that Pastor Wallis has a past. But he does, and it is one promoting his new book Wallis, who has hit the radio and TV talk-show circuit News and World Report, is other than Bill Clinton. This saint attends prayer breakfasts with none stereo. The prophet of a new politics of meaning, end of a hard day cranks up rock music on his veteran of the anti-war movement who at the 46-year-old political activist cum spiritual guru: "A man of middle height with a bodybuilder's physique, Wallis has a soft face. His burly arms are hairy, his sandy hair is combed in an early rock 'n' roll style, his complexion is reddish." It gets even better. Wallis is a "progressive evangelical," a "man with a mission to seize the moral issue from the Right, social conscience from the Left, and take politics-as-usual to a higher ground." He sounds "like a righteous voice crying in the wilderness" and wants the rest of us to follow him, which may make him "a saint." And while the knock on most saints is that they are insufferable, this one is way cool, a baby-boomer and veteran of the anti-war movement who at the end of a hard day cranks up rock music on his stereo. The prophet of a new politics of meaning, this saint attends prayer breakfasts with none other than Bill Clinton.

The Wall Street Journal, Newsweek, and the Los Angeles Times have also given rave reviews to Wallis, who has hit the radio and TV talk-show circuit promoting his new book The Soul of Politics. From his current cult of personality, one would never guess that Pastor Wallis has a past. But he does, and it is one that tells a good deal about how activists of secular ideologies have jumped into the mainstream of the spiritual quickening and religious revival that are becoming increasingly important factors in America's social life.

Even though he has recently repackaged, if not quite invented, himself, Wallis has been on the scene since the 70s, when the scene began. He likes to tell the reporters who write such flattering things about him that he grew up in Detroit and at the age of 14 was kicked out of his local church for opposing racism. More accurately, Wallis grew up in Southfield, Michigan, an upscale Detroit suburb. His father, Jim was an executive with Detroit Edison and the leading figure in Dunning Park Chapel, an assembly of the Plymouth Brethren, an evangelical group that does not maintain formal clergy. Art Pearce, a church elder, says that Wallis was never "kicked out" of the church and that it was not until he went off to college that "his political activism took off."

At Michigan State, Wallis made a name for himself as an anti-war activist. Wallis explains that while his anti-war colleagues drifted back into the mainstream, he experienced a "deeper conversion" that resolved the "split between personal faith and social action." But his own writings suggest that Karl Marx was part of the deal and that the new evangelical mission was to liberate the church from the evils of capitalism. Wallis explains a few years ago: "As more Christians become influenced by liberation theology, finding themselves increasingly rejecting the values and institutions of capitalism, they will also be drawn to the Marxist analysis and praxis that is so central to the movement. That more Christians will come to view the world through Marxist eyes is therefore predictable. It will even be predictable among the so-called 'young evangelicals' who, for the most part, have a zeal for social justice." It is not yet matched by a developed socio-economic analysis that will cause them to see the impossibility of making capitalism work for justice and peace." At Trinity Evangelical Divinity School in Deerfield, Illinois, where he enrolled in 1970, Wallis and some disciples in a Chicago commune started putting out the Post-American. The magazine, at first little more than a mimeographed sheet, claimed to be anti-war, but when the tanks of North Vietnam finally rolled into Saigon in April 1975, two years after the U.S. withdrawal, the editors offered no objection to the invaders' military conquest and treaty violations.

The Escort Service was on duty. They worked for the university's "Escort Service," a division of University Security that employs undergraduate males to escort female students to their dormitories. They were referred to certain escorts whom they had just seen safely to their residences as "chocolate" (by which the students meant "attractive") or "vanilla" (by which the students meant "plain" or "unattractive"). The third student was working the dispatch desk and, while hearing these communications, had no part in them. Although the Escort Service discourages the use of radio equipment for personal remarks, other such "code" words had been used in the past. However, non-work-related remarks had never resulted in warnings or discipline, and for their part, the escorts frequently overheard staff guards telling jokes or ordering food over their radios. Upon conclusion of their early morning rounds on this particular occasion, however, the three students were confronted by the black security guard who, without even bothering to inquire into the meaning of the "chocolate" and "vanilla" code, accused them of "racy" remarks. The students protested that their remarks were without racist intent. Though reluctantly conceding as much after their explanation, the guard nonetheless deemed it his "responsibility."

Pete Seeger and the Communist Hootenanny
Manufacturing Hispanics
Mural Madness
Feminism's Enemies from Within

WHEN "CHOCOLATE" AND "VANILLA" ARE FIGHTING WORDS

DIVERSITY AT COLUMBIA U.

By Jeffrey M. Duban

I've recently undertaken pro bono two cases representing Columbia University students in actions against the university. In more cynical moments, I think of these as my "beating up on whitey" cases. Both of them show the sad condition of higher education in our society, where behavior modification is a clearer goal than education. It is particularly disheartening to think that the sort of thing that I have encountered as an attorney for these beleaguered students goes on elsewhere with the same sort of depressing regularity as at Columbia.

The first case against the university was on behalf of three, B-average, white male undergraduates. They are the sort of students that would traditionally be described as good, clean, and hard working. They worked for the university's "Escort Service," a division of University Security that employs undergraduate males on a federal work-study scholarship plan to escort female students to off-campus residences between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m. (The work-study scholarships are part of overall financial aid packages for each of these students covering the year's tuition and living expenses.) While making their rounds assisting female students, these young men remain in radio contact with University Security and each other. All communications are recorded.

One night last year, two of the three students were overheard on their walkie-talkie by a black security guard on duty. They were referring to certain escorts whom they had just seen safely to their residences as "chocolate" (by which the students meant "attractive") or "vanilla" (by which the students meant "plain" or "unattractive"). The third student was working the dispatch desk and, while hearing these communications, had no part in them. Although the Escort Service discourages the use of radio equipment for personal remarks, other such "code" words had been used in the past. However, non-work-related remarks had never resulted in warnings or discipline, and for their part, the escorts frequently overheard staff guards telling jokes or ordering food over their radios. Upon conclusion of their early morning rounds on this particular occasion, however, the three students were confronted by the black security guard who, without even bothering to inquire into the meaning of the "chocolate" and "vanilla" code, accused them of "racy" remarks. The students protested that their remarks were without racist intent. Though reluctantly conceding as much after their explanation, the guard nonetheless deemed it his "responsibility."
A Verbal Lynching

I work in the finance/billing department as a consultant for a large national company. On Nov. 30, my company held a “Celebration Diversity” day on which employees were encouraged to dress in ancestral garb. Two African-American women, one in a bright yellow dress clearly modeled on African tribal attire, the other in baggy pants, were encouraged to dress in ancestral garb. The white woman was clearly heard all the way down the hall. The whites who had remained in the meeting agreed that what had just happened was one of those “verbal lynchings.” What the black women felt was stoked resentments until Baggy Pants was ready to go to a “crisis negotiator,” who promptly rejected their “crisis.” Virginia sought out Baggy Pants and apologized to her—and was coldly rejected for her pains.

At this point, word was now circulating among the black women in the department (about 60 percent of the staff), which only emphasized the insensitivity. After all, the mentor suggested, Jemima is a slave image and probably what a white woman from Virginia might imagine a black woman wearing baggy pants would look like. Yellow Dress caught Virginia’s eye and calmly pointed out that the Aunt Jemima image was offensive. Virginia immediately apologized with much embarrassment and concern. Now realizing that she had committed a faux pas, Virginia sought out Baggy Pants and apologized to her—and was coldly rejected for her pains.

A Few Words about Woodstock

How very entertaining to read the article by Laurence F. Lowry about Woodstock, in your Nov./Dec. 1994 issue. Considering the incredible sham the Woodstock film portrays, it was insightful to finally hear the truth as to what really happened. I was, whooping it up, and who kept the big money. It was very interesting to discover that the financial backers were in truth in it for the money, as they should have been (good-old-fashioned capitalism) and that they never intended the event to be a free concert. It would have been interesting if they had not worked so hard to make us believe the Woodstock-only-for-the-commercialism propaganda. I always remember, your detractors may hate you, but they will not ignore you.

Paul L. Weinstein
Fountain Valley, CA

FAIR or Foul?

Your October story by Tim Graham on FAIR rang true after my own incidental contact with Laura Flanders in cyberspace after she posted the following fishing expedition:

Subject: sommers/fem bashing

Date: 94-09-24 23:45:09

What do you all know about Christina Hoff Sommers? Her book, Who Stole Feminism, is the latest (not the last in) a new crop of anti-feminist/anti-PC tracts getting attention in the mainstream media, thanks in no small part to massive spending by leading political and political groups. I know the women's studies e-mail folks are hot to talk about this development...

Shades of Gay

In “Gay-Bashing by Homosexuals” (Nov./Dec.), Stephen Miller says many conservatives paint all gays “a single shade” and do not reach out to those “gays and lesbians who are standing up to radical lesbian PC.” To say the least, it is rather unconvincing for a homosexual to now (when the chickens have come home to roost) ask for help from conservatives who were so lukewarm in their support that they were one of a “single shade” of gays who revelled in the demonization of straight white males. Where was his compassion when sexually normal white males were being termed infantile and deprived of opportunity and livelihood by a vindictive gay-lesbian coalition and their leftist supporters?

Miller used the term “homophobic” once (I think) in his article. Perhaps his limited use of this ballyhooed word indicates his awareness that the term is insulting and untrue and should not be used by conservatives. “Homophobia” is a deliberate coined sounding-advantageous in the psychology of adversarial terminology. The aim is to paint “in a single shade” all those who do not accept homosexuality and who keep the good money. Therefore, I describe myself as homospretic, that is, one who rejects homosexuality to such irrationales as the unreasonable fear of cats (aloharaphobia) or the unreasonable fear of open spaces (agoraphobia). And, I’m sure, virtually all others who oppose the concept of homosexual-heterosexual equivalency, have no fear of homosexuality, but rather simply reject it. Therefore, I describe myself as homospretic, that is, one who rejects homosexuality (from the Greek sprute, which, among its several definition, means “to reject”).

Ed Rosenbaum
Brooklyn, NY

P.S. With reference to Sasse’s magazine’s problem with the pejorative adjective “digger” in “digger Indians,” who were so called because of their “substance on vote” (“Reducio ad Absurdum,” Nov./Dec.) it should be noted that the Indians living in such marginal circumstances were driven to it by more powerful tribes. Marilyn Wolf of the California State Indian Museum directed her opposition to those Indians responsible for the digger Indians’ deplorable condition and not at the white man, who simply named it.
MAID ABOUT CLINTON: Just before Christmas, Helen Hunt, star of "Maid About You," hosted NBC's "Christmas in Washington." In previewing the event for USA Today, the sitcom star sounded like a true member of this administration's celebration of diversity, extolling the spirit of Christmas," she said, "without excluding administration. "It's a celebration of diversity, extolling the sitcom star sounded like a true member of this in Washington." In previewing the event for Hunt, star of "Mad About You," hosted NBC's "Christmas MAD ABOUT CLINTON:" phoned and asked for 'Mom.'"

PHONES: He apparently the result of a misunderstanding the sheriff's department, the threat was locate any explosive device. According to deputies searched the school, but didn't about 12:30 p.m. The Watt Park Fire reported a caller made a bomb threat at Creek School after a student receptionist "Students were evacuated from Clear against whom. One item in the blotter for Dec. 20 read: of the Grass Valley-Nevada City area of the California GENERATION OF VIPERS: The Union, the newspaper of the Grass Valley-Nevada City area of the California Sierra, published a "police blotter" every week by which local citizens keep tabs on who's committing crimes against whom. One item in the blotter for Dec. 20 read:

SING ALONG: A catchy ditty, "Eurocentric Rag," is the work of Paul Meezy of Pomona College: I make a lot of money and I have a perfect fan; I wear Armani clothing, I'm a very fancy Dan; I've dominated women ever since the world began—Yes, I'm phallocentric, logoscentric, Eurocentric Man. Oppression is my favorite sport, I play it with clan; And I scorn the weak and womanism, the sloth, the abased; Let them forgo for their dinner from my silver garbage can; And thank their generous benefactor, Eurocentric Man. I've conquered everybody from Peru to Hindustan; And I make em speak my language, though they very rarely can; I'm the king, the pope, the CEO, the chieftain of the clan; Yes, I'm phallologo, ogophallo, Eurocentric Man.

We are. The beauty with the hothouse grapes, the young boy with the fan; Are only minor luxuries, like my"Silent Cloud sedan; I bet you're very curious about my Master Plan; For I'm your nightmare—haunting, taunting Eurocentric Man.

THOSE WHO DO NOT LEARN REPEAT: "Our goal was to bring about nothing short of a new American Revolution in history education," said Gary Nash, Director of the UCLA National Center for History in Schools, when his group put out the new guidelines for the teaching of history a couple of months ago. Yet Nash's revolution found no room for a single mention of the Wright Brothers, Albert Einstein, Benjamin Franklin, or even Paul Revere's midnight ride, to mention a few of the dead white males who influenced the development of American life. What did make the cut for Goals 2000, as the Clinton history packet is known? Joseph McCarthy and McCarthyism (19 mentions), the Ku Klux Klan (17 times), and other dark moments in our national life. Well, this new American Revolution appears to have failed. In mid-January, by a vote of 99 to 1, the U.S. Senate condemned the proposed U. and anticipated freedom." His arrogance, Nash and UCLA colleagues agreed to a meeting with critics and finally admitted a revision of their revisionism might be necessary. But for Mrs. Cheney and other critics, the time for partial revision was past. "They've already had two years and more than two million dollars of the taxpayers money," said John Fonte, executive director of the Committee to Review National Standards, chaired by Mrs. Cheney. "We don't think it can be fixed...They promised one thing [to the NEH] and gave us another." Although official approval now seems unlikely, the UCLA standards may still soon be appearing in a classroom near you. Although the presses are stopped now, over 10,000 copies of the U. and World History Standards had already been sent out to educators, textbook publishers, and schools. Cheney now fears that the standards will be accepted as a fait accompli by the clueless education establishment and, therefore, should be recalled "like a bad Ford Pinto." As Sen. Slade Gorton, author of the Sense of the Senate resolution condemning the guidelines, said, "The problem is not one of mere detail. The problem is in its philosophical foundations. Those foundations are fundamentally anti-American and anti-American in its conceptual framework." One final note: When Heterodoxy contacted the office of Sen. J. Bennett Johnston (D-LA), who cast the lone dissenting vote in the Senate, to ask what motivated him, his spokesman Rodney Walker said simply, "He thought it was a waste of time...I'm surprised so many people put so much weight into that vote..." What was it

PEGGY WAS RIGHT: Peggy Noonan has said that anti-Catholicism is our era's equivalent of 1950s anti-Semitism, and events in Hennepin County, Minnesota, suggest she may be right. Catholics there are up in arms about the county's statutory Employee Diversity Program because of the program's singling out of their faith for criticism as a "rigid and inflexible religious belief system counter to the goals of cultural diversity." The program materials accuse the Pope and the Vatican with having supported the Holocaust and imply that the Catholic Church endorses the persecution of homosexuals in a contemporary extension of the Holocaust. Under pressure from the Defense League, the county agreed to drop all references to Catholicism and the Pope from its program and launched an investigation into all aspects of the Diversity Program. Defense League president, Peg Cullen, isn't satisfied, however "That's kind of like Bill and Hillary Clinton investigating Whitewater," she told a local paper.
At the Ford Foundation, ethnicity is always job1.

The Birth of a Nation
By Craig L. Hymowitz

Watching the sea of Mexican flags fill the plaza this past October and listening to the staccato burst of Spanish slogans shouted out by flushed, excited faces, a casual observer might have thought he was in one of those revolutionary movements that the CIA has been in the habit of commanding by modern Zapatistas. Indeed, many of the slogans were anti-Yankee, and every now and then the sea of Mexican flags would part to reveal someone setting a U.S. flag on fire. Yet the scene was taking place not in Mexico but in downtown Los Angeles. The issue was Proposition 187, and a nation-within-the-nation was not just protesting, but declaring its independence. "I think this is just the opening salvo," California State University Chicano Studies Professor Randolph Acuna said of the protests. "It is our Fort Sumter.

Proposition 187 has now begun its slow legal journey to the U.S. Supreme Court, but the scars resulting from the outbreaks against it remain fresh in Californians' minds. It is clear that, while the majority of Latinos (the part of the Hispanic community that supported Proposition 187) over-whelmingly as late as mid-September, before being barraged with inflammatory appeals about "racism," continue to assimilate at a healthy rate, they do so against the constant efforts of professional Hispanic leaders and "immigrant's rights" groups. And while it seems that these organizations are merely opportunistic, recruiting from among the masses of illegals pouring into California, their current efforts to create a Hispanic "nation" in the midst of the United States are actually the result of a longer-range process, a process begun nearly 30 years ago by their chief patron and brain trust, the Ford Foundation.

The demonstrations of "ethnic pride" that marked Proposition 187 may have been a surprise to some, but for the Ford Foundation it represented the culmination of a quarter-century of "Hispanic community-building." It was the fruition, however unintended, of Ford's manipulation of education, immigration, and government policies to create a new identity in America: "that of the Hispanic." During the past two decades, the Ford Foundation has concentrated on programs for the expansion of Hispanic political mobilization, litigation to "clarify the rights" of immigrants, and research on immigration and reform legislation.

As William Hawkins describes in Importing Revolution: Open Borders and the Radical Agenda, Ford's "barriclopping of 'open border' advocacy policy is sharply one-sided, and often extremistic...play [ing] the leading role in founding, and building, what are now the major Hispanic-based organizations." Other observers agree that Ford's efforts have wedded questions of ethnic identity with immigration policy. While Hispanic separatism may seem "just a pipe-dream of...a few pot-bellied radicals," according to Professor E. J. Hirschman, director of the UCLA Study of Latino Health, it is the reality in many pockets across the Southwest. Often concentrated on college and high school campuses in chapters of MECHA (Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán) and chicano studies, it is driven by affirmative-action and minority-set-aside programs usually coordinated by the self-defined "Hispanic" organizations. While some in the Latino community opposed 187 because they were genuinely concerned about its provisions, the radicals—along with the program officers at Ford who have been pumping money into their cause for a generation—could not help but look on the anti-187 marches like proud parents watching a youthful movement flex its muscles.

The problems of immigration and border control between the United States and Mexico date back to the Mexican-American War and have worsened as the economic gap has grown to become the largest of any two neighboring countries. The modern era of U.S.-Mexican border relations began during World War II. The Bracero Guest Worker Program sought to take advantage of the economic disparity between the United States and Mexico by attracting Mexican workers to overcome a shortage of agricultural and manual laborers. Congress and the Mexican government authorized a program that allowed Mexican workers into the United States for a period of up to six months. While agricultural workers came to depend on the near limitless supply of seasonal workers, for strike breaking as well as picking, the program also introduced more than four million Mexicans to the United States, which became, through tales carried back home the promised land.

Although the Bracero Program was officially ended in 1964, Congress could do nothing to diminish agribusiness' demand for cheap labor or the Mexicans' reliance on the dollar. The Immigration Reform Act of 1965 replaced the national-origin quota system, in place since 1920, with a system based on family reunification and "more equitable" division of entry visas between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. (Also included was the "Texas Proviso," which allowed employers to hire illegal aliens without penalty.)

Caught in the backdraft of the civil rights movement, immigration reform, which had traditionally been seen as an issue of national sovereignty, was transformed into an issue of ethnicity and minority rights. Mexican immigration, however, remained for the most part economically driven until the Ford Foundation entered the field.

Henry Santestevan, former head of the Southwest Council of La Raza, has written: "It can be said that without the Ford Foundation's commitment to a strategy of national and local institution-building, the Chicano movement would have withered away in many areas." Ford deliberately set out to politically empower Hispanics through a series of concentrated grants, with much of the emphasis in rural areas of the Southwest—places like New Mexico, where Reies Tijerina attempted to build a radical chicano movement akin to the Black Panthers in the mid-'60s. Ford also looked to the urban areas of Southern California, where illegal immigration was increasing but was, as yet, still a sleeping issue. It would be in this venue that Ford's investment in community organizing among Latinos would have its most dramatic effect, cementing the relationship between immigration and identity.

It is an irony, given the increasing tension between black and Hispanic groups in Southern California, that Ford originally approached the question of Hispanic rights with the intention of strengthening its ongoing efforts on behalf of blacks. According to the writings of Siobhan Oppenheimer-Nicoll, a former Ford program officer, officials at Ford determined in 1966 "that the problems of Blacks and other disadvantaged groups would not receive sustained attention unless the political base for the disadvantaged was broadened." Two years later Ford would create the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund, the most influential Hispanic group in the country—and Ford's largest Hispanic policy recipient.

Modeled after the NAACP, MALDEF, with an initial $2.2-million grant, was formed with the mandate "to assist [Hispanics—legal or otherwise] in using legal means to secure their rights." A second grant was made to establish the National Council of La Raza "to coordinate efforts to secure civil rights and equal opportunity" through support of Community Development Corporations. Under the guidance of newly installed president McGee Bundy, the Ford Foundation, in addition to creating MALDEF and La Raza, funded numerous other Hispanic advocacy groups, such as the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project and the Latino Institute. In 1974, Ford would establish the Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund to mimic MALDEF's efforts among Puerto Ricans.

Over the next three decades Ford and other liberal institutions, such as the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, would seek to expand the rights of Hispanics in a variety of ways. One report by the Latino Institute found that in 1977-78, "the Ford Foundation, provided over half (54 percent) of the support for Hispanic needs and concerns. The Ford grants were nine times greater in value than the foundation providing the next highest amount." The survey also revealed that MALDEF alone received almost one-third of all funds given to Hispanic-controlled organizations. To date, Ford has given more than $18.9 million to MALDEF, and $12.9 million to the National Council of La Raza.

Corning along at a time when revisionist historians were finding a malicious recipe to the melting pot, MALDEF was guided from the outset by the principle that its job was to strengthen the "ethnic identity" of newly arrived immigrants, legal and illegal, rather than aid their
assimilation into the American mainstream. Building on the first federal bilingual education program in 1968, MALDEF won its first major victory on behalf of Hispanics in Serna v. Portales (1972), a case that won Spanish-speaking children in New Mexico the right to bilingual education.

MALDEF's efforts on behalf of bilingualism continued with its support for the 1974 Supreme Court case, Lau v. Nichols, which forced school districts to remove language barriers that prohibited linguistic minorities from fully participating in public education. Building on the Court's definition of "linguistic minorities," MALDEF and other Hispanic groups took the final steps to institutionalize an "Hispanic" identity (as opposed to an assimilated Mexican-American one) and to gain recognition for Hispanics as a federally recognized minority by amending the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

At the time of the Voting Rights Act's renewal in 1975, three Hispanics had already been elected to the House of Representatives, one to the U.S. Senate, two were then serving as governors, and, according to one study of Texas, 700 of them had held local office since 1971. However, MALDEF maintained, however, that Mexican Americans had been systematically excluded from political involvement. The organization managed to convince Congress that English-language ballots were the same as literacy tests, which had been used to exclude qualified blacks from voting. The 1975 amendments to the Voting Rights Act authorized multilingual ballots on demand whenever "language minorities" made up 5 percent of a given jurisdiction's residents (legal or otherwise), and added that there be less than 50 percent voter turnout in the last presidential election. Thus 375 new jurisdictions were added, mainly in the Southwest, and a new class of bilingual ballots were created for "language minorities," including Spanish-speaking persons, Asians, American Indians, and Alaskan Natives.

The most important effect of the 1975 VRA amendments did not occur until 1980, when the term "Hispanic" was added to the national census as an ethnicity. Facing criticism from demographers and assimilationists in 1978, MALDEF's Vilma Martinez, chairman of a Special Census Advisory Committee on the Spanish Population, defended the addition: "We are trying to get our just share of political influence and federal funds. There's nothing sinister about it."

The 1980 census would count "Hispanics" (undocumented along with legal residents) for the first time. For them, the census would be a nationwide "Make Yourself Count!" outreach program, because "everything from allocation of Federal funds to political representation is determined by census numbers," said Antonia Hernandez, MALDEF's current president and general counsel. Having been given a new identity and having had their numbers counted, Hispanic activists were now in a position to take the next step—federal affirmative-action programs, political redistricting, and preferential academic admissions based on "proportionality." As a result of Ford Foundation money and direction, Hispanic activists had achieved the miraculous: status as a federal minority that previously hadn't existed. MALDEF leader Vilma Martinez defended the development, telling The New York Times that "Spanish people mostly shared the 'common realities' of poverty, disease, ignorance, [and] unemployment, and political weakness." Today, however, Hispanic leaders are more honest in their assessment. As Charles Kamasaki, vice president of National Council of La Raza, says, "Yes, at some level the term 'Hispanic' is a false term; [but] so is 'Asian-American'...and 'African-American.'" Linda Chavez is more forthright. "Nobody really identifies themselves as either 'Hispanic' or 'Latino,'" she says bluntly. In fact, "Hispanic" is still something of a fantasy. The 1992 Latino National Political Survey revealed that the majority of Hispanics actually identify themselves by national origin, i.e. Mexican, Cuban, etc. This survey also revealed that non-citizen Latinos, only 35 percent believed there was discrimination against them in the United States. Ironically, the survey was funded in part by the Ford Foundation.

Given the obvious link established between the population count of Hispanics and their political power, the actions taken by many of Ford's grantees on immigration reform were not unexpected. "It was clear that political power and government support was the preferred agenda for Ford's disciples," writes William Hawkins in Importing Revolution, Original dedication to three Please turn to page 14
Oh, he went for his orders at Party headquarters Saying Pete's you're way behind time
It's not 'D' day '57
and there's been a change in the Party line.
   --"Ballad of a Party Folksinger," to the tune of
   "Wreck of the Old 97," written by Roy
   Berkeley. From The Bosses Song Book

Along with thousands of other
Americans, I watched the recent CBS
elecast of the annual Kennedy
Center Honors, in which folk singer Pete Seeger,
already awarded a Medal of Honor in the
Arts by President Clinton a few months ago,
received this most prestigious of honors and
was feted by the nation for his contribution to
our culture. This nostalgic look back at Pete's
career, and the tribute to him by Garrison
Keller, Arlo Guthrie, Joan Baez, and Roger
McGuinn of the
Byrds, had a special poignancy for me.
For Pete Seeger was my childhood hero from the
moment I first heard him in my pre-teens
at Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, New York.
I aspired to be a folk singer too and
was overjoyed when I got to know him. I watched
this tribute not only from the perspective of
that past, however, but from the perspective of
the present too. I watched him on the stage at the
Kennedy Center and felt ambivalent. The music
still moved me, however, while the events we all
lived through in the last 30 years had forced me
to change the way I view the world, they had left
him frozen in time.

Eventually, despite the fact that I never was a first-
rate musician (Roz Baxandall was wrong when she
wrote in her essay for History and the New Left that "I played a mean
bargain"), I did manage to learn the technique of song-leading
a la Seeger, and, having taken lessons with him for two
years in New York City in the '50s and later with the master
banjoist Eric Darling, I managed to perform publicly with
Pete in some New York "hootenannies," as they were
called then, as well as lead the regular folk-music sessions at
the University of Virginia, and even once to perform with my
college roommates Marshall Brickman and Eric Weisberg
(later of The Tarriers) at the famous Gate of Horn in Chicago.

In all of these years, Pete Seeger was a person
that loomed over my life and the lives of everyone
concerned with the folk renaissance, which not only recovered
so much indigenous American music but also put that music
in the service of radical politics. In high school—the then
very left-wing Elizabeth Irwin High School (a school
whose graduates include my classmate Mary Travers,
Angela Davis, Kathy Boudin, and Victor Navasky, as
well as scores of other children of the blacklist of
Broadway and Hollywood actors, writers, and directors)—I brought
along together the "Song Swapvers," a group that recorded two
classic early Folkways LPs with Pete. I stayed over
at my parents' New York apartment at times, and, with others,
the pilgrimage to his Beacon, New York,
home—where he often brought people to sing and picnic.
I remember one day in particular The Communist
leader Michael Gold was there looking at the many young
people gathered around Pete and declared that Pete was
the "Karl Marx of the teenagers." It was not a comparison
Pete would have rejected. Those were the years when
Woodie Guthrie was still alive and living at Brooklyn
State hospital, where Pete would often go after the lessons
and take The Daily Worker he kept stashed in his banjo case
to read aloud to his friend and mentor.

When I went off to the University of Wisconsin,
I organized the first concert Pete ever gave there. It
was sponsored by the Labor Youth League, the Communist
Party's youth group of which I was a leader. Pete appeared
publicly under its auspices—an event that led the university
in particular to take away his privileges as a student
organization. We were not supposed to sponsor concerts,
and even though we cleverly billed the event as a "lecture
on folk music and the political struggle," the plan didn't
work. As always, Pete, of course, talked too much between
songs. But the event was a success. The following year, he
came under the auspices of the Folk Arts club and, later, as
an officially university-sponsored talent. The college circuit
"blacklist" of the '50s never really existed—and Pete's
college days kept him going during those lean years.

That was a long, long time ago. The momentous changes
in the world make it seem even longer than it is in actual
years. I have discussed the events that led me to change my
political views in John Burand's Political Passages
and elsewhere. The awareness of the awful reality of
Castro's revolution, in particular, forced me to, reevaluate things
after a trip I took there in 1973. Pete Seeger lived through
the same period, but when he went to Cuba, he didn't see
the dreaminess of a wanna-be Stalinist regime with its
severe political repression. Instead, having gone over into
a future that worked, he saw yet another human attempt to
build the socialist paradise. His steadfastness in maintaining
these views makes him appear to be some-thing of an
artifact from a past era; a living replica of a world
that no longer exists, lost in a new place with no compass to guide
him. The opposite of a prophet whose wisdom told truths
before their time, Pete Seeger is more like an ostrich whose
head remains forever buried in the sand.

But give him his due. Pete Seeger probably did more than
anyone to inspire a new generation with the awareness of
authentic American folk music in a nation that in the '40s
and '50s had fallen into the lazy commercialism of Tin Pan Alley
and his approach to music and art from people like
Bascarn Lunsford was his politics. As late as the 1970s,
he appeared with Arlo Guthrie at Carnegie Hall in a
program he titled "Art is a Weapon," the old Popular
Front slogan of the party in the 1940s.

Of course, Pete has a right to his political views, as
irrelevant and wrong as they may be. And perhaps it is
time, as The Washington Post declared in a puff piece for its
"Style" section, that Pete is now a "national treasure,"
America's "best-loved Communist." But there is something
grating and disingenuous about the way he was presented
to the world in the Kennedy Center gala. The brief film bio
before the performance traced his career, noting that he
was blacklisted and kept off the air because politics "caught
up with him." The exact nature of these politics was not
specified. Viewers were told how in the 1930s and
Depression broke out, Pete responded by singing songs of
radical protest, as the songtrack played the famous labor
anthem by Pete and the Almanac Singers, "Which Side Are
You On?" A crucial irony went unnoted: The strikes of the
1930s started in the auto plants where the sit-down strikes
and labor violence occurred, and the Kennedy Center gala
was sponsored by—you guessed it—none other than General
Motors! Even Pete must have thought how incongruous his
message of proletarian revolution in other countries
brought to the nation by GM! And we have the spectacle of
Pete Seeger being praised for sticking to his guns, for refusing
to capitulate to the witch-hunters, and for his unblemished
ideals. The press release for the Kennedy Center event
hailed Pete's "pro-union and anti-fascist songs" as well as his
work for "civil rights and anti-war movements." No one
mentioned the Communist Party and its politics, with which
Pete agreed and supported for decades. Nor did they
mention the most famous episode in Pete's early career—the
Almanac Singers' first album, "Songs for John Doe," which
was released during the very week in which Hitler broke his
pact with Stalin and invaded the USSR.

The album was pure propaganda, condemning FDR as a warmongering fascist working for J.P.
Morgan and calling for keeping our boys home. ("I hate war,
and so does Eleanor, and we won't sing 'bombs away.'"
went one rollicking verse. Another proclaimed, to an
old country tune, "Franklin D., Franklin D. You ain't gonna
send us cross the sea."
A writer for The Atlantic Monthly praised the album for ridiculing
"the American defense effort, democracy, and the army."
Reacting to the party's desire to protect the now embattled
USSR, rather than to such criticism, Pete and his comrades
acted quickly. They withdrew the album from circulation, and
the few who already had ordered it were asked to return their
copies. Within a short time, the Almanacs released "Dear Mr.
President," in which Pete sang about how he was going to
"turn in his banjo for something that makes more noise,"
a machine gun. The new line was anti-fascist unity and pro-war.
From this point on, Seeger and his comrades would no longer
sing militant union ballads like "Talking Union," which
didn't exactly fit in with the CP's program of the no-strike
pledge. Seeger, then, was not simply a peace activist. He
was for peace during the Nazi-Soviet Pact, but he called for
U.S. intervention after Russia was invaded and Stalin
made a new position, and then sang peace songs once again in the
late 1940s and early 1950s to coincide with the Soviet
Union's "Stockholm Peace Petition" and its phony anti-A-
bomb effort. As the Cold War began, Seeger's old wartime
outfit, the Pop Front People's Songs, was replaced by the
more sectarian CP-oriented People's Artist, which started the still
existing Sing Out! magazine. Back then, Sing Out! launched
campaigns against the impure folk singer like Burl Ives, Tom
Gleason, Josh White, and Oscar Brand, all of whom Pete broke with their old associates by denouncing Communism
or appeared before House un-American Activities
Committee. In 1950, the highly anti-communist U.S. Senate's
 Subcommittee on Un-American Activities, chaired by
Douglas MacArthur, "Old Soldiers Never Die.")
The magazine, in particular, falsely accused Brand of "joining
the witch hunters," suggesting mat he had
Pete Seeger singing at a National Guardian picnic in the mid 1960s.

Pete Seeger in the author's apartment at the University of Wisconsin, 1955.

Pete Seeger at Camp Woodland sometime in the 1940s.

Pete Seeger in the author's apartment at the University of Wisconsin, 1955.

Author Ronald Radosh, song-leading at the University of Wisconsin "in the Seeger mode," about 1960 or 1961.
named names before the much-hated HUAC. Brand never did
renounce his Jewish heritage or disavow his past associations
called names...
PC Agi-Prophet, continued from page 1
he American intruders had finally been thrown out and
but not before the U.S. government to control the destiny
of Indochina had been thwarted." In 1976, Wallis changed
the name of his publication to Sojourners. The theology
was Agnostic, a sectarian vision of a "catastrophic" pacific
community shared by Quakers and Mennonites. But unlike
these groups, which are content to let Caesar be Caesar, the
Sojourners wanted him to act like them.
Wallis and his flock interpreted the
'principalities and powers' of the New
Testament as political, not cosmic, and took a highly selective, adversarial stance.
Nominally evangelical, the interpretation of
their Great Commission was to give
religion, at that time foisting
in America, a broadly anti-American tone.
In fact, the United States and its capitalist economy was the likely candidate for the
Sojourners' creed was that the USSR and the USA were
the greatest threat to peace today comes from the Soviet
Union." For him and his followers, Amerika was still the
moral bankruptcy of the policies and institutions that
against the Carter administration's first tenuous moves to
call the Soviet Union a bad country
recently exposed, the Sin of Vietnam is still with us.
Our foreign policy continues to be based on the desire to
control the policies and intentions, not by the disasters they create. They make
the other hand, leftist regimes are judged by their rhetoric
and intentions, not by the disasters they create. They make
the only occasional "blunders."
So what should a Sojourners reader do? "We must refuse to take sides in this horrible and deadly hypocrisy," wrote Wallis. Yet under the guise of being above the Cold War fray, his magazine helped spawn a plethora of spiritual lend-lease to the USSR. The late Leonid Brezhnev was a tyrant, imperialist, and persecutor of unusual ferocity even by Soviet standards, but his passing caused Wallis to play a dirge for this man who was "a moderate man, a man open to reason" and one who "genuinely desired peace."

And while not taking sides against the USSR, Wallis and his followers, like the Eastern Bloc's puppet clergy, didn't hesitate to run to the barricades against Western missile deployments meant to stop communist imperialism. "While the U.S. government has remained intrasinent in the face of the growing opposition to the missiles," Wallis wrote, "the European peace movement has grown more steadfast in its commitment to block the missile deployment."

In August 1983, when the USSR deliberately shot down a Korean airliner, killing all 269 passengers, Wallis called the act a "tragic blunder" but reserved his moral wrath for "the vicious and frenzied name-calling that came from the United States." One expected such responses, along with the obligatory descriptions of Soviet boxes as "num of poison," from paid propagandists such as Vladimir Pozner or George Ambrose or the alibi armory of paleo-left apologists such as Corliss Lamont and Herbert Aptheker. One did not expect pro-Soviet pillow talk, however, from someone who proclaims himself a pacifist and a politically neutral pastor.

During the 1980s, while Wallis continued to denounce U.S. sins in stern-as-death hellfire style, his magazine also maintained a jaloe against figures in the culture of religion like Michael Novak, who showed that domestic capitalism had allowed religious beliefs and philanthropy to flourish and help enough more to help the poor better themselves than any system in history. For Wallis, Novak and his friends were traitors, apostates, corporate sellouts, or worse, just like the millions of ordinary Americans whose consumer lifestyle came from the Sandinistas. "Its policies are designed to benefit the poor majority of the country more than the middle and upper classes." While the theology as articulated by some of its most extreme proponents, such as contributing editor Rosemary Ruether, author of Women-Church. And here is the supposedly pacifist Wallis demeaning the slums with the only thing that makes us see the poor or even remember that they exist: "This violence is not only rooted in crushing poverty, but also in our culture of violence...Looting is a crude shopping spree reflecting a system that pillages and poisons the rest of the world."

In spite of all that has happened since the '60s, the Rev. Jim Wallis still nurtures his cherished hatreds for the United States and its people. He apparently believes that the United States, not Saddam Hussein, invaded Kuwait, and claims to have fated for 47 days over the Gulf War, writing that "the peace of America, like the peace of Rome, is no peace at all."

And so it goes, in the wilderness, a voice crying through a bullhorn. This 25-year record of intellectual feebleness and truckling to tyrannies around the globe should disqualify Jim Wallis from wearing the saint's mantle for the America for which he has such scorn has a short memory. The media remains determined to crown Jim Wallis the national prophet.

From the beginning, Wallis has received endless favorable publicity, much from high-profile evangelicals who appear not to know the roads he has traveled. For example, in its article on last November's elections, Christianity Today, flagship publication of American evangelicalism, featured six quotes from Wallis. Though he represents no denomination, the World Council of Churches welcomed him to its recent convention, where his dominance prompted complaints from theological liberals. Pastor Wallis has repeatedly recycled his own story in autobiographical volumes such as Revive Us Again: A Sojourners Story and The Call to Conversion. And he has pulled all this off this while claiming that people of his persuasion are "excluded from dialogue."

The press knows, but basically admires the positions he took," says Richard John Neuhaus, "where can somebody like Jim Wallis go?" Neuhaus, the author of The Soul of Politics, which recycles much material from Sojourners and has been praised by liberals as diverse as Garry Wills, a Sojourners contributing editor, and Desmond Tutu. "It's perfectly predictable," says Richard John Neuhaus, "where can somebody like Jim Wallis go?"

Neuhaus, like Irving Kristol, cites the increasing hunger for spirituality in America, and names Wallis as one of those "trying to galvanize the religious right. Even in this effort Wallis walks in lockstep with other '60s radicals. Michael Lerner is one. Even Tom Hayden is jumping on the bandwagon for a "prophetic" movement. Hayden is writing a book on a vaguely spiritual values, which he says "represent nothing less than the maturating of the awkwardness of the Port Huron Statement into the cultural vocabulary of the mainstream of American life."

And so the Long March through the institutions continues, in its latest incarnation, with no rear-view mirror. The people cry for the bread of truth and self-ordained chaplains of the Left offer the stone soup of their destructive and discredited politics. But something has changed since Jim Wallis got settled in the Sixties. The vanguard is now the rear guard. They are still marching, but they are way out of step.
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Diversity at Columbia U., continued from page 1 to report the incident to the Office of the Dean.

Later that same morning, the three male students were confronted by the student director of the service, a white female and women's study major. She took the students to task, first, for their "blasphemous racist" remarks. Later that day, she told the students that she was also "dismayed" by their "sexist" remarks. Without realizing which politically correct as she would sooner grind, the female student director summarily fired the three young men. The firing was in short order approved by the head of Security's Crime Prevention Unit, a female Hispanic.

Realizing that they might have offended certain sensitivities, the male students, trying to save their work-study jobs, threw themselves on the mercy of the dean. The lead plaintiff made an appointment and spoke with the dean, following up with this written apology. "We would like to assure you again that if the decision to terminate our employment...is lifted in favor of a warning or period of probation, our job performance will be perfect, and no private remarks of any kind will ever be made over the radio.

Although we had no intention to insult or offend anyone, we acknowledge that our behavior was tactless and apologize for it. We hope that our good record of prior employment...as well as the fact that we all have to work our way through college, are also [sic] deemed worthy of consideration..."
The dean's reply was total silence, in keeping with today's standard of administrative spinelessness. The dean apparently feared that, by doing the right thing and accepting the students' apology for what was at best an ambiguous "offense" and giving them a second chance, he would offend the sense of grievance of some women and minorities.

Out of the work-study program for over three months, the students retained me to sue for breach of their work-study contracts and for the loss of wages incurred. The sum is, admittedly, not staggering. And what kept this case from attaining a status similar, say, to the celebrated "water-buffalo" incident at the University of Pennsylvania was Columbia's decision not to expel or threaten to expel the students from school after discontinuing their work-study participation. Yet the issues were significant enough.

Relinquishing authority to "student supervisors" and other low-level administrative personnel, Columbia seemed intent on wishing away its written promise of work-study aid, on ignoring its students' obvious dependence on such aid, and on whitewashing the lack of fairness in the students' summary dismissal.

Columbia claimed, as one of its defenses to the lawsuit, that the students are "employees at will"; dismissable for any or no reason, as long as not in violation of any constitutional right. As the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, the university has refused the man to equally cavalier, outside counsel. In interrogatories served on the university, I sought to discover the identity of the person primarily responsible for the students' dismissal. The attorneys answered: "The students." Surely a misprint, I thought when I read the response. Surely the attorneys were not trying to tell me, in some pejorative and wise-assed manner, that the students ultimately had no one to blame but themselves?

I checked the next interrogatory which asked whether the persons identified in response to the preceding interrogatory had been responsible for the dismissal of any other work-study participant for any reason. Answer: "Columbia does not know if the students have been responsible for the actions described in this interrogatory with respect to other students."

Because court rules require that attorneys make a good faith effort to resolve discovery disputes before seeking the court's intervention, I called the university's attorneys, only to find myself forced to spend close to half an hour explaining why the university's responses were inadequate. "Oh," came the belated, quasi-concession, "so you want to know who, aside from the students themselves, was responsible for the students' dismissal?" The interrogatories were ultimately answered and the case continues to move forward. In the meantime, however, as Columbia's treatment of these students and its mutual "defense" of the lawsuit demonstrate, political correctness has taken its toll at the university in terms of fairness, common sense and decency, and in the ability simply to communicate.

The second case against Columbia involved an obscene phone call accusation. On the face of it (as I will show) the accusation was absurd, but the potential damage to my client was grave. How grave can be inferred from the experience of a similarly accused Vassar student, whose situation was recently reported in The Wall Street Journal. In that case, Max Fraad Wolf began the fall semester as a junior at Vassar College and ended it as a pariah. He was accused—falsely, he insists—of leaving a vicious message on a fellow student's answering machine. It was not so irresistible urge to place that one last obscene phone call ever to settle on the Nov. 21 date. You know how it is, that student and his accuser had had no romantic "offense" and giving them a second chance, he would offend the sense of grievance of some women and minorities.

The male student first learned of the woman's accusation during a meeting with the assistant dean in early December 1993. Not until a third meeting, and after persistent inquiry, did the dean even disclose the complaint's identity. By the time of my initial involvement in late January 1994, the student had still received no information concerning the specific content of the call he was alleged to have made. Even as the dean persisted in her "investigation," the complainant could not decide whether the call had been placed on Nov. 14 or 21. But while she was unsure of the date, the complainant insisted that the student had made the call, notwithstanding her own admission that the caller had identified himself by a different name. But Columbia concealed the thinness of the female student's charge by making my client prove that he didn't place the call, rather than by having the complainant prove he did. It's only a law school, after all. Why insist on procedural niceties?

Before I came into the case, the student had sought to establish that, on the night of the call, he had been out of the country, in Israel, on a group pilgrimage. His passport, however, revealed that he had actually left the country the day after the alleged call (assuming the complainant were ever to settle on the Nov. 21 date). You know how it is, that irresolvable urge to place that one last obscene phone call before leaving on a religious trip to the Holy Land?

I entered the scene when the dean insisted on examining the student's phone bill. (Since the student resided in New Jersey, the alleged call to the complainant's Manhattan phone would show on his bill). Of course, had the complainant been required to carry her proper burden of proof, it is she who would have incurred the inconvenience and expense of obtaining a would-be harasser's phone records. But why impose?

The dean was hedging all bets. She informed the student that if the phone bill did not show the call, she would seek a "voice exemplar"—a recorded voice sample for the complainant's "review" (never mind that there was
no voice-mail or phone-machine recording of the offending all for purposes of comparison). If the voice sample proved inconclusive, the dean (making it up as she went long) would have the student submit to some manner of voice line-up."

I advised the dean by letter that my client would have none of this, that I was quite sure that the "witch-hunt" was motivated by considerations of race and gender. I further advised that the student had not maintained a three-year A average at a borrowed cost of more than $100,000, to have it all come to this. Without elaborating the point, I stated my view that the prosecution was motivated by considerations of race and gender.

Wanting above all to see the student graduate, I offered the following compromise: the law school would first present the student with a written copy of the complainant's charge. The student would then provide a redacted phone bill, put solely on condition that the matter be dropped if the bill didn't show the call. Terms were agreed to.

The complainant's charge, dated April 20, 1994 was finally put to paper five months after the alleged incident and solely in response to my demand. The charge was a three-page disquisition that passingly referred to the offending call and then meandered on for several hundred words about how the complainant, her girl friend, and others had "observed" the student and slotted her out as the culpability in the call by discovering actions that were extremely peculiar and indicative of guilt. Quotation alone suffices to convey the vacant extravagance of this five-month belated, adolescent potboiler:

"Early Sunday morning, November 14, 1993 I received what I classify as an obscene phone call. The call came at 12:20 a.m., give or take 10 minutes, to my home in New York City, New York. I recall the date because it was the first Saturday of a new relationship I had begun on the night of the Riddick Bowe-Evander Holy field fight. I had just spoken to my significant other and we had decided not to go to a party that night. When the phone rang, I thought it was him again. The person on the other end said hello and generally inquired as to my well-being without identifying himself. Initially I thought it was a particular friend from Boston. But when I asked who was calling, the caller wanted me to guess. I assumed that only someone who knew me well would call at such a late hour and the voice sounded vaguely familiar.

"A few minutes into the conversation I asked the caller to identify himself, threatening to hang up otherwise. He said that he was surprised I didn't recognize his voice and he identified himself as 'John.' I asked, 'Who is John?' He replied, 'John, Slow.' I asked, 'Why are you calling so late?' He replied that he had had a dream, that I was in it, and that it had awakened him. I stated, 'That must have been some scream if it woke you up.' He said that it was and that it wakened 'all of me.' At this point I suspected where the conversation might be going though I wanted to identify the voice so I asked again, 'This is really John Slow?' He replied, 'Yes. I said that it was late and that I had to go. He asked me not to hang up and if he could just ask me one question, I said, 'Ask me Wednesday.' He asked, 'Do you ever get hungry?' I hung up.

"I believe the first person I called was my co-chair on the Committee, [name omitted]. Neither of us could believe that John Slow would place that phone call to me as he appears to be such a reserved individual. I also called [name omitted] that night. I relayed to both... that I suspected someone used the Columbia Law directory, which was distributed the preceding weeks, to obtain my unlisted telephone number... I believe the person's name was truly John because of the way he said it, as if it was a natural reaction to the familiar question, 'Who's calling.' Just before I went to bed, I mentally listed the Committee members, it was not until then that I realized that [John Doe] is on the committee, is named John and, most significantly, knows that I know John Slow...

"On Monday, November 15 I saw John Doe leaving Room A as I was entering the room by another door to attend my Corporations class. Although our eyes met, he turned and exited through the doors closest to Room B. I thought this odd because John would typically, since we had met, cross a room to say hello to me and at the very least, acknowledge my presence. I decided to simply ask both John Doe and John Slow if they had called me.

"On Tuesday, November 16...I saw John Doe again. Again our eyes met, but he walked away too quickly for me to catch up and to call him. That afternoon I saw [name omitted] another member of the Committee. I told her about the strange phone call and my suspicions that the person who called was a member of the first graduation Committee. I then saw John Doe and asked [name omitted] to watch his reaction during my conversation with him. I approached him and very casually and innocently asked, 'Did you call me Saturday night?' He replied, 'No. Why did you receive an obscene phone call?' I said, 'No. Someone called and said their name was John but didn't leave a last name or message.' He asked, 'Did you recognize the voice?' I said, 'No, it was late. I just wasn't sure who it was.' Then I walked back over to [name omitted].

"Who asked if anyone had called his name at the commencement of my conversation with him. I said no and asked why. She said that he 'jumped' as if he was startled. I asked her what I had initially asked him. As [name omitted] and I were taking we were walking towards the bathrooms on the ground floor. I then realized that John Doe was almost creeping behind us. I use the word 'creeping' because we were walking so slowly and hadn't progressed far at all yet he remained behind us and probably within earshot until we turned around at which time he continued past us. A few minutes later he walked past us again, this time approaching from the direction of the locker room. His actions and demeanor struck me as nervous. His words struck me as admitting guilt.

"Because I did not want to jump to conclusions on separate occasions I asked two other males, [name omitted 1] and [name omitted 2] whether either of them had called me Saturday morning with the same inflection and casualness. [Name omitted 1] replied no and walked away. [Name omitted 2] replied no and then changed the subject.

And so on.

Although the student graduated on time and without further ado, the fact remains that, as with many of these cases, the Columbia Law School's "investigation," conducted before I came into the case, was itself borderline harassment. It was based on a wisp of verbal allegation, nearing the end of its second month with no end in sight, and seeking increasingly more unlikely and intrusive forms of "proof." The law school was poised to make an example of the male student to politicize the alleged conduct and curry favor with "aggrieved" minorities. The student could easily have suffered the fate of the Vassar student mentioned above.

I like to think of my client as one of those wrongfully accused of "harassment" who are beginning to fight back. In the recent New York state court decision of Surishevsky v. Parker, the judge upheld the right of a Hofstra University counselor, who was fired in derogation of the university's own rules and then won his job back in a court ruling, to sue one of his accusers and university officials who had encouraged another "accuser" to file an official complaint. The plaintiff sued for defamation and, interestingly, prima facie tort, which may be generally defined as the infliction of intentional harm by legal means. Thus, where the accuser may have been legally entitled to file a harassment complaint, the right was limited by the prohibition against unfounded complaints or prosecutions.

The Surishevsky decision is a shot across the bow of student complainants and their administrative accomplices at universities like Columbia. Caveat accursor.

Jeffrey M. Duban, formerly a Professor of Classics, is an attorney practicing in New York City. This essay was adapted from remarks delivered at "Censorship on Campus," a conference at Columbia University, Oct. 28, 1994.
illegal, and to pretend the border doesn't exist.”

MALDEF and NCLR, according to Chavez, sought to encompass not only the citizen, but also the permanent resident alien, and the undocumented alien.” In effect, MALDEF and NCLR, according to Chavez, sought to “erase the distinction between aliens and citizens, legal and illegal, and to pretend the border doesn’t exist.”

MALDEF had actually begun its efforts on behalf of illegal aliens two years earlier, in 1975, as part of a joint suit with the American Civil Liberties Union, charging the Immigration and Naturalization Service with “indiscriminate and unconstitutional arrests and deportations of persons of Latin or La Raza appearance.” MALDEF justified its actions on the belief that Hispanics appear the same whether in the U.S. legally or illegally. Therefore any efforts aimed at illegals would affect all Hispanics.

Hispanic groups resolved in 1978 to “support the movement for full democratic rights for all non-citizens and an end to all deportations and manipulations of the borders carried out in the interests of capitalism.” The Lawyer’s Guild in 1972 had established a National Immigration Project to “protect, defend, and extend the rights of documented and non-citizens and an end to all deportations and manipulations of the borders carried out in the interests of capitalism.” From this the NGL would play a significant role in the Sanctuary movement of the late ’70s and ’80s aimed at helping U.S. foreigners in Central America by aiding and even smuggling illegal aliens into the country.

Beginning in 1985, the Lawyer’s Guild began to receive the first of its $416,000 in Ford Foundation grants for “refugee and migrants rights.” Members of the organization would play a prominent role in MALDEF’s first litigation specifically on behalf of illegal aliens. Plyler v. Doe (1982). Argued by the Guild’s Peter Schey before the U.S. Supreme Court, the case resulted in a 5-4 decision that states could not deny illegal immigrant children access to public education. (It would be this decision that would lead opponents of Proposition 187 to contend that it was unconstitutional.) Continuing its efforts to expand education rights for illegal aliens, MALDEF won the right in Leticia A. v. Board of Regents (1985) for illegal alien children to establish California residency so they might pay the lower in-state tuition in the state’s university system. According to their 1993 annual report, MALDEF is currently working to “retain [these] hard-won educational opportunities for Latino students.”

MALDEF’s efforts on behalf of illegal aliens were not limited to education. In other litigation, they prevented Los Angeles County from forcing illegals to pay for Medi-Cal to receive non-emergency health services, because, for this to happen, they would have to be referred to the INS. As Peter Tijerina, MALDEF’s founder, told Fino magazine, “Hell, the remedies weren’t in the streets. They were in the courts.” And the money to pay for it all was in the Ford Foundation’s bank account. According to funding requests, MALDEF sought $600,000 from Ford in 1985 and 1986 for support of their Immigrants’ Civil Rights Program and Political Access Program. For these two years, MALDEF requested $2.8 million; they received 92 percent of that amount. According to Ira Mehlman, media director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform, “The root of all this is the Ford Foundation…” To complement efforts by MALDEF and the ACLU, the Ford Foundation launched a new program in 1982 on behalf of refugees and immigrants aimed at strengthening public and private agencies that assist them, clarifying their rights and responsibilities under domestic and international law. Between 1982-88, Ford would commit more than $25 million to these efforts. Following passage of the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act, MALDEF, La Raza, and other Hispanic groups split a $200,000 Ford grant to promote amnesty applications among illegals.

“I think Franklin Thomas [president of the Ford Foundation from 1979] was interested in the expansion of rights: immigrant rights, women’s rights...” says William Díaz, former Ford program officer in charge of Hispanic groups. “His concern for Hispanics was also a major [part] of his administration.” By the early 1990s, this concern had resulted in federal recognition of Hispanics as a distinct ethnic minority deserving of affirmative action, government set-asides, multicultural politics, and bilingual education.

The broader and socially more divisive achievement, however, was to call into question the immigrant’s traditional attitude about its relationship to America. As Linda Chavez puts it in Out of the Barrio, “Until quite recently, there was no question but that each group desired admittance to the mainstream. No one among illegals demand[ed] that their groups remain separate, that their native culture and language be preserved intact, and that whatever accommodation takes place be on the part of the receiving society.”

This tale is not yet complete. An interesting footnote occurred last month in a preliminary hearing on Proposition 187 that took place in Los Angeles. At issue was implementation of the initiative’s provisions to prohibit alien school enrollment, to eliminate free access to non-emergency medical services and in-state tuition rates for college-bound illegal aliens, and to facilitate the reporting of illegal aliens to the INS. All of these developments were the result of MALDEF’s expansion of Hispanic rights over the last 20 years. Arguing the case to suspend the voters’ will and defend Ford’s and MALDEF’s legacy was Peter Schey of the National Lawyer’s Guild.

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Feminism’s Enemies from Within

Professing Feminism: Cautionary Tales from the Strange World of Women’s Studies, by Daphne Patai and Noretta Koertge. Basic Books (New York, 1994), 85 pp., $24.00

Reviewed by Barbara C. Lydick

As readers of Heterodoxy know all too well, when Christina Hoff Sommers’s book, Who Stole Feminism?, was released last spring, feminists within the academy and in society at large rallied against the book and the author in the most vituperative terms Adfemina hill attacks, attacks against her thinking, her methods, and her conclusions, were mounted (and continue still) in an attempt to discredit her and silence the public debate on what is actually happening to the feminist movement, especially within the academy.

The idea on the part of her opponents was to create pence. Luckily, the debate continues. Further confirmation Sommers’s findings now comes from two disdained professors of women’s studies, Daphne Patai and Noretta Koertge in Professing Feminism: Cautionary Tales from the Strange World of Women’s Studies.

Dr. Patai is professor of women’s studies and of Brazilian literature and adjunct professor of comparative literature at the University of Massachusetts; Dr. Koertge is professor of the history and philosophy of science and adjunct professor of women’s studies at Indiana University, Bloomington. Theirs is an unlikely collaboration in that they were born on opposite sides of the globe and have different politico-economic philosophies, sexual preferences, and disciplinary backgrounds. What they share a disdain at the current state of feminist thought (that most ironic of oxymorons) in the academy.

What began in the 1960s as individual courses for and about women in humanities departments has grown to over 600 undergraduate and several dozen graduate programs at colleges and universities throughout the country. Professing Feminism questions quite bluntly that women’s studies today is out of control. The authors try to answer other questions: What went wrong? What went wrong, why?

What went wrong, they say, was the active indoctrination of students by an intolerant, dogmatic ideology that over time had to protect its gains by ideological policing,” not only within the women’s studies departments, but in the general college community as well. This has been coupled with political activism by the extremist feminists to the degree that academic goals are now completely subsumed by this activism. Their complaint is that the patriarchy has kept and continues to keep women (and women’s studies) weak, isolated, and marginalized; therefore, take the form of “separation”—the exclusion of anything male from their classroom. Too often this has resulted in the exclusion of male authors from the syllabus, from assigned reading lists, and from citations in scholarly papers. Since ideas, even stupid ones, have consequences, the political activism in their grades may in this academic activism can be seen throughout the social landscape: legislation for gender equity programs; bureaucratic and the workplace to eliminate all things unpleasant; excesses in affirmative-action programs; and the desire for gender-bias laws. The authors thought it imperative to write this book to shine the light on what is really happening to women’s studies “before the roar spreads any further.”

The material for Professing Feminism was drawn from in-depth interviews with 30 women, most of whom were still or are women’s studies faculty members. As Koertge has said, this material is "obtained via correspondence and electronic communication—via the International Electronic Forum for Women’s Studies—from other faculty, students, and staff members who turn out to be very dissatisfied. Almost to a woman, though, none would turn their names or any other identifying information about them in the book. And this is a testament to the ruthless nature of the commissars of women’s studies in the university. In fact, the authors’ findings correlated with the stated goals of the respective course work, as an attempt to support student activism, emancipatory pedagogy, and the shift of the academic power base toward the extremist feminist agenda. The contributors’ stories in this book are not merely “cautionary tales”; they are horror stories. Far removed from the original intent of uncovering little-known or overlooked works of value contributed by women over the ages or helping women understand themselves in the context of today’s society, the academic movement has devolved into a diatribe against all men (particularly those who are white, European, and dead) and the social ills they have caused. This ideology has been protected by a nearly police-state enforcement procedure. The result has been an abject failure to educate anyone about women’s studies courses. The classroom has become little more than a recruiting and training ground for the feminized feminist agenda. The effect has been a silencing of any debate that, in turn, has created a severe conflict between the university’s obligation to educate, in the classical sense, and the professional political aims of the feminist movement.

An examination of some of the day-to-day goings on is required here. To the radical feminists, everything we consider as a part of our knowledge base is a male creation and therefore must be changed to the far superior female approach. As a scientist myself, I was intrigued by the authors’ discussion on logic and science. Logic, according to these feminists, is antithetical to a woman’s way of thinking (or, popularly put, “women’s way of knowing”). To the ideologues, logic has been a tool the patriarchy has used throughout history to oppress, subjugate, and marginalize women. Regarding science, students are taught something similar to that “inferior women” perceptions come closer to the truth than logically constructed arguments, and that qualitative and anecdotal studies are more humane and are therefore superior to statistically validated ones, because the latter ignore the rich peculiarities of individual cases. And so... the very tools of male science are in this way proved deficient and must be replaced by female instruments.

Female faculty members who are engaged in non-ideological scholarship often find themselves the object of harassment by these women. Radical feminists charge that at these schools have sold out or are “male-identified.” Often this harassment is carried out by female students who have become nearly as radical as the feminist ideology and who act as agents provocateurs in the classrooms of their less radical elders. One instructor confided to Patai and Koertge that such radical women must often hide their own ideas and abilities because of the “exploits” of the feminists—the idea that all females are the same; no one is any better than anyone else.

"To speak out against this reign of terror is suicidal. Ever busy in behalf of their agendas, radical feminists have proven themselves adept at securing key administrative positions, which has had on the hiring and firing policies of universities. Faculty-selection committees have been intimidated into asking potential candidates such questions as commitment to women's studies leadership; how they plan to incorporate new scholarship on women into their undergraduate and graduate courses as well as into their research; and how they plan to deal with "denial and backlash.” If they give the correct answers and are accepted as faculty members, they have already learned not to speak out.

The authors see as the most grievous consequence of this feminist pedagogy the fact that it has now been taken up by secondary and even elementary educators. In fact, they could have been even more far ranging in their analysis. The activism in the academy and in society at large are actually one closely-knit movement. So not only are school boards held hostage to the radical feminists’ agendas, but political and corporate America has had to accommodate the myriad layers of laws, regulations, and mandates as a result of the unalloyed twaddle emanating from women’s studies departments. Bottom-line dollars have to be spent to hire sex-equity experts, gender-bias officers, and harassment facilitators and to fund required increases in the bureaucracy (which reach into every level of government), give tax breaks for the p of the feminist agenda, but political and corporate America has had to accommodate the myriad layers of laws, regulations, and mandates as a result of the unalloyed twaddle emanating from women’s studies departments. Bottom-line dollars have to be spent to hire sex-equity experts, gender-bias officers, and harassment facilitators and to fund required increases in the bureaucracy (which reach into every level of government), give tax breaks for the necessary programs.)

Why women’s studies at all? I asked myself this question when I read about one instructor interviewed for Professing Feminism sobbing to Patai and Koertge: “I see us more divided and less able to deal with the things that are important and less able to give young women... the tools they need to go out and lead their life.” Where is it written that in order to lead her life, regardless of the choices she makes, a woman must be given special gender education? I would submit that for those women seeking to make their careers anywhere in the business world, they will be at a distinct disadvantage if they supplement their education with gender-based courses. A little secret not often shared by the feminized feminist agenda, but political and corporate America has had to accommodate is that those women who have made it to the top in the world of enterprise have run, not walked, away from making things gender.

There may, though, be a ray of hope. The radicals have not been able to keep up the conspiracy of silence. Ever busy in behalf of their agendas, radical feminists have proven themselves adept at securing key administrative positions, which has had on the hiring and firing policies of universities. Faculty-selection committees have been intimidated into asking potential candidates such questions as commitment to women's studies leadership; how they plan to incorporate new scholarship on women into their undergraduate and graduate courses as well as into their research; and how they plan to deal with “denial and backlash.” If they give the correct answers and are accepted as faculty members, they have already learned not to speak out.

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Professing Feminism is a book that should be read by anyone interested in the feminist movement and its impact on the academy and in society at large.
Mural Unveiled at Arts Center

By Judith Schumann Weizner

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etra Mahler’s mural on the south wall of the two-year-old Annenberg Symphony Hall of the South Bronx Arts Center was unveiled for the fifth time yesterday evening, finally ending a lengthy gestation that had been punctuated by many episodic labour disputes.

When excavation for the South Bronx Arts Center began five years ago, Ms. Mahler approached the State Committee on the Arts with the idea of painting a mural on the south wall of Annenberg Symphony Hall that would be the equivalent of hanging an artwork in the living room of every apartment in the Third World Plaza Public Housing Complex that faces the hall. The State Committee on the Arts enthusiastically agreed to fund Ms. Mahler’s project. As soon as work on the outside of the hall was finished, Ms. Mahler began her mural, then titled “Portrait of an Orchestra,” which was kept shrouded until opening night. When the cover was finally removed, critics were unanimous in acclaiming it for the versimilitude and for the intensity of expression on the players’ faces.

The next day, however, in a letter to the editor of the Times, Nume Nkume, president of the Third World Plaza Tenants’ Association, pointed out that there were only two black faces in the picture. (The mural, a photo-montage-like portrait of the members of the orchestra during a concert, depicted 98 white musicians and two blacks.) At a hastily-arranged meeting between Mr. Nkume, Nevin Chamberlain, chairman of the board of the South Bronx Arts Center, and Ms. Mahler, the artist explained that she had intended to immortalize the musicians who actually were members of the orchestra when the hall opened and, of the 100 musicians in the orchestra, only two really were black. But Mr. Nkume insisted that there ought to have been more than token representation of blacks, who comprise 28.7 percent of the population of New York City. He pointed out that black children needed role models to encourage them to take up the study of music.

When Ms. Mahler reiterated her objection, Mr. Nkume threatened to go to court to block display of the mural, citing the sixth paragraph of the Offensiveness Clause of the Arts in Action Act of 1996. (The Offensiveness Clause forbids the public display of artwork that might, because of racial, ethnic, gender, or any other considerations resulting from an accident of birth, offend more than 10 percent of the population within a 15-block or one-and-a-half-mile radius of an artwork.) Mr. Nkume stated that since the mural contained only two black faces, and they were in the second violins, the painting would obviously offend more than 10 percent of the people within a 15-block radius of the Arts Center, thereby falling within the scope of the Offensiveness Clause. He suggested that if the orchestra were portrayed as being 28.7 percent black, with blacks occupying prominent positions, including that of conductor, the mural might not be objectionable.

Mr. Chamberlain proposed that Ms. Mahler compromise by making the features of 28.7 percent of the faces (including those of the conductor, the principal wind players, and the conductor) indistinguishable and painting them as minorities.

Ms. Mahler was dispatched to her workplace behind the tarpaulin, where she set about obscuring the features of the players and darkening their complexions. No sooner had the paint dried than the orchestra voted to strike on grounds that their features and skin color had been altered.

After several days of complicated negotiations, the orchestra committee agreed to postpone the strike pending a reworking of the mural. No sooner had Ms. Mahler commenced her revision than Mr. Chamberlain informed her that he had received a letter from Janie Tierlieber, attorney for Humans for the Sensitive Treatment of Animals (HeSTA), notifying him that she had filed charges against him, the board of the Arts Center, and Ms. Mahler for gross insensitivity in allowing representations of violence, since violin strings were traditionally made of cat gut.

Another meeting was convened, attended by Ms. Mahler, Ms. Tierlieber, Mr. Chamberlain, and Juna Alexandria of the State Committee on the Arts, during which Ms. Mahler was rumored to have called Ms. Tierlieber “a cat’s witchy familiar,” possibly a reference to Ms. Tierlieber’s sparse, jet-black facial hair. Ms. Tierlieber stood firm, adding that since the Third World Plaza had a known population of 485 cats, with perhaps thousands of additional cats rumoured to have called Ms. Tierlieber “a craxed witch’s familiar,” the proposal was no longer acceptable and a dedication scheduled.

The mural, now entitled “Benefactors,” consists of five episodes of false labor. Ms. Mahler refused to elaborate on the remarks attributed to her at the meeting, and in fact the day the tarpaulin was back in place, where it remained for several months. This time Ms. Mahler did not invite the press for the unveiling, but instead, with no fanfare, lowered the cover late one Thursday afternoon. Only Mr. Chamberlain, Ms. Tierlieber, and Ms. Alexandria was present and, according to sources in the State Committee on the Arts, the mural, now entitled “Opening Night,” showed a montage of orchestra and audience in opening-night finery. Twenty-nine percent of the figures were black, and, after Ms. Mahler had made some minor adjustments in the clothing worn by audience members, mostly having to do with removing representations of fur coats and collars, the painting was deemed acceptable and a dedication scheduled. One day before the dedication, however, Ms. Alexandria noticed that there were no obviously fake fur coats in the painting and said that this defect must be remedied if Ms. Mahler were not to have to return her grant money. To satisfy this requirement, 7 percent of the male figures and 3 percent of the females would have to be adjusted to appear to be holding hands with partners of the same sex. At the same time, Ms. Mahler was instructed to make the lines of people waiting to use the men’s and women’s restrooms of equal length.

Working through the night, Ms. Mahler was able to complete the revisions with just enough time to take a shower and change her clothes before the scheduled dedication. No sooner had the dedication ceremony begun than Ms. Mahler was served with papers by Lucien Sacrevache, attorney for the Federation for the Homeless, once again charging Ms. Mahler under the Offensiveness Clause, due to the gross insensitivity of portraying rich people in expensive clothes in a setting that was clearly beyond the reach of most, if not all, of the homeless who would be forced to confront the offending painting every time they passed the Arts Center.

The tarpaulin was haltered, Mr. Sacrevache and his followers were invited to spend the night in Annenberg Hall in reparation, and Ms. Mahler was now given a final opportunity to make good on her proposal.

The tarpaulin, which, due to Mr. Sacrevache’s acerbity, had not been fully removed, once more covered the wall as neighbors observed Ms. Mahler’s coming and goings. After six months of reworking, Ms. Mahler notified Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Nkume, Ms. Tierlieber, Mr. Sacrevache, and Ms. Alexandria that the mural was ready. At a private view of the mural, they all agreed that the painting was completely acceptable and the dedication was scheduled. The mural, now entitled “Benefactors,” consists of five panels, each containing a portrait of a subject in a characteristic pose. In the upper left, Mr. Nkune stands before the Third World Plaza wearing a t-shirt with the legend “28.7% and Growing”; in the upper right, surrounded by stray cats and dogs, Ms. Tierlieber is cutting the strings of a violin; beneath her, Mr. Sacrevache removes subpoenas from a trash can, while opposite him, Ms. Alexandria, pen in hand, edits a painting. In the center, arms outstretched in a gesture of inclusion, Mr. Chamberlain beams benevolently into the neighborhood.

Following the reading of the dedication by a multi-lingual, multi-racial committee of non-denominational clergypersons, reporters asked Ms. Mahler about her shift away from a musical subject. “The fault was in my approach,” she said. “I was guilty of stereotypical thinking—you know—art center, music, musicians—that sort of thing. What I failed to take into account is everyone’s basic need to identify with an artwork in some way.”