

# HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



## BURNED CHURCHES COMMISSAR

A leftist propaganda officer flees from Marxist Grenada to Soviet-bloc Czechoslovakia, to Castro's Cuba, to an insurrectionary New York tabloid, to Ben Chavis' radical NAACP, and then, after witnessing (and arguably contributing to) the demise of nearly all of the above, he finds sanctuary with the National Council of Churches.

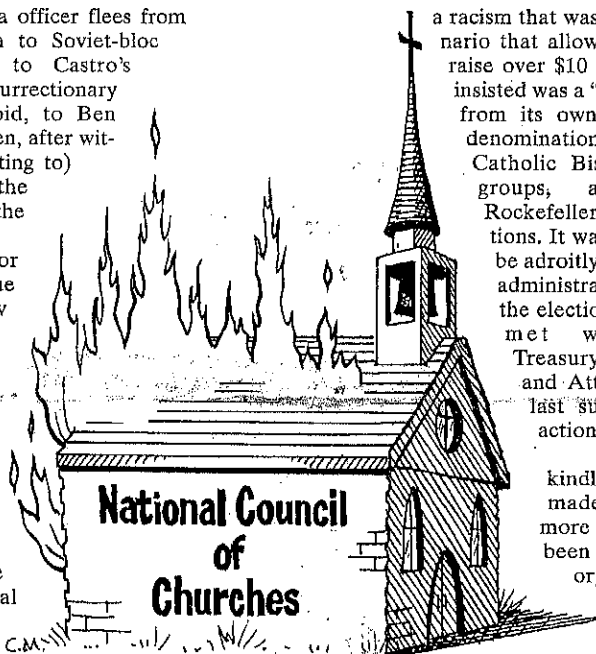
It sounds like a fable for our time, but it is also the true story of Don Rojas, who now directs the Council's Burned Churches Fund for torched black houses of worship. If Rojas' strange odyssey illustrates the shrinking universe in which doctrinaire adherents of the totalitarian left must now perform, it also once again underlines the way in which the flagship organization for America's mainline churches has become a final haven for the Marxism that the rest of the world has rejected.

It is, in a way, the perfect meeting of a man and an institution, for it is the National Council of Churches, after all, that was the primary architect of the Great Church Arson Story of 1996. In the scenario it created, a series of reprehensible, but isolated, cases of burned black churches in the South were suddenly transformed into evidence of resurgent white bigotry and of

a racism that was out of control. It was a scenario that allowed the National Council to raise over \$10 million to deal with what it insisted was a "systemic" problem, not only from its own Protestant and Orthodox denominations, but also from the U.S. Catholic Bishops and various Jewish groups, and Ford, MacArthur, Rockefeller, and other large foundations. It was also a scenario that would be adroitly manipulated by the Clinton administration for political leverage in the elections after an NCC delegation met with the President, Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin and Attorney General Janet Reno last summer to demand federal action.

In a campaign designed to kindle public outrage, the NCC made flamboyant claims that more than 120 black churches had been struck since 1990. But the organization failed to note that, according to insurance industry figures, more than 4,000 American churches, generally, were hit by arson during this same time period. By the National Council's own statistics, more than 20 percent of U.S. churches are black, which means that 800 black churches would have needed to have been burned just to equal the rate of non-black church arsons from 1990 to 1996.

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## INSIDE

Tales from the  
Academic Hood

Natural Born  
Killers

Bayard Rustin,  
American Hero

## GET THEE TO A BEST-SELLER LIST OPHELIA SELF-ESTEEM PROBLEM

By Barbara Rhoades Ellis

"It made me want to take my daughters and live on a desert island," confesses one worried mother. A sixth grader says it made her "really scared about how people kind of use girls as objects." *Library Journal* finds it frightening. *English Journal* says it's heartbreaking. The women's movement must be calling it a bull's-eye. Or a cow's eye. Or whatever. Because finally a book of pop-feminism has hit the bigtime outside the feminist fold.

*Reviving Ophelia: Saving the Selves of Adolescent Girls* is a commercial sensation. Speeches by its author, Mary Pipher, Ph.D., are booked through 1997, and her appearances draw overflow crowds of anxious parents, teachers—the heart of the soccer moms. For two years *Ophelia* has been at or near the top of *The*

*New York Times* paperback best-seller list, and bookstores are still receiving bulk orders.

Press accounts describe Pipher as down-to-earth, serious, plain-spoken. She's a middle-aged clinical psychologist from Lincoln, Nebraska, married, with a daughter and son. In fact, this ordinariness lends credibility to Pipher and to *Ophelia*'s dire message that cultural forces are causing calamitous losses of confidence and personal identity in today's teenage girls. This message landed Pipher on *Oprah* and the *Today* show and got her written up in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People*. When she spoke to a crowd of 900 at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C., the head of the Cathedral's all-girl school read a letter to her from Tipper Gore (herself the mother of three girls): "Your books are like a lamp on a dark night, reminding us that we are not alone in the quest to raise thoughtful and caring human beings." Hillary Clinton has plugged *Ophelia* in her newspaper column and even had Pipher

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## COMMUNIQUÉS

## Alger's Long Goodbye

May an ancient Cold Warrior, one of some half-dozen official American personnel ousted by the Hungarian government, the last [one out] being American Minister Selden Chapin, during the months which culminated with the trial and conviction for treason of Cardinal Mindszenty in February 1949, be indulged a few critical comments regarding the Hiss-Chambers confrontation discussed in your December issue?

1. Both John Haynes and Peter Collier inevitably refer to the subsequent trial and execution of the Rosenbergs in passing. I, for one, have difficulty in understanding why Hiss has not been brought to account in their case. He, not McCarthy, bears the responsibility for the failure of Presidents Truman and Eisenhower to commute their sentences to life imprisonment. Indeed, had Alger admitted his role as explained by Chambers, the Rosenbergs would probably have gotten off with a prison term. The atmosphere of the time, unduly inflamed by Alger partisans, proved fatal to them.

2. John Haynes opens his essay by exposing the Hissite fraudulent manipulation of Dimitri Volkogonov in getting him to state that Russian archives, in effect, proved Hiss innocent. The American liberal media were all too eager to headline this nonsense, then to bury Volkogonov's retraction in the back pages. Haynes, however, misdates the episode by one year, a very telling year. This occurred not in 1991 but in 1992. Lowenthal went to Moscow when it became apparent that a Democrat would be returned to the White House in the person of Bill Clinton. Cannot one assume that the Hissites hoped to benefit again, if to a lesser extent, as they had when their protégé gained from Watergate?

3. I am all in favor of Collier's advocacy of a Whittaker Chambers postage stamp. But if it did not come about during the Reagan administration it may be too late now. Collier seems unaware that Reagan did award Chambers posthumously a Medal of Honor. The publicity which ensued brought about republication of his seminal autobiography, *Witness*. Granted, the man who exposed the fraudulence of the Yalta Agreement in 1945 by means of a fantasy published in *Time* magazine deserves even better.

R.E. Steussy  
Eugene, Oregon

The article on Alger Hiss by John Haynes is excellent. However, the reference to the book by Allen Weinstein would have been made more significant if Haynes had noted that in the introduction, Weinstein said that when he began his inquiry he had assumed that Hiss had been framed.

Alex Dragnich,  
Professor Emeritus  
Vanderbilt University

John Haynes' admirable "The long Goodbye of Alger Hiss," December 1996, brings to mind some tidbits of cold war history and its *sequelae* that should not be forgotten. One of the most dedicated and persistent supporters of Hiss was Corliss Lamont's National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (NECLC), which funded elaborate briefs protesting Hiss's innocence. Its headquarters in the historic Flatiron Building in Manhattan displays art work which depicts Hiss as a Christ-like figure and Nixon as a caricature of evil. It is a veritable shrine to Hiss and, of course, to fellow-traveler Lamont himself. In a long article on Hiss's death in the *Houston Chronicle* for November 16, 1996, by Doug I. Swanson of the *Dallas Morning News*, it is noted that "one close friend and defender was John Henry Faulk, a broadcaster from Texas who was himself blacklisted in the 1950s for alleged leftist connections." I had met Faulk several times, and, on one occasion, he insisted on

the innocence of the Rosenbergs and railed bitterly against those who had convicted and executed them as atomic spies.

Since Faulk's death, the main public library in Austin, Texas, has been named in his honor, and there is a John Henry Faulk Memorial Theater in town. A generation hence, historians will have great difficulty figuring out who was on the winning side and who was on the losing side in the Cold War.

We need not only a postage stamp commemorating the role of Whittaker Chambers, but also a number of museums and libraries to collect, interpret, and display the materials necessary to reconstruct an accurate account of the Cold War era and its heroes and its villains. A start might be made by reserving for posterity the headquarters of the NECLC in New York City and its remarkable documents and art work, to be designated Villains of the Cold War, while some philanthropist creates nearby a complementary institution for the Heroes of the Cold War.

Lawrence Cranberg  
Austin, Texas

**WRITE TO US**  
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by fax (310)843-3692 or by e-mail  
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## Gay Conservatives

Prompted by KSFO radio's morning talk show host Lee Rodgers—who aptly characterizes himself as a man to "drive the liberals crazy"—my gay lover (yes, there are gay conservatives living in the heart of San Francisco's Castro District) and I availed ourselves of your offer of a complimentary/introductory issue of *Heterodoxy*. So impressed were we with the soon-arrived October issue that, within days, we mailed a check for a one year's subscription. Because my lover circulated petitions to ballot-qualify Proposition 209, the California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI), and we both individually and jointly made several contributions to CCRI, we were especially interested in Paul Clotti's insightful essay on one of America's most courageous public servants, Ward Connerly, Regent of the University of California. Arriving within days of federal district Judge Thelton Henderson's egregious intercession in the implementation of Prop 209, Mr Clotti's profile of Connerly stands as a study of a man who believes in more than just the ideals of opportunity without discrimination and preferences based on race and gender; Connerly—his liberal detractors and Judge Henderson notwithstanding—also gives supreme respect and recognition to the duly expressed will of the American people through the ballot box. Together with Ward Connerly and the overwhelming majority of Californians, my lover and I (by the way, we regard ourselves as Americans who just happen to be gay) know that—in spite of the Marxist obstructionist tactics of the liberal-left (are you listening Judge Thelton Henderson?)—both the letter and the spirit of the California Civil Rights Initiative will prevail

if for no other reason than discrimination and preferences—read "affirmative action"—are as unconstitutional as they are un-American.

Thomas Edwards  
San Francisco CA

## Closed Minds

In his review of *The Opening of the American Mind*, John Ellis rightfully shoots holes through the pathetic argumentation, if one can even call it that, of Laurence Levine's book. His own closing paragraph, however, needs a little shooting at as well. His assertion that the Enlightenment has done anything to curb the genocidal bent, and other horrific sins of humanity is laughable. Need he be reminded that the Holocaust was perpetrated by one of the most civilized and scientifically advanced nations of its day. Or that wholesale execution of peoples, in Soviet Russia, Communist Vietnam and Cambodia were brought about by the elite ruling class, all of whom suffered to some extent from their "enlightened" minds. Nor should we forget the more than 30 million now lost to abortion in our own country.

As for the "unique role" Europeans played in the abolishment of slavery, this is hardly due to any intellectual refinements brought about through the Enlightenment. European slavery flowered and flourished right along side its Enlightenment thinkers. The abolition of slavery owes its genesis and fruition to the likes of William Wilberforce who recognized and fought for abolition on the grounds of Biblical truth. And it was through Biblical teaching that abolition was sold to, and finally bought by, the ascending middle class. First in England, where it was brought about peaceably—owing, in large part, to a spiritual awakening at the time. Only afterwards did the cause of abolition really take root in America, once again championed by the Christian religion.

As for "this world cultural revolution," it is being lost by much of what was unleashed precisely during the Enlightenment. Namely by the notion that there is no absolute truth. A tragic misconception which was spawned at that time, and the only thing to come to a near complete state after "two hundred years."

Russell O. Young  
Via e-Mail

## Faux Rape

Thanks to *Heterodoxy* and K.L. Billingsley for the article "A Lamb to the Slaughter?" Ramdas Lamb has been a close friend for many years, and I have followed in detail the dark and dangerous passage he and his family have been forced to navigate. As an outsider, one can never verify beyond doubt the facts of a given situation. But, having witnessed much of the federal court proceeding between Dr. Lamb and Ms. Gretzinger, and having followed, over the years, the development of evidence in the case, I can say that Dr. Lamb's exoneration was not only appropriate but panoramic, vivid and categorical, as satisfyingly clear-cut as life usually is not. Ms. Gretzinger's seamy, largely non-evidentiary case held together in almost none of its details. No one on the jury was fooled. Mr. Billingsley did omit the fact that, while Ms. Gretzinger's charges were not only completely refuted, she herself was proclaimed by the jury guilty of slander, portraying another person in a false light with malicious intent, and misuse of the legal process. Your article is a refreshing and welcome artifact. Our own community media were not up to the job. Unfortunately, they displayed equal parts of laziness and bias, rendering their journalistic efforts virtually meaningless.

Don Hallcock  
Honolulu, Hawaii

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**HETERODOXY** (ISSN: 1069-7268) is published by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture. The Center is a California 501(c)(3).  
Editorial: (916)265-9306. Fax: (916)265-3119. Subscription: 12 issues, \$25. Send checks to Center for the Study of Popular Culture,  
P.O. Box 67398, Los Angeles, California 90067. Visa and MasterCard accepted.

**Inquiries: (800)752-6562**

*Heterodoxy* is distributed to newsstands and bookstores by Bernhard B. DeBoer, 113 East Centre Street, Nutley, NJ 07110.

# REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

**CAN AL GORE DO IT?:** It is everywhere, comrades. The latest hit music and dance. Yes, it is the **MARXARENA**. It is played exactly the same way as the now-out-of-fashion Macarena, with exactly the same motions and movements. But the Marxarena makes you feel **PROGRESSIVE**, and part of the struggle for liberation. So get in your disco clothes and do the **MARXARENA!!** Ready? Here goes:

*First you shoot your granny as a kulak,  
Stores are empty, nothing in the stomache,  
Then you send your parents to the Gulag,  
Ho Marxarena!!*

*Make a famine, liquidate the peasants,  
Party leaders loaded up with presents,  
Hang the dissidents, carry out the sentence,  
Ho Marxarena. Ho MARXARENA!!!*  
(thanks to Steven Plaut)

**DOWN ON THE FARM:** The '90s have not been halcyon days for unions, and the current crisis of membership has prompted some organizers to adopt unusual recruitment measures. For example, Leticia Maravella, a former organizer for the United Farm Workers, charges that the union told her to recruit new members by having sex with them. According to a lawsuit filed in California's Santa Cruz County, UFW-boss Efrén Barajas told Maravella, "If the farmworkers don't want to sign the union card, go to bed with them. Who cares if you get a little dusty?" According to Maravella and her colleagues, the practice has gone on for some 20 years. The rallying cry of the women, says the suit, is "*Campesinas sí, putas no.*" (Farmworker women, yes—Whores, no.) UFW brass and the AFL-CIO says it's all a publicity stunt by the strawberry growers, whose workers the UFW is trying to organize. However, even UFW treasurer and Chicana icon, Dolores Huerta, has called for an investigation. The women's Berkeley-based lawyer, James Lorenz, who has a record of pro-migrant activism, says that his harassed clients "are pro-union but opposed to the union acting in a manner unbecoming to La Causa, the dignity of farmworkers everywhere, and the memory of Cesar Chavez." Demanding that women use sex to recruit, wrote Lorenz, "brings new meaning to the phrase *Viva La Causa.*"

**RED CHARITY:** Suppose you are an American comrade in a giving mood. Where do you go to get a bang for your buck after the fall of the wall? The Breiden-Schmidt Foundation of San Diego, "established to advance the principles of socialism," has identified worthy objects for its philanthropy. According to documents filed with the Federal Election Commission, the group bankrolls the Niebyl-Proctor Marxist Library for Social Research along with the Democratic Socialists of America and the Communist Party USA. In fact, the foundation kicked in a healthy \$10,000 to help the Communist Party hold their convention last April. The foundation also funds *In These Times*, sent \$1,000 to *The Nation* magazine for subscriptions in high schools and gives money to the ACLU. Who said the dream was dead?

**ALL THINGS LITIGATED:** Sunni Khalid, the Cairo bureau chief for National Public Radio, has hit the government's taxpayer-supported network with its fourth discrimination lawsuit in two years. Khalid, a Muslim and NPR's only black foreign reporter, charges he was refused the support services routinely given to white reporters, paid less than most white NPR overseas reporters, and denied a promotion he had been promised. NPR says that Khalid's job performance is the problem and vows to fight it in court. But NPR Vice President Kathleen Jackson has admitted "pervasive" racism at the network, including a two-tiered salary system for blacks and whites. And it's not just racial problems with the folks who produce *All Things*

*Considered.* During a meeting last September, NPR Foreign Editor Loren Jenkins referred to Muslims as "ragheads" and an NPR commentator tagged a Christian prophetic doctrine as "crap." Remember, it's only your support that makes NPR possible.

**HANOI JANE, PART DEUX:** Twenty-five years or so since she delivered propaganda broadcasts, while American flyers were being tortured by her communist friends in North Vietnam, Jane Fonda now eschews the Dream Machine and spends her days doing the chop as Ted Turner's own Scarlett O'Hara. On a recent flight to New York, Ernest Lefever of the Ethics and Public Policy Center found himself seated next to Fonda, using dark glasses and broad-brimmed hat to escape detection. The one-time sex kitten of *Barbarella*, told Lefever she was now supporting youngsters who want

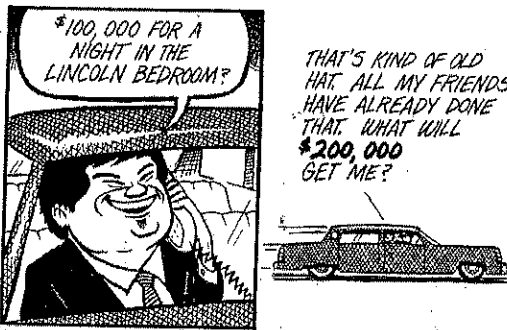
homosexuality within liberal Protestantism would eliminate the need for the Metropolitan Community Churches. "Historic black churches are not going out of existence," said the Rev. Nancy Wilson. "There is still tremendous bias. A lot of unchurched gay and lesbian people won't go to a mainline church. They prefer to worship in a community identified with their community."

**PUBLIC CERVIX ANNOUNCEMENT:** The spring and summer catalogue from Duke University Press features an interesting book entitled *Public Privates: Performing Gynecology from Both Ends of the Speculum*, written by Terri Kapsalis, a professor of "Performance Studies" at Northwestern University. The description of the book declares that "gynecology is not simply the study of women's bodies, but also serves to define and constitute them."

Accordingly, the author "decodes the gynecological exam, seizing on its performative dimension," and discusses "incarnations of the pelvic examination outside the bounds of medicine," including a performance art piece entitled "Public Cervix Announcement," which is intended to reveal "the potent cultural attitudes and anxieties about women, female bodies, and female sexuality that permeate the practice of gynecology." Since context is everything, the author suggests a "venue from which challenging, alternative performances may be staged." The Duke catalogue leaves the performative dimension of the male prostate exam unexplored.

**WHITE LIKE ME:** Jeff Hitchcock is a 45-year-old psychologist who has dealt with race issues both in his career as a diversity consultant, conducting cultural sensitivity workshops for companies, and in his interracial marriage to a black woman. But Hitchcock was unprepared when an interview subject, discussing what people of various cultures need to do to get along in a multicultural world, said that white people needed to be more aware of their whiteness. According to an Associated Press story, Hitchcock "had been half-listening" until that statement. But then he took note. More than this, in April 1995, Hitchcock started the Center for the Study of White American Culture, Operating out of a small office in his Roselle, home, the Center has an Internet site and a newsletter. Last year, it sponsored a conference that brought together about 50 people from around the country to discuss the issue. "The only models we have for discussing whiteness are coming out of the Ku Klux Klan and the Aryan Nation, and that's not right," Hitchcock says. "We have to examine what it means to be white, but in a non-racist, non-supremacist way." The organization's goal is to get white people to talk about and recognize themselves as a distinct cultural and racial group and to examine what role that group plays in the larger American society. Hitchcock hopes studying the issues will help whites gain a positive self-identity. "Many whites feel they have no culture, or they feel ashamed to be white because they think it's only about oppression," he says. "That shouldn't be the case. People should feel both pride and shame because all cultures have good and bad points. We're not interested in building up the white culture, but we're not going to tear it down, either." But Hitchcock's job may be made a little harder by another school of thought about whiteness, known as the New Abolitionist movement, which is gaining support in the multicultural university. "There is no possibility of a positive white identity," says Noel Ignatiev, a lecturer at Harvard and an editor for *Race Traitor*, the journal of the New Abolitionists. "There may be positives to various European ethnic identities, but whiteness is purely about the maintenance of privilege. 'Working-class people accept the benefits of being white over the benefits of a better work situation. Instead of working with others in the same position, they say, 'However bad we've got it, at least we're white.'"

## LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



to abstain from sex before marriage. Awed by this revelation, Lefever paused a moment before bringing up a more delicate topic. Some people said that during her Hanoi junkie she gave aid and comfort to the enemy. Given the fact that she had new ideas about chastity, had she also changed her views about her past support for Hanoi? "I haven't changed my views and I only told the press in Hanoi what American POWs had told me," Fonda replied. "And from my perspective, there was no enemy. Everything I did was designed to get America out of that terrible war." Lefever asked her if she had ever met Sen. John McCain, one of those who was being tortured as Jane posed with a communist anti-aircraft gun. "No, I haven't," she said, ready to return to the subject of sex before marriage.

**GAY RITES:** The Southern California Ecumenical Council has voted to accept the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (MCC), a homosexual denomination which performs same-sex marriages and claims 330 congregations and 35,000 members in 17 countries. The move disturbed many orthodox members but did not surprise observers of the formerly mainline churches. "It's part of a general trend in liberal Protestantism," said James Nuechterlein, editor of *First Things* magazine. "On one front after another, you can see the same process at work toward total acceptance of homosexuals and homosexuality," he said. "It's the story of liberal Protestantism over the last century, in which inclusion means anything goes." But MCC officials rejected Nuechterlein's view that increasing acceptance of

ference that brought together about 50 people from around the country to discuss the issue. "The only models we have for discussing whiteness are coming out of the Ku Klux Klan and the Aryan Nation, and that's not right," Hitchcock says. "We have to examine what it means to be white, but in a non-racist, non-supremacist way." The organization's goal is to get white people to talk about and recognize themselves as a distinct cultural and racial group and to examine what role that group plays in the larger American society. Hitchcock hopes studying the issues will help whites gain a positive self-identity. "Many whites feel they have no culture, or they feel ashamed to be white because they think it's only about oppression," he says. "That shouldn't be the case. People should feel both pride and shame because all cultures have good and bad points. We're not interested in building up the white culture, but we're not going to tear it down, either." But Hitchcock's job may be made a little harder by another school of thought about whiteness, known as the New Abolitionist movement, which is gaining support in the multicultural university. "There is no possibility of a positive white identity," says Noel Ignatiev, a lecturer at Harvard and an editor for *Race Traitor*, the journal of the New Abolitionists. "There may be positives to various European ethnic identities, but whiteness is purely about the maintenance of privilege. 'Working-class people accept the benefits of being white over the benefits of a better work situation. Instead of working with others in the same position, they say, 'However bad we've got it, at least we're white.'"

# Crime is going down and getting worse

## Natural Born Killers

By Kenneth Lloyd Billingsley

Prison official Lt. Kevin Peters tells "Rafael" that I'm writing an article about crime and would like to interview inmates. But the battle-scarred convict, muralled with tattoos, is wary of this intruder in his 'hood, the California Institution for Men at Chino, east of Los Angeles. He looks at me and everybody else through narrowed eyes, as though afraid someone will catch a glimpse of his soul. As soon as he finds out he doesn't have to answer questions, he darts away as though he just got paroled. We move on to the prison psychologists.

I explain my subject of crime and violence and tell them I have come to hear their insights. It would seem that such professionals would be eager to discuss their work, but here they respond with looks nearly as stony-faced as those of the inmates. I cite statistics from criminologists James Q. Wilson and John DiIulio indicating that not only is it questionable that crime is getting better, but indubitable that criminals are getting worse. But this doesn't cause even a flicker of interest. The head shrink bureaucratically explains that all inquiries have to be cleared through Sacramento. Lt. Peters counters that my interview request has been cleared, but the staffers still fail to kindle. A female psychologist finally breaks the awkward silence.

"Write an article about rehabilitation, and I'll talk to you."

It is an offer that might have been made 30 years ago. But today? What could it be, I wonder, that has both inmates and prison staff so tight-lipped? The ambience at Chino supplies part of the answer. No one is exercising or playing hoops in the gym because it is bursting with 213 inmates, packed into double bunks in a kind of emergency bivouac, as though a war had broken out and the eager recruits were streaming in. A sign on the wall reads: CAUTION: NO WARNING SHOT WILL BE GIVEN.

Chino is first stop for criminals entering the California prison system and houses 5,800 inmates from 18 years of age to over 80, including some who are level 4, the most dangerous, even though this was never designed as a maximum security unit. Chino runs at approximately 184 percent of capacity, with inmates doubled up and day rooms pressed into service as massive cells. This is now a typical situation. In 1981, the state's prisons, not-counting youth facilities, housed 32,000 inmates in 12 prisons. In 1997 the count is 144,000 inmates in 32 prisons.

The rising tide is not limited to California, which now spends more on prisons than higher education. In 1982, there were 394,380 adult inmates in prison across the U.S. According to government figures just released, there are now 1,660,940 inmates in prisons and jails nationwide and more on the way. On the day after my prison visit, National Public Radio reported on a study showing that males born today have a one-in-twenty chance of going to prison.

"The growth is consistent over ten years," says Lt. Peters, whose encyclopedic command of statistics calls to mind a veteran criminologist. I ask him about the euphoria from the Clinton Administration that continues to declare that crime is down, and that we have turned the corner on this most ominous of our social problems.

"We have not experienced this reduction," Lt. Peters chooses his words carefully. Out front, buses roll in with new loads of convicted felons, guarded by black-clad officers packing revolvers, riot shotguns, and stainless-steel Ruger Mini-14 automatic rifles with folding stocks and high-capacity magazines.

The President, casting himself as crime-buster-in-chief, has cited FBI and Justice Department

data showing juvenile crime arrest rates down 2.9 percent and murder arrest rates down 22.8 percent. He portrayed this as a result of his vaunted crime bill, which set out to put 100,000 new cops on the street. But the reality is far less rosy. Those new cops on the street—though the number is far less than 100,000—may have made life more difficult for street criminals in cities like New York, where there has been success, not only in getting the squeegee men and panhandlers off the street, but also in creating an atmosphere which indicates that public safety is being taken seriously. Three-strike laws and new prison construction in many states signal that an elephantine shift in public policy is under way and that the states, too, are getting

murdered. Residents of Los Angeles are more likely to die from a bullet than a traffic accident. A resident of a large American city, today, is more likely to be a victim of homicide than the average U.S. soldier in World War II. Chicago first collected statistics for gang-related homicides in 1964, when there were ten. By 1994, it was 240, "one every business day" says Nick Howe of the Illinois Department of Corrections.

Responding to Clinton, Princeton scholar John DiIulio, (*Body Count*), notes the actual number of serious violent crimes topped 4 million in 1992. Security measures and gated communities were on the increase, DiIulio noted, but had not translated into a drop in crime. Last August, Bob Dole was cheered for

citing the cause of crime as "criminals," but criminologists and prison reformers bring more definition to his laconic remark. They warn of the "superpredators," a class of criminal hard-wired and programmed for violence, like Arnold Schwarzenegger's robotic "terminator."

"As high as America's body count is today, a rising tide of youth crime and violence is about to lift it even higher," says DiIulio. "A new generation of street criminals is upon us—the youngest, biggest, and baddest generation any society has ever known." This generation, he says, comprises "radically impulsive, brutally remorseless youngsters, including ever more preteenage boys, who murder, assault, rape, rob, burglarize, deal deadly drugs, join gun-toting gangs and create serious communal disorders." They will commit the most heinous acts for trivial reasons, such as a perception of "disrespect." Nothing matters to them but sex, drugs and money, and as long as their youthful energies hold out they do what comes "naturally." They are "radically present-oriented, and radically self-regarding. They lack empathic impulses; they kill or maim or get involved in other forms of serious crime without much consideration of future penalties or risk to themselves or others. The stigma of arrest means nothing to them."

Likewise, the fear of death. Like kamikaze pilots, or the Ayatollah's martyrdom-seeking human bombs, this new breed of killer does not fear being killed, but rather expects it. Theirs is the creed of John, the teenage murderer in *River's Edge*, who strangled a girl so he could have "total control over her," and later explained, "I have this philosophy, you do shit then you die."

As DiIulio and his co-authors William Bennett and John Walters note in *Body Count*, while the rate of murders by adults has declined more than 25 percent since 1985, the homicide rate among 18- to 24-year-olds increased by 61 percent and the rate of homicide committed by teenagers 14-17 more than doubled. Males 14-24 are now about 8 percent of population but represent 27 percent of all homicide victims and 48 percent of all murderers. Between 1985 and 1992, the rate at which males 14-17 committed murder increased by about 50 percent for whites and more than 300 percent for blacks.

"I laugh at the news about crime going down," says Sgt. Wes McBride of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, a national authority on gangs. "There are violent little monsters out there and we are raising a whole generation of monsters. A priest said don't demonize them. I say that's what they are." McBride says that the up-and-comers often strike fear into the hearts of even older gang members. "The older guys say 'we can't even go out and wash our cars.' And if the young toughs decide to shoot it up 'they don't ask anybody.'"

James Q. Wilson, the nation's premier criminologist, describes the young felons of today as "feral pre-social beings," and estimates that by the year 2000 there will be one million more people in the 14-17 bracket, which now counts 7.5 million boys. Some 6



"FOR THEM, MURDER CARRIES THE SAME MORAL BURDEN AS GROCERY SHOPPING"

tough. But while the statistics look good, the reality looks bad. The crime numbers may be going down but the severity of the crime being committed is clearly getting worse.

In *Crime and the Sacking of America: The Roots of Chaos*, published two years ago, Andrew Payton Thomas notes that violent crime is four to nine times more common in the United States than in Europe. American rates of rape and robbery are seven and four times greater, respectively, than European rates. And some crime statistics make the Third World seem safe by comparison. According to Thomas, a graduate of Harvard Law School and now Arizona's assistant attorney general, the American rate for robbery is over six times the Philippines' rate, twenty times Thailand's and five hundred times Egypt's.

In Washington D.C., which should be the nation's showcase, the murder rate nearly doubled from 1987 to 1990, when the District was averaging two homicides a day. Washingtonians were more likely to be killed by their own countrymen, than were citizens of war-torn El Salvador, Lebanon, or Northern Ireland likely to be killed by theirs. Washington may be a largely black city, but for Thomas, a former legal assistant to the Boston NAACP, violent crime is not a black problem, no more than it is for sociologist Glenn Loury, who says it is "sin, not skin." And the numbers bear them out. The crime rate among white juveniles is now growing twice as fast as the black juvenile crime rate. Nor is this just one of those statistical blips on the screen: between 1965 and 1991, the violent crime rate among white Americans rose nearly 250 percent.

From 1990-1994, 90,000 Americans were

percent of these boys, warns Wilson, "will become high-rate, repeat offenders—thirty thousand more young muggers, killers and thieves than we have now. Get ready."

Andrew Thomas sees America being sacked by "home-grown barbarians." He cites "a terrifying social phenomenon in the United States—a generation of 'stone killers,' generally young men, emerging across the country. They are criminals apparently wholly lacking in conscience, for whom murder carries no more remorse than grocery shopping. These young men, whose ranks are growing rapidly in number and notoriety, have stained the nation's sidewalks and focused our attention on crime like nothing in our history."

At 6 feet 8 inches and 300 pounds, Juan Edward Paschall of San Diego could easily hold his own with the biggest NFL linemen. But it was not his practice to pick on people his own size. One night last October, the 27-year-old Paschall stabbed his live-in girlfriend Bridget Reed 61 times. Then he dragged her body into the living room, picked up the phone, and ordered a pornographic movie from the local cable outlet. As he watched the gyrating flesh on the screen, he stripped the clothes from Reed's still-warm body and had sex with the punctured, bloody corpse, as the couple's two boys, ages two and three, lay sleeping several feet away.

"It doesn't get any worse than this," said prosecutor Brenda Daly, who tried Paschall for the attack. Other cases, however, call that judgment into question. As this article is being written, a nine-year-old girl clings to life in a Chicago hospital. The 4-foot-8-inch, 64-pound "Girl X," was walking home through the Cabrini-Green housing projects when she was attacked by unknown assailants who raped, choked, and poisoned her. She was found in a stairwell where she had been left to die, her stomach full of a gasoline-like substance and the pitchfork emblem of the Gangster Disciples scrawled across her body.

"Girl X" was widely covered by a bewildered media. Other cases are not. On September 8, 1992, Rodney Eugene Solomon and Bernard Eric Miller, two young men from Washington, D.C., carjacked a BMW driven by Pam Basu in Howard County, Maryland. The attackers viciously beat the driver, who became entangled in a seat belt as they drove off, dragging her body "flopping like a rag doll" and leaving a bloody streak a mile and a half long. The attackers tossed Pam's 22-month-old daughter, Sarina, into the street, then dislodged the mother by ramming the stolen car into a barbed-wire fence, where Pam's battered body was later found entwined. According to witnesses, the two killers "appeared to be calm" as they left the scene.

Earlier this year, a 40-year-old woman driving down a street in Orange, California, saw vandals spraying graffiti on a garage and honked at them, hoping to scare them off. They sprayed gang signs on her car as other youths came by and fired several shots through the car door, striking the woman in the stomach.

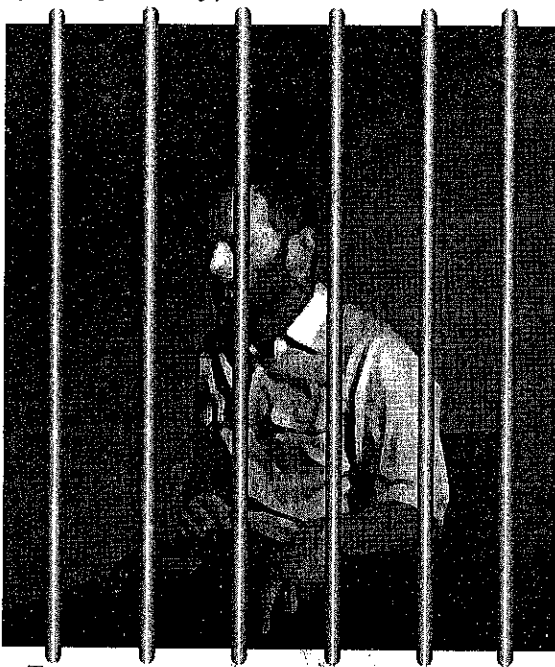
In a 1991 case, Juliet Qualls, a 19-year-old deaf woman, was speaking in sign language to her friend. Passing gang members thought she had flashed a sign for a rival gang. They shot Qualls in the chest and her friend in the face. In a similar case cited in *Body Count*, a youth thought he recognized friends in a car, which turned out to be carrying gang members who interpreted the gesture as disrespectful. They gunned him down, with the shooter taunting the dying youth, "betch'ou you won't be doin' noma' wavin' motha'fucker."

"The age of the victim is immaterial," says Dan Noon, a Chicago police inspector with 29 years of experience dealing with gangs in a city that vies with Los Angeles as the nation's gang capital. "There's a strange car in the 'hood. They open up on it and justify the activity as protection."

Florida psychotherapist and criminologist Kathleen Heide says many young criminals "are inca-

pable of empathy," citing the case of a teen who gunned down a jogger who refused to hand over his gold chain. "He could have given me his rope," the killer said. "I asked him twice."

Unlike adults, the new breed of predators are more likely to kill strangers than family members. For example, Victor Brancaccio, 16, killed a woman who objected to his rap music. A 16-year-old Washingtonian, when someone accidentally bumped into him on a dance floor, shot the perceived offender in the chest, then sprayed the crowd with bullets, injuring four others. And the brutality is not limited to young males. A 16-year-old female gang member explained, "It was my job to go out and find some girl and make sure she came back to the house with me after school and it didn't matter how the fuck I got her back there. I'd tell her there was a party, tell her there were drugs, tell her there was some boy there that liked her... then when she got there, the guys would have sex with her whether



THESE PREDATORS KILL STRANGERS, NOT PEOPLE THEY KNOW

she wanted to or not. Mostly, I'd just watch and laugh; sometimes I'd join in or have sex with myself."

It was said of flamboyant bankrobber John Dillinger that he was "crooked but not twisted." This is not true of the teenage gangs of today. On Halloween night, 1993, in Pasadena, Herbert McClain, 28, Lorenzo Newman, 26, and Karl Holmes, 21, gunned down Stephen Coats and Reggie Crawford, both 14, and Edgar Evans, 13, all promising students. The victims fell dead only yards from their homes. According to witnesses, the killers gave the thumbs-up sign as they drove off and later bragged about their deed. When one of the mothers arrived on the scene, she saw the ant-infested body of her child, with Halloween candy scattered among the carnage.

It turned out that the three killers were members of the P-Nine gang and one of their ranks had been shot earlier that day. When they could find no vulnerable members of the rival Crips, they turned to easier prey. Their demeanor in court differed little from their behavior on the streets.

During the trial, Newborn called his own mother a "fucking bitch," and McClain told one witness "I'm gonna kill you." When pronounced guilty, Karl Holmes flashed his P-Nine sign and yelled, "Fuck you, motherfucker. P-Nine lives!" When sentenced to death the three chuckled.

For prosecutor Anthony Myers, their actions came as no surprise. "The murders they committed were a natural consequence of the lifestyle they chose to lead," he told me. The three are now on death row at San Quentin.

At Chino, I ask "Fred," a slight, gray-haired inmate if he ever gets done over by violent, younger convicts. Speaking loud enough for others to hear, he says his fellow inmates treat him well, better than the administrators. He fails to convince and tries to be jovial, but behind the mask one sees the fear.

Lt. Peters says they do have the predatory types here. They are placed in a security unit, specially constructed so they can't throw people off the elevated tiers, and where they are searched and shackled every time they leave the cell. There are 179 in the unit, which is usually full, says Peters, who worked there for five years.

"Older guys used to keep younger guys in line but the dynamics have changed," says Tip Kendall of California's Department of Corrections. "Now the older guys stay out of the way."

What is true in California is true elsewhere. Chuck Adkins, assistant superintendent of Indiana State Prison, says that his main request from older inmates—45 is "old" in the big house—is to be protected from the younger, predator types. "The older guys have a code of ethics, the younger guys don't have it," says Adkins. "They lack limits, boundary lines, their value system is destroyed," he says. "They tell the older guys to give things up or they will be hurt. They are easy prey."

The nature of the new breed of criminal is such that these older inmates, many of them hard-timers who were among the first generation of gang-bangers 20 years ago and seemed fearsome in their day, are willing to sacrifice to survive. They give up recreation times or even the privilege of walking around the place. They demand protective cells and the Indiana pen has put up a protective custody cell house, a kind of closed community which many consider better than being exposed to the predators. Of the 1800 inmates at the facility, 300 are in protective-custody, including a 63-year-old murderer who complained that prison life is "getting worse and worse" due to younger inmates. As for Adkins, he'd prefer to manage a prison full of lifers than young guys.

"Even old-time gang members shake their head at what they do," says Nick Howe of the Illinois Department of Corrections, where gangs dominate the prison system. "It's a closed society and these guys don't know what's going on on the streets." Of Illinois' 37,000 inmates, at

least 60-70 percent of all inmates are hard-core gang members.

"It's hard for a layperson to understand," says Dan Noon of the Chicago police. "All they have is their gang behind the walls. That's their whole life. It's rough for others who aren't in a gang. If you are not hooked up, you are a neutron, you have a real rough road." The unaffiliated, "neutrons" can request protective custody, but only so much space is available and the Illinois prisons are operating at 161 percent of capacity. According to Noon, gang predators pressure the neutrons to have money orders sent to affiliates on the outside in return for protection. "You pay your way for survival," says Noon. The alternative is being turned into a "bitch." And even the biggest, baddest neutron, black or white, can't hope to prevail with five assailants coming at him.

Prison Fellowship-founder Charles Colson, who has visited 600 prisons over the past 20 years, feels that the possibilities for addressing questions of right and wrong with inmates are diminishing. They know what he's about, that he did time himself, that he's trying to help, but they slap away his hand when he offers it. He describes the new type of criminal as "cold, remorseless, conscienceless."

In 1965, according to FBI statistics, more than 90 percent of murders resulted in a suspect's arrest. At present, more than one third of all murderers elude apprehension. As John DiIulio and his collaborators note in *Body Count*, despite a 91 percent increase in the rate of minors charged with crime over the last decade, the average sentence for homicide is 149 months, with the average time served coming a paltry



43 months, less than 48 percent of the sentence. Kidnappers serve 50 percent of their sentence, robbers 46 percent and those who commit assault 48 percent. Further, 13 percent of minors charged with violent crimes have them dismissed, 13 percent are sent to adult court, 16 percent to juvenile detention, and 28 percent to "other" supposed solutions such as probation and community service. But with recidivism rates in the United States as high as 75 percent—55 percent of Chino inmates repeat—those who do a stretch will soon be back.

Dilullo, a Democrat, warns of those now growing up surrounded by "deviant, delinquent, criminal adults, in fatherless, godless and jobless settings." That kind of "criminogenic" environment is the breeding ground for the new breed of criminal. He is not surprised that the rate of homicide by youths under 17 tripled between 1984 and 1994, which could boost the total of juvenile murders 25 percent by 2005. This at a time when the number of 15-19-year-olds of all races is expected to rise 23 percent before 2005.

"The viciousness and the increasing frequency of the predators on the national scene," writes Andrew Thomas, "have led Americans to wonder what possibly could have brought about such mindless

brutality. The answer requires tracing consequences back to their original ideas."

"Since the late 19th century there has been a prevalent opinion that society is more to blame for crime than the criminal," writes psychiatrist Stanton Samenow in *Inside the Criminal Mind*, grappling with a notion that is part of the genetic structure of the Left. More recently, "sociologists assert that the inner-city youngster responds with rage to a society that has excluded him from the mainstream and made the American dream beyond his reach. Some contend that crime is a normal and adaptive response to growing up in the soul-searing conditions of places like Watts and the South Bronx." The only trouble with these social theories, Samenow found, was that they did not square with reality.

It was "unwarranted and racist," Samenow said, to assume that because a person is poor or a minority he is inadequate to cope with his environment and therefore could not become a criminal. He found that violent criminals came from all strata of society, not just poor areas, that they had rejected their parents, not the other way around, and that they were not forced into a life of crime and violence but rather chose it. Criminals know right from wrong and

"believe that whatever they want to do at any given time is right for them. Their crimes require logic and self-control." He concluded that "crime resides within the minds of human beings and is not caused by social conditions." Further, "there are people who will be exploitative, larcenous, and violent no matter what the laws are."

And no matter, one should add, how much the government spends. The rise in crime has accompanied a five-fold increase in social spending since the 1960s. Lack of money is not the problem. Echoing Bob Dole, Samenow says that criminals themselves are the problem. Criminals are "at heart anti-work" and believe that taking a job means "to sell your soul, to be a slave." The criminal "believes that he is entitled to whatever he desires. . . . Many of the criminal's fantasies range beyond what is feasible, but once he comes up with an idea that seems plausible, he nourishes it until he is positive that he can enact it without a hitch. . . . Wherever the criminal is . . . he visualizes people and property as opportunities for conquest." Criminals "crave power for its own sake, and they will do virtually anything to acquire it. Insatiable in their thirst for power and unprincipled in their exercise of it, they care very little whom they injure or destroy."

Every step of today's juvenile justice system, says Paul McNulty a former Department of Justice official, reflects its orientation "toward treatment and rehabilitation and away from accountability and punishment." In this system, one finds not criminals but "delinquents," who are not arrested but "taken into custody," not jailed but "detained," not charged with crime but "referred to the court," not tried but given a "hearing." There is no sentence, just a "finding of delinquency" and a "placement" in a detention center or residential facility.

Morgan Reynolds, director of criminal justice for the National Center for Policy Analysis, says it is "neither justice nor a system" and calls for abolition. Curiously, the juvenile system began in 1899 in Cook County, Illinois, which currently has one of the worst problems with juvenile offenders, who terrorize staff and inmates alike at the county's juvenile jail.

Recognizing a lenient, revolving-door system when they see it, gang members often order younger members to commit the most heinous murders, knowing that they will do the easiest time.

More than a decade ago, before the situation reached its current catastrophic state, Stanton Samenow wrote: "If we persist in traveling along well-trodden paths that are littered with failure, who knows how much worse things will get?" He is not surprised at how bad things have become. The government can build prisons, but it cannot alleviate the moral poverty that causes violent crime. It cannot and will not build moral character or inculcate a spiritual regeneration.

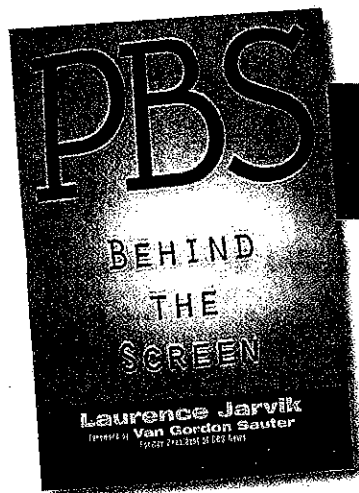
"A lot of the factors I cited as myths are still there, particularly in juvenile cases" he says. "There is still more than ever the tendency to look at factors outside the individual." This, in effect, makes crime more easy to occur and the effect on juvenile criminals is predictable. "They know the system and boy do they work it," he says. The system, in effect, has become the predators' bridge to the twenty-first century.

Out on the front lines, Wes McBride has watched as 16 years of gang warfare have claimed 7,300 lives in Los Angeles. This body count of Bosnian dimensions has prompted tough, federal anti-gang legislation from Dianne Feinstein. But the Los Angeles city council, lobbied heavily by the criminals-are-victims crowd, including a liberal priest who slammed Dole's criminals-cause-crime dictum as "arguably the dumbest utterance ever made on crime in America," rejected the measure as a plot to throw children in jail.

"They didn't believe youngsters should be locked up and held responsible," McBride says. "They are assigning blame for everybody but the thugs themselves. We need to start making the little thugs take responsibility." For some, that may entail jailing them for long terms sooner, rather than later. But such warnings seem to go unheeded. So what will it be like in 2005?

"We will be in the midst of anarchy, with Humvees in the streets," says McBride, citing the movie *Demolition Man*. "We already have little city-states forming, guarded communities. That's where we are plummeting."

Call it the violence inherent in the system.



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**FORUM**

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# Tales From The Black Studies Ghetto

By Anita Susan Grossman

The Black Studies program at San Francisco State University—oldest such program in the nation—was established in 1969 as the result of campus disorders culminating in the 1968-69 student strike. Many observers believed that the new program headed by Nathan Hare was a blatantly political creation. Black Studies, along with the School of Ethnic Studies that housed it, seemed to be an intellectual ghetto where scholarship was subordinated to political rhetoric, a department of "victim studies" whose ultimate purpose was to promote group solidarity and to serve as a locus for activism.

Yet, despite its inauspicious beginnings, the department has generally kept a low profile in the decades that followed. Certainly no one on its faculty in recent years has attracted anything like the notoriety of a Leonard Jeffries of City College of New York, or even a Tony Martin of Wellesley.

The one incident that brought the department into the national spotlight occurred in 1990. That fall, the Black Studies department angrily protested a course on "black politics" by Robert Smith, a professor in the political science department who happens to be black. Partisans of the School of Ethnic Studies argued that this course "duplicated" one offered in Black Studies and therefore infringed on the autonomy of that department. In an eerie replay of events from a generation earlier, students who attended Robert Smith's class were physically threatened by the demonstrators, and the classes were disrupted by 50 or 60 shouting protesters. As a result of this intimidation, enrollment shrank from 45 to five students.

The Robert Smith affair demonstrated how little cooperation existed between Black Studies and other academic departments outside the School of Ethnic Studies. Yet apart from this episode, not much was known of what was going on in the department. Many of the lecturers could teach there for years at a stretch without being listed in the college catalogue. Even course texts were hidden from public scrutiny, since a sizable number of the faculty ordered their readings from Marcus Books, a pair of off-campus stores owned by the former department head and her husband. Unlike the rest of the student body, Black Studies students had to travel miles from campus just to purchase their texts.

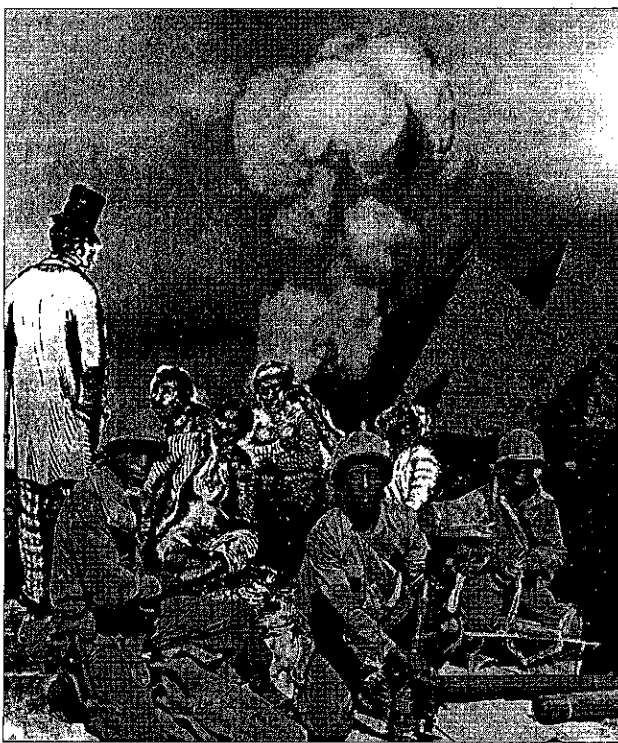
The class report given below is meant to provide an insight into what takes place in the Black Studies classroom. It is an excerpt from a much longer study of the department prepared over a period of several years. The study involved sitting in on 38 classes taught by 19 Black Studies faculty members between 1991 and 1993, in addition to other classes in related fields. Reports on individual classes were supplemented by detailed analysis of the assigned readings and the writings of the faculty members, and by a general discussion on the teachings of the department as it is manifested in the form of "melanin theory," "black psychology," and Afrocentric history.

Black Studies 300 is one of nine core courses required of undergraduate majors. The San Francisco State University catalogue describes it as follows: "Early African civilization and the pre-colonial era, survey of the history of the ancient empires of Nubia, Ethiopia, Congo, Zimbabwe, Zululand, etc. History of colonialism; patterns of annexation, the journey of Africans from Africa to the Caribbean, Latin and South America and the United States."

The instructor was Oba T'Shaka, formerly known as William Bradley, a name he dis-

sions that frequently remained unexplained.

The course, Professor T'Shaka announced, would deal with ancient African history and civilizations. The American part of black history, "we will deal with in a certain way." What this "certain way" was, he did not explain; but it became clear as the class progressed that there would be a good deal of crosscutting between the ancient and modern world, and that any comparisons involving present-day America would redound to the latter's discredit.



We were told that Kush was the Biblical name for the world's most ancient civilization, a land called Ta-Seti or Nubia by the Egyptians, and Ethiopia by the Greeks. T'Shaka then narrated an event about William Leo Hansberry, the black historian whose work we would be reading. Hansberry, we were told, had wanted to pursue a doctorate in ancient African history but the project was killed because the scholarly establishment, led by "Reisner" at Harvard, doubted the validity of Hansberry's research project on ancient black civilizations. According to "Reisner," the ancient Egyptians were white people, and Herodotus' claim to the contrary was not reliable. "Isn't he more reliable than you?" Hansberry is supposed to have retorted, Hansberry went on to Cambridge University only to be told there that they had no way of evaluating his work on such a topic, so he taught instead at Howard University.

We were given no historical context for this jumble of anecdotal details and offhand allusions. What precisely were Hansberry's claims concerning the existence of ancient "black" civilizations? What evidence was presented for them and has it

been accepted by competent archaeologists and historians? Who was "Reisner" [i.e., George Reisner, a distinguished Egyptologist and archaeologist] and when did the exchange with Hansberry take place? Professor T'Shaka failed to explain who Herodotus was, or why his supposed remark about the ancient Egyptians being Negroes is accepted only by Afrocentrists.

T'Shaka said that "Kemet" (Egypt), which emerged as a world power in 3200, is the oldest daughter of "Kush" (Ethiopia). T'Shaka remarked parenthetically that the name "Europe" comes from the Queen of Carthage, a black woman (a claim which seems to be a total fabrication). Kemet is to Africa what Greece is to Europe, he informed us. Referring to what he called "the mothering influence of Kemet," he explained that "the flowering of civilization occurred in Egypt," whose civilization was "the greatest single achievement." The instructor made no mention here of the civilization of Babylonians or Sumerians, ancient contemporaries of the Egyptians, by way of comparison. Instead he merely asserted that the Egyptians' accomplishments "tower above most others." Prof. T'Shaka then added that Eurocentric education, with its Greek bias, is a recent invention, and that Socrates, Plato, and Pythagoras—which he mispronounced as "Pythagoras"—all went to Kemet for their education. These claims, as Mary Lefkowitz (*Not Out of Africa*) and other scholars have shown, are patently untrue.

The West is proof of what happens when

Although he had only a B.A. from San Francisco State, T'Shaka began teaching at his alma mater in 1972, and after a series of promotions achieved the rank of full professor and head of the department. By 1991 he had also acquired a Ph.D. from the Western Institute for Social Research, an institution in Berkeley, California, that is not accredited by the Western Association of Schools and Colleges.

The first meeting gave an overview of the course, but it was less a coherent presentation of particular subject-matter than a revelation of Professor T'Shaka's teaching style—one characterized by abrupt jumps from topic to topic and a rapid-fire delivery of offhand allu-

Continued on page 10

scientific knowledge is used for materialistic ends, T'Shaka informed the class. As examples of this misuse of knowledge, he observed that Henry Ford financed Adolf Hitler, and that major corporations had been "in bed" with Hitler too. He noted that the atom bomb was developed in this country and dropped on an Asian people.

The "mystery system" of ancient Kemet, we were told, involved a set of temples and higher education—it was a "sacred science" as opposed to secular education today, which is unspiritual. T'Shaka criticized Plato's *Republic* for including slavery and disrespect for the role of women. Ancient Egypt also had slavery, he conceded, but it wasn't the foundation of society.

The ancient geographical area now known as Saudi Arabia was called Sumeria in ancient times, he declared, adding that Persia was African in its very beginnings. (Since Persia is in Asia, next to Afghanistan, it was unclear what he meant by this.) Egypt is in Africa, he reminded the class, although Western historians don't stress the fact. Moreover, the Biblical

Moses was black, as were the original Jewish people. In fact, Moses was a student in the mystery system, which involved the purification of the mind. This is something that black people can use, T'Shaka explained. People can get Ph.D.'s and yet be most ignorant if they don't possess the knowledge of the self.

On the subject of music, Prof. T'Shaka praised rap as a cultural innovation of black people. Classical music didn't originate in America, he observed; the one musical art found developed by white people in this country is hillbilly music. Europeans—by which he meant whites—can sing the blues, but they are only interpreting it, reproducing the form but not the substance of the music.

We also were informed that Indians lived in harmony with nature, and that the United States is the most warlike of all countries. According to Prof. T'Shaka, our government is based on the Iroquois confederacy, for Franklin and Jefferson had no model in Europe for uniting the thirteen colonies. However, while they adopted the form of Indian political life, the

Founding Fathers did not absorb the true spirit of freedom in the Iroquois confederacy, which had extended equality to women—unlike the U.S. Declaration of Independence, which merely said, "All men are created equal."

The instructor next turned to the topic of voodoo, which he pronounced "voodom" and said derived from ancient Egypt. (There is, of course, no credible evidence that the pharaonic Egyptians influenced the animistic beliefs of the West African Negroes from whom American blacks are descended.) Speaking of the survival of African religion in the New World, T'Shaka remarked, cryptically, "We hid behind the Orishas." Prof. T'Shaka did not define Orishas for the class, although in his book *The Art of Leadership* they are described as divine spiritual forces for which Christian figures were a "cover." He made bewildering references to "neters" in ancient Kemet, which likewise went unexplained.

Prof. T'Shaka briefly touched on Nat Turner's slave rebellion, describing Turner as a minister who "uprisd" [sic] the slaves. Within seconds we had moved to the subject of the Gulf

## Black Studies 201: Black Involvement in Scientific Development

**B**lack Studies 201 was the title of the course until 1991, when its name was changed to "Kemet, Afrocentricity and the Dawn of Science." From 1989 through 1996, BLS 201 was taught by Grant Venerable, who embarked also on an ambitious project to enlarge the science-connected offerings of the Black Studies Department. In 1994, three other such courses were introduced, all taught by Venerable: Black Studies 211 ("Kemetic Strategies in Physical Science I"); BLS 213 ("Kemetic Strategies in Physical Science II"); and BLS 401 ("Kemet, Afrocentricity, and the Structured Whole.") While three of Venerable's courses helped fulfill general education requirements toward graduation, none of them counted toward a science degree at San Francisco State.

Prof. Venerable announced his dissatisfaction with this state of affairs in an interview in the student newspaper, *The Golden Gator* (May 16, 1996). The College of Science and Engineering, for its part, had made a concession in allowing Venerable's "Kemetic science" courses to fulfill even general education requirements. Initially, the Chemistry Department had been opposed to this, and allowed it only if the word "chemistry" was dropped from Venerable's course descriptions. According to James Kelley, Dean of the College of Science and Engineering, who had reviewed the courses, "There's a lot of Afrocentrism going on in science, but it's not recognized as science." Their position was that "whatever it is, it isn't science, so we don't have anything to say about it."

Disappointed at not being allowed to teach within the College of Science and Engineering (despite his 1970 doctorate in chemistry from the University of Chicago), Venerable left San Francisco State in August 1996 for Chicago State University. That school offered him immediate tenure in the Departments of Ethnic Studies and Chemistry, as well as the post of Associate Provost for Academic Affairs. In parting from San Francisco State, Venerable accused the College of Science and Engineering of being "deeply entrenched in white supremacy" (*The Golden Gator*, Oct. 3, 1996). In a subsequent letter to the *Gator* (Oct. 24, 1996), he denounced their

"fatuous judgments on what constitutes science," and alleged that the Chemistry Department was "falling over itself to hire every undistinguished non-black that comes along to part-time."

Black Studies 201 is one of nine core courses required of Black Studies majors at San Francisco State. The class meeting of "Black Involvement in Scientific Development" I attended began with Dr. Venerable directing the students to stand hand-in-hand in a circle. We were then asked to recite aloud, in unison, the names of our mothers, grandmothers, and so on, as far back as we could; and to do the same with our fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and so forth. Dr. Venerable also participated, naming the various generations of his family and moving with the students in a circle, first clockwise and then reversing the direction. He explained that in our circular movement we were both erasing and summoning the "Nubian Vortex." Dr. Venerable gave no explanation of the term, except that it was an ancient cosmic cycle covering 17,000 years, and influencing life on earth, as well as the larger scheme of things.

While walking slowly around the room, the students were to listen to the beating of their heart and to focus on the "center." The instructor chanted in a deliberate, repetitive manner different from his normal speaking voice. Among other things, he intoned:

Energy is always alive, radiating, vibrating. . . . A person's name is energy, not a material, say the knowledge-holders. All existence is cosmic energy, say the knowledge-holders. All energy vibrates, all energy is connected, say the knowledge-holders. . . . Energy brings distinction to matter, say the knowledge-holders. The child seen as material cannot be raised, say the knowledge-holders. . . . The child seen as material is denied life, say the knowledge-holders. This is the Nubian Vortex.

When the students returned to their seats, they were told to talk with their nearest neighbor in the room and find out each other's name and astrological sun signs.

Dr. Venerable announced that the university is governed by three principles, namely, "of being self-constructed, self-generated, self-regulating, and self-organizing. . . ." (How this made three principles and not four he did not explain).

Soon afterward, by way of digression, Venerable told a story about the fall of Lucifer, who had been damned by God for refusing to bow down before "the human group, a special creative set" that God had asked his sons to honor. Satan

told God, "You are my top lover," and refused to worship "the human group." For his loyalty, he was sent away, and ever afterwards the phrase "Go to Hell" reminded Satan of "the love of his life." Venerable said that his legend was recounted in Joseph Campbell's *The Power of Myth*, but he gave no hint of its ultimate derivation. He also claimed that the Hebrew word "Satan" was the analogue of the Egyptian deity Set.

A group, we were told, is a special kind of "closed" set. The term "closed" has taken on different meanings over time. It now connotes "protectiveness," but originally it had to do with:

constructiveness, generativeness, the ability of the set to self-construct, to self-generate. What that means, if the set is closed, you have closure. . . . It's closed to degenerative stuff. So closure means if you have an element A of a set, it acts upon element B of the set, and creates an element C, and that element C also belongs to the same set as A and B, then that set constitutes a group by definition. [We] are a set unto ourselves, and we're also a group. We're a subgroup in here of humans, the whole human genus.

When you were born, he told the students, your parents recognized you as "a member of the set" and declared "that the set must be a group." Thereafter, "people had the mathematical right to call themselves groups, especially when they gathered together like this."

The interaction of different properties of different people can produce interesting effects, he continued. Property *a* may find its reciprocal or complement [he wrote this out in mathematical notation as  $a \times a$ ] "and when those two come together, there's recognition of reciprocity. What comes out of it is unity." You may find a soulmate in a stranger in a process whereby a quality in you compliments a quality in the other, and "all kinds of spiritual dynamite goes off." In algebra it is called "reciprocity," and "this is a multiplicity group when you're multiplying these things."

An "additive group" was another kind of union of two people: People are looking for people with a certain income level, they find them, and that person is looking for somebody of a certain appearance, qualification, they find them [he wrote on the blackboard the equation:  $a + a (-a) = 0$ ]. These two qualities complement in an additive way, produce a unity called zero in algebra.



War, which T'Shaka said was being waged "against people who look just like you."

In a discussion of the syllabus, consisting of eight unnumbered pages, Prof. T'Shaka explained that the greatest age of Spanish history was under the Moors from 711 AD to 1481, a time when black people ran Spain. According to T'Shaka, Spain was "the last great world power we had."

By the year 2020, according to Professor T'Shaka, people of color will be a majority in the United States—that is, he added, if we have demographers "of color." The college faculty, he noted, was not of color, and operated in a Eurocentric framework. Hence they advocate the adding of just a little multiculturalism.

Next on the agenda was some classic Greek-bashing. Aristotle wrote 400 books, so how good could he be, T'Shaka asked the class. How could he write that many books when he had no teacher in mathematics in Greece? Aristotle said that the earth did not move around the sun; presumably we were to take this as evidence of his benightedness.

As can be seen, Dr. Venerable employed the language of mathematics to embellish what were actually commonplace observations about human relationships. Terms like "group," "collection," "set," and "identity," borrowed from everyday speech, have been developed by mathematicians to have specialized meanings. Venerable reversed this process, returning them to colloquial parlance. Since he had not explained to the class the algebraic meaning for the terms he used, the jargon served only to mystify his audience, when nothing profound had been said. Thus the multiplication of reciprocals, which yields the number 1, is made to represent romantic love or spiritual union; the addition of a number with its negative to produce a zero is apparently used to indicate more external (e.g., physical, social) bases of attraction.

The instructor also resorted to peculiar analogies from biology. The human child is born without an identity because of what Venerable described as a defective immune system:

Other animals don't get identity like humans get [sic] identity, so their immune systems are built differently. They're made more so they're self contained; everything is inside, portable; everything is there equipped. . . . A baby [is] born through a chemical identity 'cause they have no official personal individual identity yet. The immune system functions on identity alone. Without identity, there's no immune system, so the child is packaged with a thymus glad that produces antibodies for it.

Returning to the Bible, Dr. Venerable said that Adam and Eve were actually "diacritical elements within yourself." By "diacritical," he meant that "they're complementing the other with two different facets of your-self." (Probably he was mistaking "diacritical" for "dialectical.") Both the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the word "Adam" derive from the Egyptian word "Atun," he claimed; and he linked these with the Greek and English word "atom," which has to do with "some elementary property of life." These were "all the same word," we were told. Once again Venerable's etymology was erroneous: "atomus" in classical Greek means "uncut, indivisible"; it derives from the "a" prefix ("not") + "tomos" (from "temnein" meaning "to cut").

According to Venerable, Cain and Abel represented different facets of humanity. The Hebrew words "Cain" and "Abel" meant, respectively, "carpenter" and "breath," with the latter denoting what he called "the animal part of us. . . . Just breathing, living, breathing, and

The Afrocentric writer John Henrik Clarke, whom T'Shaka referred to as a "great black thinker," said that slavery structured our capacity to dream. We need a vision of a better society, he asserted—"and almost anything would be better than what we have now." As evidence of the flaws in our society, Prof. T'Shaka pointed to the homeless people in the streets—adding that "this isn't just brothers." Moreover, the white population of the country is hardly reproducing itself, and there is vast nonwhite immigration. How do you level off the nonwhite population, he asked. Then he answered his question with the example of Vietnam, when "they was puttin' 'em on the frontline"—meaning that blacks were put in the most dangerous positions where they could be killed.

This course, we were told, would show us how "to use the past for the present." T'Shaka assured us that "African people aren't perfect" and that "this isn't a course in romanticism." Considering all that had been said during the class period, the disclaimer was not particularly convincing. No reading was assigned at this or

existing." (This etymology is half-right: although the Hebrew word "Abel" indeed means "breath," the word "Cain" means "smith," "metalworker," or "craftsman.") When the principles represented by Adam and Eve came together, their union created important human properties. One was "a nature property, which is being largely superseded today as we pulverize the Persian Gulf region of the world as the prelude to destroying the rest of the planet," he explained. When Cain killed Abel, consciousness "came into being and overwhelmed the unconscious, gentle animal nature that lives in nature. And those two were meant to be balanced, not one overwhelming the other." The general drift of Venerable's remarks was that Europeans have allowed their technology to run amok, destroying the natural harmony enjoyed by non-Western cultures.

"The Bible is full of black people," Venerable went on, and claimed that white writers of the past two hundred years have totally misinterpreted the curse on Cain when they argue that Cain's descendants were "all intended to be black, and that was intended to be a curse." He did not elaborate on which white writers ever argued this point, but merely declared that on the

contrary, the situation was quite the opposite. Cain was "the conscious approach to the structured whole." Although Abel was killed in the Biblical account, the Abel quality lived in submission to the Cain quality in our relative selves. And different societies has [sic] put different amounts of this quality over and under. In European society, Cain has been exalted and raised to the hilltops more than in other societies. In the so-called Third World societies, Cain is more kept on a plane before they were intruded on by colonialism. So these were more in balance.

The Cain and Abel story thus is an Afrocentric allegory, with Cain representing Western culture, technology, and science, and Abel the natural world unsusceptible to logical analysis. Instead of the two co-existing with the logical faculty—one element is allowed to dominate the other.

Cain's descendant Jubal was the mythical inventor of the organ, we were told. (There is in fact no such account in the brief mention of Jubal in Genesis 4: 20-22.) Dr. Venerable described the organ as an instrument of "paradox and the structured whole," having "complementarity duality built into its operation." By this he meant that the organ allows us to do "two paradoxically impossible things to do together," namely, to play with both a stringed instrument and a wind instrument. This union of opposites is the reason that his friend Therese Braithwaite named her equation

the next meeting. We later learned that texts would not be in the bookstore for another two weeks.

### The Second Class Meeting

This period was devoted to Middle Eastern history by way of background for the Gulf War. Prof. T'Shaka presented the class with a nonstop recital of facts and figures on the Middle East in the twentieth century, with special emphasis on how the politics of oil has affected relations with the West. Interspersed among remarks about the rise of OPEC and the multinational oil corporations, known as the Seven Sisters, were comments on the ancient and modern Near East.

A few selected remarks convey the tenor of the day's lecture. Prof. T'Shaka reminisced about how his father had been called up for military duty during World War II. The elder Bradley told his draft board that no Japanese had ever tried to lynch him or called him insulting names, and promised "if you arm me, I'm gonna shoot my real enemies." According to

"Jubal." He wrote the so-called "Jubal equation" on the board, explaining that it was:

The living interconverter that lets you interconvert [sic] one dimension with another that cannot be together. They're total opposites, they'd be totally different things . . . in different ways. This lets you play the flute and the stringed instrument together, interchanges them, holds them together in the same equation.

The equation Venerable wrote out was:  $1 = -1 \neq -1$ . Unfortunately, to anyone who recalls his high school algebra, this is mathematical gibberish. It produces such corollaries as  $2 = 0$ , and  $2 = 1$ .

Dr. Venerable contrasted Afrocentric unity of thought symbolized by the Jubal equation with the inability of what he called the "Greek" or "Eurocentric" mind to reconcile opposites. Whereas in Wagnerian opera, for example, good and evil are constantly battling to kill each other, in "Kemetic" myth the interdependence of universal opposites is stressed. The goddess Isis allowed Set, the killer of her husband Osiris, to escape punishment, Venerable explained, because "he [Set] was a diacritical element needed to maintain the balance of nature. He continued:

Set represented the dryness of the Nile Valley; Osiris represented the moisture. You can kill dryness. Moisture can get out of control, and you have constant flooding. If you kill moisture, dryness can get out of control, and you have drought constantly.

The Jubal equation unifies space and time, Venerable continued, likening it to Einstein's theory of relativity. "Mathematicians never want to deal with it, didn't want to know what it meant. It had popped up in Germany. Einstein was aware of it."

Dr. Venerable's bracketing of Braithwaite, a high school mathematics teacher and Einstein as joint discoverers of his scheme of universal order is bizarre, to say the least.

For the next class meeting we were going to think about space and time. We were to come in Thursday prepared for a thrill and "to have your mind blown away." Somewhat alarmingly, Dr. Venerable advised us not to eat too much breakfast before the class.

The next meeting did indeed bring further new and startling revelations. But from just this sample of Black Studies 201, it is possible to understand why the College of Science and Engineering did not find "Kemetic science" an appropriate requirement for their students.

—A. S. G.

T'Shaka, as a result of "cussin' out the draft board," his father received a 4-F classification. "I followed in my father's footsteps," he added somewhat cryptically.

In discussing the Middle East, Prof. T'Shaka explained that "Tigris-Euphrates means 'between two rivers' because it splits off, and so Iraq is known as 'the nation between rivers.'" (This is of course wrong: the word he was searching for is "Mesopotamia.") Iraq had a great civilization called Mesopotamia, he went on, and said that some historians "stretch it back as far as 3,000 B.C.E." But "we know it doesn't go back that far." The reason for the disagreement is that experts on ancient Sumeria, which, he explained, was a black civilization located in the area that is now Saudi Arabia, "try and date Sumeria before Egypt." Such historians "put Sumeria at 4,000 B.C." But Egypt didn't arise until 3200, he stated, "and we know Egypt precedes Sumeria, even as Ethiopia precedes all of them, so there's some problems with dates. . . ."


In fact, historians and archaeologists concur in describing Sumerian civilization as being at least coeval with that of ancient Egypt,

and their cuneiform writing as antedating hieroglyphs. Moreover, ancient Sumer was not located in what is now Saudi Arabia, but in modern-day Iraq, and even to say that Iraq "had" a great civilization called Mesopotamia is to imply a direct cultural and biological continuity between the ancient and modern inhabitants of this area which does not exist. (Today's Iraqis are Arabs, who are a Semitic people; the Sumerians were not a Semitic people, were not Africans, and were not Negroes.)

On the subject of why Germany and Japan were prohibited from sending large military forces abroad, T'Shaka said that he understood why the Japanese would probably be reluctant to engage in such activities:

"Because this was a country that had two nuclear bombs dropped on them after they surrendered in World War II. Did y'all know that Japan had already surrendered when we dropped those bombs on 'em? And the reason they dropped those bombs on them was, one, they were a yellow nation—because they [the U.S.] had had those bombs and could've dropped them on Germany. . . . There was a lot

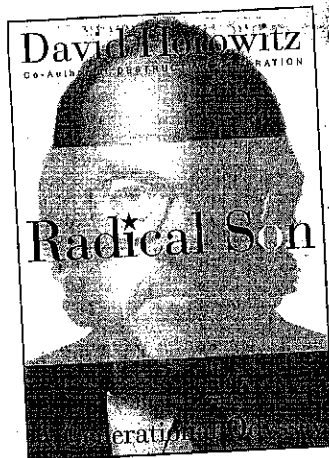
more reason to drop them on Germany, but they didn't. And remember, the Japanese were put in concentration camps in World War II; the Germans were not. So I think that Japan would have reluctance to enter into a war in which they're doin' in other people of color."

Of all the misstatements of historical fact I heard in Black Studies classes at San Francisco State, Prof. T'Shaka's remarks here are probably the most outrageous. Here we have the Big Lie (two atom bombs were dropped on Japan by the U.S. after Japan had surrendered) surrounded by a cluster of smaller ones, such as the claim that the bomb was available to drop on Nazi Germany but was deliberately not used because of feelings of white racial solidarity. 

Dr. Anita Susan Grossman has taught at several universities. She wishes to thank Dr. John H. Bunzel of the Hoover Institution for his help in this project. An article co-authored by Dr. Bunzel and Dr. Grossman, focusing on other classes at San Francisco State, will appear in the spring 1997 issue of *The Public Interest*.

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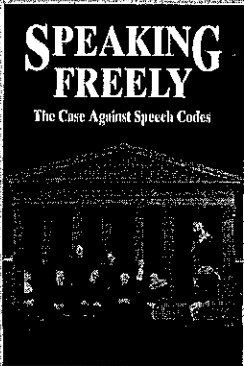
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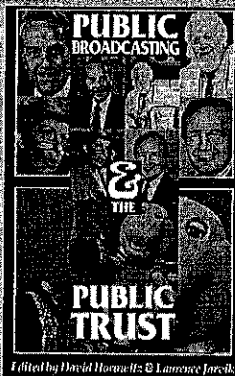
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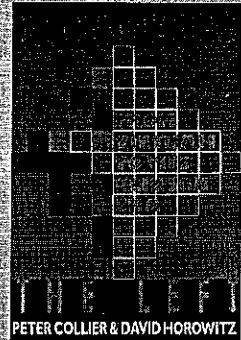


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### Burned Churches, continued from page 1

These facts did not prevent the media from giving credence to NCC claims about rampant white racism. To exploit the press attention and Clinton's opportunistic elevation of the issue into a national crisis, the Council began advertising its Burned Churches Fund in full-page newspaper ads around the nation. Unadvertised, however, was the appointment of Rojas, an unreconstructed leftist who has spent his life doing the revolutionary stations of the Cross as the Fund's administrator and chief spokesman. His presence in the upper echelons of the NCC suggests that the organization's goals are considerably more complicated than merely the laudable restoration of destroyed churches or even opposition to bigotry. Although Rojas now leads one of the organization's most successful fund-raising campaigns, he has no previous church-related work history. The reason for this gap in his religious résumé is that he spent a lifetime doing propaganda for collapsing, extreme-left groups that foment class and racial hatred. Yet given what the NCC intends with its newly enriched Fund, this experience may be crucial rather than contradictory, and may qualify Rojas as the man of the hour rather than an imposter.

By the National Council's own admission, at least 15 percent of the Burned Churches Fund, whose publicly avowed purpose is church reconstruction, will go towards the NCC's programs to extirpate racism's "root causes." Don Rojas will therefore have \$1.5 million or more to promote the NCC's radical "racial justice agenda," which sees America as guilty at the core and equates political conservatism with white supremacy.

Don Rojas' curriculum vitae is full of support for defeated, discredited and unsavory causes. But his time with the Marxist dictatorship of Grenada from 1979-1983 was, in a sense, the time of his life. There, he was in the cockpit of communist revolutionary history as Prime Minister Bishop's New Jewel Movement brought Soviet-style one-party rule to Grenada for four years. It was a heady moment that ended suddenly when Bishop was assassinated by rivals within the party and the ensuing chaos precipitated the intervention of U.S. troops.

"Rojas was basically a strong supporter of Bishop until his death," says Terry Marryshow of Grenada's Maurice Bishop Political Movement (MBPM). Marryshow says that Bishop met Rojas in the U.S. before Grenada's revolution, where "they moved in the same progressive circles." Marryshow recalled that in the wake of Bishop's murder in 1983, Rojas rushed to the island's telephone company building to communicate with the outside world on behalf of the party.

Grenadian government documents captured by the U.S. military, and now kept in the U.S. Archives provide a window onto Rojas' propaganda work for the short-lived Marxist state of Maurice Bishop. In several memos addressed to Bishop as "comrade leader," Rojas reported on his trips to the Soviet Union, Cuba, Angola and Trinidad for the New Jewel Party. Rojas traveled not only as a Grenadian official, but also as an officer of the International Organization of Journalists (IOJ), a Soviet-front media group based in Czechoslovakia.

On February 10, 1983, Rojas wrote Bishop about his meetings with the Marxist government of Angola earlier that year. After presenting a letter from Bishop to the Angolan foreign minister, Rojas addressed the IOJ's "presidium," then meeting in Luanda, where he spoke of Grenada's "revolutionary mass media" and its efforts to counteract the "imperialists' propaganda campaign" against the Grenadian revolution.

Noting that the IOJ's reason for meeting in Angola was to express "solidarity" with the

Angolan revolution, Rojas reported to Bishop that he had gained commitments from IOJ officials for training prospective Grenadian propagandists at universities in Romania, the Soviet Union and East Germany. Rojas reported further that the IOJ agreed to provide start-up funds and monthly support to establish an office in Grenada from which it would promote "democratic journalism" throughout the Caribbean.

Rojas agreed to provide an analysis of the Caribbean media to IOJ offices in Prague and Moscow. A gathering of "progressive" journalists from the Caribbean was arranged to coincide with the fifth anniversary of Grenada's revolution in March 1984.

While in Angola, Rojas met with "comrades" from the guerrilla group SWAPO and the African National Congress to discuss the "struggle" in southern Africa. He recorded a 90-minute interview with them for *Radio Free Grenada*, the

outlets. And he gained agreement for a regular flow of Soviet video- and audiotapes for the Grenadian media. Novosti, another Soviet news agency, agreed to supply books and printing materials to the Grenadian regime.

Reporting to Bishop on his trip in an April 13 memo, Rojas also advised of his upcoming trip to Prague for an IOJ gathering. He mentioned an article he was writing for a journal of the Cuban Communist Party and asked Bishop to grant an interview with *Bulgarian State Radio*.

In another memo to Bishop, Rojas told of a "recent" trip to Cuba. While in Havana, Rojas had reviewed the galley proofs for a book of Bishop's speeches. He wrote that 26,000 copies of the book would be printed. Five thousand books would be distributed in Cuba, while the balance of 21,000 books would go to Grenada. (It would have had to become a mega-bestseller to justify such a press run, since the island's population was only about 100,000.)

Rojas discussed Cuban help for the upcoming meeting of Caribbean and Latin American Intellectuals in Grenada. The Cuban Minister of Culture agreed to provide airfare for conference participants. Another Cuban official promised to bring "socialist" journalists from throughout Latin America to observe the Grenada Revolution.

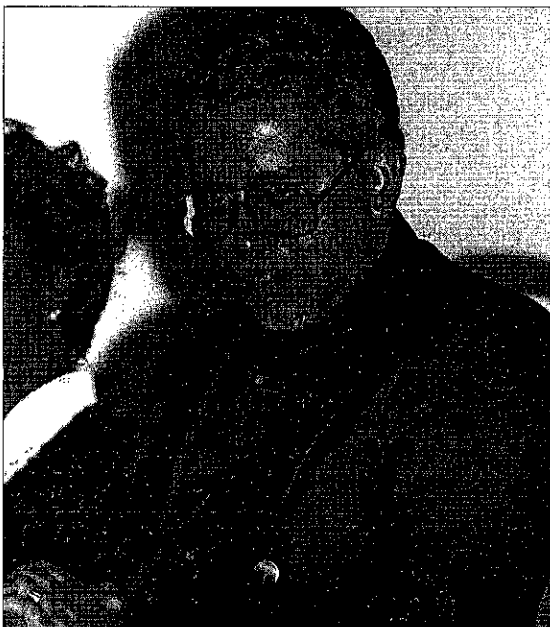
A Soviet television producer in Havana told Rojas that Soviet television had produced a 20-minute documentary about Grenada's revolution for broadcast during Bishop's upcoming Moscow visit. The Soviet pledged to provide Soviet programming for Free Grenada Television, a regime mouthpiece.

Rojas also recalled a meeting with "his friend," the East German ambassador, to arrange a visit for Bishop to East Germany for meetings with the regime's strongman Eric Honnecker, who was "eagerly looking forward to increased cooperation" with Grenada. Agreements for training of Grenadian workers in East Germany were to be signed. The East German ambassador urged Bishop to visit Bulgaria and discussed what Rojas called "imperialism's arms buildup in Europe."

In an October 14-8, 1982, memo, Rojas reported to Bishop about a trip to Jamaica and Trinidad to issue invitations to the upcoming Conference of Intellectuals in Grenada. While there, Rojas met with Jamaican Socialist-leader Michael Manley, who pledged that he would continue to defend Bishop's regime before the Socialist International. The former Jamaican premier gave Rojas a "personal message" for Bishop, which Manley said was similar to a message he had just sent "Fidel." In that message, Manley assured Bishop that his party's "democratic, socialist, anti-imperialist line remains clear and uncompromised."

Rojas described Manley as "warm, buoyant, and on the surface, sincere." But his impressions changed when, in subsequent meetings with other Jamaican Socialist leaders, he was told that Manley was shifting the party "right" in order to placate the "anti-communist bourgeoisie." These leaders condemned Manley's opportunistic "red-baiting." Afterwards, Rojas described Jamaica's newly elected, pro-U.S. prime minister, Edward Seaga, as an "imperialist lackey." Rojas was outraged over Seaga's criticism of the Bishop regime for its "so-called human rights abuses, lack of a so-called 'free press,' and the absence of elections 'free and fair and free from fear.'"

Bishop's assassination by rivals within the New Jewel Movement in October 1983, and the resultant arrival of U.S. forces, forced Rojas to flee to communist Czechoslovakia. There he served as a full-time "senior executive" with the International Organization of Journalists. Responsible for "servicing" the Soviet front's member groups in North America, Rojas orga-



**DON ROJAS-REVOLUTIONARY TOURIST**

mouthpiece of Bishop's Marxist state. Rojas noted the poor condition of war-torn Luanda, observing that "the masses move around in a listless manner." He blamed this lack of revolutionary enthusiasm on the "negative impact of the world capitalist crisis" and the "grim consequences of unceasing imperialist destabilization of the Angolan revolutionary process." Rojas affirmed that the Marxist regime remained popular in Angola, despite the "puppet bandits" led by Jonas Savimbi who were trying to overthrow the revolution.

Rojas also recorded his meetings with the official news agency of the Angolan regime, observing that the capabilities of the news agency were "impressive." And he noted, as a tip that could be implemented back home, that radio broadcasts are punctuated "frequently" by short speeches from the "party leadership."

En route to Angola, Rojas recorded that he met with the "comrades" in Havana, including officials from the Americas Department of the Central Committee. This particular Cuban office coordinated Soviet-Cuban intervention throughout the Western Hemisphere. The Cuban officials agreed to provide 3,000 booklets from the Intellectual Workers Conference, another Soviet-front group. Rojas told them that Grenada would host a meeting of the Caribbean Committee of Intellectual Workers.

During an April 1983 visit with Soviet officials in Moscow, Rojas was asked to become a Caribbean correspondent for TASS, the official Soviet news agency. Rojas arranged for Grenadian journalists to receive training from Soviet news

nized the organization's first "fact-finding tour" of black U.S. journalists to the Soviet Union, East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

After ending his relationship with the IOJ, Rojas lived in Cuba, where he had formed lasting relationships during his service with Maurice Bishop. He was named secretary for propaganda and information of the Anti-Imperialist Organizations of the Caribbean and Central America. The group had been founded in Havana in 1984 to oppose "imperialist military intervention of our region." Members included the Cuban Communist Party, the Sandinista regime of Nicaragua, and the FMLN guerrillas of El Salvador, along with most other major Marxist movements in the Caribbean region.

In 1988, Rojas edited a booklet for the Anti-Imperialist Organizations called *We Are One People from One Caribbean* to oppose "Washington's criminal invasion of Grenada" and its "murderous mercenary war against Nicaragua." It was meant also to lament the fact that Puerto Rico was still under direct "U.S. colonial rule." Rojas boasted that the Grenada revolution had "helped pave the way for our collective unity," since it had been the first "anti-imperialist revolution" of the English-speaking world. He hailed the "victory" of the Cuban, Grenadian and Nicaraguan revolutions for creating a common vision for the Caribbean people. Rojas approvingly described his group's convention in Managua in 1986 to honor the 25th anniversary of the Sandinista movement.

Rojas' revolutionary tourism looked toward the U.S. in 1987 when he made a tour on behalf of the Anti-Imperialist Organizations, speaking to "U.S. left and progressive groups." The group met in Panama in 1988 as the guest of the Panamanian Democratic Revolutionary Party. Rojas rejoiced that U.S. efforts to overthrow Manuel Noriega had so far resulted in a "strategic defeat for U.S. imperialism." He delivered a speech on his native St. Vincent to a meeting of the Anti-Imperialist Organizations in which he denounced "imperialism's strategic objective" of creating a "pro-Western, anti-communist bloc in the Caribbean" that would isolate "left forces" in the region." He condemned anti-Marxist movements in Afghanistan, Nicaragua and Angola as "bandits, criminals and counterrevolutionaries."

By 1990, Don Rojas, in the phrase of the Sixties, brought the war home, taking a job in New York as editor of the *Amsterdam News*. He had worked for the paper, which once described itself as America's largest black weekly, in the late 1970s as its Brooklyn editor. Journalism was a way of practicing revolution by other means. In 1992, Rojas addressed 3,000 demonstrators in New York for "Peace with Cuba."

But now he saw that the conflict that counted was not the one in the international arena, those issues having been decided by the fall of the Berlin Wall. What was important now were the campuses and other crucial cultural sites in America. In 1991, Rojas helped organize a 1991 demonstration in defense of radical professor Leonard Jeffries of City College of New York. Jeffries had aroused controversy for calling whites "ice people" and for his anti-Semitic statements about "rich Jews," but Rojas insisted that there was "overwhelming support for Professor Jeffries in the black community."

In 1992, he told *USA Today* that, "People

are looking for a new Malcolm X, and there isn't one on the horizon. The objective conditions out there are just as bad if not worse as in Malcolm's day." However, the incendiary rhetoric Rojas injected into the *Amsterdam News* was not resulting in increased circulation. And so Rojas looked for his next handhold and, in 1993, was hired by new NAACP President Benjamin Chavis to be his director of publicity.

The appointment, because of Rojas' ties to Maurice Bishop and Fidel Castro, aroused concern within the once-venerable civil rights organization. But Chavis, who also hired a former counsel to Louis Farrakhan, did not apologize. "The criterion that I used was not whether these persons were connected to controversial persons," Chavis told *Time* magazine. He also called Bishop's Marxist regime "one of the most progressive governments there has ever been in the Western Hemisphere."

Rojas and Chavis forced the NAACP into a hard left turn. In 1994, Rojas helped organize a "secret conference" involving Leonard Jeffries, Al Sharpton, Sister Souljah, Angela Davis, Stokely Carmichael and Cornel West. A later meeting included Louis Farrakhan. Rojas defended the encounters to the press and denied that the NAACP's board had been kept "uninformed." He proclaimed, "The African-American masses are ready to follow Farrakhan," and also made it clear that he stood by a decision to honor rapper Tupac Shakur, despite allegations of sexual assault.

A distressed NAACP board required Rojas and Chavis to attend sensitivity training to remind them of the organization's policy of not allying with communists, black separatists and black Muslims. Rojas later criticized the board's "red-baiting," which he likened to "McCarthyism." He complained to *The Washington Post* that the board had treated him like a "red virus."

Later in the year, when the NAACP fired Chavis for his involvement in payoffs to a woman who accused him of sexual harassment, Rojas was fired as well. (He later complained that the locks on his office had been changed without any advance warning.) Rojas remained with Chavis as an advisor as Chavis waged a lawsuit against the NAACP for breach of contract.

Later on, some who had followed Rojas' career were stunned that someone with such a background, and no experience whatsoever in church work, managed to get a job with the National Council of Churches. He was hired by the NCC's senior "racial justice officer," Charles Mac Jones. A Kansas City pastor, Jones was an outspoken political activist with his own controversial past. In 1990, he had joined with an NCC delegation that traveled to Baghdad to sue for peace with Saddam Hussein after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait.

Jones likely hired Rojas as a favor to his friend Benjamin Chavis, whose status as a United Church of Christ minister allows him to maintain his status in left-wing church circles. (Just this month, Chavis announced that he had converted to the Nation of Islam.) Rojas' past was not hidden from the NCC officials who hired him. His résumé on file at the NCC lists his employment with Maurice Bishop and his later work in Soviet-occupied Czechoslovakia. (Interestingly, however, he did not mention his time in Cuba.) Rojas has curried favor with the National Council's general secretary, Joan Brown Campbell, by saying that he disagrees with Louis Farrakhan's anti-Semitism and the Nation of Islam's "policies towards women."

He has also claimed to Campbell that the regime in Grenada for which he worked was never Marxist-Leninist.

Given Rojas' background, it is no surprise that the NCC's Burned Churches Fund seems oriented as much to propaganda as to church reconstruction. The Fund is slated to sponsor a series of seven "anti-racism" conferences around the nation in 1997. This past fall, I got a foretaste of the likely subject matter of these events when I attended a Fund-organized "Rise-Up" jamboree in Columbia, South Carolina. Speakers, including septuagenarian Communist Party USA activist Anne Braden, called for capitalism's "defeat" and proclaimed, "We are revolutionaries." At this get-together, welfare reform and anti-crime legislation were equated with racism. Drug legalization was advocated, and the CIA was blamed for crack cocaine's popularity in urban America. As one speaker proclaimed to enthusiastic applause, "The rifle is the black man's best friend!"

In the midst of the conference, Charles Mac Jones, who has recently been promoted to associate general secretary of the National Council of Churches. Locked Rojas in a bear hug on stage, amid cheers.

I had met Don Rojas for the first time earlier that month at a meeting of the Burned Churches Fund in New York. "You know more about me than I do!" he exclaimed, as he introduced himself with a firm handshake. When I asked him if he had any remorse about having worked for the Maurice Bishop dictatorship or the other Marxist movements of his past, Rojas replied, "Maurice Bishop was a Social Democrat. I sided with him against the hardliners on the Central Committee." When I asked him about his ties to the Cuban Communist Party, he demurred on whether the Cuban regime could be considered repressive: "How can I say? I don't live there." He insisted that if most Cubans did not support Castro, "They would overthrow him, just like they did Batista."

"My past employment has no bearing on my work here at the NCC," Rojas told me. Under pressure from Jewish groups because of his support for Farrakhan and Leonard Jeffries, Rojas made a show of submitting his resignation to the NCC in September. But NCC General Secretary Joan Brown Campbell, after several weeks of hesitation, declined his offer.

Before talking to Rojas, I spoke with Pierre Leslie, the editor of Grenada's only newspaper, the *Grenada Voice*. (During the heyday of the New Jewel Movement, he was imprisoned by Bishop, who shut down the *Voice*.) Leslie laughed when I told him that comrade Rojas was now busy with church work in the U.S. "How do these communists find jobs with churches in America?" he asked.

Leslie's question deserves an answer. So far, Joan Brown Campbell and her colleagues have offered none. But whatever brand of moral obtuseness she uses to justify the employment of Rojas, she should be at least a little concerned about one thing. For nearly 20 years, every institution to which he has attached himself to in the world of radicalism has become irrelevant or collapsed. Now that this Marxist version of Typhoid Mary has joined the National Council of Churches, should the organization begin to worry about its future?

—Mark Tooley

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*Ophelia*, continued from page 1

to the White House for coffee. (In *Ophelia's* Preface, Hillary, Tipper, Janet Reno and Marian Wright Edelman receive special mention for "sounding the alarm" of concern for "our daughters.")

Pipher's secret weapon is that she speaks the language of parents who may not have overtly accepted feminism but have nonetheless been traumatized by a quarter century of feminist apocalypses. Hers is a softcore feminism that wraps itself comfortably around their worried and sometimes befuddled attempt to understand and protect their teenage daughters. The usual feminist clichés are here, but they are made to seem so bland that soccer moms apparently find them palatable. It is for this reason that Christina Hoff Sommers, author of *Who Stole Feminism*, calls *Ophelia* "a Trojan horse." Another conclusion that can be drawn from the runaway popularity of this book is that the more strident feminism we've all come to know, with its Marxist undergirding and hostility to marriage and the traditional family, is now a turnoff to most women. Can anyone picture Susan Faludi and other pop icons of the women's movement drawing the crowds of ordinary parents and teachers that flock to hear Mary Pipher?

Before entering *Ophelia's* imaginary world of girls, it is prudent to arm oneself with a few facts that the author certainly knows but chooses to ignore—facts that badly undercut her message about young women suddenly wilting and falling behind during adolescence because of insidious anti-female social messages. Although Pipher writes of plummeting grades and I.Q. scores, the fact is that fewer girls than boys drop out of high school, more girls than boys go on to college, and women are fast closing the gap in medical and law schools. More boys cut classes, fail to do homework, and have disciplinary problems in school. They are more likely to be in trouble with the police. More boys than girls have serious drug problems, and although more girls attempt suicide, five times as many boys actually succeed in killing themselves. Today's teens have some scary problems—but why focus on *Ophelia*? What about reviving Hamlet and Horatio and Laertes?

To promote *Ophelia*, Ballantine has offered it as a package deal with two related books and a "Take Your Daughter to Work" button. One of these other books is the more hard-line feminist *Meeting at the Crossroads* by Carol Gilligan and Lyn Mikel Brown (see *Heterodoxy*, October 1993). Their bleak thesis is that pre-teen girls are naturally confident and exuberant. But when they enter adolescence they are "silenced" by "good women"—mainly white, middle-class mothers and teachers—who, having been themselves brainwashed by the patriarchy, do the same to their daughters and students. If this theory were to gain wide acceptance, it would dangerously undermine the trust, affection, and continuity between generations. Fortunately, only doctrinaire feminists and the occasional self-flagellating woman take it seriously. Indeed, many women find this book anti-female.

Pipher adopts part of the Gilligan-Brown theory but repackages it in less radical rhetoric. Pre-adolescent girls, she explains, "not yet burdened with caring for others, have a brief respite from the female role to be tomboys," a word which Pipher says conveys courage, competency, and irreverence. But "something dramatic happens to girls in early adolescence. Just as planes and ships disappear mysteriously into the Bermuda Triangle, so do the selves of girls go down in droves. They crash and burn in a social and developmental Bermuda Triangle." These girls "lose their voice" and are indoctrinated into the code of goodness. And woe to the girl who breaks these unwritten rules. "Girls who speak frankly are labeled as bitches. . . . The rules are

enforced by the labeling of a woman like Hillary Rodham Clinton as a 'bitch' simply because she's a competent healthy adult." ("Another spot of coffee, Mary? How about some of this delicious pound cake.")

Like *Crossroads*, Pipher's book is a collection of case studies. But Lyn Brown, *Crossroads* co-author and herself no slouch when it comes to crepe-hanging in behalf of teenage girls, told the *Washington Post* that she finds *Ophelia* "not very encouraging. . . . A lot of girls really fight for the life of their minds and to stay connected to their bodies, and a lot are really successful. These girls are too passive." This is not surprising, since the

pretty is valued over all else. Pipher quotes feminist artist Wendy Bantam: "Every day in the life of a woman is a walking Miss America Contest." But this is nothing new (writes Pipher): "Helen of Troy didn't launch a thousand ships because she was a hard worker." (Did she elope with Paris because she thought he would be a good provider? "Juliet wasn't loved for her math ability." (Unlike Romeo, Renaissance geek?))

"Monica," who is very bright, overweight and suffers from acne, sums it up: "All five hundred boys want to go out with the same ten anorexic girls. I'm a good musician, but not many guys are looking for a girl that plays great Bach preludes." Sad? Yes, for Monica and her parents. But not crisis material. Besides, hardly anyone is at peace with her looks.

"Christy" says that being too pretty and too smart can get you in trouble. "I hide my looks and my intelligence." Hides her intelligence. Here is one of the hoariest myths in feminist doctrine: bright girls (we're told over and over again) are socialized to hide their brainsiness. But Pipher herself undermines it when discussing food disorders: "Bulimic young women, like their anorexic sisters, are oversocialized in the feminine role. They are the ultimate people-pleasers. Most are attractive with good social skills. Often they are the cheerleaders and homecoming queens, the straight-A students and pride of their families." But how can this be? Is it only girls with eating disorders who can get away with being both bright and popular? Or is the real answer more obvious and nuanced—that, yes, some groups of kids sneer at studying and intellectuality, but others don't. Being a straight-A student is still high status, and intelligence per se is hardly a death sentence for one's social life. And young women are going to college, graduate school, and professional schools in droves. (Pipher offers no comment, no speculation, on what it feels like socially to be a nerdy teenage boy. That would ruin her story line.)

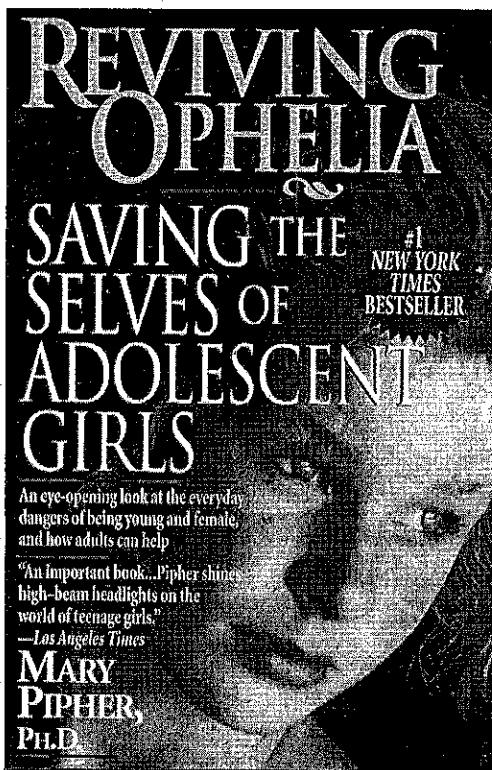
The reader must endure anecdotes about the author's own stifled intelligence, tiresome self-inventories which are a staple of feminist writing: "Once on a date, I was particularly untrue to myself. At an A&W Drive-In. . . . Denny asked me what I would like. Even though I was famished I ordered only a small Coke. (Nice girls didn't eat too much.) Then he asked about my six-weeks grades. I had made As, but I said I had two Cs and was worried my parents would be mad. I can still remember his look of visible relief." The story is meant to demonstrate how oppressive the culture is for girls, so the teenaged Pipher's lie was not a lapse of character. Being a feminist means never having to say it's my fault, no one else's, sometimes I've really been a jerk.

Pipher also confides that when she received the Bausch and Lomb science award at a school assembly she "almost expired with embarrassment." And we learn that when she was in college she got straight As but no one told her she was smart. Let's see, she tells a fib in high school to cover up her intelligence, but by college she gets mad when people forget to praise her for being smart. This sexist world of ours just doesn't get it.

Pipher can milk a feminist message from anything. Here is her theory as to why so many young girls become vegetarians: yes, they love animals—but also "they so easily identify with animals' lack of speech and powerlessness. . . ."

Divorce, we're told, "is particularly difficult for teenage girls, who are already stressed by cultural forces." Why Pipher feels qualified to make the implied comparison with boys is puzzling, since she admits to having little professional knowledge of them. (In fact, there is at least one reason to postulate the opposite: divorce more often cuts kids off from their fathers than from their mothers, and a boy about to become a man is especially in need of the male parent.)

Adolescent girls need "a more public place in our culture, not as sex objects but as inter-



girls whose stories are the basis of *Ophelia* are Pipher's patients: depressed, bulimic, self-mutilating, suicidal, troubled, in trouble—hardly average kids. (The girls in *Crossroads* are, at least, ordinary students in a private school.)

Pipher over-generalizes and sensationalizes, but she succeeds commercially where Gilligan and Brown fail—by letting moms off the hook. The overt message in *Ophelia* is "I'm OK, you're OK"—it's the culture that's "poisoning" our girls. Pipher is critical of therapists and pop-psychologists who label families dysfunctional. "People do not respond well to being blamed," she told the *Post*. An advertising blurb claims that *Ophelia* doesn't "blame, vilify," or shout "Victim here." Oh really? None of the glowing media commentary seems to notice that when Pipher says "the culture" she really means men, since our society is male-dominated and misogynistic, "rife with girl-hurting 'isms,' such as sexism, capitalism, and lookism." Therefore, "America is a girl-destroying place," ours is a "girl-piercing culture. . . . all too happy to use them for its purposes." No blaming? No victimology in *Ophelia*?

To be fair, some of Pipher's ideas seem to be free of feminist ideology. For example, she now takes a dimmer view of divorce—and its effect on kids—than she did when she began her practice in the 1970s. And she offers good, if obvious, advice about girls finding "safe places," like sports and music and volunteering, to avoid getting lost in the social miasma of high school.

But although Pipher has dramatically declared a cultural crisis for girls, there is in *Ophelia* a surprising amount of hand-wringing over the pettiest of female travails. For instance we are told (yet again) that in "our society," being

esting and complicated human beings." Chelsea Clinton, we're told, has become a hero for many teen girls because she's "not a sex-object or victim." (Well, if those are not the reason for her popularity, what is? Let's hope it's not that her parents are famous—that would be terribly elitist.) Pipher laments that aside from Olympic athletes, no other adolescent girls are positive public figures. (Can you think of any boys who are? There's Prince William, of course, but he has famous parents too.)

Girls "move into a culture with a Constitution that gave white men, not all Americans, the right to vote, and has yet to pass an equal rights amendment. They join a culture in which historical documents proclaim the rights of man." (Newsflash, Ms. Pipher: You can vote now.) One wonders what other culture she has in mind where women have more freedom. It's no surprise when Pipher admits that her daughter pronounces history class boring. All those kings and generals killing each other, she asks—where were the women?

But Ms. Pipher, hasn't the women's movement made our country a better place for girls? To an extent, says Pipher, but "in some ways the progress is confusing. . . . The lip service paid to equality makes the reality of discrimination even more confusing." Apparently there is no news that's good news for women and girls.

*Ophelia* is brimming with complaints just as whiney and trivial as these—which raises the depressing question why this book is taken so seriously. How has Pipher become guru to thousands of readers who place themselves outside the feminist fold? We know from fans' comments in the media that reading *Ophelia* made them relive their own teen years, rethink old hurts. Some probably tune out the feminism as they enjoy their wallow in the past. But there is a subtler reason for the book's appeal: on its surface, today's feminism, often anecdotal, resentful and self-pitying, is not far removed from the kind of careless coffee-klatch grousing about husbands and bosses and boyfriends that women have always engaged in—and enjoyed. Probably some readers are titillated by *Ophelia*'s soft-core feminism; and because it's superficial, reminiscent of daytime talk shows, it seems innocuous. They don't see the slippery slope.

But readers respond to *Ophelia* for reasons that go beyond recreational bellyaching. Pipher has tapped into parental anxieties that are more substantial, issues of contemporary culture that many find frightening: teenage sex and drug use, the precipitous decline and coarsening of our pop culture in the past 30 years, and its cynicism and nihilism. The controversial Calvin Klein ad for "be" fragrance, with its scrawny, tattooed, greasy-haired, junky-esque model is every parent's nightmare for what a daughter could become. Ads for kids' clothes (Guess and Buffalo jeans and Gasoline Jeanswear) are similar; teenage boys show up in these ads, as well, looking just as seedy and used. Columnist John Leo calls it "pedophilia chic." And there's the "whore chic" of Madonna, a pop icon who (amazingly) has special cachet among many radical feminists (particularly those in academia), who applaud her saucy independence and idolize her for her in-your-face bisexuality and kinky exhibitionism.

Pipher describes, sometimes luridly, a grubby teenage culture (remember, though, her source is her patients, kids in therapy). One girl tells of eighth graders wearing low-cut dresses to parties where there's booze and sex. Another reports feeling threatened and degraded, "sexually harassed" by boys at school who make lewd remarks, sometimes even touching or grabbing girls' breasts. As further evidence, Pipher cites the American Association of University Women's report, "Hostile Hallways." Based on a Harris poll, this study found that our schools are the setting for a lot of incivility, and even violence, and it suggest-

ed that many kids are erotically overstimulated. But what Pipher fails to mention is that, according to this report, sexual harassment goes both ways: boys are the victims about as often as girls.

Pipher laments the lack of agreed-upon standards for sexual behavior: There is "no established or easy way to stop a sexual encounter. Thus some girls avoid dating and touching because they do not know how or when to draw the line, to say stop." But other girls, "desperate for approval," succumb to the pressure to have sex, sometimes with boys they hardly know. For some, losing virginity is considered a rite of passage.

Viewing this through the prism of feminism, Pipher does not see the conflicts that have confronted young women since *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. Instead, she sees a problem of (what else?) self-esteem. The culture has battered these girls' sense of self. But she misses the point about what, specifically, that contemporary culture is



telling teenagers. True, sex and sexuality "are part of the . . . wallpaper," associated with freedom, adulthood and sophistication. But more important, over the past several decades, sex has become easy and casual. Once their parents' generation pronounced sex "no big deal," is it any surprise that some boys—and girls—decide to indulge their raging hormones?

It's not difficult to trace most of this sexual chaos and cultural blight to its source. One would like to grab the author by the shoulders and shout: It's the Sixties, stupid! But Pipher only dances around this obvious point. In a chapter called "Then and Now," she recalls with some nostalgia the safer, less cynical world of her pre-Sixties childhood in a tiny Nebraska town, and she contrasts it with the angst-ridden, gritty world of the Nineties—but then pretends that nothing causative intervened. She insists that she doesn't want to "glorify or to 'Donna Reedify' the Fifties, which were not a golden age. They were the years of Joe McCarthy and Jim Crow," a time of sexual, racial, and religious intolerance and "a great deal of hypocrisy." Thus, like a Transylvanian peasant brandishing a crucifix, Pipher staves off any charge that she harbors politically incorrect thoughts.

She even stuffs a few garlic cloves down her dirndl: "The sixties were a great time to be an adolescent girl. That was an era of optimism and idealism, and many girls say they wished they had lived in those times." Then Pipher gets quite giddy about "Maria," not one of her patients but instead an exemplary teenager, strong and grounded. The granddaughter of refugees from El Salvador,

Maria is an activist in leftist causes and her mother "an ardent feminist." Maria's talk "reminded me of my friends from the sixties. I couldn't resist asking her if she was a Grateful Dead fan." Indeed, Maria loves "the Dead"—and wishes "that she had been a teen in the Sixties when people were idealistic and free." She hates "corporate America and our town's emphasis on money."

Since Pipher understands so little of what the Sixties has meant to our sexual culture, let us help her out with a brief review. Various forces, including The Pill, brought about the sexual revolution, but a critical role was played by feminists. Utopian by instinct, they clamored for sexual freedom unencumbered by traditional economic arrangements, that is, marriage. Plenty of guys, even those who were a-political, generously volunteered their time to help women liberate themselves, and casual sex soon became plentiful and cheap.

Women who preferred the old dating-game rules—love and sex in exchange for commitment—were angry to find themselves sidelined as squares. Meanwhile, the women who joined in the new game were surprised and dismayed when men with whom they had casual sex treated them casually. And they complained that the more permanent boyfriends they were sleeping with—and cooking for—and cleaning up after—were afraid of commitment. Maybe for the first time in civil society men could enjoy the sexual benefits of adults while remaining children. "Men are jerks" became the female mantra of the Seventies; support groups were born, harboring hordes of unhappy single women. They swapped bitter tales about the men not quite in their lives, while their biological clocks ticked away noisily.

A wave of dazed, angry first-wives soon joined them, cut loose from their moorings by the newly liberalized divorce laws. (Plenty of men were uneasy in this ruleless world. But *Ophelia* is about girls and women, so we'll stick to the female perspective.) Presumably the feminists who helped start the revolution hadn't foreseen that it would be so tough on women. But the news wasn't all bad—all this anger turned out to be a recruiting bonanza for the women's movement.

And what happened to popular culture? Did the new openness, the demystification of sex, achieve healthy, hearty attitudes, as the utopians had predicted? For some, it probably did. But the downside was disaster: helped along by the iconoclasm, hedonism and "do your own thing" individualism of that decade, the new frankness brought a tolerance for raunchiness and cruelty in popular culture no one could have dreamt of before the Sixties. Soon feminists were railing against the exploitation and degradation of women that their arrogant utopian schemes had helped unleash. Again, the women's movement benefited—more outraged women, more recruits. As for kids growing up, had anyone imagined that college students' demands for sexual freedom wouldn't soon seep down into the high schools?

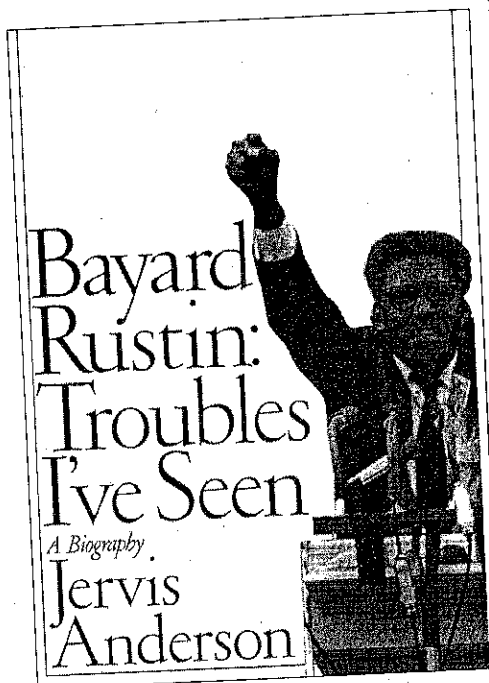
Which brings us to today's garish, coarse, sex-drenched popular culture, which Mary Pipher, Ph.D., says is poisoning our daughters. The women's movement to which she clings and whose boilerplate she somberly repeats in this book is as much to blame as anyone: it's as if they bulldozed the foundation of a great edifice, imagining that the rest of the building could remain intact; and now they blame others for crumbling walls, gushing sewer drains, windows askew. . . .

Had Mary Pipher taken account of all this in her analysis, she might have written a book of real substance. But it would have been about more than just the unhappy teenage girls she's spent the last few years talking to.



Barbara Rhodes Ellis has written on the radicalization of AAUW and other subjects for *Heterodoxy*.

## The Legacy of Bayard Rustin



*Bayard Rustin: Troubles I've Seen: A Biography*  
by Jervis Anderson  
New York: Harper Collins, 1997  
418 pp., \$30.00.

REVIEWED BY RONALD RADOSH

In a time when the intellectual and political deficiencies of the current black American leadership are widely acknowledged and when the likes of Al Sharpton, Louis Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson and Ben Chavis try to assume the mantle of titans like Frederick Douglass, W.E.B. DuBois, Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, it is appropriate to reconsider the life of Bayard Rustin. Although better known thirty years ago, Rustin is today a relatively unknown black American leader, whose life and times coincide with the heyday and eventual collapse of the civil rights coalition that produced the Movement's great victories.

An outspoken and courageous activist, by the full tide of the Civil Rights Revolution in the early 1960s, he had already served as a full time activist in the pacifist and socialist movements. Rustin had been one of the founders of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and helped make Gandhian nonviolence the essential strategy and philosophy of American movements for human rights. His commitment to universal equality made him an unstinting advocate of integration and an opponent of black separatism and nationalism during the turmoil of the late 1960s.

Rustin was also a homosexual. In the 1940s and '50s, his sexual identity was considered a perversion. When he was arrested on a morals charge in 1953, his mentor A.J. Muste removed him from employment with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Questions around his homosexuality would haunt him throughout his career.

Rustin is perhaps most remembered for the major role he played in organizing the 1963 March on Washington, as well as for his close association as both friend and advisor to Martin Luther King Jr. But as Jervis Anderson shows in this new biography, Rustin's roots in the Movement went back decades before King's arrival on the national scene. Mr. Anderson has had unlimited access to Rustin's papers, as well as the full cooperation of

his many friends and comrades. Indeed, Mr. Anderson knew Rustin and served for a time as his researcher at the A. Philip Randolph Institute. His desire to see the world through Rustin's eyes is admirable in a friend, but it leads the biographer to fail to explore some serious political questions that are desperately in need of explanation.

Rustin, as Mr. Anderson reveals, had virtually moved through the entire spectrum of American radicalism. Born into a middle-class black family in West Chester, Pennsylvania, he attended a white school, was raised in the Quaker tradition, and never had the hostility towards whites that was the psychological whipping stick of so many black militants. Evidently, Rustin was aware early on of his sexual attraction to men, a fact that he confessed to his grandmother, who made it clear that her love for him would be no less if he chose that sexual path. Rustin attended two different colleges, and despite great academic promise, he left for unspecified reasons. Most probably, the reasons related to homosexual affairs that the administrations chose to hush up. Rustin was also an accomplished musician with great talent and a gorgeous tenor voice. Skilled in both the classics as well as traditional Negro folk ballads, Rustin for a time even performed as part of a quartet with the well-known blues singer, Josh White.

When he later took courses at City College of New York, then a repository of urban radicalism, Rustin gravitated toward the Communist Party. Indeed, organizing for the Young Communist League was his real reason for attending CCNY. It was the era of the Scottsboro boys, a case of blatant racial injustice whose champions above all was the American CP. As Anderson writes, "what had chiefly attracted Rustin to the communist movement was its progressive stance on issues of racial injustice." Rustin worked on a Party campaign to oppose segregation in the armed forces. When Nazi Germany invaded Soviet Russia and put an end to the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Rustin received his orders—disband the campaign which no longer served Moscow's new interest in Soviet-American intervention in European affairs. Rustin quickly realized that the Party's primary goal was not justice for the black masses, but rather "the global objectives of the Soviet Union," which conflicted with the need for a struggle for racial equality. That knowledge caused his early break with the American Communists.

It was harder for Rustin to curb his sexual urges. Anderson quotes from a telling letter that Rustin wrote in prison to the pacifist leader John Swomley, with whom he had major political and personal differences. "I know now that for me sex must be sublimated," Rustin wrote, "if I am to live with myself and in this world longer." It was easier said than done: Rustin's indiscretion—he was caught in *flagrante delicto* with two men in a parked car near his hotel—"brought his political career to the brink of ruin."

Despite great difficulties, Rustin reemerged years later, as a result of persistent grass-roots organizing for the War Resisters League, and his pioneering work for racial integration. He found a new mentor in A. Philip Randolph, the socialist leader of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Not only was Randolph a labor leader, he was also the preeminent civil rights leader of the 1940s. He had threatened a March on Washington for an integrated army during the war, a threat that he called off when F.D.R. agreed to creation of a Fair Employment Practices Committee. As a pacifist during a popular war, Rustin not only refused to fight, but also refused the option of civilian public service, which he saw as submission to the military apparatus. Instead of doing his time in civilian public service, Rustin chose jail voluntarily, and spent more than two years in Federal prison. That act alone made it

clear—as did his later willingness to abide by the principles of Gandhian *satyagraha* and endure beatings from racist opponents—that he was willing to endure the consequences of his convictions.

It was Rustin's militancy that eventually led him to break with his mentor Randolph. When the labor leader called off his scheduled March on Washington, Rustin accused him of appeasement, and demanded that he reschedule it and call for immediate desegregation of the armed forces. Decades later, Rustin would acknowledge that Randolph's call was the birth of the modern civil rights movement, and that thinking strategically was not the same thing as selling out.

Having broken with Randolph, Rustin worked full time for the War Resister's League, a radical pacifist organization. His moment in history arrived when Randolph and the writer Lillian Smith urged Rustin to make contact with a young minister, Martin Luther King Jr. Rustin soon became the most trusted and major advisor to the young Reverend. He instructed King not only on the tactical matters involved in organizing the Montgomery bus boycott but also on the necessity of a principled non-violent philosophy. Anderson reveals how Rustin, visiting the Kings at home, discovered that King kept a fully loaded gun in his home for protection. He lectured King on how such an act could destroy the moral efficacy of his Movement, and King promptly gave up the weapon.

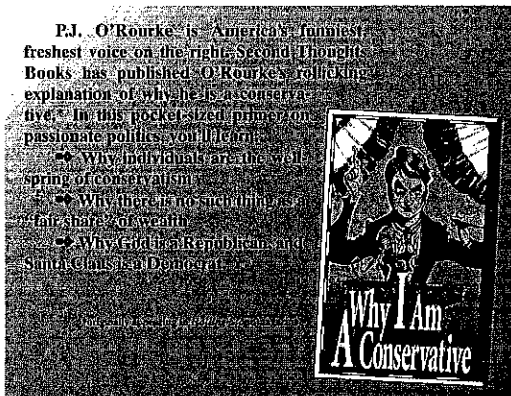
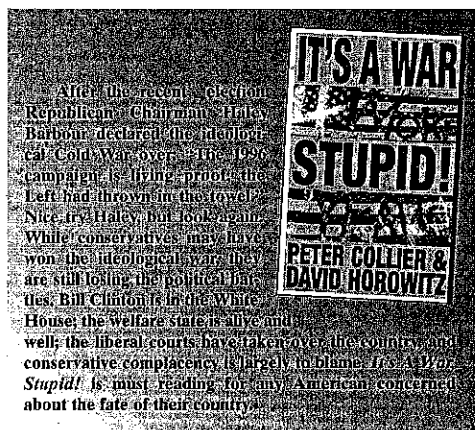
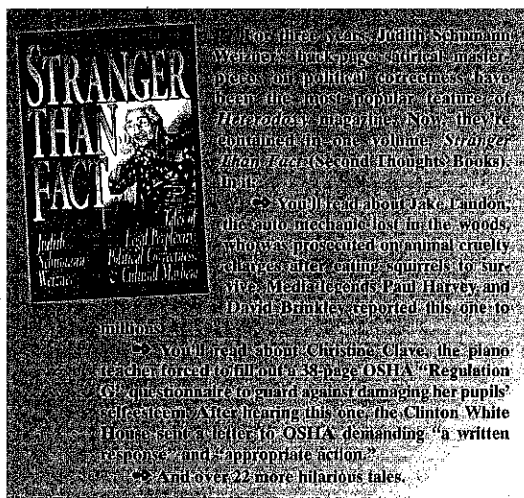
Yet, despite his life as a trusted advisor to King, Rustin's past led him to stay firmly in the background, lest his youthful communism and his homosexuality be used to discredit the newly burgeoning civil rights struggle. It was not surprising that King would pick Rustin to organize and run the 1963 March on Washington, an effort which scholars are fully in agreement could not have taken place if not for Rustin. When King went to Norway to receive the Nobel Peace Prize, he rewarded Rustin by making him one of the few Movement figures asked to accompany him to Oslo for the award ceremony.

Nevertheless, Rustin was soon to find himself at odds with both King and the more militant black-power revolutionaries. The latter group made known their hostility to Rustin after the 1964 Democratic Party convention, when they condemned the "back of the bus" settlement offered the Mississippi Freedom Democrats by the Johnson administration. They had asked that they accept two representatives to take seats alongside the all-white regular Mississippi Democrats. Rustin, along with King, Hubert Humphrey, and others, argued that they had won a victory, since future conventions would have to be thoroughly integrated and no racist delegations could receive credentials. Urging that the Movement shift its direction "from protest to politics," Rustin argued for creation of a multiracial coalition for social change, based on a coalition of the black freedom movement with the labor movement. This call came at the very moment when young black militants were expressing their disillusionment with white liberals, and beginning to espouse black power as well as black separatism. Rustin was to suffer the charge of selling out to the white establishment, a charge that would be leveled against him time after time, especially after his alliance with Albert Shanker and the United Federation of Teachers during the volatile Ocean-Hill Brownsville strike of 1968. While the black community fought for what it called "community control," an approach funded by the Ford Foundation, Shanker and Rustin waged a battle to prevent local black militants from firing white Jewish teachers en masse, without due process and for no sound academic reasons.

In the latter part of his biography, Anderson only hints at controversial developments that virtually beg for an explanation. In particular, he strangely exonerates Stanley Levison from any ties with the American Communist Party, and does not deal candidly with the Party's attempts to make inroads in the black freedom movement. Mr. Anderson writes: "In its later campaign to discredit King and the black civil rights movement, the FBI alleged that Stanley Levison had an affiliation with the Communist movement." He then goes on to write that Rustin "saw nothing

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## REVIEWS

## Chewing World Culture in Small Bites

## The dictionary of global culture

(thā bīk-shā-ner-ē av 'glō-bol 'kal-char) n : the global citizen's guide to culture, emphasizing the achievement of the non-Western world—what every American needs to know as we enter the next century

Edited by Kwame Anthony Appiah and Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

## The Dictionary of Global Culture

Edited by Kwame Anthony Appiah and Henry Louis Gates, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1996. 717 pp. \$35.00.

REVIEWED BY SANFORD PINSKER

I don't usually launch a review by commenting on the book jacket design, but *The Dictionary of Global Culture* is as good a place as any to break my rule. What we have in this case is a sea of white space interrupted by the title in bold black type, followed by its phonetic spelling and then an entry-explanation for the term: "n" [a noun], defined as: "the global citizen's guide to culture, emphasizing the achievement of the non-Western world, what every American needs to know as we enter the next century." No doubt somebody more adept at semiotics than I am could unpack the sub-text, but even a novice pretty much gets the gist—namely, that considerations of white culture have tended to dominate the space assigned to what might be called "cultures of color," and that this volume means to redress the balance.

That said, however, I'll stick with my initial reaction, which is to worry when a book jacket is rather too much on the cutesy side, and when it promises a good deal more than it seems likely to deliver. None of this, of course, is any longer surprising, but I did my level best to give such caveats the kibosh. After all, given the high regard I often have for Henry Louis Gates, Jr.'s work, I hoped that this book just might be interesting, or at the very least much better than its cheesy jacket.

Unfortunately, certain matters continued to nag, even before I turned the first page. Nearly every book published these days makes a bid for our attention (and dollars) by touting itself as precisely "what every American needs to know," whether the volume in question is a sure-fire diet program, a way to buck up one's sagging self-image, or the latest version of religion-on-the-cheap. My own hunch (surely one that will make few publishers perk up, much less earn me a large advance) is that what most Americans need is a deeper understanding of America: its history, political structures, literature—in short, the whole nine yards. If much of what we think of as America is suggested by the phrase, *e pluribus unum*, it is clear that *pluribus* now counts for much more than *unum*.

Here is a representative sampling of the revisionist history the editors intend to serve up: "It is a . . . fact that five-hundred-odd years ago a certain Christopher Columbus, an Italian sea captain (whose first name, appropriately enough, means 'the Christ-bearer'), an adventurer in the service of an Iberian monarch, set off to look for a new route to India and bumped into the Americas on his way. For the cultures of Christian Europe this represented the discovery of a 'New World.' Perhaps Scandinavian seacraft had brought Norsemen to 'Vinland' much earlier; perhaps Africans had sailed to America before Columbus. Certainly for the people then living in the New World—the Caribs in the 'West Indies' and the people who came to be called 'Indians' in honor of Columbus's confusion—the arrival of Columbus was not the discovery of a new world but the beginning of the end of an old one."

Notice how skillfully the editors merge the "perhaps" of earlier Norse sailors with that of earlier African ones. Talk about *caveat emptor*! This is a book that novices in the multicultural follies ought be required to read in the company of disinterested experts—that is, those able (and willing) to separate plausible cases from dubious claims. Lest there be any confusion, I do not count Gates and Appiah in this number.

None of this, of course, matters a fig to those who ride the multicultural express. The point is that no respectable, politically correct American can afford to be without a copy of *The Dictionary of Global Culture*. Why so? Because it will tell him or her (notice what I've learned already) everything he or she presumably needs to know about the wider, non-Western world.

No doubt some readers are already mulling over their doubts. After all, as subjects go, "global culture" is, well, large—larger even than the Whitman who boasted that he contained multitudes. But not to worry, the editors tell us, their dictionary is designed to be helpful rather than exhaustive; moreover, its aim is rather analogous to thumbing through a dictionary of Swahili while one prepares for a visit to Mombasa. So, a dictionary that "introduces you, however haphazardly, to a few of the central ideas and objects in many of the world's civilizations is, we believe, a good beginning for our lifelong travel through the range of human cultures."

Granted, tourists who skim the pages of a Swahili dictionary hardly count themselves as fluent Swahili speakers, just as those who browse around in *The Dictionary of Global Culture* will not know much about the people, places, and things they encounter in a quick succession of short, largely superficial listings. But they will no doubt feel better about what they don't know, and that, I am told, matters a good deal these days.

Small wonder, then, that I find myself turning cranky as I turn this book's 700+ pages. Not only do I feel that I've been had (like mom, apple pie, and the flag, such multiculturalism as this gives one no choice but to salute), but also that genuine study ought to be fashioned from sterner, more rigorous stuff. But these ticks of discomfort positively pale when I consider the central assumption that undergirds this effort—namely, that one culture can never, absolutely never, be better, much less superior, to any other; they can only be "different" and always in interesting, value-neutral ways. All of which reminds me of the old joke about the Canada that might have been, and the Canada that in fact developed. As the quip would have it, Canada could have had the best of all possible worlds: British culture, French cuisine, and American technology. It ended up, alas, with the worst: British cooking, American culture, and French technology. Multiculturalists are, of course, committed to not noticing these differences (a French restaurant, an English counterpart—whatever), but believe me, everyone else does.

That elitism has turned out to be one of those words which makes its way surrounded by sneer quotes is unfortunately all too true; but even the staunchest egalitarians I run across prefer to conduct our quarrels over lunch at a French restaurant. Some things, in fact, are better than others, and this includes novels, plays, poems, and virtually

everything else that, taken together, adds up to culture. It was no slander on the Pampas when Saul Bellow pointed out that there is no "Proust of the Pampas" (there is, after all, no Proust in American letters either), or that the Zulus had yet to produce an equal to Tolstoy; but Bellow was made to pay mightily for uttering such a politically incorrect thought.

No such criticism is likely to attach to this dictionary, for it is as "catholic" and as culture-sensitive as any Thought Policeperson could wish. The rub, of course, is that it strikes me as an enterprise cooked up with the editor's left hands and made commercially viable by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.'s, considerable reputation. In short, this is a book with entries done "by committee," and a very large committee to boot. Moreover, none of these entries are signed which makes the responsibility for error a dicey proposition.

Consider, for example, the following lines from the entry on Ralph Waldo Emerson. After learning that he "profoundly affected the course of American and European thought" (one wonders what Gates might do if he encountered such vapid sentiments in a Harvard undergraduate's essay), we are later told that Emerson "became friends with Henry David Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, and other members of the Transcendentalist movement." The skeptical, highly ambivalent Hawthorne is, of course, the clunker here, as anyone who has read the Emerson-Hawthorne journals (much less *The Blithedale Romance*) surely knows. My point is that if this entry can't be entirely trusted, what is one to think of others far less familiar?

When I was in the throes of co-editing an encyclopedia of Jewish-American literature and culture, Irving Howe pointed out that encyclopedias tend to be "promiscuous." He did not, I feel certain, intend the remark to be taken as encouragement; although he may have had the possibility of odd alphabetical juxtapositions in mind. In any event, there are plenty of these in *The Dictionary of Global Culture*, my favorite being an entry on "Pindar" followed, cheek by jowl, as it were, by one on "Ping-pong diplomacy."

Omissions are even more vexing. True enough, the editors were forced to be selective (a dictionary containing every entry one could imagine would also be too heavy to lift), and true enough, they meant to give the lion's share of space to a celebration of non-Western cultural achievement. But still . . . To include generous citations to Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Zora Neale Hurston, Langston Hughes, Toni Morrison, and Alice Walker while omitting Saul Bellow is hard to swallow. In the same vein, one will encounter generous attention to philosophers such as Heidegger and Sartre, but nary a whisper about David Hume. Mozart warrants less coverage than Charlie Parker, while Gerry Mulligan is omitted altogether. And when attention is turned to Wales, a country as culturally ignored as any in the Third World, it is Saunders Lewis (one of the founders of the radical Plaid Cymru) rather than Richard Llewellyn or Dylan Thomas who walks off with the single entry granted a Welsh writer.

These observations, gleaned from several hours of skimming, are just the tip of the iceberg, for it soon becomes clear that one's radical politics, rather than one's aesthetic achievement, is the litmus test for inclusion.

The result is a volume longer on commercial appeal than on thoughtful design or rigorous scholarship. Far better would have been a book with serious essays about Asian, African, or Moslem cultures. As it stands, however, the entries are at once too disparate and far too brief (most run in the neighborhood of 300 words). The editors hope that these thumbnail sketches will whet appetites, but since the book itself provides no direction for further study (no bibliographies, in a word) my hunch is that this is a project which builds in a mighty limited good. And that is a shame, because this is a project that should have been at once richer and more challenging. Alas, it wasn't.

Sanford Pinsker is Shadok professor of humanities at Franklin and Marshall College and editor of *Academic Questions*, a quarterly journal of the National Association of Scholars.



# Police Mom Gets Bravery Medal

By Judith Schumann Weizner

Police Officer Thelma Debile, a 36-month veteran of the New York Police Force, has been awarded the Mayoral Medal of Valor for her heroism in a confrontation with two groups of rival gang members. The twenty-nine-year-old officer, who had recently returned to active duty following maternity leave, was seriously injured in the encounter.

Officer Debile and her partner, Sergeant Louise Schwaecher, were on patrol in the early morning hours of July 1, 1995, when they were summoned to investigate a report of shots fired. At the scene, an elementary school playground, they found a group of young men yelling and shooting at each other. Following new departmental guidelines, they asked the young men to hold their fire and advised them that even one stray bullet would be sufficient to kill a child. According to witnesses, the men stopped long enough to point out that it was nearly two o'clock in the morning and that no children were present, before resuming their dispute.

Officer Debile, unable to make herself heard above the din of gunfire, took a bullhorn from the trunk of the squad car and informed them that they were all in violation of Section 7.A of the city's Firearms Reduction Law, which bans the possession of firearms within five hundred feet of an elementary and one hundred feet of a high school.

At that point, witnesses said, the shooting stopped and Hector Fuertes, a member of the West Side Princes, approached the two officers with his hand outstretched as if to greet them. When Officer Debile stepped forward and clasped it, Fuertes spun quickly, flinging her against the concrete wall on the other side of the playground. Sergeant Schwaecher retreated to the safety of the squad car and radioed for assistance. Eventually, Mr. Fuertes and nine other men were arrested on charges ranging from weapons possession and resisting arrest to aggravated assault on a female police officer and multiple counts of attempted murder.

Mr. Fuertes swore that he had neither resisted arrest nor assaulted a police officer, but had offered his hand to Debile as a gesture of cooperation, spinning around only in response to a shouted warning from one of the other gang members who was anxious to resume the fight. He remarked that he had been surprised at how easily officer Debile had taken flight, and expressed regret that she had suffered a broken neck and two dislocated shoulders but insisted adamantly that her misfortune was the inadvertent consequence of his reflexive response to the shouted warning.

A jury convicted Mr. Fuertes of possession of a handgun within five hundred feet of an elementary school, the attempted murder of five men and aggravated assault on a female police officer. He was sentenced to seven months in prison.

In her three years on the force, Officer Debile has racked up an impressive record, being the recipient of two citations for bravery. She earned the first one when, according to eyewitness accounts, she heroically undertook to reason with a gang of teenagers who had commandeered the sub-

reached for her service revolver, but her thumb caught in the strap of her handbag and the weapon discharged accidentally. In the ensuing confusion, the store owner drew his own gun and squeezed off two shots at the fleeing robbers, who were picked up several blocks away. Officer Debile was cited for her willingness to get involved despite being pregnant and off duty. Unfortunately, as a result of the sound of gunfire, she lost her baby, who was made an honorary member of the department before his interment next to his still-born brother.

Following this incident, Officer Debile took some time off, but six months later, she returned to active duty refreshed and once more in the family way. Determined to see this pregnancy to term, she readily agreed to modified duty in accordance with Section 42.p of the Police Code Governing the Assignment of Pregnant Officers. She was reassigned to the Family Services Division where she was given the job of counselling other policewomen.

Officer Debile returned to work four months after the uneventful birth of a daughter, whom she and Sergeant Schwaecher named Louise Jr. Concerned that the infant might not bond properly with both parents, she and her partner requested that the department modify a squad car to facilitate their desire to keep their child in close physical proximity. Quoting a study by the Presidential Commission for Policy on Infants in the Workplace, which concludes that children who become accustomed to riding in the back of a police car may develop a cynical attitude toward law enforcement, they rejected the department's offer to install a kiddie carrier in the back seat and got a court order mandating that a body shop reconfigure a squad car to accommodate a child safety seat in the front seat between the two female officers.

It was due to the mere happenstance of a grandmother's visit that Thelma Jr. was not in the squad car with her parents on the night of the schoolyard confrontation.

Yesterday, in Officer Debile's room at Municipal Hospital, Deputy Mayor Richard Pazzo presented her with the city's Mayoral Medal of Valor while her eight-months-old daughter slept in her arms, her proud parents looked on. In the brief bedside ceremony, Pazzo told the city's most decorated female officer below the rank of sergeant: "Thelma, you and Louise represent the very essence of twenty-first century law enforcement—dedicated beyond the call of duty, but ever sensitive to the supreme importance of family. All New York is proud of you."

It is still not known how long Officer Debile will remain on disability.



OFFICER THELMA DEBILE

way car in which she happened to be riding. After a tense discussion, the youths agreed to drop their plans to blow up the train in exchange for safe conduct out of the subway system. The train was halted between stations while Officer Debile and the youths disembarked and began the trek to the end of the line. On the way, however, Officer Debile, who was at that time six months pregnant, stumbled and fell against a switch. She went into labor on the tracks where, with the assistance of one of the youths, she gave birth to a still-born son.

The commendation she received praised her heroism in conducting the youths safely through the subway tunnel and away from the object of their temptation. The dead baby received an Inspector's funeral.

Exactly one year later, two armed men burst into a liquor store where Officer Debile had gone to ask the owner if he would display a poster advertising a raffle to benefit the Sapphic Sisters Fertility clinic. When the men demanded the day's receipts, Debile, at this point four months pregnant,



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