

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



KAFKA IN UTAH

It's a cold, gray, windy afternoon at Zzyzx, the University of California's research station in the eastern Mojave. I'm standing on the shore of an ancient dry lake, surrounded by a ring of distant barren mountains. Huddled up against the foothills behind me is Zzyzx itself, a 20 acre oasis containing a dozen heavy concrete buildings, including a science lab, sleeping quarters, a microwave link, dining hall, duck pond and, down near the lake, a small blue-bottomed swimming pool littered with wind-blown debris and palm fronds. It was here on a warm September night five years ago that John Lighton, a 35-year old, fast-rising scientific prodigy, went swimming with a beautiful South African colleague, thereby making plausible a harassment charge that a year-and-a-half later would totally wreck his career, reputation and, even for a while, his desire to live.

"I went into the deepest, blackest despair I had ever experienced," Lighton says. "Everything I had worked for... was shattered.... I would see normal [people going about their lives] and think to myself, 'Don't people realize how vulnerable they are? What is the point of trying to do something when everything you've ever accomplished your whole life could be so easily swept away?'"

Lighton looks a lot different today than he did five years ago. He's bearded, burly, 70 pounds heavier and commendably



informed on everything from Jupiter's moons to the poetry of Percy Shelley. He has a modest deferential manner and he speaks with a soft South African accent. Accepting a job offer from the University of Utah, he says, was "one of the biggest mistakes of my entire life."

Lighton, who was a native of South Africa, had come to the United States in 1984 to study comparative physiology under the legendary UCLA biologist George Bartholomew. Bartholomew was a driven, aloof, loved, feared taskmaster, master psychologist and a shrewd judge of people. Lighton was his last student, and, in many ways, perhaps his best. When the University of Utah offered Lighton a job, Bartholomew was adamantly opposed. The school was second-rate. It would be harder for

Lighton to get papers published, said Bartholomew. After much soul-searching Lighton took the job anyway. "I thought I could use the school as a staging post," he says. "I was determined to make a name for myself and re-enter the job market after getting tenure there." In the meantime, he'd recreate in Utah the same "brash, can-do, high-energy environment" he'd found so inspiring at UCLA.

It never happened. For one thing, Lighton, despite all his gifts, wasn't Bartholomew. And for another, the University of Utah definitely wasn't UCLA.

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Rash*

*Jonestown
Requiem*

*Anti-FSM
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AN INTELLECTUAL OMERTÀ

MARGINALIZING CONSERVATIVE IDEAS

by David Horowitz

People who identify with the Left often ask the following question: How is it possible for decent human beings not to be progressive like us? How can they not share our concern for social justice or the better world we are attempting to create? The answers offered by progressives are that ignorance clouds the understanding of others and that social privilege blocks their human responses. In the eyes of progressives, their conservative opponents are prisoners of a false consciousness that prevents them from recognizing human possibility. This false consciousness is rooted in the self-interest of a ruling class (or gender, or race), which is intent on defending the system that secures its privilege. In other words, oppo-

sition to progressive agendas grows naturally from human selfishness, myopia and greed. To progressives, theirs alone is the vocation of reason and compassion.

The Right has questions too: How is it possible for progressives to remain so blind to the grim realities their efforts have produced? How can they overlook the crimes they have committed against the poor and oppressed they set out to defend? How can they have learned so little from the history their ideas have engendered?

Progressives have a false consciousness of their own. Being so noble in their own eyes, how could they not be blind? But this blindness also springs from an insularity created by their contempt for those not gifted with progressive sight. As a result, radicals are largely innocent of the ideas and perspectives that oppose their agendas. The works of von Mises, Hayek, Aron, Popper, Oakeshott, Sowell, Strauss, Bloom, Kirk, Kristol

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COMMUNIQUÉS

Radical Chic

In "Fashionably Left" (October 1998), Noemie Emery beautifully articulated the reasons why I gave up reading "women's" magazines right after *Roe v. Wade*, and "style" publications in the early 1980s. I still leaf through them occasionally in doctors' waiting rooms, a practice which always reminds me of how much I loathe them.

About the only thing she omitted to mention was the most ubiquitous PC fashion accessory of all: the red ribbon. In fact, one mail-order catalogue I received (can't imagine why—I couldn't afford anything in it!) featured an enameled-gold version, trimmed with diamonds, that would have been a perfect illustration for her article. Although AIDS, unlike abortion, isn't deliberate killing, many would argue that the lifestyle chiefly responsible for its spread is an equally deadly "crossroads" between "superficiality" and "war upon nature."

However, the ribbon-wearers are right about one thing: sufferers from fatal diseases—no matter how they contracted them—need our care and compassion. Therefore I feel that, while Ms. Emery's harsh assessment of the rich-and-famous and their stylish causes is mostly just, a lot of them are like the late Princess Di—good-hearted and generous in a muddled sort of way. So I still haven't quite given up hope that someone will turn up at the Oscars sporting a pro-life red rose or patriotic symbol on a tuxedo label; or that a celebrity will appear on "Jeopardy" or "Wheel of Fortune" to win money for Birthright. But I'm not holding my breath.

Anne G. Burns
Cos Cob, CT

Hypocrisy then, PC Now

In exposing George Mason University's PC insanity ("Back to PC School," September 1998), Alan Kors and Harvey Silverglate's characterization of George Mason himself as an "opponent of slavery" is not correct. George Mason opposed the slave trade, but he supported the institution of slavery. Mason's posture was either that of abject moral hypocrisy or raw self-interest. If the former, George Mason University is an ideal spot for PC to spread its wings. Consider Mason's June 15, 1778 comments to Virginia's convention to ratify the U.S. Constitution (as recorded in J. Elliott's *The Debates in the Several State Conventions on the Adoption of the Federal Constitution*, 1836). Mason leads off with a ringing denunciation of the Constitution for permitting the slave trade to continue until 1807. To wit: "The augmentation of slaves weakens states; and such a trade is diabolical in itself, and disgraceful to mankind; yet, by this Constitution, it is continued for twenty years. As much as I value a union of all the states, I would not admit the Southern States into the Union unless they agree to the discontinuance of this disgraceful trade, because it would bring weakness, and not strength to the Union." Sounds

good, huh? But don't jump to conclusions. In Mason's next breath (literally), he continued his condemnation of the Constitution for failing to make slave-holders' property rights in their slaves more secure! He said: "And though this infamous traffic be continued, we have no security for the property of that kind which we have already. There is no clause in this Constitution to secure it; for they may lay such a tax as will amount to manumission ... Yet they have not secured us the property of the slaves we have already. So that 'they have done what they ought not to have done [allowed the slave trade to continue for twenty years] and left undone what they ought to have

hypocrisy. George Mason University's PC practitioners are an apt reflection of their university's namesake.

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A Free Pass for Bilge

What does this guy Benjamin Kepple have on the editors of *Heterodoxy* that he apparently gets a free pass from the magazine to have printed therein statements and articles that come across as unadulterated hogwash to conservative readers?

In the May/June *Heterodoxy*, as pointed out in two excellent letters in the October 1998 issue, Kepple smears a premiere conservative writer, Samuel Francis, as a "paranoid" and a "racialist ... similar to the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan." Kepple, of course, cites no evidence for his hysterical accusations against this columnist with a doctoral degree and top prizes for editorial writing.

But my chief complaint is about Kepple's latest article in *Heterodoxy*, "Lesbian Rape." To first put my response in perspective, no, I'm not a "hater" of individual gays or lesbians. And, yes, some of my good friends on my long and varied career path have been gay. That said, however, I do have industrial strength problems with the militant gay and left-wing agenda which aims to legitimate (sic) homosexuality throughout society.

As I read Mr. Kepple's article, I got the distinct impression that its subtext was to aid that agenda by taking the tone that the problem of lesbian partners beating each other up is or should be a matter of urgent concern to everyone. Well, I've got news for Mr. Kepple: Among topics of compelling interest, this "crisis" doesn't

even appear on my radar screen. No one, of course, likes to hear about one spouse, roommate or "domestic partner" being abused or beaten by the other, whatever their sexual orientation. But an entire article about such goings on among lesbians seems far better suited for a rag like *The Nation*, or perhaps *Harper's*, or one of those radical chic fashion magazines so devastatingly described in *Heterodoxy's* lead story this issue.

Finally, I should add that, although I'm only one solitary reader, I do believe that the repeated appearance of such crypto-leftist bilge as "Lesbian Rape" in the hallowed pages of *Heterodoxy* might well cause some faithful fans of an otherwise great magazine to think twice when subscription renewal time rolls around.

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Separated at Birth?

done.' "Mason's hypocrisy in adopting the moralistic tenor of slavery's opponents when it comes to the slave trade, only then to fault the Constitution for not explicitly protecting slaveowners' property rights in their slaves is obvious. Do we really want to characterize Mason as an "opponent of slavery?" As economists, we can rationalize Mason's divergent postures as raw self-interest. Eliminating slave imports would have increased the price of slaves already in America. Mason, who owned more slaves than any other delegate to the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention in 1787, stood to benefit from fewer slave imports. Likewise, making property rights in slaves more secure would have increased Mason's wealth. That a Founding Father's stance traces to self-interest considerations does not surprise us, nor does it disturb us. Rather, what makes George Mason's case noteworthy is its blatant moral

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

MARTHA STEWART AND LATE CAPITALISM:

It has become an annual game of journalists to report on the absurd papers and presentations at the yearly convention of the Modern Language Association. But this year the MLA came close to outdoing itself. A pair of graduate students at the University of Toronto proposed a panel for this year's meeting in San Francisco on "Martha Stewart's Living." The panel was to address the following issues:

—How does Stewart's work serve to construct notions of whiteness and middle class heterosexual identity?

—How is Stewart produced by the culture of late capitalism?

—Do camp parodies of Stewart represent queer subversions of dominant discourses?

—What is the significance of Stewart's aesthetic of cleanliness and perfection? Bearing in mind McIntock's work in *Imperial Leather*, what is the connection between nineteenth century discourses of dirt and purity and Stewart's postmodern urban aesthetic?

However, cooler heads prevailed and the proposal was nixed. (Had to leave space for papers and presentations on Madonna, Elvis and other, more established elements of the new canon of cultural studies.) But Martha's iconic standing is not lost. A book covering the burning questions enumerated above is apparently still in the works.

JAMIE, THE TEENAGE WITCH:

Fifteen-year old Jamie Schoonover, a Baltimore, MD area high school freshman, was recently suspended from school for allegedly casting a spell on another student. Schoonover claims to be a practicing witch and a devotee of the neo-pagan religion known as Wicca, which can be best described as a combination of Celtic mythology and New Age spiritual claptrap. Compounding this already bizarre situation is that she is led in this pursuit by her "mother"—a trans-sexual cross-dresser who is actually her father. The baffled principal, Earl Lee, issued the suspension after the victim, a 14-year old freshman girl, became hysterical when she learned about the "hex." After a meeting in which Schoonover's mother/father and the parents of the other girl met with Mr. Lee, it was decided that Schoonover would transfer to another high school. Schoonover's mother/father said that "Jamie just wants to be left alone . . . she wished she could go somewhere to another place and never mention anything about witchcraft or transgender." Good idea.

PRO CHOICE LOGIC:

A 44-year old Connecticut woman is suing a doctor because she gave birth to a healthy child. The suit, now before the Connecticut Supreme Court, asks that Dr. Thomas Hanson, also of Connecticut, pay Patricia Burns \$1.6 million to help raise her 5 year old daughter Molly. Burns claims Hanson failed to detect her pregnancy in time for her to consider aborting the child. In an interview with the *Harvard Courier*, Burns, who has multiple sclerosis, said she would have aborted her daughter at 14 weeks had she known about the pregnancy. In reasoning that could set the abortion movement back by several light years she said, "It's not about me. It's not about that I'm now wheelchair-bound. It's about Molly's childhood . . . I can't get her to Girl Scouts, to ballet, to soccer. Just because I'm disabled, she shouldn't be disallowed that."

SODOM AND GOMORRAH WEEK AT USC:

A few weeks ago, the University of Southern California sponsored "Gender & Sexuality Week." Such events have become par for the course in academe, but this one had some twists that surprised even the blasé. Among the events: a lecture by former prostitute and pornography actress Annie Sprinkle: "My 25 Years as a Multimedia Whore," followed by remarks from James Kincaid, a tenured professor of English at USC, who also happens to be the author of *Child-Loving*, a cultural apologetic for redefining

and Hayden White (*History of Consciousness*, UCSC)

NO ROOM OF HIS OWN: Professor Carl Cohen is one of the most prestigious scholars and until a couple of years ago was one of the most popular figures on the Ann Arbor campus of the University of Michigan. So prestigious and popular, in fact, that University officials had decided to commemorate his achievements and his importance on the Ann Arbor campus by naming a reading room for him at Michigan's Residential

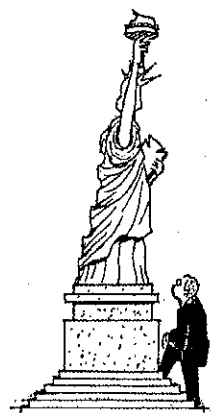
College. It was supposed to be a big event for November, complete with speeches and ceremonies. But the plan to honor Cohen was abruptly called off at the last minute. The usual bureaucratic reasoning was given, something about "proper procedures" not having been followed. But the real reason for the cancellation of the proceedings was, according to those on the inside, the fact that it was Cohen who blew the whistle on the University of Michigan a couple of years ago by releasing the statistics showing that its claims not to base admissions on race were blatantly false. Pettiness has always been the last resort of the scoundrels in the University.

TIPPER'S TRUMPED UP MUD WRESTLING:

Tipper Gore was the first American political presence on the scene to see first hand the devastation of Hurricane Mitch in Honduras. It was a good sound and scene bite, but according to muckraker Matt Drudge there was less in Tipper's appearance than met the eye. Drudge reported that Nathan Naylor, press spokesman for Tipper's hubby Al, briefed staff from the American television networks in advance about the appearance to come. "She's gonna be shovellin' mud," Naylor told the crews. "Then she'll wipe the sweat from her brow, like this. Make sure you get that shot, all right?" Drudge writes that Naylor even did the gestures, pretending to shovel with an imaginary spade then running his right hand along his forehead to brush off imagi-

nary sweat. But despite the planning, things didn't go smoothly. When Tipper arrived in the barrio of Tegucigalpa, she spotted an old lady shoveling thick, dark mud from the front door of her simple stone home and asked if this is where she was supposed to begin. Naylor said, "No, no, it's further down," he replied. The Second Lady finally arrived at the scene of her photo opportunity, a 6-foot pile of hardened mud that had been left in a narrow street. Tipper did eight shovelfuls and then, sure enough, up came the glove to flick away the sweat. Drudge reports that the local press had been told that Tipper would be spending the night in a tent, which her aides had brought along. But they had also taken care to rent a room in a local luxury hotel so that she could freshen up before returning to the tent for a brief sleep before getting up to appear on the morning shows back in the U.S. A few days later, Tipper Gore joined President Bill Clinton in Washington during his weekly radio address and read her lines smoothly: "Thank you, Mr. President. In Honduras we visited a neighborhood devastated by the storm. We joined the effort to clean up the school that will become a medical facility . . . That night I slept in a tent outside a shelter with homeless families . . ."

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



sex between adults and children as loving play instead of child-molesting, and *Erotic Innocence: The Culture of Child Molesting*. As if a lecture involving a "show-all and tell-all" performance by a former porn star followed by a sympathizer for pederasts wasn't enough, students could also attend such sessions as "Sex Is Dirty, Save It For Someone You Love," a "creative workshop" featuring Elizabeth Davenport, a former Episcopalian chaplain. Promotional flyers claim that "if you've ever suffered from the sex/guilt/shame/aaargh syndrome—whether because of your minister, or God, or anyone else for that matter, this creative workshop is for you." Or, they could attend a lecture by Loren Cameron, a female-to-male trans-sexual. Or, they could attend the "SC Lovefest," a USC version of the popular radio/TV show *Loveline* with Celina "The Condom Queen." Parents forking out 25 grand a year must feel good knowing that they're getting their money's worth.

SANTA CRUZ DELENDA EST: A Memo from The Center for Cultural Studies announced that on November 12, the History of Consciousness Department would present: "Religion: A Necessary Evil?" a conversation with Hans Kippenberg (University of Bremen, Germany)

Jonestown 20 Years Later

The Death of God Socialist

by K.L. Billingsley

It was like one of those Sixties myths, in which young people from the hinterlands journey to the epicenter of the cultural revolution to find a new identity in the new reality being built there.

If not for the gravitational pull of the New Age, the Reverend Jim Jones might have remained in Indiana, working the spiritual edges of its farming communities with a hardscrabble fervor the way generations of evangelists had done. Instead, he journeyed west, to San Francisco, and was born again in the afterglow of the Sixties. By the early Seventies he was embedded in the power structure of the City of Love, the People's Temple he had established there more a political than a spiritual presence. He rose in stature, proclaimed a kingdom of heaven on earth, and led his flock into the wilderness. But evil befell them. On November 18, 1978, 913 people, including 267 children, lay dead on the Guyana ground, the largest known mass suicide in history.

The mass death of nearly 1,000 Americans, many of them black, shocked the world and set pundits, professors and shrinks scrambling to explain how such a thing could have happened in modern times. Film producers and documentarians rushed to cash in on the "Guyana cult," but they, like the intellectuals, managed to miss the core of the story. Today, two decades after the Jonestown disaster, those who hailed Jim Jones' first coming are not eager for that story, and their role in it, to emerge. Many others have simply forgotten those events, while few in the Generation X crowd have heard of the Jonestown holocaust. And the historical record hasn't been much clarified by recent media efforts to commemorate the twentieth anniversary.

On October 18, ABC's *20/20* dedicated an hour to the subject, including interviews with two of Jones' sons. One of them, Stephan, said that his father was "a fraud," a tepid enough evaluation given the outcome of his journey into the heart of the Guyanese darkness. Jim Jones Jr., the prophet's black adopted son, was pictured in the crumbling ruins of the New Jerusalem in the jungle, uncovering the vat from which Jones' flock drank the poisoned kool aid that took their lives. It was indisputably a dramatic moment, but the drama was self contained; viewers learned little about the forces that had been in play, and why the full meaning of the mass suicide remains a symbol for our time. Like much of the early analysis of Jonestown, the program did not mention the words socialism or Communism. Which was odd because Communism, almost as much as the megalomania which makes it lethal, was the driving force of Jim Jones' life. It was his commitment, as much as the outcome to which they led, which made Jones a man of his time.

James Warren Jones was born in Crete, Indiana, on May 13, 1931, in one of the truest years of the depression, and early on showed a cruel streak himself. ("I was ready to kill by the end of the third grade," he once confessed.) The young Jones once took to combing his hair to one side and demanded that friends use the password "Heil Hitler," to enter the loft where they played. This was Ku Kluxer country and Jones described his own father as a racist redneck. But his own religious inclinations startled his parents. He favored Pentecostalism with its rollicking "holy roller" style of worship, ecstatic reveries, and claims of healings and miracles as part of normal church experience. But Jones managed to combine attraction to the church as an institution, and

to the revivalist form of worship, with a rejection of traditional Christian theology and what he viewed as its fanciful "sky God." He remained a true believer in the social gospel—not a minority view but a strong trend in Protestantism since the 1920s—a vision of pie on the earth rather than pie in the sky; of sharing, of holding things in common. Jones did not lack dedication to this vision or imagination in carrying it out. For a time he supported his ministry by selling monkeys door to door, at \$29 a piece.

One of the influences which helped



JONES AT THE PULPIT

define the religious entrepreneur was Father Divine, "alias God," a celebrated black cult leader and head of a booming religious empire. Jones supported Father Divine's concerns over segregation and hoped to succeed him one day. The fiery Malcolm X also left a deep mark on Jones, who shared his view that Christianity was a threadbare hoax to keep the black man passive. Jones spent two years in Brazil, where he saw grinding poverty and encountered Marxism in an early form of "liberation theology." The Cuban Missile Crisis spawned the fear that an apocalypse was at hand, and hardened a hatred for his native country, the United States, that Jones had begun to nurture as early as the Korean War.

By 1964, when he was ordained in the Disciples of Christ denomination, Jones no longer believed in the Judeo-Christian God. His fake but effectively staged healings had made him the object of veneration from a growing flock at his People's Temple in Indianapolis, a kind of First Church of Jonesian Socialism. The socialist message did not resonate with the Bible-toting Hoosiers who preferred the old-time religion of salvation from sin and eternal life in another world. But Jones and his congregation were planning to move on to more receptive fields.

In 1962 *Esquire* proclaimed Eureka, California, one of the safest areas in the nation, upwind from every nuclear target. For Jones, who had predicted a nuclear holocaust on July 15, 1967, this cinched the decision to make northern California his home base. He began in Redwood Valley and his congregation hit its stride as a member church of the Disciples of Christ, a denomination whose 1.5 million members then included J. Edgar Hoover and Lyndon Johnson; both of whom would have found it odd to be in a

religious bed with this darkly charismatic figure.

"The only thing that brings perfect freedom, justice and equality, perfect love in all its beauty and holiness is socialism. Socialism!" the prophet spoke. He baptized members in the Temple's swimming pool, "in the holy name of Socialism," a creed Jones believed he personally embodied. Jones portrayed himself as the fulfillment of Isaiah 7:20, "I come shaved with a razor!" he said. "I come with the black hair of a raven! I come as God Socialist." He continued to put down the "sky God" of the Bible and to tell his flock that "I your socialist worker God, have given you all these things." On another occasion it was: "What is your god? Communism!"

Jones' growing flock cheered wildly at such pronouncements, but being a member of the People's Temple involved more than being dazzled by God Socialist. It meant being subjected to him. God Socialist was a jealous god, especially demanding of the inner circle he called, in good socialist style, the "Planning Commission." At meetings, Jones would challenge their bourgeois sexual conventions. This, of course, meant that he liberated many Temple women by claiming them as his personal sexual property. He bragged that he could "fuck for seven hours," and that this was not mere coital athleticism, but part of his duty as a socialist leader. He ridiculed his followers for sexual inadequacies and preached that bisexuality was a revolutionary virtue and test of commitment.

"Paul said give your whole body as a living sacrifice, wholly and acceptable to God," Jones said. "When they couldn't get males into the Party, white women had to go out and find black males and fuck 'em into the Party. That's principled... So if it would save you, or promote a revolutionary cause or this movement, you should give your vagina, your penis, your asshole, if it's called for, and if you can't then you're not a dedicated Communist."

During one meeting, Jones forced a white man to prove he was not a racist by performing oral sex on a black woman in the midst of her period. Rather than let her leave the meeting to relieve herself, Jones forced a woman to defecate into a can. Jones urged all good socialists to seek deep self-knowledge. Practically speaking, this meant that all good socialists had to be sodomized, a task for which he volunteered, telling the men that it was for their own good. At a Los Angeles church service Jones took aside Tim Carter, a Vietnam veteran.

"Son," Jones said, "if you want me to fuck you in the ass, I will." The startled vet said that wasn't exactly what he had in mind. Jones replied, "Just so you know I'm here if you want me."

One man wrote a confession about the therapeutic effect of his encounter with Jones: "Your fucking me in the ass was, as I see it now, necessary to get me to deal with my deep-seated repression against my homosexuality. I have felt resentment at being fucked even though I knew your motives were utterly pure."

It was only a matter of time before Jones' progressive, multi-racial congregation drew attention in San Francisco. He met Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett, a mainstay of the black community there since 1945. Tim Stoen, a graduate of Stanford Law School, became one of Jones' lieutenants and signed a statement that Jones had fathered his child, John. Stoen became assistant district attorney for San Francisco, where Jones set up a branch of his People's Temple in a yellow

brick former synagogue on Geary Boulevard. The ministry grew by leaps and bounds, to a membership of some 3,000, with an additional thriving congregation in Los Angeles at the corner of Hoover and Alvarado. But it was in San Francisco where Jones gained the highest acclaim, in spite of what should have been fatal lapses.

On December 13, 1973 at Westlake Theatre across from MacArthur Park, then playing *Dirty Harry*, an undercover policeman went in the men's room to find the 42-year-old Jones advancing aggressively toward him while masturbating. The officer arrested Jones for lewd conduct. His public relations machine sprung into action and a doctor sympathetic to the Temple floated a story about urinary trouble. Then as now, in a city of revolutionary sex where the personal is the political, the zeitgeist did not disqualify someone arrested for lewd conduct from community leadership, nor even from praise. For the most part, Jones' socialist politics were politically correct, so the liberal luminaries of the time were disposed to overlook rumors about questionable activity at the Temple.

Jones' revivalist radicalism made him a perfect fit for Bay Area Communists like Angela Davis, for whom the People's Temple held rallies. Black Panther Huey Newton considered Jones a comrade, and the Temple received ringing endorsements from Laura Allende (Salvador's sister) and Dennis Banks of the American Indian Movement. Jones also cultivated the Black Muslims who in 1976 joined him in a "Celebration of Brotherhood" featuring Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, Angela Davis, San Francisco District Attorney Joe Freitas, and California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally. At the event, Jones said he wished Wallace Muhammad was running for President of the United States.

Jane Fonda was so impressed with the People's Temple that she wrote a thank-you note praising Jones as a man who had "redefined the role of the church . . . I also recommit myself to your congregation as an active and full participant, not only for myself but because I want my two children to have the experience."

A sign of Jones' arrival in the middle of the San Francisco power structure came when Mayor George Moscone appointed him to the city's Housing Authority on October 18, 1976. The meetings soon became Jones' private forum, policed by a squad of Temple guards Jones called his "angels." After newspaper and magazine articles emerged citing abuses at the Temple, Moscone stonewalled requests for an investigation. Likewise, the state attorney general twice declined to investigate the Temple, despite reports that children were being abused there.

In the fall of 1976, at the dedication of Carter-Mondale headquarters, Jones gained a place on the platform with Rosalyn Carter, who sent a letter to Jones thanking him for his views on Cuba. On September 25, 1976, assemblyman Willie Brown, Mervyn Dymally, George Moscone, Angela Davis, *San Francisco Chronicle* city editor Steve Gavin, and leftist lawyers Charles Garry and Vincent Hallinan joined many other luminaries in a tribute to Jones, who received approval from the state senate and San Francisco board of supervisors.

"Let me present to you what you should see every day when you look in the mirror in the early morning hours," said master of ceremonies Willie Brown, now mayor of San Francisco. "Let me present to you a combination of Martin King, Angela Davis, Albert Einstein, Chairman Mao." Jones stood to a tumultuous ovation.

Walter Mondale praised the People's Temple for defending the First Amendment. Joseph Califano, secretary of HEW, praised his "commitment and compassion, your humanitarian principles . . . furthering the cause of human dignity." Sen. Hubert Humphrey said that "The work of Reverend Jones and his congregation is a testimony to the positive and truly Christian

approach to dealing with the myriad problems confronting our society today." Other tributes came from Sen. Warren Magnuson, Bella Abzug, Ron Dellums, and Roy Wilkins.

In 1975 the Foundation for Religion in American Life named Jones one of the 100 outstanding clergymen in America and in 1976 the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* hailed him as "Humanitarian of the Year." He had arrived; but he had not left behind his paranoia, siege mentality and apocalyptic fantasies. Beneath all the praise from the Democratic Party machine, he continued to maintain what amounted to a private reign of terror, punishing dissenters, including children, and using sex and fear to maintain control over his flock.

Under Jones' reign, the People's Temple in the mid-1970s became part of a Bay Area radical stew that included revolutionary gangs such as



AFTER THE WHITE NIGHT

the New World Liberation Front, the Black Liberation Army, *Vegeteremos*, and the Symbionese Liberation Army. Jim Jones' group also had a military dimension to its personality, stockpiling hundreds of weapons and maintaining an elaborate security system. Convinced that America was Babylon the doomed and that the CIA was out to get him, Jones looked for a place to build his kingdom.

He had visited Guyana in 1963 on his way back from Brazil and was impressed when in 1966 that nation won independence from Britain and soon elected a black socialist government. When Jones went back in 1973, leftist Guyanese leaders proved receptive to his plan for a settlement. Four years later Temple members were arriving in Jonestown, their own socialist state, where their revivalist songbook included this refrain:

*We are Communists today and we're
Communists all the way. Oh, we're
Communists today and we are glad.*

Being lord of his own police state fed Jones' god complex. Away from prying reporters and politicians he proved that absolute power corrupts absolutely, and that no tyrant is worse than the one who indulges his cruelties in the belief that they advance the cause of progress and social justice.

Jones forced people to prove their loyalty by signing false confessions and blank power-of-attorney forms. He continued to order the beatings of men and women and continued to coerce them into having sex with him in private and with others in public. Jones worked his members like slaves, which they in fact were. When some complained, his squad of "angels" dumped them into a

trench, nine feet deep and nine feet square. Children were also beaten, thrown into the trench, tortured with electric shocks, had hot peppers stuffed into their rectums and even made to eat their own vomit. By one account, the screams of children were amplified for others to hear.

It was supposed to be a police state walled off by solitude. But even from the jungle sanctuary, word began to leak out. Relatives of Temple inmates began to complain and some made trips to try and persuade family members to leave. These overtures, coupled with key defections, inflamed Jones' siege mentality. When members came back from the United States, they had to confess to sins such as spending money on Big Macs, sold by rapacious corporations. Jones also taught his followers to hate their own relatives back in "Babylon." He ordered the entire community to file before a microphone and describe what torture and death they would recommend for their families. An elderly black woman said she would build a big church, put her relatives in it, and burn it to the ground. An 8-year-old boy proposed killing his mother, cutting her up and poisoning the pieces, then feeding them to remaining relatives.

Jones began staging the suicide drills he called "white nights." If they went down, as Lenin put it, they would slam the door on an empty house. They also considered moving on to an even safer refuge in Stalinist redoubts like North Korea and Albania. But it was the Socialist Motherland that showed some interest, delighting Jones, who punished anyone who said Christ's birth was more important than the Russian Revolution.

The USSR was then on a roll, encouraged by U.S. defeat in Vietnam, and with successful pro-Soviet guerrilla movements in Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia, and invasions in Latin America. Feodor Timofeyev, the Soviet consul in Guyana, arranged to visit Jonestown. Jones ordered his followers to spend hours practicing Russian phrases to impress the Communist diplomat for whom they arranged a huge celebration.

"For many years we have made our sympathies publicly known," said Jones. "The United States is not our mother. The USSR is our spiritual motherland." Timofeyev expressed greetings to "the people of the first socialist and Communist community from the United States of America in Guyana and the world." Soviet publications made Jonestown the centerpiece of propaganda.

But Jones was getting a little too crazy for the Soviets. He was finding it difficult to continue his role as God Socialist without chemical support. He drank heavily and consumed drugs such as Demerol, Valium and Quaaludes. A September 25, 1978, letter he wrote to Jimmy Carter showed the state of his mind:

"The schemes against us include some of the most devious strategies," he wrote the President. "I have to leave the church. My wife is going to leave me. But she is attracted to you. Will you please have sex with her?"

Defectors, relatives and a few journalists had raised enough concern about the People's Temple to prompt California congressman Leo Ryan to consider whether Americans were being held against their will in Guyana. Ryan was a Bay Area liberal who had taken up the cause of baby harp seals off Newfoundland and authored the Hughes-Ryan amendment transferring oversight of the CIA from the Armed Forces Committee to Foreign Affairs. In November of 1978, he led a delegation to Jonestown that included press and relatives of Temple members. Several days before they arrived, the riverboat Cudjoe delivered a piece of cargo that Jones had recently ordered from Georgetown: a 100-lb. drum of potassium cyanide.

Jones tried to stage his best show for Ryan but panic began when some members made it clear they wanted to leave with the delegation. For Jones it was a sign that the apocalypse was at hand and

that the evil CIA, sent from Babylon, was about to converge and despoil his socialist paradise. After his angels gunned down Ryan and three reporters, the real "white night" began. But not all went gently into that good night, not even some of the 267 children, 33 of whom had been born in Jonestown. Thirteen people died in Jones' house, including John Stoen and Kim Prokes, two boys he claimed to have fathered. Jones himself died by a .357 magnum slug to the head but the identity of the gunman remains a mystery. Temple member Annie Moore even shot the commune's chimpanzee, Mr. Muggs, before shooting herself. But before the nearly 1,000 bodies lay in piles, Jones' last will and testament was being carried out.

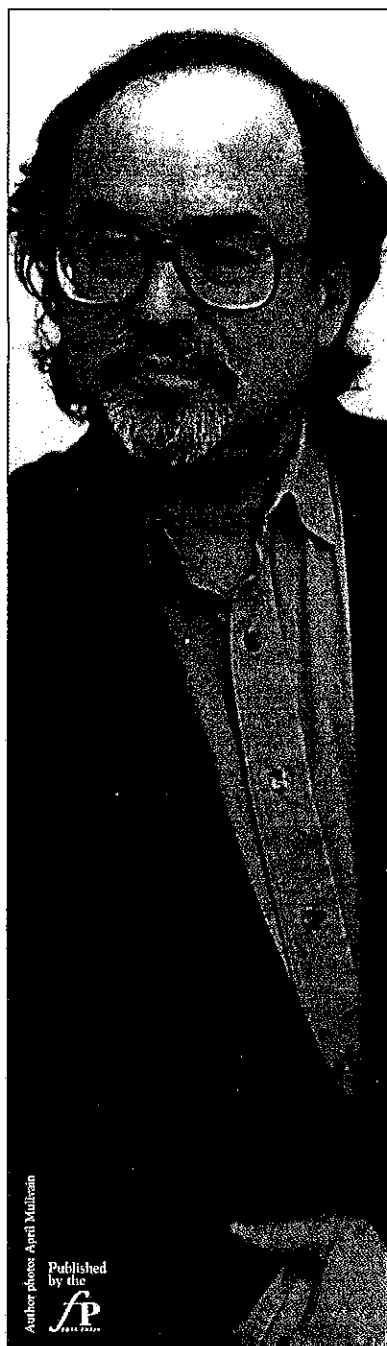
The Temple had amassed more than \$7 million in Venezuelan and Panamanian bank accounts and it was the wish of God Socialist to leave this money to the Socialist Motherland. Annie McGowan, the Temple secretary, arranged to transfer the \$7 million to the Soviet Union, explaining that "We, as Communists, want our money to be administered for help to oppressed peoples all over the world, or in any way that your decision-making body sees fit."

Neither that detail, nor Jones' socialist fundamentalism emerged in most of the early reporting. The public got little enlightenment from *Guyana: Cult of the Damned*, a film shot in Mexico. A CBS docudrama depicted Jones as a good man victimized by others, mainly by women and the Father Divine character. These sensational treatments only hindered understanding of Jones and his victims.

The omnisequal Communist sadist who ushered hundreds to their deaths had emblazoned on a sign, for all to see: "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it." That came from *Life of Reason* by George Santayana, who in the same passage wrote words that Jones did not include: "It is remarkable how inane and unimaginative utopias have generally been." The Jonestown holocaust is a parable of the larger truth: no socialism without mass death, no socialism without terror. In an age dominated by the medical model of human behavior, in which sin is replaced by sickness and redemption by therapy, Jim Jones confirms the reality of evil. That is his heritage twenty years after the fact.

The old People's Temple on Geary Boulevard crumbled in San Francisco's last earthquake, but many of those who hailed Jim Jones remain. The stellar reception they gave him during his brief strut upon the Bay Area stage shows how liberals, unwilling to do the heavy lifting, have aided and abetted radicals who have no such qualms. Jim Jones was politically correct, and that was enough for Willie Brown, Mervyn Dymally, Jane Fonda and many others. And despite the demise of Communism, the ideological superstitions that Jones lived for remain alive and well. The idea of a kingdom of heaven on earth, with wise leaders ordering life for the greater happiness of all, with all needs met, and all anxieties tranquilized, remains incredibly seductive. And in an age in which institutional religion has been discredited, its comeback cannot be long delayed.

K.L. Billingsley is a frequent contributor to *Heterodoxy* and author of *Hollywood Party: How Communism Seduced the American Film Industry in the 1930s and 1940s*.

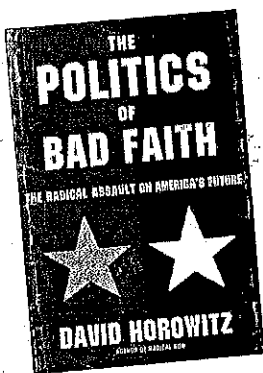


SECOND PRINTING

THE POLITICS OF BAD FAITH

THE RADICAL ASSAULT ON AMERICA'S FUTURE

BY DAVID HOROWITZ

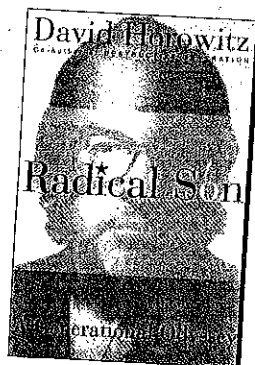


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The False Consciousness, Continued from page 1

and other anti-socialist thinkers are virtually unknown on the Left—excluded from the canons of the institutions they dominate and absent from the texts they write. This silencing of ideological opponents in the areas of the culture the Left controls has led to a situation which one academic philosopher lamented as “the collapse of serious argument throughout the lower reaches of the humanities and the social sciences in the universities.” The same judgment cannot be made about the excluded conservatives who are forced by the cultural dominance of the Left (and by the historic ferocity of the radical assault) to be thoroughly familiar with the intellectual traditions and arguments that sustain it. This is one reason for the vitality of contemporary conservative thought outside the academy.

Following the collapse of the socialist empire the marginalization of conservative ideas in the academic culture has been so pervasive that even those conservatives whose analyses were dramatically vindicated by the events continue to remain hopelessly obscure. As far back as 1922, Ludwig von Mises wrote a 500-page treatise predicting that socialism would not work. Socialist theorists, he wrote, had failed to recognize basic economic realities that would eventually bankrupt the future they were creating. These included the indispensability of markets for allocating resources, and of private property for providing the incentives that drive the engines of social wealth. Moreover, socialists showed no inclination to take seriously the problems their schemes created: “Without troubling about the fact that they had not succeeded in disproving the assertion of the liberal school that productivity under socialism would sink so low that want and poverty would be general, socialist writers began to promulgate fantastic assertions about the increase in productivity to be expected under socialism.”

As close as any analysis could, Von Mises’ warning anticipated the next 70 years of socialist history. Under the Soviet Union’s central planning, the Kremlin rulers were indeed unable to allocate resources rationally, or to promote technological innovation, or to replace the profit motive with a viable system of non-monetary “social” incentives. As a result, the socialist economy was unable to keep abreast of the technological changes that would catapult the West into the post-industrial era. The socialist economy could not even create sufficient growth to feed its own people. Once the breadbasket of Europe, Soviet Russia under socialist planning became a chronic importer of grain, an economy of forced rationing and periodic famine. The effect of socialist order was exactly as Von Mises had predicted—the generalization of poverty and the crippling of productivity, so that Russia was unable to enter the information age and compete economically with the West.

Although history has dramatically confirmed Von Mises’ analysis, and just as dramatically refuted his left-wing opponents, his intellectual contributions are as unrecognized today as they were before the Communist fall. While the intellectual tradition that gave rise to Von Mises’ insights is marginalized in American universities, and its paradigm ignored, Marxism and its variants flourish. The profusion of Marxists on university faculties is, in fact, unprecedented, and the theories that Marxism has spawned now

provide the principal texts for the next generations. While Von Mises’s writings are invisible, the works of Stalinists, ignorant of the most basic economic realities of how modern societies function, are familiar to most undergraduates. In the humanities and social sciences, the discredited tradition of Marxism has become the intellectual well-spring of the main schools of current academic theory—critical studies, cultural studies, historicism, structuralism, post-modernism and radical feminism. The comparable schools of conservative and libertarian thought are hardly extant within university walls.

It is hardly necessary to add that no serious attempt has been made by progressive intellectuals to re-visit Von Mises’ critique. Or to come up with answers that would justifi-

cally the Left, and from the academic curriculum the Left has designed. Typically, Hayek’s mature works on capitalism and socialism are rarely if ever mentioned in the broad intellectual culture, their arguments never confronted. The average college graduate is acquainted with whole libraries of radical blather—the re-packaging by third rate intellectuals of discredited Marxist formulas in the works of bell hooks, Frederic Jameson, Derrick Bell, Andrew Ross, Richard Delgado and Catharine MacKinnon—but has never opened a text by the most important figures of 20th Century social thought.

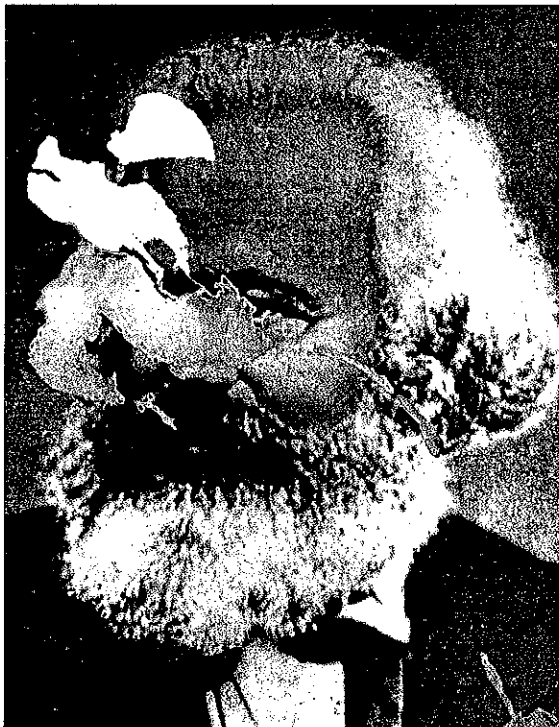
An ideological omerta is the Left’s response to its vindicated critics, especially those who emerged from its own ranks. It is an intellectual version of Stalin’s efforts to transform his political opponents into “unpersons,” in order to obliterate their influence and ideas. The historian, Aileen Kraditor, once a star in the firmament of the academic Left, is a less prominent intellectual figure than Von Mises and Hayek, but no less illustrative of the method by which the Left deals with its critics. The books Kraditor wrote—*The Ideas of the Woman Suffrage Movement*, *Means and Ends in American Abolitionism* and *The Radical Persuasion*—were once routinely cited by Sixties progressives as models of the scholarship radicals produced. But then Kraditor had second thoughts and departed the radical ranks. As a pioneer in feminist scholarship, Aileen Kraditor would have been a prime candidate for high honors in today’s academy. But she had the bad judgment to become an anti-Communist and to write a book puncturing the radical illusion. As a result, it is as though she had never existed, and never written.

Based on her own experience as a member of the Party during the height of the Cold War, Kraditor’s last book set out to describe the intellectual worldview of American Communists. “Jimmy Higgins”: *The Mental World of the American Rank and File Communist, 1930-1958* is the definitive study of its subject. Yet, despite an explosion of academic interest in the history of American Communism, Kraditor’s work is almost never referred to and almost never cited, its insights never engaged by the academic community. Instead, Communist sympathizers like Princeton’s Ellen Schrecker and NYU’s Robin D.G. Kelley, have become pre-eminent academic authorities on the historiography of American Communism, while Aileen Kraditor has been made an unperson in the intellectual culture.

This politically-motivated censorship and self-enforced ignorance insulates the Left from uncomfortable encounters with former comrades and necessary truths. Defectors from the radical ranks quickly discover that their ideas are ignored and their realities erased. It is the way a bankrupt intellectual tradition enforces its academic rule. The unwritten law of the radical intellect is this: Once the revolutionary idea has been called into question, the questioner must cease to exist. In a democracy, this extinction may be accomplished by personal smear or ideological exclusion. But it is required in order to preserve the faith. To the religious mind, the thought of God’s death is unthinkable.



This essay is adapted from Politics of Bad Faith: The Radical Assault on America’s Future by David Horowitz, recently published by The Free Press.



fy the respect now accorded to the bankrupt intellectual tradition of the Left, or arguments that would warrant this revived commitment to a discredited faith. Given the verdict of history on the socialist experiments, Von Mises’ works and others that derive from the tradition of classical liberalism should provide the central texts of any respectable academic discourse. Instead they are so marginal to the university curriculum, it is as if they had never been written.

In contrast to Von Mises’ fate, Stalinist intellectuals like Antonio Gramsci, Eric Hobsbawm and Walter Benjamin have become icons of the left-wing professoriate, their writings re-issued in scholarly editions, their texts well-thumbed by undergraduates and their ideas developed and refined in doctoral studies. Despite its dismal record of collusion and failure, the tradition of the Left is intellectually dominant in the American university today in a way that its disciples would never have dreamed possible thirty years ago—as though the catastrophes produced by its ideas had never taken place.

Von Mises of course is not alone. His disciple, Friedrich Hayek—to take another representative example—is equally obscure in the academic culture. The theoretical edifice Hayek created is, like Von Mises’, as comprehensive as Marx’s, and has been vindicated by the same history that has refuted Marxist ideas. Hayek has even been awarded a Nobel prize in economics. Yet the name Hayek is all but absent from the discourse of

Demanding Jim Crow on Campus

Graduation Segregation

by Benjamin Kepple

One of the chief justifications for "diversity," according to college administrators, is that it broadens the cultural experience of all undergraduates by throwing different races and ethnicities together and allowing them to assimilate to each other. The hypocrisy of such a viewpoint is shown by the fact that while they talk diversity, these administrators countenance and in some cases create a system of segregation and separation that make their campuses into a conglomerate of walled-in and isolated communities, which encourages the growth of prejudice and suspicion far more than a single melting pot of multiculturalism. "Students of color," they say, have needs that can be met only by their own kind.

Black students at Tufts, if they so desire, can participate in a separate, three-day orientation program. Conducted after the regular orientation, it is designed for African, Caribbean, and American blacks, allegedly to alleviate concerns they might have about living at Tufts—but actually to bring them together in relationships that will be their primary ones throughout their college years. Walk onto Dartmouth College's or Cornell University's campus and you will find "residential program houses" targeted at minority students. Stanford University goes even further, allowing black, Asian, Hispanic, and American Indian students in regular housing to request a roommate of the same ethnic background.

The system that many colleges have designed resembles an academic version of Jim Crow. A student living in virtually segregated housing can major in ethnic studies programs using books written by authors of color and taught by teachers of color. He broadens his college experience by listening to leftwing speakers of color like Angela Davis or Ivan Van Sertima, an afrocentric professor of anthropology at Rutgers, who claimed in a 1997 speech at Cornell that blacks were the first to plot the solar system, create irrigation systems, and smelt steel—not to mention the fact that they discovered America before European explorers.

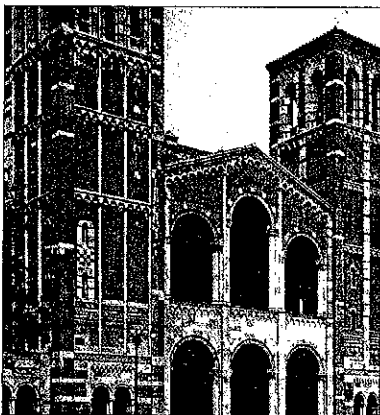
And at the end of their collegiate days, when the time comes to receive their diplomas, these segregated students do not join together to celebrate their accomplishments or worry about their job prospects in common. Nor do they toss their mortarboards into a melting pot and look to the future as one. Instead, they exit college as they began and continued—in isolated and suspicious groups.

A number of schools around the country sponsor "ethnic graduations," as these identity-conscious ceremonies are called. California State Polytechnic University at San Luis Obispo has a small yearly ceremony for its black students. The University of Michigan has a similar celebration for its homosexual students. And Brown University does something arguably worse than holding a segregated graduation ceremony; after commencement, the University's Third World Center holds an invitation-only champagne reception for graduating minority students and their parents.

But this practice has caught hold with special tenacity in California. The University of California at Santa Barbara sponsors these ceremonies for blacks and Hispanics; the University of California at Santa Cruz sponsors them for blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and American Indians. But the school that sponsors the most ethnic graduations is the University of California at Los Angeles, which helps sponsor an ethnic graduation for blacks,

Hispanics, Asians, American Indians, and Filipinos. It also supports a segregated graduation by homosexual students as well.

"The events provide that support that many students from under-represented communities are looking for," says Henry Perez, chairman of the UCLA chapter of Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Azulan (MEChA), a radical Hispanic activist group whose stated goal is to eventually reclaim political independence "for Mexican-Americans in the Southwestern United States. MEChA organizes La Raza Graduation, the grad-



THE SEGREGATED IVORY TOWER

uation ceremony on campus for Chicano and Latino students. Now entering into its 25th year, the ceremony was one of the first of its kind on a university campus. It offers a number of benefits for both Hispanic students and their families alike. There are no ticket restrictions that limit the number of relatives that one may bring to the ceremony, unlike the larger, divisional ceremonies, where each graduate gets four tickets to distribute to his guests. Every speaker is translated into Spanish, and mariachi and marimba bands play during the ceremony.

Perez says that the original celebration began when "we found the departmental graduations were very impersonal to our community. The regular graduations can be kind of confusing, and intimidating" to students' relatives, he says, especially those with a limited understanding of English.

Perez also argues that the ceremony focuses not only on cultural entertainment, but social responsibility as well. "I think the Raza Graduation emphasizes to our students [the question], 'Now that you've graduated, what are you going to do with your degree?'" "To emphasize this there are speakers 'from the community.'" Finally, Perez says that the Raza graduation makes the ceremony personal. "Graduating students get to share some acknowledgements—to say their piece and thank who they need to thank."

The American Indian Graduation Celebration at UCLA has much the same rationale. This year's keynote speaker was George Ramos, an elder of the Tlingit/Eyak clan, an American Indian group based in the Northwest. Each graduating student receives a ceremonial blanket. Other ethnic graduations follow the same lines—each trying to reinforce cultural pride and victimhood through speakers, performances, and other events. Natalie Stites, the President of the American Indian Student Council, says that the ethnic graduations provide a sense of "community achievement."

Those trying to justify these segregated graduations may refer to the inner selves of the students of color, but their real message is one of pessimism and suspicion regarding the academic community where these students have lived for four or more years. It is particularly ironic given

the fact that a school like UCLA provides a cornucopia of benefits to its racial and ethnic minorities, treating them like exotic creatures whose species are endangered. Instead, what the ceremonies seem to do is offer a parting shot of racialism with a chaser of left-wing ideology. Yuri Kochiyama, the speaker at this year's graduation for Asian students, is a well-known left-wing activist involved with both the nuclear disarmament movement and a supporter of the Black Liberation movement.

As with so many other developments in academia, this one happened gradually and without much public awareness. However, there are many who are becoming alarmed at the nature of self-segregation on campus and by these endpoint ceremonies which function as a capstone for that clausal experience. University of California Regent Ward Connerly, for instance, argues that graduation is not just a ceremony for students, but an institution for the entire community—and it is an event where everyone in a community can associate together and appreciate the accomplishments of the graduates. He criticizes ethnic graduations as ceremonies of the ghetto—moments that legitimize the notion that "identity matters" and eat at the heart of the ideal of integration. "They've changed the course of American society so that we're not pursuing integration, but separate but equal. We have diversity, but diversity without integration ... is a modern, 21st century version of separate but equal."

Conservative students at UCLA agree with Connerly. "I think it's a bit hypocritical that the same people who glorify diversity in the university also support graduations that are racially segregated," says John Strelow, Vice President of UCLA's College Republicans.

But most of all, Connerly is disgusted that the University of California is helping to fund these ethnic graduations. "I don't think there is anything more offensive to the public as a whole than these graduation ceremonies," he says. "I think 95 percent [of the public] would say 'Hell, no! We don't want our tax monies going into this.'"

Not surprisingly, administrators have a different view. "We seem them as complementary. We view them as supplemental activities," says Lyle Timmermann, the Executive Officer in charge of UCLA's Office of Residential Life, which supervises student activities.

UCLA's student government also supports the ethnic graduations, both with financial and emotional support. "The student government fully supports the ethnic grads on campus and defends our rights as students to recognize the role that our community has played in our graduation of college. We also assist by funding a large portion of the costs for the event," according to Undergraduate Students Association Council President Stacy Lee.

They do indeed. While none of the student groups contacted provided any financial information, either claiming to have inadequate records or outright refusing to provide it, minutes from USAC's April 21st, 1998 meeting show that USAC's Finance Committee approved a total of \$20,000 in funding to be disbursed to the sponsors of the four largest ethnic graduations for that sole purpose—nearly as much overall financial help as the University provides, and in some cases more.

But while the administrators and race and ethnicity activists work hard to promote these events, there is a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the students they are supposed to benefit. In 1997, for instance, about 300 students participated in the La Raza Graduation attracted, but according to University statistics, a total of 855 Hispanics graduated. And while Natalie Stites estimated that a majority of American Indian students participated, a similar pattern of low participation emerged with other ethnic graduations. 170 students participated in the 1997 ceremony for Asian students, for instance, while 1,874 Asians got their degrees.



No Place At The Table Columbia Ends Free Speech

by Daniel J. Flynn

When students from across the Northeast converged upon Columbia University this November, they thought they were coming to hear conservatives speak about the crisis in higher education. Instead they got an impromptu lesson in who controls—and patrols—the academy these days, and what happens to ideas that bureaucrats consider dangerous. Organizers of "A Place at the Table: Conservative Ideas in Higher Education," a gathering staged by Accuracy in Academia, were informed hours before the commencement of the Saturday portion of the program that everyone registered for the event would be barred from entering the conference site. The school backed up the announcement with security guards. It was a novel twist on the suppression of free speech all too common on today's campuses: the speakers could speak, but nobody could listen.

While conference organizers welcomed the Columbia community to attend the conference without registering, the event's primary participants were to be undergraduates from schools around New York City and the Northeast. Students journeyed from as far away as Washington, D.C. and Boston to attend the conference. Accuracy in Academia paid the university in excess of \$11,000 for food and meeting space, had a contract, and informed Columbia officials three months in advance who the speakers might include, even adding that some might be deemed "controversial." This did not deter Columbia President George Rupp from derailing the event, however, as he instructed the school's security force to block off the area where the meeting was to be held, setting up several checkpoints to inspect for identification. Thus, although black racist Khalid Muhammed, Soviet mouthpiece Angela Davis, and human bullseye Salman Rushdie have been able to speak at Columbia without incident in recent years, Dinesh D'Souza, Candace de Russy, John Leo, Reginald Jones, Reed Irvine and others AIA speakers supposedly posed too much of a security threat.

The arbitrary action by the university followed a Friday evening dinner speech by Ward Connerly. A group of 140 students and scholars packed the East Room of Columbia's Faculty House to hear the leader of the movement to abolish racial preferences and quotas discuss recent triumphs in the states of California and Washington. About as many left-wing activists protested the event. Their behavior disgusted even some who sympathized with their viewpoint. A self-described "liberal" student, Jasper Cooper, complained in the *Columbia Spectator* that demonstrators indiscriminately hurled epithets at anyone entering the building. "When protesters called me a bigot, they were assuming that anyone who would even listen to Mr. Connerly's speech was racist." This protest—loud and often obnoxious, but peaceful—by students who opposed Connerly served as the pretext for administrators to cave in the next morning and censor the following day's schedule.

"We're not censoring your event," Faculty House Director John Hogan insisted piously, noting that it was the audience and not the speakers who would be denied entry to the conference. University officials on hand denied President Rupp had made the decision to pull the plug and refused to give a reason as to why the gathering had been forced off campus.

Presidential Delegate Ed Sullivan admitted that he had "no cogent explanation for it." Director of Security George Smartt, taking responsibility for the decision, held, "I am not required to make my explanation." After days of stonewalling, Columbia finally admitted that President Rupp gave the go-ahead on banning the students from meeting. During the event, in fact, Rupp made a mysterious trip to the conference, telling a reporter, "I don't even know what ideas are being discussed." Yet he was hardly the naïf he pretended to be. As chairman of the Association of



COLUMBIA STUDENTS: A 'SECURITY RISK'

American Universities, Rupp took the unprecedented step of using the group's money to take out full-page newspaper ads supporting racial preferences and quotas. The connection between support for affirmative action and censoring the event was made explicit by the beginning words of the university's official statement of explanation for its actions: "Columbia University is firmly committed to affirmative action and has long followed affirmative action programs in admission of students and the recruitment of faculty and staff."

Even prior to Connerly's address the school took extraordinary steps to prevent the gathering from taking place. Seven hours before Friday's speech was to begin, security chief Smartt informed conference organizers that they would have to hire 20 of his security guards priced at more than \$39 an hour or the event would be canceled. This sort of a shakedown operation is not unusual for universities to use against conservative groups. But the price of the protection racket was high—over \$3,000—and even then Smartt wouldn't guarantee that the event would proceed. In addition, the guards made it clear that they wouldn't provide security for the conference itself, but would police the separate, university-sanctioned protest of the event sponsored by various student groups. Accuracy in Academia, therefore, was being forced to pay to monitor the actions of those attempting to shut them down. But organizers agreed to pay Smartt to guarantee that the conference went forward.

On the morning after Connerly's speech, as students arrived for Saturday's session, they were turned away by the same security force they had already paid to "protect" them. "In the former Soviet Union you would expect something like this because it was a totalitarian country," observed Catherine Lev, a Fordham Law School student and Russian immigrant, who was turned away by Columbia security. "In the United States, however, it is very surprising that a university would stamp out a group's right to gather and speak. I thought I escaped totalitarianism when I

left Russia only to find it glaring right back in my face here at Columbia University."

Those assembled to hear the speakers were forced to meet in Morningside Park. The catered lunch that Columbia was paid to provide yielded to pizzas and sandwiches purchased with organizers' pocket money. Park benches and concrete were utilized as the makeshift auditorium's seats. There were no microphones, but passersby congregated to listen to the speakers.

The approximately 80 protesters that reconvened on Saturday were predictably triumphant about having forced administrators to capitulate. Chanting "Ha! Ha! You're Outside! We Don't Want Your Racist Lies," demonstrators held up signs which read, ACCESS DENIED, WE WIN: RACISTS NOT ALLOWED AT COLUMBIA, and THERE'S NO PLACE AT THE TABLE FOR HATE. Twenty minutes into Dinesh D'Souza's address, the protesters began to shout him down. The predominantly white mob of Ivy Leaguers, mimicking their abuse of Connerly the previous night, effectively silenced the lecture with shouts of "racist" and "bigot" hurled at the Indian immigrant. "We got [D'Souza] into Morningside Park, which Columbia doesn't pay attention to anyway," proclaimed activist Adrienne Brown, who took pride in preventing the author of *Illiberal Education* from speaking. "This is an alcove where homeless people sleep and piss." Franklin Amoo added, "I'll do whatever needs to be done [to stop the conference], in order to make sure they know their sentiments are not shared."

One Columbia undergraduate who registered for the conference but did not come explained, "I did not attend the conference for a number of reasons, the most important being that I did not feel it would be good for my academic future and safety." Another student expressed outrage at the actions of his school and remarked that he wanted to write to the school paper, but was "afraid" to because his "sister has just applied to Barnard College and I do not want that type of attention."

Who had the student activists and their supporters in the administration silenced? Were they militia members or KKKers? No. One is a best-selling author; two are trustees at the largest public university systems in America; another is a former writer for *Time* magazine and the *New York Times* who currently calls *U.S. News and World Report* home; yet another is a professor of geology at Brooklyn College and a research affiliate at Yale.

What the university demonstrated was that Columbia's support for diversity, like its commitment to tolerance and sensitivity, is a fraud. The following week, a student named Jesse Sanford had a column in the *Columbia Spectator* condemning the notion that "driving the conservatives off campus violated their freedom of speech," a position that he labeled "a dark, dangerous point of view" especially because "the right wing is growing more powerful on a daily basis." It doesn't take an Ivy League administrator to figure out where this student got his ideas.

A pamphlet handed out to new students purports that "Columbia University prides itself on being a community committed to free and open discourse and to tolerance of differing views." The course catalog testifies that the school aspires to be a "community of discourse." While this umbrella of tolerance applies to such courses as "Pirates, Boys, and Capitalism" or "Gender and Deviance," it doesn't cover points of view that dissent from the smothering orthodoxy that covers Columbia like an invisible fog.

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"Bartholomew wouldn't have given the time of day to the people I had in my lab," says Lighton. "Bart had people sense and no trace of that strange vein of empathy (pity? wish for approval?) that was my tragic flaw. I gave chances to people who didn't have a first rate record. I thought if they wouldn't motivate themselves I could do it for them. Instead they turned on me."

Lighton had no reason to suspect his career was taking a fatal turn when in the early summer of 1993 a South African postdoc by the name of Dr. Laura Fielden called to ask if she might spend a few months working in his Salt Lake City lab as a visiting scientist. As Lighton was more than happy to have a volunteer, he sent her an invitation and Fielden arrived in August of 1993. To help her save on rent, Lighton invited her to stay with him and his wife Monika.

Fielden was a slender 5'4" with long dark blonde hair, hazel eyes, a deliberately calm manner and a gracefully "twitchy" way of moving that only barely hinted at the "coiled spring" she was inside. And by the end of the first week, Lighton says, Fielden had made it clear she was attracted to him. "She was warm, witty, flirtatious, engaging. She used her attractiveness as a finely-honed weapon." During a walk one day Fielden told Lighton that her husband back in South Africa had told her he intended to have an affair while she was gone. "She told me she had been hurt by his comment," says Lighton, "and had decided to have an affair of her own." (Through her attorney, Fielden declined to be interviewed for this article.)

Although Lighton was married at the time, he considered himself a free man. He had asked his wife for a divorce, he says, but she was hoping for a reconciliation and refused. In the meantime, they hadn't slept together for nearly a year. ("I loved her—and still do—but we had grown apart," says Lighton.)

Lighton had planned a trip to Zzyzx to study solpugids and he asked Fielden to come along. Solpugids are large segmented carnivorous spiders with over-sized heads. "They are really very interesting," says Lighton. "Their physiology is unknown. I did the initial paper on the way they breathe. At night they run around, attacking anything that's not more than twice their size. They have huge twin jaws with which they eat their way through anything they bump into. It's really rather gruesome to see."

At Zzyzx, Lighton and Fielden spent their days running experiments on solpugids (for all their aggressiveness they're so fragile that they die if they get within 10 feet of an electrical line) and then around midnight they'd go swimming *au naturel* in Zzyzx's tiny swimming pool. The longer they stayed at Zzyzx, the more erotic the mood became. "[She would] stare at me with parted lips," says Lighton, "assume poses of languid grace, bathe in the gray moonlight naked. She was throwing the book at me." By the end of the first week, nature had taken its course. Or as Lighton puts it: "We were both naked and I rose to the occasion."

Contrary to the accepted wisdom in such matters, their sexual affair didn't so much derail their scientific collaboration as make it more effective. Fielden knew a lot about ticks, the principal source of Lyme Disease and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. Lighton, in turn, was at the very forefront of practical respirometry. Together they came up with what Lighton regarded as some "extraordinarily interesting" results, including the first explanation of how ticks can survive up to 20 years between feedings (they absorb water from the air's humidity and lower their metabolism by reducing their respiration rate to a single breath per hour.)

Lighton thought the work was important enough to ask the NIH to fund more research. If the grant application were successful, Fielden would come back to work on the grant for the next

three years. In the meantime, she returned to her husband in South Africa. And to tell the truth, Lighton was more than a little glad to see her go.

"After she and I had become intimate," says Lighton, "she behaved in ways that I thought were very bizarre. She was intensely jealous of any attention I showed to anyone else, including [my wife]. She made numerous highly disparaging remarks about her husband's anatomy. And she continually told me, 'I love you. I love you,' [which] made me highly uncomfortable, because I did not love her in the least. It was simply an affair that had been instigated by her, and I felt trapped. . . . She insisted that she loved me. She kept on insisting that I should love her back. I told her 'This is a pleasurable affair. We're friends. We do not love each other. Stop talking like that.' She would go into sulks."

In June of 1994, the NIH notified Lighton that it had awarded him \$300,000 over three years



PC'S LATEST VICTIM

to study tick respiration. Although Lighton wasn't particularly pleased at the thought of having Fielden back in his lab again, given her "jealous, moody and demanding" nature. On the other hand, he says, rioting had broken out in the Bophuthatswana homeland (at the time her husband was chairman of the University of Bophuthatswana biology department) and she "begged" Lighton to invite her to work in the United States.

"She felt whites had no future in South Africa," says Lighton. And she was "terrified of car jackings. She told me she would drive around with her windows shut in hot weather. She said her dog had been trained to attack black people. She told me that she had frequently dreamed about being attacked and raped and cut to pieces in her home." In response to her "keen" desire to leave South Africa, as soon as his grant came in, Lighton invited Fielden to come to the United States. He felt he was doing her a favor, says Lighton. "Which I was."

After that, things moved very fast. Fielden and her husband, Yigal Rechav, arrived in Utah the last week in July (Rechav only stayed till Fielden was settled, then he returned to South Africa.) "We helped them out quite a bit," says Lighton, co-signing a credit application, providing transportation, helping them with their laundry. "We basically treated them as members of the family and trusted friends."

In early August, says Lighton, Fielden invited him out for lunch. "I was nervous about the conversation," he says, "because it was not a conversation that I either wanted to have or believed should have been necessary." After a few pleasantries, "I said to her, 'Look, we both realize that our affair is over and I just want to tell you

I'm glad it happened, but I'm also glad it's over because we have to get on with our lives.'"

Fielden, says Lighton, turned very pale. "She said, 'You are seeing someone else, aren't you?'"

"I didn't like the way the conversation was going. I said, 'What I'm doing is not relevant. I'm just saying it's not fair to the other postdocs in my lab [for you to have] a privileged relationship with me. We have to keep our relationship on [a professional basis]. You're here as a postdoc [to learn how] to become an independent scientist, and you can't do that if you're involved with your supervisor.'"

"And she just said again, 'You are seeing someone else, aren't you?'"

"I said, 'I am seeing someone else. Her name is Jean and I like her very much but that is not the reason I'm saying this.'"

Prior to this conversation, says Lighton things had been going exceptionally well. "My career was taking off. I was getting grants, awards, recognition, invitations to attend symposia and contribute book chapters. Journal editors were asking me to write invited papers." He had also recently won major grants from the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health and a prestigious \$500,000 fellowship from the Packard Foundation (widely regarded as the scientific equivalent of the McArthur "genius" Award).

After that luncheon, says Lighton, nothing was ever the same again. It wasn't just fallout from their conversation—Fielden was also suffering from culture shock. Having grown up as a member of the white minority in South Africa, Fielden had become used to a kind of privilege that simply didn't exist in Salt Lake City. At home, says Lighton, Fielden had servants to do her laundry and clean her house. In Salt Lake she had to do it all herself. In South Africa, says Lighton, Fielden was virtual co-chair of her husband's department. In Utah, she had to order her own supplies and set up her own equipment. She seemed to consider it beneath her dignity to handle the ticks or calibrate the respirometer, says Lighton. "She had this notion that she was the idea person, and other people should deal with the mechanics."

There was something else that annoyed Lighton. She tended to speak to him in a calm but preemptory manner—"John, you must set up my equipment. John, you must order my supplies." Then when Lighton would tell her to do it herself, she'd erupt in "inarticulate fury."

"I couldn't understand why she was having so many problems," says Lighton. "She was familiar with the equipment. She'd done the same experiment the previous year."

"One problem frankly was that Lighton was so multi-talented he didn't always realize how difficult they could be to someone without his abilities. Unlike many scientists, Lighton was very much a hands-on researcher who not only often designed and built his own equipment but then went ahead and wrote the software to run it automatically. His view was, if Fielden had technical problems setting up her experiment, she should do what he did, which was "start with first principles." If she couldn't solve the problem, she should ask one of the more technically-competent postdocs. And if she still couldn't solve it, she could come to Lighton, who at that point would be more than happy to help. He just didn't want her running to him without having exhausted all the alternatives on her own."

One reason was strictly pedagogical—if you're going to be a research scientist, you have to learn to solve your own problems, not rely on someone else. In addition, Lighton was already extremely busy running the lab (he had three major grants to fulfill) and helping another postdoc, Barbara Joos, set up a flying insect experiment. As it was something neither of them had ever done before, it required a lot of time. Seeing Lighton spending so much time with Joos made

Fielden jealous. She said that Joos had "most favored nation status," says Lighton, and she demanded that Lighton fire Joos (something he refused to do).

Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, Fielden pretty much cut herself off from the rest of the lab. She spent most of her time in her second floor office. On the few occasions when she was in the main lab, Barbara Joos would later say, she "conveyed an air of preoccupation with her own affairs." If anyone tried to speak to her, she "displayed a pronounced startle response—wide open eyes, head jerking upright." Lighton found it difficult to communicate with her except through notes, letters, or in a couple of instances, phone calls. Even the simplest request became grounds for a confrontation.

One wasn't long in coming. In January of 1995, the biology department's accounting/facilities maintenance manager sent around a memo asking all faculty members to inventory for insurance purposes all capital equipment (items worth more than \$500). As part of his lab's inventory, Lighton in turn asked Fielden to provide proof of ownership for a \$10,000 LiCor 6262 gas analyzer (used for measuring tick respiration) that Fielden's husband had shipped to her from South Africa.

This wasn't the first time the question of the LiCor's status had come up. Shortly after Fielden had arrived the previous fall, says Lighton, she asked him to write to the University of Botswana stating that the LiCor had been "damaged beyond repair" (in the homeland riots of March, 1994) and had to be "scrapped." The purpose of the letter, Lighton says Fielden told him, was to "facilitate" insurance payouts on the LiCor.

Thinking there was something "fishy" about the request—Fielden was very "vague" about the ownership of the LiCor, saying only that it came from South Africa—Lighton refused to write the letter. (What he didn't realize at the time, he now says, was that it would have been impossible for Fielden to "regularize" the status of the equipment anyway, given that four months previously "her husband had reported much of it as stolen" or damaged beyond repair.)

Fielden was furious, says Lighton, telling him "You don't know how vulnerable you are." Thinking she meant she was planning to tell Lighton's wife Monika of their 1993 affair, "My thought was, 'Be my guest,'" he says. In the meantime he still had to complete the inventory. On February 7th, 1995 he left Fielden a final note: "Please tell me who owns these analyzers."

Fielden never did get back to Lighton on that issue, but she did contact someone—at the suggestion of the undergraduate woman's studies major who served as the university ombudsman she hired an attorney (Roger Hoole, a Salt Lake City lawyer who has represented plaintiffs in recovered memory cases) and proceeded to file a harassment claim.

Although Lighton knew none of this at the time, it was clear to him that that something was afoot. Two weeks earlier the chairman of the biology department, James Ehleringer, had called Lighton into his office to tell him that he "just happened" to be talking to the university's counsel, Karen McCreary, and McCreary had told him to write a letter of reprimand regarding Lighton's "harassment" of Fielden to put in his file.

Lighton strenuously objected to any such letter, given that no one had even asked to hear his side of the story. As he saw it, Ehleringer had the matter exactly backwards, it was Fielden who had been harassing him, by leaving declarations of love on his answering machine, insisting that he respond in kind, demanding that he write a letter to facilitate questionable insurance payouts and demanding that he fire co-workers she didn't like.

Suddenly a light went on over Lighton's head. "Are you talking about sexual harassment?" he asked.

"Ehleringer said, 'No,' but [I knew] he was lying," says Lighton. "When you know someone as well as I know Ehleringer, it is easy to tell when he is lying—he stretches out his vowels. There was a lot of vowel stretching going on that day."

Like most male professors on college campuses these days Lighton knew full well the consequences of such an accusation. Sexual harassment wasn't just another campus complaint—it was the neutron bomb of accusations. And once someone used the weapon, there was no appeal, no going back, and no way to halt its horrific impact on your career. "It works like this," says Glenn Ricketts, president of the New Jersey chapter of the conservative National Association of Scholars:

"You are told you have been charged with sexual harassment.

"You may not know your accuser.

"You may not know the charges.

"You may not have an attorney.

"You can't testify in your own defense.

"The fact that you are a man can and will be used against you."

Frantic with worry and desperate to get to stop this train before his career went completely off the rails, Lighton left repeated messages for the associate legal counsel, Karen McCreary, but she never called him back. (At the time, says Lighton, he was naïve enough to think that McCreary was an ordinary apolitical, university attorney who would defend his interests without an agenda. In fact, he later learned, she was a sex discrimination specialist and political bedfellow to radical feminist Catharine ("all-sex-is-rape") MacKinnon.)

When Lighton finally he did reach her, he says, "I told her, 'Look. I need advice. I have a really difficult difficult situation with a postdoc.'

"She said, 'I have no advice to give you.'"

When Lighton asked again, McCreary simply repeated, "I have no advice to give you." Then she added, "We take Laura's complaints very seriously." And hung up the phone.

It was another four weeks before Lighton learned what the charges against him were. On March 13, 1995, McCreary came by his office to tell him he'd been charged with "quid pro quo sexual harassment"—an offense that Lighton didn't even know existed. Furthermore, McCreary now told him, Fielden had "an extremely strong case."

According to Fielden's complaint, which she filed with the Anti-Discrimination Division of the Utah Industrial Commission on March 30, 1995, the whole problem began when she told Lighton on her second day on the job that she "no longer wished our previous affair to continue." In response, Fielden said, Lighton waged a relentless "retaliation" campaign against her, making "threatening" phone calls, writing two "hurtful, vindictive and inflammatory" letters to her, periodically threatening to fire her for failing to tell him "good morning in a polite enough manner," hiring a lab worker without informing her, isolating her in her own lab, posting an advertisement for her job on the lab door, upbraiding her for not exchanging Christmas presents even though he knew "my husband was Jewish," "putting a virus" on her hard drive, reading her private correspondence with her husband and trying to get her to go with him on another a 10-day "field trip" to Zzyzx, only to cancel the trip once he realized she had no intention of sleeping with him.

As if these were not enough, Lighton's departmental chair added the accusation that Lighton had tried to get the university to change its leave policy because Fielden had once asked him for a "single day's sick leave." And, for her part, associate legal counsel McCreary charged that Lighton had violated the university's consensual leave policy.

Lighton was dumbfounded at the accusations, which in his opinion bore little or no resemblance to his recollection of those events. Despite what Fielden seemed to suggest, he never privately invited her to go alone with him to Zzyzx. He'd invited the entire lab, publicly, during a barbecue at his house attended by Fielden's husband. By the same token, Lighton did not post an advertisement for Fielden's job on her door. He posted it on the door to the lab where everyone would see it and, in any case, it wasn't for her job. It was an ad to replace another post doc who moved out of state and who had been proficient in electronics, computer programming and instrument assembly—all areas in which Fielden was noticeably lacking.

bly—all areas in which Fielden was noticeably lacking.

It was true that Lighton had hired an undergraduate student without first informing Fielden first, but what was wrong with that? After Lighton asked Joos to do the inventory she asked for someone to help her. "It's astonishing to me to think Laura felt she had to be consulted before I could hire an undergraduate to work with someone else on a temporary project," Lighton would later say.

The charge that Lighton had written Fielden two "hurtful, confrontational and inflammatory" letters couldn't be more misleading. Far from being hate mail, he says, the letters were mild-mannered, deeply temperate, carefully-phrased and even complimentary. Furthermore, says Lighton, the letters, which had been written on the advice of Human Resources, were vetted by its director, Joanne Brown. Their purpose wasn't to hurt anyone—it was to get "normal behavior out of a postdoc who was behaving impossibly badly."

As for the notion that he would put a virus on his own lab computer as a way of getting back at Fielden, that simply makes no sense, says Lighton, given that any damage caused by a virus would hurt his career (he was Principal Investigator on the grant) far more than hers. For another, other people had used the computer during the time Fielden had claimed the machine was infected and it worked fine for them. This is not to say Fielden couldn't have had some sort of problem, says Lighton. Computer literacy was not her strong point. "She could barely use the DOS commands."

It was true that Lighton had read a letter from Fielden to her husband, but that was in no way prying. Fielden had written a letter to her husband on her office computer and then brought the disk up to the main lab to print it out. Only she forgot to close the file. The next time Lighton opened Word Perfect on the lab computer, it gave him an error message—"unsaved document." Thinking there might be something amiss with the data files, Lighton opened the file and discovered Fielden's letter, which contained unflattering references to his professional abilities. But when he complained to Fielden, she accused him of reading her "personal and private correspondence to my husband."

As for the rest or the charges, Lighton did not put her off in a lab by herself as punishment. It was to protect the other workers from her ticks, which were escaping from their containers. Lighton, of course, knew that Rechav was Jewish, but Fielden herself wasn't (and normally exchanged Christmas gifts with other people.) Contrary to Ehleringer's claim Lighton had never tried to get the university to change its leave policy as a way of punishing Fielden (he only asked what the policy was). Fielden was taking off time from work (in one case she flew to England) without either asking permission or notifying Lighton of her intentions in advance. As for Lighton's supposed violation of the university's consensual relationship policy, the policy didn't exist in 1993 when he and Fielden had an affair. But even if it had, it wouldn't have applied to Fielden, who was a mere visiting scientist on a tourist visa, not a covered student or employee.

Although Lighton felt he had valid answers to every charge, he couldn't tell anyone what they were. When McCreary told him Fielden's case against him was extremely strong, he says, she also forbade him to say anything about the case—"You won't talk to anyone. You won't talk to Fielden. You won't attempt to supervise her. You will stay away from Fielden."

Astounded and perplexed that the university's associate legal counsel would take Fielden's accusations at face value, Lighton prepared a long letter listing 17 people, many of whom worked in the lab and, who in Lighton's opinion, could refute her charges. But McCreary merely told him any such efforts to line up defense witnesses could be construed as further "retaliation."

It was now obvious to Lighton that he and McCreary were not on the same side. But when Lighton told her it looked like he needed his own

lawyer, McCreary tried to dissuade him. "You will not get an attorney," Lighton says she told him. "If you get an attorney, you are immediately going to be seen as guilty, you are going to be seen as admitting to Fielden's charges, you are going to be acting in opposition to the university and your indemnity to damages will be voided."

Lighton left his office a shaken man. He walked home, opened a bottle of wine and "thought about suicide."

Everything he'd ever accomplished, every pleasant memory he ever had as a child, every hope he'd had for the future, now felt sullied and gray. "I really felt bereft of hope," he says. "I was coming morosically into work trying to concentrate on things that needed to be done. Instead I found myself sitting in my office and staring into space. I was always close to bursting into tears. I had this continual feeling in the pit of my stomach like the feeling you get when you open a door and find there's nothing there but a five-floor drop to the street below."

As a biologist, Lighton knew exactly how he would commit suicide too. "I would get ahold of potassium cyanide (used in labs for stopping metabolic reactions—killing insects). You just take half-a-teaspoon in your mouth. It would take effect in a second or two. You would experience nothing but blackness."

As a result of seeing a psychiatrist and taking anti-depressants, Lighton subsequently overcame his dropped notion of suicide but he never overcame his resentment at the university for not investigating whether Fielden was telling the truth or not. Although McCreary would later claim that the university had done a "thorough" investigation of Fielden's charges, in fact, says Lighton, their vaunted "thorough" investigation consisted of talking to one administrator and four external staffers, at which point they ran "out of people who knew nothing about the situation." And in any case, Lighton would later say, McCreary would later admit during depositions that finding out "who was telling the truth and who wasn't" had never been her goal anyway.

What had been her goal?

McCreary never said—and she declined to be interviewed for this story—but it was clear enough to Lighton. She was trying to minimize the university's exposure by "rolling over" to Fielden's demands—agreeing not to contest the charges while simultaneously overlooking anything that might contradict Fielden's claims or cast her in a bad light (such as Lighton's receipt of a long FAX from the University of Bophuthatswana confirming that it indeed was the rightful owner of the equipment in question and expressing amazement that it had ended up in Lighton's lab, given that the university had rather been given the impression it had been stolen or damaged beyond repair.)

Lighton had received that FAX just two days after he had found out he was in deep trouble, whereupon he rushed over to Karen McCreary's office and left it with her secretary. "Later that day," says Lighton, "I got a call from Karen McCreary in which I was ordered in an almost hysterical fashion in no way whatsoever to act on this information. In other words, I was ordered by a university attorney to conceal evidence of a felony."

Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCreary was desperate not to do was bring up anything which might irritate Hoole into demanding more money or, worse yet, take the case to trial. Earlier that year, the University of Utah had been forced to pay a \$900,000 fine to the federal government, one of the largest fines ever levied against a university, for covering up evidence that one of its professors was faking data to win grants. The university would do anything to avoid a repeat of that highly humiliating and expensive experience, which besides the \$900,000 fines also cost taxpayers \$3.5 million in legal fees.

In late spring of 1995, McCreary began pressuring Lighton to sign a settlement agree-

ment which she had hammered out with Hoole in which Fielden would get \$20,000 in exchange for dropping any claim against Lighton and the University of Utah. And Lighton, among other things, would promise not to disparage Fielden in any way.

Lighton wanted nothing more than to get this legal albatross off his back so he could return to his research, but the thought of signing the agreement filled him with rage and loathing. It wasn't just that he considered the entire settlement a lie, he also resented the below-the-belt way he was being pressured to sign it. One day, Lighton's wife Monika got a call from a woman who claimed to "be a friend of someone who owes you a favor. Your husband, John Lighton, has been having an affair with Barbara Joos and that is why he hired her." (Lighton wasn't having an affair with Joos, he says, though as is not unusual in the profession, he and Joos had



indeed slept together at a biology convention years before.)

More pressure came from Fielden's attorney, Roger Hoole who, Fielden says, told her to bring her lab notebooks to his law office (as they contained all the results of Fielden's experiments, they were essential to Lighton's writing the progress report for his NIH grant.) Then, Lighton was told, he says, that he would get the notebooks back after he signed the settlement contract. Outraged at what he considered blatant "extortion" Lighton appealed to both the NIH and the University's Vice President for Research who, says Lighton, quickly realized the seriousness of the matter and quickly arranged for Lighton to get copies of the data. Ehleringer subsequently wrote a sunny letter to the NIH, blaming the controversy on a failure of "internal communications."

In early April, with Lighton still refusing to sign anything which would imply he'd done anything wrong, Ehleringer and McCreary met with Lighton to say that unless he signed the agreement they would begin "internal investigations" on their own. When he protested that he hadn't done anything to warrant internal investigations, he says, they exchanged meaningful glances, "smirked" at his naiveté and were otherwise "openly, ghoulishly amused."

("You should get Karen McCreary to do her ghoulish chuckle for you sometime," says Lighton. "It's not pretty.")

By May the pressure was getting intense. On the 14th of that month, Lighton's departmental chair, Jim Ehleringer, sent Lighton a letter which, Ehleringer claimed, had been approved by everyone from the Vice President of Research to the University President, ordering Lighton on pain of dismissal to (1) sign the settlement, (2) not

contact the NIH and (3) not say anything about Fielden that might damage her reputation or hold her up to disrepute. (Ehleringer declined to be interviewed for this story.)

But in the end it was McCreary who delivered the coup de grâce to Lighton's scientific career. In a Friday phone conversation in early June with Lighton's attorney, Bob Wilde, she announced that if Lighton didn't sign agreement over the weekend, he says, he'd "be cleaning out his desk Monday morning."

On June 10, 1995, still clinging to the hope that by signing the contract the whole depressing mess would somehow "go away," Lighton scrawled his name on the settlement deal. Then, full of shame and self-loathing, he drove to Zzyzx for a previously scheduled field trip.

It was a much-needed relief to be out in the field after so much pressure at the lab—and to his surprise he got some publishable results (though owing to the stress he was under, he never tried to publish them). But the moment he got back he heard the startling news that Fielden's attorney was now claiming that Lighton had broken the non-disclosure agreement (by failing to mention that he had talked to certain people in South Africa about Fielden) and thus Fielden was no longer bound by the contract's terms.

Lighton felt profoundly betrayed. He had told McCreary about these conversations with people in South Africa two weeks prior to the signing of the settlement agreement, but she failed to relay that information to Hoole until the agreement had been signed (apparently for fear of derailing it). It put Lighton in a terrible predicament. He had signed the settlement agreement, he says, to protect himself from what McCreary said would be "massive lawsuits" from Fielden and "an alienation of affections" suit from her husband, Yigal Rechav. Now as a result of McCreary's failure to tell Hoole about Lighton's South African contacts before the contact signing, he was now in greater danger than if he'd never signed at all.

It was at this point that Lighton gave up. If the university could force him to "conceal criminal activity" (the irregular status of the LiCor) and "commit fraud" (require him to pay Fielden with his federal grant money for two months after she quit coming to work), it was clear, says Lighton, "they could trump up any charges and convict me of them, no matter how fantastic. They could [say] I was a child molester, I masturbated in public, I was a sheep rapist, I was a purple teapot from Mars. It didn't matter what I was. I was unable to defend myself against it."

Deciding he'd rather leave on his terms rather than theirs, Lighton appealed to an old friend at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas who found him a one-year appointment there teaching anatomy and physiology to undergraduates. In late June, Lighton resigned from the University of Utah and moved what remained of his lab to Las Vegas. The last thing he did was prepare a graph showing the (large) number of scientific papers he published in recent years compared to the much smaller average number published by his biology department cohorts. "The results were revealing, almost cruelly so," says Lighton. "Then I scrawled, 'So this is why I had to go?' and left it in my vacated office."

Most professors, when falsely accused of sexual harassment (or in Lighton's case of quid pro quo sexual harassment), go gently into that good night. They neither have the money nor the heart to fight back and in any case, says Lighton, given the deeply humiliating ordeal they've just been through—"you feel profoundly devalued and dirtied as a human being"—they only want to find some obscure academic outpost where they can blend into the undergrowth.

For his part, Lighton realized that he made a lot of mistakes. Someone of his ability and training never should have settled for the University of Utah. He shouldn't have tried to

make research scientists out of graduate students who in some cases only wanted a painless degree. And he should not have begun an affair with a colleague who was staying in his own house at a time he was married to someone else.

On the other hand, none of these were exactly impeachable offenses either. And, says Lighton, unlike some of his University of Utah colleagues, he never had an affair with any of his students and he certainly never retaliated against anyone for not having sex with him.

Despite all the recent problems Lighton had in his career, there was one way in which he was luckier than other academics charged with sexual harassment. He had a regular outside income. During all those years when he was furiously publishing papers and winning all those grants, he taught himself software programming and circuit design. Eventually he started manufacturing computer-controlled turn-key systems for measuring the metabolism of everything from harvester ants to killer whales. To market these products Lighton and Monika together founded a small scientific equipment supply company, Sable Systems (Monika was president, Lighton chief designer.) By 1996 Sable Systems was bringing in enough money that Lighton could set aside \$50,000 to hire an attorney to sue Fielden, McCreary, Ehrlinger and the University of Utah.

After spending so many years not being able to defend himself, for Lighton the depositions, which started earlier this year, have been a kind of catharsis. "I feel truly transformed into something tougher, sharper, clearer," he says. He was especially pleased with the place in McCreary's testimony where his attorney asked her if she had ever referred to Lighton as a "bastard" or a "liar." McCreary wasn't sure about the "liar," she said, but she knew she never called him a "bastard." Unbeknownst to McCreary, Lighton had made a secret tape recording of a meeting where she had used those exact words. "Juries love tapes," he says gleefully.

The trial begins in February, but already it's obvious, says Lighton, what the Attorney General's trial strategy will be. "They are going to use an interestingly archaic, Victorian, ad hominem defense. They are going to say I am a white heterosexual male with a functional penis and [thus] beyond the pale of civilized society."

If anyone thought otherwise, it was cleared up, says Lighton, when Mark Ward, the Utah Assistant Attorney General defending the university against Lighton's suit, brought in the state's risk manager (the person who evaluates the state's possible financial exposure) to listen to Ward ask Lighton about his sexual history for the last eight years. "You could really feel the slime dripping off Ward," says Lighton. "There were pools on the floor under his seat."

There was another reason it made Lighton so angry to be grilled like that. He knew from personal experience that, when he was at Utah, some of his colleagues were violating the university's consensual relationship policy every day. He in turn had never done it even once, yet he was the one who had lost his reputation and his career. "There were times when I wanted to call up the [risk manager] and say, 'I really want to know,'" Lighton said after that deposition. "Do you get your thrills going into depositions that have a sexual theme? I want you to be able express yourself really frankly on this subject. Now I would like to describe some of the intimate details of what some of these women and I did in the privacy of our bedroom. Have you got your trousers off yet?"

Despite his case not having gone to trial yet, Lighton already has a kind of partial exoneration from the Utah's Office of the State Auditor, which, after examining documents from both sides in the LiCor matter, concluded that the University of Utah took "inadequate" action to determine ownership of the LiCor. Instead, said state auditor Austin Johnson, in a July 1998 letter to the university's Acting VP for Academic Affairs, the university first told Lighton "to do nothing." Then it turned around and drafted a settlement agreement that allowed Fielden to take the equipment out of state. Such actions, the auditor noted, "could" constitute a violation of the Utah Code (committing "theft" by "concealing, selling or withholding" property "from its rightful owner").

Although no one in Utah (including the Attorney General's office) seems much interested in the matter, there was some movement in South Africa—the insurance company which paid the claim on the (allegedly destroyed) LiCor filed a "theft and fraud" claim against both Fielden and Rechav with the Johannesburg Central Police Station's Fraud Division, which in turn referred the matter to Interpol. (According to Fielden's deposition, her husband's attorneys are now in negotiations with Bophuthatswana University regarding the matter.)

In the meantime, Lighton is still faced with one enormous over-riding problem—the total loss of his research career, which he spent 10 years of his life preparing for and which was gone in barely the wink of an eye.

What school, he asks, is going to take the risk of hiring anyone found "functionally guilty of sexual harassment?" (When he applied to one school, says Lighton, they replied that they "didn't want to inherit Utah's problems." Another let it be known his application was "dead in the water.") But even if Lighton could find a university willing to give him a chance, he might not be able to take the job—"I start to hyperventilate when I'm alone in a room with a female graduate student." Also,

says Lighton, the stress he was under may have caused permanent neural damage to the part of the brain that controls emotions. There was a time, says Lighton, when ideas used to come to him in "showers of sparks." Now, "if I were to go off medication, I'd go into severe depression. The only reason I'm able to carry on a normal conversation at all is that I'm on Effexor (a more powerful kind of Prozac)."

While Lighton's academic career has essentially ended (he's mainly working for Sable now), Fielden's has continued to escalate. With her \$20,000 settlement in hand she moved to Georgia where she obtained a position at Berry College, a private Christian school. She has since made a grant application to the NSF in the same area in which Lighton had once been the country's leading authority. And she's shortly expecting a baby.

On the other hand, Fielden's collegial relations are perhaps not everything they could be. One of Fielden's Berry College colleagues recently complained that she won't talk to him, says Lighton. And people who worked with Fielden in South Africa have now come forward to say that, when Fielden was at Modunsa medical university, her blatant public affair with department chair Rechav, who was married at the time, caused so much dissension in the department that some faculty members circulated a petition asking that it (and other matters stop). Instead, said the petitioners, Rechav blamed them for being "rude" to Fielden, who in turn began isolating herself "in her office [all] day."

Ironically, considering all the problems Fielden caused Lighton by accusing him of sexual harassment, her deposition might still very well be the one that does him the most good. During her examination by Lighton's attorney, Fielden admitted that she knew the LiCor belonged to the University of Bophuthatswana, said her attorney told her to take the NIH notebooks, testified that she couldn't recall Lighton's ever having made any sexual advances on her, volunteered that most of the time Lighton was "very kind" and "very positive" toward her and admitted leaving phone messages for Lighton saying how much she missed him.

At the end of the deposition, apparently irate that Fielden's testimony turned out so unexpectedly favorable to Lighton, Ward angrily announced that from this point forward "the possibility" that he would make a financial offer to Lighton "was zero."

"Fine," replied Lighton. He never wanted money anyway—he wanted "exoneration," no matter at this point how unlikely that might be.

—Paul Ciotti

Paul Ciotti is a journalist who lives and works in Southern California.



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Red Diaper Rash

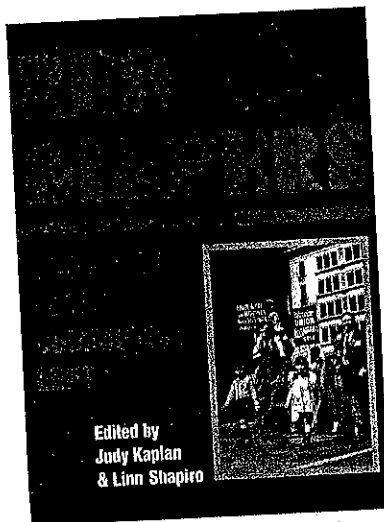
Red Diapers: Growing Up In The Communist Left

by Judy Kaplan & Linn Shapiro
(University of Illinois Press, 1998, 320 pp.
\$19.95)

Wasn't That a Time?: Growing Up Radical and Red in America

by Robert Schrank
(MIT Press, 1998, 504 pp. \$30.00)

REVIEWED BY RONALD RADOSH



For those of us who grew up in the orbit of the American Communist Left in New York of the 1940s and 50s, life was strange. While most of the rest of my generation discovered Elvis Presley and Bill Haley and the Comets, not to speak of Chuck Berry and Bo Diddly, our cultural horizons were encompassed by Pete Seeger and Paul Robeson, by summer camps like Camps Kinderland, Wo-Chi-Ca (Worker's Children's Camp) Camp Higley Hill, Camp Woodland and a few others, by schools such as Downtown Community and the Little Red School House—all the chosen private institutions of Communists and fellow travelers.

Yet there was pride in the insularity. Somewhere along the line, a beaming Communist parent must have said of his or her offspring, "Our darling was virtually born in Red diapers." And so the term "red diaper baby" emerged in our language, signifying the young person whose life experience from the start was that of the Bolshevik movement in America, and whose values and outlook was to be determined by life in that Movement. The editors of *Red Diapers: Growing up in the Communist Left* (Univ. of Illinois Press, 1998) tell us, however, that this was originally meant to be a term of derision, signifying criticism of those comrades "who relied on birthright rather than their own efforts to move up in the Party's ranks." Whatever the reality, given the thousands of Americans who passed through the American Communist movement during its various tactical phases, there are double and triple the numbers of children of Party members and their fellow-travelers who qualify to be part of this select group. If all of them buy this book, hypothetically, it could even hit the best seller list.

Clearly, the editors, Judy Kaplan and Linn Shapiro, mean their anthology to be a tribute to the traditions, values and experience of a hardy band of American radicals. Moreover, they mean to "help the red diaper community name, know and

strengthen itself . . . to affirm the richness of our legacy." Their book is candidly meant to "honor" the inheritance of Growing Up Red. No doubt that is what leads to the load of praise from the now elder generation of pro-Communists—Angela Y. Davis, Ring Lardner, Jr., Pete Seeger and Howard Zinn—all of whom who provide the required "must reading" blurbs that adorn the back cover of *Red Diapers*.

The editors present the anthology with a listing of very academic questions they think should be answered by members of this select group of individuals. The queries vary from how political values are transmitted across generations, to the role of subcultures in sustaining dissident movements, to an evaluation of what role the children of Communists played in future radical movements. Their introduction is written in the spirit of those who always knew their Movement was on "the right side of history." As they write, "Most red diaper babies learned that millions of people around the globe shared our aspirations for socialism, for a more participatory democracy and a more just distribution of societal resources. . . . Raised with the lore of an international revolutionary culture, we sang the 'Internationale' and songs of Loyalist soldiers in the Spanish Civil War, Italian antifascists and South African freedom fighters with as much fervor as other children sang the latest pop tunes."

Nowhere in their brief essay is any awareness that perhaps they are asking the wrong questions. Given the failure of Communism and most of the world's awareness that the Soviet Union and the doctrine of Communism produced many regimes based on terror and mass murder, one would think the editors would inquire as to how this realization affected their subjects, of why their essayists keep hewing to their early ideologies, of how irrational it is for them to keep insisting that their heritage is one to be honored, preserved and extended into the future. Nowhere is there any hint of what the former Communist activist Robert Schrank tells us in his autobiography, *Wasn't That a Time?: Growing up Radical and Red in America* (The MIT Press, 1998). Schrank shared the same life and times of the editors of the *Red Diapers* volume. Yet, he is able to look back and candidly realize the folly of his life in the Communist movement.

Schrank has a keen sense of humor and a lack of hubris. The book contains a photo of him addressing the Montana local of the Communist led Mine Mill and Smelter Workers' Union in 1954. He was trying to reorganize and restore the local, when it was near collapse and in the process of merging with the mainstream United Steel Workers. "What did I know about Rocky Mountain hard-rock miners?" the caption reads—Schrank's answer: "Nothing!"

From the beginning, in the 1930's, Schrank was warned about Communism by his father. He prints the letter his father sent him in the mid 1930's, while he was busy fighting for the Spanish Republic and speaking at New York street corners for the Young Communist League. Schrank's father, bearing that he had dodged a question about the purge trials, told his son, "My concern is not so much for these men [Zinoviev, et al] who supported the atrocious idea of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat that has turned out to be simply the terror of Joseph Stalin . . . What I cannot understand is how you can stand up on a soap box in Brooklyn and say that Bukharin was guilty of plotting against socialism. How dare you little snottosed kid dirty the name of that old Bolshevik? Whatever he did wrong he does not deserve to be shot. Every bullet that killed one of those old revolutionaries put another nail in the coffin of socialism . . . when the history of this century is written, the evil of Stalin and Hitler will stand together as equally guilty."

What a prescient man Schrank's father was! And his comments reveal a truth almost never admitted by the legions of Red Diaper babies. The truth was known about Communism at the beginning; a working-class idealist like Schrank's father knew it, so did scores of others on the anti-Stalinist Left, as well as the anti-Communist right-wing. Schrank himself resisted

the advice of his father for decades, only to acknowledge by the 1950's how correct he had been. Schrank went on to become a Party organizer, a trade union activist, and a committed radical. But his father's words were never far away. And he realizes what kept him from listening to the words of wisdom when he first heard them. His love for the ideal of socialism, he writes, "made me unable to see that the terror of Stalinism had destroyed the ideal." Even more important, the Party milieu, its organizations and sub-culture, "were my extended family, my support system." To break away "felt like contemplating suicide."

Schrank would not break away until the 1950's, when the reality of the Soviet invasion of Hungary and the Khrushchev Report permitted few to continue to evade the truth. Moreover, his position as a leader of the International Association of Machinists put him in contact with actual workers, of whom few were ready, willing or anxious to function as the supposed revolutionary vanguard. As the Cold War developed, Schrank was realizing that "everyday life was telling me [socialism] would never work." But as a "true believer," he writes, "I wanted a Garden of Eden so badly that I hung onto my precious dream." By the age of 37, Schrank had left both the CP and the labor movement, finding he was disillusioned with both. Visiting his elderly father who had not long to live, Schrank told him: "Papa, in my lifetime, underneath all the rhetoric and propaganda—from the Russian revolution through Hitler and Stalin—you seemed to know in your gut what was really going on." And his father went on to tell him, firmly and clearly, that he knew as a young man he had "a great need to belong," so he ran with a crowd whose leaders "had already made their pact with the devil." Through the conversation, Schrank is able to tell his father that he too can not escape responsibility for Stalin's evils. "All the time I was in the Party," he writes, "I sang the praises of the Soviet Union. Why am I less guilty of Stalin's crimes than the ordinary Germans were of Hitler's? Is claiming that I didn't know a good enough excuse?"

Schrank is the exceptional former Communist who is proud of his work organizing unions in the early 1930's, but whose experience, and thought led him away from all ideological understandings of the epoch he lived in. Schrank's memoir paves the way for a look at the lives of the various contributors to the Red Diaper baby anthology. As in any collection of this sort, the works are rather uneven. Some are moving, poignant and thoughtful; others are turgid, dull and uncritical. Since some of the selections are reprinted from previously published longer autobiographies, it must be mentioned that the editors obviously chose not to ask David Horowitz to contribute to the collection. Given that his account of his Communist youth in *Radical Son* has become perhaps the most well known and widely recognized major critique of that experience, one can only surmise that the editors left Horowitz out—as they did myself—because they expected the kind of critique that would not fit in with their preconceived scheme for the book.

How shocked they must have been, therefore, to find that many of their respondents, thankfully, did not give them what they must have expected. What they hoped for, and is typical of the unreconstructed radicals who dominate the collection, is to be found in the short recollection by two sisters, Rosalyn Fraad Baxandall and Harriet Fraad. They are proud that they "held on to the political solidarity that our father taught us," they write, and they tie up their own work in the 60's anti-Vietnam war, civil rights and radical feminist movements to their Growing Up Red. Their own children, they proudly announce, "are third-generation red diaper babies." This despite the fact that the portrait they paint of their father is one of an absentee parent, devoted mainly to the Party and to politics, and next to his professional life.

There is also Stephanie Allen, daughter of a leader of the Michigan CP, who says her parents practiced a "kind of Communism" that was "in harmony with an egalitarian, humanist view," and who still thinks she was "lucky to be a red diaper baby." There is Rachel, the daughter of novelist Howard Fast, who although she chronicles her father's

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famous disillusionment with the Party after Hungary and the Khrushchev report, and notes that she finally got over her "pressing impulse to defend" Stalin for whom she always had "goosey feelings," still holds to the vision of a community of "shared wealth, of a socialist society," which she still knows is "valid." And there is Ethel and Julius Rosenberg's son, Robert Meeropol, who tells us that his family "was functional and loving," and who still wants to pass the "spark of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg's resistance on to the next generation."

Certainly, from this selection, it appears that Mr. Meeropol still cannot accept the fact that his father was a spy who put the good of the Soviet Union ahead of the good of his children. He chastises Hollywood for the movie of E.L. Doctorow's novel *The Book of Daniel*, which he says "presented the stereotype that progressives sacrificed their families for their causes," while he says that in reality his own parents "protected us." He particularly attacks the film for a scene showing the two children brought to a clemency rally, as the crowd cheers them and the children are shown to be traumatized. He says nothing like this happened to him and his brother. Bizarro, accompanying the article is a news photo of the children being brought to a clemency rally at the White House to deliver a message to the President. Perhaps Meeropol blocked out the memory, and the photo.

But was he right that the Communists gave their children warm, loving and protective homes? It must have come as a shock to the editors of this volume when they found that so many of their contributors, in fact, stress how their childhood was ruined and their humanity destroyed by their parents' dogmatic, sectarian and single-minded devotion to the cause of Marxism-Leninism. Indeed, what saves *Red Diapers* from failure as a book, and actually makes it worthwhile reading, are the many contributors who present often harrowing, infuriating and very candid recollections about the kind of lives their parents forced them to live.

One is amazed to find that one of the most critical accounts comes from the pen of Jeff Lawson, a photographer and writer who was the son of the most prominent Hollywood Communist, the unabashed Stalinist and enforcer of the Party line, the late John Howard Lawson. As Lawson puts it, his father "believed that Russia was a paradise and could do no wrong." He wrote romantic film scripts while at the same time he romanticized the Soviet Union and Stalin in much the same manner. The Party members he knew from childhood, his father's friends, he writes, "were often wrapped up in themselves, self-centered," and filled with "narrowness, bigotry, and short-sightedness." And Lawson frankly writes that their warped personalities were not a simple personal defect: "the movement itself, its ideals, ideology, methods, personalities, turned out to be flawed in many ways." If his father and his friends fell apart during the Cold War anti-Communist period, Lawson thinks, "it was not [because of] the difficulty of the times but because we had been given rigid and unreal ideals and were taught not to question them." These ideals, of course, included what Lawson calls "blind adulation of a mass murderer," as well as the things that made them believe so firmly in false theories. What Lawson learned is to avoid belief in "false gods" and universalizing ideas that supposedly explain all. That, he tells us, is the only way to avoid disillusionment.

Some of the selections are, in fact, go beyond disillusion to profound horror. Maxine DeFelice writes about how her parents were organizers in the South for the Communist-led United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America (UE). The editor's brief introduction to her selection states that her memoir reminds "us that parents who are engaged in exhilarating frontline battle for social change can be insensitive to the needs of their own children." Given what DeFelice tells us, "insensitive" is not quite the right word. It would have been more accurate to suggest that her parents were guilty of child abuse, if we use today's standards. The author recounts the traumatic incident in which eight or so 14- and 15-year old boys attacked her, dragged her into an alley, and raped her. "I can clearly see today," she writes some forty-

five years later, "their bug-eyed, leering grins; their taunts, laughter and jeers." Arriving at home hours late, DeFelice found that her parents were in the middle of an important UE meeting. She told her mother what happened, but her mother admonished DeFelice not to "use the F-word again," chastised her for interrupting a meeting, and sent her to her bedroom. She spent the night crying under her bed. "No one knew," she writes, "no one noticed. Important things were happening."

Born into a Jewish family, DeFelice sought solace by attending a small Baptist revivalist church, where she found the "calm, warm friendly feeling" she lacked in her Party home. Singing in the church choir, her being was nourished in a way "that overshadowed the bleakness, the incredible aching loneliness and estrangement that pervaded the rest of my life." She still has the Bible she won for best attendance. That experience was to end when the preacher appeared at her home, to ask her parents for permission to baptize her. They responded that they were Jewish and atheists, and forbid her to attend further. No one at home ever asked why this Christian church gave her the warmth and support she didn't find elsewhere in her life.

DeFelice's experience is echoed in the selection by Miriam Zahler, who always felt that she lived under a permanent state of siege. Zahler, who passed away recently, still had respect for those on the Left, and for what she thinks was their courage and decency. But she too blames her torment on them. "I absorbed a great deal of poison from an environment that reeked of fear, danger, death and grief," she writes, and "I sustained emotional injuries that took many years to heal." The adults around her were "preoccupied fighting McCarthyism," she says, "[and] they ignored its devastating effects on a defenseless child."

There are, I should note, selections from people I knew then from the Movement, made friends with later, or had come across during my high school and summer camp years. These people—many of whom I have not heard from or thought about until reading their reminiscences—provide accounts that so many decades later, give me insights as to what they were really going through when I thought I knew them. There is the memoir of Albert Vetere Lannon, the son of a Communist leader who learned his craft at Moscow's famed Lenin School, and became a full time CP functionary, as well as a leader of the Red-dominated Maritime Union. In the circles of the high school Communist youth movement in New York, I remember being intimidated and always wary of Lannon, who seemed to act like a punk and to flaunt his working-class pedigree, in contrast to us middle-class petty-bourgeois would-be revolutionaries. Reading his essay, I can see the pain he was suffering. Feeling isolated after his father was arrested for violation of the Smith Act (Communist leaders were indicted and convicted for conspiracy to teach and advocate the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government), Lannon took refuge in alcohol and tough guy swagger—carrying a switchblade knife and engaging in muggings in Central Park. Even packing a gun, Lannon had what he calls an "ultra-hoodlum demeanor" along with his friend Richie Stein, another member of the Labor Youth League whom I truly detested. Lannon spent his days carrying cigarettes "tucked into our T-shirts sleeves, acting tough, and trying to get laid." He recalls a daring act of rebellion—giving a Johnny Ray album to a Party intellectual's daughter, when the leader naturally preferred the likes of Shostakovich.

Appearing as a "working-class cadre," Lannon easily obtained coveted leadership posts, and while his father was in prison, a bust of Stalin had the dominant place in his living room. Lannon would remain true to his punk attitude. He dropped out of high school, smoked cigarettes, and attended LYL meetings after which he would look "for girls or trouble." He had what he admits was a "contempt for education," not needing to learn from the "fascist bastards." How touching to find that at age 51, he went back to high school, to college and graduate school, and now has an MA in History. Clearly, his life took a turn which has father would probably never comprehend.

Finally, there is a selection from Susan Ann Protter, a woman I remember from Camp Woodland, a place where, as she writes, "if your father was in jail it gave you a certain cachet." Like other Red Diaper Babies, Protter's parents taught her that "people were either progressive [i.e., Communist] and like-minded or they . . . could be dismissed as uninformed, or worse, reactionary." Thus, unlike her friends, Protter was not allowed to watch Red Skelton, Kate Smith or Arthur Godfrey on television—three who were definitely reactionary. She was born into a Jewish family, but her parents were confirmed atheists and did not celebrate any Jewish holidays. (The old joke in these circles, when asked what Jewish holiday one did celebrate, the answer was "Paul Robeson's birthday and May Day.") Sent to a secular Yiddish school, Protter was pulled out by her parents one day in December when she came home with a Menorah.

Eventually, Protter came to recognize the bitter truths she had avoided so long: what she had been taught as evil anti-Communist myths were actually correct. At Syracuse University, she blanched when a professor "spoke about how the Party was directed from Moscow and how members were encouraged to infiltrate other organizations, . . . which they maintained [were] nothing but a front." As she learned, "it became painfully clear that my professors had painted a more truthful and accurate portrait of the events in my life than my parents ever had."

Back then in the 50's, when colleges still had avowed anti-Communist professors, it was seemingly possible to learn such truths. Protter reflects the anomaly of her situation; she lived in a comfortable Long Island home, went to private school and camp, and had a large sailboat. Yet, her parents were members of the Communist Party, and shared in and acted upon all of its beliefs. Recently, she tells her readers, she attended a confab of Red Diaper Babies. Finding that when all present spoke of their continued left-wing activism, she "once again felt very much the outsider." A rather apolitical registered Democrat, she writes that her father passed away in 1984, "very much a Stalinist" to his dying day. In essence, she feels she had what she calls "an unsettling childhood."

And so we return to the point raised by Robert Schrank. How does one make sense of a life lived in a movement and a party that was dedicated to defending one of the most evil dictatorships of the 20th Century, and that sought to replicate that experience here in the United States? Can one really speak of the need to honor such a tradition? One selection gives a clue to what it would have been like if the American comrades had succeeded in their goal of taking power. Don Amter, in his essay aptly titled "Why Didn't I Question," tells of how he was troubled by the attitude toward those who disagreed with the Party. Trotskyists were called "murderers and wreckers and enemies of the revolution." When a member of his Young Communist League club came to a meeting with a pamphlet handed him on the street, it turned out "to be a 'Trotskyite' . . . publication. Club leaders told Maurice he could not read the pamphlet. He demurred, the leaders held a trial, and he was expelled." Amter recalls feeling that it was wrong, "but I said nothing." Like the majority of the participants in this book, Amter now asks whether "all I believed in was a lie." His answer is the expected one: only some things. Thus the ideal of socialism still exists as the goal for the future. He joins the ex-Party members in the Committees of Correspondence, as well as the Democratic Socialists of America, staying on the true path of peace and socialism, since "the reorganization of society is the only hope."

Ignoring much of the evidence they have themselves assembled in *Red Diapers*, the editors show that they are true to the CP tradition in which they grew up—there is a right line, and even those who have become slightly critical and disillusioned must keep their eye on the real enemy of the people—which is anyone who believes that the future is not something called socialism.



Ronald Radosh is writing a memoir of his personal journey through the Old and New Left, *Commies* will be published by Encounter Books.

Couple Charged Under Federal Responsible Families Act

by Judith Schumann Weizner

A thirty-eight-year-old Queens public school music teacher and his thirty-six-year-old wife face heavy fines and the likelihood of a jail sentence if they are convicted under the recently enacted Federal Responsible Families Act (FRFA).

John and Pamela Kidder, the first defendants to be prosecuted under FRFA, have been charged with willfully and callously endangering family members under their supervision. Because Mrs. Kidder has a record of similar convictions within the last three years, penalties could be increased if prosecutors prove a pattern of willful disregard for human life.

Three years ago, Mrs. Kidder, the solo string bass player in the Broadway musical *The Love Buggy*, was arrested while driving with her two small sons in the front seat, a violation of the Federal Automotive Safety for the Next Generation Act, which requires children under the age of twelve to be seated in the back to protect them from possible injury should the air bags deploy. She contested the charge, arguing that her 1985 car had no air bags, and that the children, both of whom had been wearing seat belts, would not have been safe in the back next to her bass, which could shift and injure them in case of an accident.

Informing Mrs. Kidder that the law made no provision for cars without air bags, Family Court Judge Harold Childe fined her \$2,000 and ordered her to attend four weeks of nightly sessions at the Federal Automotive Safety Practices Clinic. He advised her that her conviction would be downgraded to a six-point traffic violation and the \$3000-a-year surcharge on her insurance reduced by half if her record remained clean for three years. He emphasized that if she allowed any child under the age of twelve in the front seat she would be re-arrested and jailed.

Because the sessions at the Federal Automotive Safety Practices Clinic conflicted with her job, Mrs. Kidder appealed for an alternate sentence, but the court ruled that the law did not permit any leeway. Mrs. Kidder hired a substitute to replace her in the orchestra pit for the duration of the course.

Not wishing to run the risk of further legal troubles, the Kidders took out a second mortgage and bought a station wagon in which they could seat the children in the back and load the bass in the well behind the rear seat. By now, Mrs. Kidder had given birth to their third child, a daughter, who was born three weeks premature and required a brief hospital stay. Within a month the baby was home and Mrs. Kidder went back to work.

One afternoon while practicing, Mrs. Kidder discovered that a seam on her bass had come unglued. Since she did not have to work that

night, she hastily arranged to take the instrument to a repair shop in Queens. While loading the two older children, the bass and the baby into the car for the first time, she quickly discovered that with the bass already in its berth she could not secure the baby seat facing backwards as required by law. By now late for her appointment at the repair shop, she hurriedly fastened the baby seat facing forward between her two older children, and started off.



PAMELA KIDDER

Two blocks from the repair shop a traffic agent pulled her over, and once again she found herself before Judge Childe to answer one count of imperiling an infant and two counts of setting a bad example to minor children.

With the aid of a model, she showed that the seating and cargo configuration of her station wagon conformed to the government's specifications, but explained that once the bass was in place, it occupied part of the space needed to fasten the baby seat facing the rear. She demonstrated how she had secured the baby seat between the two other children, emphasizing that if she had faced the seat backwards the instrument would have been dangerously close to the baby's head.

When Judge Childe asked why she had not waited for her husband to come home before leaving for the repair shop, she explained that it had been necessary to close the seam immediately, before her next performance, as an open seam on a string instrument causes a buzz and diffuses the focus of the intended sound. As corroboration, she cited a book on the proper care, transportation and repair of string basses, as well as a letter from the music director of *The Love Buggy* indicating that all musicians are required to keep their instruments in perfect condition at all times.

Judge Childe ruled that the law made no mention of string basses but was very clear on the placement of baby seats. He fined her \$17,000, directed her to perform forty hours a week of com-

munity service in the Child Automotive Accident Rehabilitation Unit of the West Side Medical Administration Hospital and ordered her to install a rack on the roof of the station wagon for transporting the bass.

The Kidders installed the rack, adapting it to the shape of the bass, and added a wind-deflecting, waterproof shell to protect the instrument. One night, as Mrs. Kidder returned home from the theater, she hit a pothole, breaking an axle. The bass came unmoored and slid into the street in front of a police car, which swerved into the path of an ambulance. Mrs. Kidder was charged with precipitating an accident through the use of an unauthorized mode of transportation for a parcel over three feet long, fined three thousand dollars, and ordered to pay for the repairs to the police car, the ambulance, three parked cars and a telephone pole. Owing to her unorthodox method of transporting the bass, Mrs. Kidder's instrument insurance company rejected her claim and cancelled the policy.

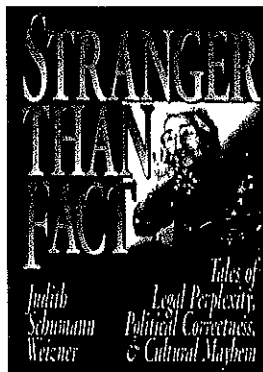
For some time, Mr. Kidder had been giving clarinet lessons at home in the evening, and now Mrs. Kidder found a part-time telemarketing job that she could do at home during the day.

The family was steadily paying off its debts, and things were going well enough so that when Mrs. Kidder's elderly parents visited at Christmas, the Kidders decided that as a special treat, the whole family, except for the baby, would attend the Christmas Eve matinee performance of *The Love Buggy*, with each of the two boys allowed to invite a friend. The bass was secured in its new trailer, the four children and Mrs. Kidder's father buckled themselves into the back seats, and Mr. Kidder drove, with Mrs. Kidder and her mother riding in front.

At the approach to the toll booth on the Throgs Neck Bridge, a police officer motioned them to the side. After determining that Mrs. Kidder's mother, at five feet four, was legally seated in the front seat of a car equipped with air bags, he subsequently determined that she was on Medicare, and issued Mr. Kidder a summons for negligently exposing a vintage citizen to the possibility of injury by allowing her to sit next to a door.

Although Mr. Kidder, as the driver, received the latest summons, courts are bound by Section 8 of the Federal Responsible Families Act to consider all summonses previously issued against any family member residing at the same address when assessing penalties in family negligence cases. Given the family's record for this type of offense, the Kidders may be prosecuted as a persistent criminal enterprise and could be liable for a \$140,000 fine, seven years in jail and permanent loss of driving privileges.

Mrs. Kidder will stand trial separately next month on charges of exposing a Medicare recipient to non-medical jeopardy.



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