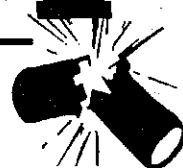


HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



THE LAST PANTHER

So now Jerry Brown wants to be Mayor Moonbeam! Actually, the ex-California Governor and one time Presidential hopeful was always more adept at playing political hardball than he let on, and his recently declared candidacy for the top job in Oakland is based on a perception that this black majority town is in transition, with a conspicuous power vacuum at the top. Brown has lined up the city's few established power blocks (the Ron Dellums machine and the Alameda Central Labor Council) behind him. And to seal the realpolitik Brown always practiced beneath the façade of New Age flakiness, he has brought in another retread from a bygone era, David Hilliard, to help him. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, in fact, reported that Hilliard was Brown's Chief of Staff. But perhaps because the title so eerily echoed Hilliard's old title when he was the ramrod of the Black Panther Party during the days when that organization was at war with the cops and with Oakland itself, he got the paper to retract the next day.

In the '60s, Hilliard was behind Huey and Eldridge and Bobby Seale in the Panther pecking order. But that was then and this is now. Newton is dead and Bobby Seale is on the East Coast teaching and selling barbeque. Cleaver, the renegade Panther who once marketed his own design for cod-



piece pants, has been a one man lesson in revisionism, going from born-again Christian to Moonie fellow-traveler to registered Republican. He has been arrested for his thriving poaching enterprise in which he hired the homeless to steal curbside recyclables from Berkeley's homeowners which he sold to the recycling buy-back center. Like Huey Newton he had a crack addiction; but unlike Newton, Cleaver's arrest and hospitalization led to recovery. David Hilliard, who always seemed to lack the charisma of the other Panther notables, is the last Panther standing, and the man who has been in charge of merchandising the organization during its afterlife.

The Panther revival has simmered for more than half a decade, fueled early on by Elaine Brown's 1992 autobiography (*A Taste of Power*), the 1995 Hollywood film *Panther* directed by Mario Van Peebles, and various public television documentaries attempting to tell the saga of Sixties politics and the black experience in this century. In all of these efforts, the Panthers' true history as a criminal organization doing drugs and rackets in Oakland is virtually unexplored, but the group's myth as ghetto freedom fighters remains. It is Hilliard who has acted on director John Ford's famous advice when he said when confronted with the truth and the myth, sell the myth.

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INSIDE

*School of the
Americas Watch*

*The Fall of
Stanford*

*The Tasks of
Exile*

THE LONG NATIONAL NIGHTMARE, PART DEUX THE DARK SIDE OF DOGPATCH

by Peter Collier

What does the President think about when he thinks about love? It is a symptom of the current national crisis that we are encouraged to wonder. But there is a companion question that is more interesting and more relevant. What does the President think about when he thinks about Bill Clinton?

Part of the answer can be inferred from those well practiced gestures—the sympathetically sucked in lip and earnestly wrinkled forehead; the shades and sax while rocking out on the Arsenio show: *I'm so damned cool!*

More specifically, the President has mentioned that climactic moment in his young manhood when he finally stepped between his drunken stepfather and his battered mother and said *enough!* This is an epiphany for his feminist cadres. In front of mainly male audiences, Clinton has talked with roguish nostalgia about the good old days when he was so bad that he lined the

bed of his battered pickup with astroturf to make it easier to do you-know-what with the girls. But he gets a particular gleam in his eye when he recounts what has become his most magic (and mythomaniacal) moment, that time at the national conference of Boys' Nation in 1963 when he, part of the best and brightest of student government, got a chance to shake the hand of JFK.

Unlike Hillary's weird attempts to arrange a séance with Eleanor Roosevelt, this was real contact. It was the moment the flesh was made word; when one New Democrat met another in a harmonic convergence and the torch was passed. It was the prophetic encounter that placed the sword into the stone so that it could be withdrawn 30 years later.

When the President thinks about Bill Clinton, in other words, he thinks about the second coming, so to speak, of John Kennedy.

Two Presidents with youth and vigor and good looks; the one who brought modern imagery to Presidential politics and the other who made the image

Continued on page 12

COMMUNIQUÉS

GET WHITEY

I was reading in *The Gulag Archipelago* by Solzhenitzyn, or it could have been one of his public statements on Communism, that at the time of the Bolshevik takeover in Russia, the intelligentsia couldn't believe what was going on. They couldn't believe that the idiocy of the Bolsheviks could last. We are at that point with Whiteness Studies and other multicultural "scholarship" ("Get Whitey.") Jan. 1998. It is hard to believe these people spend their time creating this stuff, but they do. Thank you for taking the time to expose this idiocy and forewarning us. The only way to expose this is to take it on.

Todd Miller
Camarillo, CA

TONGUES UNTIED

This office agrees with the work of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture. In the past *Heterodoxy* has been a favorite publication. We still approve of what you are flying to do, but we are distressed by the change in *Heterodoxy*. Not that it was ever the *New Yorker*, but its use of the language was at least as accurate and clear as that of most pedodicals. Your latest issue was hardly recognizable as English. Jamie Glazov, in particular, should not be allowed to publish unless he receives the help of a careful and accurate editor. Please do something about this. Your work is too important to lose respectability because of a debased diction.

Phyllis Dean
The Committee for the Mother Tongue
Spring Grove, VA

BEYOND REASON

Jon Lauck's book review of *Beyond All Reason* (Nov./Dec. 1997) highlights what may become

an increasing conflict. A society where "merit" receives the rewards and the unmerited stand by understanding that though few . . . of them are rewarded is a perfectly fair system. Lauck reveals that multiculturalists don't fully really understand this system and are restless to install multicultural representation in the reward system . . .

R.W. Cranston
Sitka, AK

MORE DRUDGERY

I found "Free Matt Drudge," by K.L. Billingsley (Oct. 1997), to be excellently researched and laboriously cited. I applaud the extensive research on Blumenthal. This was a rare type of reporting that I happened to come upon while doing an internet search on the Drudge-Blumenthal suit. It was refreshing to read material that was not doped out with only the superficial facts and context. Again I enjoyed it very

HETERODOXY
ARTICLES AND ANSWERS TO POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

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much, I am a medical student in Kansas City and haven't been able to keep up with current issues like I used to. Is your organization on the internet and if so what type of services do you provide?

Thank you!!

Dan Kunjummen
Kansas City, MO

K.L. Billingsley wrote an excellent article on

Matt Drudge and I hope that you will have more of that type. It provides insight into the background of the people in and around government.

Thomas King
Via internet.

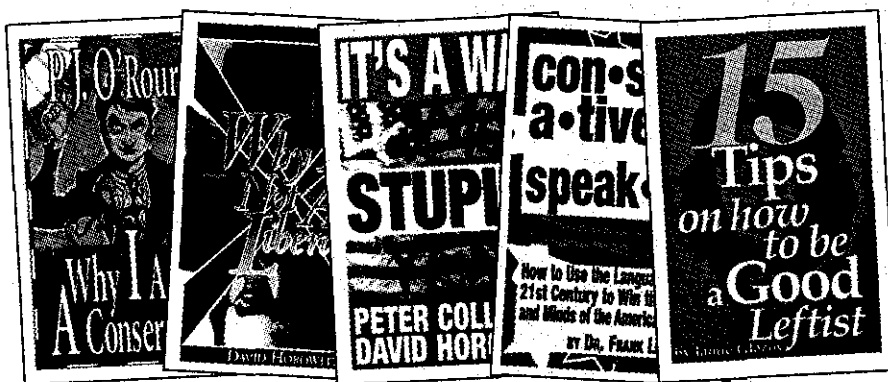
Ed Note: Yes, we are on the internet. Look up www.cspc.org and you'll find "Front Page," a virtual magazine whose contents change daily. Sidney Blumenthal is there, fully exposed, and so are Clinton, White Studies, and other important issues. Give us a hit!

HETERODOXY TIME CAPSULE

A few days ago, while going through some files, I found a copy of the June 1992 issue of *Heterodoxy*, which, as I recall, I arrived unsolicited back then in my campus mailbox. When I re-read this issue, I found a story on someone who, as it turns out, has now taken an important academic position at my university. The story about her previous appointment was compelling and disturbing; it shows that she has not changed at all in five years. I hope that you maintain a high level of critical, informed reportage on the deterioration of American universities. I believe that an independent newspaper like yours performs a valuable public service by pointing a finger at the triviality, incompetence, and fraud committed by PC-minded faculty. Magazine E which is somewhat more sympathetic to the academic establishment I see the postmodernist establishment on the defensive. *Heterodoxy* should furnish ammunition to centrists on campus who wish to publicize how taxpayers' money is misspent by ideologues who think the university's proper function is to commit thought-reform on its students.

Lawrence Okamura
Columbia, MO

Ammunition for the Culture Wars



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Why I'm Not A Liberal
by David Horowitz

"I still believe in the liberation of blacks, minorities, and the poor, as I did in the 1960s. Only now I believe they must be liberated from the chains of liberalism and the welfare state—from permanent dependence on government handouts, from perverse incentives to bear children out of wedlock, from an inverted ethics that implies it is better to receive than to give, and—worse—to receive without reciprocity or responsibility; and above all without work." (52pp) \$4.95

It's A War, Stupid!
by Peter Collier & David Horowitz

After the recent election, Republican Chairman Haley Barbour declared the ideological Cold War over: "The 1996 campaign is living proof; the Left has thrown in the towel."

Nice try, Haley, but look again. While conservatives may have won the ideological war, they are still losing the political battles. Bill Clinton is in the White House; the welfare state is alive and well; the liberal courts have taken over the country, and conservative complacency is largely to blame. *It's A War, Stupid!* is must reading for any American concerned about the fate of their country. (32pp) \$3.95

Conservatively Speaking
by Dr. Frank Luntz

"Political language should be straight, direct, and clear. It should speak to the common sense of common people. It should have a moral component, but not be inflammatory. This booklet is about understanding the public hopes and private fears of a nation." (80pp) \$4.95

15 Tips on How to Be a Good Leftist
by Jamie Glazov

The Cold War is over. The Soviet Union has collapsed. China is turning to the free market. Marxism's last bastions, North Korea and Cuba, are terminal cases. Socialism is dead. Glazov offers his services to individuals who, for their own personal reasons, yearn to pursue the idea of socialism—and its twin ideals of "social equality" and "social justice"—despite the pathetic collapse of their worldly incarnations. (58pp) \$4.95

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

SID VICIOUS: Subpoenaed by Ken Starr to testify about his disinformation campaign against staff members in the Special Prosecutor's Office, White House aide Sidney Blumenthal took the high road and had his attorney rail against the "chilling" nature of the attempts to get him to reveal which journalists he had talked to. The high road is actually unfamiliar terrain for Blumenthal, a spear carrier for the left specializing in vicious ad hominem attacks for most of his writing career before he hooked on with the Clintons. (The *New York Times* and other papers persist in calling him "a reporter" which is like calling Jack Kervorkian a doctor.) And concern for the "sacred" relationships between journalists and their sources is a very sudden and probably temporary enthusiasm for Blumenthal. This is the same person who has been trying to silence cyber-journalist Matt Drudge since last summer because of an item citing rumors that he had abused his wife which Drudge hastily retracted. After getting the blessing of both Clinton and Gore, who saw an opportunity to administer an object lesson to the boisterous cyber-press, Blumenthal sued Drudge for a cool \$30 million, about what O.J. was asked to pay for murdering two people. What was Blumenthal really after? Not the money, which he knew Drudge couldn't pay, but Drudge's sources. "Before proceeding against you, Mr. and Mrs. Blumenthal want to give you an opportunity," wrote a Blumenthal lawyer in a threat letter to Matt Drudge. "Disclose to them the following: the names of the 'top GOP operatives' . . . the name of the 'influential Republican' who demanded anonymity' . . . and the name of the 'White House source' whom you purported to quote. If you have not provided this information to my office by 5:00 pm EST tomorrow, the Blumenthals will take the appropriate action against you." But now the worm has turned. "[Starr is] interested in phone logs and names of reporters I've talked to," Sidney told members of the media sitting in the cafeteria of the Federal Courthouse on February 24, while he was waiting to testify. " . . . Ken Starr regards freedom of speech and freedom of the press as worthy of investigation as a criminal conspiracy," Blumenthal complained to the *Los Angeles Times* in one of the few ironic moments the Clinton administration has allowed itself these past few weeks.

MLA MORAL SUPERIORITY: In the spring newsletter of the Modern Language Association, professional organization for university professors of English and Comparative Literature, there is a listing of special sessions at the MLA's next convention. One of them is as follows: "Kalifornia über Alles. California has led the nation in initiatives against affirmative action and immigrants. How have these initiatives affected higher education in California and in American political culture general? How are people organizing against these initiatives? 1-2 page abstracts by 15 Mar." The radical professors of today think it is amusing to compare California to Nazi Germany just as the radical students of yesterday did 30 years ago when they referred to "Amerika." The Delegate Assembly and the MLA membership at large fell all over themselves to censure the State of California because it was politically incorrect, but they rush to hold their annual meeting in San Francisco because it is a fun city.

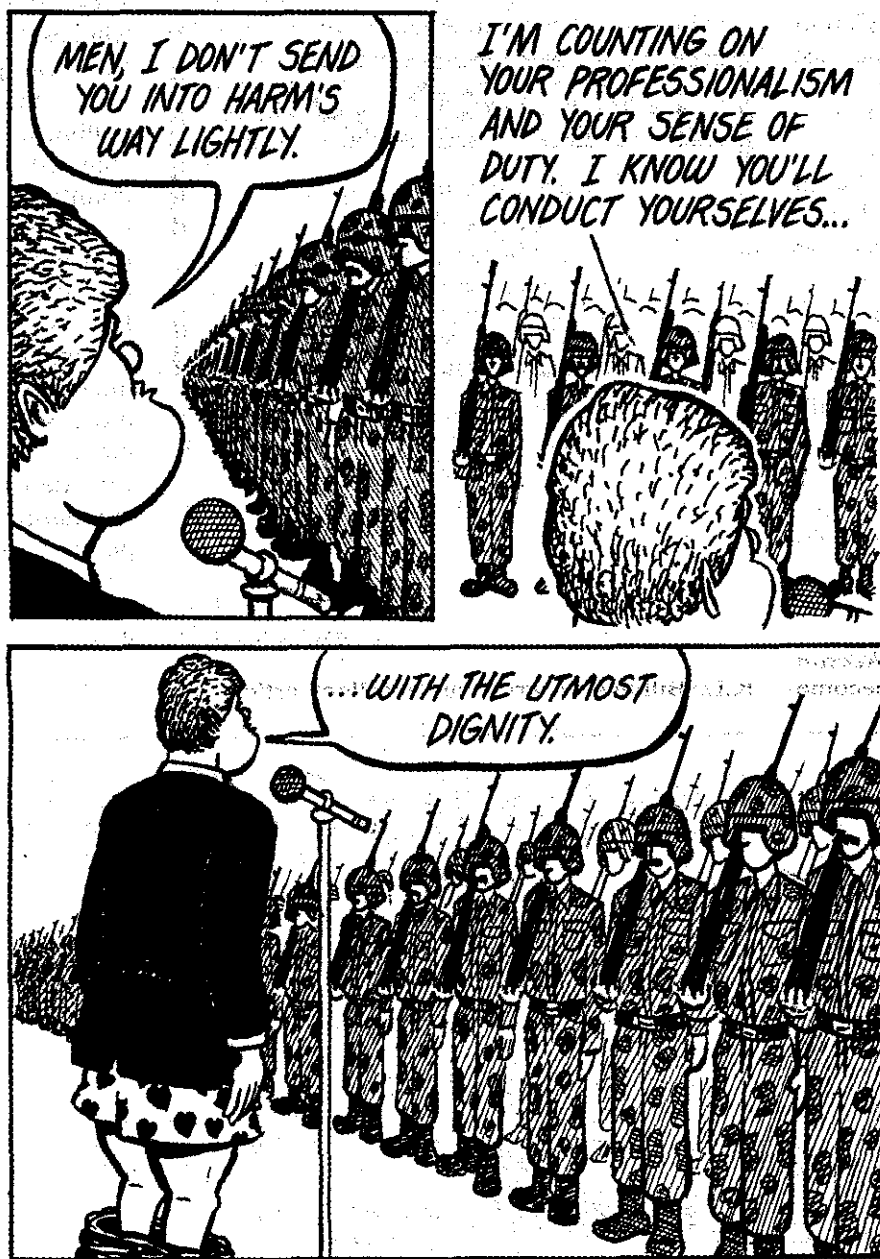
REAGAN DOES DISCO: In *Night Beat: A Shadow History of Rock and Roll*, critic Mikal Gilmore explains the hidden meaning of the backlash against disco in the late 1970s: "It was a supremely ugly moment, and its message was plain: The mainstream pop audience wasn't about to allow a coalition of blacks and gays to usurp

rock's primacy. Indeed, it hardly seemed coincidental, at a time when America was about to elect Ronald Reagan as president, and enter its most savage period of cultural denial, that disco's dream of an all embracing audience would invite rabid antipathy." Funny, we thought the problem was all that cocaine and the brain-dwarfing beat of the music and that whiney little guy in the BeeGees.

ALL THINGS DISTORTED: Media coverage of the Clinton scandals reached new depths of perversity with Nina Totenberg's appearance on *Nightline* last week.

African American Studies department will offer "Tupac Shakur: A Seminar," which will focus on his films, music, personal politics and poetry. According to course instructor Omawale Akintunde the seminar will also explore such topics as poverty, institutionalized racism, and the role of "white supremacy" in late 20th Century society. A couple of things Akintunde could have added to the course that might have, so to speak, "contextualized" it: black gangs and drive by shootings (which killed Tupac); the black community and crack (which he did); and black rappers and sexual predation (which he was convicted of). Maybe those subjects are saved for next semester.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



The NPR reporter was on ABC to downplay news of the Betty Currie story leaks by stressing that these were unproven allegations. Totenberg, a case study in journalistic conflict of interest, once played Linda Tripp to Anita Hill in the Clarence Thomas hearings. She was a party to leaks that forced the once-reluctant Hill to testify, then went on to cover the hearings in her own NPR reports. And the media is supposed to be part of an anti-Clinton conspiracy?

TUPAC STUDIES: At Berkeley, according to a report by Accuracy in Academia, students sit on the floor while Arvand Elihu, a junior majoring in biology, gives a lecture. The subject is "The Poetry and History of Tupac Shakur" and the course, self taught by students, is worth two units. Elihu says that the gansta rapper, who was gunned down a while back, was actually but a "contemporary historian representing the lifestyle and mentality of young black men raised in poverty by single mothers." Hashim Ali Quarbaani, a graduate student enrolled in the class, calls Tupac "a revolutionary. . . . He speaks the truth in the face of adversity. Even if people don't agree with him, he's not scared." Freshman Dawud Alim says he's a "window to the inner city. . . . Rarely does a white, affluent male have to migrate to the ghetto and understand what's going on there in order to succeed in society." Tupac is breaking out all over. This spring, the University of Wyoming's

THE SKY ISN'T FALLING: After Proposition 209 passed in California, rabid advocates of affirmative action predicted angrily that eventually there would be few blacks in the university system. Similarly grim prophecies followed the end of race-based admissions in Texas colleges and universities, as a result of the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals' *Hopwood* decision. But as Nat Hentoff recently pointed out, the sky has not fallen in either state. In California, there was a two-year drop in admissions of minorities, largely as a result of the scare campaign waged by affirmative action diehards. However, the *New York Times* recently reported "a small but significant increase in applications from blacks, Mexican Americans, Indians and Filipino Americans, largely reversing a two-year decline." The turnaround came largely as a result of thousands of letters sent out by the University of California president, Richard Atkinson, to academically promising students from underrepresented groups urging them to apply. In the Lone Star state, University of Texas officials predict an increase in minority enrollment at the system's four medical schools next fall—even without considering race in admissions decisions. The uptick was largely the result of admissions teams that went out with aggressive programs to interview a larger number of applicants than they had in the past. Why didn't they think of this 20 years ago?



Years of Solitude in the Cuban Diaspora

The Tasks of Exile

by Ricardo Pau-Llosa

Every nation needs a unifying myth—a body of values, narratives, causalities, goals, and premises which give purpose and coherence to all group endeavors and a great many individual ones as well. In this sense, 1959 was a crucial year for the Cuban psyche. Arguably, the most modern nation in Latin America and certainly among the region's most prosperous and literate, Cuba was poised to coalesce its disparate values into a national myth. In 1959 the communists offered what looked like a new core identity, and it was that offering which drove the Cuban masses into a frenzy which culminated in tyranny. The communists recognized and fed a deep hunger for a unifying identity, and in doing so they overrode what few ethical defense mechanisms Cubans collectively possessed and which, had they been engaged, might have averted disaster.

Despite its lack of a national myth that would function in the way that the "American Dream" does in the United States, the 15 percent of the Cuban nation that is in exile has lived an extraordinary adventure in political and moral survival. But the Cuban exile, with its vaunted economic and political successes, is remarkable because Cuba itself was unique and wondrous. A country the size of Tennessee, Cuba had produced by the mid-1950's as many or more genres and types of popular music than had the United States—*habanera*, *danzón*, *charanga*, *punto quajiro*, *guaguancó*, *son*, *rumba*, *mambo*, *cha-cha-chá*, *bolero*, to name only the most renowned. In fact, Cuban music is the only such gathering of popular forms which, in their own time, deeply influenced popular as well as so-called classical compositions by composers from other countries. Witness the impact of the habanera on the tango of Ignacio Pinero on George Gershwin. Cole Porter and Dizzy Gillespie both used the syncopation of Cuban music in their compositions, the latter through the influence of master Cuban musician Mario Bauza.

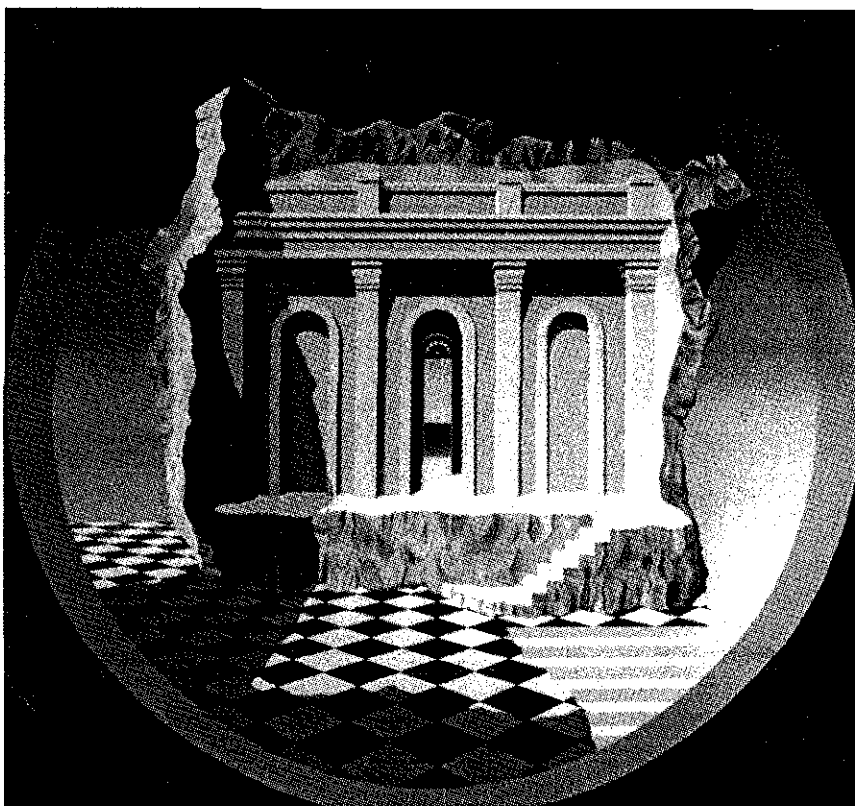
In all cultural fields, Cuba was a major power. By the mid-1950s the country was easily one of the four principal generators of culture in the Spanish-speaking world, along with Spain, Mexico and Argentina, all much larger and more populous than Cuba. Twenty years before modernism in the visual arts flourished in New York City, there was an avant-garde School of Havana which counted among its figures Amelia Peláez and Wifredo Lam. Cuba gave the world one of its greatest modern innovators in the theatre, Virgilio Piñera. Decades before "magical realism" brought world attention to Latin American letters, the novels of Alejo Carpentier and the poems of José Lezama Lima had epitomized this style and gone well beyond it. The paintings of Antonia Eiriz were "neo-expressionist" 20 years before this style gained notoriety. By the mid-'50s ballerina Alicia Alonso was cherished as much at home as abroad. Augustín Cárdenas would become the principal sculptor of abstract surrealism. Many other artists would become international figures. And then there is Havana, a city that was a monument to the harmonious integration of five centuries of architecture and urban planning.

Not only did Cuban culture project itself globally, but in the island it galvanized the imagination of its citizens regardless of class, race, ethnic provenance, and generation. In the 1950s, a 20-year

old Cuban vibrated to a 19th century *danzón* as well as to the newest hit by Beny Moré.

All that continuity has been lost, and nowhere has that loss been more inexplicable than in Miami, the capital of *el exilio*.

It is strange that the recipients of this culture have not passed it on to their children in exile. I have had only rare encounters with college-educated Cuban-Americans who are even minimally informed about any aspect of Cuban culture, although many of them claim to be proud of their heritage. In contrast, I have had numerous conver-



THE MANUSCRIPT BY HUMBERTO CALZADA

sations with Latin Americans of all social classes who are aware about Cuban culture, as well as with North Americans and Europeans who are curious enough about the country to have garnered some information. On one occasion, a prominent Cuban-American attorney in his early thirties, who ardently proclaims his *cubanidad* and anticommunism, felt no embarrassment in admitting he had never heard of Beny Moré, the legendary singer, composer, and band leader who is the country's most renowned musician.

El exilio's abysmal record of cultural preservation and transmission is matched only by our political stupidity in matters that concern culture. Communist Cuba co-opted the nation's cultural fecundity from the beginning, effectively masquerading to this day as the only communist regime with a lively court of artists, film-makers, and writers. An unprecedented number of Cuba's great artists, including a great many who grew up in communism, are presently in exile, scattered throughout the western hemisphere and Europe. One would think that the shrewd leadership of the Cuban exile community in Miami would nourish these artists, for the obvious political advantage if nothing else.

Not only has there been no welcome or acknowledgment to these artists, there are no significant Cuban exile cultural institutions in Miami or anywhere else. No folklorical ballet, no Cuban culinary institute. In nearly 40 years, Miami Cubans on their own have produced a single institution, the Cuban Museum of Arts and Culture (recently renamed the Cuban Museum of the Americas), whose consistent lack of professionalism, compounded by poor funding and trickling support from the community, make it an object of pity and ridicule.

Not only have Cubans in Miami not cherished and nurtured the values of their traditional culture, they have failed to develop new organizations that articulate their exile experiences to the rest of the world. There are good collections of

materials on Cuba in the libraries of the University of Miami and Florida International University, but these are available mostly to students and scholars. Nowhere is there a popularly accessible center run by Cuban exiles that fulfills our need to counter the onslaught of misinformation and propaganda which has been emanating from communist Cuba for nearly 40 years.

This propaganda and the incessant barrage of attacks and smear campaigns against the Cuban exile community hail from two allied sectors: American "liberals" and "progressives," and a host of mediocrities inside the Cuban community who call themselves "moderates" while collaborating with the communist regime. Vicious as these attacks are in the mainstream press and entertainment, in the cultural arena they are complemented by a more sinister activity—a campaign of automatic praise reserved for Cuban artists who show sympathy for communist rule (regardless of their true merits as artists). The MacArthur Foundation and Guggenheim Foundation's Latin American Program are dominated by the left and routinely bestow awards on communist Cuba's official artists and foreign apologists. At best, a grimacing mask of tolerance is shown to Cuban artists who keep their hatred of communism to themselves. Cuban artists who denounce what communism has done to their homeland put their American careers in grave jeopardy.

This system of valuation is fully operative even in mass-circulating South Florida publications like the *Miami Herald* and the *New Times*, where Cuban artists and writers who are either "moderate" or openly sympathetic to the communists are more likely to get greater and more sympathetic coverage than worthy artists who are considered hard-line anticommunists.

The situation is far worse in specialized publications. *Art in America*, the country's most influential art magazine, has been giddily supportive of the Cuban regime for decades. A recent article on Cuban painter and installation artist José Bedia by Robert Farris Thompson made but one convoluted reference to the artist's political position. After seconding Luis Camnitzer (an Uruguayan critic who is a staunch defender of communist tyranny in Cuba) in asserting that the "severe economic dislocation on the island [was] triggered by the collapse of Russian communism," Thompson tells us that Bedia, who left Havana in 1990 for Mexico and finally settled in Miami in 1993, "figures prominently among these exiles." The implication is that the impact of world affairs on the Cuban economy alone, and not the political convictions of Bedia, led him and other artists to leave Cuba, as if Bedia would have preferred to live in a dictatorship had the economy been peachy, or as if in a totalitarian scenario economics and politics and every other aspect of life were not bound inextricably to the behavior of the state.

It is easy to imagine how different the political tone of the article would have been had Bedia been a Chilean who endured the Pinochet dictatorship or a black South African during the heyday of apartheid. Of course, Thompson makes no mention of the many references against the communist regime scattered throughout Bedia's works. For Cuban artists, generous coverage in *Art in America* or in practically any other prominent art magazine in the United States depends entirely on the artist's political obedience, or at least on the artist's discretion. Pathetically, most Cuban exile art collectors are more willing to invest in works by exile artists who accept these "progressive" rules than in works by exile artists who reject them. Money is a lot of people's *patria* around here.

For most Cubans who fled, "exile" has become defined solely in economic and political terms, and the most urgent and basic expressions of these to boot. To the delight of "liberals," "progressives," and "moderates," a diasporic mind-set which binds exile with history, and liberation with destiny, and which sees triumph in millennial rather than in quarterly terms and in terms of consciousness rather than faction, has yet to dawn among the Cubans of *el exilio*. Even a cursory glance at other North American immigrant experiences—those of the Chinese, Irish, Italians, Japanese, Jews, Ukrainians (in Canada)—reveal a far greater preservation of their native culture. Erosion of cultural information and consequently of cultural allegiance has been slower in these once impoverished immigrant groups than among Cubans, most of whom came here as educated political exiles. This is clearly the opposite of what was supposed to have occurred.

If the Cuban exile community continues to see its duties in purely transitory, emergency terms and not in terms of building a nation, starting with its sense of itself and its unifying myth and culminating with its ethos and civic life, the totalitarians will surely have won, even if the particular regime which they installed in 1959 and continue to support crumbles tomorrow and a democratic, capitalist system is restored in Cuba. A modern democracy and a fruitful economy cannot be sustained without a unifying national myth and a resulting ethos to guide and nurture them. Absorbing and sustaining Cuba's culture is the only way to understand its people's collective psyche and the first step in the creation of a viable national myth.

The most troubling sign of Cuban exile short-sightedness is the indifference in which the expressions of our culture—or of any other culture, for that matter—are held by the leaders of this community. From my experiences with a number of these *líderes* I have learned that only what is of personal interest to them is conceived of as having any significance. Philistines to the fingertips, they believe that Cuba's future reconstruction is purely a matter of installing new phone and sewage lines, modernizing the infrastructure, and reviving the 1940 Constitution. Elections, private property, and investments will descend on a post-communist Cuba like the Holy Spirit and make everything well again. Perhaps they think of the last four decades of Cuban history as a kind of natural calamity that destroyed buildings and fields while leaving the nation's psyche intact.

Meanwhile, Cuban exile artists are left to fend for themselves, neglected by those who need to admire and nurture them and censored by those who should, at the very least, respect them. The latter are the "moderates" and "liberals" who erroneously see the last gasps of communism in Cuba as a "failed dream," instead of "the nightmare that succeeded," in the phrase of American photographer and Cuban traveler Dita Sullivan. All the things that have presumably gone wrong in Cuba—its economic, political, and moral ruin—are all manifestations of what has gone right with the totalitarian program. The destruction of Cuba's living culture and the obliteration of its people's memory of that culture is very much a part of that program, precisely because Cuba was one of the great cultures of the modern world, and communism is feudalism with a pseudo-modern mask.

Instead of understanding the primal role that artistic creativity has played in the birth and continuity of the Cuban nation, the ever more banal *exilio* alienates its artists by embracing the division of life into professional and special interest categories that are apropos of stable nations. To fulfill even the most basic tasks of exile, Cubans must break the lines that separate professions. The poet and the engineer, the politician and the painter must join forces in times of crisis, regardless of whether they would personally enjoy interacting with each other under normal circumstances. A national myth

cannot be forged otherwise.

Among the invaluable benefits provided by a coherent national myth is an intuitive standard by which to judge the myriad alternatives that confront a nation and its citizens. Most Cubans, including a surprising number of the wealthy, had little trouble accepting as just the sweeping confiscations of 1959-60 or the summary execution of alleged enemies of the people, because a national myth which embodied attitudes toward the sanctity of the individual and the inviolability of property did not exist. Wordy constitutions, like that of 1940, and ornate reverences to democracy do not constitute a national myth.

For all their alleged stridency and egomania, all genuine artists produce clear articulations of the collective soul. Even a real artist who collabo-

and Raúl Martínez—were included in an auction to raise funds for a Cuban exile organization. These individuals were high-ranking functionaries or exponents of the Cuban regime, and they also happened to be artists. Yet the *Herald* has continued to describe them in countless reports, opinion pieces and editorials, as merely "artists who still live in Cuba and have not broken with the Castro government."

Mariano Rodríguez, who died in 1990, was a lifelong and boastful member of Cuba's communist party and, after 1959, a Torquemada who persecuted artists who weren't revolutionary enough for his tastes. For years, Rodríguez had been a member of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party. Yet, recently Gail Meadows, a prominent writer for the *Herald*, referred to him and the other

official artists whose works were included in that fateful 1988 auction as "painters who lived in Cuba and were said to be sympathetic to Fidel Castro". As if Mariano Rodríguez's fervent communism were an unfounded rumor, another rabid exile fantasy.

Presenting the four artists as hapless victims of political circumstances to an uninformed readership that trusts the *Herald* to provide information enables the paper to exacerbate the image of exiles as fanatics. The *Herald* also attacks "intolerant" Cuban exiles who opposed the inclusion of these works in the auction. However, from a legal standpoint, the newspaper could have described the four artists truthfully as functionaries and exponents of the Cuban regime and still have made the same case. The *Herald's* objective in this issue is to take advantage of every opportunity to damage the reputation of the exile community. Speaking truthfully about these apparatchik-artists would have blunted the edge of the *Herald's* argument because the exiles would not have appeared as intransigent in demanding that works realized by officials in the communist government that has persecuted them be excluded from fund-raising

auctions to benefit the only independent, Cuban exile-run cultural institution in existence.

After almost 10 years of repeating this misinformation it is safe to assume that the *Herald* is acting out of bad faith rather than ignorance. What matters to this newspaper is the same thing that matters to the commissars in Havana, their "progressive" sycophants in the foreign press and academe, and the several masters of harangue in Little Havana radio stations: reducing Cubans, their suffering, history, and culture to the status of rhetorical utensils.

The solitude which has hammered Cuba's exiled artists has, however, left an inestimable reservoir of passion in the works of those who have endured these injustices without caving in. Witness writers Lydia Cabrera and Reinaldo Arenas, trumpettist Chocolate Armenteros, painters Rafael Soriano and Humberto Calzada, sculptor Rolando López Dirube, architect Nicolás Quintana, composer Juan Carlos Formell, singer Olga Guillot among many other brave artists who have not buckled. Cuba has been as alone as its artists of conviction, as its poets of exile. If its artists have endured hypocrisy and persecution, so has the nation in witnessing the spectacle of countless journalists and intellectuals and two popes—Paul VI and John Paul II—acquiescing to the crimes of a tyrannical government.

Understanding the incandescent solitude of the Cuban artist in exile is but one way of understanding the brutal but soul-building *soledad* of the Cuban people.

Richardo Pau-Llosa is a Cuban-American poet and art critic living in Miami. A different version of this essay was delivered as a paper at the Second Annual South Florida Symposium on Cuba, hosted by the Cuban Studies Association at the University of Miami, September 1997.

Illustrations by Humberto Calzada, a Miami-based painter.



A WORLD WITHIN #20 BY HUMBERTO CALZADA

rates with tyranny may produce works which opponents of that tyranny need to reflect upon, for the essential task at hand is that of building a modern Cuban myth upon which to erect an ethics, a constitution, laws, customs, goals, and dreams. Irrate attacks on visiting communist artists are therefore ludicrous, and what's more they lack any moral basis coming from an exile community that neglects its own artists.

The New World is about self-definition, not sedimentation. The geology of historical forces which have given Asian and European nations their identifying myths do not work in the western hemisphere, for this is a region defined by a unique and paradoxical union between two actions of the collective mind: synthesizing pasts that are still alive in the present, and breaking out toward the future.

All exile artists endure Cuban Miami's intractable philistinism and "liberal" America's hypocritical rhetoric of tolerance. The artist in exile is relegated to the status of a decorative, marginal entity or a political pawn. The writer becomes an entertainer of the word, the visual artist is transformed into a supplier of investment-quality objects for the collector, the musician is made to hack cliché rhythms at a social event. Meanwhile, epic battles are fought in Miami over the battered artist's political allegiances, past or present, by imbeciles of all political stripes who would rather watch a unique nation die than joyously assume the tasks of recovery. Cuban exile artists must see themselves manipulated by all factions yet they are nurtured by none. They are packaged and repackaged according to the political needs of media gurus, radio demagogues, and smug ignoramuses with a newspaper byline.

Witness a single and spectacularly recurring example of this mercenary packaging in the *Miami Herald's* reports and comments over the last decade on the Cuban museum and the now infamous April 1988 auction which ripped that institution apart. Works by four artists—Mariano Rodríguez, Carmelo González, Manuel Mendive,

Watching the School of the Americas Watch The War in Central America Continues

by Paul Mulshine

In 1985, I made my first trip to El Salvador. I had been commissioned to write some columns for a newspaper in Philadelphia, and, being young and naive, I assumed that most of these columns would deal with the harsh military dictatorship that kept the legitimate aspirations of the people for freedom and democracy in check.

Anyone who read the newspapers back in that era was left with the impression that the people of El Salvador were being held down by a harsh and repressive government. And I read a lot of newspapers. Books, too. Everything I read prepared me for a country in which the government was hated because of repressive treatment of the guerrilla insurgency.

Nothing prepared me for what I actually encountered in El Salvador. The government was hated, all right. But not for being too tough on the guerrillas. It was hated for being too lenient. Typical was the guy who ran the motel in which I wound up staying. His name was Rafael, and he was a very serious, hard-working man. He had spent years pushing an ice-cream cart through town to earn the money to buy the motel in La Libertad, a run-down, fading former port outside the capital. It wasn't much of a place—concrete rooms and cold-water showers—but Raphael and his family kept it spotless and offered excellent service.

During the day, I would run around and interview government officials, union members, and so forth. At night, I'd sit on the steps of the hotel sipping a beer and listening to Rafael describe Salvadoran politics. I could tell by the slow, patient way Rafael spoke to me that he thought I was a bit misguided. One night I asked him about some of the more questionable killings carried out by the Salvadoran anti-communists. There was the 1981 rape and killing of four American nuns, who had been based in a house not far from where we sat. Before that was the 1979 killing of the Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Romero. These seemed to me to be not only acts of senseless brutality, but propaganda disasters as well. I gave Rafael a long dissertation on that theme and then asked: What about Romero?

"*Fue comunista*," he said with a shrug. He was a communist. So were the nuns, for that matter, he allowed. *Comunistas*, he said.

That was that. Case closed. The fact that the victims were religious people meant nothing to Rafael. They were communists and therefore it was good that they had been shot. (He didn't endorse rape; Rafael was a serious man who considered himself above such barbarities.)

His views seemed harsh to me, but I didn't feel up to arguing Salvadoran politics with a Salvadoran. Anyhow, I had no stake in the matter, other than a vaguely internationalist orientation. Rafael did.

A few weeks later I traveled down to Nicaragua for a week. The Marxists had won in Nicaragua, and life was not pleasant for small businessmen like Rafael. Those who opposed the party openly had seen their property confiscated. The rest got to pretend they still owned their property, but they were little more than caretakers for the Sandinistas. Both the police force and the army were branches of the Sandinista party and the secret police watched everyone, block by block, in a network based on the Cuban model.

Not only that, but the country was an armed camp. Soviet-bloc military equipment was

everywhere, from the AK-47 rifles to the Russian jeeps and trucks to the MI-24 helicopters, huge flying tanks. I was amazed at the sheer volume of it all and even further amazed by the reaction of the fellow Americans I met in Nicaragua. Even the journalists would proclaim, sitting in a restaurant in the midst of all this armament, that the Sandinistas were not communists and were in fact nonaligned. The willful ignorance astounded me. It was as if they were sitting in the officers club at Fort Dix and declaring that the United States was nonaligned.

When I got back to El Salvador I had



PROTESTERS CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL TRESPASSING AT THE SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS

more empathy with Rafael. I started to imagine how I'd feel in a similar situation. How many people would I be willing to kill to keep from having my country taken over by the Marxists? Would I restrict myself to killing just the gun-carrying Marxists? Or would I kill the people who gave the Marxists logistical support? Who knows if Stalin or Lenin ever actually carried a gun? In a sense they too may have been "noncombatants." Yet wouldn't the world have been a better place if they had been shot before they grabbed power? These were tough questions but most Americans seemed to avoid thinking about them back in the mid-'80s by simply pretending that the Marxists weren't Marxists.

It was around this time that I began to develop something of a hatred for many of my fellow Americans who were playing the role of revolutionary tourists in Central America. So many Americans—whether establishment journalists or the Birkenstock-wearing political tourists who came to be known as *sandalistas* seemed incapable of understanding a guy like Rafael, by which I mean a Central American whom they couldn't patronize. Give them a Mayan Indian struggling along under the weight of a load of firewood or an Indian woman with a crying baby and they were off to the races. Grinding poverty. American imperialism. International capitalism. You name it. But a guy like Rafael, a hard-working owner of a small business who was financially independent and who needed nothing from an American but \$6 a night for the room—a guy like this would cross their circuits because of the central point he insisted on making: he had as much right not to live under communism as they did.

Actually, at the time, I thought Raphael was overstating the case when he labeled those

nuns communists. They were, after all, nuns. But rather than simply being godly angels of mercy, they were rendering unto Caesar and perhaps unto the guerrillas themselves during their Central American sojourn. I realized that just the other day when I came across a rather interesting book published in 1987. The title is *Fidel and Religion*, and the author, a Brazilian priest named Frei Betto, quotes Castro as saying that he met with the four murdered Maryknoll nuns in Nicaragua shortly before they returned to El Salvador and that Castro approved greatly of their work.

I came across that book because of a recent encounter I had here in New Jersey with a group called School of the Americas Watch. SOA Watch is headed by a Maryknoll priest named Roy Bourgeois. It is a curious group. Its sole purpose is to shut down the School of the Americas, a training facility at Fort Benning, Georgia, where soldiers from a number of Latin American nations take courses in various military specialties. More than 60,000 Latin American military officers have attended the school since its founding in 1946 and many have used their training to beat back the various Marxist guerrillas who did their best to put their countries on the losing side of the Cold War and of history itself.

In the fall of last year, I was dimly aware of this group only because I make a habit of listening to WQXR, a public-radio station in New York City that is still pushing the Marxist line with a side order of New Age diet and health tips. The deeply concerned people at WQXR were dripping with compassion for the SOA Watch crew. From the descriptions, I gathered that they were still committed to the nearly fifteen years' *passee* ideology of the sandalistas. It seems that several of them had been

sentenced to six months in jail for trespassing at Fort Benning. They did it twice. The first time the judge gave them a slap on the wrist and told them not to do it again. The second time, the judge said the equivalent of "I thought I told you not to do that again," and sent them to jail.

You'd think they would have appreciated the judge's actions. After all, the entire point of civil disobedience is to get thrown in jail. But no, in true '60s-'80s fashion, they set up a loud and grating whine that eventually made its way north from Fort Benning. It seems that SOA Watch had somehow managed to talk the New Jersey Assembly into considering a resolution calling for the School of the Americas to be shut down.

I first learned of this in an article on the front page of the newspaper where I work. I was amazed. It was as if the state assembly were going to pass a resolution declaring there was life on Jupiter. Like most state legislatures, ours is incredibly parochial and usually contents itself by mishandling issues like car insurance. In fact, I would bet a year's salary that not a single one of our legislators could name the countries of Central America. Yet here they were considering a condemnation of the U.S. Army over an issue none of them understood.

Perhaps they were taken in by the religious aspect of the SOA Watch operation. Bourgeois is, after all, a priest. And the average priest you run into in New Jersey is a trustworthy sort with no political agenda. As someone who has had 12 years of Catholic education, I know the type.

But my 12 years of Catholic education also gave me some insight into the radically different way the Church operates in Latin America. The tradition of separation of church and state is

two centuries old in the U.S., but it is relatively new in Latin America. The mainstream Catholic Church has accepted the idea of forswearing temporal power, but the left-wingers never quite got it. The so-called "liberation theologians" of the 1960s and after developed a love for political power that overcame their love for peace. When the wars broke out in Central America in the late 1970s, they didn't hesitate to endorse the use of modern weaponry to attain the old-world goal of gaining earthly power over their fellow men.

A wonderful irony here is that Pope John Paul II, known as a traditionalist, actually has the more modern view. He believes the clergy should stay out of politics. A pivotal moment for the liberation theology types occurred in 1982 when John Paul visited Nicaragua. He publicly scolded Sandinista Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto, a priest, for ignoring the Vatican's entirely sensible order that priests should not hold political office. For this, the pope was roundly derided by the liberation theology types, at least one of whom actually led an armed guerrilla group in Colombia.

All this is a bit obscure to the people in power in Trenton, New Jersey, and perhaps it says something good about them that they have a natural tendency to assume that a priest wouldn't bend the truth for some base political motive. One such assemblyman was Joe Azzolina. His name had appeared on the list of the co-sponsors of the resolution to shut down the School of the Americas on a press release. The night before the vote I called him and was about ask him some questions based on what my preliminary research had revealed: That Father Bourgeois was a blatant supporter of the Marxists who, though a priest, had once gone on patrol with the Salvadoran guerrillas. That the literature of SOA Watch was full of the standard cliches bashing both America and the American military. That few of their charges stood up to scrutiny.

Before I could get started, Azzolina cut me off. "I did some checking on this," he said. "When I first heard of this, I didn't really understand it. Being a military guy, I wanted to check things out."

It turned out that Azzolina had spent more than 40 years in the Navy and the reserves. Ironically, he had been an officer on the battleship *New Jersey* when it had been posted off the coast of Nicaragua in the 1980s to keep an eye on the shipments of Soviet arms arriving by sea.

"I talked with some of my old military buddies, retired Army and Navy people and they said, 'Joe, don't get involved in that.'"

The SOA Watch people had originally gotten Azzolina's attention with claims that the School of the Americas is what they termed a "school of assassins." Their propaganda technique is to take virtually every atrocity that ever occurred in Latin America—except, of course, the many atrocities of the Sandinistas—and link it to a graduate of the School of the Americas. Typical was their assertion that the assassination of Archbishop Romero was the SOA's fault because Romero was killed by Roberto D'Aubuisson, a Salvadoran colonel who had once attended the SOA. The impression created is that D'Aubuisson was coached in assassination by the evil Americans at Fort Benning. One problem: D'Aubuisson's sole link to the school was that he had taken a course in radio operations long before El Salvador's civil war began.

Then there was the Guatemalan general Hector Gramajo, derided by SOA Watch as a School of the Americas graduate. Actually, he didn't attend the SOA. He did attend Harvard, however, so perhaps that school should be shut down too.

It was illogic like that which created false impressions of the school, Azzolina said. He had since requested that the SOA Watch take his name off the press release and he told me he intended to oppose the bill.

Common sense. A rare quality in the New Jersey Assembly, it turned out. The next day I went to Trenton to see what would happen to the bill. It was a frightening experience. The group held a press conference in an Assembly hearing room. As I entered, the room I realized that I seemed to be the only journalist there. The rest of the room was full of SOA Watch people.

Bourgeois began to address the faithful. "New Jersey is going to send a signal to the rest of the country that we are not going to tolerate a school that encourages terrorism and torture," he said. All around the room faces glowed. The atmosphere was reminiscent of Managua back when the Sandinistas were denouncing the evil yanqui. Bourgeois uttered the usual string of lies and half-truths about the U.S. military and his

ed—at least knew what they were talking about. But the people who now make up the left are incapable of perceiving complexity in the world, or of making a complex judgement based on ends and means. The few actual communists they've met, say a Guatemalan guerrilla or a Sandinista bureaucrat, did not seem to be evil. Therefore they could not be communist. The idea that communism is a system that actually accomplished many good things while being essentially evil is much too complex for them to handle. So they simply deny that communism existed. If Castro had never used the word "communist" to describe himself, they would be all too happy to argue that he was only a maligned peasant nationalist driven to extremes by U.S. hostility.

Bamboozling these buffoons must have been child's play for a con man of Roy Bourgeois' caliber. He is 57 and he grew up in an age when people actually learned things. He was born in a small town in Louisiana and served in the U.S. Navy before entering the priesthood and politics, so it is safe to say he is not an uneducated or naive man. But he has the bugged-out eyes that you see only in 15th-century saints and in modern-day fruitarians.

At the meeting I attended, Bourgeois eventually gave up the lectern to a Guatemalan immigrant who was introduced as Gennaro Jacinto. He took the microphone and began to spin a convoluted tale that started with the disappearance of his uncle in the mountain town of Huehuetenango, Guatemala, in 1982, allegedly because of the Guatemalan military. Having established that in a sentence or two, Senor Jacinto then began a long speech that detoured into his travails in trying to sneak over the U.S. border and eventually ended with a description of his time spent wandering around homeless in Arizona.

He was doing his best to make some point about the School of the Americas, but I still haven't figured out what that point might be. Guatemala was not receiving U.S. military aid in the years during which the civil war reached its apex. The government had turned it down, sad to say, because America's standards of human rights were too stringent. The Guatemalan troops carried Israeli weapons. The School of the Americas had absolutely nothing to do with the disappearance of poor Gennaro's uncle (and for all anyone in New Jersey knows, I might add, the uncle may be tending bar out on the Caribbean coast).

After Jacinto was done recounting his life story, two assemblymen got into the act. Assembly Democratic leader Joe Doria got up and said, "We in the United States should not be funding a school that trains assassins and that funds atrocities." And John Kelly, an aging and befuddled Republican, trumped that with an assertion that the school "teaches people to murder, rape, and massacre individuals."

The presentation ended. Though it was billed as a press conference, no questions were solicited. This was just as well. As a professional journalist, I like to conduct my interviews without intercession from a shouting mob of true believers.

I caught Assemblyman Doria at the door and asked if he was aware that virtually nothing uttered by SOA Watch was true. For example, I noted, Guatemala was not receiving U.S. military aid at the time the speaker's alleged uncle allegedly disappeared. "I have no idea why he was speaking," Doria said. He seemed extremely upset at being asked an actual question after this love-in. He began fuming and sputtering and he left.

I next got a hold of Kelly, but not before a woman who represented the Assembly Republicans tried to stop me from asking any more questions. "Quick," I said to her. "What's the capital of Nicaragua?" She stood there speechless for a moment and left.



FATHER ROY BOURGEOIS

apostles nodded approvingly.

The only surprise was the advanced age of many of the SOA Watch people. Along with the usual flock of '60s throwbacks there were a fair number of older people. They looked like nice, sincere Catholics who had somehow been bamboozled into signing up for the reverend's attempt to re-fight the Cold War so that the ending comes out right.

This was a new phenomenon. Usually the America-bashers tended to come from the college crowd, but these oldsters looked like they belonged at the parish bake sale, selling cakes to fund a RV trip to Disney World.

I spoke to several of these people and not one had the slightest idea what communism is, was, or had been. My favorite was a 31-year-old sandalista named Linda Panetta. Her picture had appeared in my newspaper a few days before. She sat there scratching her chin, looking concerned and wearing—and I know this is such a cliché that you will accuse me of making it up—a Mayan Indian vest. I swear to God.

Anyhow, when I had called her up the night before I asked her about a quote she had given to our reporter. She had told him that none of the Latin-American Marxists were Marxists and that "There has never been a Communist threat, in Latin America."

"What about Cuba?" I asked.

She began to hem and haw. Then she hung up. (A common pattern among SOA Watch people, by the way. They are so used to getting softball questions from the liberal media that at the first sign of critical thinking they end the conversation.)

In the good old days when a Marxist was a Marxist and had read the Marxist canon, our home-grown lefties—though horribly misguid-

I asked Kelly, a pleasant enough old gent who is a World War II vet, if he truly believed, as SOA Watch asserts, that the U.S. Army advisers directed Salvadoran soldiers to murder six priests in 1989. "I'm convinced they did," he said.

I asked him where he got the idea that U.S. soldiers were teaching people to murder, rape and massacre.

"I read a few pamphlets," Kelly said.

Well, at least he was honest. He could have claimed that he actually made an effort to comprehend a complex issue.

I assumed the next step in this process would be come sort of hearing at which both sides on this controversy would air their views. Nope. On the floor of the Assembly, I ran into Azzolina. He told me that the Republicans had had a caucus that morning at which he'd raised some questions about the School of the Americas Watch. But the deal was done. The Republicans were going to support the resolution on a voice vote. As for the Democrats, I didn't bother asking.

The only concession to sanity was that the Assembly leadership had canceled a speech by Bourgeois, Azzolina told me. In other words, the New Jersey Assembly came within inches of letting a man who had patrolled with a Marxist guerrilla group—one that was responsible for the deaths of 29 American servicemen during the 1980s—take its floor for a round of America-bashing.

The resolution passed as expected on a voice vote. I heard a couple of loud nays from the Republican side of the aisle, but that was the sole concession to rationality. When I later cornered some Republicans, they admitted the whole thing was a disgrace. But no one takes these resolutions seriously, they told me.

Well, no one should take these resolutions seriously. But people do. SOA Watch has a sophisticated propaganda machine that uses each tiny victory as a stepping stone to the next. In New Jersey, for example, the SOA Watch cited among its previous supporters an amorphous "California chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars." For all anyone in New Jersey knew, this chapter may have been a front for a marijuana buyers' co-op. Even if the chapter was legit, chances are its members knew about as much about Latin American politics as Kelly and Doria, which is to say nothing at all.

The Assembly vote, largely ignored in New Jersey, made it onto the Associated Press national wire. Roy Bourgeois was quoted: "I'm riding high. This vote will influence other states. It's an historic moment in that sense." He named New York and Pennsylvania as the next dominos in his theory.

The strategy is to pile these small victories upon each other in an attempt to convince Congress to close down the school. Last year, SOA Watch came within four votes of getting the House of Representatives to approve a \$1.5 million cut in the school's operating budget. Leading the charge was Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts.

Ironically, it was young Joe's uncle, President John F. Kennedy, who was responsible for the school's emphasis on counter-insurgency work in Latin America. After the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1962, Kennedy rightly reasoned that Fidel Castro would be making an effort to subvert the rest of Latin America. He ordered the school to take the aggressive stance against com-

munist that worked so well during the 1980s and was ultimately successful in keeping the Marxists from attaining their goals.

This may seem like ancient history, but it's important to remember that as recently as a decade ago the Marxists still had hopes of turning Central America into "another Vietnam." In 1987, I interviewed a number of Marxist students on strike at a university in Mexico City. They were quite sure of their agenda. They'd already won Nicaragua. El Salvador and Guatemala would be next. And Mexico was in chaos, ripe for revolution.

Their theory was faulty. In 1989 the Salvadoran guerrillas had their "final offensive," which made for some dramatic TV footage of street-fighting in San Salvador but then petered out. Then the Sandinistas were pressured into holding a free election and were quickly shown the door. And of course, Mexico is always in chaos, but it's already run by a self-described "revolutionary" party. And no one knows better than a revolutionary how to thwart revolution.

All of these things happened so quickly that I suspect the sandalistas must still be in shock, especially the Maryknolls. Just a few years ago the liberation theologians had several priests in high-ranking positions in the Sandinista politburo. They seemed to be on the cutting edge of history. Now the dream is dead. Capitalism won, and in Latin America the Marxists have been reduced to arguing that they are better at managing capitalism than the right-wing parties. They have gelded themselves and become social democrats.

Having been so thoroughly rejected by history, Roy Bourgeois and his followers seem determined to find some sort of moral vindication. But they refuse to do so honestly. They refuse to stick to the arguments they made back when the Cold War was still in the balance. Then, they were *internacionalistas*, the term of honor conferred on foreigners who had come to Nicaragua to aid the revolution. But now that internationalism has failed they are isolationists. They say that now with the Cold War ended, it is no longer necessary for the U.S. to play the sort of role it once did in Central America. This argument has great resonance with many Americans who would not for a second support Castro, the Sandinistas, or any of the other Marxists so popular with SOA Watch. And if SOA Watch eventually prevails in getting the school shut down, it will be this isolationist impulse that will be responsible.

But that is just one of the big lies being peddled by SOA Watch. More significant is their attempt to argue that they oppose the School of the Americas because the school trained Latin American soldiers to kill the innocent. In fact, anyone who was in Central America in the 1980s knows that the single biggest problem the United States faced was trying to keep its allies from the sort of pointless slaughter that accomplishes little politically but gives the enemy a propaganda victory. The killings of Romero and the nuns were repellent for many reasons, among them that these events worked against the interests of the U.S. and therefore of the people of the region.

The SOA Watch crew's real gripe is not that the school trained soldiers to kill the innocent, but that it trained them to kill the guilty. If the SOA Watch crowd had had its way, not a single

Marxist guerrilla would have died in Latin America during the 1980s. Those guerrillas would have retained the right to kill the soldiers of the government of El Salvador and elsewhere, however.

The core argument of the SOA Watch, one that they refrain from employing when cornering gullible legislators, is the old cliché about the evil American capitalists. I quote from their literature: "When economic leverage no longer keeps people and nations in line, the United States will likely revert to cruder methods of terror and torture."

Yes, we are a thoroughly rotten bunch, we Americans. And more rottenness is in the works. The latest atrocity that SOA Watch is blaming us for—get this!—is the massacre of 45 Indians in the Mexican state of Chiapas. From the editorial pages of the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, I quote a character named Ted Lewis, identified as "the Mexico program director for the human rights group Global Exchange":

"The recent massacre of indigenous people in Chiapas is a wake-up call to Congress and the Clinton administration. The U.S. government must halt training of Mexican military officers at the School of the Americas and shipment of weapons and riot-control gear to Mexico."

This is wonderful stuff, a conspiracy theory of the first order. Apparently the Mexican army was incapable of figuring out on its own how to facilitate a pointless massacre that accomplished no military purpose and was an international public relations disaster for the Mexican government. For a debacle like this, U.S. advice was needed.

But a more wonderful irony is that, now that the Cold War is over, the left is chasing its own tail. Mexico is, after all, headed by exactly the sort of political party that leftists love, a huge, centralized, big-government bureaucracy that rigs elections to screw the right wing. Its very name is a tribute to sappy leftist ideals—the Institutional Revolutionary Party.

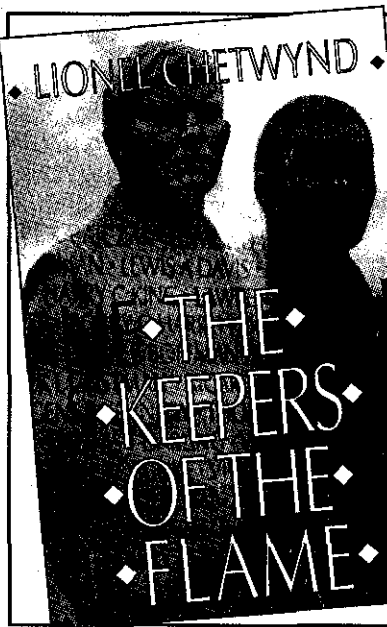
Though our lefties have adopted the Zapatista rebels in the southern state of Chiapas, their revolt is at heart one of a neglected minority in a far-flung state against a faceless central government made up of callous bureaucrats. The Zapatista leader, Subcomandante Marcos, has more in common with a leader of the Michigan militia than with the clowns who picket Fort Benning.

But the left is desperate for an issue these days, and they've got to work with the material at hand. This one was too good to pass up. Guys like Roy Bourgeois love ignorant peasants in places like Chiapas for the same reason they love ignorant legislators in places like Trenton.

But if there is indeed a God in heaven, this is what I would love to have Him require of his humble servant, Roy Bourgeois. Bourgeois would be required to sit down with a Latin American whom he could not patronize, namely my friend Rafael. And he would have to explain to him exactly why Rafael should be required to live under a Marxist government.

And I get to sit and watch.

Paul Mulshine is a columnist for the *Star-Ledger* in Newark, NJ and a frequent contributor to *Heterodoxy*.



◆ SECOND THOUGHTS BOOKS INTRODUCES A NEW BROADSIDE ◆ ◆ KEEPERS OF THE FLAME ◆

To honor the 25th anniversary of the release of the American POWs, the Center for the Study of Popular Culture published Lionel Chetwynd's *The Keepers of the Flame*, an essay to remind us that those who pay the price of our freedom should not be forgotten.

Lionel Chetwynd is a filmmaker who served in the 3rd Battalion Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada and is now an American citizen. One of the dominant themes of his creative life has been to remember the Vietnam War from a point of view that honors those who fought there, rather than those who fought against the war here. He is the writer-director of *The Hanoi Hilton*, a searing film about America's POWs and their heroic endurance in the notorious North Vietnamese Hoa Loa prison. This inspiring epic was both hailed and assailed by the nation's film critics, but was universally embraced by the most important critics of all—the men and women of the armed forces and the prisoners whose story it told. Mr. Chetwynd followed this with *To Heal A Nation*, which he wrote and executive produced, telling the story of the building of the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial. He currently serves on the Memorial's National Sponsoring Committee.

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The Last Panther, Continued from page 1

When everyone else seemed willing to let the Panther experience fade into the ambivalence of history, David Hilliard recognized the value of Pantherism as a nostalgic artifact and sought to package and sell it. Staging celebrations and exhibitions of photos and establishing the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation, Hilliard has been busy during the '90s closing deals on everything from Panther films to archive collection sales. He's the man to see, having positioned himself at the center of the all things commercial having to do with the Black Panther Party. He's been known to jump on stage for a little bow and spiel even where the pickings are slim, as he did in a 1995 one man show interpreting Huey Newton or at the recent opening of Panther artist Emory Douglas' drawings at a local Berkeley club. He is the official Panther archivist, historian, and entrepreneur all in one. He is so sensitive to the fluctuations of the market that when an event like the recent release of L.A. Panther Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt occurs, Hilliard is ready to take profits in the rise of Panther stock.

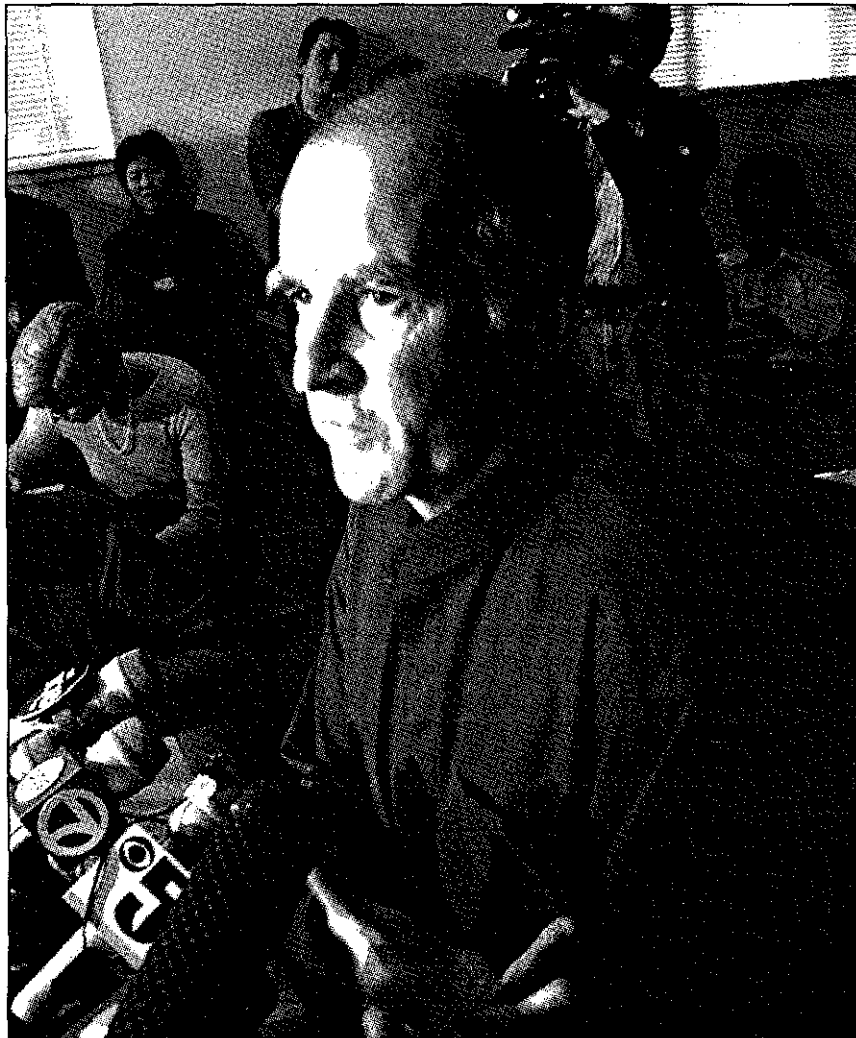
Hilliard has managed this after rehabilitating himself from a long period of booze and crack abuse (Hilliard candidly admits he was the one who first turned Huey Newton onto the crack cocaine which ultimately finished him off, as years of sniffing coke and drinking had not previously done. Newton, hopelessly addicted, was gunned down by a young drug dealer in 1989 in front of a known crack house in West Oakland). In the '70s Hilliard worked for Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy. Then Hayden became a political candidate and Hilliard came back to the Bay Area and worked for the Longshoremen's Union and then the SEIU (Service Employees' International Union), although much of the time in both jobs on disability leave. By the 90s he'd lost his union job and had little else to do than to take over as full time keeper of the flame of the Panthers. He gained legitimacy in that role by successfully wooing Newton's widow Fredrika, who appeared to confer status on him as Newton's successor. (Hilliard shared her home in Berkeley until recently, and still appears at her side at many official Panther memorial functions.)

This union of leftover Panthers quickly took on business as well as emotional implications. According to the California State Registry of Charitable Trusts, the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation was formed by the two of them in 1993, with Fredrika as President, and Hilliard variously as Treasurer in some years, Executive Director in others. The Foundation, judging from state records, was created primarily to handle commercial deals Hilliard and Fredrika were trying to put together. By doing Panther business under the charitable trust aegis, money received by them was tax deductible. What "programs" there have been, and they appear to be paltry few indeed, seem to have as their goal, aside from moneymaking (\$413,000 in total so far), the continued feeding of the old Panther myths.

This past October, Hilliard, with Fredrika, also inaugurated the so-called Panther Legacy Tours of Oakland. In interviews with the *New York Times* and other papers, Hilliard stressed that the tours were educational, highlighting an important time in Oakland's history, the Panther time of the '60s and '70s. In reality the itinerary is shallow and propagandistic, short on historical fact and long on nostalgia.

The bus trip around town costs 20 bucks a pop. Hilliard has been the tour "guide" on

each of the three tours that have been given so far (another is scheduled for late February) with Fredrika waiting back at the tour's start or occasionally serving refreshments. The inaugural run scored big in the press with three busloads of reporters and notables, top heavy with local political candidates, all clamoring to get on board and be retroactively endorsed by the Panther mystique. Jerry Brown got on the bus, and with him, outgoing Mayor Elihu Harris, Brown's rival, Alameda County Supervisor Mary King, and State Senator Barbara Lee heir apparent to retiring Ron Dellums' Congressional seat (who was also a teenaged volunteer driver for Newton back in the good old days.)



FORMER CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR JERRY BROWN, REINCARNATED AS A MAYORAL CANDIDATE

Hilliard focused the tour on landmarks from the innocent time, even before the Party was actually formed—the boyhood homes of Seale, Newton, and Hilliard; the site at Merritt College where Seale and Newton debated the new black politics of Malcolm X and Afrocentrism and Cuban freedom fighters.

Mayoral hopeful Mary King recalled going to the Fox Lounge, one of Newton's favorite hangouts (not on the Legacy Tour) during a transit strike: "The joy was to go there and have a cocktail with Huey." No doubt she was ignorant of the tense moment there in the summer of 1974 when Newton, irritated at the sight of an Oakland vice cop, George Whitfield, yelled to his six foot seven, 400-pound muscle, Robert Heard, "shoot him, shoot the pig-ass mother fucker." Cops later arrested a handful of Panthers in the bar with enough firepower on them to start a small war. In fact none of Newton's infamous bar and after-hour hangouts were included on the tour despite the fact he spent far more time at those spots than the official Panther offices the tour covered as if traveling through the holy land.

Especially glaring in the tour's omissions was the Lamp Post, the bar and restaurant Newton "bought," taking it over from a distant cousin, and staffing it with his Panther loyalists. His "living room" was how he referred to it, a play pen that turned ugly frequently enough as when, in the summer of 1974 he and Heard beat up two young black women who had "sassed" them. (Later, the Lamp Post was believed to be the destination of the Panthers' white bookkeeper, Betty Van Patter, who had made the mistake of being openly critical of financial

improprieties she was supposed to overlook as part of her job doing the bar's books. She was murdered, most likely on orders from Newton in Cuba while Elaine Brown was heading the Party; her body was found floating in the Bay, her head bludgeoned.) The Lamp Post was a major Panther operation and even Bobby Seale in an interview several years ago confirmed there were some Panther women turned out as prostitutes working out of the Lamp Post to feed the Party coffers.

Jerry Brown didn't ask about any of this, but he did make a few PC remarks about Oakland's heritage, pointedly drawing an analogy between Oakland's indigenous Ohlone tribe, pushed out of the area by early white settlers, and the besieged and equally threatened Black Panthers, a stretch of inspired political jawing echoed in Hilliard's comparison of the shooting death of Panther Bobby Hutton by an Oakland cop to the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. as part of his tour spiel.

Stopping the bus at the West Oakland site of the shootout in 1968, Hilliard told a bus load of children on another tour that the Bobby Hutton shooting, just a few days after the King killing, "showed they were out to get black leaders." But even in his vaguely worded insinuations, Hilliard was lying and he knew it. The shootout was part of a deliberately laid plan hatched by Eldridge Cleaver to ambush Oakland cops—a plan Cleaver admitted in an interview with this reporter as part of a 1980 *California* magazine article. Hilliard himself echoed that confession when he quoted Cleaver in his 1993 autobiography, *This Side of Glory*. "This is the plan. We'll transport a cache of guns from my house [in San Francisco] to West Oakland, catch a policeman on the way, and gun him down."

In his book, Hilliard claims to have been fiercely opposed to the ambush: "I don't feel like sacrificing my life for something I don't believe in. This is . . . absolutely crazy . . . insane." But he just couldn't, or

wouldn't, say no and in fact he joined the three car caravan of armed Panthers who ambushed the lone patrol car (two cops were shot, one seriously, with 49 bullet holes later found puncturing the patrol car). Hilliard was caught, charged, and convicted for his role in the ambush and served four years in prison.

The quaint early homes of the Panther heroes and the storefront offices of the halcyon days offers an easy mythology of the past: poor boys bravely fighting the system. Why should Hilliard disturb that vision by stopping the bus at Huey's well appointed penthouse overlooking Lake Merritt (the site where he pistol whipped a middle-aged black tailor, among other things) or the posh house in the Oakland hills purchased for him by his good friend film producer Bert Schneider (*Easy Rider*) when Newton returned from his illegal flight to Cuba (to avoid arrest for the shooting death of a 17-year-old Oakland street hooker.) Nor does the tour stop at one of several Panther barracks—ghetto houses crammed to the roofs with Panther rank and file members who did the drudge work, often toiling 16 to 18 hours a day collecting money or working later in Panther service programs for no money while Newton, Elaine Brown, and other chosen elite lived like pashas—no, those dorms, like the 29th Street address where a weapons cache was uncovered along with a "mud hole" in back, a deep pit filled with cold water where errant Party members were forced to stand for hours, were off limits to the Legacy Tour.

Hilliard's pitch on the bus for city monies to underwrite the Legacy Tours was predictable. He's been seeking grants and institu-

tional money for Panther "educational projects" for years, but so far neither the tour goers or other officials have coughed up. Hilliard had to settle for getting the job with Jerry Brown, while keeping up a steady stream of grant proposals.

It was not a difficult sell. Jerry Brown had ties with the Panthers, and especially with Elaine Brown, back into the early days of his governorship. In the mid 1970s, when she was acting head of the Panthers during Newton's "exile," she gained the Governor's ear to hear her arguments for overriding his freeway building moratorium to complete the Grove Shafter Freeway which brought bedroom suburbia to downtown Oakland. The *quid pro quo* was job quotas for local black workers, which the Panthers could use in their drive to take over Oakland politics.

Governor Brown was wowed by the beautiful Elaine. He appointed her to be part of his delegation as favorite son in the 1976 Democratic convention in L.A. She showed her loyalty by refusing to make the vote unanimous behind Jimmy Carter, holding out for Jerry by herself in the final count. And Jerry Brown squired her to social evenings back home in Oakland around this time, including a romantic ferry boat party cruise hosted by director Francis Ford Coppola.

When Jerry Brown returned from his foreign adventures in meditation in 1993 and settled in Oakland, buying a warehouse for his "We The People" and parceling out offices in his warren to like minded activists, it was no surprise that Panther Brown and Governor Brown caught up with each other, although around this time, Hilliard began escorting Elaine around town, often leaving Fredrika at home. And when Elaine vacated her new Pacific Park Plaza condo in Emeryville (bought with her \$400,000 book advance), Hilliard "house sat" while she globe-trotted.

Yet Jerry Brown's activities under his We The People umbrella have been the kind of white "visionary" enterprises—like the just folded so-called "School of Sustainability"—that have little to do with the lives of blacks in Oakland. Brown recognized that while he had name recognition, he hardly had a real base either in Oakland's black churches or in its major industries or cultural institutions. (Oakland's city school system, for example, is the third largest employer in the city.) So hooking up with a familiar part of Oakland's past of black heroes, however dubious that past might actually be, is good politics.

Elaine Brown, in turn, has showed up in the Bay Area recently as Jerry's campaign becomes more visible. (She lived outside Paris for awhile with her white industrialist lover but appears to have moved out once her book career took off. She has subsequently led a somewhat peripatetic life, flitting between New York and the Bay Area and showing up at Emory University where Kathleen Cleaver teaches on the law faculty.) The two Browns were visible mourners at the late Mayor Lionel Wilson's funeral, whose election in the mid-70s as Oakland's first black mayor was achieved with Panther support). If Jerry Brown is elected, it is presumed that Elaine Brown, Hilliard, and others from the Panther glory days could cash in for city jobs.

But Hilliard et al. haven't been sitting on their thumbs waiting for this to happen. Since late 1993, he and Fredrika have been trying to peddle the Huey Newton Papers—photos, audio tapes and printed materials—Panther documents, some "official minutes," Cointelpro files maintained by the government, some letters, financial transactions—above board ones anyhow, and even Newton's copies of his pro-

fessor's lectures from the University of California at Santa Cruz where he was awarded a doctorate. In all there was some 50 boxes of this material, over 100 linear feet.

Ultimately the collection was sold to Stanford University, which had recently purchased Allen Ginsberg's voluminous papers—over one thousand linear feet, say sources—and which also has an impressive Martin Luther King collection. Stanford was approached by Hilliard after UC Berkeley's Bancroft Library passed on the deal. The Bancroft already had Eldridge Cleaver's papers. He'd donated them after they'd been rescued from a Berkeley storage facility where owners were threatening to dump his locker for being \$900 in arrears. Cleaver offered to donate them to the Bancroft

just for the Foundation to function. From no expenses in 1993, telephone expenses leap to \$12,000. Other big ticket items that year were nearly \$14,000 in consultants, \$47,000 for something called "education/training," \$26,000 under "suspense," and a modest \$12,499 for photography/video, the latter, presumably the real cost of microfilming the collection as planned. Not surprisingly, a mere \$2,978 was left at the end of the year.

Records for 1996 show the Foundation receiving \$216,174, which alone or with the previous year's hundred thousand plus, would seem to represent the final payment of Stanford for the Newton papers. As in the previous year, all this money was dispersed immediately. The expenditures in the year of the big pay off go up accordingly for still unnamed and undescribed "programs." This time Hilliard draws \$12,500 in direct payments under his own name. "Consultants" amounts to \$134,535.

And while Hilliard as tour leader paints a picture of the Panther party as one of service, extolling the breakfast program for poor kids, the Panther school and health clinic, services that ran haphazardly but which had a small measure of altruistic community service, especially for the workers who made these programs go, the Newton Foundation under Hilliard and Huey's widow has shown no similar effort. How much is allocated for "Student Grants Educational/Training"? \$50. So much for using the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation to train today's black youth. It is true, however, that in 1996 Hilliard and Fredrika appeared in East Oakland at the behest of a literacy program, the Family Learning Center, preaching Panther history and reading from Huey's speeches. The pair promised then to have Panther "teaching guides" disseminated in three Oakland elementary schools by 1997. Oakland school officials claim that the material doesn't exist.

It would appear that the main activity of the Foundation is fund raising. Fredrika's half brother, Mickey Phillips, apparently undertook to write grant proposals, retaining a small percentage of monies raised. The heiress to the Rubber Maid fortune, through her foundation, has made two \$15,000 donations. But Phillips and the two Foundation officers were sorely disappointed to receive only \$500 from the Barbra Streisand Foundation.

Hilliard, say sources among the film community, Panther veterans, one-time Panther attorneys, and community activists has become the self appointed gate keeper of any and all Panther commerce, acting as the licensing agent who demands a piece of everything. Bobby Seale and his brother John complained several years ago that that Hilliard contracted to option everyone's rights for nearly half a million from left leaning Hollywood producer Mark Rosenberg, who was trying to sew up rights to Panther stories for a proposed movie rumored then to be directed by "Boys in the Hood" director John Singleton. According to Bobby Seale, Hilliard brokered the deal for Cleaver—"Cleaver was offered \$20,000. David said 'sign it!,' Freddy [Fredrika Newton] gets a hundred fifty thousand. I made sure John [Seale] got sixty-five thousand and Leslie [Seale's second wife] got fifty five thousand. Emery [Douglas, the artist for the Panther paper] got sixty five and Melvyn [Huey's brother, a Party advisor] was to get \$100,000. He held out a long time."

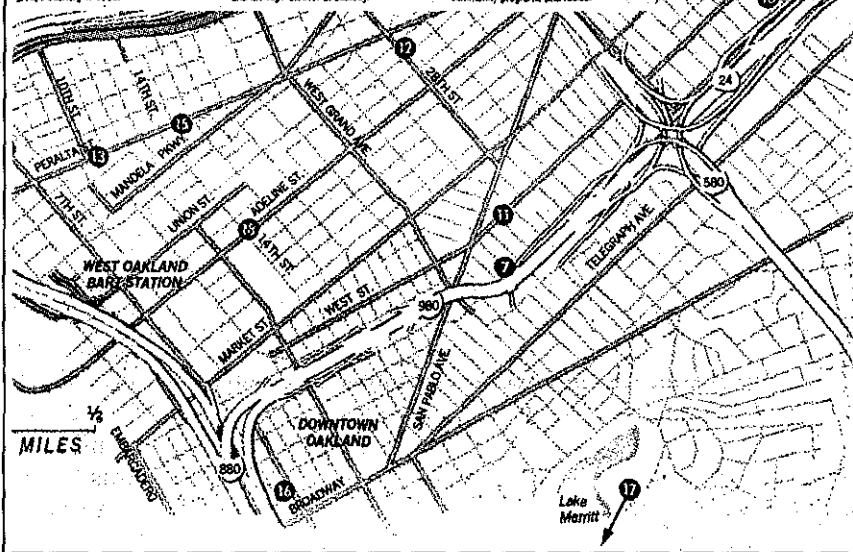
Mark Rosenberg was tragically stricken with a brain tumor. When he died, the Panther movie project died with him; his widow, Paula Weinstein couldn't carry on and the deal evaporated. But still both John and Bobby Seale spoke resentfully of Hilliard's heavy-handed role as broker. Said John Seale, "He wanted all the power!"

BLACK PANTHER TOUR

1. Panthers wrote their Ten Point Program here at the Office of Economic Development Corp. at 5500 Market St. Oct. 15, 1966, calling for complete housing, jobs, education and an end to police brutality.
2. Party members stopped materials and escorted children across the intersection at Market and 55th streets in 1967 after several students from nearby Santa Fe Elementary School had been killed by cars at the spot. Panther pressure helped lead to installation of stoplights in August 1967.
3. 898 58th St. was the home of Bobby Hutton, who was a Panther member killed in a gunbattle with police April 6, 1968.
4. 809 57th St. was the 1960s home of party co-founder Bobby Seale.
5. Party co-founder Huey Newton attended classes here at the Old Merritt Junior College campus on Martin Luther King Jr. Way and became active with Black student groups starting in 1959.

6. 5624 Martin Luther King Jr. Way is the site of the Panthers' first office in 1967.
7. 5350 Martin Luther King Jr. Way at 25th Street was one of the liquor stores and laundries once owned by Bill Boyette, former president of Cal-Pac business association. Panthers boycotted the businesses in a dispute with Boyette over contributions to the party.
8. 4722 West St. is the former home of David Willard, the party's first chief of staff.
9. 681 47th St. was the Newton family's home after arriving from Monroe, La. in 1945.
10. The Panthers' second office at 4419 Martin Luther King Jr. Way.
11. Formerly St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, 2624 West St. is now St. Andrew's Baptist Church. Home of Panthers' free breakfast program for children, which started in 1969, and subsequent community survival programs.
12. 1218 28th St. was the site of the 1968 shootout with police that left Hutton dead and Eldridge Cleaver in custody.

13. 1048 Pealata St. was the Panthers' fourth office. The party returned to West Oakland from Berkeley in fall 1969.
14. Gunfire erupted Oct. 28, 1967 at Seventh and Willow streets, after police made a traffic stop of Newton. The Panther leader was wounded and officer John Fry was killed. Newton was convicted of voluntary manslaughter. The conviction was overturned.
15. 1456 Center St. is where Newton was shot dead by a drug dealer Aug. 22, 1969.
16. Alameda County courthouse, 12th and Oak streets, was the site of Newton trial and numerous "Free Huey" demonstrations.
17. Plot on map Newton lived in a penthouse at 1200 Lake Shore Dr. in the 1970s where the party said it provided security against police.
18. De Fremery Park, Alameda and 14th streets, was the site of several Panther community programs and rallies.



and library curators happily scooped up the collection and began much needed restoration (apparently they papers were damp, mildewed and in great disarray). The Bancroft curators apparently did not bite on the Newton papers because of the inflated price. (According to one source the ridiculous figure of \$1-2 million was kicked around at one point in negotiations.) A source familiar with the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation's origins asserts, "The Foundation was set up by Hilliard to prevent anyone else from laying claim to the stuff [such as Huey Newton's own family] in Freddy's basement. It was a scam to get money."

The Oakland Museum offered a temporary sanctuary and an environmentally safe surrounding for the Newton collection which was mouldering in Fredrika Newton's cellar. Phillip Mumma, Associate Director of Public Programs of the Museum, hoped to mount an exhibition which could then travel to other institutions. Another official at the museum said negotiations went back and forth a long time during 1995, but they didn't pan out. "The reason it didn't," the source said, "was that conditions for them—Fredrika and Hilliard—meant their controlling the message. They felt it wasn't an art show."

Mumma says the Oakland museum had no designs on the collection but had an urgent sense of history to preserve the papers. "We felt, hey, this stuff needs to survive. We said we'll house it temporarily and we helped them raise money so it could be microfilmed, but it had to be done out of house. It was a grant." He recalled some \$10,000 being raised for preservation efforts.

The 1995 state income tax forms for the Newton Foundation show the first substantial monies coming in that year to the tune of \$152,374 under "direct public support." Suddenly there's a flurry of outgoing expenses

But the market for Panther films was high in the early '90s and Hilliard was always there. Documentary film makers exploring a film on the life of Jean Seberg, the film actress who had an affair with Panther Raymond ("Masai") Hewitt and openly supported the Panthers, complained to this writer of Hilliard's demands to be hired as a "consultant" if they wanted cooperation or information of any kind. To the independent filmmakers, it felt like extortion.

To be sure, Hilliard's blessing could mean valuable access. Roger Guenveur Smith's brilliant performance as Huey Newton in the accurate, even haunting, one-man show "A Huey P. Newton Story," he generously credited to the access granted by Hilliard and Fredrika to Newton's papers and recordings, and to candid interviews with Hilliard covering Newton's disintegration from crack addiction, a precipitous fall he depicts chillingly on stage. At the performance I witnessed, Hilliard jumped on stage right after, accepting the actor's thanks and by his presence putting a spin on the tale which allows the truth of Newton's addiction as a personal failing, but an affliction with class and racial resonance. By focusing on the addict's sorry end, Hilliard makes sure that the political myths of earlier Panther history—his bread and butter—remain secure.

To Hilliard, no Panther-related transaction, reference, or cultural invocation is to be beyond his control. Oakland conceptual artist Mildred Howard thought her installation in a recent group show celebrating ethnic diversity was a tribute to the Black Panthers in its depiction of the Panthers' free breakfast program she and her kids partook of when she was a struggling single mother. She artfully arranged place-settings, tables, and food—along with Black Panther berets and black jackets. It was personal art, but community sharing as well.

"Then David Hilliard showed up," she recounted recently, "and he hits me up for money—like I'm supposed to pay him for showing the Panthers. I couldn't believe it. He really leaned on me, said he was going to get money from the Museum as well. I was furious. Outraged. What arrogance. Bobby would never have done such a thing."

Moreover, Howard is not the only one who's experienced the Hilliard tithing touch. In a conversation with me last year, a veteran Berkeley peace activist recounted how Hilliard roughed up a hapless vendor at the weekly Berkeley flea market. The vendor's offense? Selling old Panther papers, posters, and other memorabilia. It was the sight of a maverick cashing in that apparently infuriated Hilliard. (A source claims that Hilliard's own son himself sells new Panther logo caps and t-shirts, part of a family monopoly *pere* Hilliard seems intent on protecting.) Reportedly flea market private security escorted Hilliard off the grounds. The same story was repeated at a Channukah party this winter, told with chortles of disbelief by one of Newton's former attorneys to yet another. Both shook their heads and clucked with henish rectitude and wonder: "He's still doing that," said one.

Hilliard has been remarkable, finally, in his ability to gain control of Panther history, with or without a menacing intimidation. He has shown a media savvy in interviews where he pushes his version of events to the exclusion of any other, even including his own published biography which often tells a different story than his current simple story of Panther virtue. His strategies to market Panthermania have paid off—for him and other loyalists who've signed on.

He has, in the process of all these hustles, deals, negotiations, and corralling of separate wills to his purpose, acquired prodigious interactive skills which were not present in his surly early days in the organization, when he was noted for outbursts such as the time at author Jessica Mitford's when he broke up a party by smashing a wine bottle over Tom Hayden's head. Running the Panthers when the

top leaders were in jail or on the lam taught him a thing or two, but the art of the deal came later, primarily under the tutelage of a New York commodities broker, Marty Kenner, who for years was a trusted advisor to Huey Newton on financial matters. After the Party disintegrated and Newton crumbled, Kenner was known for laying out the welcome mat to selected Panther veterans like Hilliard, putting them up in his posh New York digs, offering friendship, advice, and good wine.

It was Kenner who escorted Hilliard to the home of my editor at Times Books with the sole purpose of dissuading the house from signing a contract with this writer for a Newton biography. The editor/publisher, Steve Wasserman, a Berkeley native and political "progressive" (and presently editor of the *Los Angeles Times* Book Review) received Kenner and Hilliard at his Upper West Side apartment. Wasserman listened, but when he was unmoved by the pair's arguments, saying that he intended to go ahead with the book, Hilliard turned brutish and menacing. In Wasserman's telling, the muscular Panther suddenly uncoiled from his chair, exploding in anger, spewing epithets and veiled threats. Even after Kenner tried to calm him down, the Panther still seethed, and then, summoning Kenner, stormed out. Wasserman confessed he'd been terrified—for himself and his sequestered family, a fear that didn't go away with Hilliard's abrupt departure. "They know where I live," he shuddered.

The David Hilliard of eight years ago is smoother today. A matronly Oakland City Council woman elected last year beamed at his name: "Hilliard supported me." An Oakland neighborhood activist, also white, called him "charming."

But Hilliard has another side, a shade less mercurial than his old friend, Huey Newton, less intellectually nimble or engaging; even less two-faced, but alike in their explosive and violence prone anger. Hilliard has a history of violence. (He admits beating his wife in his autobiography.) It used to be fuelled by alcohol. The booze is gone, but the patina of remade sophistication cannot eliminate his need to manipulate and control; nor has it tamed his sudden rages that instantly transform him from reasoned veteran statesman to brute.

It wasn't money, a missed deal, or interloper on Panther intellectual or cultural domain, but rather a flip retort from an arrogant white man, for instance, that set Hilliard off in a Berkeley photocopy shop a couple of years ago. The tall white guy inadvertently provoking the Panther chief was not some innocuous Berkeley nobody, but a supporting historical actor in a drama no less famous than the long-playing one starring the Panthers. It was Jack Scott, the mysterious figure who in 1975 drove Patty Hearst and SLA fugitive Patty Yoshimura across country to escape local dragnets, and who also gained attention as an offbeat physical therapist and sports guru to world class athletes like Bill Walton and runner Mary Decker Slaney. (Back in the '60s Scott famously counseled the sports world, "It's time for all athletes to melt down their trophies and make them into bullets.")

It was when Scott was at the Berkeley office service store—P.P. Pac—using the copier that the incident with Hilliard took place. He was xeroxing a sheaf of insurance forms when Hilliard approached. According to Scott, he asked, "Are you going to be a while?" Scott said yes and Hilliard moved away: "Then he came back. I was aware of him standing there, just looking at me. I took him for a middle class back man well dressed, nice leather jacket, crisp pants, about my age. Nevertheless, I felt he was trying to intimidate me. Finally he asked, 'Are you done yet?' I answered—my stuff was all over the place—'Does it look like I'm done?'"

Perhaps it was Scott's tone of sarcasm that set Hilliard off. Scott remembers, "There was an exchange of words, you know, he was saying, 'I'll kick your ass,' and I was saying, 'Well, I'm not running, am I?'" Scott was pre-

pared to duke it out, but the hard words ceased and Scott thought that was the end of it.

Apparently so did the store clerk who watched the whole thing and saw Hilliard retreat to the counter in the back of the store. But several minutes later, when Scott was finished and making for the exit, he suddenly heard a snapping sound behind him. He spun around and saw Hilliard with a knife. The store clerk saw the ex-Panther "stalk" Scott, who yelled, "He's got a knife! He's got a knife!" The two men danced up and down the aisle with a book shelf between them—cards, displays, etc. falling to the floor before Scott beat it out of the door (he was a onetime world ranked Stanford quarter miler) and ran up the street. Hilliard then ran to the waiting car in the front with Fredrika inside and left too. Someone—not Scott, who didn't know at the time who his near-assailant was—had called the cops. (Hilliard denies the incident but Berkeley police records show he was arrested for "brandishing a weapon.")

Scott says that having a knife pulled on him was infuriating, but at the same time, he says he hesitated to press charges once he found out that it was Hilliard with whom he'd had a confrontation: "Ironically, I'd just read his autobiography. My concern was whether he was a danger to the community or if this was atypical behavior. Nor did I want to see the story all over the *Chronicle*."

In true Berkeley fashion, Scott says he "reached out to the community"—among them, Mickey Phillips, Fredrika's half brother; to Gus Newport, Berkeley's ex-lefty black mayor; and to Barbara Lubin, the Jewish executive founder of the Middle East Children's Alliance, which does benefits for Palestinian children. "Keep it in the family," one of them reportedly told him while volunteering to mediate. All who became involved, according to Scott, assured him that Hilliard was "an admirable person who stood up to injustice and was having a bad day." So a pow-wow to negotiate apologies and forgiveness was held with all the involved parties and their respective significant others.

"We had a party," says Scott with enthusiasm, "and we all went out to dinner." He paid, and reportedly patched things up so well that he offered to take Hilliard to the Atlanta Olympics as his guest. (In Hilliard's recollection, however, there was no knife. "That's a lie!" he says. He says that Scott "took a racial attitude" because of a cap he was wearing. "I am not a thug!" Hilliard proclaims passionately.)

Yet while many friends claim that Hilliard is "reformed," others wonder. They note that Fredrika has suffered at his hands. Berkeley police records from a 1995 incident show an arrest for spousal partner abuse resulting from an incident in which violence followed an argument over money. Fredrika told friends that he tried to choke her. She fled Berkeley for a coastal retreat and when she returned put Hilliard's belongings outside her house and changed the locks. As one friend says, "She was troubled by the pattern in her life of being with abusive males—first Huey and then David. I thought she was really trying to do something about it, but in the end, Hilliard wormed his way back in."

At 55 years old, David Hilliard is now an impresario of Panther Party sales and presentations. It's an old, somewhat tawdry product in a bright new shiny box. The same may be said of Hilliard himself, although his star and the Panther image is sure to rise if his new boss Jerry Brown gets elected and launches a comeback from the same streets of Oakland where the drama of the Black Panther Party played out 30 years ago, streets from which Hilliard now tries to find new bottles to sell the old wine which was so intoxicating and so deadly.

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Dark Side of Dogpatch, Continued from page 1

everything in the first postmodern presidency. One can well imagine the ghost of JFK watching with admiration as Clinton stands at Normandy Beach during the D-Day celebrations of 1994 and, after a blank moment when he can't think of anything to say, kneels down and arranges some rocks in the shape of a cross and appears to offer up a little prayer. *Not something I would have done, but god, he's really good!*

Beneath the surface plausibility of the comparison, of course, it is a case, as Hamlet might have said, of Hyperion to a satyr. In fact there is at least as much distance between Kennedy and Clinton as the distance Lloyd Bentsen spied between Kennedy and Dan Quayle. After all, JFK rushed to serve his country, while Clinton was AWOL during the war his idol began. JFK's personality was literary and deeply contoured with irony; he was bored to death by the high tech policy talk that turns Clinton deadly earnest. True, the two men both like the idea of breast women appearing periodically during the work day and saying, "Reporting for sex, sir." But for JFK, the act had a melancholy edge; it was a way of pinching himself on the arm and reminding himself that he was still alive after all those doctors had told him from the age of 10 onward that he was going to die. For Clinton the act appears to be more a no-fault '60s activity, a spasm of self congratulation enjoyed by someone who has never gotten over the fact that he is a member of the first generation to enjoy sex without guilt and the last one to enjoy it without fear.

It is also the case Washington in the '90s resembles Camelot much less than it does Dogpatch, and the steep descent from there to here can be seen, among other ways, in the replacement of Robert Frost by Maya Angelou, Segovia by Streisand, Schlesinger by Sidney Blumenthal, and Malraux by Michael Lerner.

But all these differences notwithstanding, there is a significant point of contact between the first President of the '60s and the first '60s President. More than any other occupants of the White House before or between them, these two men believe that the rules—not just the political rules, but the daily rules we live by—are for suckers.

This is what the current crisis is all about, after all: the rules. It is not about the frequency of ejaculation, or the fabric onto which the ejaculate is dribbled, or the exact physiological venue where the ejaculation occurred. It is about the rules—whether lying and cheating is permissible in a President; whether there is now an allowable chasm between public virtue and private vice; whether character counts in leaders as well as in the nations they lead; whether the personal is truly political. Most of all it is about whether or not Thomas Jefferson was right when he observed in his first inaugural that a man who cannot be trusted to govern himself probably cannot be trusted to govern the rest of us.

The most serious charge against Clinton, more serious than the particulars of his fumbled amours, is that in his ethical vacuity he has dumbed down our moral standards so completely that anyone even raising these issues runs the risk of being dismissed as a Mrs. Grundy. It is not the legacy he was laboring for, but if he survives the Lewinsky-Starr tag team, he will have permanently placed us in a world where it doesn't matter if a Paula Jones has a grievance, as long as Dow Jones is happy; a world where a making-the-trains-run-on-time form of leadership is the best we can hope for; and where the moral authority capable of summoning us to great sacrifice or great achievement is no longer part of the job description for the Oval Office.

The source of John Kennedy's disdain for conventional morality was close to home. His father had decided, in making his explosive move

out of a grim immigrant past, that the rules were a Brahmin plot to keep the Irish Catholics down. To free himself from this oppression, as he saw it, Joseph Kennedy freed himself from the rules themselves, rules which held, for instance, that you didn't bring your doxies to the dinner table and force your wife and children to make small talk with them. This renegade morality was transmitted to his sons. While JFK may have questioned other aspects of his patrimony, as all who have studied him know and as Seymour Hersh has proved, he never questioned the fact that in his private existence he was beyond good and evil. When he captured the presidency, it was as an outsider who had no qualms about using his own amoral improvisations in the grey areas where the private becomes public.



JACK AND JUDITH AND BILL AND MONICA

Bill Clinton might well have had the same outsider's contempt for propriety. When he was growing up in Hot Springs, the middle class was not just a Marxist study question, as it would be later on at Georgetown and Oxford, but rather a precarious handhold which, if lost, would result in being dropped back into the white trash past out of which he and his mother had climbed. It is one of those backgrounds that can produce greatness, but also produce archetypal American aliens like Jay Gatz, Sammy Glick, and Montgomery Ward Snopes. It is a background which leaves hungers that cannot ever really be filled and makes every day a day of the locust, which is why this glimpse of Clinton offered to writer David Brock by one of the Arkansas state troopers he interviewed feels so authentic: "When he would eat an apple, he would eat the whole thing—core, stem, and seed."

But unlike JFK, Clinton had no primal father to give him a secret outlaw code, so he forced his way inside, becoming one of those kids who run for class president in the first grade and never stop running after that; one of those people who are so obsessed with being intrinsic that they need to have their status ratified by a periodic show of hands all the rest of their lives. *I am elected, therefore I am.*

In any other era, Bill Clinton might have been another of those student government nerds we all scorned—one of those natural born careerists who annoy us with their robotic defenses of the system and make us want to rebel just to get even with them. But the '60s affected his life more profoundly than being a poor boy from Hope did. With its seductive vision of no fault liberation and the possibility of having one's cake and eating it too, the Sixties gave Clinton a way of becoming cool—a rebel student government nerd.

Even more significantly, the '60s gave him the authority to defy the rules whose strict upholder he otherwise might have been.

For him and for all the other Clintonites in training who passed through this crucial decade, a future opened in which they could do their own thing and use weasel words to prove that they never crossed the line between inhaling and not inhaling, inserting and not inserting, taking illegal contributions and not taking illegal contributions. They could participate emotionally in the radicals' trashing of the system—a web of imperialist plots, white skin privileges, and bourgeois hangups—while still maintaining their *viability* by an insistence that they were not revolutionists but *youthful idealists* using their moral passion to rescue America from its inherent evil and *build a better world*. They could slam dance to *Break on Through to the Other Side* and pretend later on that all along they had been twisting to *Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow*.

The notion that the '60s was a time when a generation arose to rescue the system from itself is crucial to Clinton and his cadres. It is their equivalent of a foundation myth. For it is their youthful idealism—now ripened and mature—that distinguishes them from the rest of us, and especially from what Hillary calls the "vast right-wing conspiracy" that would do anything to bring them down. (In this adjective *vast* we hear again the authentic voice of a generation, its narcissism and grandiosity and also its fanaticism as well, echoing as it does Joseph McCarthy's "conspiracy so immense.") The fact that they are fighting still—as they did 30 years ago—that cabal of selfishness and greed which is America is what gives them the right to ignore the rules. After all, the suckers who follow the rules were also the ones who never bought into the radical chic, who never paid lip service to a slogan like "Bring the War Home," and who just stood around while they proved themselves fighting against Vietnam and Watergate, racism and environmental holocaust, the oppressions of family and of gender and what in time, as language too yielded to their mindset, would be called "heteronormativity."

Clinton arrived in Washington with those big '60s ideas—gays in the military and a mammoth federal health plan—and found that The Other voted in larger numbers than his *bien pensant* elites, and so he would have to make the best of a bad thing and adopt anti-'60s ideas such as a balanced budget and welfare cuts to survive. But he could take heart from the fact that if it was everywhere in retreat in the political culture, the '60s was everywhere triumphant in the popular culture, its oppositionalist mentality having entered educational curricula, altered sexual mores and family life, changed the media and the entertainment industry, and encouraged minority groups to feel like victims instead of participants and to challenge the very idea of one culture.

His support was always more cultural than political, and Clinton knows it. The language of those year-end Renaissance meetings was primarily an inside-the-beltway language, but it was also a language of the multicultural university, principal site of the '60s-in-the-'90s, whose new orthodoxies about diversity, the brain-dwarfing insistence on race, class, gender, and above all, multiculturalism itself, had seeped into Washington for the first time in this administration.

Never forgetting the good old days when she came out to the West Coast and interned in the law office of Bob Treuhaft, who along with his wife Decca Mitford, toed the radical party line on the Black Panthers and everything else, Hillary too has used her offices in behalf of the smelly little orthodoxies. Her First Ladyship has been a humorless halfway house where the clichés of women's studies shelter for a moment as they make the transition from the university to the culture where they will create somber hoaxes such as

the one which holds that Super Bowl Sunday is a day of infamy for battered women, and postulate that the family is a theatre of cruelty in which rampant males molest their daughters and beat their wives at will until they are apprehended by recovered memory syndrome. And the First Lady, more of a child of the '60s even than her husband, has done this apparently without the slightest awareness that the rancid deal she has made in her personal life says far more about women than all the glass ceilings and earnest efforts to revive Ophelia.

Bill might not know all the shoptalk about "indeterminacy of meaning," but he shows that he is on the same semantic wavelength as those who do by his advice to Gennifer Flowers which he appears to have repeated in so many words to Monica Lewinsky: "If they ever hit you with it, just say no and go on. There's nothing they can do . . . If everybody is on record denying it, no problem." Here is a blueprint for the deconstruction of the idea of objective truth that would please Jacques Derrida, a formula for the social construction of an alternative reality that would do Michel Foucault proud.

This administration is a place where denatured New Left politics meets denatured New Age

therapeutics. The Clintonites talk about *reinventing* and *empowering* themselves. They can get misty eyed at the drop of a microphone and use a sister's death or a mother's difficulty to advance their plans. They hide behind the fact that the national sensibility has been so assaulted by years of the Sally Jesse and Jerry Springer freak show that it now believes that any perversity is normal. And now, having done their part to trivialize the national political language and Oprahize the national dialogue, they complain of the media feeding frenzy in the waters they have bloodied. And yet the media, tabloidized and rumor-mongering, are the one place left where the important question is asked. It is not a question about competence or even about morality. It is more routine: *What really happened?*

Bill Clinton has always wanted to be a reincarnation of John Kennedy. How often he must have dreamed of the loving television footage presenting him to future generations in evocative slow motion, as cameras of an earlier era continue to present Jack to us. And yet it is wise to be careful what you wish for. For all these years an icon of grace and class, JFK has now been sighted defini-

tively on the dark side of Camelot, a place where he is in the arms not only of a Mafia moll but also of various prostitutes giving and receiving from him venereal diseases; a place where reckless fornication was accompanied by reckless statecraft including the operation, as the much-vilified LBJ once asserted, of a Murder Inc. in the Caribbean.

Who knows if the dark side of Dogpatch, when it is uncovered, will be quite so sinister. Perhaps Mena is a place of drug drops and black bag operations. But it is more likely that the Clinton years will be regarded as a time when more American graffiti was scrawled over the national history and that the Clinton White House will be remembered as a place where the muzak is Elvis but the characters are from a Mozart comic opera—a figure in the Oval Office who accepts gifts from Chinese visitors, casts amused glances at his scheming wife, and occasionally goes into the seraglio to select one of the giggling girls guarded by a stately manservant named Jordan.

—Peter Collier

A different version of this essay appeared in the Weekly Standard.

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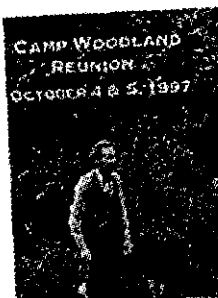
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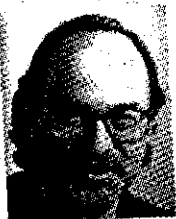


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REVIEW

Academic Duty

by Donald Kennedy

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REVIEWED BY GERALD GILLESPIE

Donald Kennedy's years as president of Stanford University were the plague years. But when Kennedy took over in the fall of 1980, there was a honeymoon atmosphere. In fact, a polite one-year transition ensued. Dean of Humanities and Sciences, Halsey Royden, a mathematician who had made a point of rebuilding the Classics Department, took steps to implement the reinstituted Western Culture course.

This initiative was a legacy from Stanford's respected outgoing president, liberal historian Richard Lyman, who had also been successful in furthering the university's special symbiosis with Silicon Valley. Up to the fall of 1979, Provost William Miller, a science systems expert (and later Director of the Stanford Research Institute, a think tank spun-off during the disorders of the Vietnam War period), had rendered crucial service in helping Lyman to nurture all sectors of the university.

Stanford's health appeared to be sound on balance in fall of 1981 when biologist Norman Wessells, as new Dean, joined the new Provost, psychologist Albert Hastorf, in the administrative team. Stanford's official Affirmative Action Plan issued in September 1980 emphasized "pluralism on all levels." The extent of the ecumenical atmosphere was suggested in October 1981, when the administration revealed that it was engaged in conversations over the possibility of Stanford becoming the site of a Reagan presidential library.

But behind the scenes trouble was brewing which would soon erupt into the pages of the *Campus Report* (later renamed the *Stanford Report*), making the official campus newspaper intermittently resemble a scandal sheet. The ecumenical moment had spooked a wide spectrum of liberal and radical faculty. Soon, a bitter, long-term campaign led by faculty activists Ronald Rebholz and John Manley was waged to separate the Hoover Institution from the university or to co-opt it and end its intellectual independence. A sideshow attending the continuous attack on this research powerhouse of conservative and centrist policy ideas was the acrimonious public rift between its Director, W. Glenn Campbell, and his nominal overlord, Kennedy. This helped to polarize the campus ambience.

Under Kennedy, a spirit of intolerance appeared to infect the academic enterprise at Stanford more broadly. This surfaced in the bitter controversy which erupted when a course on ethics planned for academic year 1985-86 jointly by emeritus professor of philosophy Philip Rhinelander, a respected former Dean of Humanities and Sciences, and Admiral James Stockdale, a Vietnam war hero, was blocked for political reasons. Medal of Honor winner Stockdale was renowned because he had kept himself and fellow prisoners of war from despair by calling on the inspiring ideas he had encountered in his own training in the humanities as an undergraduate, but even worse than this, from the point of view of his detractors at Stanford, he happened to be a senior fellow at the Hoover. All that did not sit well with the coalition of forces at Stanford who were lusty to co-opt the Western Culture course and to expand work aimed at debunking and dismantling the Western tradition.

The new regime's obvious bias, visible after the shortest of honeymoons, encouraged such hopes. In autumn of 1985-86, Kennedy upheld the expulsion of Steven W. Mosher from the Ph.D. program in anthropology on the basis of ambiguous allegations of misconduct and under insistent pressure from the Chinese government. (Mosher had dared to gather hard evidence and publish on harsh mainland policies such as forced abortions late in term at a time when Stanford was assiduously courting China.) But while the Stanford president expressed indignation over Mosher's failure to keep proper scientific distance, no comparable effort, for instance, was made to keep students from involvement in the radical movements centered around South Africa or Latin America. In autumn of 1985 there was a Stanford student sit-in at university offices as part of a rising tide of anti-South African protests and advocacy of selective divestment as a political weapon. This same year, the Humanities Center obtained a five-year Ford Foundation grant for promoting the presence of Third World and United States ethnic minority students at Stanford. As many faculty members now realized, Stanford was not going to jeopardize its standing as the future "multicultural" leader just for some paltry value such as academic freedom for a graduate student with the wrong politics like Mosher.

Another ugly incident pointing in that direction was the mysterious reversal that occurred in spring of 1986, after the distinguished scholar Ivor Norman Davies, a professor at London University and Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, had been recruited for the McDonnell chair in East European studies at Stanford and to lead Stanford's new overseas program in Poland. The large search committee had unanimously recommended him,

and he was already serving as a guest professor on the Stanford campus. He was then denied the position by a suddenly convened, effectively rump meeting of history department faculty. In essence, the rejectors' case boiled down to vague allegations he was not politically correct, lacking cultural sensitivity in the way he analyzed Polish history. Davies sued and lost, and the academic cauldron at Stanford continued to bubble, with President Kennedy stirring the witches' brew.

That same spring there was a front page article of modest size in the *Campus Report* saying Kennedy would take a sabbatical leave from December 1986 through March 1987 in order to concentrate on Stanford's centennial campaign. Swirling through the university, however, were four interlaced rumors with unsettling implications. There were, for one thing, reports of a bitter marital conflict. The president's wife of some 30 years was said to be angry over his relationship with a young lawyer whose career he was conveniently furthering in the bureaucracy at Stanford. Jeanne Kennedy was reputed to be hanging tough for an optimal settlement, and the trustees were said to be sweating bullets over the whole affair because Stanford was indeed about to celebrate its first century, was engaged in its greatest fund-raising effort ever, and needed appropriate behavior in the presidential manse. The second rumor was that, logically enough, Kennedy himself was able to exercise a considerable blackmail power over the trustees because of the nearness of the glorious festival and could not be dislodged. The third rumor was that the trustees had presented Kennedy with an ultimatum: regularize his marital status forthwith or lose his post. Fourth, there was an assumption the president was going on leave, more to hassle with his own legal difficulties than to cogitate about Stanford's glory.

Other matters were coming to a head. Glenn Campbell retired as Director of the Hoover in an attempt to defuse the near-hysterical campaign against a Reagan Library, a campaign that flourished despite the university's tepid official endorsement of the idea. Moreover, headlines announced Kennedy backed the "modification of Western Culture." By autumn a task force was assembled to review the program. Leading off the campaign to alter Western Culture, philosopher John Perry, a prominent opponent of Stockdale, co-authored an extensive op-ed piece on the imperative to pay attention to minorities. Behind the scenes, Provost (and soon Acting President) James Rosse was collaborating with Dean Wessells and a faculty cabal to restructure both the Comparative Literature and the Modern Thought and Literature programs as part of their grand scheme. In winter of 1987, big articles in the *Campus Report* enthused over the virtues of the lead conspirators, now appointed in charge, who had secretly abetted the disfranchisement of senior colleagues to cinch their own alliance with the administration and stage a coup.

Amidst all this was a particularly grotesque incident, the suicide of Allan Cox, Dean of the School of Earth Sciences and an administration stalwart, who killed himself in January 1987 by ramming his bike into a tree. This was first officially reported as an "accident." Subsequently, it emerged that Cox was a pederast who had preyed for several years on the teenage son of one of his own graduate students and now faced public disclosure. Rather than acknowledge this shameful abuse of authority on his part and the terrible pain he inflicted on the student's family, or look into other possible instances, the Stanford administration put on a first class diversionary show a week later in the campus' Memorial Church, lavishing praise on Cox for his sensitivity and caring. The Stanford Senate followed suit in a memorial resolution. The nadir of moral obtuseness and cynicism was yet to follow. In late spring, Dean Wessells announced the minting of the Allan V. Cox Medal to be presented annually to award "Faculty excellence fostering undergraduate research at Stanford University." Associate Dean Carolyn Lougee was named the first recipient. (To buffalo the public and the alumni, Stanford's highest officers were willing to put the university in the bizarre position of perpetuating the memory of a treacherous pedophile, whereas in 1991 Kennedy's judicial bureaucrats would zealously persecute a male undergraduate for heterosexual consensual sex under the newly fashionable feminist theory of verbal coercion, i.e., the crime of amorous seductive behavior that arouses response.)

The management of the news continued in 1987 with the terse front page article in a February issue of the *Campus Report* announcing that President Kennedy and his wife Jeanne had agreed to terminate their long marriage on amicable terms. A few months after his divorce, Kennedy married his new wife Robin. The trustees decided to throw a munificent wedding reception to demonstrate all was well in Camelot and to introduce Kennedy's now official significant other to the Stanford community. It was not until congressional hearings ferreted out the book-keeping details that, as the *San Jose Mercury* reported in early 1991, the public could learn the bill for these festivities was charged to the government. By December 1990, as a result of such inquiries, the student paper, the *Stanford Daily*, could report that federal investigators were irate over Stanford's attributing costs for upkeep of its pleasure yacht, the *Victoria*, to research overhead.

There were bigger fish to fry in the "revolutionary" academic year 1986-87. Warren Christopher, as Chairman of Stanford's Board of Trustees, and Kennedy jointly issued a careful statement of regret when the Ronald Reagan Presidential Foundation canceled any library at Stanford and situated it instead in Southern California. Nonetheless, the big centennial celebrations were to be starting in 1987. Multiculturalism was about to be launched with fanfare. The Residential Education system was being loaded up with para-faculty to help with indoctrination chores. However, the more obstreperous units in the President's own diversity troops got carried away by all this accommodation. On May 15, 1989, a student coalition occupied Kennedy's office as of 7:45 a.m. and barricaded themselves in. A big crowd of supporters surrounded the building, and an extensive corps of non-student activists was on hand to coach and counsel them. After a stand off that stretched for eight hours into the evening, Kennedy finally had the sheriff haul 56 protestors away under arrest and let the local court slap them on the wrist. He had to prove to the trustees that he was capable of keeping public order and was a leader; but like a dog who barks and wags his tail at the same time, he quickly moved to assure the core supporters that the university would do everything it could to cave in to their demands for appointment of "representational" deans and faculty members.

But other scandals kept popping into view in the multicultural funhouse. For example, in late spring of 1990 a local court placed Diana Conklin, the head of the Residential Education system and zealous chief enforcer of Stanford's new morality, in a drug counseling program after she was treated in a local emergency room for the effects of cocaine and caught in possession. Acting Dean of Student Affairs Norm Robinson led the administrative chorus of special pleading for this virtuous organizer of the failed grape boycott, and she was retained on the job to keep a grim eye on fraternity excesses.

An unspoken policy at Stanford was to co-opt troublesome militants into the bureaucracy, and so activist Keith Archuleta had become a Kennedyesque deanlet and director of the Black Community Center. In May of 1992 he was arrested when it came to light that he was abusing his position and secretly filming young women, many of them black, in stages of undress while they were changing in an adjacent room in his residence in order to take part, so they thought, in legitimate amateur photography sessions.

And so on.

The fact that a fallen president of the nation like Richard Nixon managed to refurbish his image holds out cruel hope for former occupants of lesser presidential offices who may crave forgiveness but have only small tokens to offer in return for the favorable judgement of history. The book *Academic Duty* by Stanford University's recent ex-president Donald Kennedy purports to treat a neglected theme—duty and accountability in the academy—but the book will not be much help for the clueless college administrators looking to the Ford Foundation for a sense of what comes next. They will never get to all the biographical nuggets Kennedy lards between metastasizing layers of prose in this thickly disguised apology for his part in Stanford's long crisis during and after his reign.

We may analogize Donald K.'s wanderings in the labyrinth of his own educationalist boilerplate to the search for vindication by Kafka's protagonist in *The Trial*. Both his and Kafka's book have 10 chapters. Joseph K. knows a lot about banking and regards himself as a highly qualified citizen in a progressive republic, but his bureaucratic code avails as little for rehabilitation as does Donald K.'s flaccid narrative on the minutiae of managing the big business of science and technology in the (post-) Cold War university. Kennedy's late chapters 8 ("To Tell the Truth") and 9 ("To Reach Beyond the Walls") unfold a rather dreary account of how research misconduct, permissiveness toward plagiarism, outright fraud, inadequacy of government, institutional, and peer review, lucrative outside ventures for creative scientists and enterprising scholars, conflicts of interest, pressures from interested industries and politicians, and the erosion of public trust which results from all this must and did preoccupy the head of a complex research university like Stanford. He omits the deterioration of humane studies from his list of concerns, and we are left to infer he never noticed it happening on his watch of a dozen years.

Like Joseph K. who is finally summoned before the harsh prison chaplain in *The Trial*, so Donald K., after prolix windings in his platitudinous *apologia pro administratione sua*, revisits the painful hearings into Stanford's misuse of federal research funds conducted by the Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigation of the House Energy and Commerce Committee and remonstrates against its ruthless chairman, John Dingell. Those who were on the scene at Stanford (the reviewer among them) know several things that fit together uncomfortably: There indeed were embarrassing irregularities. Kennedy gives a selectively inadequate reminder as to why he presented such an easy mark for public spectacle. All the same, the congressional com-

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mittee definitely was taking advantage to scapegoat Stanford and to scare the hell out of its counterpart research universities.

It is sad Kennedy has almost nothing of value to say about the social sciences and absolutely zero about the humanities. He squanders the sympathy and attention he may have gained when he assumes the role of sacrificial victim of the system in front of Dingell. But in his final chapter ("To Change") he shows he is as unreformed as his counterpart Joseph K.

Donald K. studs his last pages with yearnings that reveal what is behind his lament that university faculty members and presidents no longer play "a dominant role among the nation's 'public intellectuals.'" Smitten by the glamour of this power élite, he extols "service learning," "group projects," "relevance," "interdisciplinary" studies—all code words for aspects of the general trend he was helping foster at Stanford: the steady conversion of the academy into a corporatist state-within-the-state, and its programmatic co-optation for political recruitment and collectivist thinking, while science was being vigorously promoted as the financial engine of the radical-chic behemoth. His parting wish-dreams include granting academic credit for political activism and basing the selection of students on social, not academic criteria.

A more accurate title for the book would have been something like "Science, Society, and the University." Because it is so weighted in its interior chapters to the natural sciences, especially the biomedical field where Kennedy is most at home and whence he draws most of his illustrations, this review will compensatorily fill in some pertinent details regarding the most neglected area of his book and presidency: the humanities. What to denizens of academe may read like recycled institutional memoranda may not sound entirely like old news to a general public curious enough to hack their way through Kennedy's nuts-and-bolts chapters. By the same token it is legitimate to wonder whether the purpose of this trek is to exhaust "outside" readers and to distract them from a more searching assessment of the claims Kennedy makes about the spiritual crisis at Stanford and his part in it.

The first major act of denial is slipped in after half a dozen pages in chapter 1 ("Academic Freedom, Academic Duty") among the bromides about how well universities actually are doing. Suddenly, the "celebrated clash over what students should learn about great works and great ideas—in particular, whether non-Western works should be added to the traditional canon" appears on the horizon in Kennedy's account. To his visible relief "the intellectual right wing of the debate" ultimately loses out at Stanford in the lengthy campus discussion "during 1987-88" over changes in the popular freshman course on "Western Culture." These changes, Kennedy assures his readers in a standard feint used by the proposers to disarm the campus and public, "were actually rather modest"—just such things as "a new title for the course ('Cultures, Ideas, and Values'), an added track, new methods for focusing on ethnicity and gender, and a reduction from 15 to eight in the number of readings on the A list [the shared list of classics]."

Many at Stanford, so Kennedy says, were "surprised" by the "national media firestorm" over CIV. He proudly avers finding the local debate "inspiring," whereas "the public discussion seemed superficial and misleading" and this now puts him in mind of earlier resistance to Darwin's *Origin of Species*. This lame posturing as an anti-reactionary champion of intellectual values typifies the shallowness of his presidency. Just as suddenly as he has wormed his way to this grossly reductionist version of the culture wars at Stanford, the apologist conveniently segues to "change itself" as "a source of public disaffection" and laments how universities lost their aura and came to be perceived as "just another interest group."

Today, the administration of Kennedy's successor appears inclined to replace or scrap CIV in gradual steps. Readers can gain some sense of the fuller context of the earlier disillusioning debacle from the thoroughly documented book *The Diversity Myth: "Multiculturalism" and the Politics of Intolerance at Stanford* (1995) by David O. Sacks and Peter Thiel, two students who witnessed it, as well as from the chapter on Stanford in Dinesh D'Souza's *Illiberal Education: The Politics of Race and Sex on Campus* (1991). It is widely thought that Kennedy is the president in John L'Heureux's academic novel *The Handmaid of Desire* (1996), set in the heady atmosphere of Stanford around the 1990s.

In that satire, the English department is split between the "Fools," or humanist liberals, and the "Turks," aggressive proponents of a cultural studies revolution who aspire to dominance through a neomarxian-deconstructionist-antinomian alliance and work symbiotically with the administration. It is curious that the real-life Kennedy does not include several figures in the "Acknowledgements" section of his book who were major players during the implementation of CIV and other cultural policies: Dean of Humanities and Sciences Norman Wessells, who astutely left for Oregon in 1988 as the storm clouds began to gather, and Provost James Rosse, who quit the campus shortly before Kennedy's resignation under pressure. Nor is the name of Ewart Thomas in the list, the successor Dean who went down with the ship.

Silence is golden

Academic novels thrive on anecdotes for good reason; unofficial narratives are often more significant than official explanations. One of the stories circulating at Stanford at the time its Humanities Center was being founded in the '80s was that two prominent politicians in the English department went to Kennedy, during his interim year as provost, when he was emerging as finalist for the presidency, and obtained his backing for a center to be developed initially under the domination of their coterie. By their nimble timing, these "Fools" hoping to ride the "Turkish" wave (I borrow L'Heureux's terminology) co-opted behind the scenes the considerable efforts of a large interdepartmental faculty discussion group, nicknamed the "Humanities Circle," in which the emeritus Dean Rhinelander participated. Subsequent events—as well as the extensively self-serving selection of internal fellows by the dominant gang—showed the limited applicability of the maxim that imitation is the highest form of flattery.

Contrary to Kennedy's over-simplifying assertion that CIV was born out of faculty debate during 1987-88, it was already a hot item being prepared in the Dean's office in 1986-87, with advocates of the "multicultural" direction such as Associate Dean Carolyn Lougee on point. The "new track" which Kennedy mentions—and which the *Wall Street Journal* ridiculed (e.g., for elevating Rigoberta Menchu to the status of a contemporary classic)—was not merely the flakiest of the lot, it was intended and advertised as a model nucleus for a more sweeping reevaluation of values.

The three main authors of this track wrote the plan under the leisurely shelter of the Humanities Center so that it could be ready for the launch of the new era. The administration furthermore sent one of the authors and other partisans around the country to quell alumni unrest over CIV and to reassure colleagues at other universities. Soon the grapevine was carrying reports that the CIV promoters were bragging to counterparts at universities from Berkeley to Duke how they had worked the proposal through the Stanford Senate and how easy it was to cow opponents and bamboozle scientists. Thomas Wasow, Dean of Undergraduate Studies, sent a two-page letter to parents in autumn 1988 to allay their concerns, speaking of "a fairly modest (although imaginative) curricular reform . . ." (Yet, in spring 1988, he issued a statement restricted to campus and calculated to reassure activists, speaking of "substantial changes.")

Was Kennedy during the downhill years from 1986 to 1992 the objective caretaker he portrays in *Academic Duty*? In 1989, the Loma Prieta earthquake hit, inflicting damage to facilities that was then conservatively estimated at \$150 million, and the burgeoning indirect cost recovery problem reached its head as Dingell held hearings on Stanford and the university faced immense cuts in federal funding. Thus, by 1990, Stanford was in the midst of a budget crunch of a severity unparalleled since the Great Depression; draconian downsizing of departments and programs, of library staff, acquisitions, and services, and of academic support infrastructure (e.g., departmental secretarial staff) became the order of the day. The administration, singing the praises of computerization with New Age fervor and simultaneously arguing budgetary constraints, abolished the position of Director of Libraries and subordinated the library system to a Vice President for Information Resources, an engineering professor. Yet Kennedy's costly commitment to CIV and its new evangel of "multiculturalism" ratcheted up several notches. In October 1991, he signed off on yet another "Affirmative Action Plan for Stanford University 1989-91" of ponderous length. Its interminable bureaucratic details, redundant and circular definitions, and hymnic pomposity surely qualify it for a place among the most notable self-parodic examples of late 20th-century administrative prose. The centerpiece was a new bureaucracy, its importance certified by its having its own acronym (OMD) like a federal agency. Here is a sample of its bureaucratese: "The Office of Multicultural Development is predicated upon the knowledge that our society is composed of independent, multi-racial/multi-ethnic peoples and that our future requires new thinking and new structures which incorporate diversity as a means to harmony, unity, and equity. Moreover, diversity is fundamental to the pursuit of excellence and knowledge. In understanding and accepting this reality, Stanford University begins a transformation to ensure that multiculturalism is infused into (not appended to) all aspects of teaching, research, planning, policies, practices, achievements, and institutional life. It is the mission of the Office for Multicultural Development to develop the multicultural model of the future and guide Stanford University through the transformation."

This is the official doctrine Stanford's president endorsed in the local campus papers. The most positive thought which comes to mind on reading such millenarian trash is that Kennedy must have been, for the most part, play-acting in appearing to yoke his academic and political career to the multicultural juggernaut. Scarier is the possibility he might actually have hoped to impose an obligatory "model" for the social sciences and humanities (and even the natural sciences?), a "transformation" eventually requiring its own thought police to

enforce conformity.

The Senate's own decade-and-a-half old statement on academic freedom stood as a bulwark shielding the faculty. But these protections did not extend to Stanford students. A legacy of the Kennedy years was the speech code which the administration adopted in May 1990 against widespread student objection. Stanford's Judicial Affairs Officer made clear it would be enforced, not to protect the student population at large, but selected victim groups. In March 1995, the Santa Clara Superior Court found the speech code unconstitutional. In arguing the case, Stanford students bested professors from the law school of their own university. The new president, himself a member of the school, wisely chose not to appeal the ruling and risk further ignominy.

Kennedy's close attention to the sciences and technology would be fine if his book were intended solely as a recent historical outline on these fields in the university. But the huge blank in *Academic Duty*—the virtual absence of the humanities and social sciences—covers a disconnect that surfaces over and over in special pleading against complaints "especially from the political Right" about what happened to arts and letters and to campus life. Kennedy never sees that his own alliance with partisans advocating specific changes which lowered intellectual standards in the humanities and social sciences at Stanford helped create the crisis of confidence with which—along with financial scandal—his own presidency is now identified in the public mind. The willing pursuit of foundation funding by his administration to collaborate on social engineering goals resulted in an extensive diversion of faculty energies in the humanities and social sciences and their general weakening. So far as the Kennedy administration projected its attitudes publicly, the balance swung from extolling substantive teaching and open-ended research in so-called "soft" fields toward rewarding advocacy. There was constant unobtrusive pressure in the form of official "bribes" to create further politically correct courses at Stanford, while mainline humanistic scholarship was kept on meager rations. The faculty received circulars which unabashedly advertised the administration was paying hard cash to faculty who would devise course materials for purposes which the administration prescribed. Leading a "transformation" meant boosting the prestige of pampered lobbies. Gradually, the accumulation of such offerings, the growth of the "touchy-feely" and "activist" sectors, the creation of extra-departmental learning entities, as well as the increasing demands of CIV (which started decaying from its inception for lack of committed seasoned faculty) helped promote under Kennedy the expansion of a non-scientific (and often enough anti-humanistic) para-faculty about which Kennedy now disingenuously worries in retrospect.

Another aspect of the multicultural crusade was a proliferation of directors and of deanlets for reasons of sensitivity and diversity—persons who assiduously produced memoranda exhorting the beleaguered core faculty to exhibit ever greater social piety and relevance and to pay ever more attention to the activities of worthy lobbies.

While everyone should welcome Donald Kennedy's upbeat coda in *Academic Duty*, his use of clichéd phrases such as "striving, transforming institutions" at the end will ring hollow for survivors of the culture wars. The humanities especially have gone through a prolonged degradation at Stanford because the Kennedy administration, adopting "Turkish" views, treated the humanities as an area which could and should be politicized. I admire Kennedy's spirited arguments in defense of biological research against unwarranted sabotage by protesters; regrettably this voice is never raised on behalf of sound principles in non-science fields. Kennedy's story is not tragic in material terms; as president emeritus he occupies a special chair at Stanford; effectively a sinecure. What some readers may well deem a spiritual tragedy reflected in his book is the glaring lack of a philosophical framework which might have enabled the ex-president to grasp his "flaw": that he was tempted to enter into a cultural compact at Stanford with forces who not only are avowed enemies of liberal democracy, who aspire to obliterate the tradition it springs from, and hope to use to that end the institutions they can co-opt, but who also are avowed enemies of science, who hold that physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, mathematics—what have you—are merely social or linguistic constructs which ideologues should reshape to their liking. Was Kennedy taking a deliberate, though dangerous, risk in calculating that he could co-opt the "anti-Western" and "anti-science" elements institutionally? Or does the disconnect in *Academic Duty* result from lingering denial on the part of a well-meaning scientist who out of historical ignorance succumbed to a utopian delusionism and slid down the slippery slope by following bad advice respecting the role of the humanities at a great research university?

Donald Kennedy is silent on this score and on much else.



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Homeowner Facing Trial in Child Endangerment Case

By Judith Schumann Weizner

Jim Fawcette, a 42-year-old married father of two, faces the possibility of a 30-year jail sentence if he is found guilty in next week's trial on charges of child endangerment as well as on several lesser violations. Federal prosecutors say the charges against Mr. Fawcette stem from his attempt to avoid complying with two provisions of the Federal Child Safety and Education Act of 1998 (FCSEA).

Fawcette was charged following an inspection of new bathroom fixtures installed in his home in the Paradise district of Jasmine City, California, in which the fixtures were judged to be non-conforming.

A year ago, when Fawcette first submitted his plans to the Jasmine City Bathroom and Kitchen Renovation Board, he was told he must install rounded faucets that would conform to Regulation 5 of the city's Uniform Bathroom and Kitchen Renovation Code, which expressly forbids the installation of handle-style faucets in homes where there are children under the age of sixteen, or where children are allowed to visit. (This requirement was added to the building code following the strangulation death of a Dachshund whose collar got caught on the cold water faucet of his family's bathtub as the children attempted to give it a bath. The children, now in their teens, are still receiving treatment for post-traumatic stress disorder.)

Fawcette installed the approved hardware, but his wife immediately discovered that she could manipulate it only with difficulty and severe pain, as she suffers from carpal tunnel syndrome. He applied for an exemption to the regulation, but was turned down on grounds that the presence of children in the home rendered the dwelling a Class C-1 structure under the FCSEA. The Board did, however, advise Fawcette of the alternative of buying an adapter that could be kept in a locked cabinet in the bathroom for use when no children were present in the house.

The adapter made it possible for his wife to use the new faucets comfortably, but the storage restriction meant that the children had to be taken out of the house while she bathed, and then, because the pain in his wife's wrists made it impossible for her to use the screwdriver required for the removal of the adapter, Fawcette had to reinstall the rounded hardware as soon as she was finished bathing. Also, since the adapter could not be used in the presence of children, Fawcette had to remain in the bathroom while his wife bathed their younger daughter, Tiffany, in order to adjust the temperature of the water, as well as to turn it on and off.

Although the Fawcettes found the restrictions inconvenient, they adjusted. But within a month Mr. Fawcette's company required him to

attend a two-week sensitivity seminar in New York, and the responsibility for bathing Tiffany fell to the unassisted Mrs. Fawcette, who, after two painful attempts to use the new fixtures, hired a plumber to install the adapter, which remained



JIM FAWCETTE

in place for the rest of her husband's absence.

Upon his return from New York, Mr. Fawcette removed the adapter and took over the bathing chores, while Mrs. Fawcette resumed the washing of the dinner dishes, which she had previously given up due to the pain in her wrists. The arrangement continued for several months without any major problems until their eight-year-old daughter, Kimberlie, mentioned to her Family Choices teacher that her father had assumed the responsibility of bathing her little sister. That evening, the Fawcette family had a visit from the school's Family Liaison Officer.

Mrs. Fawcette explained that the situation had arisen due to her disability, namely, carpal tunnel syndrome, for which she was currently receiving payments from her former employer, but The Family Liaison Officer informed her that this did not excuse the family from compliance with Paragraph 47.a of Title XIII of the FCSEA, which requires that children be bathed by a member of the same sex. Mr. Fawcette was arrested and charged with child endangerment. (Subsequently, tipped off by a remark overheard in a bowling alley, the police arrested the plumber, who agreed to turn state's evidence in return for immunity to charges that would have cost him his license.)

The Federal Child Safety & Education Act was passed last year with overwhelming public support kindled by the First Lady's address at the Annual World Village Child Welfare Congress in Jakarta in 1996. While some experts predicted that compliance with certain provisions of the law might have a chilling effect on the economy, it appears that the new law has instead had some unexpected economic benefits.

Much as the invention of the automobile was responsible for the development of related industries such as tires, parking garages and repair

shops, the requirement that a child under eight be bathed by a parent of the same sex has prompted the creation of a new category of business. Last week, for example, when Kinderbath Corp. made its initial public offering, the stock gained 14 points by the end of the first trading day. Kinderbath, a subsidiary of Dyssen Foods, offers supervision by a federally certified bath marshal of baths given by a parent of the opposite sex. Due to the large number of single parents raising small children of the opposite sex, companies like Kinderbath now provide thousands of well-paid part- and full-time jobs for those wishing to take the course leading to federal certification. Many former welfare recipients have received their training from the Federal Child Safety and Education Administration's Bath Certification Training Program and have entered the workforce.

But the new law is not without its critics. The Coalition for Equal Treatment for the Poor (CETP) has brought suit in Second District Court, alleging that while rich families can easily afford the services of companies like Kinderbath, Title XIII places an unequal burden on the poor by requiring single mothers with sons to pay for federally approved supervision. The Coalition's suit also charges that by not requiring two-parent families to use one of these services, Title XIII fosters double discrimination against single parents.

Last June, in an address to graduates of the Elders School of Social Work, the First Lady called the nation's attention to the crisis in child bathing and proposed the establishment of a Federal Bath Board under the Department of Health and Human Services, that would enable low-income single parents to apply for federal assistance in meeting the requirements of Title XIII without having to hire private bath marshals. It is likely that some version of the FBB will be created as a result of the CETP suit.

Mr. Fawcette's supporters are hoping that the judge in his case will bar the introduction of his record into evidence. With one prior conviction for installing a three-and-a-half-gallon toilet and one for removing the flow restrictor from his showerhead, Mr. Fawcette is virtually guaranteed jail time on the charge of permitting the improper use of an adapter arising from his wife's attempt to bathe their daughter alone during his absence. If he is found guilty on the child endangerment charge, he faces a 14-year sentence. A conviction for permitting improper use would add from seven to 16 years.

Reports that the Justice Department is still considering a charge of improper use of an adapter against Mrs. Fawcette have not been confirmed, but it is almost certain that she will be charged at a later date as her husband's accomplice in child endangerment if prosecutors can find sufficient evidence that she induced him to bathe their daughter alone in exchange for her agreement to wash the dishes.



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