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 fakiness, he has brought in another retreat 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 toMoonie 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 Black 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. Continued on page 9

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 rockin’ 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 matiala male audiences, Clinton has talked with regexpul 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 mythobolicam) 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 and the torch was passed."

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GET WHITEY
I was reading in The Gulag Archipelago by Solzhenitsyn, 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 those 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 UNITED
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 really fully understand this system and are reckless to install multicultural representation in the reward system... 

R.W. Cranston
sliga, 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 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 Kurnjummen
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 that changes 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 intellectuals who think the university's proper function is to commit thought-reform on its students.

Lawrence Okamura
Columbus, MO

Ammunition for the Culture Wars

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Why I Am a Conservative
by P.J. O'Rourke
P.J. O'Rourke is America's funniest, freshest voice on the Right. Second Thoughts Books has published O'Rourke's scathing explanations of why he is a conservative. In his pocket-size primer on passionate politics, you'll learn: Why politicians should abstain from the wellspring of conservatism; Why there is no such thing as a "fair" share of wealth; Why God is a Republican, and Santa Claus is a Democrat. (24pp) $3.95

Why I'm Not a Liberal
by David Horowitz
"I just believe in the liberation of blacks, Communism, 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." (28pp) $4.95

It's a War, Stupid!
by Peter Collier & David Horowitz
A letter to the recent election, Republican "Great Expectations" author 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 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 conservatives are popular 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 David Horowitz
Political language should be straightforward and direct. I agree. It should speak to the common sense of common people. It should have a moral component, but not be inhumanitarian. This booklet is about understanding the public hopes and private fears of a nation.

12 Tips on How to Be a Good Leftist
by Jamie Glazov
"The Cold War is over. The Soviet Union has collapsed. Capitalism is the new master." Now that we have many more, our personal enemies, periods to pursue the ideal of socialism—and its twin ideals of “social experiment” and “social justice”—despite the public collapse of their worldly incarna-

(1997) $4.95

Editors Peter Collier David Horowitz Literary Editor John Ellis Staff Writers K.L. Billingsley Cristopher Rapp Art Director JP Duberg Illustrator Carl Moore Circulation Manager Bruce Donaldson

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HETERODOXY

SID VICIOUS: Subpoened 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 tell him: “You are an honest man—take the fifth instead of the truth. The truth is that the attempts to get him to reveal which journalists he had talked to. The high road is actually unfailiur for Blumenthal, a spear carrier for the left specializing in vicious ad hominem attacks for a facet 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 Kerouac a doctor.) And concern for the “sacred” relationships between journalists and their sources is a very sudden and perhaps temporary enthusiasm for journalist Matt Drudge since last summer because of an unproven allegation, Totenberg, a case study in journalistic conflict of interest, once played Linda Tripp to Similarly someone wanting to administer an object lesson to the boisterous cyber-pres, 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, “to disclose to the following: the names or the ‘top Republican’ ‘who has been trying to silence me because of an 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 p.m. EST tomorrow, Blumenthal will take the appropriate action against you.” But now the worm has turned. “[Starr is] interested in phone logs and names of people you’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 take the stand. “. . . 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 the special sessions at the MLA convention. One of them is as follows: “California über Alles. California has led the nation in initiatives against affirmative action and immigrants. How have these initiatives affected the communication climate in California and in American political culture general? How are people organizing against these initiatives? 1/2 page abstracts by 1/3 Mac.” The radical professors of today think it is amusing to publish such an oxymoron. The radical students of yesterday did 30 years ago when they referred to “Amerika.” The Delegate Assembly red the following resolutions: “Remind all faculty members to cease 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 DISC0: 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 70s: “It was a supremely ugly moment, and its message was plai: 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 prove suddenly anathema.” Funny, we thought the problem was all that cocaine and the brain-dwaring beat of the music and that whiny little guy in the BeeGee.

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

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore

I'M COUNTING ON YOUR PROFESSIONALISM AND YOUR SENSE OF DUTY. I KNOW YOU'LL CONDUCT YOURSELF...

...WITH THE UTMOST DIGNITY.

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 grimly deadpan-ed educators on both sides of the race-based admissions debate in California 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 opponents. However, the New York Times recently reported “a small but significant increase in applications from black, Mexican, American Indians, and American, largely reversing the two-year decline.” The turnaround came largely as a result of thousands of letters sent out by the University of California president, Richard White, 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 five four-year schools next fall—even without considering race in admissions decisions. The uptick was largely as a result of admissions teams that went out with aggressive programs to interview a larger number of out-of-state applicants than they had in the past. Why didn’t they think of this 20 years ago?

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

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, “communism with an added twist of race 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, commercialized it: Black mass shootings (which killed Tupac), the black community and crack (which he died); and black rappers and sexual predation (which he was involved in). The subjects are saved for next semester.

GROWNUPS: In her latest column, feminist establishment’s embarrassed silence on the latest Clinton sex scandal is what at first seems to be a surprisingly deadly and endearing . . . one side we have ‘feminism’ . . . which is derived only by celebrating itself, ideally through your injuries, gaining power by talking about what was done to you. It is, by definition, only a destructive power, aimed at bringing down the big man because, as Linda Tripp has said, “It’s a milk ‘n’ honey in the front of the adults. It’s the power available to a girl whose only recourse is to talk. . . . You never do anything, and no one can see you doing it, and so you never have to take responsibility for anything.” A perfect critique of ‘feminism’ right there. The idea that Fulford has seen the light. This is bogus feminism, she says, the faux feminism of “girls” like Monica Lewinsky, Susan Katz, Paula Jones, and others who air Clinton’s dirty laundry in public. As opposed to the “girls” there are the ‘Protestant, grownups’ like co-president-turned-vast right-wing conspiracy theorist Hillary Clinton and, yes, Anita Hill. Of course, since slandering Clarence Thomas, Ms. Hill has parleyed her fabricated victimhood into nationwide fame, book deals, and a renewed professorship. Unlike the whining “girls,” the “grownups” are able to make mature decisions—presumably like Monica Lewinsky’s! Like calling Jack呢”...
Years of Solitude in the Cuban Diaspora

The Tasks of Exile

by Ricardo Pau-Llosa

E very nation needs a unifying myth—a body of values, narratives, causal-
ties, goals, and premises which give
purpose and coherence to all group
efforts and a great many individual
ones as well. In this sense, 1959 was a

crucial year for the Cuban psyche. Arguably, the

dominion 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 com-

munist’s recognition and fed a
depth hunger for a unifying iden-
ty, and in doing so they overrode

what few ethical defense mecha-
nisms Cubans collectively

possessed and which, had they been

engaged, might have averted dis-

aster.

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 exile that has lived in

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 coun-

try the size of Tennessee, Cuba had pro-
duced by the mid-1950’s as many or more genres

and types of popular music than had the United

States—bailaon, danzon, charanga, punto quijito,
guaguancó, son, rumba, mambo, cha-cha-cha,
hito, to name only the most renowned. In fact,

Cuban music is the only such gathering of popular

music in the world, along with

Spanish-speaking world, along with

American attorney in his early thirties, who ardent-

ly promoted his views everywhere, no embarrassment in admitting he had never heard

American careers

of mediocrities inside the Cuban com-

munist cell. To leave Cuba, as if Bedia

did it, for the sake of the country’s most

renowned musicians.

El exilio’s abysmal record of cultural

preservation and transmission is matched only by

our political stupidity in matters that concern cul-

tural. Communist Cuba co-opted the nation’s cultur-

al acumen from the beginning, effectively mas-

querading to this day as the only communist regime with

a lively court of artists, film-makers, and writ-

ers. An unprecedented number of Cuba’s great

artists, including a great many who grew up in com-

munism, 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 signifi-

cant Cuban exile cultural institutions in Miami or

anywhere else. No folkloric ballet, no Cuban culi-
ar 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),

which consists of lack of professionalism, com-

promised by the regime’s ideologues, and the lack

of support from the community, make it an object of pity and

did not simply because the political

tone of the article would have been had Bedia

been a Chilean who endured the Pinochet dicta-

torship or a black South African during the heyday of apartheid. But the “American Dream”

is strange that the recipients of 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 media outlets inside the Cuban commu-

nity 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 complement-

ed by a more sinister activity—a campa-

ign of automatic praise reserved for

Cuban artists who show sympathy for

communist rule (regardless of the true merits as artists). The MacArthur

Foundation and the Guggenheim

Foundation’s Latin American Program

are domimated by the left and routinely

bestow awards on communist Cuba’s offi-

cial artists and foreign apologists. At best,

a grinning 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 jeopardy. This system of valuation is fully

operative even in mass-circulating South

Florida publications like the Miami

Herald and the Miami New Times.

One can imagine how different the political

tone of the article would have been had Bedia

been a Cuban artist, generous coverage in

mainstream press and entertainment, in

asserting that the “secret communist documents

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 prominent-

ly among these exiles.” The implication is that

the impact of world affairs on the Cuban economy

alone is not enough to explain the differences.

Nowhere is there a popularly accessible center run

by Cuban exiles that fulfills our need to counter the

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communism to themselves. Cuban artists who denounce what communism has

done to their homeland put their American careers in jeopardy. This system of valuation is fully operative even in mass-circulating South Florida publications like the Miami Herald and the Miami New Times. Cuban artists and writers who are either “moderate” or openly sympathetic to the communists are more likely to suffer greater and more sympathetic cover than writers 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 Jose Bedia by Robert Farris Thompson made but one undervalued reference to the artist’s political position. After seconding Luis Cantzner (an Uruguayan critic who is a staunch defender of communist tyranny in Cuba) in asserting that the “secret communist documents 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 is not enough to explain the differences. Nowhere is there a popularly accessible center run by Cuban exiles that fulfills our need to counter the propaganda and the incessant barrage of attacks and smear campaigns against the Cuban exile community. 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 the true merits as artists). The MacArthur Foundation and the 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 grinning 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 jeopardy. This system of valuation is fully operative even in mass-circulating South Florida publications like the Miami Herald and the Miami New Times. Cuban artists and writers who are either "moderate" or openly sympathetic to the communists are more likely to suffer greater and more sympathetic cover than writers who are considered hard-line anticommunists.
For most Cubans who fled, "exile" has become a way of life, and one that is lived solely in economic and political terms, and the artists were bastions of those of them to boot. To the delight of "liberals," "progressives," and "moderates," a diaphanous-minded set which leads to a "realism" as showy as it was aslo"gous, which sees triumph in millenarian rather than in quar-
terly terms and in consciousness rather than faction, has yet to dawn among the Cubans of the exile. Even a cursory glance at other North American immigrant experiences—those of the Chinese, Irish, Italians, Japanese, Jews, Ukrainians and Slavs reveals a far greater appreciation of their native culture. Erosion of cultural information and consequently of cultural allegiance has been slower in these once impoverished immigrant cultures, but in Cuba the shock of relocation is as big for them as it was for those who came here as educated political exiles. This is clearly the opposite of what was sup-
posed to have occurred.

If the Cuban exile community continues to see its duties in purely tran-
sitory, emergency terms and not in terms of building a nation, starting with its sense of itself and its uniting myth and culminating with its ethos and civic life, the totalitarianism 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 nation can exist and survive with a unified, national myth and understanding of 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 with which the exiles regard the history of their own culture—or of any other culture, for that matter—are held by the leaders of this community. From my experiences as a former resident of these "litas," I have learned that only what is of personal interest to them is conceived of as hav-
ing 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 Cuba's economy; the文化建设 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, those who support this regime and have blunted the edge of the Herald's argument because the exiles would not have appeared as irrelevant in demanding that works realized by artists of the communist government that has persecut-
ed 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 mis-
information it is safe to assume that the Herald is still trying to put into the public mind that matters to this newspaper is the same thing that matters to the communists in Havana, their "pro-
gressive" sympathizers in the foreign press and acad-
emics, and that the values these people hold are as small as the Little Havana radio stations: reducing Cubans, their suf-
f ering, history, and culture to the status of rhetorical utensils.

The solitude which has hampered Cuba's exiled artists has, however, left an irreplaceable reser-
voir of passion in the works of those who have endured these injustices without crying. Witness writers Lydia Cabrera and Reinaldo Arenas, trum-
petist Chocolate Armenteros, painters Rafael Sotolano and Humberto Calzada, sculptor Rolando López Díaz, architect Néstor Castellana, compo-
sitor Juan Carlos Forsnell, singer Olga Guillot among many other brave artists who have not buckled. Cuba has been as adept at its acts of conviction, as its poets of exile. Its artists have endangered beauty and prosperity, so has the nation in witnessing the spectacle of countless intellectuals and intellectuals "failures"—Paul VI and Pinochet, referring to him and the other official artists whose works were includ-
ed in that fateful 1988 auction as "painters who lived in Cuba and were said to be sympathetic to Fidel Castro." As if Mariano Rodriguez's fervent com-
umnism was an unfounded rumor, another rebel exile fantasy.

Presenting the four artists as hapless victims of political circumstances to an uninformed readership that trusts the Herald to provide a historical overview enables the paper to exacerbate the image of exiles as fanatics. The Herald also attacks "intolerant" Cuban exiles who opposed the sale of these works in the auction. However, from a legal standpoint, the newspaper could have described the four artists truthfully as sycophants in the fereign press and acad-
emis. The哈尔rd's 'artists truthfully a system in which the expressions of people's memory that culture is and breaking the home of the present, and breaking out toward the future.

All exile artists endure Cuban Miamī's intractable pliopolitism and "labor" America's hyper-
rhetorical 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 entertainers of the word, the visual artist is trans-
formed 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 artists politi-
cal allegiances, past or present, by imbeciles of all political stripes who would rather watch a unique nation die than joyously assume the tasks of recov-
ery. Cuba is not a country that has divided itself or made matters to the exil,
rather, it is a country that has been divided. The Cuban government has persecuted them, excluded from fund-raising auctions to benefit the only independent, Cuban exile-run cultural institution in existence.

A WORLD WITHIN #20 BY HUMBERTO CALZADA

HUMBERTO CALZADA—was included in an auction to raise funds for a Cuban exile organization. These were high-rank ing works of exiles, who are victims of the Cuban regime, and they also hap-
pended to be artists. Yet the Herald has continued to describe them in countless stories and editorials, as merely "artists who still live in Cuba and have not broken with the Castro govern-
ment."

Mariano Rodriguez, who died in 1990, was a lifelong and bountiful member of Cuba's commu-

nist party and, after 1959, a Tonguemada who per-
cinated artists who weren't revolutionary enough for his tastes. For years, Rodriguez had been a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Yet, recently Gall Meadow, a prominent writer for the Herald, referred to him and the other official artists whose works were includ-
ed in that fateful 1988 auction as "painters who lived in Cuba and were said to be sympathetic to Fidel Castro.

Illustrations by Humberto Calzada, a Miami-based painter.
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 those 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 rundown, fading former port outside the capital. It wasn't much of a place—concrete rooms and cold-water showers—but Rafael 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 restrict myself to killing just the gun-carrying Marxists logistical support? Who knows if 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 sandinistas 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. Perhaps they were taken in by the religious aspect of the Sandinistas. But the victims were rendered unto Caesar and perhaps unto the guerrillas themselves during their Central American sojourns. I realized that just the other day when I came across a rather interesting book that was published in 1987. The title is Fidel and Religion, and the author, a Brazilian priest named Frei Betto, had been shot 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 the 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 droning with compassion for the SOA Watch crew. From the descriptions, I gathered that they were still committed to the nearly fifteen years' passe ideology of the sandinistas. 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-'70s 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 calling for the abolition of the planet 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 60,000 Latin American 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 was a Catholic priest and the first 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 new theology of the liberation tem-
poral 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 in an effort to persuade priests not to stay out of politics. A pivotal moment for the lib-
eration theology types occurred in 1982 when John Paul visited Nicaragua. He publicly scolded Sandinista Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escarce, a priest, for ignoring the Vaticn'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 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 prelimi-
nary research had revealed: That Father Bourgeois was a blatant sup-
portor of the Marxists who, though a priest, had once gone on patrol with the Salvadoran guerrillas. That the liter-
erature of SOA Watch was full of the standard cliches bashing both America and the American military. That few of my charges stood up to scrutiny.

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

It turned out that Azzolina had spent more than 40 years in the Navy and the reserves. Interestingly, when he volunteered for the battlefront "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.

New Jersey Azzolina had been a member of the SOA Watch people. Along with some of the old military buddies, retired Army and Navy people and they said, "Joe, don't get involved in that!"

By the way, 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 the 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: The colonel who had once attended the SOA had taken a course in radio operations long before El Salvador's civil war began.

The SOA had been created by the Guatemalan general Hector Graham, 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 he could have been cut down by a heart attack.

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

"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 some kind of hearing at which both sides on this controversy would air their views. Nope. On the floor of the Assembly, I ran into Azcolina. 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 had canceled a speech by Bourgeois, Azcolina 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 their 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 successes the "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 is a great victory for our Latin American friends. 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 was winning over the rest of the Latin American world. He ordered the school to take the aggressive stance against communism that worked so well during the 1980s and was ultimately successful in keeping the Marxists from attaining power in Central America.

This may seem like ancient history, but it is important to remember that as recently as a decade ago the Marxists were teach­ing people to murder, rape and massacre.

To Heal A Nation, 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.

"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 easy-to-read reminder of those who pay the price of our freedom who should not be forgotten.

Paul Muldoon is a columnist for the Star-Ledger in Newark, NJ and a frequent contributor to The Keepers of the Flame.
HETERODOXY

PAGE 9

The Last Panther, Continued from page 1

When everyone else seemed willing to let the old days slip into the ambivalence of history, David Hilliard recognized the value of Pantherism as a nostalgic artifact and sought to package and sell it. Staging celebratory events to the peal of bellstruck music, he established the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation, Hilliard has been busy during the '90s closing deals on every kind of Panter experience from refreshment 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 has 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 Pantherism.

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 snorting coke and drinking had not previously done. Newton, hopefully 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 he was both 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. Three years ago he bought a bar in Berkeley until recently, and still appears at her side at many official Panther memorial functions.

This union of left over 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, judging from state records, was created primarily to handle commercial deals Hilliard and Fredrika were trying to put together. By doing Pantherism in this charitable trust, legally money received by them was tax deductible. What “programs” they have been, and what they appear to pay for few indeed, seem to have their goal, aside from meeting making ($413,000 in total so far), the continued feeding of the old Panther myth.

Two years ago, Robert 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 tour was an educational, light- lightening 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 Elhuy Harris, Brown's rival, Alameda County coffers, Mary King, and State Senator Barbara Lee she apparent to retiring Ron Dellums' Congressional seat (who was also a teenaged volunteer driver for Newton back in the good old days.)

Hilliard focused the tour on landmarks from the innocent time, even before the Party was actually formed—the boyhood homes of Huey and Newt, and Hilliard; the site at Merritt College where Elhuy and Newton debated the 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 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.

Hilliard's comparison of the shooting of Panther Bobby Hutton by an Oakland cop to have as their goal, aside from moneymaking deals, was actually formed—the boyhood homes of Huey and Newt, and Hilliard; the site at Merritt College where Elhuy and Newton debated the 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 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. Three years ago he bought a bar in Berkeley until recently, and still appears at her side at many official Panther memorial functions.

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tional money for Panther "educational pro-
jects" for years, but so far neither the tour goers
nor those who made the offers to buy Hilliard's
home offered more than $30,000. Hilliard had to
take a job as a tour guide with Jerry Brown, while keeping up a steady stream of grant pro-
osals.

I was not a difficult sell, Jerry Brown had ties
with the Panthers, and especially with Elaine
Brown, back into the early days of his gover-
norship. It was also clear that she was acting
head of the Panthers during Newton's "exile," she
gained the Governor's ear to hear her argu-
ments for setting up his freeway building mora-
torium to complete the Grove Shaffer Freeway
which brought bedroom suburbia to downtown Oakland. The quid pro quo was job quotas for
correspondents at the San Francisco Chronicle, while the other Panthers could use in their drive
to take over Oakland politics.

Jerry Brown was wowed by the beautiful Elaine. He appoint-
ed her to be part of his delegation as favorite son in the 1976 Democratic con-
vention. Following this, he and Fredrika have been try-
ing to use the Dr. Huey P. Newton Foundation as a
vehicle for using the Dr. Huey P. Newton papers-
folded so-called "School of Sustainability"—
that have little to do with the lives of blacks in
Oakland. Brown recognized that while he had
named her Queen, and gave her 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 hook-
ing up with a familiar part of Oakland's past of
black heroes, however dubious that past might
turn out to be, is good politics.

Elaine Brown, in turn, has showed up in the
Bay Area recently as Jerry's campaign
time, Hilliard began escorting Elaine
York and the Bay Area and showing up at
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Yet Jerry Brown's activities under his
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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 jumped to her death to Huc Newton in the '60s, mentioned "Pantheriana" ("Masi") Hewitt and openly supported the Panthers, complained to this writer of Hilliard's demands to be hired as a "consultant" if they wanted use of Newton's papers or records. Newton was a principal for several years, and his strategies to market Panthermania have been such a success that Hilliard and Fredrika have been able to gain a foothold in the Berkeley flea market. The vendor's offense? Selling old Panther papers, posters, and other merchandise. The vendor's response: "Keep your Panther berets and black jackets. It was personal art, but community sharing as well."

"Then David Hilliard showed up," she recounts, "and he hit 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, and he was going to get money from the Museum as well. I was furious. Outraged. Nobody, Bobby would never have done such a thing."

Moreover, Hillard is not the only one experienced with the Hilliard thievery touch. In a conversation with me last year, a veteran Berkeley activist, mindful of the thievery with which Hilliard was covering Newton's dis-integration 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 hallmark. But for a relationship with 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—will not be clouded.

To the independent filmmakers, it felt like extortion.

Hilliard, no Panther-related transaction, reference, or cultural invocation is to be beyond the law. About the concept, Roderick Dewdow described his installation in a recent reference group 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-setting items along with Black Panther berets and black jackets. It was personal art, but community sharing as well.

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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 the ceremony, toasts the fraying of anyth­
ing to say, knocks down and arranges some rocks in the shape of a cross and appears to offer up a lit­

Beneath the surface plausibility of the comparison, of course, it is a case, as Hamlet might say, of "thou art a thievish custom." 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 coun­

The most serious charge against Clinton, more serious than that of his bumbled amours, is that in his ethical vacuity he has damped down the sense 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.

The point is all about, after all: the rules. It is not about the frequency of ejaculation, or the fabric onto which the ejaculate is produced, but whether the ejaculation occurred. It is about the rules—whether lying and cheating is permissible in a President; whether there is an allowable space 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 Thoreau was right that one should stand alone in his first inaugural that a man who cannot be trusted
to govern himself properly cannot be trusted to govern the country.

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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 now, but a spasm of self congratulation enjoyed by some­

Aside from the show of hands all the rest of their lives.

In any other era, Bill Clinton might 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 now, but a spasm of self congratulation enjoyed by some­

The source of John Kennedy's disdain for political culture, the

The fact that they

The only difference of the '60s was everywhere triumphant in the popular culture, its oppositionalist mentality having
time when a generation arose to rescue the system from itself is crucial to the great sacrifice or great achievement is no longer possible.

They could slam dance to the Other Side of the System—a web of archetypal American aliens like Jay Gatz, Sammy Glick, and Montgomery Ward Snopes. It is a background which leaves hunchers that cannot ever really be filled and makes every day a day of the locust, which is why this glimpse

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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 rampart 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 perversion is normal. And now, having done their part to trivialize the national political language and Operationalize 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 definitively 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 where 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 musak 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.
Academic Duty by Donald Kennedy
336 pages, $29.95
Harvard University Press, 1997

Reviewed by Gerald Gillespie

Donald Kennedy's years as president of Stanford University are the subject of his autobiography, which took over in the fall of 1980, was a honeymoon atmosphere. In fact, a polite one-year transition ensued. Dean of Humanities and Sciences, Haley Royce, a mathematician who had made a point of dropping in on classes and carrying on a potted-fish conversation, took steps to implement the reinstated 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 symposia with Silicon Valley. Up to the fall of 1976, Provost William Miller, a science systems expert (and later Director of the Stanford Research Institute, a think tank renowned for its work on all levels. The extent of the atmospheric culture 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 almost literally meaningless for a short while.

The ecumenical moment had spoiled a wide spectrum of liberal and radical faculty. Soon, a bitter, long-term campaign led by faculty activists Ronald W. Kass, who had been appointed to the Hoover Institution from the university, or to the reinstituted Western Culture, when the administration revealed that it was engaged in conversations over the possibility of Stanford becoming the site of a Reagan presidential library.

Under Kennedy, a spirit of intolerance appeared to be evident in the new Provost, psychologist Albert Hastorf, in the administration's attempt to keep students from involvement in the political science, and dismantling the Western tradition.

The third rumor was that the trustees had presented Kennedy with an ultimatum: regularize his marriage on amicable terms, or he was already reportedly in the process of being photographed. The fourth rumor was that the trustees were saying that the new Provost, who had kept Kennedy on as his nominal overlord, Kennedy. 'This initiative was a legacy from Stanford's outgoing president, liberal historian Richard Lyman, who had also been successful in furthering the university's special symposia with Silicon Valley.

A unspoken policy at Stanford was to avoid trouble—some militiamen into the bureaucracy, and to avoid stirring up the political sciences by saying that there were a few isolated cases of plagiarism, outright fraud, incompetency, or, as the case may be, simply a lack of scholarship.

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 judgment of history. The book Academic Duty by Donald Kennedy is a remarkable memoir of the time in which he was at the helm of a complex research university like Stanford.

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Another ugly incident pointing in that direction was announced in the February issue of the Stanford Campus that a sex scandal was about to be launched with fanfare, and the university's members were engaged in its greatest long crisis toward plagiarism, outright fraud, incompetency, or, as the case may be, simply a lack of scholarship.

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Academic novel thrive on anteceses for good reason; anticonvulsant narratives are often more significant than official explanations. Out of the sources scrutinizing at Stanford at the time glimpsed in the book was that there was an anti-humanistic in the English department to Kennedy, during his interminable years at Stanford, when he was emerging as lineal for the presidency, and on delivering for a career to project the work, enshrined in the philosophy of the academy as a corporate state-within-the-state, and its programmatic co-op for political and reformative and collective in the humanities especially. Kennedy's story is not tragic in material terms, but his story is a granitific one; one where the authority and relevance of humanistic inquiry is not recognized.
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 Jamine 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 its 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 turn the water on and off, but the storage limitation 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 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 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 consider the 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 a 14-year sentence. A conviction for permitting 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.