-generation Jew, and believes that at the heart of the empty-headed pseudo-scholarship of so-called Afrocentrism, which holds that Aristotle stole his ideas from the literate African cultures before the Roman Empire was created. Bernstein traces the slide from the emphasis of the civil rights movement on equality of opportunity to what he calls the "racial not social" quote that the public schools must become the centerpiece of the "multicultural" agenda. In a devastating analogy, he compares the multicultural movement to China’s Great Cultural Revolution of the 1960s and 70s, which was not about culture at all but about "multiculturalism".

One of the book’s many rich examples of derapage concerns a study by a horrified Olds, editorial page editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, who wrote an article on Norplant several years ago in which he used the word "feminism." Black members of his own newspaper staff tried to get Olds fired as a "racist," despite the fact that not once in his article had he even mentioned race. In effect, three black female members of the editorial board considered for, and on a de facto basis received, veto power over what the newspaper reporters would write and what the newspaper would publish. And then came an even deeper slide. The newspaper, captivated to demands not even remotely related to Olds’s article by agreeing to look into racial bias in hiring and into the differential treatment of sexual benefits to heterosexual and homosexual staff members. In accordance with what Bernstein calls the "new consciousness," the hiring plan it adopted was explicit in common: Half of all new hires would be of racial minorities and half would be women. The agenda here, as Bernstein makes clear, had little to do with diversity. It was perhaps crudely worded, but surely not "racist." Rather, it concerned a spurious system based not on an individual’s merits, but on race, class, gender, or sexual interest.

Another of Bernstein’s examples concerns Romni and David Stillman, two New York liberals who had settled in the liberal town of Brookline, Massachusetts, and found that their oldest child had been held out of the school’s best, an advanced placement course in European history. They went to the authorities only to learn that, as taxpayers, they were supporting a multicultural program that had students asking questions like, "Why do they teach us that white people suck?" and that the AP course in question was being toned out of the curriculum as "incompatible with multiculturalism." The problem was that the teacher of this highly rated, practically nonexistent AP course was a conservative ex-Marine, and his whole department had voted, with obvious political bias, to jettison the course. A parent’s group formed around a Libre de la Defense, and students had to go to court to extract course descriptions and an examination of the kinds of courses that would take the place of European history in a tax-supported school. The teachers teamed up with the batteries at the school, countering their maneuvers to defend their suppression of this fine course as if it required more secrecy than the CIA. The Stillsmanns and their colleagues joined with the Boston Globe. Even a local rabbi (happily of a Reform synagogue that they did not attend) chanted in PC cliches. As the PC cadres united to defend multiculturalism from the consumers, whom they called "censors," the Stillsmanns and other parents learned that their children were being instructed nothing about the great figures in American or European history, but, instead, were being instructed on the evils of white supremacist organizations. Jews for America, United States, Bernstein finds that this sort of attitude is not confined within the world of education. Business too has taken up the cause of diversity. Why? Simply because these programs for such practices as racial and gender discrimination in hiring Half of the Fortune 500 companies have "diversity" plans in place and have hired "diversity managers," people who add nothing to the economy, but who, at outrageous salaries gain their usually tenuous grip on professional qualifications (anywhere from 75%-120%), merely a waste of productive workers on the subject of "valuing diversity."

Bernstein directs most of his fire at the university, where "diversity" is the obligatory mantra of bureaucrats and militant feminists and Marxists alike. It would be wrong to think of the PCers as harmless because they decimate only curriculums in the humanities and social sciences. Radical feminists want every discipline to have a sort of study discipline. Racist, sexist, and sexual consideration should, insist the multiculturalists, intrude into every discussion, even mathematically. The documentarian Bernstein brings to bear on this aspect of his argument may seem ridiculous, and perhaps it is so, but when we consider who suffers as a result of such a surrender of diversity to the students—the matter cannot be brushed aside.

Albeit that some would impose a multicultural program on the student. The main battleground of the war over multiculturalism has been and will continue to be fought over the curricular content. Why? Simply because the ingenuity of the PCers is completely paroxysm when we consider that the students are forced to take this course. At the University of Texas, one Linda Brody, an expert in "public relations," was given the assignment of revamping a course designed to teach composition into one with a multicultural agenda designed not to teach writing, but to increase race, class, and gender "difference." Indeed, Brody’s own wooden prose (as Bernstein shows by the ungnerious device of quoting from it) indicates that she should be taking, not teaching, Fresco English. It is interesting to note that Brody had, as the Foucaultians say, "been empowered." Out with the classics of English prose and in with the language of victimology. In Bernstein’s words, "Shooting an Elephant" and in with Paula Rothenberg’s notorious Racism and Sexism: An Integrated Study. Bernstein, like Irving Brown, has been taken to task for his outspokenness. In the second book, Bernstein, through a successful suit, had been found guilty of "vendetta.

From the perspective of the book, the question of whether the student is taught writing for many years. Had the committees of which Brody’s chair was had their way, Professor Grib- ben would have been forced to teach from texts that he regarded as not only obviously inferior but he would airily aimed at political indoctrination. Gribben resisted and was charged with sexual harassment and ostracized by his department. He appealed to the dean to intervene with some kind of arbitration. He relied on the system to work; he expected some kind of dialogue or compromise. But none of the academic stakeholders stepped forward to support Gribben’s right to teach the course he wished to teach. It is a true horror story but only one of hundreds in this fascinating

Dictatorship of Virtue is must reading for every one involved with the religious of the PC movement, including those who resist the multicultural literary to keep their jobs. The PC moral crusade, Bernstein argues, has replaced mandatory chapel attendance, without which the students lost their right to go to heaven. There can be no variation from the PCers’ virtual agenda, nor even in one’s private thoughts, for fear of being found guilty of the greatest danger of (human variation) lies. At the close of the book makes clear, Dictatorship of Virtue is a call to arms as well as a documentary. The value of Bernstein’s book will lie in at least one way: It won’t be adopted as required reading for Freshman English on campuses beset by dreary boilerplate multiculturalism discourse. Bernstein’s book is a useful help to anyone who still thinks, whether any campuses no less so. The book is a useful help to anyone who still thinks.
Freed Smoker Faces New Trial on Federal Charges

BY JUDITH SCHUMAN WEIZNER

"Joseph Funicante and his friends were all set to celebrate at the low Dog Cafe yesterday. The owner had reserved the entire restaurant for a private party in Funicante's honor to mark the end of a legal ordeal that began three months ago when he was arrested for smoking in the nonsmoking area of the Yellow Dog. There was a special souvenir ashtray at each place and the smoked salmon, smoked whitefish, smoked peppers, and smoked bean salad had been prepared in quantities sufficient to feed the 250 guests invited to help Funicante celebrate. Unfortunately, a hearing by the federal grand jury rendered the festivities somewhat premature.

Mr. Funicante's legal troubles, which the grand jury prolonged, began one evening when Hillary Backpfanne, a patron of the Yellow Dog, claimed that smoke from Mr. Funicante's cigarette was blowing across her table.

In testimony taken later on, restaurant workers said that Mr. Funicante and three friends had entered the Yellow Dog at 5:30 to have dinner and a few drinks. They were the first people in the restaurant. Since Mr. Funicante was a smoker, they took a table in the smoking section. A few minutes later, Ms. Backpfanne arrived with several friends who had gathered to help her celebrate a promotion. They took seats in the non-smoking section.

Soon Ms. Backpfanne noticed that smoke from Mr. Funicante's cigarette was drifting into the non-smoking area near her table. After several minutes of making large, noticeable gestures indicating that she was displeased with the air quality in her vicinity, Ms. Backpfanne walked to the edge of the smoking section and asked Mr. Funicante to extinguish his cigarette. Mr. Funicante could not hear what Ms. Backpfanne was saying and beckoned her to his table. Since Ms. Backpfanne did not wish to enter the smoking section, she refused. She turned back to her request. 'I figured she'd come to my table if she had anything really important to say,' he later testified at trial.

Ms. Backpfanne summoned the restaurant's Public Health Representative to her table and filled out a formal Request for Cessation of Indoor Pollution, which was then taken to Mr. Funicante for his signature. Witnesses testified that Mr. Funicante, who felt he was on solid ground because he was in the smoking section, dismissed the Public Health Representative. "If she doesn't like it," Funicante laughed, "tell her to change her table."

When Ms. Backpfanne heard this, she returned to the demarcation line and said to Mr. Funicante, "You have refused to honor a legal request to cease polluting. If you persist in your refusal, I will have you arrested. What do you say to that?"

There is some question as to what occurred next. It is undisputed that the three non-smokers in Mr. Funicante's party lit cigarettes in an act of solidarity with their friend and the Funicantes dismissed Ms. Backpfanne by exhaling a puff of smoke in her direction. But Ms. Backpfanne contend that Mr. Funicante actually leaned across the demarcation line to blow the smoke at her, thereby physically entering the non-smoking area. (Funicante's friends testified that at no time was any part of them actually present in the non-smoking section.) Ms. Backpfanne remained on the safety of her table where she instructed the Public Health Representative to place Mr. Funicante under arrest.

Mr. Funicante was charged with "causing level three pollution and class F disorder with callous disregard for the feelings of a woman in a public area." At the trial a month later, the prosecution maintained in its opening argument that although Mr. Funicante had been sitting in the non-smoking area, and that he was, if his friends' testimonies were to be believed, physically confined to the section of the restaurant where smoking is permitted, he had shown wanton insensitivity by his refusal to extinguish his cigarette. The defense pointed out that, on the contrary, Mr. Funicante had exhibited great sensitivity by inviting Ms. Backpfanne to his table to discuss the problem. Prosecutors countered that what would have required Ms. Backpfanne to enter a zone of the restaurant in which someone was smoking, thereby possibly jeopardizing her medical insurance due to deliberate exposure to a known health hazard. Since Ms. Backpfanne was thereby constrained to stay in the non-smoking section, Mr. Funicante should have extinguished his cigarette and approached Ms. Backpfanne's table to see what she wanted. When actual testimony began, the defense produced a surprise witness, a waiter who revealed that the Yellow Dog has an internal telephone system for use in settling exactly this type of dispute and that Ms. Backpfanne, a regular customer, knew of its existence but never asked to use it.

On this basis, Mr. Funicante was acquitted.

His exhalation was short-lived, however; because testimony concluded the same waiter had revealed that as Ms. Backpfanne was retracting from the smoke blown in her face, Mr. Funicante had remarked to his companions, "If she wasn't a broad, I'd put a fist in her face instead of a sniff of smoke."

This remark brought the case under federal jurisdiction, enabling federal prosecutors to seek an indictment of Mr. Funicante under the Intimidation Clause of the Clinton administration's Universal Smoke Reduction Act. Since he will now be tried in federal court, he will also be charged under the recently passed Civil Rights Umbrella Law with attempting to deprive a woman of her right to clean air and health coverage and for attempting to incite other members of his sex to do likewise. The indictment was handed up yesterday afternoon, and federal marshals were waiting at the Yellow Dog Cafe last evening to arrest Mr. Funicante when he and his friends gathered to celebrate what they thought was a legal victory.

It is likely that the case will continue to expand in significance rather than fade away. Sources close to the case have hinted that federal prosecutors have decided to use the RICO statute to bring racketeering charges against Funicante's three smoking companions as well as against the owner of the Yellow Dog Cafe, whose restaurant will be 좇ed if the statute is invoked.