HETERODOXY
ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

NITWIT FEMINISM

One night last April, American feminists, among them Gloria Steinem and National Organization for Women (NOW) president Patricia Ireland, met at the 25th anniversary of the Ms. Foundation to hear Roseanne (who once grabbed her erotica while "singing" the national anthem) joke about Bill Clinton's reputed affair with an intern. Roughly the age of his daughter and excused the man now revealed to be, if nothing else, a serial groper, because as she said, he is "cute."

This mixing of feminist nads was symbolic of the reasons that the Dulles chapter of NOW from the suburbs of Washington rebelled. The women of the Dulles chapter, disgusted with the radical feminist status quo, met with members of the scrappy and conservative Independent Women's Forum (once denounced as "dangerous" by Ireland) a month later to announce their intention to work together on harassment and possibly other issues; to urge the formation of a new women's movement; and to declare that feminism, as NOW has defined it, is dead.

What stuck in the crowd of this dissenting NOW chapter, the first to issue such a bold challenge to the national organization? For one thing, the dismissive, even defamatory attitude of the national NOW leader toward Paula Jones, a contempt they expressed at the same time they were pressing lesser cases of sexual misconduct that did not involve Democrats. There was also NOW's apparent belief that Clinton's alleged seduction of a young girl in his employ was a harmless consensual "love affair." And NOW's silent, tacit endorsement of the "nuts and bolts" attack by Clinton's friends on the women accusing him of improprieties. And NOW's incoherent and opportunistic position on the Presidential libido, including Ireland's reluctant statement calling the alleged groping of Kathleen Willey a "sexual assault," and then dropping the matter. Even NOW founder Betty Friedan and friend Susan Faludi said that Clinton's office assaults were in his "private life" and none of our business, and NOW halfheartedly considered a march to the White House and then rejected the notion because, in Ireland's words, it would appear that the organization was "taking a side."

"This is nitwit feminism," said Marie-Jose Ragab, president of the Dulles chapter, which called for the resignation of the NOW national leadership on the grounds that it has made the organization into a laughing-stock and deserted not only the 15,000 women now seeking relief from sexual abuse through the nation's court system, but the founding ideals of a once-revered movement. Planned to be democratic, NOW's leadership had made the organization repressive and marginal. Planned to unite women, it had made war on religion and families. Planned

DIVERSITY HITS THE BEACH AT MONTEREY BAY FUTURECAMPUS
by Paul Ciotti

A funny thing happened to California State University at Monterey Bay on its way to the 21st century. When it opened for business two years ago on the sandy dunes of what used to be the old army base at Fort Ord, campus officials did a nationwide search for progressive diversity-minded faculty, put together a new interdisciplinary social service-oriented curriculum, hired Chicano activists to staff the administration and then sat back to await what they hoped would be a flood of students from "historically undererved, under-educated and low-income populations."

But this rise of the underclass never happened. Contrary to administration hopes, the student body didn't come primarily from the families of strawberry and kitten-field workers in nearby Salinas. Instead two-thirds of the school's enrollment grew up in such wealthy white southern California beach communities as Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Irvine, and Huntington Beach. To officials at the new campus, this was more than a shock. It also raised the disturbing possibility that critics of this "multilingual, multicultural, gender-equitable" school might have been right after all. Perhaps there had never been any need to build another campus in Monterey to serve "historically undererved" populations, or anyone else. Perhaps, most disturbing of all, the reason for building the school had never been educational anyway.

The California State University at Monterey Bay is, as its booster label, "a campus for the 21st century," the future of education in this country is a good deal bleaker than perhaps most of us now realize. To get to the school you start at the Pacific Ocean, drive due east through sandy, wind-swept dunes, past long rows of
Murderously Angry, But Why?

I have often wondered at what, exactly, rappers like Ice Cube are so murderously angry. What fuels their seemingly limitless rage and hatred? Here is a group of young men that has found success and riches beyond the reach of many people, white or black. And they have succeed
ed in a country that they regard as a bastion of racism. How ironic that the hatred, bigotry, and violence that is espoused so much of their music is on par with or greater than similar sen-
timents advanced by the most virulent white racists and anti-Semites. Ice Cube et al. have become more real sensations than their street
man "oppressors" ever were, and the revolution-
ary future envisioned by their hip-hop "gangsters" rivals its horrors in any of the great barbarisms we have witnessed in the twentieth century. Lastly, the true cowardice of Ice Cube and his like-minded fellows is apparent in their calls to "swarm" the suburbs and assault, rape, and murder defenseless whites. There are places in this country where true white racists live and congregate, and were I sure would welcome with relish the sight of a hip-hop
swarm coming their way.

Tom Gordon
New York, NY

Marcusian Socialism

David Horowitz's "20 Years of Evil" explodes with deserved anger at the New York Times for featuring a eulogy of Marx by English
professor Steven Marcus. But Marcus merely proved that he had learned little since his 1974 Random House book, Engels, Manchester and the Working Class. That book was a eulogy of Engels' "The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844" originally published in
German, and read with avidity by Germans anxious of England's burgeoning industrial power, eager to believe anything derogatory about it.

In fact, a recent edition of Engels' work by an eminent economic historian, the late William Otto Henderson, exposed thoroughly its many false and misleading assertions, and places Manchester's industrial history in proper context. But Marcus evidently neither knew nor cared what competent historians had to say about Engels' Manchester as representative of the down side of the Industrial Revolution in England. Marcus' Manchester was almost one hundred and fifty years out of date, so it is not surprising that his views today on the Communist Manifesto are equally out of date.

What beguiles academics who cling to Marxist dogma in the face of its overwhelming repudiation by history? Is it because they see themselves in some way in the impressively bearded, monocleashed figure of Dr. Marx, with his acade-

mically pretentious and hunger for power? Perhaps if they read Henderson's masterful two-volume biography of Engels, they would see that Marx was merely the main Engels, a high-school dropout, hired to flesh out and give an air of academ-
ic authority to his predictions of working-class revolution. If the Marx had any interest in such ideas. What Engels called "Marxism" is primarily his own ideas—the ideas of Engels the patron, not of Marx the perpetually begging client. If these facts were known and accepted by those who have followed academic fashions, what Engels called "Marxism" might have lost its academic allure long ago.

Lawrence Cranberg
Austin, TX

Fables for our Times

A novel complaint! The article by Judith Schuama Weizer in the last issue of Heterodoxy is truly a sad attempt at satire. Although I've a fairly well developed sense of humor and am able to generally ignore the occasional lapse of good taste or intelligent writing, Ms. Weizer's effort does nothing more than hold Heterodoxy up to ridicule. Of course, is your prerogative as editor to do what you choose, but an article such as "Housewife Arrested" makes it altogether difficult for the less than sophisticated to accept Heterodoxy as a serious journal of conservative issues. As you know, better than most, we need all the serious consideration and attention we can get. If you must print! Ms. Weizer's "Stranger than Fact" articles, could you not clearly label them as "Fables for Our Belauroght Times"? In doing so you would avoid the likely misunderstanding of why you printed the articles in the first place. For the record, I bought two of Ms. Weizer's Stranger Than Fact books for myself and one for our daughter and enjoy reading them. So I guess I qualify as a fan.

Gene Trimbly
San Diego, CA

Satire Brings Scorn on Conservative Press

It's certain that the Los Angeles Times would never dream of publishing a headline so
cleverly ironic as to call The Communist Manifesto a "Sacred Document." So the acce-
sor has to be wholly Heterodoxy's work. I hope you never pull a boomer like this again. It tends to call scorn and ridicule down upon the conser-

vative press.

Unless you really did intend "proflit" for "prophet," and the misspelling pedicates a habit of the Los Angeles Times that I never heard of before—in which case I apologize for the foregoing.

Bob Leman
Bethel Park, PA

Much Rejoicing on the Internet

Where have you been all my life? I pride myself on being well read; up to date on all the latest breaking news on the cutting edge of editorial/more... I've been lonely too. I must confess. I thought Pat Buchanan and me the only souls of Conservation left in this country and then I stumbled as I were into your website! Just a brief scan of what you have to say about your magazine is enough to what my UnPC chops. I am between assign-
ments at present and do not have $25 to fork out for this subscription. I am book-
marking your site and will read in my check soon. I've got to have your magazine!

Ayden Eason
Austin, TX

Academic Gulag

When I read the articles in Heterodoxy or some of the tidbits on your website these disparate pieces of information appear to be similar to the sort of fragments that Solzhenitsyn used to assemble The Gulag Archipelago.

He secretly smuggled out small pieces of information from the individual camps and pieced together the wider story known as the evil empire. Based on many of the articles I've read, it seems that conservatives (at least in this part of the country) are forced to act like Solzhenitsyn in the university setting and to secretly smuggle out bits of information on some of the secretive admission, promotion, and teaching practices used by the university.

The next step in the counter-revolution seems to me to be the creation of a work like Solzhenitsyn's that would galvanize informed opinion in the way that the Gulag Archipelago did. It would cover all the secretive practices and injustices perpetrated by the left on free inquiry and thought. It would necessitate a catchy title like The Gulag Archipelago to attract attention.

This sounds like an effort that you and Peter might like to undertake. It may very well be that the academic world in the Soviet Union was freer than it is here!

Larry Meinze
Lexington, MA
REDDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

HOST ON THEIR OWN PETARD: As Roger Clegg points out, the proponents of bilingual education have long tried to bolster their support for bilingual education by invoking two federal laws, Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the EEOA. But now, as the pro-bilingual forces design their appeals to the electorate in the midst of the Proposition 227 debate, these two legal weapons may well turn out to be a double-edged sword. Title VI bans any federally funded program from discriminating on the basis of national origin. The EEOA requires each public school system to "take appropriate action to overcome language barriers that impede equal participation by its students in its instructional programs." If bilingual education were the only way to teach children English, the anti-227 forces would base their case on these statutes, which might have some plausibility. But Proposition 227 calls for another, more effective, method of instruction on a rapid immersion in English. It is therefore hard to understand how the rejection of bilingual education can be seen as a failure to "overcome language barriers" in violation of the EEOA, let alone as "discrimination" on the basis of national origin in violation of Title VI. Meanwhile, in an interesting twist, the opponents of bilingual education have begun to see Title VI and the EEOA against it. Supporters of Proposition 227 can point out that children who already speak English are frequently placed in bilingual programs simply because they are Hispanic, which is discrimination on the basis of national origin. The mounting empirical evidence against the educational efficacy of bilingual programs is also enabling their opponents to use the EEOA in attacking them. The courts have interpreted this statute as requiring every language program to pass a "locale test," the last prong of which demands that the program actually produce successful results. Bilingual education's documented failures, particularly as measured by standardized tests in specific school districts, make it a ripe target. What's more, school systems have released even to vast many children in bilingual programs, making it easier to hide the programs' failures.

MASTERS OF THEIR DOMAIN: Network Solutions, the private company that contracts with the government to register Internet domain names, is offering low-cost or even free registration for many domains. The NAAACP intends to use its new domains to create Web sites for combating racism. The ADL bought the new names to prevent anti-Semitic groups from using them. It didn't plan to use the names. Previously the names were blocked, but then were released to organizations deemed legitimate enough to use them responsibly. Officially, Network Solutions has denied the use of only seven off-color names, but it is unlikely that anyone knows Galloway's or even Betty Ford's Web site. The site is registered in the Public Interest Registry, and the organization is currently searching for new names. The ADL's plan is to register these names and then use them to combat hate speech online. The NAAACP's plan is to use the names for educational purposes, but it is unclear how effective their use will be. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The ADL plans to use its new names to combat hate speech, but it is unclear how effective this will be. The NAAACP plans to use its new names for educational purposes, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used.

BUT IS IT ART?: The University of Michigan's Harwood Department regularly offers Art History 394, "Special Projects." The topic for Section 022 is very special, perhaps even bizarre. "Crossing Ethnic Boundaries: Representations of Lesbianism in Early Modern Western Europe," will be effective against Simon, associate professor in art history and women's studies. Simon is the author of such books as "Lest This Be Local," which describes the use of only seven off-color names, but it is unlikely that anyone knows Galloway's or even Betty Ford's Web site. The site is registered in the Public Interest Registry, and the organization is currently searching for new names. The ADL's plan is to register these names and then use them to combat hate speech online. The NAAACP's plan is to use the names for educational purposes, but it is unclear how effective this will be. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The ADL plans to use its new names to combat hate speech, but it is unclear how effective this will be. The NAAACP plans to use its new names for educational purposes, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used. The NAAACP has registered many domains, but it is not clear how many of these will actually be used.

GORE FOR UNPRESIDENT: In his 1992 book "Earth in the Balance," then-Senator Al Gore attacked the automobile industry as a destroyer of the environment and recommended the abolition of the internal-combustion engine, writing that cars posed "a mortal threat to the security of every nation." But as he gears up for a presidential run in 2000, the Vice President is apparently ready to jettison these core values. Speaking last month before the Economic Club of Detroit— and undoubtedly hoping a few of the United Automobile Workers' 800,000 members were listening in—Gore was overcome by the romance of the road. "Here in Motor City, we recognize that cars have done more than fuel our economy," he gushed. "Cars have freed the American spirit and given us the chance to chase our dreams."
Walter Cronkite's quote about becoming a 'reliable, unemotional' prosecutor is a personal reflection of his career as a journalist. This quote reflects his dedication to journalistic integrity and his commitment to reporting the truth. His quote about the importance of a 'reliable, unemotional' prosecutor is a testament to the principles of fair and impartial justice that he held dear throughout his career. It is a reminder of the importance of professionalism in the field of journalism and the need to always strive for accuracy and objectivity in our reporting. The quote also highlights the role of the prosecutor in ensuring that justice is served and that innocent people are protected from wrongful prosecution. This quote is a fitting tribute to a man who dedicated his life to the pursuit of truth and justice through journalism.
worship in Nicaragua, calling the U.S. embargo against the island "illegal and immoral." Guzman also criticized Pope John Paul II for not understanding "the roots of the revolution, and how peaceful it revolution was." Explained the bishop, it was a "revolt in the United States." Other Alliance board members include Unitarian Universalist Moderator Danie Davidek, who is an outspoken proponent of homonosexual marriage and abortion rights. At her denomination's 1995 assembly, she supported an effort by self-proclaimed paige to institute "earth-"

related" worship services, whose New Age was disturbed even many theologically per-

missive Unitarians. There is also former American Jewish Congregate President Arthur Hertzberg, who now teaches at Dartmouth and is a regular speaker for liberal causes. Other Jewish leaders were fre-

quently linked with the outspoken criticism of Jewish national security policies. In the 1980's he joined other left-leaning religious figures in denouncing the Strategic Defense Initiative ("Star Wars") as a "system of security based on fear and intimidation." As he once boasted, "I am an liberal leg as

You Valentine is a former Southern Baptist official who later became president of Americans United for the Separation of Church and State, which adopts an absolutist position against voluntary, organized school prayer and other public displays of traditional religious faith. His support for the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights raised the ire of fellow Baptists, who successfully pushed for his early retirement as chief of the convention's Christian Life Commission.

Perhaps most vitriolic among the Interfaith Alliance spokesmen is Presbyterian minister Robert Menefee of Kansas City, who has likened the Religious Right to Fascism. "We are seeing a new version of ethnic cleansing right here in the United States," he said in an interview. Menefee has said that religious conservatives are a "worse threat than communism," and are "cul
tic, detestable, and criminal." As a news report and subsequent New York Times op-ed by Menefee in 1993 warned of the threat of "theocracy" in America that fueled the Interfaith Alliance's creation.

Catholic Bishop Francis Murphy of Baltimore opposed spending on SDF in the 1980's and called the U.S. war in the Persian Gulf "immoral." Demanding Saddam Hussein's withdrawl from Kuwait; left no room for considera-
tion of Iraq's legitimate grievances, the Bishop said.

Former Episcopal Church executive Diane Porter is a trustee of the Episcopal General Synod in New York City, where she hailed a new policy welcoming "committed same-sex couples" as a step forward for the church. The policy was adopted in 1996 by San Francisco's renegade Episcopal church with the name "Church of All Nations," which Louis Farrakhan was enthusiastically received.

Kightons Stanley pastor Peoples Congregational Traditional Church in Washington, D.C. He opposed the Persian Gulf War as the "hegemony of American racism and cultural arrogance." In a truly bizarre aside, he blamed the failure of U.S. intelligence to detect Iraq's invasion of Kuwait on "the lack of racial and ethnic diversity in our for-

ign policy establishment." In 1995 Stanley helped edit a United Church of Christ hymnal into a politically correct song book in which God is both Mother and Father.

Gardner Taylor, a New York Baptist preacher, is not reluctant to employ a pulp for politics. "We are in the midst of a new and unpre-

cedented and out-manoeuvred movement in our land. It's called a Contract with America," he lectured at a worship service attended by President Clinton in 1995. Only four years before, Taylor had joined other leftist church leaders in deriding the U.S. efforts to enforce the Persian Gulf War as "waging, unnecessary, unpalpable-in violation of all standards of fundamental human rights." When introducing Nelson Mandela in 1995, Taylor alleged that the United States "by prentice and example taught South Africa the true meaning of apartheid.

William P. Thompson is a Presbyterian minister who has served on the governing boards of the National and World Councils of Churches (WCC). During the 1980's he jailed U.S. poli-

cies in Central America while defending the Sandinista regime, once saying a "solidarity" visit to the Nicaraguan foreign minister and president. As chair of a WCC drafting committee, Thompson blocked efforts to condemn the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

The Interfaith Alliance advocates "tolerance" and "diversity" but its leaders are nearly uniform in rejecting the historic teachings of their denominations regarding sexuality and many core theological beliefs. (For example, the Rev. Wogaman has warned that insisting on Jesus' Virgin Birth has "killed" many people.) They vaguely celebrate "faith," but they eschew a group affirmation that Christians and Jews in the God of the Bible. Their real faith is in the outdated political conventions of the sea-

son Left.

Only a single Alliance board member identifies himself as a Republican. And as an outspoken critic of welfare reform and defender of homosexual rights, the Rev. Menefee is hardly a typical Midwestern member of the GOP. Several board members might be described as main
tream liberals. But most are well to the left of typical Democrats.

Offering a positive vision of its own, the Alliance falls short of its demands for "civility" by demonizing its opponents as bigots. For reli-
gous conservatives, the Alliance is hardly a null,

ance, much less a threat. The Alliance summons its support from the efforts curtailed declining church and attracts attention from a media anxious to link the "Affirmative"

Action Coalition as a serious force.

Walter Crockett, perhaps a dupe of the Alliance propaganda, seems to have understood none of this. "Will you help me to fight the Interfaith Alliance in saying 'No' to religion as a political

cover?'" he implores in his fund-raising letter. It seems to have occurred to him that the Religious Left, including many of the Alliance's present leaders, could be a force in their political crusades starting decades ago. The resulting moral vacuum ensured that a Christian Coalition would be born to fight against these divisive tendencies.

And that's the way it is.

Mark Teaey is on the staff of the Institute for Religion and Democracy.

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A Sketch of Intellectual Liberation
The End of Theory
by Thomas F. Bertonnne

For years the books accumulated on makeshift shelves, in grocery cartons, spilling over into chaotic piles and stacks on the floor. Many bore the same imprint, the University of Minnesota Press, and represented installments in an ongoing series devoted to contemporary critical theory, the newest, the slickest, the slickest. Others, from the hallowed printers at Harvard and Yale, jostled for position. They swarmed after us—my wife and I—like a pack of furies as we moved from one West Los Angeles apartment to another during our graduate school years, and they followed us east, to Michigan, occupying a disproportionate and bulky niche, among our ratty furnishing,s in the moving van. When the baby came, they migrated downstairs, where they stood, doubled up on the shelves, against all four walls in what ought to have been the TV room. As books do, especially when stored away, they acquired a musty aroma and yellowed at the margins with age. There were not the academic paperbacks (seventy-five cents or a dollar) of the 1950s and 1960s. Under the category of the trade paperback, they had cost me dearly. They crowded other, less pretentious volumes from the home library. Bedeviled by a Puritan determination not to waste, I devoured uncountable hours to the actual reading of these texts (to use a somewhat suspect term), not only while enrolled in the graduate seminars offered by the UCLA English Department, but, so to speak, on my own. I did not therefore crack the spine of De Man or Derrida merely because Joe Riddell, himself a name academic star, assailed them. Clearly, on the Westwood campus in the 1980s, wisdom lay enshrined under these names, and no one who pretended to critical sophistication could afford, publicly at any rate, to dismiss them.

Real critics ought insistently to ask their colleagues where and when and under what motive they first took up Of Grammatology, the parasitic disposition that catapulted the obscure Derrida of the École Normale, Paris, late academic celebrity in America. And the question should put due emphasis on motive. In my case, terror motivated me. The terror of a college student admitted to graduate courses in his final undergraduate year who needed, on impulse, without reflecting on the matter, to demonstrate to his professional mentors and fellow students alike that he knew how to be intellectually hip and how not to be square. What I identified as my "hunger for the opaque discourse of contemporary academy really stemmed, to invoke a bit of verbiage, from postmodernism itself, from the "other". From a veritable legion of "others." From people at Berkeley or Brown who (at one's imagination supplied it) stood on the frontier of theory and looked back at us as at stragglers in a belated, dying academy. The fact that the UCLA student bookstore had trouble keeping the latest books of literary theory in stock proves that many lived in the same anxiety of being surpassed as I did.

My memories still fix the first time that I saw my own; knowing some of the Scandinavian and Slavic Symbolists even gave me a slight advantage. I knew some philosophy as well and could boast a fairly wide reading in mystics like Boehme and Swedenborg, who exerted considerable influence on Rauschen and Mallarmé. I lacked one thing, however: a familiarity with the odd new vocabulary being tossed around sporadically by the other participants in the academic milieu. Matthis, and Caro (I avoid surnames) appeared particularly adept in this branch of diction, dispensing terms like "binary opposition," and "phallocentrism" with a studied insouciance. (A raised eyebrow or a slight smile at the corner of the mouth when using such terms strikes me now as having betrayed the self-satisfaction of someone who can make a secret sign or convey hints of his status by a cryptic handshake. Look at me, the locations seemed to say, in what post-structuralists themselves like to call a "subtext").

Matthis, already preparing his examinations for the master's degree, casually dismissed Mallarmé's Les Fêtes (The Windows) as an "unnatural" (a word which now so frequently is that I can hardly bear to hear or read it) of "phallocentrism to inscribe its own poetry" and claimed that it therefore signified "a sterility of writing as such." The phrase as such figured in the tag in many academic locations at this time, as did the topic of "writing," always invoked in the most teasing and non-empirical way. Now in my humble view, Les fêtes bespeaks a poetic deconstruction impinging on my attention in a way that compelled me to attend to it. Rose Shilder (as insightful authority on Strindberg, Valley, and much else) offered a seminar on the Symbolist poets, of which people who had taken it spoke highly. As I had enigmatically graduated courses and had earned tentative acceptance into the graduate Comparative Literature Program, Professor Shilder (to whom, I wish to make it clear, I owe much) invited me to participate with the graduate fellows. In the master of Rauschen, Mallarmé, Valéry, Rilke, and Crane, I could hold sensitive recoil from all institutions, from everything not eternally by artistic imagination and so not under the control of the aesthetic imperative to order and beauty life. Perhaps, I thought at the time, this was not so different from what I myself meant; except that I thought the poem an aesthetic success, a precious use of language evocative of the very transcendence for which its lyric subject yearns ("l'âme"), even if the form and the content are indifferent. And I had no idea what the terms "inscribed" and "aporia" meant in Matthis's readier use.

But the point is not Mallarmé, nor even the novelties implied by the "inscribed" language of would-be literary critics. The point is the resentment—mine—which caused me to look to the verbal mystifications of my peers a type of being from which I felt myself—cultivated, uninitiated, arriere—emphatically excluded. In a general way, by subscribing to particular doctrines, Professor Shilder probably approved of the susto condition where the more advanced students exhibited through their use of the avant-garde terms, and he probably made gestures, overt or subliminal, of this approval. (Shilder, a thoroughly decent man, was never a deconstructor, but he did like to appear hip; indeed, he was hip.) Professorial approval of the new cliché could only inflame resentment the more and determine the outsider (myself) to acquire the being, the ontological solidarity, that the words seemed to bestow on those who uttered them. Many voices seemed suddenly to be whispering in my inner ear urging me to be like the others, to do as they did, to speak as they spoke. And this required me to read as they read, to speak as they spoke. All of those "apories," "inscriptions," and "dettaira" were something I had to muster. Soon the colder at the student bookstore took from me the thought that I should buy a dozen dollars for Gayatri Spivak's translation of Of Grammatology (the title forces the absurd reiteration of the preposition), from the University of Chicago Press.

So began the cascade of books, not only of tomes, but rather of polyglotaries, postures, and pseudo-paradoxes as well. Call it a pyramid to folly.

Although deconstruction presents itself as the total denaturalization of myth (the White Mythology by which, according to Derrida, the West has perpetually attempted to make brute, unmediated experience, it is itself a myth, a fake for intellectuals, dependent on vocabulary confusion as any medieval abstinence. And as abstinence, a hocus-pocus in areas, directed at illusory strivings in those days, as it really still does. The many voices whisperingJowidnly for me to join in the recreation merely echoed the many voices soliciting me outwards to be like them. It was a context in which the risk be different always produced unrelenting, not to say wild, uniformity.

As we add Margin, Disenchantment, and The Porn Card to our personal library (my own in Davis, and Loyal to and Norris because the rest proved, if truth be told, unspeakably indecipherable—the mystic turn of it made me no glibber and even more stupi sted. The character of graduate seminars in theory at UCLA around 1986 or 1987 reflects description for two reasons. In the first place, the intellectual level of the student contributions remained quite low, which resulted from the students' fundamental ignorance of primary texts and tradi-
tional commentary, to which the fustianousness and intolerance of post-structuralism led. In the second place, the professors had relinquished their responsibility as custodians and transmitters of knowledge. They no longer pretended to be authoritative judges of intellectual work. They spent weeks in one of Joe Riddell’s seminars discussing the chapters in Of Grammatology on Rousseau and the Art of Poetry. Not once, in my memory, did Riddell suggest or even hint that anyone read Rousseau’s On the Origin of Language or The Place of Plato. Still less did any of us on our own think to look into the massive existing literature on these subjects. Neither Rousseau’s text nor Plato’s needs many pages, and neither requires a specialist’s vocabulary. All participants in the seminar could have read both of them on Monday of the first week and doing so would have devoured a great deal of narrative philosophy. A parade of living batshit’s Romanticism and Romanticism, first published in 1919, had demonstrated that none of Derrida’s “apologies” were new, and a little knowledge of the Metaphysics would have divested that Aristotle doubted the existence of Plato’s ideas several millennia before the father of deconstruction.

Instead of primary sources we endured a bastardized Dadaism of the most deplorable and most derivative genre, as irreverent gestures in their mid-twenties followed the leader in annihilating all truths of the two-thousand-year Western tradition. Most student discourse in the class stemmed from awkward puns. Or the homily on “Insiders and Outsiders,” a “binary opposition” beloved by the avant-gardes, during which the presenter rattled an eraser box with something undisclosed inside it which made a curious noise. Could anyone resist taking the bait? No. And would the presenter say what produced the curious noise? No. Peculiarly no. That degree of his patience, moreover, set the degree of poor reception. As to the content of the talk, I remember nothing, nor did anyone else within ten minutes of the presenter having ended it. Everyone remembered the box. Metaphorically, at any rate, no one would ever get away with a class presentation without rattling a box. Matthews, of whom I spoke above, ended up extolling the virtues of self-publishing personalized songwriting at the MLA, no doubt underwritten by a travel grant from the UCLA graduate student fund. Many women, having read the chapter in Jonathan Culler’s On Deconstruction called “Reading as (like) a Woman,” exhibited their scholarly originality by reading as (like) a woman; and many men followed suit. The essay constitutes, in part, a confession. I should admit my own contribution to the circus. Impressed by the Derridean model of a “double text,” a species of essay that argues its argument both ways, or merely randomly contradicts itself, the would-be deconstructors laboriously produced, on a typewriter, an essay on Wallace Stevens and Paul Valéry which, in some manner now marvelously forgotten, had it both ways about both of them. The paper made a favorable impression on Joe Riddell, who usually remained aloof. (He gave high marks to all his students, of course, even to those who followed with the rattling box and to Mattius, but he rarely praised them.) At the time, my wife (not yet my wife, but in the prospect) expressed a certain disregard for the enterprise. But what was I to do? To be left out of the game would have been unbearable. No one else had written such a paper (we all exchanged papers) and the professor had acknowledged mine. It appeared to me that I had exhausted the terror of being “out” while other students were “in” by mustering the characteristic words of the deconstructive seminar, the courteous style, the superior pique. She frowned and went back to work on her primary texts from the French Renaissance. Susan spoke in only one voice, my unconscious rationale prompted me, whereas the faculty, the graduate students en masse, and all those books spoke with a voice like a cantata. Denying truths, pro-associating from the text, revealing the ubiquity of division and power—these activities overwhelmed us, or at least overpowered our reason.

So came it to pass that a few years later I drove to the Curious Book Store on Green River Avenue in East Lansing, the trunk of the Taurus packed with brightly colored soft-cover books boxed up in moving cartons, to sell the lot happily for a fraction of the original (quite horrifying) outset! What could provide the catalyzing for such an anomaly, such as, that, pro-prietor Ray Walsh and I exchanged fifty dollars for a hundred and fifty pounds of books, a low-enduring pressure lifted from my soul and a something like my real self made (is welcome reappearance)!

How was it that instead of struggling in the level of grammar and diction, to outline the sentences by explaining the function of a subordinate clause, and even to point out that words in description of nature actually point to nature and that much in nature is beautiful? When Woodsworth wrote that “the world is sick with us,” he was talking about the abstractions that mark inequilibrium for its own sake and tug the person into a state of inessential delusion.

Of course, one did not have to approach one’s teaching assignment this way. Matt Schneider, who shared the office with me and whose friend I was not, noted that while he and I did, student disappointments did not. We can brand them talking about how their students resisted their attempts to convey the deconstructive view that poems and stories are never “about” something but are the signs of a “dias” in arbitrary conjunction with one another. (“I baffled them totally,” one of these would-be teachers once said, over a self-satisfied smile, as if it were no accomplishment.) “This is decisive,” Matt said to me over lunch in the Kerckhoff Coffee House, “it’s beautiful.” He then amended his statement: “it is baloney.”

It was also politics. I soon saw on me that perfecting the deconstructive library served a quite specific purpose beyond itself. Despite the postmodern denial that the arts signify, that great mass of Derrideans did signify something—however irrevocably—that one had adopted the standard left-wing politics of the past (of the post-cold war humanities). The Soviet Union had not yet self-destructed in those days, but the Afghan war had strained once more the image of the workers’ paradise, culminating Marxism itself in this process. Reagan’s re-election in 1984 indicated, at the same time, a national consensus that excluded the political Left in a reassuring way. Circumstances were as calculable, then, a new Stalinism, so too the communism the student could continue their commitment under the old order given. Fowos, although he enjoyed written currency, was too overtly Marxist and did not quite fill the bill. (He would later disappear with a vengeance.) Derrida did fill the bill. So did Lyotard. So did Frederic Jameson, become his pedantry concealed his readers. But Derrida more than the others provided an indirect vocabulary for conducting what the Left, in all sincerity, described as its critique of ideology. It was politics with a vengeance. My body in company was “intellectual,” the Tom Huesle, remarked to me one Friday afternoon that, oddly, the preponderance of departmental boards seemed to fall to a select and inviolable group of students, and that these students tended to have close relations with the program’s most politicized professors. I said to Tom that my tolerance for ideological professors and their politicized students had shrunk considerably. “Mine too,” he said.

When I told Susan about my growing penchant, she commented on an alternative. Extract yourself from the whole phony nonsense, she said. Go study with Eric Gans, a serious teacher who endangered no ideology, who instead a stable human nature and felt certain that he could make positive statements about it. Not that I did, and here, immediately, I discovered a mentor with his own ideas, one who stood apart from the rabble of megalomaniacs who were the upstarts of faculty and students alike. There were talk of the man’s philosophical soundness which one remarked right away. For instance, Gans was at all times more interested in a gang of smoking in the classroom. Never has an acid cloud of second-hand vapor from chaf-smoked Gauloises been so refreshing. He exhibited, in those days, a slightly overweight jollity and gen- uine happiness in dialogue with his students. He has since made himself athletic, but the friendliness, the helpfulness, has not diminished in the
least, where deconstructors in English prattled on about Pato, Gans actually knew Greek, and dealt, in detail, with the original text; where deconstructors casually tossed around the names of Kant and Hegel, Gans had read Kant and Hegel, in German. I do not wish to say that Gans knew more about Gans here; but I do wish to underscore the concreteness of his discourse and his joy in both the beauty and the insight of literature. One could visit the man during consultation hours and conduct an oral conversation. Not a trace of pretentiousness. Schneider and Hausman agreed with me.

One other thing: Gans had studied with René Girard, and he helped the French graduate students bring Girard to campus for a talk. This was, I believe, in 1986. At this point, I was not yet on my later, familiar terms with Gans, and still had attachments to the deconstructualists, despite growing misgivings. In seeking for the discrete event that identified my confusion and turned me in a new direction, Girard's visit strikes me as that event. Good advertising brought out a big crowd, which filled the lecture room in the northwest corner of Boyer Hall. All dark wood and plush carpeting, with magnificent views of the Breastwood Hills through the big windows. Girard's announced topic, "deconstruction and sacrifice," naturally piqued interest. And I suppose, not knowing little about Girard, most of those present expected something other than what they heard.

"Enraged about the (half-understood) Nietzschean etymology of the term "deconstruction," used to the violent effect so important to Derrida, and saturated by revolutionary rhetoric, many of those who came to see Girard that day probably expected the obligatory verbal sacrifice performed on tradition. They no doubt also foresaw a stilted performance, a recitation from a prepared typescript by a speaker confined existentially to the podium. Instead, Girard gave his characteristic improvised performance, leaving the podium and lecturing from an adlibed from the aisles. The French accent imbued the words with a slightly comical flavor, although the main commanded his English with idiomatic perfection, right down to the deliberately placid Californian "you know." In sum, Girard said what good empirical evidence argues for a predicable human nature. His nature, moreover, is characterized primarily by two traits. Human beings imitate each other and, in doing so, come into conflict. What mechanisms have evolved to detect conflict? "There is, you know, le boue emission, the scapegoat, with its ritual." A shunt of the shoulders accompanied the statement. Myth, in particular, Girard said, concerns what we see about us every day of human behavior by constantly reiterating the story of how a group in conflict derives violence, and therefore survived, by polarizing its bellicosity around an arbitrary fall-guy. Scapegoating, said Girard, is the universal formula for producing unanimity (or, rather, uniformity of immanence). In other words, the gradient of revelation of sacrifice, which historical religions like Judaism and Christianity tend to condemn, even while revivals of myth attempt to justify sacrifice and expulsion. It is curious, said Girard, how certain passages in Heidegger and Derrida bear a close resemblance of the term. In Greek, theorein means "observation," intense observation. Poets, playwrights, and novelists fulfill their vocation by carrying out a scrupulous study of human life. Theory, so-called, whose premise is that it knows more than the primary text is, at best, dangerously arrogant, and, at worst, deliberately self-serving. In his lecture, Girard had finally introduced his concept of "mediated desire," a warren we think we want, he said, but learn them from others, in the various forms of covetousness.

Perhaps even more to his defense of the deconstructive ban on discussing origins (by proposing an originating mechanism of consciousness and culture), this had stung the crowd into fury. The remark clarified for me my own time-wasting mistake, beginning with my uncritical impulse to assimilate my vocabulary to that of the "neo-conservative." The taboo against discussion of origin, Girard remarked in good humor, is a fascist in free preserves scapegoating against revelation; and thus does revelation always amount to scandal of origin, which is why philosophy has never been able to reconcile itself to Jewish prophecy or to the Gospels. That only made the crowd, which is what it was at this point, muddier yet. One of the English department's chief radicals now stood up to give a rambling, demystifying speech which ended with an invocation of the names of Jesus American countries pronounced accents in a Spanish (or at least what he took to be a Spanish) accent: "Viva la revolución en Nicaragua, en El Salvador, en Guatemala, en México, en Cuba!" (As amusing as they might seem to outsiders, such rhetorical formulas are routine in the academy.)

By this time Gans called the proceedings to an end, a minute of applause indicated that Girard's inimitable hypothesis—that crowds gain their unity through focusing ire against a convenient counterpart—applauded uncontroversially to the present occasion. People who had spent hours in seminar is a state of affected emotional non-involvement (the black-dress bland of the postmodern intellectuals)—now agitation themselves over an idea. You could overhear their comments outside the lecture room as the words receded in the stairwell. Not analitically, they reflected the formerly tacit and now visible mod non-mentality, and each other glared at each other. The calm and readable books of Girard, Gans, Walter Hurd, and Eric Voegelin asserted their importance in my view.

One day, the moment abruptly ripened, and I opened the postmodern stuff into the car and took it to a store, and the more. "Oh, they'll sell," store owner Ray Walsh softly opined. "The right issue to advertise—selling books from a graduate program in English.

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It was the confluence of the items in this agenda with insularity, arrogance, and irrationality that brought the current sexual harassment crisis to a head. Given the identity NOW radicals have given the organization, it was inevitable that Clinton’s avoidance to NOW’s signature issues—his presence at a gay rights dinner; his support of Ellen, on and off-camera; his repeated veto of bills banning hate crimes—subjective and can be bent to political expediency. "They function constantly in the near-intentional," Marie-Jose Ragab says of NOW’s national leadership. "There is no difference to them between the world of the imagination and the world of knowledge. They think that knowledge is 'the imagination of men.' This leaves them free to invent their own 'knowledge'—the 'imagination of women'—which their minds has equal validity with truth. Thus, they have been able to invent statistics—about sexual violence, rape, and eating disorders—where it serves their interest and to deny the truth when it doesn't, as in the case of research showing that children tend to fare poorly in homes without fathers; and that boyfriends tend to abuse women and children, while husbands and fathers do not. If it makes sense to claim that hundreds of thousands of girls have experienced eating disorders, that one-half of all women are raped in their lifetime; that the Promised Land, a menace to women, then it may make sense to claim that the messy private lives of conservatives benefit everyone. Now the private lives of liberals do not, that the fire chief reading Playboy in the firehouse is harassment, while assault in the White House is not.

"It’s the prestige, above all, that does the damage," writes Marjorie Williams, a feminist and admitted Democrat, in Vanity Fair. She suggests a plausible case from the left that Clinton’s public policies outweigh the effects of the “symbolism” of his personal conduct. But she adds, "Making this argument is something different from simply sweeping his behavior under the rug," in a sense celebrating it, as Roseanne and her audience appeared to be doing in April get together.

"They are making the same lame excuses, women used to make fifteen years ago," says Marie-Jose Ragab of the NOW leadership. "Lose the NOW silliness, according to Ragab and her colleagues, has been what should be the onal tenet of a feminist movement—that all women are full human beings and due respect. In the past, she adds, they are a right held by many "feminist" male politicians. Nor does the current national leadership appear to care that the hard work of decades appears to be crumbling. As Williams writes in Vanity Fair, "When the dust of Clinton’s presidency finally settles, the laws against sexual harassment will be on the books. But the social sanctions against the behavior will be irretrievably damaged."

As will be NOW’s moral authority. "We will strike to ensure that no party, candidate, president, senator, governor, congressman, or

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Confessions of a Republican Academic
by Laura Freburg

On the May 11, 1998, editorial page of the Wall Street Journal, Donald Carroll asked why so few Republicans may be found among the ranks of the country's university faculty ("Republican Professors? Sure, There's One"). In a response to the editor (published May 20, 1998), I detailed my experience as an out-of-the-closet Republican psychology professor at California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo, as an example of how this disparity is maintained. The small numbers of Republican faculty do not occur by accident. The exclusion of Republican academics is an overt and conscious effort on the part of ideological gatekeepers.

Gatekeepers become a problem when Republican academics begin applying for jobs and seeking publication of their work. The first of many checkpoints is the topic and conclusions of a person's research. If this does not pass muster, employment and advancement are impossible. On one occasion, I attempted to publish research results that clearly demonstrated long-term academic benefits for children who repeated kindergarten. The editor of the scholarly journal, reviewing my manuscript, refused publication unless I removed the offensive data and conclusions. He told me, "We don't believe in publishing children's text." Forget the truth—we're only going to publish those data that support our preconceived policies. Although I really needed additional publications at that point in my career, I pulled the article rather than give in to this outrageous demand. An academian's ability to obtain a position, research funding, and publication is highly dependent on the "acceptability" of the questions he or she is asking. Don't hold your breath waiting for in-depth studies of the effects of daycare on children or the psychological aftereffects of abortion on women. There are some legitimate topics that just won't be investigated because of their potential political repercussions. Selection committees are also looking for more subtle signals that the candidate will "fit in."

During the interview process, one can observe clothing, language, and general appearance for "fit." At relatively formal lunches and dinners with a candidate, you can listen carefully for family background. As a happily married wife for 25 years with three children, who grew up in the not-so-deprived and staunchly conservative town of San Martin, California, I stand out like a sore thumb. First of all, having three children is totally incorrect, as it detracts from population growth. A long-term marriage to the same man is also suspect. One of the most highly touted professors in my department regales students with stories of how she and her husband were both living with other people when they met. Of course, she was "rescued" by her from a destructive relationship. This is far more acceptable than marrying your high school sweetheart. I'm not an alcoholic, my parents never abused me, and I'm not a survivor of anything. The fact that my oldest daughter recently completed her first year at West Point has been the final blow—you're supposed to have troubled children who are "finding" themselves, not successful ones, and ohmigosh, this is the military we're talking about here! In some cases, more overt questions are asked of candidates. Cal Poly is located near Pacifi Gas & Electric's Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant, which was a magnet for liberal faculty during its construction in the late '70s and early '80s. I'm convinced that many faculty accepted jobs at Cal Poly during that era just to "make a difference." At any rate, I have heard candidates for faculty positions asked specifically what they thought of Diablo Canyons. When one candidate dropped his jaw in amazement at the question, the professor asking these students' parents, most of whom lived in Orange County, if they knew their sons and daughters were being involved in such an effort. I serve as the faculty advisor for the Cal Poly College Republicans. Nobody else would take the job, which is a statement about the party climate all by itself. The students' essays are destroyed or removed within 15 minutes of posting, their sandwich boards disappear or are vandalized, and locals have attended meetings to "stare down" those who participate. One of our members posted a Dole/Kemp poster in his dorm window, and it had not been there for the better part of a month. The only reason it was still on the poster was that the student had been forced by Cal Poly's administration to remove the sign. I'm just guessing, of course, but I think a Clinton sign would not have provoked the same response. At commencement time, we have heard from Democratic State Senator Jack O'Connell, to our local Republican Assemblyman, Tom Boudreaux, who is a Cal Poly grad to boot, has been notably absent from the podium. One of the most dramatic examples of faculty political influence is the placing of fundamental Christian students in internships at Planned Parenthood or other local agencies engaged in abortion referral. I found an alternate internship placement for one of these students at the Alpha Agency, which is a local non-profit run by churches, and whose goal is to assist those who choose to keep their babies. The agency provides everything from diapers and formula to counseling for abortions. Personally, I thought this was an ideal solution to the student's dilemma, but I was strongly criticized by my department colleagues for providing this "out." While working with this student, the Alpha director indicated that the agency was unsuccessful in obtaining permission from the university administration for placing their literature at the Student Health Center. Planned Parenthood could do so, but not Alpha. We're not just the faculty who act as gatekeepers. Faculty also maintain political influence over one another. In department faculty meetings, political bumper stickers, buttons, polls, and fund-raising requests are openly solicited. One of my colleagues, who travels widely as part of a UNICEF team, shared her slides of a trip to Cuba at a faculty meeting. Her conclusion was that she was disillusioned, that things weren't going better, because, of course, Cuba had such a "superior political system." Heads nodded wisely all around the table. A department colleague of mine was terribly frightened that her failure to participate in an "anniversary protest" at the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant would cost her tenure. As a non-political faculty member in such an environment, you keep your mouth shut and hope nobody notices you. I gained some temporary reprieve from this pressure by pointing out that my husband was a small business owner, and we could not take public political positions. Astonishingly, this played well enough that I was given tenure in 1997. Although some colleagues still give me the stink eye, I have been able to begin to show on the part of some of my colleagues.

My cover was "blown" when my husband decided to enter politics himself. Is was absolutely outraged by the election to local office of a middle school teacher who was, according to the local District Attorney's Office, a long time "user and seller of illegal drugs." This minor fact, of course, had been carefully hidden by the local
any public official who betrays or ignores the principle of full equality between the sexes is elected or appointed to office," runs the original 1965 NOW statement of purpose. "NOW will hold itself independent of any political party in order to mobilize the political power of all women and men intent on our goals." The members of the Dulles chapter (all Democrats) belie this., NOW has since become a full arm of the Democratic Party, eager to slot out any objection to its behal. For her Vanity Fair article, Margorile Williams traces the web of connections between the White House, the overtly radical diversity lobbies, and the groups who claim to speak for women at large. She documents the White House track that attacked Kathleen Willey and who came to the Clintons via Planned Parenthood and the supposedly neutral Women's Political Caucus; the head of the supposedly non-partisan Women's Campaign Fund (a friend of Hillary) who has said nothing about the White House scandals; the veteran feminist and imprisoned counselor against Clarence Thomas who is Hillary's chief of staff. What does a Paula Jones or Kathleen Willey count for against such a juggernaut as this? Not much. So this spring, while NOW and its allies celebrated "Take Your Daughter to Work Day" in the very shadow of the Clinton White House and watched with straight faces as Clinton signed into law a "Violence Against Women" provision that could still make him a felon, the Dulles chapter came out in support of the Federal Law on women's rights within the framework of the NOW 1966 Affirmative Action Agenda. Purpose which promised action against public officials accused of harassment. It also approved the Independent Women's Forum's Act, an organization of 500 women mainly composed of young conservatives with some former liberals, who see themselves as "equity" feminists who don't hate men because their cause has been betrayed. Together, the Dulles chapter joined in the NOW and the IWF plan to more feminism off NOW's gender agenda and on to more pressing concerns. Marie-Jose Baghie, a journalist, wants a feminism based on "reason and knowledge" that applies logic to current economic and cultural problems women face. She is currently working with religious conservatives to light the Internet, an alliance that the current members of NOW would never countenance.

For years, groups made up of traditional women have dwelled NOW in numbers, but have had little media presence or appeal to younger professional women. The IWF and the Dulles group are an exception. The lawyers and writers who comprise their membership speak the media's language and that of the college and young working women. Groups NOW has always assumed it controlled. Clinton scandals have been gold for the IWF particularly, raising its profile, as the media have linked it to the organization for "talking heads" to go one on one with Clinton-defenders on networks like This Week. The defection of the Dulles chapter increases the pressure.

At this moment NOW rejoices nothing quite as much as the Soviet Union in its last decades of power—a corrupt, vacillating shell of a country, rapidly losing its ideological and satellite, living on dreams of past glory. From the moment that the Clinton scandals erupted, the opposition began to lose standing with the general public, those women who have seldom marched or decried vast sums of money, but have believed generally in both "women" and "progress" and in what it took to be the ideals of the feminist movement. But press coverage of NOW's political act soon became mocking. Hostile pieces appeared in places like the conservative New Republic and the trendy New York. The American Political Science Review seemed to sum up the emotions of the rest when she said, "I, for some reason, like Clinton even more this year. They would have fit in at the New Republic's Founding Gala this past April, when Steinem and Ireland laughed at Rosencane. After this event, Andrea Peyser in the New York Post, "These days, I see the feminist movement as being a giant comedy routine, with its most vulgar elements—Rosencane, President Clinton, Courtney Love, as its featured acts. In the audience, feminist royalty like Steinem and Ireland laughed like mad, using their clout to validate behavior that many decent people would consider offensive. Maybe this is thirty years of feminism has brought."
Future Campus, Continued from page 1

number for another 30 years.

What about the 35,000 students the university had promised, asked local businessmen waiting for all that money to be spent and the concept to take root? Since there was only war for 8,000 on campus, said Smith, the other 27,000 would have to take their classes via computer from remote sites (called “distance learning”). For some, this was not an answer that held water. “But if distance learning is the solution,” former CSUMB business professor Tom Anderson wanted to know, “why would CSU build a residential campus at Monterey Bay for its first phase?”

As for the supposed economic depression facing the community if a 25,000 student university didn’t go in, that, said Smith, was a tactic to drum up support for a university the Monterey area didn’t need, couldn’t use, and would be better off not having. For one thing, Monterey County had 150,000 people, far fewer than that need.

The hasty way in which these substantial roadblocks were dismissed suggested to some that partisans of the new campus must have other reasons for insisting that Cal State Monterey Bay must go forward. These cynics were right. Actually, there was another reason CSU officials wanted to set up shop there—and it had little to do with boosting the local economy or any of the other reasons advanced to support the need for a new campus in Monterey Bay. Because CSU administrators would be building a brand new university, a campus at Monterey Bay would give them a chance to create their very own campus, implement a multicultural agenda from the ground up, and create a totally new kind of school that would serve as a prototype for higher education everywhere.

“For today we see as a secret promise for American education just as the troops who stormed the beaches at Normandy and established beachheads for campaigns to defeat the Axis powers,” said CSU Monterey Bay President Peter Smith in his first state of the university speech. “We have, with great courage and sacrifice, stormed the beaches of tradition, and established our beachhead here at CSUMB.”

To create this new philosophy of education, administrators and faculty worked upwards of 15 hours a day putting together what CSU information officer Holly White calls “their perfect world.” This blueprint for educational utopia was based on a Platonian ideal: “If I were a student, what would I have to learn. This is how I would want to learn. This is what I would want my students to look like.” The committee made rules on everything from curriculum to teaching to pet policies, dogs sparking, no snakes over six feet, fish tanks limited to 30 gallons on the second floor. “If we were creating a new city,” says White.

It was also vastly different from the kind of education most adults received when they went to school. The traditional notion of the “stage on the stage” (professor lecturing to students) was replaced by the newer concept of the “guide on the side.” Instead, as “advisors” or “coaches or outside friends,” students would design their own course of study in areas such as visual and public art, environmental science, international studies, human communication, and social and behavioral sciences. Grades were de-emphasized, “decided by participants,” or disposed of altogether. (If a student did not attend a grade for graduate school, CSUMB would assign him a “shadow grade.”)

The emphasis was not whether or not a student had completed a course. Instead students were “assessed” on what they actually knew, a more subjective approach which would allow for minority and/or female students who are “different ways of seeing and learning.” If a student wasn’t good at test-taking, for instance, he could write a paper. Or if that wasn’t his forte, he could join with others to create a good project and give a video of their efforts. Students wrote their papers on computers, did research on the Internet, accessed distant databases (a critical function for a school and a collection of library books), and made “socially relevant” films, videos, and documentaries.

In this laboratory, old ideas were recycled and made truly innovative. One of the basic beliefs—tried periodically with indifferent success in primary education—that students learn by doing rather than by thinking. So, instead of just studying history or the like, student volunteers would actually go out into the Monterey Bay community and take oral histories of long-time residents or retired soldiers from the former military base. As part of the schools commitment to serve the community, students were also required to volunteer to work for multicultural one-on-one profile four hours a week, a process which

Bill Clinton, Leon Panetta, and University President Peter Smith

ed to support a large university. For another, Monterey was a retirement/community without a large college-age population. Most important, perhaps, the area’s educational needs were already more than adequately served by four local community colleges, the Defense Language Institute, the Naval Postgraduate School, Institute for International Studies, a branch of San Jose State is nearby Salinas, and the University of California at Santa Cruz just 30 miles north.

Given all these existing institutions, asked critics, what possible justification is there to build yet another school in Monterey, especially since there were plenty of other places in California with exploding populations which currently had no local universities and for which the need for more schools was far more compelling? “If we were actually inventing a campus for the 21st century,” Patrick Callion, executive director of the California Higher Education Policy Center, told the Los Angeles Times, “you ought to do it in a real place—not around the corner from Pebble Beach.”

Still, to CSU officials, the offer of so much highly prized ocean-front real estate was too good to deal with. Later, once university officials began toying up the true costs of clearing up acres of unpolluted athletic shell, marina rounds, rocks and grates, ordnance, retrofitting buildings, and removing asbestos-infested pipes, it became clear the base was a far less impressive gift than it first appeared.

And the campus wouldn’t even reach that
was supposed to teach what founding provost Steve Arrizola described as "rich white kids" how to contribute to low-income communities and "to enter and exit" those communities "respectfully and appropriately." Finally, before students could graduate, they had to demonstrate an understanding of the differential and unequal treatment of people of color, males and females, the poor, and others from historically oppressed groups and how affirmative action worked to "address inequalities in institutions such as schools, governmental agencies and business." 

CSUMB dean claimed the school was already so well-regarded it was now attracting professors who otherwise would have accepted positions at "Harvard, Yale, Princeton and MIT." As proof, CSUMB officials pointed to the fact that the school received 7,000 applications for the first 60 faculty slots, thus allowing the hiring committee to put together a faculty that, according to Steve Arrizola, was comparable to that of "any private elite institution in the country." 

Although CSUMB's administrative may have considered its faculty among the best in the country, students were somewhat less enthused. "A jam," one said. "The teachers want you to come to the school, the quality of the teachers they did have were pretty low," said Robert Gahrig, now a 26-year-old student of international relations at the nearby Monterey Institute of International Studies. Gahrig said the school was "much better," by the school's seeming neglect of "Anglo-Saxon culture," and this despite the fact that there were far more Caucasian students than anything else. "For a school that claims to be multicultural, it seems the only culture they were serving," he said.

"The curriculum seemed to be more social engineering than education," agreed a 28-year-old business student. "It was made abundantly clear that the military was an unnecessary and negative influence. It was drummed into you in every department, white men are bad." 

A student journalist complained that professors taught the "reconstruction of Marxism," openly applauding their sexual preferences, "assured racial tension" and tried to "improve students" with the kind of leftist ideology that made white men feel "less than ideal." 

Stephen Reed, the school's Vice President for External Affairs, dismissed the notion that the school was an "all-white male," saying there was nothing new about such hostility in academia. Even so, the ubiquitousness of such hostility came as a surprise to Ronald Peel, a local waterfowl investigator who, when he took his daughter to the school's first graduation last May, was surprised to find the seniors "Celebration" exhibit showing off, lewd, and rampant with politically correct attitudes. "One of the themes running through the exhibits was reminding your whiteness." 

If there was ever any doubt regarding the school's true agenda, says Peel, it vanished when the school hired soft-peddle playwright Luis Valdez to head its theatrical arts program. Valdez, who is considered a national hero in Mexico, founded El Teatro Campesino, a Latino activist theater which, got its start putting on shows for Cesar Chavez farm workers from the backs of flatbed trucks in the 1960s. Although Valdez subsequently went on to write La Bamba, Zaque Salte and Bandito, his works were too one-dimensional to have any widespread commercial or critical success. Blaming his rejection on racism, Valdez retreated into a kind of radical Latino mythologizing which excised the Mexican American's (Raza or race) role in the movement for Mexico of Aztlán (a mythical Aztec homeland comprising the southwestern United States), and regarded United Mexican founder Chavez (about whom Valdez is currently writing a screenplay) as the literal reincarnation of the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl.

Despite his history (or perhaps in part because of it), Valdez is highly regarded at CSUMB. The school was lucky to land him, says former provost Steve Arrizola: "The man is an icon."

But in the view of some critics, CSUMB's Latino students don't so much need icons as they do rigorous academics capable of providing a solid traditional education in institutions which have a real reason for existing in the first place. Shelby Steele, an author, research fellow at the Hoover Institute, and resident of Monterey, sees CSUMB as a "play the crowd" trick on minority students, "many of whom don't know what a traditional education is supposed to look like, and giving them the kind of education you could never sell to middle-class whites."

"What are these dreams going to mean?" asks Steele. "They don't learn the history of America. They don't learn the history of the civilization in which they live. Instead they talk to old people from Port Ord. Well, that's fine in an advanced graduate course in interpreting. But undergraduates should be in a classroom with a paper and pencil. They should be learning the extraordinary history of America, which is the history of the world at this point. If you are ignorant of this, you are lost."

Paul Civit is a freelance writer who lives in Southern California.

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The Unmaking of Americans
How Multiculturalism Has Undermined America's Assimilation Ethnic
John J. Miller

While many in the United States see immigration as a looming problem that threatens the very fabric of the nation, John J. Miller makes a convincing argument that the problem is not actually immigration per se, but rather the failure of new immigrants to assimilate into American society. But this failure is not the result of pejorative ideas held by society at large or obstacles created by racism. Instead, Miller presents a lucid and sharp analysis that rightfully faults heavy-handed government programs and wacky multiculturalist policies for the collapse of America's assimilation tradition.

Bilingual education, the disturbing political ramifications of group rights, the refusal of government to allow English-only work rules—these instances of massive and usually failed government intervention into the lives of Americans are the stumbling blocks on the path to true citizenship on the part of hundreds of thousands of new Americans.

Since the healthy dose of historical fact with a cogent analysis of modern-day problems, Miller examines the rise and fall of the Americanization movement and the current roadblocks prevailing the reinvigoration of the tradition of assimilation. Sharply criticizing government reforms in the late 1960s and early 1970s for undercutting colored labor and creating an unworkable ethnic pluralism, Miller also attacks the contemporary shift of such developments, such as the "taped" academic propagandists of multiculturalism. "The multiculturalists' greatest fear about assimilation is that it will happen," he writes. "They view Americanization as a kinder, gentler form of ethnic cleansing.... In a sense, they want to frustrate the American identity and turn the United States into a small global village, like Eggo Custer's World Showcase attraction."

As a particularly loathsome example of this hatred of America, he takes us inside the lecture hallings of Kahlil Gibran at the University of California at San Diego in May of 1996. As Miller writes, "More than a dozen academics presented papers at this conference and almost every one of them seemed to believe that the idea of Americanization, they constantly harped on the claim that the United States is inherently racist, that until attitudes have not changed significantly since the founding, and that immigrant assimilation is nothing more than the exploitation of a foreign-born proletariat.

As an example of this new academic About world, Miller discusses Lisa Lowe, a professor of literature at UCSD, who claims that the concept of citizenship tricks Americans into thinking that everybody has equal access to the benefits of it, while in reality—its a poisonous fraud masking racial, sexual, and class inequality. There is also Juan Ponce, a University of Puerto Rico, who babbles on about "death by English" and claims Americanization must be "abandoned as a premise of American identity." And the University of Michigan's Roger Roome, who begs Lisa's help to support what Miller terms "transnational multiculturalism," a home-made doctrine holding that people are first natives and nationalities.

But Miller's Americanism is not the only culprit. Equally bitter rhetoric comes from the real natives, whom Miller compares to modern-day members of the Country-of-No-Nothing Party. He examines and easily debunks such writers as Charlie Wilson, the anti-immigrant brush even turns the Irish, and the paranoid Samuel Francis, whose racist view of American society is similar to that of the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

But neither do we Americanize immigrants very well today, he points out in "The Practice of Americanization," and this is primarily because of our current immigration policies. Miller correctly notes that bilingual education is a major stumbling block in the way of assimilation. As is often noted, the goal of the program is to teach proficiency in two languages, but realistically this provides only competency in none and a continuing indicator in the shadowland of the world given up to come to America. The Unmaking of Americans offers an in-depth portrait of the failures of bilingual education as a movement, from its inception in the 1960s up to the present day. But these failures are all the more striking when contrasted to the successes of turn-of-the-century urban educators who increased their immigrant students in English, and by doing set them free.

So who is to blame? Miller links bilingual education to the multiculturalism bureaucracy who demanded its implementation. "As the architects of anti-Americanization public policies such as bilingual education, the bureaucrats are using power to preserve native cultures, native languages, and group solidarity." These bureaucrats should be embarrassed. In the recent California referendum that banned bilingual education, even supporters of the programs conceded they were failures. But inside and outside of California, Miller writes about school systems under pressure to implement Spanish-only classrooms, professional educators speaking of overcoming "institutional racism," and "Anglo-conformity" and lobbies bitterly arguing that bilingual education will help prevent "grave psychological harm" to immigrant children confronted with the prospect of Americanization.

These immigrant children can spend as long as six or seven years in bilingual programs, and because of these programs, routinely read and write two to three years behind their grade level. It isn't uncommon to have the best students in a school's program reading one year behind their grade level, and some students reading as little as five or 15th percentile level when compared to their peers. Unforeseen rules mandating "mainstreaming" and compliance on the part of parents, teachers, and students create a curious result in which it is entirely feasible for a student to go through his entire public education in a bilingual program and come away without the tools of citizenship.

Further, it is that practically all Hispanic students are automatically targeted for these programs, whether or not Spanish is their primary language. Miller notes that for a Hispanic student, being sent into a bilingual program in New York City, for instance, is like receiving a life sentence. Many bureaucrats work to ensure that students enroll in the programs even after they have learned English. Miller draws an analogy: "Immigrant children sometimes succeed in spite of bilingual education, but far too often they fail because of it. There may be no better example of an American institution mis-leading its immigrant population rather than bilingual education that relates to teach English.

Clearly, the trend toward bilingual education debases the trend towards group rights and identity politics that seems so popular in this day and age. The demeaning for racial politics also harms assimilation—not only by turning off the immigrant population but also by turning off the native-born population, leaving immigrants who do not want to assimilate and natives who don't want to help them. In addition, Miller asks "the current regime of voting rights"—the existence of so-called "minority majorities" have not changed much; under the new law, the country is made up of bi-ethnic and multi-ethnic counties divided by their race, ethnicity, and language. Miller makes a strong case for his statement that the "cult of group rights" results one of the most significant threats to the Americanization of immigrants.

Of course, once citizens become Americanized, there are also the problems associated with naturalization. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, is one of the worst-run branches of the government, noted for its haphazardness and incoherent policies to assimilate attempting to naturalize. Legal assistance is hours on a weekday at INS offices—sometimes only located in central cities—are routine, and Miller does an excellent job of not only pointing out the problem with the naturalization process, but also suggesting solutions.

Miller counterbalances a strong pro-immigration stance with common-sense analysis and commentary—the type that makes inherent sense, but perhaps because of this, only has a remote chance of being considered by a legislator. Instead, it took a referendum in California to end bilingual education, and a move that Miller commends that the entire country pursue post haste. We are at a crucial time—will we implement the changes needed to assimilate the new generation of immigrants into American society, or do we have assimilated every generation before than? Or will we allow government regulation, identity politics, and bilingual education work to create dooms of Little Quebecs in our midst?"

The relentless political pressure is out of favor these days in discussions about the making of Americans. The self-described partners as "the right kind" of immigrants prefer a more politically correct image like that of the mosaic, with each identity group becoming a part of the larger picture. What this image misses, however, is the notion of the cement—in this case a commitment to American citizenship—which holds the pieces of the national picture together.
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Bar Owner Appeals Employment Ruling
by Judith Schumann Weizner

The owner of the Bar None, a small West Side cocktail lounge, is appealing a recent ruling by the Federal Workplace Ambiance Regulatory Commission (FWARC) requiring him to continue to pay full wages, as well as medical expenses, to a cocktail waitress who no longer comes to work.

Business owners are closely following the case, which centers around the waitstaff's assertion that her inability to report for work is due to an emotional problem arising from her employment that she will not be able to resolve if she is ordered to work.

The bar's owner, Tom Kolln, insists he has acted reasonably and legally toward the waitress, thirty-eight-year-old Sherrrie Ballantine, and says he is prepared to take his case into the civil courts and go all the way to the Supreme Court if his appeal before the Federal Workplace Code Enforcement Court fails.

Kolln's problem with Ms. Ballantine began three years ago when patrons began complaining of lipstick marks on their glasses. Eventually, a customer spotted Ms. Ballantine slipping from his drink as she carried it to the table and informed Mr. Kolln, who demanded an explanation. Ms. Ballantine told him she was wearing a false nose for her compulsive tendencies and assured him that she was trying to improve. Kolln fired her.

After several weeks of unsuccessfully seeking new employment, Ms. Ballantine returned to the Bar None and asked Mr. Kolln to reinstate her, promising that she would find a way to control her behavior. Having hired and fired a number of replacements in quick succession, Kolln relented, but to assure himself that Ms. Ballantine would honor his promise, he watched her closely as she carried out her duties.

Kolln's palpable lack of trust engendered feelings of insecurity in Ms. Ballantine, and she found herself looking over her shoulder frequently as she did her job. Frowning a lot, she was often stammering and fell behind a patron. Mr. Kolln warned her to look where she was going. She explained that he misunderstood, relentless supervision had reawakened the psychological discomfort her parents had inflicted on her when they had caught her playing William Tell with her younger brother. Mr. Kolln answered by reiterating that if she didn't look where she was going, he would fire her and would not take her back.

This attempt to Ms. Ballantine to the FWARC, where she demanded her hearing, charged that by singling her out for scrutiny, Kolln had poisoned her atmosphere, making it impossible for her to continue to work.

At the hearing, Kolln explained that he had fired Ms. Ballantine for cause and rehired her on probation, having legally assuring himself that she was meeting the terms of that probation. The FWARC ruled that since there had been no further complaints from patrons, she was obviously in compliance with the terms of her reinstatement, which were simply that she not drink from her customers' glasses, and warned Kolln that if he wished to avoid a fine and being placed on the FWARC's Register of Infractious Employees, he would have to assure all employees equality, and to make sure that Ms. Ballantine felt at home at work.

Not wishing to precipitate a state of affairs that would give his patrons anything to complain about, Mr. Kolln took to observing her more carefully and, at the start of each shift, made sure to inquire about the state of her health and to ask if there was anything he could do to make her feel more at home. This did not sit well with the other employees, however, and they began asking her, with exaggerated solicitousness, whether she felt well, whether there was anything they could do for her, and whether she might feel more at home if she were to sit down and put up her feet.

Recognizing that she had become the butt of her co-workers' taunts, Ms. Ballantine began to have difficulty falling asleep, and, as a result, was often late for work. Kolln reminded her that once he had issued the weekly warnings required by Federal Workplace Ambiance Regulacions C-4, he would legally be able to dock her pay missed hours, and urged her to be more punctual. Stung by his lack of concern for her well-being, she lodged a second complaint with the FWARC, complaining that the sarcastic solicitousness of Mr. Kolln and the other BarNone employees was making her life miserable, affecting her sleep habits and making it impossible for her to get up in time for work.

Once more invited by FWARC to justify his actions, Kolln was cited for unacceptably rigid, finely honed dollars, and told to work out a schedule that she could live with. He was also ordered to instruct his other employees to cease their sarcastic treatment of Ms. Ballantine.

Ms. Ballantine returned to work, but her self-esteem had been damaged and she found it impossible to smile at her customers. Her tips dwindled and she began to question her ability to support herself. As a last resort, her therapist recommended acting classes as a means of bolstering her self-confidence, noting that actors have king-sized egos. Ms. Ballantine eagerly followed this advice and discovered a previously unsuspected talent. She enrolled in as many acting classes as she could afford.

The pace of her recovery was slow, however, and she realized that unless her earnings picked up she would not be able to continue her acting lessons. Accordingly, she asked Mr. Kolln for a paid leave in order to attend the class when she would be able to return to the Bar None as a fully productive employee.

In papers filed with the FWARC, she described his response as "a contemptuous snort that instantly wiped out the gains of many months of therapy.

The FWARC ruled that by disregarding Ms. Ballantine's request, Mr. Kolln had discriminated against her on the basis of a disability under the Americans with Disabilities Act, brought about by his own and his employees' actions, and ordered him to pay her full salary. In addition, since her health insurance coverage does not extend to acting classes, he was directed to pay the cost of her lessons until she felt sufficiently recovered to return to her job.

Kolln is reported to have appealed the ruling on the argument that if he has to pay Ms. Ballantine not to work he will go out of business, thereby terminating his employee-employee relationship with her, along with any responsibility for her medical expenses. Legal experts do not hold out much hope for his ultimate success, however. Last year, in Freidman v. Caravanstorey Use Cars, Inc., the Supreme Court upheld a ruling by the Federal Workplace Code Enforcement Court that an employer who had disgraced the self-esteem of a non-productive salesman could be required to support the families of the victim and the subsequent murderess.

The Federal Workplace Ambiance Regulatory Commission is reportedly still weighing the possibility of ordering Kolln to pay Ms. Ballantine overtime for busy weeks when she would normally have worked extra hours, as well as an additional 20 percent to cover lost tips, and a bonus of 23 percent of 13 percent of her wages and tips, the amount she would have earned in the stock market if she had not been forced to spend so much on acting classes.

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