PRESENT DANGERS

On nearly two hundred occasions in the three years before the breaking of the China scandal, including innumerable campaign appearances and three State of the Union addresses, the President of the United States looked the American people in the eye and assured them that because of his policies "there are no more nuclear missiles pointed at any children in the United States."

If you are Bill Clinton, the truth of this statement probably depends on what "are" is.

But to the rest of us who live in the shadow of a nuclear Armageddon, the President's statement is a morally repulsive and dangerous lie. The shred of truth out of which Clinton has woven his politically useful deception is a meaningless, post-Cold War agreement between Russia and the United States not to target one another's cities. But even if Russia were not a country in a state of near dissolution, the stark military reality is that U.S. intelligence services normally have no way of telling what targets Russia's leaders have actually chosen for their nuclear warheads. In fact, it would take a mere fifteen seconds for Russian commanders to re-target any of the hundreds of strategic missiles tipped with multiple nuclear warheads they have ready to go.

More important, the Russians are energetically planning for the possibility of nuclear war with the United States. And they are not alone. Thanks to technology transfers courtesy of the Clinton Administration, China and North Korea are also armed with long-range missiles capable of reaching the American mainland. And they are not parties to the non-targeting agreement. Thanks to six years of tenacious, dedicated opposition by the Clinton Administration to the Strategic Defense Initiative, America has no defense against incoming missiles and no prospect of deploying one for many years.

By every reasonable measure, the post-Cold War world is a dangerous one, perhaps even more dangerous than it was during the Cold War itself. That is the conclusion that any responsible commander-in-chief would draw, and that is what he would tell the nation whose security depends on his political judgment. It is the assessment that any responsible Administration would have acted on in the last seven years. But the actual response of the Clinton Administration during those years, as documented by the veteran military reporter Bill Gertz in his disturbing new book Betrayal, are different indeed:

Continued on page 15

SLOUCHING TOWARD CLINTON

DIDION'S TRUMPET

On April 20, 1999, the Independent Women's Forum, a conservative women's group founded in 1991 to counter the feminists in the wake of the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings, held a fund-raiser at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington to honor Henry Hyde and the other House managers who had pressed the case against President Clinton at his Senate trial earlier this year. It was the normal kind of Washington evening that tends to drive interest group politics, at which like-minded people say nice things to themselves and each other and raise money to further the case. But to Joan Didion, watching on C-SPAN, it was something different: a peek at the heart of political darkness; a force bent on bonding our national safeguards to ever more sinister ends. It made her want to write something for The New York Review of Books.

Kook country is a strange place to find Didion, once the great hope of American letters, but it seems to be where she has gone. Did you think impeachment was about a president's lies, and his attempts to conceal them? To Didion and to some of her allies, it was something different—an attempt to undermine the very pillars of statecraft, a process which was itself the crime. The crime was finding the evidence. In the interests of forcing a coup that would enable a far-right-wing agenda, crudely backed by the mainstream and secular press. In this view, Didion, who has perhaps spent much too much time in Central America, finds all the earmarks of the classic palace strike: "first of all, the sense of a 'movement'... that... believed itself under-represented in the conventional electoral process... The reliance, as in the more authoritarian Latin American structures, on orejas, 'ears...' tule-tellers... encouraged to obtain evidence against those perceived as enemies... There was the aid from the private sector, the dependence on such rich conservatives as Richard

Continued on page 20
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

RIGOBERTA MENDUCA: When she won the 1992 Nobel Peace Prize for her memoir that turned out to be one long lie, Guatemalan revolutionary Rigoberta Menchu used the money to establish a foundation for the betterment of people in her homeland. The director of the foundation is Gustavo Meemo. In June, the Archdiocese of Guatemala City, known for its sympathy to the guerrillas, issued a statement saying that Meemo should be tried for murder. He and five of his comrades are alleged to have killed five fellow former Marxist guerrillas in a doctrinal feud. The murder trial is about as typical on the left, as it is about as typical on the right.

MULTICULTURAL CHIMPS: Primatologists have gathered voluminous records on the habits of chimpanzees, our nearest relatives in the animal world. Looking for similarities, they have taken note of their mating rituals, eating habits, tool use, and other behaviors. And now researchers have concluded that individual groups of chimpanzees, like humans, have distinctive behavioral patterns that are passed down through generations to create unique groups in their own unique version of “culture.” As detailed in a story in the Washington Post, chimps in Kibale, Uganda, and Gombe, Tanzania, have developed a custom known as “leaf-hoarding.” But chimps in nearby Budongo, Uganda, do not do this. Researchers have also discovered wide variations in how chimps eat ants. Chimps in the Tai Forest in the Ivory Coast dip a short stick into an ant hole to extract ants. A few years ago, in a classic example, chimps in Gombe, in contrast, use long sticks to sweep dozens of ants into their mouths all at once. Chimps in Kibale don’t eat ants at all, even though they are plentiful there as well. The contrast is most dramatic in the Ivory Coast, where chimps in the Tai Forest on the west side of the Sassandra River smash nuts while chimps on the east side of the river do not. The researchers also noted that while members of four of thechimp groups do not dance when it begins to rain, remarkably to welcome the water, chimps in two other populations only sometimes do a rain dance, and those in one don’t do it at all. The question is—and it would take a university administrator to solve it—should members of this last group have affirmative action in water when it is the others who have made it rain?

THE HEARTBREAK OF DODGEBALL: After the Littleton tragedy, when Bill Clinton talked about how he felt as an overweight boy when he wasn’t picked to play in schoolyard games, Chico State PE professor Cathrine Finkberg knew what he meant. The previous spring, Finkberg had started a campaign to wipe out what might be called athleticism in elementary school sports. Her new organization is called CASPER, which stands for Concerned Adults for Student Physical Education Reform. The organization wants to end PE class practices such as sitting “caption” to pick teams, teaching elimination games when class size or one team wins, and using classes as watch dogs that take fitness tests. Writing on the CASPER homepage, Finkberg says, “As a former PE teacher, I’ve been impressed with the appropriate positions, but when it was a parent that I saw so clearly, I’m just being laughed at.” Her death came just before the September 11th, when Finkberg sat in a session discussing dodgeball at the National Conference of PE Teachers. The popular PE class game, it occurred to her, favored strong armed youngsters and humiliated those who couldn’t field on their feet. She went home after only a few years, and died of a heart attack.

LUNA BEACH: By Carl Moore

TRUTH IS, KATIE, I’VE ALWAYS BEEN A JOSIE FAN, UH, YACKIE...ER...YANKIE FAN.

GOOD, GOOD.

I’M ALSO A SNICKERS...uh, KICKERS...PARTISAN.

AND OF COURSE, I’M A NEW YORK RANGERS BHOTHER, UH, ROOK-...PERSON.

GOSY, YOU’RE WUNDERFUL, MADAM PRESIDENT, uh, MRS. CLINTON.

YES, I KNOW, KOSSTI, UH, KATIE.

JAR JAR MEETING TINKY WINKY: Many critics have criticized the Jar Jar Binks, the animatronic character, generated aliens who tag along with the film’s good guys. At first, Jar Jar was hated because (a) he was annoying and (b) because he spoke with a heavy Carribbean accent. The former outraged Richard Star Wars fans, who detest any sign of cuteness in the series. The latter outraged Richard Lethem, who believes all the bull and dopy characters in the film are based on racial or ethnic stereotypes. But the left may be forced to redeem Jar Jar—yes, in his annoying and his accent is atrocious—but he is also good, according to the Village Voice, which portrayed him as a Brittleman when carrying a sandwich out its front page. While Dan Wilson, of the Lotlins and Gay Services Center in New York’s West Village, said that his group had “no information about Jar Jar” at a press conference of PE Teachers. The popular PE class game, it occurred to her, favored strong armed youngsters and humiliated those who couldn’t field on their feet. She went home after only a few years, and died of a heart attack.

JAIL IS BETTER THAN COMMUNISM: An illegal immigrant from China apprehended to Hong Kong court for a longer sentence behind bars because he can make more money in prison in still-capitalist Hong Kong than he can working in the mainland. Justice Vedina Bokhari turned down the request of the prisoner. He has been behind bars for 18 months to two years. While China will have to return to Catica after completing his sentence, he will have the opportunity to make the equivalent of $3.52 and $11.48 per hour in the Chinese justice system. It brings up a conundrum: who are the prisoners in that part of the world, and where are the jails?

ENDGAME FOR PAULA: Paula Jones has been delayed, treated obscurely, and now she’s off to trial, according to the way she has been treated by the media. Last week, Paula Jones was thrown under the bus, except for her supporters. The president of the company behind the promotion admits that “if this were a horse race, we’d be off to a slow start.” But just as well-wishers worry about her future, his supporters say that she is considering working on a country/western album.
UC Berkeley's Latest Munich

Ethnic Studies in Our Time

by Jack Citrin

"A h, the social sciences," smiled then-Berkeley chancellor Albert Bowker when I was introduced to him as a political scientist more than twenty years ago. "That's where I solve my foreign policy problems."

What might be called Bowker's Law helps explain how Berkeley dealt with a month-long protest by ethnic studies students and faculty that has disrupted university life. The first disruption was the alleged "spreading" of Ethnic Studies through curricula. On April 14, protesters occupied Barrows Hall, the home of Ethnic Studies. More than forty students were arrested, but negotiations with Executive Vice Chancellor Carol Christ gave them some slack. About two weeks later, six students began a hunger strike, drinking only Jamaica and 绪论, in front of Chancellor Robert Berdahl's office. This brought him to his knees within a week. When the settlement was announced, a student leader exalted to her fellow students: "We got everything you wanted. We got it out."

The willingness of the Berkeley administration to breach the norms of shared governance in order to buy ethnic studies faculty everything was somewhat surprising. Outside the "hard" sciences, when push comes to shove, ethnicity, not excellence, reigns.

On May 7, the Chancellor published the treaty reached with Ethnic Studies. The administration promised that:

1. Three faculty searches would be authorized immediately for the following year.

2. Five additional faculty appointments would be spread over the next three years.

3. The Chancellor would use his discretion to award any of the $50,000 over five years for an Institute of Race and Gender Studies to be designed by a committee of faculty and student representatives.

4. The campus would allocate an additional $40,000 a year to recruit minorities from the community colleges.

5. There would be a review of the "equity" of space allocation for Ethnic Studies.

6. The campus would provide space and money for a multicultural student center.

7. The campus would accept a celebrate-for example, mural in the space occupied by Ethnic Studies in Barrows Hall.

The first three searches approved are replacements for faculty recently denied tenure. The remaining five are in anticipation of coming retirements. The sequencing of these appointments and their relationship to current programs is to be decided by a committee composed of both Ethnic Studies and outside faculty, with the former in the majority. An uncoordinated move, the implementation of the entire agreement to be monitored by a committee chaired by Professor Professor Pedro Nogueras, a professor of education affiliated with the African American Studies department (separate from Ethnic Studies, per se) and made up of one faculty member from African American Studies and one faculty member, graduate students, and undergraduate students from Ethnic Studies.

The document spelling out these provisions was signed by the chancellor, the chair of the academic senate (who now says he was acting as a private party rather than as the representative of the faculty), and the chair of Ethnic Studies. Rather than imagining the signing ceremony, I asked Vice Chancellor Christ, who normally makes the final decision on the allocation of faculty positions among departments, what the scene was like. Unfortunately, she couldn't say. Ethnic Studies faculty had refused to negotiate with her on the assumption because of past disappointments at her hand. In any case, the administration acquiesced to this affront. So all the settlement lacked was Neville Chamberlain's hairstyle. "Peace in our time."

Public criticism of the act was rare in the academy as is the Mafia. Still, there's little doubt that most faculty regard the chancellor's settlement with Ethnic Studies as an object capitulation. One prominent department chair I interviewed put it simply: "He gave away the store." A second scoffed that "terrorism is the only way to get the administration to act quickly," while a third said the chancellor's comment that the settlement could have been reached through the normal process of allocating resources "is hard to believe." Interviews with recent faculty research lecturers, Berkeley's luminaries, editorial comments ranging from an angry "I will feel bemished every time I go to my office in Barrows Hall!" to a cynical "How did this man get to be chancellor?"

The budget committee of the academic senate normally reviews all proposed faculty searches and makes influential, though not necessarily decisive, recommendations to the executive vice chancellor. Its terse statement on the Ethnic Studies settlement: The chancellor acted on his own, knowing that a departure from normal procedures as he was going "against the Committee's grain." Indeed, to avoid an embarrassing rebuff, the budget committee simply was not asked its opinion of the proposed settlement.

The official response to faculty criticism appears in an article by the chancellor published in the May 19 San Francisco Chronicle. He denounces the protests as "trampled the normal review process." Berdahl reaffirms his commitment to a "strong and vibrant" Ethnic Studies program and describes the Ethnic Studies settlement as a "reasonable" solution providing "nothing that could not have been achieved by the normal process of allocating resources." He concludes by accusing critics like me of making "truth a casualty" by spreading "misinformation."

When interviewed for this article, Vice Chancellor Christ bravely elaborated on the party line. It is wrong, she says, to view the agreement as a surrender: "This was a strange protest. The students complained about cuts when there were none. Now faculty are saying that Ethnic Studies is gaining positions when it is not at all the case." Department chairs who believe otherwise simply are "uninformed." The five-year plan for Ethnic Studies is something that would be approved "for any department facing a lot of reorganizations." If anything, the administration won a "victory" by limiting the department's autonomy through the creation of a multi-disciplinary committee to plan the replacements. No other department would be affected by the allocation of resources to Ethnic Studies; search authorities for political science, psychology, physics, and the all the rest would proceed as if the protest had not occurred. "Absolutely nothing has changed."

From the administration's perspective, then, the whole episode is much ado about nothing. Its only mistake was to have failed to implement this "reasonable" plan for Ethnic Studies before the protest began. It self-defeats its own operational rationale for ethnic studies, located in its offices and surrounded by a conspiracy of silence.

Clownishness is the best label for the official version of events. In the purely technical sense, of course, the normal process of selecting replacement resources could have resulted in the same outcome for Ethnic Studies. But this is only because anything is possible under the normal process. The proper question to ask is what would not have occurred? Would the budget committee have approved the plan for expending searches in Ethnic Studies and "mortgaging" positions against anticipated replacements? The answer is almost certainly no. After all, if the plan was so obviously reasonable, why had it not been approved already and why would Ethnic Studies faculty so suspicious of the vice chancellor? All the evidence indicates that the budget committees would be sympathetic and that the vice chancellor could not have performed without the committee's approval. In the heavy lifting required to justify a flawed policy, Berkeley administrators have returned to an Orwellian misuse of the English language.

Five of the projected new appointments in Ethnic Studies are in "anticipation" of coming retirements. It is this feature of the arrangement that allows the chancellor to claim that there shall be no permanent increase in the size of the department. Still, the faculty positions are not contingent upon the retirements occurring according to the anticipated schedule. It is quite possible that there will be growth in the medium term. Budget committee sources acknowledge that the allocation of positions to Ethnic Studies will have no impact on recruitment by other departments in the long run, but point out that there must be a short-term effect, if only because there is a limit on the campus-wide number of searches approved for any given year.

The normal process of allocating faculty positions at Berkeley is this. A position that opens up through a retirement or through a transfer to another institution automatically remains with the department. The timing of a search for a replacement is a matter of negotiation, and it is rare that a small department is authorized to conduct three such searches in a single year. When a faculty member retires, the retiree's position
returns to a central pool controlled by the executive vice chancellor; there is no absolute guarantee that the department will get it. Departments of distinction, of course, almost always do, but Ethnic Studies faculty rightly perceived that they lack the prestige to expect this result.

In reality, the crucial point is that the budget committees and divisional deans usually play an important role both in the annual review of departmental faculty positions and in the approval of specific appointments. It is indisputable that before the chancellor took it upon himself to bypass the normal processes of shared governance. The provost had left, then, the chancellor’s authority on the appointment plan authorized also violates the ordinary rules. Quite sensibly, no department at Berkeley is guaranteed the same size forever. Some departments, others, with Ethnic Studies is “soluble” solution takes this issue off the table, as far as Ethnic Studies is concerned. The ultimate victory of the provost is to have made African American Studies and Ethnic Studies untenable—no tenures in staff, budget or courses can be contemplated. The chancellor’s public comments, unwise and ill-informed, echo the likes of all the academic senate, breach the principles of rational academic planning by shutting off two departments on campus as long-term positions, perhaps more than ever, for the sake of what we are going to, in this case, a what or what for many faculty mem-

In denying the chancellor had capitulated, Vice Chancellor Christ, I am here to tell you that no department’s decision was made “to allow the ethnic studies students and faculty to claim victory.” This odd con-

formation of leadership reveals a fundamental mis-

understanding of the nature of power. A recogni-

tion for weakness is weakness. Perceived surren-

der is surrender. History shows that appearances will not erase the memory of those among whom successful intimations him, but only embolden them to pursue additional demands by the same tactics.

Official statistics show that far from being “starved” American African Studies and Ethnic Studies are amply funded at Berkeley. When the budget decision was first revealed, it was by early in the spring of the conflict, it released data showing that these departments were spared the budget cuts of the early 1990s. Between 1989-90 and 1998-99, the permanent faculty in African American Studies grew from 8.5 to 10 positions, an increase of 18 percent. During the same period, the number of permanent faculty positions allo-

ated to Ethnic Studies rose from 15.5 to 18, an increase of 15 percent. Meanwhile, the total num-

ber of faculty positions in the College of Letters and Sciences shrank by 11 percent and there was a 2 percent overall decline in the Division of Social Sciences. For example, Political Science lost 1.5 positions and Psychology lost 3.

All this occurred as the number of under-

graduate students in African American Studies and Ethnic Studies declined. Teaching workload can be calculated in many ways, but one measure is the number of majors assigned to a department. In 1996, the number for African American Studies was just 16, or 0.6 per faculty member! Ethnic Studies had 146 majors, or 3.5 per full-time faculty position. The comparable figures for Political Science and Psychology, two large, nationally acclaimed social science departments, are 42.9 (2.9 per faculty position) and 719 (5.4 per faculty position), respectively.

Between spring 1995 and summer 1998, the number of baccalaureate degrees awarded in African American Studies and Ethnic Studies at Berkeley was just 163. In the same four-year peri-

d, Political Science and Psychology awarded 1035 and 1167 B.A. degrees, respectively. This enorm-

ous disparity in student award cannot be accounted for by the relative size of the depart-

ments in question.

Clearly, the special treatment accorded African American Studies and Ethnic Studies is understood. If anything, equity would dictate either reducing their size or increasing the number of faculty positions in other departments.

In an article in the May 13 San Francisco Chronicle, Chicano Studies professor Carlos Munoz argued that a large Ethnic Studies depart-

ment is needed at Berkeley because the student demography is changing and white students must therefore learn about the cultures of the growing Hispanic and Asian segments of the pop-

ulation. In reality, however, this department func-

tions as an ethnic enclave, a kind of safe haven for minority students. Only 2.6 percent of the majors in African American Studies and Ethnic Studies in 1998 and 1999 were Chicano. In the composition of the faculty, all the African American studies ladder faculty are black, all the Chicano studies faculty are Hispanic, and all the African American studies faculty are not of Asian back-

ground.

I have neither the ability nor desire to evaluate the quality of the course offering or fac-

ulty research in Ethnic Studies in detail. Still, two telling anecdotes are a reminder that this department has a strong propagandistic bent. In fall 1998, the only required lower division course for majors was taught by the department chair as an unabashed pro to affirmative action in higher education. Is this pro quo or academia? This one is easy. His name is Nan Lin.

The latest faculty appointment in Chicano Studies was not the product of a properly authorized, competitive search. A Hispanic-American, naturally enough, is a self-described Bichetan of Shakespearean scholar, who, upon being denied tenure by Berkeley’s English department, became a distinguished linguist of racism and threatened to sue the university. Rather than ratify, the administration chose to solve this foreign policy problem by arranging a salutary landing in the study of Chicano studies. Once securely tenured, his first act was to lead a protest against the end of affirmative action in university admissions. With such worthwhi, the like, how- monstrosity that is Race and Gender Studies is “America Sucks.”

According to Chancellor Berdahl, “Unexplained uncertainties about access for minorities to UC Berkeley in the post-Proportionality 209 era created disadvantages of mistrust between the president of the Association of American Universities and the president.” This comment accurately points to the inextricable link between the survival of Ethnic Studies and the preservation of affirmative action. In other words, if minority students are the constituency for Ethnic Studies, the decline in their number due to the decline of racism, and ethnic preferences in in-state admissions is yet another form of discrimination.

The request for money to recruit prospective clients from the community colleges, then, is an effort to show a trend that in the normal course of events would lead to reformation in the number of allocated Ethnic Studies faculty and graduate students. The protest was a preposterous strike designed to forestall this development.

Doubts about the future of African American Studies and Chicano Studies as autonomous departments was another reason for an immediate protest. With declining enrollments and mounting criticism of the quality of faculty appointments in Ethnic Studies, administrative talk at last being heard in the corridors of power. A recent report of the Academic Senate has called upon these to be wise to follow the example of UCLA and reconstitute Ethnic and African American Studies as interdisciplinary programs with faculty primarily located in mainstream academic depart-

ments. This reform would save money for administra-

tive overhead, enhance quality control in the faculty appointments, and increase the academic self-renewal of so many minority students on campus.

After all, if the concept of ethnic studies truly has value, why enclose it in segregated enclaves? If Ethnic Studies in these departments truly are distinc-

tivated scholars, why not locate them in depart-

ments such as history, sociology, or anthropology, and thereby diffuse the benefits of their expertise more widely?

Naturally, such a reform is anathema to the current ethnic studies faculty and students, since it would undermine the political function of their project. At bottom, the separate department is the organizational weapon of radical multiculturalism, the doctrine that insists on the essential differences and rights of America’s diverse groups. By guaranteeing the status quo, there-

fore, the administration’s “reasonable” solution serves to strengthen the hold of identity politics on campus.

Why, then, did Berkeley quack before a small group of protesters disturbed by most stud-

ents and faculty? Final examinations were to begin just a few weeks later, the semester was reached, and this historically ends student tur-

tub. Almost certainly, one reason for the deci-

sion to give in is the chancellor’s personal belief in affirmative action. He is an unabashed supporter of ethnic preferences in Berkeley admissions, the new illegal policy that is the line of Ethnic Studies, and probably the reversal of Proposition 209. The chancellor doesn’t think of himself as a kindly man who repeatedly expresses his con-

cern for the sensitivities of minority students and his desire that they feel “welcome” at Berkeley. Notwithstanding his past as a student of German history who knows about Bismarck, Berdahl is a therapeutic rather than an iron chancellor. So, saying Ethnic Studies would always be diffi-

cult for him.

The chancellor is surrounded by advisers who view every decision in terms of how it allo-

cates benefits among different ethnic groups. They are mired in the past and unlikely to tell their leader that most Berkeley students and faculty know the score. As James Tarlc wrote recently in the New York Times Magazine, the vast majority of Berkeley students today are more committed to the merit principle than to the idea of legislating “equality through community re-

presentation. But these are not the students who elect the chancellor and his team attend to.

Finally, there was a powerful motive for caving in. The administration opened itself to the fact that influential politicians would enter the fray on the other side. Latino power is the current take on California politics, and Chicano studies students were dominant among the protesters. Instead of the lieutenant governor of California (a regent of the university) and the speaker of the state assembly are Hispanic Democrats who can generate reprisals against the university. After the settlement, high-ranking apologists for the administration looked stories of threatening phone calls by local faculty psychiatrists who need to cut under’s loose, they say, the record, dictated official actions.

No one should underestimate the courage it takes to stand up to pressure from ethnic activism and ambitious politicians. But this is not to say that there is no choice except to give in. An alternative task is to rally public support for the autonomy of decision-making on educational issues and make politicians suffer for picking away at academic freedom. Leaders can follow the example of Lynne Graff, not George McCollin; William Churchill, not Neville Chamberlain; Vasil Havel, not Janos Kadar.

No one claims that Berkeley now faces the apocalyptic scenarios. Ethnic Studies is a minor player in a still distinguished institution. Indeed, many fac-

ulty regard the resources committed to the para-

phernalia of multiculturalism as an insidious, unprecedented, the cost of doing business in modern America. What this situation view overlooks, however, is that the capitulation to Ethnic Studies this spring was yet another step in the downward slide from the vision of this jewel among public universi-

ties as a meritocratic institution committed to excellence rather than social welfare.

This fall, a special meeting of the Berkeley Academic Senate will give the faculty an opportunity to express its disapproval of an agreement reached under duress rather than through the established process of shared governance. Experience suggests that one should not expect too much; courage tends to be in short supply among faculty and among admin-

istration.

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A Really Bad School
Inside the Insanity Factory
by Bruce Gatesby

"We class schools, you see, into four grades: Leading School, First-Rate School, Good School and School, Frankly," said Mr. Levy, "School is pretty bad." -Evelyn Waugh, Decline and Fall

As a casualty of the purge of white male academics by the postmodern Gestapo of gender feminists, queer theorists, deconstructionists, postcolonial theorists, and oppression fanatics—the bucketers of a snake-oil called literary theory, which has pretty much destroyed liberal education and the teaching profession in the United States—I'd found my academic career abbreviated to teaching one class a semester, albeit at a highly rated, expensive private college southeast of Los Angeles.

As if this wasn't enough of a problem, I lived in San Francisco. So I spent a significant portion of my salary flying from Oakland to Ontario once a week to spend three hours with a group of students majoring in economics and who soon to making six figures working for Wall Street firms riding the wave of the largest economic boom since the Gilded Age. Their interest in literature? It was the only required class on the college's curriculum.

My interest in literature had increasingly been more off-putting from teaching it was writing. I was both fascinated and heartbreak over what literary critics, who felt that the act of reading was some great accomplishment worthy of unbreakable conclusion, were doing to the literary tradition, and I didn't want to collaborate anymore. With my increasing amounts of free time, instead of writing essays, I began observing, footnote-reading articles detailing the thought crimes of the authors I loved. I'd managed to write two novels, a screenplay and co-produce and act in an independent feature film directed by an old friend of mine from the Benningtons Writers' Workshop. None of which, mind you, had brought me anything other than an agent, the inevitable domain of rejection letters, one night on the big screen at San Francisco's Napa Valley Film Festival but not the distribution deal from Miramax or Fine Line we'd been hoping for) and the satisfaction which creative synapses provided.

But creativity is a distorted commodity in academia and even two published novels and a released film wouldn't be worth the weight of a published monograph or even some cutting-edge theoretical tople like the gender and ethnic politics of punctation (with chapters on subjects like the phallocentric exclusion point and the racial implications of the association)—to a hiring committee.

Like many unsuccessful writers, I spent large amounts of time online dreaming about moving to Paris, that holy land of the world where one only needed his readers to laugh or ask if you said you were a writer—or asked how many copies your book sold on Amazon.com. That semester, as if to motivate or torture myself (or both), I taught The Sun Also Rises and Tragic of a Career. "How did you go, bro?" Bill Occren asks Mike Campbell, my English colleagues version of expatriate minjus. "Two ways," Mike replies, "Gradually and suddenly." I could relate to that. Miller was a bit more optimistic. "Above all, never despair," he counseled. "All that happens is good." But despair was the motive force of my universe. Everything but despair seemed subject to the second law of thermodynamics in my world.

So as exercise in Freudian displacement (Freud himself had long been displaced from the academy), I started writing yet another novel, this one about a young American who wakes up from his studying graduate school experience in Switzerland; Education in the Insanity Factory. Educators' Higher Education (an MLA job list for educators looking for that next, career-making audition; by last count over three hundred jobs. Three hundred copies of my vita, transcripts, letters of recommendation, writing samples... you can do the math on the copy of the postage required for that amount of material.

Then one foggy late-spring San Francisco morning, as the semester and my bank balance were sinking down to oblivion and the Southern California college had informed me that I wouldn't be needed in the Fall (but things looked good for the Spring), the department chair cheerfully informed me, asking "are you qualified to teach screenwriting?" I received a phone call from the Vocational Program of Edict Les Roches—would I come to Switzerland and teach literature and management communications at a small private school in the Alps? I'd sent out so many applications to so many different schools that semester, I couldn't remember even applying for the position.

Suddenly visions of week-ends in Paris, Rome, Barcelona and Venice, Amsterdam surged into the forefront of my thought. I would become an expatriate! Like Hemingway, like Miller, like many other American writers who fled to the exotic cultures and returned years later as sages of literary history. Moving to Europe suddenly became a tangible reality. Yes... Switzerland.

As if sensing the hesitation in my voice, the VP informed me that on arrival a paycheck would be waiting for me, that I would be immediately reimbursed for my ticket, that I could stay on campus for a month or two without cost while locating that perfect apartment or chiclet chalet, that while the semester was longer than those at American colleges and universities I would get a week off after ten weeks, four weeks off between semesters, and the final carrot on the stick, a trimester bonus paycheck for completion of my one-year contract.

The fact that I'd never heard of the school and couldn't even locate the town of Blonay on a map was irrelevant. The fact that they hadn't even bothered to interview me was irrelevant. The fact that none of my academic colleagues or my friends had ever heard of the school was irrelevant.

I set out researching my new employer. The fact that I could discover no information anywhere about the school except for the nondescript address of a few mundane thoughts of a book whose Web site was equally irrelevant.

Europe beckoned.

Two weeks later, I was filling out my application for a Permit "B", Swiss working papers which would allow me to live and work there for one year, renewable for up to ten years, when I could apply for a Permit "C"—permanent residence and the opportunity to become a Swiss citizen. While I, too, was fed up with the "exploitation of the innocents" American consumer, I wasn't quite ready to think about forgoing membership in the greatest experiment in freedom the world has ever seen.
I started unpremeditatedly at my timepiece. A short break in the line of sight. Nearby, a few students were gathered in a circle, talking. One of them pointed to his watch and said something, but I did not catch the words. I turned to look around, noticing that several students were standing outside, chatting and laughing. I decided to join them.

I made my way through the lobby and entered a room in the back, where there was a large screen displaying a map of the campus. I sat down on one of the chairs and watched the map for a while, trying to figure out my next destination. Suddenly, I heard a voice calling me by name. It was my professor, who was waiting for me.

"Welcome," he said, "I see you're here. Let's get started." He handed me a piece of paper and said, "Here are the outlines for today's lecture. Make sure you read them carefully."

I nodded and thanked him, then turned to look at the screen. The map was zooming in on a particular area, and I realized that I was in the right place. I stood up and headed towards the door, ready for the lecture.

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(continued)
their rooms at 10:00 p.m. They weren't allowed to drink in the dorms—two of the rooms—I was allowed to drink themselves into the local emergency room at San 'Nicks, at ridiculously inflated prices, of course. Rule after rule after rule after rule, none of which had anything to do with education.

In order to ensure compliance with these rules, the school not only expected the faculty to police the students but also had its own private security team, former members of the formidable Swiss Army, which followed students at night. It was also a fact that this service, along with the tax law, penalized any woman foolish enough to want to leave the confines of domestic bliss and assuming offers for the rigors of the workforce. Swiss women didn't even get the right to vote until 1935. They simply didn't have a vote, because they weren't encouraged to be on equal footing with men. For some, this meant either to vote for or against.

The HSP spoke a few words to us in comfortable English, even though we required all classes to be fluent in the international language of business. He added little, merely estimating the VP's warning to stay away from the students. As he left the podium, I heard him comment to the Prof. Americans, they cannot live up to the high standards of Swiss education.

Les Roches' high standards of Swiss education were focused solely on the outside. The students might even win a local election for village idiot, but as long as he or her uniform appearance was present, clean, and conforming, the covered student would be accepted as a Swiss Hotel Association diploma was merely several thousand francs from completion.

Example: There were no books for my classes. I found this out the first day of school when the VP informed me that they didn't actually see books in most classes—I would have no idea on whatever materials I needed to and distribute them to the students. The school library contained a few classics, an anthology of English literature, some old newspapers, and a few other things that I brought home. During my first semester, I brought three books with me: Tropic of Cancer, A Farewell to Arms, and Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre. I loved them and used our library to read them.

There were no textbooks, no I would have no idea on whatever materials I needed to and distribute them to the students. The school library contained a few classics, an anthology of English literature, some old newspapers, and a few other things that I brought home. During my first semester, I brought three books with me: Tropic of Cancer, A Farewell to Arms, and Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre. I loved them and used our library to read them.

I wasn't the only student bewildered by this lack of materials. The faculty member teaching ethics raved about an entire textbook for his class—visiting, as I pointed out, not only international copyright laws but the foundation of his authority to teach ethics as well. He merely shrugged it off as his academic obsession.

Example: We weren't allowed to assign any reading outside of class. The students were too busy with the hectic combination of academic and practical tasks which constituted the curriculum at Les Roches. (Actually, they were too busy completing their sexual escapades before 10:00 and changing the goal of the school from grandeur seven nights a week.) I was sold to read the material to the students in class—which didn't leave much time for talking or thinking about the material in class. After all, I had a full schedule to recover from Tropic of Cancer and told them to read it at their leisure, since several faculty members complained to me that students were actually reading and discussing it in their classes. "My Ost," one of the women in her reading group, asked, "what kind of fidel glass you put out to them to get their attention?"

Example: Testing took place in an atmosphere poisoned with fear and treachery. The students were banded into a large testing room where the VP would stand center stage until everyone was seated. Then he would regard at the top of his voice, "You may begin!" Students were not allowed to raise their voices from their test sheets. Teachers patrolled the aisles, slowly walking up and down and up and down, making sure that students were not cheating through doorknobs, doors, and windows. Occasionally he would shout observations like "three minutes running! Thirty minutes remaining!" to add to the overall air of tension. I would walk up and down, up and down, playing every song I had ever heard in my head (Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues" was a perpetual favorite during these testing periods), making faces at the students, trying to ruffle some of the neo-hippies and turn them into a laughing, survivable situation. But the students were too scared, too exhausted, or too bored to laugh.

During one exam, a male student asked to go to the bathroom. I was right in the middle of the room. The VP ran up to me, his voice shaking with panic. "You have to go to the bathroom?" he screamed. "You have to go to the bathroom?" I asked, "May I go to the bathroom?" He gave me a narrow look, then his eyes widened and he dashed out of the room and down the stairs after the student.

I guess that possibility had never occurred to him.

Example: As I later found out, the grades we gave were irrelevant. No matter what grade a student had coming out of final exams, a grade committee would decide whether the student would pass or fail. During those meetings we were told to go back and alter students' grades from the

But even the decisions of the grade committee weren't carved in stone: a large donation of Swiss francs from any student's parents virtually guaranteed a gold medal certificate.

Example: A major part of the school's accreditation plan required increasing the amount of liberal education time. The students received. Perhaps the accreditation board should have suggested increasing the amount of liberal education the facility received. In another of those innumerable pointless meetings, the VP decided I would be in charge of creating a class in world historical movements because no one else at the school was qualified to teach the history of ideas. I was then told to "dumb down" the class because, at least in the minds of those unqualified faculty members, the students weren't qualified to learn the history of ideas. One faculty member even suggested the entire class be focused on how the history of ideas had affected the hospitality industry. "The categorical imperative and tipping," I suggested.

Example: There was little or no contact with students other than the three or so hours of class time per week. This meant that any student with a question, with difficulties, or with just an enthusiastic desire to know more about the subject was seriously discouraged from pursuing these needs. This was a serious handicap for someone teaching liberal education. I mean, I wasn't teaching them how to sweep crumbs off a banquet table or how to successfully pull a cork from a bottle of Pilsner without splitting the patron. (Thankfully, these demanding tasks were left to other, more hospitality-oriented faculty members.) When I finally did start frequenting the bar and disco of the ski resort of Gran-Montana, where, as just the VP feared, I ran into many of my students, most of our conversations centered on literature, philosophy, art, and their relationship to existence. I began to feel that I may have been drunk but they were starving for exposure to ideas.

As the first day of disorientation wound down to a conclusion, we were introduced to Madame P—no relation to the P—who was in charge of student accommodations. She informed us we had to be out of the dorms in four days to make room for last-minute enrollees.

So much for a leisurely month or two of searching for that perfect alpine chalet.

It took me four days just to find a cramped, 12-square-foot furnished studio apartment, which I deceptively referred to as my e-mail back home to friends and family as the "ski condo.

Speaking of deception, just about everything I'd been told to entice me to Les Roches turned out to be a lie. There was no paycheck waiting for us at the end of the month like everyone else. And as it turned out, we were only paid half for the month. "I don't pay people to be on holiday," the VP informed me when I complained. I then showed him a letter from the VP stating I would be paid for the entire month; his eyes widened and he said he would get back to me. The six other new faculty members had that letter as well, but they thought I was in a group to accept this loss of income rather than to cause trouble at the start of the semester.

After three weeks, the...
spoke for the entire group of new faculty members—and he had to pay all of us for the entire month (especially since I still only spoke a little Japanese). I thought it would be interesting to see his response to a group threat. Surprisingly, he relented and a week later we all had our money. The new faculty members had been warned by my dissertation advisor about the problems of money and respect—and the same knowledge that I wouldn’t be around for very much longer.

Ages melted away, money out of the hat and after another week of wangling I even managed to get reimbursed for my airline ticket. It had taken the Swiss bankers more than fifteen years to agree to this, and it seemed that my Jewish compatriots had never seen this as a moral victory. I worked for it, and I had no reason to tell Senator D’Aramo earlier. I settled in for the long months of teaching ahead.

I’ve given the impression that Les Roches is an instructional concentration camp, a place where both students and faculty are subject to forms of control outlined by most totalitarian, then perhaps I’m being overly hyperbolic in my choice of metaphor. Remember, Les Roches is not just a school, it’s a way of life. I heard this little over and over until finally I suggested replacing it with the Borg motto: “Resistance is futile; you must assimilate.” The truth is, as I write this I am able to con him like I am planning the whole thing up.

I wish I were.

But still, the elements of metaphor is clearly called for. At Les Roches, they didn’t want to kill you quickly; they merely wanted to worrying; they could revel in the sadistic pleasure of watching you writhe. Surrounded by writhing, wounded spirits, was not, however, a pleasure for me. Why didn’t I kill myself? Money would have been a lot easier.

But the answer lies in my two distinctively personality traits: one, I’m cursed with an inability to walk away from situations; the other is that I’m convinced that if I just try hard enough I can make it work; and two, I have the knack of making the wrong decision almost every time I find myself in one of these situations. So I decided to stay and to at least understand what was happening around me.

“How have you managed to last this long?” I asked one young faculty member, who’d taken a steady beating of invasive, insults and institutional boredom for nearly four years. He looked up at me from his book, as if no one had ever bothered to ask him that question before; then his eyes dropped and he said, “I guess I’ve become one of them.”

But I didn’t want to be one of them. Most of the faculty spent an average of twelve hours a day, six days a week, locked in the confines of that classroom. The students worked even harder, cooking each other’s meals, setting up and cleaning up, and sleeping through most academic classes. The administration spent long hours there as well, not only glorifying a steady stream of students at the faculty; but at the faculty as well. After two months of their constant criticizing and complaining about the most petty of regulatory infusions, I was ready to give up on trying to understand him— and ready to commit a major league regulatory infraction.

Although the official policy of the school emphasized啜饮ing among faculty and students (we were even segregated during meals into “teacher tables” and “student tables”), when money became a factor, official policy was changed. Grace was not what the students were allowed to eat out the school facilities for parties—at 2000 francs plus a percentage of the drinks—the parties were encouraged in order to dissuade the students from their untoward behavior. So I didn’t give in and to add to that percentage; and once a semester the graduating seniors held a “slave auction” to remove “tools for their graduation ball.” I can imagine the response of the students to the accosted halls of American academia. Feminists, multiculturalists, and poststructuralists—oh my—nothing so corrosive of administrative and law power as the outrage of angry slaves at those making light of the shameful oppression at the heart of our republic’s past. But a slave auction at Les Roches seemed appropriate.

And who were the slaves?

We were.

Members of the faculty voluntarily to be sold to the highest bidder. I would thus use them in any way they wanted for a weekend. Usually this form of sophomoric amusement involved doing a student’s laundry, cleaning their dorm room, or simply the role-reversal in the calculated power structure of Les Roches, not to mention the opportunity for a little revenge as well on the part of role-play-student.

There was a strong element of anticipation for this year’s slave auction. After years of refusal, the VP had finally given in and volunteered to be auctioned. The highest bidder purchased students were wired for home extra funds for use in the hands in hard to purchase this uniform perfectionist, and have him under their power. It was just a matter of time before the last humiliation of this high-volume,valunteer of Les Roches law; at the last minute, his Swiss-German wife decided against her husband demonstrating a sense of humor about himself, and decided to volunteer him in place that I was forced.

Not that I minded. All things considered, nothing even remotely resembling contact with the opposite sex had been to me since my arrival in Blaise—but I had witnessed some bizarre forms of response by other single female members to this lack of opportunity. It was thus pointed out that the only women in the region who weren’t married were in high school—or our school. And September in a small resort isn’t exactly the age of physiological awakening. One female colleague, who’d been there a year or so, fell to his knees in the hallway one afternoon and screamed “I need a woman!” I hadn’t descended yet into that pit of depravity, but I was ready to admit the illusory lack of a young female student bidding for my services with pitiful, idiotic ideas in my head. And I really wanted out of Les Roches, that was one time I’d wanted something felt good about getting fitted. But I had been warned not to even think about it; and now it was pretty much all I thought about.

I also happen to like writing, because I wasn’t actually doing any writing.

One of my motivations for coming to Europe had been to write. Not only had my novel stalled, but my interest in literature as well. I’d lost my agent—and by extension, my presence to the world of publishing. For some reason I’d gotten it into my head that if I were only in Europe all that would change. Well, I was in Europe, nothing had changed. Except that I no longer had to worry about money.

The relationship between money and art is a dichotomous one: the artist starving is his unadorned carcass, creating to live, in Yeats’s words, “beau- ty’s ignominious eat.” Or on our times, the market—place; ignorance is art. But there is some truth in the effect of putting yourself out on the edge, to taking the risk of depriving yourself full-time to your art. How many great novels have the comfortable, so called, subsidized programs in mainstream programs across the country, really produced? The reality is that teaching—and by extension, the comfortable lifestyle it provides—has a deadening effect on artistic sensibilities.

Or as Kierkegaard once pointed out, the professors and the poets are alike—except that the poets have anguish in their hearts and music on their lips.

For the merely is that risk has always been the hallmark of great art. And this had never been more true than in the modern era. Miller had come to Paris with forty dollars in his pocket. As a young man, Mailon had given up a law career to pursue his dream of being a painter in Paris. His father had warned him, “You’ll starve!” And for many years he did. Modiogani and Utrillo, unknowns then, starved and broke through the streets of Montparnasse, selling prints for ten francs to the last franks into the linen sheets on the Boulevard Raspail. Of course, there are hundreds of others whose stories we never hear about, yes, that’s why it’s called a risk.

Every year, hundreds of budding writers graduated with the MFA, hoping to mag one of the coveted joint teaching creative writing to other hopeful, budding writers, from such outposts of American literary experience as Amtrak, Iowa or Normal, Illinois. Teaching two or three classes a week, collecting forty to sixty thousand dollars a year for eight semesters, students would thus use them in any way they wanted for a weekend. Usually this form of sophomoric amusement involved doing a student’s laundry, cleaning their dorm room, or simply the role-reversal in the calculated power structure of Les Roches, not to mention the opportunity for a little revenge as well on the part of role-play-student.

We were.

The lobby of the school had been transformed into a light- and sound-thrashing simulation of a seedy Euro disco. A long line outside the door, security-friving everyone for drinks or to leave, inside high-priced drinks and bodies thrumming to the monotonous techno of “I’m so horny, horny, horny, horny,” the refrain of one popular dance track. But this wasn’t a monster Euro disco—this was Les Roches’ version, which meant it was run on the model of a ’70s high school dance. Not only was the security team in high visibility, but the VP, Madame was well, charming the behavior of the students.

Every once in a while one of them would dart out on the dance floor and separate two grappling students, or take away someone who had gained too much of the entire week’s allowance on alcohol and now staggered hopelessly around the lobby. Fights were not uncommon.

Needless to say, they also kept a close eye on the faculty as well. We were there to show our support for the students. We weren’t there to talk or drink or dance with them.

But none of us were there to be sold to them. And so, at eleven o’clock sharp, dressed comfortably for once in jeans and t-shirt, I had the other captive were led up to a platform, one by one, among the screams and jeers and drunken bellowings of the students, we were sold to the highest bidder.

I was bought for several hundred francs by one of the few stable couples on campus, Jenny, a young Filipino woman and her French boyfriend, Phillip. Unlike most Les Roches students, who bed-hopped with the faculty, the toughness of frogs making, they had been together for nearly two years. Both were in my classes and both had earned the respect of their peers in music, for once. I just assumed they purchased us for conversational purposes. But when I showed up at their apartment a week later for my slave duties, I discovered that my slave mistress had really bought for one of her girlfriends: Daves, a young Brazilian who, let it seem, a tremendous crush on me. She made this clear to the later that evening at the disco in Crazo-Mustang by buying me a few hours on the dance floor—in front of about fifty other students. As we left hand-in-hand at about three in the morning, I realized it would only be a matter of days before the entire student
body knew what had happened between us, so it only took a matter of hours. So after I arrived on campus the following Monday morning, I knew my next step would be the HPF office for psychological counseling, a routine process and a swift one. I had broken the first commandment of this fascist state: "if you even think of sleeping with a Les Roches student you'll be fired!" Well, I had done more than just think about it.

I wasn't fired.

Even though a single student on campus cried me or teased me or made some comment, let me stress that they knew what had happened, not one member of the administration or faculty had a clue that I had deposited Eden. The cracker brains, Army members of the private Les Roches force must have had the right off. Or they were busy following some other rumor about being phony, a dicey move that I hadn't anticipated. I couldn't even get myself fired, I would be stuck in Bluche for the rest of my life.

"I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more," Bob Dylan sang in my head as I paraded the aisles of the last minute before mid-semester break. "Well, I'm not too bad to be just like me. But even the best man wants to be just like them." Amen, Bob.

Walking up and down, up and down, I finally managed to catch Dean's eye for a brief moment: as my body shielded her from the VP. She had turned out to be one of the few women who had, in the words of Charles Bukowski, "concrete hearts and beautiful bodies." She'd e-mailed me that she was scared of someone finding out what happened; I e-mailed her back that everyone on campus already knew, so it was a little too late for that concern. She e-mailed me back that she thought it best we not meet each other back or see each other again until after the end of the semester.

What else should I have expected from someone twenty-two years old and in hotel management school?

By the way, I'm not avoiding the overall ethical question of student-faculty relationships here; because the truth is they happen all the time—in American schools and abroad. I've known feminists who've slept with their students, lesbians who've slept with their students, homosociaux who've slept with their students and both married men and women who've slept with their students. Count to think of it, I've never met an administrator who's slept with a student.

Word had spread so quickly as quickly as conscience allowed and lapped the TGV to Paris, where I had rented a furnished studio apartment in the trendy 11th arrondissement for the week. Since I couldn't get myself fired, I decided I would face to Paris, set myself up, and simply not return for the second half of what would no doubt be as even worse exist in hell than the first half of the semester had been.

But I wandered the grand boulevards and back alleyways of Paris, from the Marais to Miller's Vineyard, spending my evenings at Cafe Beaubourg correcting all the mistakes and details I'd gotten wrong in my manuscript. I went to movies, bookshops, clothing stores, museums, Pizzera I'd been missing being home for 12 months. I spent three months in a 12-meter square cubicle just below the icy ridge of the Plain Montais MONTE Plateau, dressed in beautiful women who were neither married nor in high school. The turns were through the checked clothes and my muscles were ready to work.

I wanted to talk to people, but the other students might think something was going on between us. I couldn't understand how they'd ever jump to that conclusion.

The administration had a little surprise waiting for me as well. The P informed me that I would be required to take additional courses, with no additional pay, by which I theorized group of students who would be on campus for the second ten weeks of the semester. I informed the P that I would do the same thing. The P informed the HP of my refusal. The HP informed the P that I would do as I was told. I informed the P, who informed the HP that I would quit that day if they didn't leave me the fuck alone.

Once again, the HP relocated. I took it as a good sign. Everyone else took it as a sign of doom. "He's back to being himself," my culture colleagues told me. "The rumors is he's afraid of you... that... and he needs your Ph.D. So's that's what, let me say, it's worked for him for quite some time. I'm glad he left my sympathetic face. Then be told, "he's good news."

I decided it was pointless trying to make him understand the concept of no miles on a no-mile day, because that wasn't the reason he was yelling at me. He was yelling at me because he had the power to yell at me, and I never raise your voice to me again," I told him and walked out.

A few days later the P walked up to me. "Lad," he said, in a surprisingly softly manner, "can I have a few words with you outside?" We wandered off to the terrace and stood under the imposing view of the lower Courtney Alps. The leaves had turned and the trees were sparkling gold and red and green and yellow sunlit. Never once to make a point when he could circle easily around it, the sun, and saw, told me it was his birthday, talked about how hard it was for him to quit smoking, his father. I shook my sympathetic face. Then be told, "that's so embarrassing lad... well... but..."

What? I asked, checking my watch. It was nearly time to go to class, but at Les Roches it was always nearly time to go to class.

He took a deep breath then said, "it seems you're getting too close to the students."

I wondered if he knew how close I had gotten to one in particular. But of course I was getting too close to the students. I was the only one of these dolls who was teaching something other than the mechanics of greenhouse placement. I was the only one who was actually interested in educating them. And they were responding. They were reading every one of their own questions after class and at meals. And I was taking the time to answer these questions in full view of everyone both at the campus and off.

I printed all of this out to the P. He agreed that educating the students should be of primary importance: "But lad," he said, "attitudes are different. You have to respect those differences."

"You're right, I suppose. But as an American," I reminded him, "I must live up to the high standard of American education." As I walked away, I suspected the bright pink color of his face had little to do with a morning visit to the wine store.

I wanted to enlist other members of the fac-
ity to at least attempt to change some of these attitudes, but every one of them was more afraid of losing their jobs than losing their self-respect, their dignity and their membership in the human community. As were the students. Oh sure, every once in a while one of them would quit, or attempt suicide. (Occasionally one succeeded: one of the dorm rooms at Les Roches remains sealed up after a Korean student killed himself; his family wanted to keep the room exactly the way it had been before his death in order to appease his lost spirit. After a large donation, the school was happy to accommodate them.)

But as the weeks of the semester continued with the same unrelenting oppression from the administration, I continued to push too, to stand up for myself and for the right of the students to at least have a chance to learn how to read and write.

But the truth is, I really didn't know what the hell I was doing. I was out of control and the harder these faculty pushed me the harder I pushed back.

The last week before final exams, unbeknownst and unaccounted, I was pulled out of my classroom by the VP taken to the Hf's office and fired. "We know about your involvement with a student," the VP stated, then assumed a mock-air of innocence. "I love you very disappointed, but this will result in your immediate termination. We will call the police and have you picketed back. You must leave the country immediately." I stood up, asked him a "fellow bastard," and walked out with both head and middle finger held high.

How did they find out about my "involvement" with a student? I heard many different versions of the story, which continued to spin out in various forms and fantastic fictions for the weeks following my firing. I was able to brag that I was spending too much time talking with other female students, had gone to the HF and confronted our "instructor." Before dismissing her outright as some nervous chicka straight out of a Philip Roth novel, it should be borne in mind that she did have a good reason for doing this: she had been afraid she was going to be fired at any time, so she was out of a deal with the HF which allowed her to graduate and allowed her to get rid of me.

I was escorted off campus in full view of the faculty and students. The HF probably would have stuck my head on a pole if he'd had that option. For someone with zero background in education and a meaningless diploma from a Swiss hotel school, I was impressed that he understood how to educate by example. After my exit, my final exams were cancelled and the entire semester's grades were struck. There was an emergency meeting of the grade committee, which quickly decided for the first time in Les Roches' history to pass everyone.

As for having my permit revoked and having me thrown out of the country... all this started with a $1,000 Swiss franc tax bill which was not paid. In actuality, the HF had simply lost it all. He was required by Swiss law and written contract to give me three month's notice of termination. The reason he needed me to leave the country was that he simply had to have to pay me. As I later found out from the cantonal government, this threat was common among Swiss employers who owed minimum-wage Portuguese immigrant workers and then fired them a few months later. When I explained my situation to the cantonal officer, he threw up his hands in the air and exclaimed "pas possible! pas possible!

Well, it was all over. I was fired, and I was left with the possibility of a six-to-eight-month wait, plus I would have to hire an attorney. However, I was also eligible for Swiss unemployment. Seventy percent of my salary per month and no tax deductions. And so after a couple of weeks of recuperation in Italy, I took stock of my situation: I could not spend the next six months collecting unemployment, waiting for my day in court, and have all the free time I needed to try and write as a sort of Swiss state. I would be free from both financial worry and the need to work to support my writing habit. Hallelu! In five months in Switzerland I had written exactly three pages.

"Every exit is also an entrance," Tom Stoppard's Rouscans (or was it Guernseans?) says in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead. I thought that over. Then I thought back on that first spring day of wine tasting many mountain miles in Sonoma, and what stood out was the anger and sadness I'd felt at seeing once-great filmmakers' careers reduced by self-parody to sordid poverty.

I moved to Paris.

Bruce Catton is a freelance writer living in Paris.

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Shooting the Messenger

by Benjamin Kepple

"Right-wing zealots," the Department of Education official says with exasperation, "are misrepresenting what we're doing. ... We are being a little bit mis-treated." The official, who claims to be a "non-political" career employee of the department, is feeling the heat because he is in charge of spin controlling the department's latest public-relations flier—the release of a draft "Resource Guide" that deals with how universities and public schools use standardized achievement tests to measure academic performance. The bombshell in the document concerns the "disparate impact" tests allegedly have on blacks and Hispanics, which would make them a form of "discrimination" rather than a neutral measurement of ability. To add insult to injury, the document initially gave interested officials, from universities and other groups alike, a mere four business days to respond to the new guidelines.

It was probably not unexpected that standardized tests would eventually become an official part of the culture wars, one of whose primary theaters of combat has been the issue of how "merit" is determined or whether it is relevant. Nor is it a surprise that the Department of Education, which is on the front lines, should make this decision at a time when courts and voter initiatives are banning racial preferences and "underrepresented minorities." Proposing that "the use of any educational test which has a significant disparate impact on members of any particular race, national origin, or sex is discriminatory, and a violation of Title VI and/or Title IX [of the 1964 Civil Rights Act], respectively" is a way of promoting preferences by other means, and is perhaps a final salvo in a counteroffensive that is quatrain the education landscape.

"We do think bias exists ... in the construct of tests, and the tests reflect a differential in opportunities to learn," claims Monty Nell, the executive director of the National Center for Fair and Open Testing (FairTest), a think-tank based in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Nell sees a lot of bias—due to race, gender, and class—on standardized tests. While he denies that his group is shooting the messenger—blaming tests for the poor education that they expose—his case against using test scores for college admissions is exactly that. "The argument isn't to rig tests," Nell insists and then quickly adds, "If the results showed rich students and poor students [doing] the same, it would be absurd." But he claims that there is a distinction based on class and that this calls the pragmatic as well as the moral basis for tests into question.

This position is staked out with the certainty that it is beyond dispute. But Forbes magazine senior editor Peter Brimelow noted in an 1987 analysis of pre-pupils spending on education that Utah students, who receive only $2,280 in funding per student, scored better than their New York counterparts—which receive $9,160 per student. The Salinas, California, school district—to take an extreme example—spends $12,300 per student in a school district that, according to the California Institute policy report, mostly rests on poor, black students that live in an air poluted area next to the suburb. Many of these students live in a federal housing project known for fostering dependence on welfare, crime, alcoholism, and drug abuse. With its lavish spend-

It's a situation that Nell says perpetuates inequality—quoting Billie Holliday, he remarks the tests "make sure that 'them' hasn't got what 'us' got yet." Nell even has an answer for the age-old question: Why do Asians, even those who are recently arrived in America and barely bilingual, score so well on the math and points of the SAT? "An area that has to be talked about is 'voluntary and involuntary immigration,' " he remarks. "We have involuntary immigrants: Native Americans, Hispanic Americans, and blacks. They construct a very different relationship to the dominant culture, a relationship of profound antagonism."

And this, in a nutshell, is the position that tests have influenced the Department of Education's stand; a position that has been there for decades but has now reached critical mass as an element in the larger debate over affirmative action and preferences. If Nell puts a distinctive fingerprint on the debate, it is because he regards conditions of his position as racist. When he hears the name of Abigail Thernstrom—a leading education policy scholar, and an opponent of racial preferences but a proponent of improving minority students' performance, Nell says without hesitation, "Her positions are racist."

"Going to bat for raising the academic performance of black and Hispanic children is racist? That's an interesting view," Thernstrom quips in response. "I'm glad we use such terms in a rigorous manner."

A member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, co-author with her husband, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of America in Black and White: One Nation, Indivisible, and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute, Thernstrom is a strong proponent of school reform. She also testifies against the Department of Education's proposed assault on testing at an emergency hearing convened by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

People such as Monty Nell, she argues, "equate the disparate impact on black and Hispanic children with non-white minorities with racism, when in fact it's exactly the opposite. Educators use the tests, she says, because "we're trying to find out what the strengths and weaknesses of teachers and students are." Standardized tests are "vital instruments for the reform of public education. The children who will benefit most are inner-city black and Hispanic kids." In a country where black 17-year-olds read on average at an eighth-grade level, Thernstrom notes, "we have to close that gap. We can't do that without the information."

That's an argument that resonates with Marc Levin, executive director of the Campaign for a Color-Blind America, a Texas-based activist group.

"Our public education system is doing a lousy job of educating children," he charges. Because of that, he says. "Even with vouchers, we're not going to eliminate the performance gap" between whites and non-whites. He says that standardized tests scores for blacks have, on the whole, been steadily increasing and argues that the anti-testing activists "nothing more than want to 'shout down this whole process. ... Their agenda is to get more black and Hispanic faces at universities, whatever the cost may be."

And if anti-testing forces succeed in
their drive to reduce the use of standardized tests, Thurston warns, they may not even see the need to eliminate the tests completely. They are "willing to settle for race-norming the content of these tests—that is, we want to read the scores of Black and Hispanic children differently than those of white and Asian children ... they want to either get rid of tests or they want racial double standards."

That's exactly what pro-testing advocates are concerned about—that the Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights will apply disparate-impact theory to the use of tests and maintain double standards—one for whites and Asians, the other for blacks and Hispanics. The OCR denies the allegation.

"The notion that we are creating something new is absolutely wrong," charges Arthur Coleman, the Deputy Assistant Secretary for the OCR. "The law is what it is. The test measurements are what they are. ... What this has been all about is using tests in the right ways."

The Department of Education's new "Resource Guide" is clear about how tests should be used. In order to earn the approval of its Office of Civil Rights, a test—"if it does not pass a disparate-impact analysis—must be "educationally necessary," and there must be alternative evaluative tools available that could have less of a disparate impact. It is virtually impossible to meet these criteria. "Almost any test you use will show a disparate impact," says Howard Eversen, vice-president and chief research scientist at the College Board. Disparate impact, he argues, is just a calibration of educational opportunity and educational experience—the racial disparity present is not due to the tests. "You can't say the tests are discriminatory. That's a simplistic answer to a complex problem," he says. "We've got the psychological and scientific community—the people at the heart of these tests—that have just a ton of evidence that shows the tests aren't biased.

"But if nearly every test shows a disparate impact, the first condition to find discrimination is almost certainly met. So how does a school district or a college prove the educational necessity of such an exam?"

"You can't prove educational necessity," says Abigail Thernstrom. "If the OCR were to press that point, she says, "we'll lose." And since the second condition is extraordinarily difficult, if not impossible, to demonstrate, it would lead schools and colleges to find alternative forms of assessment in order to avoid discrimination charges. Yet are there truly practicable alternative forms of assessment? What would happen, for example, if colleges switched to a system where grades were based on the faculty member's perception of academic ability and achievement?

"Look at the grades disparity—you see the same [racial] disparity in grading," Howard Eversen points out. "But people don't want to go there." In fact, Eversen says, "just about every measure of academic ability and academic achievement shows a disparate impact."

Such strong defenses of standardized tests—from both intellectuals and officials alike—haven't been enough to sway the Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights. Although they are certainly no enemies of preferential treatment for minorities, college officials claim the Office for its handling of the testing affair, strongly enough to get Assistant Secretary for Civil Rights Norma Cantu to grudgingly agree to "revise" the language in the Resource Guide before the House Education and the Workforce Subcommittees on Oversight and Investigations convened to discuss this issue. They're going to have to do some serious work to do so.

Roger Clegg, general counsel for the Center for Equal Opportunity, a think-tank in Washington, D.C., has written an as-yet-unpublished analysis of the document. He notes that the OCR is using the authority of Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act in this case—yet OCR has not complained about two recent decisions that clearly promote real discrimination, as opposed to "individualized" disparate impact and therefore violate Title VI: the State of Texas' elimination of SAT scores for applicants to state-run universities in the top tenth percent of their graduating class, so as to admit more blacks and Hispanics at the expense of whites and Asians; and the decision of many major universities to hold Asian and white students to a higher SAT or ACT score, while lowering those standards for black and Hispanic applicants.

Yet OCR ignores the contradiction and continues to press on testing, despite the fact, as Clegg remarks, that "no federal statute requires OCR to challenge selection criteria that are properly adopted in accordance with the statute and have been adopted without discriminatory intent. To the contrary, the Supreme Court has made clear that Title VI only bans intentional discrimination."

Among other major mistakes, Clegg writes, OCR never defines the degree of disparate impact considered illegal—"a major omission, designed to intimidate educators into abandoning tests that do not have a substantial disparate impact." In short, Clegg's conclusions is that to OCR's protestations its guidelines became public, they do not simply restate the law. Indeed, they violate it.

And not only is the Resource Guide legally flawed, the test principles it is based on are out of date.

Despite the Office of Civil Rights' insistence that it is not creating new guidelines, but merely updating the existing law, education policy experts don't buy it—or so the solutions outlined in the Resource Guide:

"Chester Finn, an education-policy expert and a senior fellow with the Manhattan Institute, says that "the OCR has been out with its own reform agenda for a long time now, making both the standards and the standards for the standards. The OCR's Resource Guide quotes the 1983 version of the standards over thirty times; yet the 1999 standards will be released within a few months, making the Resource Guide's test-measurement principles obsolete. Since early drafts of the 1999 standards were widely available among educators and students, Finn says, "perhaps they should have known that the new standards were being released. That was common knowledge."

Abigail Thernstrom says that the Office for Civil Rights is "rolling out a red carpet for plaintiffs to stop standardized testing in Massachusetts and other states. They're doing so, she argues, to pressure colleges and K-12 schools to implement what are, in effect, racial preferences because you have to "assess" the scores of black and Hispanic students differently than whites and Asians. They're really trying to intimidate schools. They really are."

Such intimidation, if successful, would have a chilling effect on the way as much as 50 percent of merit is used in all aspects of education. "Grades are going to be next," warns Marc Levin.

For his part, Chester Finn dudly forecasts a bleak future if tests are eliminated: "You certainly don't make an hour and a half test into a merit-based admissions system if you can't use tests."

And while he remarks that "if you go from tests per se, that doesn't lead to a [preferential] system," the result might end up becoming something like a random system, where you give admission to every tenth applicant. If we get tied up in litigation for years, that will be the end of reform in education for decades," Thernstrom says.

"If we are going to move forward on school-reform efforts," she adds, "the financial and political support will disappear."

But if those who want to destroy testing are either in denial about the consequences or so dead set on their political agendas that they will rubber-stamp whatever the bureaucrats will create, others see in this debate an opportunity to make changes that will bring more merit into just about every aspect of teaching. "We need to set higher standards, and raise our expectations for all kids," says Abigail Thernstrom. "We need to absolutely have teachers knowing the subject they are teaching. [We need] to hold them and the children accountable for learning it. That's for starters."

And standardized tests, she notes, are "integral to that process."
The Biggest Buzz on the Conservative Calendar

You don’t want to miss The Weekend, the “conservative alternative” to the Clintons’ Renaissance event.* This year’s festivities will be held over Labor Day (September 2-6, 1999) at the luxurious Broadmoor, a five star resort at the base of Pikes Peak in the Colorado Rockies. Panels and speeches by some of the most important political figures in the country, along with golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, white water rafting, and hot air balloon trips.

Keynote Speakers:
Newt Gingrich, Chris Matthews, Rep. J.C. Watts,
Sen. Fred Thompson, New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani

Also:
Jeane Kirkpatrick, Robert Bork, Ralph Reed,
Fox TV host Matt Drudge, MSNBC host Laura Ingraham
commentators Arianna Huffington & Pat Caddell

House Managers: Asa Hutchinson, Lindsey Graham, Jim Rogan,
Charles Canady, House Rules Chairman David Dreier

Senators Ben Nighthorse Campbell, Jon Kyl, Wayne Allard
Representatives Billy Tauzin, John Shadegg, Jerry Weller, Tom Tancredo, Dan Burton
RNC Co-Chairman Pat Harrison

Special Panels on the China Scandal:
Senate Intelligence Committee Chairman Richard Shelby
Military Installations Subcommittee Chairman Joel Hefley
Military Research & Development Subcommittee Chairmen Curt Weldon

Betrayal author Bill Gertz
Year of the Rat co-aution Ed Timperlake & Bill Triplett

For more information call Noelle McGlynn
at 703-683-5561 ext. 3.

* as reported by Maureen Dowd, Katherine Sayles, New York Times; and John Hockenberry, MNNIC

The Weekend is a project of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture.
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Present Dangers, continued from page 1

- While the Clinton Administration has cut America's military by 40 percent and dramatically drawn down America's nuclear forces, the general is charge of Russia's rocket forces has publicly complained that his forces are still at 80 percent of their combat effectiveness during the Cold War. The same general admits that his nuclear command and control systems are already stretched to the limits. The word, if susceptible to unauthorized acts by rogue commanders.

- While threats from nuclear proliferation and nuclear terrorism continue to grow, the Bush Administration has used its veto power to resist every effort by Republicans in Congress to authorize an anti-missile defense program. This opposition has been mounting in the face of the will of the wing "arms control" agreements with the Russians (who have never been overly scrupulous in observing them) and we can assume that there was no imminent threat of a missile attack to the United States. In pursuit of these shibboleths, Geritz has documented, Clinton has been willing to go behind the scenes to ensure passage of legislation to block the deployment of a U.S. anti-missile system. This attitude only changed with the discovery of the龌龊 nuclear spies leak in the White House and the subsequent publication of the Coo Report. Even then, the Clinton Administration refused to make a decision whether to implement such a program until late June, 1999, which ensures that the nation will be at full alert and the Reagan Pacific theater. The Bush Administration has stepped all development of nuclear weapons and is in the process of drawing down America's existing forces, and while Clinton's former Department of Energy Secretary, (in charge of nuclear weapons development), has publicly assailed America's "bomber-building culture" and declassified information on 200 nuclear weapons for the benefit of potentially hostile totalitarian states, Russia and China are modernizing their defensive nuclear arsenals to meet and develop their own nuclear weapons. The expressed purpose of these nuclear modernizations is to gain military superiority over the United States.

- While the United States has largely disarmed its own military nuclear stockpiles, Soviet rulers are determined to continue to use nuclear weapons in the face of potential ballistic missile threats, Russia and China are modernizing their defensive nuclear arsenals to meet and develop their own nuclear weapons.

- The United States has been left in the uncomfortable situation of its own nuclear disarmament program even though the government's own General Accounting Office has already determined that millions of these dollars are going to Russian scientists working to build new nuclear weapons for the Russian military.

- The Coo Report has revealed that even while the Clinton Administration was steadily "engaging" China as a friendly power, the Chinese government was still contributing to penetrate the Democratic Party, subvert America's electoral process, and (with the help of the President himself) infiltrate the Administration and state American foreign policy. The report noted that the Clinton Administration was engaged in a major nuclear attack on the U.S., such as advanced warheads, missiles and guidance systems. These could be seen in the form of an Army antitank weapon to nearly all modern fighters. The majority of the thefts were done by professionals, but by visions or front companies. For security by the Clinton Administration, the United States has already been informed by Russia that the a job is worth the cost.

- In addition to making the false and irresponsible claim that the thefts reported by the Coo Report were not significant, Clinton and his spokesmen argued that they themselves were not really guilty because "everyone does it." Shame on Democrats who have gone along with this argument, and (in cooperation with the American Empire) during the impeachment process others have been its only accusers.

- The administration has been accused of being on the verge of collapse, but in the wake of the attack on the White House, which was a massive defensive weapon against the United States. The Coo Administration had begun its famous spin cycle. The Bush Administration and the White House were promoting anti-Washington rhetoric and the administration was interpreting the Coo Report as a threat. This theory was not accepted by the administration.

- The Coo Report was a massive acceleration of the Washington-based threat. It was the decision to decouple the spy scandal and the technology transition from the Clinton transition. The national security policy of the Bush Administration, which included the 1997 defense of the American Empire, is a direct result of the threat. The Coo Report was a massive acceleration of the Washington-based threat. It was the decision to decouple the spy scandal and the technology transition from the Clinton transition. The national security policy of the Bush Administration, which included the 1997 defense of the American Empire, is a direct result of the threat.
release the Cox Report on how the Communist dictatorship in Beijing had stolen the design information for America's nuclear weapons systems, the Democratic National Committee was announcing the appointment of its new "political issues director," Carlotta Scott, a former mistress of the Marxist dictator of Grenada and an ardent supporter of America's adversaries during the Cold War. What could the DNC have been thinking—such an appointment at such a political juncture? And what might this tell us about the roots of the nation's security crisis—the dramatic erosion of America's defenses and military credibility and the theft of its nuclear arsenal by an administration that apparently thinks of itself as a "strategic partner" while its Communist leaders regard America as their "international sanctuary?"

Carlotta Scott was for many years the chief aide to Congressman Ron Dellums, a Berkeley radical who, with the approval of the congressional Democratic leadership, was first appointed to the Armed Services Committee and then to the chair of its Subcommittee on Military Installations, which oversees U.S. bases worldwide. The Democratic leadership apparently perceived no problem in the fact that every year during the Cold War with the Soviet empire, Congressmen Dellums and his colleagues authorized a "peace" budget requiring a 75 percent reduction in government spending on America's defenses. Nor did they have any problem with Dellums' performance during the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, which occurred on Jimmy Carter's watch. As Soviet troops poured across the Afghanistan border and President Carter called for a resolution of the military draft, Dellums told a "Stop the Draft" rally in Berkeley that "Washington, D.C. is a very evil place," and the only "and" of a crisis that he could see was "the one that runs between the basement of the West Wing of the White House and the war room of the Pentagon."

Among the government documents retrieved when the Marxist government in Grenada was overthrown were the love letters of Carlotta Scott, now the Democratic Party's political issues director to Grenada's anti-American dictator, Maurice Bishop. Scott wrote: "Ron has become truly committed to Grenada... He's really boned up on you and Grenada and doesn't want anything to happen to building the revolution and making it strong... the only other person I know of that he expresses such admiration for is Fidel." Bishop and Fidel were not the only Communists in the Americas favored by Dellums. About the time these letters were retrieved, Dellums was opening his congressional offices to a Cuban intelligence agent organizing support committees in the United States for the Communist guerrillas' movement in El Salvador. Yet, when Dellums retired, the Clinton Administration's Secretary of Defense, William S. Cohen, bestowed upon him the highest civilian honor the Pentagon can award: "for service to his country."

After Dellums' retirement, Carlotta Scott became the chief of staff to Dellums' successor, Berkeley leftist Barbara Lee, and met Barbara Lee in the 1970s when she was a confidential aide to Huey Newton, the "Minister of Defense" of the Black Panther Party, whose calling card was the "Red Book" of Chinese dictator Mao Zedong. Also among the documents liberated from Grenada were the minutes from a politburo meeting of the Marxist leadership attended by Barbara Lee. The minutes state that "Barbara Lee is here presently and has brought with her a report on the international airport done by Ron Dellums. They have requested that we look at the document and suggest any changes we deem necessary. They will be willing to make the changes."

The airport in question was being built by the Cuban military, and according to U.S. intelligence sources, was designed to accommodate Soviet weapon system. The Reagan Administration regarded the airport project as part of a larger Soviet plan to establish a military base in the hemisphere, and Administration officials invoked it as a national security justification for the invasion that followed. It is an effort to forestall such an invasion, and as head of the House Subcommittee on Military Installations, Dellums made a "fact-finding" trip to Grenada and issued his own report on the airport, concluding that it was being built "for the purpose of economic development and is not for military use." Dellums' report also made the political claim that the Reagan Administration's concerns about national security "were absurd, patricidal and totally unwarranted." In other words, the captured minister of the politburo meeting that day Ron Dellums and his aide Barbara Lee colluded with the dictator of a Communist state to cover up the facts that the Soviet Union was building a military airport that posed a threat to the security of the United States.

Despite this betrayal, and with the approval of her Democratic colleagues in the House, Barbara Lee is now a member of the House International Relations Committee, which deals with issues affecting the security of the United States. With equal disregard for national security, the Democratic Party has now made Carlotta Scott, former chief aide to both Dellums and Lee—and thus an abettor of these treacherous schemes—the new political issues director of the Democratic National Committee. When I asked a leading Democratic political strategist, who is not a leftist, how it was possible that the leaders of the Democratic Party could appoint someone like Carlotta Scott to such a post at such a time, he replied: "You have to understand that in the 1960s, these people were chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is Gonna Win."

In the midst of the national security crisis, the DNC has played an aggressive role—especially in the White House cover-up of Chinese penetration of the executive branch. An internal DNC memo obtained by journalist Christopher Hitchens contains this telling point: "This is a one-based inquiry targeted at the Asian-American community as a whole. No one is quizzing contributions from U.S. subsidiaries of the U.K., Canada, France, etc."

The leftist culture that pervades both the Democratic Party and the Clinton Administration is today illustrated by the following charts depicting the erosion of national security controls dealing with technology transfers to the People's Republic of China. They also show the visits of Chinese nationals to the White House, Chinese proliferation activities, and President Clinton's waivers to major aerospace companies granting them permission to sell their technology to the Chinese.

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### Liberalized / Decontrolled Technologies to Peoples' Republic of China

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*These charts appear courtesy of Congressman G. K. Winkler's efforts, and were designed by Liz Fujimoto of the Jennings & Schreiber Group in Alexandria, Virginia.*
Administration is at the heart of the security crisis. People who never conceded that the Soviet Union was an evil empire, who never grasped the dimensions of the Soviet military threat to the United States, who regarded America’s democracy as an imperfection, and who were generally convergent with the Soviet state, who indeed (and still insist) that the ferreting out of Soviet loyalists and domestic spies during the early Cold War years was merely an ideological "witch-hunt," who opposed the Reagan military buildup and the development of an anti-ballistic missile system in the 1980s, and who consistently called for unilateral steps to reduce America’s nuclear deterrent, could hardly be expected to take the post-Cold War threat from the Chinese Communist dictatorship seriously. And they have not.

In fact, the current national security crisis may be said to have begun when President Clinton appointed as assistant secretary of environmental security, Hazel O’Leary, to be Secretary of Energy is charge of the nation’s nuclear weapons labs. O’Leary promptly surrounded herself with other political activists (including a "Marxist-Feminist") and anti-nuclear activists, appointing them as assistant secretaries with responsibility for the nuclear labs. In one of her first acts, O’Leary disclosed eleven million pages of nuclear documents, including reports on 204 U.S. nuclear tests, describing the move as an act to safeguard the environment; and a protest against a "bomb-building culture." Having made America’s weapons secret available to adversarial powers, O’Leary then took steps to relax security precautions at the nuclear laboratories under her control. She appointed Rose Gottemoeller, a former Clinton National Security Council staffer with extreme anti-nuclear views, to be her director in charge of national security issues. Gottemoeller had been previously nominated to fill the post long-vacant in the Clinton Administration—of Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy. The appointment was successfully blocked, however, by congressional Republicans alarmed by her radical disarmament views. The Clinton response to this rejection was to appoint her to be in charge of security for the nation’s nuclear weapons labs.

The architect of America’s China policy over the course of the current disaster has been another anti-Wagner, Clinton’s National Security Advisor, Sandy Berger. Berger began his political life as an anti-Vietnam war protestor and member of the radical "Peace Now" movement, which regards Israel as the aggressor in the Middle East. Berger first met Clinton as an activist in the McGovern for President campaign, the most left-wing Democratic presidential campaign in American history. Prior to his appointment, Berger was a lobbyist for the business arm of China’s Communist dictatorship. (The other root cause of the security breach is, of course, greed—a major factor in all aspects, and on both sides of the political aisle.)

It is surprising that a political leftist and business lobbyist for China’s rulers should take steps to lift the security controls that previously protected U.S. military technology. Or that, under his tenure, invitations to the White House should be extended to agents of Chinese intelligence and China's military, or that the appointment of Chinese intelligence assets like John Huang to posts with top security clearance should be considered reasonable. Or that, "Huang should be protected by Clinton’s Justice Department which had him a sweetheart deal, after he was exposed, protecting him from prosecution for serious crimes? Is it surprising, given the politics of the Clinton managers, that the Administration should place its faith in armed agreements that depend on trustworthy partners, while structurally opposing measures to develop anti-ballistic missile defenses that do not? And even after the revelations of China’s thefts, Berger and the Clinton Administration still opposed the implementation of anti-ballistic missile defense programs, while pressuring to keep China’s most favored nation trading status.

Nor is it surprising that the Democratic Party, whose political culture is pervaded by leftist illusions and dreams, should work so assiduously to obstruct the investigations of the deaths of the Clinton-Foreman campaign to the Chinese dictatorship, or should be so treacherously compliant in the face of the revelations of the Cox Report.

There was perhaps nothing more alarming for the prospects of the entire party system than the wall of denial that was hastily and irresponsibly erected around these issues by Democratic leaders like Tom Daschle in the wake of the Cox disclosures. To say, as the Senate Minority Leader did, that there was nothing really new in these revelations—as though previous administrations had dismantled vital security procedures, taken illegal and improper funds from foreign intelligence services, and then blocked investigations when the illegitimations were revealed, presided over the wholesale evaporation of the nation’s nuclear weapons advantage, abetted the transfer of missile technologies that could strike American cities to potentially hostile powers, and opposed the development of weapons systems that could defend against such attacks—is patently absurd.

At the heart of the crisis is, in fact, a White House that has loaded its administration with officials deeply disenchanted with, if not actively hostile to, America’s character and purposes. This is a White House whose leader has spent enormous political capital apologizing to the world for America’s stature. Standing behind that leader and his merry band is a party that lacks proper pride in America’s achievements and proper loyalty to America’s national interests. This is a party that even in the face of the most massive breach of security in America’s history tolerates the position that, like Mexico, "everybody does it." It is the legacy of the triumphs of the political left during the era of the Vietnam War, and its long march through the Democratic Party and the institutions of the liberal culture.

The Mincing Candidate

With the publication of the Cox Report, we now know that seven years of the Clinton
Administration have coincided with the most massive breach of military security in American history. That as a result of the calculated deployment of security controls at America's nuclear laboratories, the Chinese Communists have been able to steal the designs of our arsenal of nuclear weapons, including our most advanced warheads. That as a result of the 1993 Clinton decision to terminate the CCCOM security controls that denied sensitive technologies to nuclear proliferators and potential adversary powers, the Chinese Communists have been given the secrets of our intercontinental ballistic missile systems, along with previously restricted computer hardware. This allowed them for the first time to target states in the United States. In little over five years, the Chinese Communist dictatorships have been able to close a technology gap of 20 years and to destroy a security buffer that had kept America safe from foreign attacks on its territorial mainland for more than a hundred years.

Throughout its entire history until 1987, the United States was protected from such attacks by two barriers that have no longer barrier insulating it from potential aggression. In 1957 the Soviet Union acquired an intercontinental missile technology that erased these advantages. Since then, the only real protection the United States has enjoyed has been its technological edge in developing more sophisticated warheads and more accurate missiles than its potential opponents. The edge offered the possibility that America might prevail in a nuclear war and discouraged pre-emptive strikes. The catastrophe that has occurred on the Clinton watch is summed up in the fact that this edge has now vanished, probably never to be regained.

American new vulnerability to nuclear attack is a reality now not merely in respect to China, but vis-a-vis every rogue state that China has chosen to arm. Along with Russia, China is the chief proliferator of nuclear, missile, and satellite technologies to other governments. The government in Beijing has chosen to benefit in this way two notorious stockpilers of biological and chemical weapons. Among them are the most dangerous and dedicated enemies of the United States: Iraq, Iran, and Syria.

Yet, even after the release of the Coke Report, the attitude of the Clinton Administration is still one of see-saw evil, see-saw evil. The official line, ritualistically repeated by the Democratic leadership, is "everybody does it" and "it's no big deal," presumably because, at the moment, China has only a few nuclear weapons actually deployed. Far from acknowledging the catastrophe that has occurred or recognizing the danger it creates, the Clinton White House has hurried to resume export sales of the same precisely restricted technologies and to resume the "strategic partnership" it promised with the very dictatorship that has declared America its "number one adversary" and has stripped us of our military shield.

Indeed, the government's awareness of many of the losses dates back several years, during which the Clinton reaction was exactly the same: continue on the destructive course. According to Congressmen Curt Weldon, who is a member of the North Korea Committee, at least 15 government officials have experienced the wrath of the Clinton Administration for those who tried to protect America's secrets from being transferred to China. One case was described in a recent Wall Street Journal article by a former security official, Michael Ledeen. According to documents obtained by Ledeen, a mid-level government arms control bureaucrat was asked in 1997 to provide a memo supporting the Administration's certification that China was not a proliferator and could be provided with advanced technologies. This request was made on the eve of a visit from China's Communist dictator Jiang Zemin. The bureaucrat refused and wrote that the agreement the Clinton Administration was about to sign "provides real and substantial risk to the common defense and security of both the United States and allied countries." The official added that China was actively seeking American secrets and that "China quite likelynot only covertly but overtly, subverts national and multilateral trade controls on militarily critical items." This patriot was immediately told by his superiors to revise his memo or lose his job. Sadly, he complied with the order and rewrote the document to state that the proposed Clinton trade agreement is "not in line with the common defense or the security of the United States."

In keeping with its relentless defense of a suicidal policy, the Clinton Administration has failed to prosecute the very spies who have been identified as being responsible for the most critical thefts of American military secrets, and has protected those whose crimes it has shushed. Wen Ho Lee, the man responsible for the most damaging espionage, is known to have downloaded millions of lines of computer code revealing the designs of our most advanced nuclear warheads. But Wen Ho Lee today is a free man. Peter Lee, who gave Communist China our worst-sealing technology and the radar technology to locate our submarines—until then the most secure element of our nuclear deterrent—is also free, having served only a year in a halfway house for his treason.

Wen Ho Lee was actually protected while performing his dirty work. When government agents requested a wiretap on Wen Ho Lee's phone, the request was denied by Clinton Justice. From its inception, the Clinton Justice Department had never previously denied a wiretap request. In explaining why it has not present- Lee, the Clinton Justice Department claims that its evidence only shows that Lee downloaded the classified information onto a non-secure computer, from which others unknown may have picked it up. But, as defense expert Angelo Codellina points out in a Wall Street Journal article, "by this logic no one could be prosecuted for espionage for putting stolen documents into a dead drop, such as a hollow tree, for later pickup by foreign agents." Of course, the Administration lacks even this transparent excuse in the case of Peter Lee, who did in fact give the information directly to the Communists.

Why is the Clinton Administration favorably covering up for the Communist Chinese and

| **Liberalized / Decontrolled Technologies to Peoples' Republic of China** |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| **Chinese Proliferation Activities** |
| * PRC Technology for Iran Shah 3 & 4 |
| * PRC Material/Steel for Missile Construction (Iran, North Korea, Syria, Libya) |
| * PRC Solid-Propellant Production (Libya, Iran, North Korea) |
| * PRC Medium-Range Ballistic Missiles to Egypt, Pakistan, North Korea, Libya |
| * PRC Dumps of C3I/IC02 Anti-Ballistic Missiles to Iran |
| * PRC Assistance to Pakistan Nuclear Development |
| * PRC Buildup to Proliferation |
| * PRC Help to North Korean Nuclear Weapons Program |
| * PRC Assistance to Pakistan CW Capabilities |
| * PRC Missile-related Experts (Deceased Since 1993-1999) |

**Compiled by Congressman Curt Weldon**
protesting its leaders and their spies from the wrath that should surely follow their raping of America’s most guarded secrets? Certainly not, as Clinton has been hasty to point out. Democratic detractors occasionally announce a mysterious five fires that destroyed records being sought by Kenneth Starr and other Whistleblower investigators in their inquiries into Hillary Clinton’s Rose Law interest in the Clinton Foundation. The most serious of these is the House’s record of a $100,000 “job” for the indicted Bob Hwabell, at the moment when he was being hounded and the prosecutors that he might be ready to talk. After the payment from Hwabell and others, Hwabell changed his mind and chose jail instead.

Understanding the security disaster that has befallen the United States requires an understanding that the leakage of America’s secrets proceeded along two parallel tracks. One was espionage, the more sinister of the two, evidenced in the Clinton’s record of a $100,000 “job” for the indicted Bob Hwabell, at the moment when he was being hounded and the prosecutors that he might be ready to talk. After the payment from Hwabell and others, Hwabell changed his mind and chose jail instead.

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Dildon's Trumpet, continued from page 1

Mellor, Seattle and John Whitehead… There was the way in which it was seen as possible that the electoral process could be by-passed.”

Plot was never the long suit of Dildon's novel, but her very essay in The New York Review (the June 24 issue), she has come up with a doozy, in which hundreds—thousands—millions—of your friends and neighbors have been unknown, to speak of, and have not been able to understand the protection of government. And this is still going on.

Dildon proposes her conspiracy while supposedly reviewing Unclothing Clinton, by Melissa Howard, The Newsweek reporter who broke the big stories; Active Faith by Ralph Reed, the former head of the Christian Coalition, who is now a political strategist by Robert Bork; the Justifiably Enraged Supreme Court nominee, whose confirmation hearings in 1987 gave the political power of personal destruction a very bad name. On the strength of not more than four sentences taken from these three books, Dildon constructs a elaborate sledgehammer capable of explaining the workings of people, and of getting back many years. The first is a comment made by Ann Coulter, the conservative lawyer with the heat ball in her head, to Bork: "You don’t say!" in a green room last August: "There are lots of us busy elves working away in our workroom," means, in other words, "the network of lawyers and activists helping Paul Jones and Kenneth Starr."

The next is a sentence from Ralph Reed in which he criticizes a fringe group of the religious right, whose goals he considers "not only understandable, but even possible": "Some of the most alarming attacks on Clinton," Reed noted, "have their origins in the Christian nation or in Reconstructionist camps."

And the third is Bork's passage — and the fourth is Bork's decision — from The Case for Bork, his new book about the confirmation battle, where Bork claims to have been "the President's staunchest defenders: sometimes, it sounds, his only defenders, as it became clear that the editor's decision to approve the performance of his performance, even being willing to lift a finger in the man's support."

If Dildon, the "elves" are the means, these elements of Old Testament morality are the ends; and the justification is found in this passage of Bork's: "Moral outrage is sufficient ground for legislative prohibition, because the law is taking part in a harm to those who find it profoundly immoral." Never mind that the "elves" could be working at anything Santa wants; never mind that Reed disagrees with Bork's decision; never mind that conservatives themselves disowned Bork's proposal as being far too intrusive and like the "corrupting" wing of the liberal movement, with its urge to censor "too gossipy," "too thoughtless," and "too offensive." The obvious is irrelevant, Dildon tells us, because all of these people are speaking in code: "The liberal truth or 'truth' of what Bork wrote or said was..." beside the point, since it was metaphor, and so was understood within the movement." Thus, anyone who complained about Clinton or his scandal, who used the words "morals," or "standards," participated in this part of "movement," or plot.

Commonplace words, commonplace thoughts, not quite political arguments, because for Dildon proof of a role in this sinister enterprise. Did Bill Kristol, publisher of The Weekly Standard, (a masthead, Dildon thinks, of this kind of reasoning) call for the "reeducation" of American politics? Put him in the plot, as a possible felon. What else could such a word mean in this context than a secret signal to promote coquettish thinking? And what could the "elves" be, criminal figures, beat on destroying the government?

What Dildon finds shocking is not the charges made against Clinton, or his lies about them, but the way in which the evidence was found. She thought Bork should not have pursued the Bill Clinton people gave him, but the sources themselves, who, she believes, were the "real story"? She wanted him to consider "the possibility of connections," to say bluntly, "You got to truth via Willey. You got to Willey via the Jones defense team. Who gains here? Who wants what out? Why?" Bork did consider this, but claimed it as largely irrelevant: "I have cared less about their motives or their ultimate goal. My interest in them was really quite simple. . . . Was the stuff they were telling me true?"

Dildon shows no interest in this last question, though of course it makes all the difference.

If the "elves" were spreading false stories, they are crooks, and they belong in prison. If they were not, they do something quite different: a "complicity" to tell the truth. There are of course some of Clinton's friends who think this is a truth that should not ever be told. Clinton's lies do not really matter, because as they see it, effective merely permissible play. But this Skirts the fact that the crimes made about the President.

press. Dupes as they are, they name them one another — Al Hunt, Sally Quinn, Andrea Mitchell, Charlie Roberts, Daniel Booker, even George Stephanopoulos—all of whom stood up to the plate to record their convictions that it was Clinton himself who had been the real problem, who had brought his trouble down upon others. Whether or not they had liked his karaoke, whether or not they had favored conviction, they had remained stunned by him and his actions, failing to notice, much less report on, the constitutional restraints right under their eyes. How could they, she asks, not see the "real story"? — that the Constitution was on the brink of extinction, attacked by the legal and scholarly community, the Democratic Congress and the republican majority, elected on thecolo"[

There she has it! The press was protecting its access to sources, which it would lose if the right wing takes over, which she thinks will happen quite soon. And how does she know this? The crowd at the Mayflower Hotel looked upbeat and happy.

If this is not clear to you, it is perhaps because you have not been paying attention, in this last year of tumult, to what the most brilliant minds in the arts and literature have had to say about a pressing issue of our time. In fact, it is not the journalists who have covered the story, but the participants of Dildon's class who have been the President's staunchest defenders: sometimes, it sounds, his only defenders, as it became clear that the editor's decision to approve his performance, even being willing to lift a finger in the man's support."

With sympathy and respect, I point out that Gordon Wood's The Puritan Conscience, Thomas' Politics of Religion, and William Storable invoke the moral authority of the man, the late Frederick Nietzsche, a Nazi collaborator during World War II. The novelist Jane Smiley compared Clinton favorably to the wim Document successfully made it to the office of first black president,Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president, Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president, Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president, Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president, Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president, Novelist Mary Gordon denounced the symbolic lynching of our first black president. The theme raised in Selon magazine. Short-story writer Lizzie Wrote in the New Yorker, "This is one of the most important books of our time, which has been written and published in a time when the United States is at war."

Are there three thinking people in American politics who do not think that the Democrats would be in better shape than they are now had not pushed Clinton out when the scandal first started, and faced the millennium with a squawky-dread incumbent already in place? Being presidential, instead of stirring to seem so? And, not quite to be behind in the polls? Some coup!

One of the things that has most ruffled Dildon has been the co-opting of the mainstream press. Dupes as they are, they name them one another — Al Hunt, Sally Quinn, Andrea Mitchell, Charlie Roberts, Daniel Booker, even George Stephanopoulos—all of whom stood up to the plate to record their convictions that it was Clinton himself who had been the real problem, who had brought his trouble down upon others. Whether or not they had liked his karaoke, whether or not they had favored conviction, they had remained stunned by him and his actions, failing to notice, much less report on, the constitutional restraints right under their eyes. How could they, she asks, not see the "real story"? — that the Constitution was on the brink of extinction, attacked by the legal and scholarly community, the Democratic Congress and the republican majority, elected on thecolo"[

This repositioning of thought, and means of expression, suggests the presence here of two witty, sins—plagiarism and/or literary plagiary and/or willful informity, of belonging to what
Roger Kimball in the Wall Street Journal has called "a herd of independent minds." A fixation by this crew upon cool Jack Kennedy might have been plausible; the man actually read Norman Mailer, one of their own, after all. But why the herd should adhere to a bore who lies, whines, and swills with the grossly appeal of a carnival Barker, and whose taste is all Grubman? And why is Joan Didion here?

Jane Smiley, it seems was always an idiot; she hates George Bush for pursuing the Gulf War, and cannot forgive many John Kennedy for frightening her with the missile crisis when she was a girl. But Joan Didion once had been something quite different: a huge, cutting talent, with an elegant style and — more important — a tough, steely mind. By 1979, she had published four books, three of them stunning: two collections of essays Staring Toward Bethlehem, and The White Album, and Play It As It Lays, a glittering small jewel of a novel, that said more with less words than any prose work written in English since F. Scott Fitzgerald. Didion's prose was described best as "graceless," and she was at her best in dissecting pretention and fables. She was never quite a political writer, in the sense of an interest in mainstream campaigns and elections, but she was an observer of sorts of the cause, cut, and movement; the group that seemed fueled not by ideas but by feelings, the futile movements of the left and right. Thus she wrote in 1965 about Joan Baez's Institute for the Study of Nonviolence; in 1967 about a Stalinist-Maoist living and working in Southern California; about hippies on Haight Street; about Hollywood liberals; about feminism in 1972. She was "interested in the revolution but the revolutionary." In the odd bits of need that drove public positions.

She was a specialist in the illusions of the extremely well-meaning: the moral pretensions of actors and writers, the trendy conformisms of the Hollywood set. Thus she had nailed the "dictatorship of good intentions" that ruled liberal Hollywood's "rarity and relevance" of a 1968 rally for Eugene McCarthy at which Styrone and actor Orson Davis had drooned on, to no end, about race. She reviewed the feminists and saw them as children, "converts who want not a revolution, but romance." She was a trenchant detector of pretense and pulley. How did she fail victim herself?

Didion was thirty-four when Play It As It Lays published, and people then looked for great things. But after The White Album, they somehow stopped happening. Each later book was more wryly and melancholy, the prose more diffuse and unfocused; the style more precious, until it verged on self-parody. It grew vague and wordy, until this last essay — a riot of wandering verbigrum, as simple as an unspoken bridge. This once-brilliant woman, who once seemed like no one else, now sounds like everyone: repeating, for the thousandth time, the same tired scene words and metaphors. This woman, who once sought like a hawk upon each slight lapse of logic, it unable to grasp the simplest idea: such as, that when a chief executive lies under oath, it is a serious matter; such as, the truth matters; such as, that it makes no sense to attempt a political quack when success would make the party at which the conspiracy was aimed stronger at the next election; such as, that when many people of different political views — Bill Kristol, Sally Quinn, or David Broder — write in condemning the acts of one person, they are likely to be motivated not by political interests, but by a consensus for common decency and common sense.

But common sense is missing from Didion's musing, as is common decency: an odd turn of events for a woman who once wrote that "people with self-respect have the courage of their mistakes. They know the price of things. If they choose to commit adultery, they do not then go running...to receive absolution from the wronged parties, nor do they complain endlessly of the unfairness, the undeserved embarrassment, of being named co-resident...character — the willingness to accept responsibility for one's own life — is the source from which self-respect springs." A perfect description of the man who now is defense.

What happened with her? Perhaps there was always an inner fanatic, a link of the soul with the oldballs she covered, that now has co-opted the whole. As she wrote in her piece on the Maoist activists — 'Comrade Liap, CPUSA' — "I am comfortable with the Michael Laskis of this world, with those who live outside rather than in, with those in whom the sense of doubt is so acute that they turn to extreme and doomed commitments...I know something about dread myself, and appreciate the elaborate system with which some people manage to fill the void...The world Michael Laski had constructed for himself was one of labyrinthine intricacy and ultimate clarity; a world meant meaningful not only by high purpose, but by external and internal threats. Threats, such as vast flight-wing conspiracies, to impose theocracies on the American people, through the means of...Al Gore."

Didion, it turns out, was too comfortable with people like these, so much so that she now has become them. An unhappy fate for our once Next Great Writer, for a daughter of the Golden Dream.
Paradise Lost Again

The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead: A Historical Analysis of Her Samoan Research

by Derek Freeman (Westview Press, 1999, 277 pp., $24.00)

Reviewed by Eric Gans

MARGARET MEAD'S COMING OF AGE IN SAMOAN, FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1928, HAS LONG BEEN A CLASSIC, INDEED, THE CLASSIC, OF AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGY, A ONE ETHNOLOGICAL MONOGRAPH READ AND LOVED BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC. FOUR GENERATIONS HAVE BEEN ENTHRALLED BY MEAD'S PORTRAIT OF FEMALE ADOLESCENCE IN A TROPICAL PARADISE OF FREE-SPIRITED SEXUALITY.

FAMILIARITY WITH SEX, AND THE RECOGNITION OF A NEED FOR A TECHNIQUE TO DEAL WITH SEX AS AN ART, HAVE PRODUCED A SCHEME OF PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS IN WHICH THERE ARE NO NEUROTIC PICTURES, NO FRIGIDITY, NO INDIFFERENCE, EXCEPT AS THE TEMPORARY RESULT OF SOME ILL-HEALTH, AND THE CAPACITY FOR INTERCOURSE ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME, COUNTED AS SEASONS... THE GIRLS' MOTHERS WERE PREFERED TO SERVICES, IN THE SAME WAY THAT THOSE OF THEIR DAUGHTERS WERE PREFERED.

But in 1983, nearly five years after Mead's death, Derek Freeman, a New Zealand specialist in Samoan ethnography, published Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropic Myth, attacking the foundations of Mead's research and severely damaging her credibility. Freeman quoted in the evidence of his own extensive fieldwork that Mead's desire to please her mentor Franz Boas had led her to draw an erroneous, although not deliberately fraudulent, picture of Samoa as an exception to the biologically determined "rule" that adolescence is a time of conflict. Although the anthropological establishment has by and large defended Mead against Freeman's charges, the "Mead-Freeman controversy" continues to rage. An Australian play (Heterosexual Based on the Life of Derek Freeman) has even been written and performed to celebrate Freeman's "hysteria."

Now in his eighties, Freeman has reinforced his position with a second book concerned less with proving Mead wrong than with explaining how she came to paint so false a portrait. As its title suggests, The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead focuses on a "smoking gun" in the form of a public declaration in 1967 by the taupou (ceremonial virgin priestess) of La'au, one of Mead's former Samoan companions, that on March 13, 1926, she and a friend "snatched" Mead into believing that Samoa girls engaged in constant and guiltless sexual activity. What I find most valuable in Freeman's book is the careful chronological reconstruction, based on access to Mead's field notes and correspondence, of her activities before, during, and after her brief stay in Samoa in 1925-26. Mead's cavalier disregard for statistics and taste for unjustified generalization had already been proved by Martin Ornes in his 1986 volume Not Even Wrong/Margaret Mead, Derek Freeman and the Samoans. Ornes' anecdotal analysis of Mead's field notes lends the detailed chronology of Freeman's new book, which makes clear how shallow was Mead's knowledge of the Samoan people and their tradition. It is not a concession to PC to Freeman on the arrogance of Mead's claim that in contrast to "complicated civilizations like those of Europe" that require "years of study," "a trained student can master this fundamental aspect of a primitive society in a few months."

Freeman describes in revealing detail Mead's disinterest in Mead's credentials to sit on her fellowship project on adolescent girls (the source of her funding) and not to engage in general Samoan ethnography, her refusal to live with a Samoan family for reasons of clair and personal convenience, her various side-trips, and her early departure. Overall Mead spent only about five months in Samoa, the site of her Samoan research (she had previously spent a little over two months in Pago Pago studying the Samoan language). Subsequently for illnesses, side-trips, ethnological activities, reading correspondence, and writing letters, Freeman concludes that "is a total of not more than four or five weeks" could have been spent on the annotated study of adolescent girls that would have been the principal subject of Mead's research if Mead had diligently for three years and her haste to leave the scope of her research work seem to reflect a desire to base her written report on a maximum of comparable information rather than risk getting bogged down in a more nuanced analysis of a larger quantity of data. Yet even the limited data that she collected is far from justifying her sweeping conclusions.

Freeman's chronicle follows Coming of Age through its comparison on Mead's return to New York, a picture of Samoa, and ultimate conclusion in what he calls "the myth process." In an afterward, Freeman replies to those who have reproached him with publishing his first book only after Mead's death to have previously corresponded with Mead, and his offer in 1978 to show Mead an early draft of the book arrived during what was to be her final illness. Also included in an appendix to the revealing exchange of letters between Mead and Boas relating to her Samoan research.

Freeman's assessment of the theoretical lesson of his confrontation with Mead is eloquently and movingly expressed in his avowed intention to "open the way" for "behoosh" because it was "presumed to find evidence that we are wholly determined by our cultural circumstances rather than by our biological nature."

The substance of his argument, developed more fully in earlier volumes, begins with the explanation that Boas' insistence on culture as the sole determinant of human difference was a welcome defense of the brotherhood of man. But in his striving to provide the cultural antithesis to the biological thesis, Boas ended in the opposite direction. Mead entered the equation as an inexperienced researcher inspired by a naive loyalty to Boas to seek an exception to biologically conditioned adolescent turmoil that would confirm the master's notion of cultural determinism. For Freeman, Mead's erroneous vision of Samoan adolescent sexuality as without conflict or repression was ultimately prompted by an unscientific subordination of biological imperative to cultural form, of "nature" to "nurture."

To what can we attribute the unique popularity and influence of Coming of Age in Samoa? To quote Freeman:

"An extraordinary accomplishment" in "the domain of the erotic... in the world of... Frederic O'Brien... it was also vouched for as a "painting investigation" by "the most eminent anthropologist in America," Professor Boas of Columbia University.

In other words, what is unique about Mead's book is that it offers the lay reader a scientific guarantee—otherwise unjustified—that there exists a land where adolescent sexuality, more specifically, adolescent female sexuality, is without conflict. It is no coincidence that a paradise of sexually available female adolescents is the dominant setting for Mead's pornography. These public girls on whom every culture, Samoa or other, depends for its self-reproduction and thus for its survival are the privileged objects of sexual desire, protected as such against unwanted mates by both external and internal restraints. Among the latter, we find the valorization of virginity instilled in Samoa by both Christian pastors and native tradition. But the most obvious obstacle to free sex even in the absence of societal controls and values is the woman's own moralistic or quiescent resistance to the man's desire as a result of her awareness of her own unresponsiveness. Mead's extraordinary success reflects her purportedly objective confirmation of the erotic dream of young female sexuality endlessly offering itself to male desire without ever becoming caught up in the infernal dialectic of all desire, not even to speak of the danger of conception. This is the "innocence" that readers have found to have lasted sixty years in Mead's account of Samoa adolescence.

Mead's utopian vision is not limited to the sexual sphere. Like the world community of Rousseau's Discourse on the Origin of Inequality, Mead's Samoa is a paradise world without passion or violence in which desire comes into existence only to be immediately satisfied, reabsorbed, and satisfied again in an ascending blissful cycle. Even in the absence of the two final chapters (added at the suggestion of Mead's publishers, William Morrow) that favorably compared the supposedly free adolescent sex of the analogy-riden youth of modern America, Mead's book lends resonance to the mythic contrast between an unspotted "natural" form of human existence and the "unnatural" lifestyles of modern society.

Although the cult of the virginity of noble girls has deep roots in biology, what is really destined in Mead's "cultural analysis" is not nature but culture. The source of human conflict,
whether at adolescence or any other time, is not "natural" appetite but desire, which is always mediatised through culture. Freeman showed repeatedly in MMS that where Mead sees simple absence of competitive attitudes—"The young man must never excel his fellows by more than a little"—there is really an elaborate repression of potential emotions. The refusal of competition that Mead observes reflects the same cultural trait as the competitiveness on which Freeman remarks. Self-control and forms of politeness are signs of a lack of emotional tenure but the opposite. No doubt it is of interest to compare the incidence of violence in different societies—Freeman points out in his first book that, contrary to Mead's affirmation, rape is particularly common in Samoa. But our underlying theory of culture makes clear that even the absence of violence is not due to a lack of violent emotion but to superior means of controlling it. All human societies must deal with the problem of desire, irrefrangible to "need" and fundamentally instable. Like all desire, sexual desire has biological roots, but its violence, and the force with which it is repressed before it can manifest itself overtly as violence, are functions of culture. To claim that adolescence or any other age is Samoan is devoid of literal content is to deny a human reality that is not primarily biological but cultural.

In view of the persuasiveness of Freeman's conclusions about Mead's preoccupations on the one hand and her ethnographic methods on the other, I find it unfortunate that he has decided to dramatise his critique by focusing on—and constantly reminding us of—Mead's "hoaxing" by a pair of young women on a single day in 1926. Mead never mentioned these women as informants in her field notebooks and although she belittled the importance of virginity elsewhere in Samoa culture she was too well aware of the importance still accorded to the tapuna's virginity to have believed that the tapuna Fu'apua'a Fa'amau was telling the truth when she claimed, according to her 1987 conversation, that "we spend our nights with boys." If this incident contributed at all to Mead's description of Samoan adolescence, it was no doubt less because of her confidence in its purported truth than because she took it as reflecting the culture's underlying attitude of sexual laxity. By insisting so much on a single conversation when Fu'apua'a herself in a later interview claimed that the "hoaxing" was done over an extended period (Quen, Not Even Wrong p. 94, citing the Samoan Times, May 21, 1933), Freeman leaves himself open to facile rebuttals—a number have appeared in response to his earlier papers on the matter—that avoid confronting the real substance of his argument.

The disparity between Mead's own fieldnotes (or, indeed, the text of Coming of Age itself, which describes both adolescent conflicts and many cases of virginity prolonged until marriage), and the sweeping affirmations of sexual freedom quoted above gives evidence that Mead did not need to be "hoaxing" into making these affirmations. Nor need we accuse her of deliberately misleading her readers. The simplest explanation is that, in her desire to lend her theories to theory and to Boss, Mead sought not the statistical confirmation warranted by an empirical study but the exemplification of a "cultural pattern," to use the expression that Mead's friend and fellow Hawaiian Ruth Benedict would later make famous. The counterexamples that Mead records and even discusses are not held to contradict the overall "pattern" of behavior. In short, once a "pattern" is chosen, it is essentially indefensible by the data—whence Quen's description of Mead's work as Not Even Wrong.

The long-term pernicious effect of Mead's book has little to do with the relative degree to which adolescence is or is not troubled in Samoa and in the United States. Both the "culture-pattern" controversy and the obsession with adolescent psychology that formed the context for her work have since subsided. But despite Mead's express recognition of the advantage of advanced civilization's "recognition of many possible ways of life" over the "one way of life" of Samoa, her book has been a major source of reinforcement for the Rousseauian myth of the natural harmony of desire, along with its uglier corollary, the blank check offered to resentment against modernity in general and Western market society in particular. Although professional ethnographers have taken Mead's book less seriously than the general public, its enormous popular success has nonetheless influenced academic anthropology in the direction not merely of cultural relativism but of the active mistrust of Western civilization that continues to pervert the sober social sciences. By puncturing this book's utopian myth, Freeman has helped to free us from a lie a great deal more pernicious than anything a couple of Samoan girls could possibly have told Margaret Mead.

Eric Gans teaches at UCLA and writes widely on issues of culture.
Court Rules Landlord Must Pay Tenant's Medical Bill
by Judith Schumann Weizner

The Second Federal District Court has ruled that Carmine Albertagore, a diminutive 81-year-old widower, must pay medical expenses and compensation for injuries incurred by his boarder, Thomas Fresner, when Fresner bit into a Heftyboy Hamburger in Albertagore's kitchen and broke a tooth, which he subsequently inhaled.

Following several heroic but unsuccessful attempts by Mr. Albertagore to perform the Heftyboy maneuver, Mr. Fresner was rushed to West Side Medical Administration Hospital's emergency room, where the tooth, which contained a silver-mercury filling, was dislodged from his cheek. Mr. Fresner was released from the hospital the following day, but suffered a permanent change of vocal quality due to damage to his vocal cords caused by the sharp edges of the filling.

One week later, Mr. Fresner filed suit against Mr. Albertagore.

In a pre-trial motion, Mr. Albertagore's lawyer sought to have the case against his client dismissed, arguing that Mr. Fresner's wrath would be more propitiously directed against Heftyboy Hamburger Heaven, where the offending meat patty had been purchased. He argued that, aside from having paid for the hamburger, Mr. Albertagore's only part in the unfortunate incident was that he had chosen to bring it back to his house before eating it.

The court ruled that the suit could proceed because Mr. Fresner had come to live with Mr. Albertagore under Title 19 of the Federal Civil Rights Restoration Act of 1998.

At the trial, Mr. Albertagore argued that Mr. Fresner's injuries had been caused by his own negligence, testifying that Mr. Fresner had often complained about the tooth, that on many occasions he had advised him to consult a dentist and had offered to recommend one, but that Mr. Fresner had indicated he was afraid of dentists, having received the filling at his first and only dental visit.

Mr. Fresner admitted that he had failed to follow his tenant's advice, but argued that this fact was immaterial because Section 8, paragraph 72.3 clearly makes a landlord responsible for the physical well-being of his tenant.

Mr. Albertagore testified that he had complied fully with Section 8, having offered his advice to Mr. Fresner as part of the landlord-tenant relationship as defined by Section 8, paragraph 72.3, which states that "the owner or primary lessor of a premises must offer such counsel as is necessary to effect the well-being of his guest(s) and must exercise due diligence in following up on said counsel until ... the said guest(s) have achieved a mutually satisfactory level of well-being." He explained that, as Mr. Fresner had obviously perceived his well-being as not including a dental appointment, and had expressed his opposition to such an appointment most emphatically, he had had no choice but to consider that further insistence on the matter might distress Mr. Fresner, that putting him in violation of paragraph 73.3 of the same sec-

While it addresses a wide assortment of commercial situations in which civility is a likely casualty, one of its key elements is its effort to improve the relationship between landlord and tenant in housing with fewer than four rooms. The landlord resides on site. Statists show this to be a traditionally difficult relationship between people of conflicting interests who live in close proximity. In order to reduce some of the tensions that often compromise these relationships, the law requires landlords to take an active interest in their tenants' lives, making sure that they get to work on time, or on their days off, making sure that they can sleep late undisturbed. They are also obliged to provide recommendations for any services their tenants might require, such as doctors, lawyers and other mechanics, and must retain one of the Civility Counselors provided for under Chapter 6, Paragraph 22.4. (The American Association of Landlords has recently published a list of recommendations, citing a conflict of interest, as landlords would thereby be forced to provide their tenants with help in lawsuits against themselves. However, Congressional leaders, fearing that the omission would suggest that there might be limits to civility, insisted that lawyers be included as a show of good faith.)

One of the more far-reaching provisions of the law, crafted by Rep. Charles Wiggins of New York, is Title 19, under which Mr. Fresner became a civil rights leader. Title 19, known as "Graciousness Toward the Less Fortunate," requires that anyone living alone in a house or apartment of more than four rooms must have an occupant of an unemployed homeless person. Subject to approval by the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the landlord must then deduct the prospective open market rent from his federal income tax, although not from his state or city taxes. The requirement that at least a Title 19 tenant remain unemployed, his medical expenses are to be paid by his landlord, is intended to cover an effort to retain Medicaid costs. Since Mr. Fresner was still unemployed at the time he inherited the tooth, Mr. Albertagore could be held responsible for his medical expenses.

Mr. Albertagore has requested a new trial on grounds that Judge Tippy More, who decided his case, lives alone in an eight-room apartment on Central Park West, but expects it is unlikely that the Court of Appeals will entertain this motion, as Chapter 92 of the Federal Civil Rights Restoration Act (sometimes referred to as the "Self Your Old Man" clause) condones appeals based on claims of a double standard for the judiciary as leading to the level of societal incivility.

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