HETERO DOXY
ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

KAFKA IN UTAH

It's a cold, gray, windy afternoon at Zoya, 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 Zoya 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, bulky, 70 pounds heavier and commendably informed on everything from Jupiter's moons to the poems 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 "trash, 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.

Continued on page 10

INSIDE

AN INTELLECTUAL OMERTA
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, opposition to progressive agendas grows naturally from human selfishness, myopia and greed. To progressives, their sole allies is the vocabulary 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 their history that their ideas have engendered?

Progressives have a false consciousness of their own. Being so bold 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, Catesbott, Sowell, Strass, Bleam, Kirk, Kristol

Continued on page 7
Hypocrisy then, PC Now

In exposing George Mason University's PC insanity ('Back to PC School,' September 1998), Alan Knox 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 own 1815, 1778 comments to Virginia's convention to ratify the U.S. Constitution (as recorded in J. Elliot's 'The Debates in the Several State Conventions on the Adoption of the Federal Constitution,' 1836). Mason lends 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 done. "Mason's hypocrisy in adopting the moralistic notion of slavery's hypocrisy when it comes to the slave trade, only to then fail 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' 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 toward self-interest considerations does not surprise us, nor does it disturb us. Rather, what makes George Mason's "case noteworthy is its blatant moral hypocrisy. George Mason University's PC practitioners are an apt reflection of their university's nameake.

James E. McClure
Assistant Professor of Economics
Ball State University
T. Norman Van Cott
Professor of Economics
Ball State University

A Free Pass for Bilge

What does this guy Benjamin Kepplıe 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 unsubstantiated hogwash to conservative readers.

In the May/June *Heterodoxy*, as pointed out in two excellent letters in the October 1998 issue, Kepplıe advised a future conservative writer, Samuel Francis, as a "paranoid" and a "racist" similar to the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan." Kepplıe, 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 Kepplıe’s latest article in *Heterodoxy*, "Lesbian Rage." To first put my response in perspective, nor 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 lesbian agenda which aims to legitimate (sic) homosexuality throughout society.

As I read Mr. Kepplıe’s article, I got the distinct impression that its stated way to rid that agenda by eliminating 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 a word for Mr. Kepplıe: Among topics of compelling interest, this "craze" 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-biased blight as "Lesbian Rage" in the baled pages of *Heterodoxy* might well cause some faithful fans of otherwise great magazine to think twice when subscription renewal time rolls around.

O.M. Orland, JR
State College, PA
REDDUCTIO 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 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 vs. MLA". 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 discourse?

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

—However, cooler prevailed and the proposal was nixed. (Must be space for papers and presentations on Madonna, Elvis, and others, more established elements of the new canon of cultural studies.) But Martha's ironic 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 Cabbalistic magical praxis.

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 muckrakers Matt Drudge there was less in Tipper's appearance than met the eye. Drudge reported that Nathan Neylon, press spokesman for Tipper's hubby Al, briefed him from the American television network in advance about the appearance to come. "She's gonna be shovelin' mud," Drudge told the crew. "Then she'll wipe the sweat from her brow, like this. Make sure you get that shot, all right?" Drudge notes that Neylon even did the gestures, pretending to shovel with an imaginary spade then running his right hand along his forelock to brush off imaginary sweat. But despite the planning, things didn't go smoothly. When Tipper arrived in the barrio of Queposaga, she spotted an old lady shoveling child's dark mud and asked if it is where she was supposed to begin. Neylon 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, now covered in the mud, ran away, leaving the sweat behind. 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. They had also taken the liberty to rent a room in a local hotel to ensure that she could freshen up before returning to the tent for a brief sleep before getting up to appear on the morning show back in the U.S.

SANTA CRUZ DELLENA 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) and Hayden White (History of Consciousness, UCSB).
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 small-town grace. He rose in stature, proclaimed a kingdom of heaven on earth, and led his flock into its wilderness. But evil befell them. On November 18, 1978, 913 people, including 267 children, lay dead on the Guyana ground, the largest mass suicide in history.

The main 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 mire the core of the story. Today, two decades after the Jonestown disaster, those who hated 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 November 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 rapid enough evaluation, one of his journeys 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 jungles of Guyana. A woman with a bucket on her head. The incident was shocking, but not unheard of. However, the main focus was the killing of the 913 people, a symbol of our time. Like much of the early analysis of Jonestown, the program did not mention the role of the CIA in the early days of the cult. Which was odd because Communist, almost as much as the magicians who 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 Crook, Indiana, on May 13, 1931. In one of the longest years of the depression, and early on showed a cruel streak himself. (I was ready to sell by the end of the third grade," he once confessed.) The young Jones was never to commit to committing his hair to color and demanded that friends use the password "Hell Hitler," to enter the cool that where they played. Jimmy Carter's victory in 1976, Jones described his father as a racist redneck. But his own religious inclinations started his pursuits. He favored Pentecostalism with its rollcoping, "holy roller" style of worship, ecstatic revivals, 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 revivish form of worship, with a mission of traditional Christian theology and what he viewed as its as a religiously "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 a world that is not only 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 hoped his ministry by selling monkeys door to door, at $92 a piece.

One of the influences which helped religious bed with this darkly charismatic figure. "The only thing that brings perfect peace, deep, justice and equality, perfect love in all life is beauty and holiness is 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 7:25. "I came shaven with a razor," he said. "If one could go back to the black hair of a ravens, I come as God Socialist." He continued to put down the "sky God" of the Bible and to tell his flock that "your socialist worker God, have given you all the things that are good to enjoy." The next occasion it was: "What is your god? Communism?"

Jones' growing flock checked widely at a high preoccupation, not being a member of the People's Temple involved more than being dazzled by God Socialism. It meant being subjected to him. God Socialism 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. Twice, in fact, 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 individualism, but part of his duty as a socialist leader. He ridiculed his followers for sexual incoherence and pushed that bisexuality was a revolutionary virtue and was not of the ornament.

Paul said give your whole body as a living sacrifice, wholly and acceptably to God." Jones said. "When they couldn't get into sawdust into the Lady, the 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 will 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, he forced her to see a woman to perform an act on him, and then forced her 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, "Giving the man that I was for their own good. At a Los Angeles church service Jones took aside Tim Carter, a Vietnam veteran.

"Son, I could ask, 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 effort of his encounter with Jones. "Your fucking me in the ass was, as I see it now, necessary to get to my deep-seated repression against my homosexuality. I have refused at being fucked even though I knew my motives were entirely pure.

It was only a matter of time before Jones' progressive, multi-racial congregation drew attention to itself. In 1975, Dr. Ross Goodlett, a ministers 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 murdered 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

JONES AT THE POVERTY

define the religious entrepreneur was Father Divine, "all 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 throughbrush for the blacks. Jones spent two years in Brazil, where he saw grinding poverty and encountered Marxism as an early form of "liberation theology." The Cuban Missile Crisis saw the fear that an apocalypse would be 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 revulsion from a growing flock at his People's Temple in Indianapolis, a kind of First Church of Jonestown Socialist. The socialist message did not resonate with the Bible-loving Hooligans who preferred the old-fashioned 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 1981 Eugene proscenium Eureka, California, one of the safest areas in the nation, upwound from every nuclear target. For Jones, who had predicted a nuclear holocaust on July 15, 1967, this clinched the decision to make northern California his home base. He began in Redwood Valley and his congregation hit its stride as a monitor 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
brick former synagogue on Clearly 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 Hollywood and Highland. It was in San Francisco, where Jones gained the highest acclaim, in spite of what should have been (at least) lapses.

On December 13, 1975, 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 sprang into action and a dogmatist sympathetic to the Temple flooded the story about a sex scandal. Then, now, in a city of revolutionary sex where the personal is political, the zealous did not disgraceingly demonize Jones, but focused on a protest against violence. The same issue, then, was to rule the present. In the past, Jones' socialists policies were politically correct, so the liberal fundis of the time were disposed to overlook the more questionable activities 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 contacted Jones aentranced, and the Temple received ringing endorsements from it. Dr. Alphonso Selby's (the initiate) and Dennis Banks of the American Indian Movement. Jones also cultivated the Black Muslims. He also in 1976 joined him in a "Cessation of Brotherhood" funeral for Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, Angela Davis, San Francisco District Attorney Joe Friel, 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 "redeemed the role of the church in the eyes of another . . . I also recommend 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 he appointed Jones to the city's Housing Authority on October 18, 1976. The meetings soon became Jones' private forum, propelled by a squad of Temple guards Jones called his "bodyguard." After newspapers and magazines articles emerged citing abuses at the Temple, Moscone soon requested for an investigation. Likewise, the state attorney general twice demanded 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 Rosalynn 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 attorneys Charles Garvy and Vincent Hallinan joined many other liberals in a tribute to Jones, who received applause from the 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 era of the 80's." He lectured on self-esteem while mending his image. Willie Brown, now mayor of San Francisco. "Let me present to you a combination of Martin King, Angela Davis, Albert Einstein, Chairman Mao. Jones spoke.

Walter Mondale praised the People's Temple for defending the First Amendment. Joseph Califano, secretary of HEW, praised him in "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 testament to the positive and truly Christian approach to dealing with the myriad problems confronting our society today." Other tributes came from San. Warren Magnuson, Bella Abzug, Ron Dellums, and Roy Wilkins. In 1978 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 called him a "humanitarian of the year." He had arrived; but he had not left behind him the 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 dissidents, 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 scene that included revolutionary gangs such as the New World Liberation Front, the Black Liberation Army, Weathermen, and the Symbionese Liberation Army. Jones' group also had a military dimension to its personality, stockpiling hundreds of weapons and maintaining an elaborate security apparatus. Concerned that America was Babylon, he decreed 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, Initial Guyanese leaders proved receptive to his plan for a settlement. Four years later Temple members were arriving in Jonestown, their own socialist state, whose revolutilist songbook included this refrain:

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

Being lord of his own police state led 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 inclinations 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 powers-of-attorney forms. He continued to order the beating 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 fact in 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 adults to eat their own vomit. By one account, in Jonestown, the sons of members were spread into pots for others to eat.

It was supposed to be a police state walled off by solitude. But even from the jungle sanctuary, word began to leak out. Reform in Temple inmates began to complain and some made trips to try and persuade family members to leave. These overtures, coupled with key defections, influenced Jones' siege mentality. When many members came back from the United States, they had to confide to slain such as spending money on Big Macs, sold by rampant corporations. Jones also taught his fellows 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. Jones then reportedly killed his mother, cutting her up and poisoning the poisons, 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 alight on an empty stage. They also considered marching on to an even safer rendezvous. To Stalinist redoubts like North Korea and Albania. But it was the Socialist Motherland that allowed some interest. Hounding Jones, who poisoned anyone who said Chirac'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 inroads in Latin America. "I think I've seen enough of the Communists for a lifetime," said one. 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. Values, Values. A September 25, 1978 letter to Jimmy Carter showed the state of his mind: "I have to leave the church. My wife is going to leave me. But she is attracted to you. Will you please leave her with me?"

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 napalm, off the New York stock market and the Chinese front of the CIA from the Armed Forces Committee to Foreign Affairs. In November of 1976, he led a delegation to Jonestown that included press and relatives of Temple members. After several days, they arrived, the riverboat Crucic made a place of cajole that Jones had recently ordered from Georgetown: a 100-b. 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. Put Jones it was a sign that the apocalypse was at hand and
that the evil CIA, sent from Babylonia, 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 gent-ly 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 Steers and Kim Proctor, 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 chimpanzees, 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 work of God Socialist to leave this money to the Socialist Motherland. Annie McGowan, the Temple's secretary, arranged to transfer the $7 million to the Soviet Union, explaining that "we, as Communists, wish 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 documentary 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 omnipresent Communist activist who ushered hundreds to their deaths had embryo- nized on a sight, 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 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 reign upon the Bay Area stage shows how liberals, unwilling to do the heavy lifting, have aided and abetted radicals who have no such goals. Jim Jones was politically correct, and that was enough for Willie Brown, Marsyn Dymally, Jane Fonda and many others. And despite the camo 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.
The False Consciousness. Continued from page 1

and other anti-socialist thinkers are virtually
unknown on the Left—excluded from the
ranks of the institutions they dominate and
away from the public debate. This silencing
of ideological opponents is in the best inter-
ests of the culture of the Left: the Left has-
conceded a situation which one academic philoso-
pher lamented the collapse of intellectual
argument throughout the lower reaches of the human-
ities and the social sciences in the universi-
ty.” The same judgment cannot be made about
the left-wing critics of the Right; the collapse of
intellectual tradition that sustains the academic
Left and from the academic culture that the
Left has designed. Typically, Hayek’s
works have had a limited impact, and socialist
thoughts are rarely if ever mentioned in the
academic intellectual culture, their arguments
never confronted. The average college graduate is
acquainted withStalinism, Marx, Leninism, the
Socialist blather—the re-packaging by third
time intellectuals of discredited Marxist
formulas in the works of contemporary
intellectuals. Frederic Jameson, Derrick
Bell, Andrew Ross, Richard Delgado and Catharine
MacKinnon—but has never opened a text by the
most important figures of the 20th century social
theory. 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 effort to
transform 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 leis-
ured intellectual figure than Von Mises and
Hayek, but he was less influential of the
method by which the Left deals with its critics. The books
Kraditor wrote—The Ideas of the Women’s
Suffrage Movement, Means and Ends in American
Abolitionism and The Radical Persuasion—were
repeatedly 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 fem-
nist scholarship, Aileen Kraditor
would have been a prime candidate
for high honors in the Left’s academy. But she had a bad
judgment to become an antinon-
Communist and to write a book penning the radical literature.
As a result, it is as though she had never existed, and never wrote.

Based on her own experience as a member of the party dur-
ing the height of the Cold War, Kraditor’s last book set out to
defend the intellectual worldview of American Communists.

“Jimmy Higgins: The Mental World of the American Radical and
File Communist, 1930-1939” is the definitive study of its subject. Yet, despite an
explosion of academic interest in the history of American Communist,
Kraditor’s work is almost never cited and has never
been cited, its insights never engaged by the
academic community. Instead, Communist sympa-
thizers like Princeton’s Ellen Schrecker and
NYU’s Rebecca Kelley, have become
pre-eminent academic authorities on the
history of American Communism, while
Aileen Kraditor has been made an impenetrable
in the intellectual culture.

This politically-motivated censorship and
self-appointed ignorance insulates the
Left from uncomfortable encounters with
newer, more necessary, and unaccept-
able ideas. Defectors from the radical
ranks quickly discover that their ideas are ignored and their
realities erased. It is the way a
bankrupt intellectual culture operates.

The unwritten law of the radical
intellectual culture is: This is the
revolutionary idea that has been called into question, the
questioner must cease to exist. In a democracy, the
extinction may be accomplished by personal
discrimination or ideological exclusion. But it is more
痛苦的 than that in the faith.

God’s death is unthinkable.

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

Graduation Segregation

by Benjamin Keppele

One of the chief justifications for "diversity," according to college administrators, is that it broadens the cultural experience of all undergradautes 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 makes 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 students of their own kind.

Black students at UCLA, 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 UCLA—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 programs" housed at minority student dormitories. 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 liberal studies programs using books written by authors of color and taught by teachers of color. He broadens his college experience by listening to fellow students of color like Angela Davis or Iva Van Susteren, an appointment 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 invent 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 mailing 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 identify-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 black students. And Brown University does something arguably worse than holding a segregated graduation ceremony; after commencement, the University's Third World Center sponsors an invitational undergraduate reception for graduating minority students and their parents.

But this practice has caught hold with special tenacity at 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 schools that sponsor the most ethnic graduations are 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 honoroue students as well.

"The events provide that support that many students from under-represented communities are lacking for," says Henry Pecce, chairman of the UCLA chapter of Movimiento Estudiantil Chican-o de Aztlán (MECHA), a radical Hispanic activist group whose stated goal is to eventually establish political independence for Mexico-Americans in the Western United States. MECHA organizes La Raza Graduation, the graduation ceremony on campus for Chicano and Laiznd students. Not unlike 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 or her guests. Everyone speaks in Spanish, and mariachi and marimba bands play during the ceremony.

Perez says that the original celebration began when "we found that the departmental graduations were very impersonal to our community. The regular graduations can be kind of confusing, and "students" 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 acknowledgments—to say their piece and thank whomever they need to thank."

The American Indian Graduation Celebration at UCLA has much the same rationale. This year's keynoter speaker was George Kennedy, 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 influential through speeches, performances, and other events. Natasha Silies, 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 same issues of the students of color, but this is a moral issue that must be taken into account when discussing 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 corpus of benefits to its racial and ethnic minorities, reaping them by exclusion when they are endangered. Instead, what these ceremonies seem to do is offer a parting shot of racism with a cluster of left-wing ideology. Yuri Kochiyama, the speaker at this year's graduation for Asian students, is a well-known left-wing activist involved in fights with each of the nuclear disarmament movement and a supporter of the Liberation Movement.

As with so many other developments in academia, this one happened gradually and without much public awareness. However, there are those who are becoming alarmed at the nature of self-segregation on campus and by these endpoint ceremonies which function as a capitulation for that chauvinistic experience. University of California Regent Ward Connerly, for instance, contends that there 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 students. He criticizes ethnic graduations as ceremonies of the ghetto—"moments that legitimize the notion that identity matters most at the heart of the idea of integration. They've changed the image of American society that we're not pursuing integration, but separate but equal. We have diversity, but diversity without segregation ... is a maunder, 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 correct in saying that the University of California is helping to fund these ethnic graduations. I don't think there is anything more offensive to public perception than these graduation ceremonies," he says. "I think 95 percent of the public would say 'Well, no. We don't want our tax monies going into this.' "

Not surprisingly, administrators have a different view. "We see them as complementary," says, Lyle Timmerman, 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 only supports the whole grad on campus and defends our right as students to recognize the role that our community has played in our graduation of college," says an anonymous UCLA student. This year, for instance, about 300 students participated in the La Raza Graduation ceremony, and according to Undergraduate Students Association Council President Stacy Lee, "The student government is asking for $20,000 in funding to be disbursed to the sponsors of the first four largest ethnic graduations for that sole purpose—nearly as much overall financial help at the University provided, says Lee. Moreover, for instance, while 1,574 Asians got their degrees,
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 polices—the academy these days, and what happens to ideas that bureaucratic officials consider too 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 required to pass a metal detector before 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." As a result, the university had the university in excess of $11,000 for food and meeting space, and 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 detailing the event, however, as he reiterated 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 scholar Khalid Muhammad argued, Soviet mouthpiece Angela Davis, and human rights Salima Rushdie have been able to speak at Columbia without incident in recent years, Daniel D'Orsone, Candace de Rusc, John Leo, Reginald Jones, Reid Irvine and others APA speakers supposedly posed too much of a security threat.

The arbitrary action by the university followed a Friday evening 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 disrupted Connerly's talk and conflicted with the event's theme. A self-described "liberal" student, Cooper, complained in the Columbia Spectator that demonstrators "irresistibly" hurled epithets at anyone entering the building. "When protesters called me a bigot, they were assuming that anybody who would even listen to Mr. Connerly's speech was racist," Cooper wrote. This "racist" and often obscenely charged attack on our speakers, who opposed Connerly served as the pretext for administrators to cave in the next morning and cancel the following day's schedule.

"We do not censor your event," Faculty House Director John Hogan insisted piously, noting that it was the university and not the speakers who would be denied access 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 scrubbed off campus.

President Delegate Ed Sulliven 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 site, telling a reporter, "I don't even know what ideas are being discussed." Yet he was hardly the man to pretend to be. As chairman of the Association of University Students, Ltd.

"No Place At The Table"

Columbia Ends Free Speech

by Daniel J. Flynn

American University, Rupp took the unprecedented step of using the university's money to take out full-page newspaper ads supporting racial preferences and quotas. The connection between support for affirmative action and preventing the event was made explicit by the beginning words of the university's official statement of explanation for its action: "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 its security guards paid at more than $39 an hour or the event would be canceled. This sort of shakedown operation is not unusual for universities or even against conservative groups. But the price of the protection racket was high—over $5,000—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 event itself, but would police the separate, university-sanctioned protest of the event sponsored by various student groups. Accuracy in Academia, therefore, was forced to pay to monitor the actions of those attempting to shut them down. But organizers agreed in 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 Leav, 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 passionately congregated to listen to the speakers.

The approximately 80 protesters that reconvened on Saturday were predictably triumphant about having forced administrators to capitulate. Chanting "Hit 'Em! Hit 'Em! They're Outside! We Don't Want Your Racist Lies!" demonstrators held up banners, WE WIN; RACISTS NOT ALLOWED AT COLUMBIA, and THERE'S NO PLACE AT THE TABLE FOR HATE. Twenty minutes into D'Souza's talk, one of the protesters began to shout him down. The protest, dominated while mobs of Ivy Leaguers, mimicking their abuse of Connerly the previous night, effectively silenced the activist and "digest" him at the Indian immigrant. "We got 'em!" D'Souza into Morningside Park, which Columbia doesn't pay attention to anyway," proclaimed activist Adolfo Brown took pride in preventing the author of Liberal Education from speaking. "This is an al fresco where homebrew people sleep and pies." President Rupp, who had said, "We'll do whatever needs to be done [to stop the conference]. In order to make sure they know their scoundrels are outnumbered."

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 "first name 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's interest? Were they millenium members or KKKniks? No. One is a bestselling author; two are trustees at the largest public university system 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 pluralism, 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 violates the tradition of free 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 economics graduate student to figure out where student get 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 mantra of tolerance applies to such courses as "Piracy, Boycott, and Capitalism" or "Gender and Deviance," it doesn't cover points of view that diverge from the smoothish orthodoxy that covers Columbia like an invisible fog.

Daniel J. Flynn is editor of Campus Report and executive director of Accuracy in Academia.
Kafka in Utah. Continued from page 1

"Bartholomew wouldn't have given the time of day to the people I had in my lab," says Lighton. "Bartholomew had a sense of humor, a sense of style, a sense of dignity; he was a gentleman. I could never replace him." Lighton himself has no such sense of humor, as he has now become a "barbarian" in his own right. Lighton says, "I don't have a sense of humor. I'm just a plain, ordinary, uninteresting person." Lighton is now a "barbarian" in his own right.

Lighton had no reason to suspect his career was taking a fatal turn when the early summer of 1992 a South African postdoc by the name of Dr. Laura Fielden and a graduate student, Terry, 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 out for a few months' worth of research supplies (for all the 1993. To help her score on rent, Lighton invited her to stay with him and his wife, Monika.

Fielden was a slender 5'4" with long dark blonde hair, blue eyes, a delicate, sweet smile, and a graceful, "twisty" way of moving that only barely hinted at the "collected" she so often managed to present. And by the end of the first week, Lighton says, Fielden had made it clear she was attracted to him. "She was warm, witty, affable, engaging. She met with her attractiveness and her intelligence," Lighton says. "It's a walking pleasure." Fielden invited Lighton to dinner on a few occasions, and Lighton enjoyed her company. Fielden had decided to have an affair of her own. "I love her, and I love her very much, but that is not the reason I'm saying this," says Lighton.

Lighton had planned a trip to Zyzx, a nearby city of about 700 people, to study caracoles and to visit Fielden. "I had asked his wife for a date," he says, "but she was hoping for a reconciliation and refused. In the meantime, she didn't last together for nearly a year. I love her, but we both know what we've grown apart," says Lighton.

At Zyzx, Lighton and Fielden spent their days surveying and collecting caracoles and their nights drinking and talking. "They were all the aggression they're so free-go they feel more relaxed on the earth at Zyzx, the more they relax as more the more the caracoles no more than twice their size," Lighton says. "They were all the aggression they're so free-go they feel more relaxed in the earth at Zyzx, the more they relax as more the more the caracoles no more than twice their size, but I'm sure that's not more than twice their size."

In the meantime, Fielden was deciding to have an affair of her own. "I love her, and I love her very much, but that is not the reason I'm saying this," says Lighton.

Lighton thought the work was important enough to ask the NIH to fund more research. If the grant application was successful, Fielden would come back to work on the grant for the next study site. Although Lighton wasn't particularly pleased at the thought of having Fielden back in his lab, given her "clear, moody, and demanding" nature, on the other hand, he says, "I'm glad she's back in the lab. She's been there for months."

Fielden invited Lighton to invite her to work in the United States. "She felt white 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 attacked by 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 "fear" desire to leave South Africa, as soon as her grant came in, Lighton invited Fielden to come to the United States. She felt he was doing her a favor, says Lighton. "Which I was.

After that, things moved very fast. Fielden and her husband, Vidal, arrived in Utah the last week in July (Rechav only stayed till Fielden was set up, then he returned to South Africa). "We helped them out quite a bit," says Lighton. "I'm glad I could provide a sanctuary, providing transportation, helping them with their language."

"We basically treated them as members of the family and treated friends to dinner."

In early August, Lighton, Fielden invited him out for lunch. "I was nervous about the conversation," he says, "because it was not a conversation that I ever wanted to have or believe would have been necessary." After a few ptaquilas, "I said to her, 'Look, I don't think that our affair is over and I just want to tell you
Fiedel was jealous. She said that Jocks had "most favored nation status," says Lighton, and she accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybaby" and accused him of being a "crybab
lawyer. McCrory 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 guilt. If you threaten a self-defense case, 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 to his car, opening 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 dull and grey. "I really felt bereft of hope," he says. "I was coming morally into work trying to concentrate on things that needed to be done. Instead I felt myself drifting along, just existing in a drift, just existing in space. I was always close to bursting into tears."

I had this consistent 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 in the street below."

As a biologist, Lighton knew exactly how he could commit suicide. 

"I just thought 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 bliss.

As a result of seeing a psychiatrist and taking anti-depressants, Lighton subsequently overcame his desire to drop the notion of suicide but he never overcame his resentment at the university for not investigating whether Fielden was telling the truth or not. Although McCrory would later claim that the university had done a "thorough" investigation of Fielden's charges, in fact, says Lighton, their "thorough" investigation consisted of talking to one administrative and four external staff, at which point they ran "out of people who knew nothing about the situation."

And in any case, Lighton would later say, McCrory 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?

"McCcrory 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 "tailing" over Fielden's head. Fielden's demands—agreeing not to contest the charges while simultaneously overlooking anything that might contravene Fielden's claims or cast her in a bad light (such as Lighton's receipt of a fax from McCrory)."

Lighton was especially critical of both the university's failure to investigate the charges and to dismiss them, given that it had rather been emphasized that it had ended up in Lighton's office. "The university had rather been impressed if it had been stolen or damaged beyond repair.

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

Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to do was bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness." Lighton thought he knew the reason too. McCrory was desperate not to bring up anything that could embarrass the university and damage its standing, as well as prevent the university from being sued and losing clients as a result. Lighton's opinion was that Fielden was being kept at arm's length, charged with being an "unreliable witness."

In "Marx's Manifesto: 150 Years of Evil," David Horowitz dissects the Communist Manifesto, unmasking it for what it truly is—an incitement to totalitarian ambitions that proved even bloodier than those Mein Kampf inspired. But radical professors won't teach the truth about the failure of Communism and the millions of people it exterminated. You can help spread the truth. Order 100 copies for the fire-sale price of $8 plus $6 shipping and handling and distribute them at your local college campus: it's a message that needs to be heard.

Call (800) 752-6562 x.209 to order
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 RADCOF

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 Diddley, our cultural horizons were encompassed by Peter Seeger and Paul Robeson, by summer camps like Camp Kinderland, Wood-Cha- Cha (Worker’s Children’s Camp) Camp Hilary 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 isolation. Somewhere along the line, a boisterous Communist parent must have said, “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 Boekein movement in America, and whose values and outlook was to be determined by 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 “refused to build a bridge 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 traditional, values and experience of a hardy band of American radicals. Moreover, they mean to “help the red diaper community name, know and strength itself...to affirm the richness of their legacy.” Their book is an attempt to “broaden the horizon of Growing Up Red.” No doubt that is what leads to the plaint of praise from the new generation of pro-Communists—Angela Y. Davis, Raghu Ravula, Joe Hill, Alger Hiss, and Zinn—all of whom have provided the required “must reading” that should 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 dissenting 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 world, while it was losing battles 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 were ‘organized in France’ and songs of Loyalist soldiers in the Spanish Civil War, Italian anti-fascists and South African freedom fighters with a much greater number of children sang the lament pop tune.”

Nowhere in their brief essay is any awareness that perhaps they are asking the wrong question. 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 be inquisitive as to how this realization affected their subjects, of why their views kept being to their early ideological, of how irrational it is for them to keep insisting that the heritage is one to be preserved, preserved, and extended into the future. Nowhere is there any hint of what the former Communist activist Robert Schrank tells us in his autobiographical Wasn’t That a Time?: Growing up Radical and Red in America (The MIT Press, 1998). Schrank shared the same time 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 genius of humor and a lack of hubris. The book contains a photo of him addressing the Mountain and the Socialists’ Mike and Small Worker’s Union in 1954. He has a strong sense of irony, and how, when he left the Party in the process of merging with the mainstream United Steel Workers. “What did I do? Shoot Rocky Mountain hard-rock miners?” is the caption. Such is Schrank’s answer. No, he didn’t.

From the beginning, in the 1930s, Schrank was warned about Communism by his father. He prints the letter his father sent him in the mid 1930s to the Spanish Republic and speaking at New York street corners for the Young Communist League. Schrank’s father, fearing that he had dodged a question that was “non-marxist” in his concern for his son, “My concern is not for so much of these people [Zinoviev, et al] who supported the atrocity of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat that’s turned out to be simply the terror of Stalinn.” When I read Schrank’s memoir it is not about the history I read that is not as I read it. His account of his life in the Communist movement is perhaps the most well known and widely recognized major critique of that experience, one can only surmise that the editors left Horwowitz out—as they did so well—because they experienced the same type of criticism that would not fit in with their preconceived scheme for the book.

How shocked they must have been, therefore, to find that many of the things they expected, indeed, did not give them what they must have expected. They hoped for, and are typically of the uneducated radicals who dominate 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...
Famous dissident among the Parker brothers (not a print), and not dissimilar to the situation that DeFeo found herself in. She realized that her father was a spy who had put the good of the Soviet Union ahead of the good of his children. She aban-
dons Hollywood for the movie of E.L. Doctorow's novel, The Book of Daniel, which is set in the period of the Cold War and shows how the courageous and idealistic Zhou Enlai faced the challenge of the cold war. Daniel, memoirs, the book, is a love story and a political thriller that explores the relationship between these two great men. DeFeo's letter to her father, who had been arrested and was spending his days in a Soviet prison, was censored. Daniel, who had been a political prisoner in the Soviet Union, was able to write his memoirs and publish them. The memoirs, which were published in the United States, were translated into many languages and were read by millions of people around the world. DeFeo's letter to her father, who had been arrested and was spending his days in a Soviet prison, was censored. In the letter, she wrote that she thought of her father every day and that she was worried about his health and well-being. She also wrote that she was proud of him and that she hoped he would be able to return to his family soon. Daniel, who had been a political prisoner in the Soviet Union, was able to write his memoirs and publish them. The memoirs, which were published in the United States, were translated into many languages and were read by millions of people around the world. DeFeo's letter to her father, who had been arrested and was spending his days in a Soviet prison, was censored. In the letter, she wrote that she thought of her father every day and that she was worried about his health and well-being. She also wrote that she was proud of him and that she hoped he would be able to return to his family soon.
Couple Charged Under Federal Responsible Families Act

by Judith Schumann Weizer

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 Kiddler, the first defendants to be prosecuted under FRFA, have been charged with willfully and callously endangering family members under their supervision. Because Mrs. Kiddler 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. Kiddler, the solo string bass player in the Broadway musical The Love Buggy, was arrested while driving her two small sons in the front seat, a violation of the Federal Automatic 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 seat next to her bass, which could shift and injure them in case of an accident.

Informed of Mrs. Kiddler that the law made no provision for cars without air bags, Family Court Judge Harold Childe fined her $300 and ordered her to spend four weeks of nights in solitary confinement at the Federal Automatic 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 Policies doubled 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 arrested and fined.

Because the sessions at the Federal Automatic Safety Practices Clinic conflicted with her job, Mrs. Kiddler appealed for an immediate sentence, but the court ruled that the law did not permit any leeway. Mrs. Kiddler 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 Kiddlers 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. Kiddler 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. Kiddler went back to work.

One afternoon while practicing, Mrs. Kiddler discovered that a seam on her bass had come ungaged. 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 the back 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 the two older children, and started off.

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 impeding 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 since 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 team immediately before her next performance, as an agent on a string instrument causes a buzz and focuses the focus of the intended sound. As consolation, 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 $77,000, directed her to perform forty hours a week of community 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 Kiddlers installed the rack, adapting it to the shape of the bass, and added a wind-deflecting, waterproof shield to protect the instrument. One night, as before, Kiddler 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. Kiddler 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. Owning to her unorthodox method of transporting the bass, Mrs. Kiddler's instrument insurance company rejected her claim and cancelled her policy.

For some time, Mr. Kiddler had been giving distance lectures at home in the evening, and now Mrs. Kiddler 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. Kiddler's elderly parents visited at Christmas, the Kidders decided that 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 tent in their fathers' tent. The bass was secured in its new trailer, the four children and Mrs. Kiddler's father buckled themselves into the back seats, and Mr. Kiddler drove, with Mrs. Kiddler 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. Kiddler's method, at five feet four, was legally justified in the front seat of a car equipped with air bags, he subsequently determined that she was on Medicaid, and issued Mr. Kiddler a summons for negligently exposing a vintage citizen to the possibility of injury by allowing her to sit next to a door.

Although Mr. Kiddler, as the driver, received the highest summons, outranks 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 offenses, 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. Kiddler will stand trial separately next month on charges of exposing a Medicaid recipient to non-malicious injury.

Get the collection of Stranger Than Fact

Judith Schumann Weizer’s tales of legal perplexity, political correctness, & cultural mayhem for only $3.00

Please call (800) 752-6562, ext.289, to order. Visit our web site at www.frontpagemag.com