REMEMBERING THE REVOLUTION

The three women entering the Crockier Bank in Carmichael, California, a Sacramento suburb, on a warm Monday morning in April, 1975, thought it odd that a foursome entering at the same time should be so heavily dressed, as though for hunting. Once inside, it became clear that they were indeed hunting. The four pulled masks over their faces, drew guns, and the leader, a woman, began screaming.

"Down on the floor you motherfucker! Get those noses off the carpet!"

Startled patrons and bank workers dropped to the floor as fast as they could, but the shrieked commands left Myrna Opsahl, one of the three who had come to deposit funds from her church, in shock. She was a 42-year-old mother of four, married to Trygve Opsahl, a physician with whom she had worked on a medical mission in Trinidad. Before she could join her companions in the prone position, one of the heavily dressed bank robbers leveled a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun at her and rooked the woman with a blast that ripped open her torso. Mrs. Opsahl crumpled to the floor, her life bleeding away, as the foursome began looting the bank in Bonnie-and-Clyde style, while one kept time with a wristwatch.

"Where's the traveler's checks?" demanded one, in a southern drawl, before methodically emptying the cash drawers, including two at the drive-through window. In the process, a pregnant teller received a kick that sent her into premature labor.

When Myrna's companions craned to see if she was still alive, the robbers kicked them and told them to stay down. They grabbed $15,000 and fled, leaving a trail of gun casings, and Myrna Opsahl.

An ambulance sped the victim to American River Hospital, where her husband Trygve worked as a surgeon. He rushed to the operating table but by the time he got there Myrna was dead.

At first few realized the bank hit was the work of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA). The group, whose symbol was a seven-headed cobra, assassinated Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster, engaged in a series of robberies, and kidnapped Patty Hearst. As it happened, the newspaper heiress, now SLA soldier "Tania," had been assigned to one of the get-away cars that day. According to Patty's later published account, the four SLA soldiers looting the bank were Kathy Soliah, Jim Kilgore, Michael Bortin, Bill Harris, and Emily Harris, the "operations officer" who gunned down Myrna Opsahl.

"She's dead but it doesn't matter," said Emily Harris, back at the T Street safe house. "She's a bourgeois pig. Her husband is a doctor."

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THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION MEETS HEART OF DARKNESS
by Glyn Cusred

Some 5,500 anthropologists converged on San Francisco in November to attend the annual meetings of the American Anthropological Association. Attendees were offered a menu of 3,100 papers on topics such as "The Inevitable Sightlessness of Meaning," "Post-hominin Organizationalities, Curation of Polyphonic Subjects" and "Do It Yourself Hip Hop." Participants also heard presentations such as "Belly Dancing as the New Feminism" and "Gender in the Anthropology of Science: It May Be Different But It Definitely Ain't Over," along with at least one contribution with practical application: "When He Cooks: Cookery Instruction for Husbands." There were also sessions on the usual faddish and loopy academic subjects.

("Contested Publics and Queered Places" which included papers such as "Amino and Amor: Queering Metaphysics in Post-Sandinista Nicaragua," Race and ethnicity were also addressed as seen in "Who Will Abolish Race?" and "Performing Multicultural Day: Teenage Productions of Gender, Ethnicity and Style in Silicon Valley High Schools." The profession's place in the political struggles shaping the larger world was by no means forgotten as seen in sessions like "Soak the Bank' and 'The Battle in Seattle': Does Anthropology Have a Social Responsibility in a Global World?"

But while it may have seemed like more of the same in the self-parodying world of academia, there was something unusual about the meetings this year, in fact something downright alarming to its participants. The

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A Letter to Our Readers

It is with a melancholy sense of regret but a pride in having fought the good fight that we inform you that this will be the last issue of Heterodox.

We published our first issue eight years ago, in April 1993, shortly after the inauguration of Bill Clinton, seeing in that baleful event a reflection on the national scene of the political nihilism already taking place in the nation's universities, where toxins were being generated that leaked out into popular and political culture and made us all sick. It is fitting that we close up shop now with the inauguration of George W. Bush and the final revelation of the ways in which Clinton, temporarily retreating to his Harlem bunker, debased our politics and our social life during his final days.

We hope that Heterodox will earn at least an agate type footnote in the history of contemporary journalism for having dealt with all that Clintonism (a cultural even more than a political phenomenon) did to American life. After that first issue, some wag called Heterodox "the cultural equivalent of a drive-by shooting." We did not shrink from this definition. Our existence was based on the assumption that leftist had become the dominant social and cultural force in post-Vietnam America and that this malignant development allowed a publication such as the one we envisioned to vigorously rally the counter culture comprised of those appalled by the dada seeping maceriously out of the groves of academe. Being forced to live in the delayed triumph of the '60s-in-the-'90s was often depressing, but it offered an opportunity to a publication that would take on an identity somewhat like that of the underground press during the actual '60s—kicking at the shins of the new (in this case liberal) establishment, revealing its dirty little secrets, ventilating its absurdities and pretenses and its strategies for total victory in every sphere of our national life. The culture wars had begun, and we saw Heterodoxy as a sort of journal de combat to rally the troops in the trenches. We saw our mission as consistent with Mencken's famous definition of journalism: comforting the oppressed and oppressing the comfortable.

We believe we made the commissars of correctness tremble just a little bit during our time. We were distributed on the occupied campuses of this country like samizdat. We published features such as "The 10 Wackiest Feminists" that drove our rapidly growing corps of enemies up the wall. Our issues were often confiscated and destroyed—a sure sign that we were having an impact. Our cup ran over.

We showed how the toxic waste sites of higher education, a decaying rubble of deconstructionism and race-class-gender ideology which functioned as the academic equivalent of the Hitler-Stalin Paet, was affecting (and affecting) the broader world. We took it upon ourselves to scrounge political correctness—now a joke but a forceful movement when we started publication. We gradually realized that our early focus on the universities was naive because the contagions incubated there had spread into our legal and political and even military institutions, into our schools (the Rainbow Curriculum), into our churches, and into the world of entertainment. We recalibrated our gun sights and took all these abuses to be our province.

We believed that magazines, like the people who run them, can count themselves rich by the number of enemies they make. Our enemies were numerous indeed—university bureaucrats hoping to conduct their pacification campaigns in the dark; filmmakers trying to mythologize groups of thugs such as the Black Panthers, the malicious number-crunchers with their schemes of affirmative racism; hateful demagogues like the late and unlamented Khalid Muhammed; the demented feminists who keep claiming that Superbowl Sunday is a national day of spousal abuse, and that Janie is being elbowed out of the classroom limelight and into marginality by sexist little Johnny.

We acquired some unique assets along the way—John Ellis, who made our book review page the one place in the magazine that had to be taken seriously; Carl Moore, whose cartoons of Bill and Hill will someday be regarded as a time capsule of their joint assault on American values and sensibility; Judith Weizner, whose satirical pieces on the back page were indeed stranger than fact and so dead on in their skewering of the possible that they fooled commentators ranging from Paul Harvey to David Brinkley into treating them, as reporting.

We stop publication now not because the battle is won but because we feel that a punctuation point has been reached. The Clintons, as close to Faulkner's Snopeses as our political system is likely to see, have retreated to their New York redoubt. There is a new sense of optimism on the political scene. Purveyors of political correctness are acknowledged as absurd and part of a stigmatized profession. It may not be the best of times, but it is no longer the worst of times. And it is time for us to move on.

We had fun. We killed more of them than they killed of us. We continue to wage war by other means on frontpagemagazine.com. See you there.

— The Editors
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

HOLDEN CAULFIELD, OPPRESSOR: Political correctness, like certain historical events, is first tragedy and then farce. Now, it is Catcher in the Rye, for two generations a handbook for teen angst and scorn for The System, fails to meet the test of multiculturalism and Holden Caulfield has become just another white male. A recent article in the Washington Post quotes Michael Moore, director of the literature commission for the National Council of Teachers of English, as calling Salinger's hero a "white, privileged male."

And a teacher named Frazier O'Leary added, "I have a limited number of books that I really teach, and most of the ones I teach are by minority authors. I think it's important that they understand that someone who is like them can become a famous author." At many schools, Catcher in the Rye have been replaced by titles such as Michael Derris's A Yellow Raft in Blue Water, Amy Tan's The Joy Luck Club, Toni Morrison's Song of Solomon and Gabriel Garcia Marquez's 100 Years of Solitude. The phones are in control, as Holden himself might have said, and as Holden is need a time as any to be alienated.

BLACK-WHITE-ASIAN LIKE MB: The 2000 Census, released in early March, had one ray of hope. It gave Americans their first opportunity to check the box for more than one race. In fact there were a total of 37 new categories with anywhere from two to six races. (Like the Tiger Woods formula: black-asian-white, etc.) Only an estimated 4 percent of Americans identified themselves as multiracial in 2000, but even this paltry (and wholly inaccurate) figure put us on the road to realization that we are all members of some group other than the human race. The multiple-race census was opposed by groups such as the NAACP, which is more wedded to the concept of race than at any time in its long career. There is an undiscovered country "beyond race," but the civil rights professionals will be the last ones to journey toward this promised land. They prefer to run in place, dithering about reparations, while the people move on.

COMPELLARY MISERATION: In early March, the San Francisco Board of Education urged its high school students to skip school to show support for its pet cause: affirmative action. The board unanimously approved an emergency resolution allowing students to volunteer to be bussed to the University of California at Berkeley for a noontime "Day of Action" demonstration at Sproul Plaza called by UC students and faculty still fighting the Regents' 1995 decision to scrap race preferences in admissions and still unable just to get over it. San Francisco school board member Mark Sanchez, who wrote the resolution supporting the Day of Action, said: I don't think it's contrived to say that this is a history lesson for the kids. It's more hands-on than they'll get in the classroom. It's certainly the sort of field trip I wished I had growing up. I want as many kids there as possible." To this fatuousness, UC Regent Ward Connerly replied: "I didn't know the academic achievement of students in the San Francisco school district were so great that they could afford to lose a day from SAT would mean more black admissions appears based on the expectation that it would clear the way for covert reintroduction of racial preferences.

HAIL AND FAREWELL: As Bill Clinton was leaving office and George Bush was giving his inaugural speech, Christopher Hitchens who, although a columnist for the repulsive Nation magazine, is the most trenchant analyst of Clintonism, bid us remember who we were losing. "The first presidential candidate to conduct a photo-op execution during the New Hampshire primary. The first president to be credibly accused of rape (and to refuse comment on the charge). The first president to face proceedings for perjury. The first president to pay money to an aggrieved female former subordinate. The first president to have franchised the Lincoln bedroom as a means of fund-raising. The first president to have defined the Oval Office as private property. The first president to have kept another president waiting as he used the above, property privately. The first president to issue a public apology for something he did not admit to having done. The first president to have claimed not to watch his own impeachment hearings. The first president, or even human being, to say that he had a climax and she felt nothing, so it wasn't sex." And Hitchens was writing before it was revealed that Clinton was the first president to allow his staff to trash the White House. The first president to systematically loot White House property his staff had not touched. And the first president to issue pardons as part of an extended family business, and, while soliciting his status as America's first black president claim that it was the Jews who had forced him to grant the most egregious of these pardons.

REMEMBERING THE ALAMO: The annual celebrations of Texas Independence Day again took place on college campuses across the Lone Star state. Several years ago, UT-Austin substantially cut back on its large public celebration of Texas Independence Day after pressure was brought by the student group Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán (MEChA), which advocates returning Texas and other southwestern states to Mexico. On its website, MEChA declares, "Por La Raza todo, Fuera de La Raza nada." This burst of Spanglish translates into "our race everything and for other races nothing." The MEChA website also declares that Mexican-Americans are "people whose time has come and who struggles against the foreigner gabacho who exploits our riches and destroys our culture."
Politically Seasick on a Nation Cruise

Ship of Fools

by Paul Mulshine

The room would fall silent. Williams would launch into an anthology of all the cliches in the purview of the public intellectual. Her main clauses would spring subordinate clauses which would give birth to subordinate clauses of their own. The sense of these sentences was impossible to deduce. It didn’t matter. When she stopped, Williams would get a round of applause that bordered on standing ovation.

The white speakers, regularly get hostile questions from audiencemembers. Not Williams. Her words went unchallenged.

The Nation readers are not doing Williams any favors with their unquestioning acquiescence. They are destroying her the feedback she would need if she is ever to become a competent writer and thinker.

Because I am a journalist, I refrained from commenting during any of the sessions themselves, but at the dinner table I felt free to speak my mind.

Did any of you notice that Patricia Williams sounds like a blustering idiot?” I asked after the first session.

This shocked my fellow editors. They replied that they found her musings on racism in America quite convincing.

“Well, then, what did she say?” I asked.

One pleasant, gray-haired lady replied, “She was saying that while people have to recognize the long history of racism in America.”

Perhaps. But that’s one simple sentence.

Why did it take Williams three minutes to say it?”

One morning, I brought my tape recorder and my stopwatch to the seminar: The topic was the environment. There was no obvious race angle, so Williams kept quiet until an audience member mentioned the growing cuisines caused by “unwanted” children. Oops. That gave Williams an opening, I set my stopwatch as Williams began her critique on the problems that occur when “you privilege the wanted population over the unwanted population.”

The sound was that of a great mind at work, but the actual words revealed a piddling mind going in circles. An excerpt “The use of the terms ‘wanted’ and ‘unwanted’ translates itself into the language of ‘desired’ and ‘undesired.’” If it’s a diplologist has ever been uttered by a public speaker than I am not aware of it. This made no difference to the audience; however. Three minutes and 20 seconds after she began her tirade, Williams finished to a round of applause that would have rocked the boat. It had not already blown rocking. The people who invited her out, this cruise clearly wanted a token black person. Too bad they didn’t invite a token Republican as well. For example, I would have punctured the silliness by observing “Patriots; that is the highest form of hypocrisy.”

The room would fall silent. Williams would launch into an anthology of all the cliches in the repertory of the public intellectual. Her main clauses would spring subordinate clauses which would give birth to subordinate clauses of their own. The sense of these sentences was impossible to deduce. It didn’t matter. When she stopped, Williams would get a round of applause that bordered on standing ovation.

There was more nostalgia for the Old South among this crowd than you’d find at a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Perhaps the loudest applause of the entire cruise came when the antique studio Technic told a story about a former Ku Klux Klan member who’d seen the light and become a labor organizer. That connected the two themes most beloved by the approachable 300 old folks who’d signed on for the cruise—racism and workers.

But then, these old folks were really old. At 30, I was among the youngest of the Nation cruisers. This is partly because the Nation is a magazine that is stuck in the past but it’s also because young people don’t have the time and salary to go on luxury cruises. The trip for a week on the M.S. Symphonie with the Nation was about $2,500.

This is a source of some consternation to the magazine, which prides itself on representing the proletariat. So it was particularly amazing when a New York Times reporter came on board midway through the cruise and interviewed Nation publisher Victor Navasky.

The reporter, a woman by the name of Alex Kozakiewicz, wrote, “One of the highlights of The Nation cruises is Mr. Navasky was inspired by the success of a similar cruise program run by National Review, which is as right-wing as The Nation is left-wing the program, run by a columnist, was selected by the National Review, which is as right-wing as The Nation is left-wing. The Nation, as a left-wing organization, that was surprising.”

She quoted the response of Navasky: “My gosh, I didn’t ever realize that.”

Right.

It didn’t take me long to get tired of dining with New Yorkers who would in one breath express their solidarity with the wretched of the earth and in the next breath talk about their summer houses by the beach. Especially when I realized their summer houses by the beach and not about four times in much as my summer house by the beach—which this happens to be my fall, winter, and spring house.

Still, there’s nothing wrong with being rich. In fact, it is a wonderful thing. Since I am a typical suburban fisher with school-age kids, the only cruise I could normally afford would be on the Staten Island ferry. So it was wonderful to present for a week that I was a rich guy. The ambience on a large vessel, plying through Caribbean waters is an immensely satisfying one. I never got tired of taking the elevator to the top deck and watching the waves crashing, nine stories below. I don’t think nothing quite like being able to indulge in fantasies of adventure on the high seas while also indulging in 24-hour room service and gourmet dining.

It would have been perfect but for my
need to periodically snap on my Nation name tag and just be as other cruisers with their names and home towns displayed on their chests. The ultimate indignity was that these characters would assume I was one of them and ask questions like, "How do I tell the way the Republicans are trying to steal votes in Florida?"

It happened that the cruise was scheduled for the first week in October, the same week when the Florida election drama reached its climax. The cruisers were convinced to a person that the Republicans were stealing the election. I would have to tell them that election theft is an art form perfected by the Democrats, in my newspaper's home state of Nebraska, for example, the party bosses make a habit of jamming toothpicks into the cruisers so the Republicans never cannot be depressed.

But these Nation cruisers were, as I said, almost criminally naive. This was proven by an anecdote that penciled Molly Ivins offered during a discussion on the get-out-the-vote campaign. She described how, at noon on Election Day in Massachusetts, the Democrats realized that neighboring New Hampshire was still up for grabs. So Teddy Kennedy and the mayor of Boston quickly decided to let government workers in Massachusetts off early only because many live in New Hampshire and would presumably vote the Democratic ticket.

If the Republicans had done this sort of thing in Florida, the render of the Nation would have been calling for instruments when Ivins finished the story about what she termed "the brilliant ground war" of the labor unions, they applauded.

About the only interesting comment I heard during the week concerned the behavior of the writer Christopher Hitchens on the prior year's cruise. To hear the cruisers tell it, Hitchens spent most of the cruise alternately swaying from a bottle of Scotch and insulting the fellow cruisers. This is the sort of thing, I thought, to one-trund- ed a lot more amusing than watching Toms Hayden drone on about globalisation while avoiding himself of the services of a staff made up largely of non-Americans.

Hitchens may be a leftist himself, but at least he's a leftist not with a European perspective. Which is to say that he has no sorrow for what he calls "the morons" who make up the American left. In a recent Wall Street Journal column on the legacy of Bill Clinton, for example, Hitchens described the president in "the first American president to be credibly accused of rape (and refuse comment on the charge)," and "the first president, or even human being, to say that he had a climax and he felt nothing, so it wasn't sex."

A little bit of that spirit would have done wonders to liven up this cruise. But Hitchens was not present. And the partisans were all Americans and were therefore believers in the absurd notion that it is possible to be both a socialist and an individualist simultaneously. The juvenile level of their erudition was heightened by the argument advanced by a novelist by the name of Barbara Kingsolver. Kingsolver's major theme, I gather, is environmental alarmism. She kept insisting to the audience that the way to understand the truth about the modern world is to read novels, particularly hers.

What was most childish about Kingsolver was her hyperopia on the issue of the cruise itself. An audience member asked her whether it was politically correct for the Nation readers to buy huge amounts of foosball tables. This gave Kingsolver a chance to express some air on her theory about what she calls "the kinship model" of human relations with nature. What this boiled down to was that luxury cruises are okay as long as they are on them. "It's a way of getting at a more profound appreciation that will lead us to protect, for example, those rare seeds, even if no one else can see them.

Barbara Kingsolver

Speaks for herself. Haha. When we got to Cozumel, an island off Mexico, I escaped the Nation crowd and headed to a beach. There I encountered a Mexican surfer named Pedro Mural who rented me a surfboard. I spent the day not only keeping the board but also getting pounded into it by some surprisingly large waves. When I got back to the ship I made a point of telling the Nation people that I'd been surfing all day. I knew this would irritate them. Surfing is probably the most-expected example of what this cruise educes "cultural imperialism." This is the export of American practices that are so much fun that Third World locals abandon their barbaric ways and begin to dress and act like Americans. Pedro was a classic example. Instead of winning by that definition, of course, the current Nation magazine is a playground for bad writers. Here's Walker: "All of our children, because of the white man's assault on the planet, have a possibility of death by cancer in their almost immediate future."

Forget the racism and the bad science. Look at the language. The "almost immediate" future: are the children immediate—or not?—or not. They cannot be immediate. This type of writing comes from a certain type of thinking. The writer wants to show not how brilliant she is but how concerned for humanity she is. Walker does this not because she is a good person but because she is a bad writer. She has no choice.

The problem, as Meekins saw it, was that people who do not understand liberty cannot write intelligent things. He wrote in the Nation in 1923, "It is the first thing and the last thing. So long as it prevails: the thing charming and shocking, the moment it falls the show is a dull and dirty farce."

The current crop of writers, Walter, Falsafi, and that ilk, don't even understand the concept of liberty well enough to know that they are attacking it. The show is a dull and dirty farce.

It was not always so. The Nation used to discover such writers as Hunter S. Thompson, whose 1965 Nation essay on the Hell's Angels reveals an era where the show was still thrilling and stupendous. He was discovered by Carey McWilliams, the magazine's editor from 1923 to 1975.

By coincidence, I happen to have taken courses in political science at Rutgers with his son, a political science professor named also Carey McWilliams. He was the early 1950s, a time when virtually all of the youth of America were living under the same delusion that socialists are great. McWilliams believed in the old cliché: about the revolution, the one that starts that is a good philosophy that was mistrusted by bad people.

I will recall McWilliams informing us that if we lived Marxism, then we had in support Stalin's millions of peasants. Stalin didn't do it because he was a bad guy. If he wanted to institute Marxism in the Soviet Union, he had to kill a lot of people. If not, not. Only a fool would think that the Russian Revolution could be accomplished without force. By that standard, the Nation, I was a hot of some, people who persisted in the absurd belief that socialism can be imposed by some means other than government coercion.

When I got back from the cruise I called my old professor, who still teaches at Rutgers. McWilliams noted that his father came from Colorado and during the years he was the Nation's editor made a habit of finding and publishing writers from outside the mainstream. But the current Nation is being published by and for a group of people who live within a few blocks of each other in Manhattan. Because they are wealthy Americans, they can afford to hold counterfactual ideas about politics.

"You've got people whose basic view of life is at bottom anti-intellectual," McWilliams said. "At least, don't want to be told what to do, because they live in America they have the right of their contemporaries as socialism.

During the '60s, the left switched from being a traditional workers' movement into a movement for personal liberation. McWilliams recalls that his father was boned by all the talk of liberation. "He was such a critic. He hated the kind of fashionable shibboleth that come along with movements. When various types of liberation were in fashion, he always said he was bored what people are going to be liberated to do."

That remains a good question. For all their nostalgia about the New Deal era, the people on the cruises seemed to forget that it was a
time of rigid social conformity, individualism was actively discouraged by both the government and society.

This conflict had become apparent during a group discussion after one of those endless seminars. These discussions were even more boring than the seminars and I generally avoided them. But duty is duty. So one afternoon I feigned the usual decorum and the hot tub sat set in on a group discussion of what these people called "progressivism."

An elderly gentleman brought up the idea of restoring sensibility. Every young Academic should be required to spend a year in two government services, either in the military or in some other capacity, such as in environmental or social work, he opined.

"The Constitution is just one example. On the other hand, the Motion Picture Code was very beneficial in the enforcement of the government and expressing regret that Al Gore or Ralph Nadar didn't win the election, the Motion Code made the government even bigger."

This was bad, but it wasn't as bad as listening to Patricia Williams. The pattern of long-winded speech followed by bursts of applause continued throughout the cruise. Toward the end of the cruise it suddenly came to me what the whole Williams speech reminded me of. I had seen a particularly good presentation of the Samuel Beckett play "Waiting for Godot."

One scene especially echoed in my mind. Late in the play, a sadistic character named Pozzo appears on stage holding a leash connected to the collar of a yow prisoner named Lucky. Lucky, who walks on all fours, Lucky does not growl or mean until suddenly Pozzo comments: "Think!"

Pozzo gets up on all fours, fear and rebellion in his throat and delivers a speech that begins with the words: "Given the existence as an extant form in the public and private life of the whole world of Pander and Wantonness of a personal God. ..."

He continued this in vain for several minutes, punctuating his performance with such phrases as "with some exceptions for reasons unknown," and "for the sake of God's will, God's will, God's will, God's will."

Beckett seems to have caught perfectly the role of the intellectual vs. the mob in the 20th Century. A preoccupation with freedom but a very short leash. And of course it was the exact spectacle I had witnessed with the unfortunate Patricia Williams.

One thing I'll say for the Motion Code. They're well read. So my dinner companions all understood instantly when I pointed out the parallel between their treatment of Williams and Beckett's brilliant insight into the role of the intellectual.

"Remember that scene from "Waiting for Godot?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, you guys are Lucky and that's Pozzo."

For a brief moment, a glimmer of recognition crossed their faces. Then one piped up:

"Are you sure you're not a Yalie?"

Paul Muldoon is a columnist for The Star-Ledger of Newark, NJ.

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Ten Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery is a Bad Idea—and Racist Too.

By David Horowitz

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VII


The recorded sense of frustration at the slow pace of integration and opportunities for all races has been heightened by a series of events. It is not a coincidence that Black moldings of America have a long history of attempting to make their communities and their citizens. It is the usual pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities. It is the pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities.

There's no sense in fighting the battles of the past if the battle to the next year only to be the same battle. Why would anything change? It is the pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities.

Why would anyone want to fight for reparations? Is this the battle that we want to fight? Why would anyone want to fight for reparations? Is this the battle that we want to fight?

VIII

Reparations To American Slavery Have Already Been Paid.

Since the passage of the Civil Rights Acts and the advent of the Civil War, African Americans have enjoyed all the rights and privileges that were available to them. The battle is no longer one of making reparations for slavery or other injustices. It is the pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities.

What About The Civil Rights Movement In America?

Slavery ended thousands of years before a Black man could vote. But the African American experience is a long and complex one, full of victories and setbacks. The battle is no longer one of making reparations for slavery or other injustices. It is the pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities.


Blacks were free before the Magna Carta. Why are Africans today the wards of African Americans? Would it be possible for African Americans to stop making reparations for slavery or other injustices? It is the pattern of African Americans to blame others for their own problems. And every time they do so, they make matters worse for themselves and their communities.

VIII

Reparations To American Slavery Have Already Been Paid.
The Napalm Girl and Historical Memory

by Jeff McMurdo

History. Napoleon once said, is a set of lies that has been agreed upon. In the daily evolution of human affairs the definition may be more mundane. History may be simply the sum of what we want to remember, and what we elect to forget. In the process we create not history so much as historical memory that assumes the shape of our likes and dislikes. But history ignored does not go away. It is in facing the inevitable gaps in nations' historical memories that our past and our present together fall and may yet befall us. In a conflict as divisive and obtuse as that of Vietnam in the 1960s, it could be argued that both empires and myths came to their demise and in the process created historical memory.

It is our historical memory, not the historical record that shaped our understanding of Phan Thi Kim Phuc—the girl in the picture—the most celebrated victim of the war in Vietnam. As the central figure in the Pulitzer Prize winning photograph by Nick Ut, her injuries by a napalm bomb on June 8, 1972, came to symbolize all Vietnam's agony of that long conflict. Ut's powerful image that demands the questions that could be asked of victims of any war. How could this happen? To what purpose? Who is responsible?

Years later, a grown woman now, she and her new husband chose not to return to their Cuba-based flight when it stopped in October 1992 for refueling at Gander International Airport in Newfoundland. Famous war victim Kim Phuc thereby became just another refugee in Canada in the post-Cold War era. And so there is no famous image of that moment when Kim Phuc fled for her life the second time, nor any effort to assign responsibility for her tragedy.

This is not "women in the picture" in our historical memory.

It is true not only in terms of an actual photo, but also in terms of our own mental imagery of Vietnam war and its aftermath. The girl as a victim of war is worthy of our outrage, but the woman in her victims of social violence is not. Canadian author Denise Chong in her biography, The Girl in the Picture: The Life of Kim Phuc and her Family before and after Saigon fell to communist forces in 1975. But even then there is no realization that she will always represent America's perceived brutality in Vietnam. That is her only function. As a despised refugee of an oppressive regime—her presumed liberator—how Kim Phuc simply has no standing as metaphor.

When UNESCO, an organization that once proposed to honor Ho Chi Minh, announced his mausoleum would be bulldozed if additional funding was not received, Canada was pointedly left unexplained on her program. That the "napalm girl" could be a refugee from the very force that drove her to flight is a point that is lost in today's unifying questions as to who really is responsible for whose victim. Ms. Chong's view that U.S. involvement in Vietnam led to a "meaningless" situation—conflicts with the world's understanding. Since the fall of communist, Vietnam is one of the few remaining books on which to hang the accusation of U.S. Imperialism. Nick Ut's photograph stands at proof. And yet, media references continue to erroneously describe Kim Phuc as the victim of a napalm attack against her village. Following the release of The Girl's Story, a documentary by Canadian filmmaker Stewart Boyer that highlighted American veterans who emotionally assessed responsibility for the air strike, the media began to more frequently describe it as "a U.S.-trained" napalm attack.

The original news reports of 1972 told an utterly different story. South Vietnamese units were engaged in repelling a North Vietnamese and Viet Cong attack on Trang Bang that had succeeded in crossing the major highway running through the village. Dennis Chengreveals that the option to use air support was exercised only on the third day of the battle to allow civilians a chance in the fire. The injury to Kim Phuc was the result of a breeching run on the outskirts that wounded and killed ten civilians and South Vietnamese soldiers who were mistaken for enemy forces. It was a single accident, but one that U.S. advisors had no role in, nor any control over.

Ironically, it is entirely possible that the source of the napalm may have been Kim Phuc's future country of asylum. Canadian manufacturer imported napalm and other chemical explosives in bulk to the United States throughout the period in which the war was fought. It is doubtful that Nick Ut's photo was instrumental in ending U.S. congressional support for the South Vietnamese government. In effect, the worldwide sympathy for Kim Phuc generated by the photo unwittingly helped set the stage for the conditions from which she would eventually flee to safety.

An appreciation of the unforgiving nature of village warfare in Kim Phuc's home province can be found in Stalking the Viet Cong by Stuart Horrington, a Vietnamese-speaking U.S. military advisor to the Vietnamese military from 1971 to 1975, and in Dynamics of Defeat: The Vietnam War in Hau Nghia Province by Eric Bergeron. Civilian casualties were an inevitable result of the strategy of attrition the two opposing sides adopted. Hanoi pursued a "people's war" which did not allow for non-combatants, Washington and Saigon respoused large scale strategic operations that counted heavily on unlimited firepower. Hanoi enjoyed strategic gains by making populated areas like Trang Bang the field of battle. Two results were possible: less enemy anti-aircraft planes destroyed property and killed or injured civilians. The people either turned against the South Vietnamese government and the U.S. intervention or to any further fighting. Critics did question Viet Cong tactics and atrocities, such as more than 30% of people killed in two Viet Cong bombings of the small restaurant owned by Kim Phuc's parents. The fact that communism was established in urban though it received wide support for so many years for such "revolutionary violence" carried out in its name. During the war, Thich Nhat Hanh a Buddhist leader, gave voice to the people's dilemma. "Communists" he said, "want to save us from colonization and underdevelopment, and the communists want to save us from communism. The problem is that we are not being saved, we are being destroyed. Now we want to be saved from salvation."

If it truly was a "war against America" then what are the deaths of 250,000 South Vietnamese soldiers? Did they sacrifice themselves for the service of a foreign power? Why did the south-eners reject Hanoi's entreaties to rise up in support of the surprise Tet offensive in 1968? Kim Phuc's desire to escape Vietnam within a few years of "liberation" is another discrepancy that the now-orthodox interpretations of the war never confront. At first she was viewed as a propaganda tool—the napalm girl. At one point in 1986, preparations were made for her to undertake a speaking tour of America, but were cancelled when Hanoi became concerned that she might defeat the tour, as was indeed her plan. That she later settled in Canada was a matter of opportunity, not choice. Enjoying as she did a privileged status in Vietnam, and worldwide recognition as a victim of a war for which the U.S. was held wholly responsible, why would she reject her liberators to live among her alleged oppressors?

No one, certainly not those still addicted to the anti-American rhetoric that was born in the Vietnam War, are interested in this question. To pass critical judgement, not just on Kim Phuc's treatment but on the system that brought them to prison would force a re-examination of the whole anti-war movement. Yet her biographer Denise Cheng's compelling depiction of the harshness of life in socialist Vietnam after 1975 is difficult to ignore or explain away.

Once hard working and relatively prosperous in the village social hierarchy, Kim Phuc's parents were utterly destitute in the years after 1975. While she herself tried to take advantage of the opportunities accorded her as an anti-American icon, control over her own life remained beyond her reach. She had to drag herself through medical studies in order to fulfill demands for media interviews. She wanted to attend Protestant church services, but this meant the risk of harassment or arrest. Her own poverty and that of the state meant she could not get the special medical care her condition required. In the end she chose to forsake her homeland and her family in order to seek the freedom and peace of mind she believed she could never have in the Socialist Republic of
Vietnam. Yet in coming to Canada, Kim Phuc may have escaped Vietnam but not the communist system. She continues to be careful not to say anything directly against the government of her native country where her family still lives. (Following her defection, local officials threatened her parents with imprisonment if they did not convince their daughter to return to Vietnam.)

Kim Phuc's presence in Canada has been rationalized merely as a desire to escape Haano's incessant demands on her as a propaganda tool. But her own statements and the depiction of her hard life under socialism reveal deeper motivations. "Life is nothing in Cuba or Vietnam," she explained to her husband in trying to convince him to join her in her defector. Later, she described her life in Haano as an "escape" that remained the most frightening moment in her life. Her desire to seek exile in Canada had to consider the risks that would follow failure. If imprisonment, loss of her new husband, loss of her scholarship in Cuba, success meant the possibility of never seeing her family again. But she did it. In light of this, it is valid to dismiss the many years of conflict as a meaningless war. Perhaps meaning only with victory. Was the war unnecessary? After 1956 the Haano Politeburo could have accepted, and did concede, an autonomous non-communist South. It would have left the country divided, but at peace. With the Party's infrastructure in the South lasting by 1969 in order to present the "second war" and proceeded to disinform its citizens that the southeners were heading to be liberated from foreign oppression. Russian and Chinese military aid followed. On scale, the U.S. could have chosen not to interfere in Vietnam's internal affairs. But it cannot be assumed that without the U.S., there would have been no war.

Many South Vietnamese supported the Viet Cong and the movement's appeal to nationalism. But many also resisted the communists, and continued to do so after the Americans departed in 1973. For Ms. Chong, those Vietnamese who led the resistance against the Viet Cong were opportunists looking to start American largesse. But such a claim falls to grasp the real meaning of all post-war political developments in Vietnam; the struggle of nationalism was opposed by the Communist Party—including Buddhist monks and Catholic officials—over 90,000 refugees from the north in 1954—to resist the attempts of Ho Chi Minh to establish a Marxist-Leninist state as part of the world revolution. The communists in South Vietnam understood that the communists accorded no role in their socialist society for those who held different opinions who were on the wrong side of the Party's definition of the class struggle. Whether the US had intervened or not, the Party's politics of exclusion allowed opponents only two options—fight or flight. For many Vietnamese, Kim Phuc included, their tragedy was to suffer the consequences of both those unattractive choices.

The story of Kim Phuc leaves a fundamental question unanswered: is it true to our understanding of whatever lessons can be learned from the many suffering of her and her family. As typical rural Vietnamese people, in view of all they were subjected to before and after 1975, what should have been done? When we look at the girl in the picture, was it right to try to resist the communist assault against the South? When we consider the woman at Gador, would it have been right not to?

In the U.S., Vietnam is now the most analyzed war in history. On its side, the Communist Party of Vietnam assumes no responsibility for a war that it admits it initiated under the guise of a "nationalist" front. One wonders what Kim Phuc thinks now. She speaks out against war for UNESCO. But whose war? The assumption has always been the "American War." As a result, when a U.S. veteran claims responsibility for ordering the attack, his story is not contested.

Ms. Chong has concluded that if the U.S. government would only seek forgiveness from the Vietnamese people, it could receive redemption for its many mistakes in Vietnam. Kim Phuc herself has offered forgiveness to "the people who bombed her village". This would include the pilot who mistakenly injured her in trying to defend Trang Bang from the insurgents forces that attacked it. He has been identified and through his lives in the United States, the story of Kim Phuc and Kim Phuc's capacity for forgiveness could also be considered to include the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese strategists who chose their battlefield around the village of Trang Bang rather than a deserted stretch of highway. And there is Pham Van Dong, the respected Prime Minister in the north who befriended her. His concern for her well being may have been at much his expression of sympathy as personal guilt. By the end of his career it was all too apparent that the ideology he had dedicated his life to and whose propagation had led to decades of war was a colossal failure. His mission to personal betrayal represented by Kim Phuc's deflection is lasting. A loyal follower of Ho Chi Minh, he nonetheless object to provide her parents with a New Year's gift of supplies and money.

On the front cover of The Girl in the Picture is the famous photo that deservedly made Kim Phuc an enduring anti-war symbol. On the back cover a photograph by David Burnett taken from behind reveals the emaciated wounds which almost killed her. It too leaves a powerful impression—the ignominy of children running, not at play but in quest of safety and help. The depiction of Kim Phuc's pain in these two photos must delight the propaganda child in Haano who continues today, as they did throughout the war, in portraying all Vietnamese as having a single patriotic will. Yet, they are more than the West, would appreciate that a full history of Kim Phuc's life must include the mining image that would have shown "the woman in the picture" at Gador who eroded a patriotic will contrary to Haano's. To portray her life as a one-dimensional victim of the "American War" locks her again into the role of propaganda tool that the Party assigned when she lived under its control. It also serves Haano's desire to keep the West locked into a sense of guilt over the "war against America," and too shamed to role questions over the lack of an essential link for ended communist rule. It is a state of mind that recalls General Olaf's comment about the war against Solign when he admitted that his most effective guerrilla forces were the U.S. press. But if we approach the life of Kim Phuc in its objective whole then the sense of moral ambiguity clouding the conflict in Vietnam becomes clearer.

In the end, The Girl in the Picture is more than biography. It is in itself an image of the war, evidence that what we see can be both informed and misinform. Our historical memory of Kim Phuc demonstrates our own role in misrepresentations we perpetuate on ourselves by choosing to see what we want to believe rather than what it is. As the first major feature fought in the age of television, the source of our understanding of the war in Vietnam is more visual than rational. For a generation saturated in social upheaval, conclusions about the conflict are based more on political bias than objective inquiry. We still do not sufficiently appreciate, question, and above all modern the bloodshed that was the television-assisted Korean War. Seventy percent of all casualties in that three-year conflict was civilian. Activistic policy makers, the proportion of children casualties in the media-visible conflict in Vietnam was approximately equivalent to the horror that was the Second World War.

Another Pulitzer Prize winning photographer in Vietnam, Eddie Adams, well illustrated the political range of his camera focus. "Still photographs are the most powerful weapon in the world," he said. "People believe them, but photographs on film, even without manipulation. They are only half truths." Haano knew this all along, and never allowed Western media unrestricted access to its battlefields. Even a quarter century after the war, "the west are still learning this lesson."

Jeff McMurdy worked in Vietnam from 1962 to 1997. He lives near Ogden, Canada.

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America's Re-education Camps
by Wendy McElroy

This past December, Carlos Martinez was reinstated as an undergraduate at the University of Colorado by order of a District Court Judge who called his expulsion "an arbitrary and capricious exercise of authority." Martinez had been suspended a year earlier because the tone of his voice in some phone calls had created a "hostile atmosphere." Apparently upset over the grade on an exam, he had phoned a female staff member at her office to request an appointment and complained when it was refused. No threats were uttered—but five months after the calls occurred—the staff member filed a police report claiming that they made her fear for her safety. (Fortunately, there were tapes of the conversations which later exonerated Martinez of wrongdoing.) In February 2000, his "punishment" was reduced to proba-

The Martinez case was so emblematic of the abuse of due process that the subsequent discussion about its most sinister aspect: the fact that the university suspended Martinez to a public conference and to a re-education of his behavior through psychological therapy. The purpose of such therapy—whether it is called anger management, sexual harassment awareness, sensitivity classes, or diversity training—is to change a human being's basic values and his or her way of functioning in the world. Attendance can hardly be called voluntary. For Martinez, refusal to attend was tantamount to excluding years of his academic life and crippling his future.

What Carlos Martinez faced was the commonplace. On university campuses today, the slightest remark can prompt a prosecution of public confessions and "re-education." Consider Christopher Monson who argued that because his University—St. Cloud State (Minnesota)—was publicly funded, it was legally required to permit public access to campus grounds. Specifically, it should allow credit-card companies to solicit on campus. To deny them public access, he commented, would be similar to "not allowing blacks on campus." For this analogy, Monson was convicted of racial harassment.

Academia's unbridled desire to impose personal values on "offenders" is not limited to students. Professors who make comments deemed to be sexist or racist, who ask too few questions of female/black students, or who assign the wrong reading assignments can be forced to publicly explain their words and undergo sensitivity training in order to keep their jobs. Professor David Deming of the University of Oklahoma stated, "I was charged with sexual harassment after sending a letter to the President of the campus 'newspaper.' A painful process of denunciation and public scrutiny followed. Charges were dropped and the University announced it was re-examining its sexual harassment policy. In the aftermath, Deming wrote of the loss of the values that universities used to cherish. "The most important of these values are freedom of speech and thought; without them, no scholarly pursuit or education is possible. My experience seems to indicate that these values are now foreign to the University of Oklahoma."

Alan Charles Kors and Harvey Silverglate—celebrate commentators on American academe—realize the underlying ideological goals of Deming's distress. In The Shadow University: The Betrayal of Liberty on America's Campuses, Kors and Silverglate dedicate a chapter to "Murdoch's Revenge." During the 1960s and '70s, the Marxist philosopher Herbert Marcuse in white racism, which Elliot declares is what New Gingrich has been doing to minority for years. The solution of white people lies in their frank admission of guilt and their efforts to eliminate middle racism from society. They must root out subtle oppression such as the use of nicknames like "billy," which serves to "infantilize women." Hugh Vazquez's "Skin Deep" documents a workshop on race that was attended by twenty-three students. One section of the accompanying Facilitator Study Guide titled "White Privilege"—declares that whites control all power in society and they must choose to continue acting or assume guilt. In the section titled "Political Correctness," Vazquez writes, "The challenges to political correctness tend to come from those who want to be able to say anything without repercussions." According to Vazquez, those who advocate free speech prove the sort of irresponsible use of language that led to the deaths of six million Jews during the reign of Nazi Germany. Instead of being taught that "race" and "free speech," whites should become "allies" of blacks.

For more on "Blue Eyed" and "Skin Deep" go to http://www.newreel.org/guides/blueeyed.htm and http://www.newreal.org/guides/skindeep.htm. In an excellent article titled "Through Reform 101," Kors, co-founder of The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (http://www.tfir.org) describes the situation with which Jane Elliot routine bustsulates whites who are forced to attend, reducing many to tears of confessions of "previously unknown guilt. He explicitly compares mandatory attendance at diversity training to Communist re-education camps, such as those in Manchuria or post Hiroshima in Vietnam. These camps were detention centers in which selected prisoners, including many political and religious dissidents, were subjected to brutal indoctrination. Re-education was designed to replace bad mental attitudes with correct ones that served the purpose of State.

Kors' comparison is worth pursuing by considering similarities between the official re-education procedures of explicitly totalitarian regimes and the "soft" re-education practiced in the contemporary university.

There are no individuals, only classes. After the Vietnam War, according to the Indochina Newsletter (October-November 1980), the "war criminals" sent to camps in June 1975 included "nearly 400 writers, poets and journalists and over 2,000 religious leaders, including 194 Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant clergymen, and 515 Catholic priests and nuns." Although none of the prisoners had done nothing wrong as individuals, their class affiliation made them criminals.

In the Guide to Blue Eyed, Elliot maintains that "A person who has been raised and socialized in America has been conditioned to be a racist... We live in two countries, one black and one white..." By definition, the whites are guilty, the blacks are victims.

Confession of Class Guilt is Required. A standard procedure of re-education camps is to demand a public confession of guilt from prisoners. The Indochina Newsletter offered to account for a former citizen, "Following the written confessions worn the public confessions in which prisoners would confess their 'crimes' before the camp authorities and other prisoners. The more 'crimes' a prisoner confessed, the more he is praised as 'progressive' by camp author-

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In diversity training, participants are encouraged to acknowledge their class guilt. (For those sent to the training, a public confession is mandatory.) Even professors who participate in the training are not exempt. The Guide to Skin Deep, in the section titled “Working with Faculty and Staff,” declares, “Most faculty and staff are likely to have grown up and/or currently live in monocultural environments. Attitudes, beliefs, and behaviors are often not acknowledged as reflections of a particular racial group (white), ethnic heritage (European) or gender orientation (male). Although faculty and staff are not responsible for the culture-specific beliefs with which they grew up, they are surely responsible for examining and questioning them as adults and as educators.”

(A nitty of the confessions forced in re-education camps is that authorities often use them retrospectively as justification for the camps. The Hanoi government wrote to Amnesty International in 1981, “In all cases of people being sent to re-education camps the competent Vietnamese authorities have established files recording the criminal acts committed by the people concerned.” Similarly, the apologies produced by diversity training are used to justify the programs themselves.)

False Consciousness Must Be Erased. Just as oppressors must acknowledge their guilt, the oppressed must be made aware of their subjugation. The Leninist concept of “false consciousness” was developed to explain why a class accepts myths about itself. For example, when workers accept bourgeoisie myths about society, such as the notion that people “rise on merit.” It is false consciousness that prevents workers from perceiving their true class interests toward which they must be educated.

In Skin Deep’s Guide, Vazquez speaks of “internalized oppression” which is defined as “taking on and believing the stereotypes or lies about ‘their group.’” In other words, everyone in a class that has been targeted for mistreatment and discrimination has internalized the oppression to “some degree”—e.g. blacks and women—and must be educated toward a true understanding of themselves.

Alternate Ideologies Must Be Suppressed. Re-education camps often target religious groups because religion represents a strong alternate value system. Such ideologies are supporting pillars of false consciousness and must be destroyed. Similarly, diversity training includes explicit denigration of alternate value systems such as conservatism. In Blue Eyed, Elliott tells a “white” whom she has accumulated that “what I just did . . . today Newt Gingrich is doing to you every day.”

The Suppression Requires Thought Control. In his book Enfer Rouge, Mon Amour, Lucien Trong writes of the thought control exercised in the re-education camp where he was confined in Vietnam. Participants were not permitted to read the words published in magazines and books from the former regime, to sing the songs of old hymns, to have unauthorized political discussions, or to speak to the camp personnel with anything but reverence. In the Guide to “Skin Deep,” Vazquez writes, “Language is one of the institutions that serve to perpetuate racism . . . thus, language is a critical element in eliminating the mistreatment of any group . . . Should we be politically correct? Of course we should if what we mean by this is eliminated language that is part of how mistreatment is perpetuated.”

Family Ties Must Be Weakened. Another tactic of re-education is to break the loyalty that prisoners feel toward families who often offer an alternate system of values. A Vietnamese prisoner wrote, “When making declarations about relatives, we had to make mention of their guilt as well. For example, when I stated that my grandfather had been a civil servant, I had to add that he belonged to the feudalist-social category.” In Skin Deep, a student named Danh admits his family’s racist guilt: “No way I can step back and change that; great-grandparents fighting in the cause.” He comments, “It’s tough choosing what’s right and choosing your family.”

The Propagandists Have Noble Intentions. The intentions of those who run re-education camps are always expressed in noble and humanitarian terms. In the Los Angeles Times (January 9, 1998), filmmaker David Larch reported on a “re-education camp for women with ‘social disorders’”—that is, for prostitutes. The camp director was quoted as saying, “We think of this as a humanitarian program. We try and try and try to explain why prostitution is wrong and why these women should learn to contribute to society. And if they don’t understand today, then I try again tomorrow.” Presumably they are not released until they understand.

Elliott, Vazquez, and their advocates see themselves as saving America from the “seamless project of ending racism, sexism, against [illegible], and heterosexism. Elliott is described as a courageous pioneer in racial awareness training who has endured great personal pain for her stand—though her Guide admits she has only been “confronted once by her colleagues.” Disney is doing a movie of her life. From personal contact, Kora reports that Vazquez considers herself to be “devoted to eliminating ‘blame, ridicule, judgement, guilt, and shame’ . . . But his effect, whatever his intention, is frightening, arbitrary, and irrational, and his means are deeply intrusive.”

The Effect is to Heighten Anger and Division. At <http://www.visitworld.com/Aaron/p41.html> a re-education camp prisoner reported on the effect camp policy had upon the relationship of the inmates. “[T]he prisoners against each other by reading them [confessions] aloud to the group and taking anyone who had knowledge of anything left out of lies in the statement to step forward.” In the same InsideChin Newsletter that discussed public confessions, a former prisoner commented on the public criticism, which was “very effective in getting us to hate each other.”

The Guide to Blue Eyed describes Elliott as “unrelenting in her ridicule and humiliation of the blue-eyed people [white],” while “the participants of color watch as white people feel their guilt for racism. Whites are admonished to ‘hear people of color, no matter what tone or phrasing they use.’ At the same time, they are warmed, ‘don’t expect people of color to be on the floor for white people.’

The success of Vazquez’s self-styled devotion to eliminating “blame, ridicule, judgement, guilt, and shame” may be judged by some representative comments from attendees:

Brian: (Speaking about going to college amidst diverse groups) “I couldn’t bridge both worlds if it comes to a choice I’m going with my people . . .

Khari: (Asian) “White people . . . you were taught to love yourself . . .

Judith: “I will not be less angry. I’m not going to tell you pretty things, that it will be all right . . .

Mark: “(You can’t keep blaming me . . . don’t categorize all white people, or you’re just doing the same thing right back”

The gender/ethnic groups within diversity seminars is also said to be vital. In order to evolve into a society in which people love each other without "slams, it’s necessary to bring people into awareness.

Wendy McElroy is the author of 19th CenturyIndividualism: the Forgotten Roots of America’s Feminism (McFarland).
Revolution, Continued from page 1.

The four were irremedial that all the buck-shot from the shotgun blast, fired by Emily Harris, had been absorbed by Myrtie Opal, saving the lives of everyone standing next to her from injury. In full agreement was Kathy Soliah, an accomplished actress and Emily's sometime lover, whose manic gait and performance won the admiration of all but one of the robbers--the woman herself--were men, and who had kicked the pregnant teller. Neither she nor her SLA accomplices knew the other's identity. The group convinced to take full membership in the bourgeoisie as Sarah Jane Olson, the hogie wife of wealthy Minneapolis doctor.

Through doctor's wife and soccer mom among the fugitive Soliah's best disguises, an "American Most Wanted" poster in her car. Her considerable expertise with firearms, which she at one time sold to Roy Karnega's United Slaves, rival of the Black Panthers. While doing time for robbery and assault in solitary confinement, DeFreeze sharpened his ideology through the Black Cultural Association, a prison support group, where he became a disciple of the George Johnson school of social change through violence.

DeFreeze escaped from Solidad and made his way to the Bay Area, a petrie dish in the late Sixties for a variety of revolutionary groups. There female comrades of Quixote--the nom de guerre DeFreeze adopted--were white middle-class women who aspired to full revolutionary status. Of them a poem:

Is it real to lead a magazine of dreams?
Yes.
One day, with three dollars in the pocket and
An emigrant class
Who chained our hairless hands, fast and genial
Our grip on the gun greater and greater,
And they will no longer be seen
They'll get their wings
From a magazine of steel.

PATTY HEARST

Field Marshall Cinque sometimes forbade the troopers to have sex at other times freely partook of Patricia Solistiky, which infuriated Camilla Hall, an overweight activist lesbian, who had staked a claim of her own. Cinque also coupled with Fight with Yields, after getting drunk on plums, saving the bottles for Molotov cocktails.

While the whites were pleased to have Cinque in their camp, other radicals blacks dismissed DeFreeze as a promoter of "live-as-adventure.

Early on, the SLA practice targets bore a sketch of Marcus Foster, the first black superintendent of the Oakland School District, then plagued by gangs and drug dealers. Foster pleased to face identity cards as a way to keep prisoners to be executed.

DEATH TO THE FASCIST INSECT THAT PRESYS UPON THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

Heard came to sympathize with her captor andinstaller, and even took part in bank raids. She issued a communique of her own that the robbery "forced the corporate state to help finance the revolution" and described herself as a "soldier of the people's army."

Heard once told an SLA member that he had studied all the faulty books and manuals he could. She even had a collection of all the SLA's ideological literature.

DeFreeze continued to lead the SLA, his group, which grew to several hundred strong.

DeFreeze turned to Quixote--the nom de guerre he adopted--were white middle-class women who aspired to full revolutionary status.

The group that hatched under DeFreeze--Cinque's liberation was the Symbionese Liberation Army, which DeFreeze pronounced "symbilOnese," and said was based on the concept of symbiosis. The group's symbol, the crossed-headed bees that looked like a bad tattoo, was based on the principles of Kwanzaa, as outlined by Roy Karnega, and DeFreeze took writing material from Cinque's own, a man who had led the Puerto Rican slave traders.

Cinque's army included Angela Atwood ("Gelina"), Bill Harris ("Foko"), Emily Harris ("Yo so enciero"), Nancy Perry ("Manita"), Camilla Hall ("Gabi"), Patricia Wolstyn ("Mizmoon" and "Zoys"), Russell Little ("Leeo"), and Willie Wofit ("Koiy"). The attempted kidnapping of the black militant was that of many of Cinque's black militants.

Cinque avoided police checkpoints by black men by crossing in drag, and claimed he had been whipped by the SLA newspaper hehebecs, and he began issuing their communiques:

If any citizens attempt to aid the authorities or interfere with the implementation of this order they shall be executed immediately.

This court hereby notifies the public and directs all combat units in the future to shoot to kill any civilian who attempts to witness or interfere with any operation conducted by the people's forces against the fascist state.

Should any attempt be made by authorities to remove the prisoners, or to arrest, or harass any S1A elements, the...
berg, where the SLA claimed their second murder victim.

Undeterred by the murder of an innocent citizen, the SLA gang launched a campaign to murder police and victims. They bombed the Marin County Civic Center and attempted to plant "anti-personnel" bombs, packed with nails, in a woman's convention. In August 1975, Los Angeles Police believe, Soliah tipped two pipe bombs under a police car, part of a revenge attack.

Back in the Bay Area, Soliah worked as a waitress at the Plate of Brasse, under the revealing alias of Kathleen Anger. She joined her sister, former boyfriend James Olson, and Patty Hearst painting apartments in Pacifica, a non-violent job. By some accounts, Soliah set up the New Dawn Collective with the New World Liberation Front, consisted to 150 bombings, and put out a death warrant on then-San Francisco mayor Diane Feinstein.

The police eventually bagged Joe Remiro and Russell Little, killers of Maurice Cooper, and bank robber Patty "Tania" Hearst. Also arrested were the Harrises and Kathy's brother Steven. Kathy's desire to be a soldier of the SLA did not include doing hard time. She fled and changed her name to Sara Jane Olson, after Sara Jane Moore, who tried to assassinate president Gerald Ford.

Olson is a common name in Minnesota, as well as many Scandinavian descent. The Olsen family, as it happens, is of Norwegian background. The fugal meadow saw the other branch of the Olsen family, all of whom were members of a cult dedicated to the cult of the body. In 1980, Fred G. Petersen, an estimated local fisherman, saw the Olsen in the meadow. Petersen, who had a reputation for being a tough guy, was out looking for a missing fisherman.

Meanwhile, over the past 32 years Sara Jane Olson (AKA Kathleen Ann Soliah) has married, raised three children, and become a productive, civic-minded member of her community, all while being charged with the involvement of these decades-old charges. The United States Attorney's Office for the Northern District of New York has never been able to prove that Kathy interviewed her through the meadow. The Olson family, as it happens, is of Norwegian descent. The Olsen family, as it happens, is of Norwegian background.

Kathie Smith, the city council made Soliah the subject of a resolution.

Weatherwomen Bernadine Dohrn, who emerged from the underground of bombing campaigns to respond to the legal protests with as much as a by-law, also chipped in: "It was the particular responsibility of white radicals from privileged backgrounds with education to hurt themselves into the struggle." Dohrn always paid the cost of struggle. What we have here is a kind of re-growth of protestor-policewomen discretion determined to make that massive show trial of the victims of the 60s and 70s.

Olson has attempted to capitalize on the publicity by publishing, as one account had it, as a sexologist between Mother Teresa and Martha Stewart. But the book she wrote, "Mama: Women's Activity's Most Wanted Recipes," suggests how reluctant she is.

The book, she claims her daughter has suffered from anorexia. Blaming this on the "symbolic and psychological values" America attaches to food. So American society is in trouble. She poseds alongside the ecosystem list of the black power movement. American society should still be changed by any means necessary.
"Heart of Darkness, Continued from page 1

issue was raised in two packed plenary sessions, a press conference attended by journalists from around the world, and dozens of other spoken and written commentaries. The meeting, sponsored by the Organization of American States and the United Nations, was held at the end of March in Lima, Peru.

The conference was held in the aftermath of the military coup in Peru, which took place in November 1980, and the assassination of the Peruvian president, Francisco Morales Bermúdez, in March 1980. The meeting was attended by representatives from over 100 countries, including government leaders, academics, and civil society organizations.

The main topic of discussion was the need for a new international order based on democracy, human rights, and economic justice. The会议 was significant because it was the first time that the Latin American region had come together to discuss these issues on a continent-wide basis.

The conference was also significant because it was held at a time when the Latin American region was undergoing political and economic changes. The military coup in Peru was part of a broader trend of right-wing military takeovers in several countries in the region.

The meeting was marked by a high level of tensions and controversies. There were disagreements over the role of the United States in Latin America, and the need for a more active role for the United Nations in regional affairs.

However, the meeting also produced some important outcomes. The participants agreed on the need for a new international order based on democracy, human rights, and economic justice. They also called for a more active role for the United Nations in regional affairs, and for the prevention of future military coups.

In conclusion, the conference was a significant event in the history of Latin American politics. It marked the beginning of a new phase in regional affairs, characterized by the need for a more active role for the United Nations and a greater emphasis on human rights and democracy.
Control about vaccines that would contain the dis-  

s. Since the Yanzonami have been isolated from  

the widespread disease pools, Neel also con-  

sulted with authorities on the appropriate experts  
in "vaccines," and he says that they will not be  

allowed to use vaccines without the consent of  

the government and the local tribes. He also  

warned that if the vaccines are not properly  

tested, they could be dangerous to the people  

of the area.

Neel, however, tells a different story.  

According to him, the vaccine was not tested  

throughout the disease pools by local authorities.  

Terror and Sponsel quickly draw that same  

conclusion, writing in their letter to the association  

that "Terror's evidence that the vaccine was  

inadequate is strong, and the facts presented  

by him indicate that the vaccine was not  

properly tested." They go on to say that  

"Vaccines should be used with caution, and  

vigilance must be maintained to ensure that  

they are safe and effective for all populations.

The academic left has joined in, as well.  

Many of the vaccine's critics, including Terror,  

Terror and Sponsel, have come out in criticism  

of the vaccine's effectiveness. In their letter,  

they write, "We believe that it is essential  

for scientists and public health officials  

to carefully evaluate the data presented  

before reaching any conclusions. Only  

through this careful evaluation can we  

ensure that the vaccine is safe and effective  

for all populations."

The vaccine controversy has been  

 Heightened by the media attention given  

to the vaccine. Neel and other critics have  

accused the government of neglecting the  

vaccine's effectiveness. Terror and Sponsel  

have called for a thorough review of the  

vaccination program, and they urge the  

government to take immediate action to  

address the concerns raised by the critics.

Another concern is the potential  

for vaccine misuse. Neel and his colleagues  

have warned that the vaccine could be  

misused if it is not properly administered.  

They call for closer monitoring of the  

vaccination program to ensure that it  

is administered correctly.

The vaccine controversy has  

also sparked debate within the scientific  

community. Many scientists have spoken  

critically of the vaccine, and some have  

called for a moratorium on its use until  

further evidence is available. Neel and  

other critics have called for a moratorium  

on the vaccine until it is properly  

tested and proven safe.

In conclusion, the vaccine controversy  

is a complex issue that requires careful  

evaluation and consideration. Neel and  

other critics have raised valid concerns  

about the vaccine's effectiveness, and  

the government must take immediate  

action to address these concerns. Only  

through this careful evaluation can we  

ensure that the vaccine is safe and  

effective for all populations.

Glynis Custodio on behalf of Cal State Hayward.
Tales Out of School

Losing the Race: Self-Sabotage in Black America

by BRUCE S. THORNTON

Thomas Sowell, Shelby Steele, Larry Elder, to name just a few—speak out against the rigging of orthodoxies, and pay the price in coproinism and invective. How we must add James McWhorter to this brave group. He has written a powerful, scathing indictment of the pathologies polluting the public perceptions and policies on race. McWhorter is a literature professor at the University of California at Berkeley, and the author of several books and numerous articles on dialect and creole languages. Hence he is trained in the analytic, coherent argument, and the ability to distinguish rational thought from gratifying emotion and intellectual chicanery. All those qualities inform Losing the Race, whose argument calmly proceeds with devastating clarity and cogency.

McWhorter begins with an incident that illustrates how far we have sometimes curtailed worldliness of race relations in America. In January 1999 the white ambassador to Washington, D.C. mayor Anthony Williams used the word "niggerly" in a meeting with two coworkers, one of whom was black. This woman's angry reaction set off a firestorm that ultimately led to the ambassador's resignation, despite the lack of record of racist in racial matters, and despite the fact that the word "niggerly" is a congratulation in argot and hence means no relationship whatsoever to what steamship whites now call the "n-word."

McWhorter goes on to elaborate in this episode the three phenomena that corrupt race relations in America: the Cult of Victimology, Separatism, and Anti-Intellectualism. Despite the quantifiable economic, educational, and social progress made by black Americans in the last forty years, many blacks still maintain what McWhorter calls the "articulations of faith," speak hate or distorted truths that supposedly refute the persistence of white racism. These include myths such as blacks are poor and live in ghettos, or the presumed outbreak of arson against black churches. There is only one in five black people live in ghettos, only one in five churches are burned at a rate fifteen times greater than that of white churches.

The world of victimization reality, however, these ideas are important for proving that blacks today are victimized by white racism as virulent as when African-Americans were legally segregated and morally classified. And once racism can be played up as a verbal absurd over every problem and issue, we all can forget about the real world that nature has done to control the progress that has already been made. Unfortunately, as McWhorter writes, today "black is [sic] Victimology, and this is a grave deconstruction from the path to the mainstream. Condemned by Victimology to wail and let failure pass, to choke in performance, and recreate racism where it was receding, we will never saw... freedom. Thus blacks have replaced the shockles whites hobbled us with for centuries with new ones of our own."

Victimology breeds the next pathology, Separatism. Separatism leads blacks to consider mainstream Americans as "whites" and hence alien; to condone sloppy scholarship as long as it boosts black self-esteem; and worse, to endorse the conviction that "because black people endure such evils, they cannot be held responsible for immoral or destructive actions, these being 'understandable' responses to frustration and pain." As McWhorter rightly points out, it is the myth of black darkness, poisonous black relations with whites, and more descend the message that blacks are inferior to the simple reason that this person cannot be trusted and is not as equal.

Victimology and Separatism breed what McWhorter is the most damaging evil, the Cult of Anti-Intellectualism. Documenting the continuing poor performance of black students of all economic classes, and after dismissing the usual suspects of class, racism, teacher bias, underfund ing, and tracking, McWhorter instead identifies a "cultural disconnect from learning" as the major factor in accounting for black scholastic underachievement. McWhorter talks about the teaching bratty black students endure from their peers, the charge of "acting white" hurled at black students who show an interest in learning, the low expectations from parents, the satisfaction of low goals, and a classroom "attitude," "as almost alarming pride in disengagement from learning among many black students," which justifies as expressions of cultural pride the socially undesired "cool" such bad habits as cutting classes and spending less time on homework.

After his analysis of Victimology, Separatism, and Anti-Intellectualism, McWhorter then examines their impact on the Affirmative Action debates and the Economic Controversy McWhorter take on Affirmative Action is particularly valuable. He sees racial preferences as a case-necessary remedial program whose damaging effects now outweigh its usefulness. He writes that all black students should come from impoverished neighborhoods with crumbling schools—only 83 of 239 of Berkeley's last African-American freshman class before California's Proposition 202 outlawed racial preferences were "low income"; 107 came from families making at least $60,000 a year. Moreover, the typical black student at an elite university is "comfortable in standard English with barely known out of disenfranchisement in her life, went to school alongside white, interacts with them with ease and often a closed book that has enjoyed the middle-class material pretensions that her white and Asian classmates have enjoyed.

Losing the Race is a case study in America's most prestigious and competitive universities with grades and test scores far below whites and Asians can only reinforce the pathologies McWhorter describes. The loss of performance of too many black students at such universities, as evidenced by grades and graduation rates, indicates the failure of racial preference. Some black educational leaders, however, rationalize this low performance by invoking and even teaching Victimology, thus removing the incentives to succeed. The net result is that too many black educators are "comforted"—[so] minority students being the weakest performers on America's university campuses. McWhorter ends his book with a series of proposals that could help African-Americans reach the genuine equality that was the dream of the Civil Rights movement, and that would end the pathologies on the part of other Americans that blacks are "prejudiced, crude, and uneducated.

He calls for the acknowledgement this racism, while still present, is nowhere near as widespread and virulent as it once was that black names are not categorizing the middle-class is very real and an occasion for pride; and that the remnants of racism that do exist—for example, being passed over by a textbook—is an occasional inconvenience, not evidence of oppression. Thus the need to eliminate affirmative action, whose harm—...failing self-doubt, giving the appearance of dimness, displacing equally qualified whites, and most importantly, the blunting of incentive—"hinder what McWhorter sees as the most important goal in achieving equality, "closing the black-white scholarship gap."

Losing the Race is a brutally honest book one that no doubt has brought down the wrath of the Civil Rights Industry on its author's head. That was mediocrity. These black colleagues have already broken McWhorter with the dreaded "c-word." Yet McWhorter's message about the destructiveness of Victimology and its institutional inferiority needs to be heard, and its call to fellow races to change the way Americans headed: "Let's step this run-down bus, this tripped-off car alarm, this eternal Passion Flag, this self-deprecating holding pattern, and taking water without backing our collective ceasing generation after generation of black Americans into self-doubt and paranoia even when growing up in conditions that would be the envy of most people on earth."

Couple Guilty of Labor Law Violation
by Judith Schumann Weizner

Federal Judge Frank Sedaubro ruled yesterday that Jon and Cynthia Wolka acted in restraint of trade when they sought to prevent Dancester Davis, a 28-year-old housepainter and free-lance saxophonist, from working at his second job as a street musician.

Davis, who began to play the sax while in prison for aggravated assault and malicious destruction of property, established himself as a fixture on the corner of 88th St. and Broadway about two years ago when he began entertaining nightly in front of a distinctive double-mandolin shop.

Several months after Mr. Davis arrived in their neighborhood, the Wolkas, whose fourth-floor apartment overlooks the corner, resorted to action against him to discourage the presence. Mr. Davis' attorney got the charges dropped, however, by citing Section VIII.2(a) of the Ethnic Sensitivities Construction Act of 2001 (ESCA) which guarantees protection of藝術 for the artistic performance having an ethnic context or more than 12%. Since Mr. Davis' reputation consisted mainly of jazz, and he's in his defense "a black thing," the judge had no choice but to drop the charges, and Mr. Davis returned to his corner.

The Wolkas insist that a chivalry stands. Claiming that their two-year-old son, Jason, had fallen behind in his computer science computer class due to extreme depression and depression, they prevailed the court to eject Mr. Davis from performing on their corner after his son.

At the trial, the Wolkas explained that due to the excessive mapping, hours had failed to meet the standards for completion of a program he'd been carrying, which would have enabled the school's development office to increase the students' potential earnings in years past, Jovita Ferraro, executive director of the Wolkas' house, told the court that the corner was now occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that this was in violation of the Wolkas' house, and that the corner was now occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that the Wolkas' house, and that the Wolkas' house, had been occupied by a trumpet player. He stated that