Near midnight on Wednesday, December 30, 1993, a motorist discovered the body of a young woman alongside U.S. Highway 78 in Dorchester County near Charleston, South Carolina. She had been shot six times, with one bullet in her right arm and five more in her jaw. An autopsy would later determine that she had been shot at close range with a small-caliber firearm, the time of the shooting estimated to have been 10 minutes before she was discovered. When found, she was still alive, but with weakening pulse and profuse bleeding. She died before help could arrive.

The young woman—Melissa McLaughlin, known as “Missy,” 25, a native of Wixom, Michigan, but living with her boyfriend’s family in North Charleston—was the victim of a brutal murder that was shocking enough, but the real shock would hit the Charleston area a few days later when two of her assassins were arrested. It was then revealed that Miss McLaughlin was abducted, raped, tortured, and murdered—after being told beforehand that she would be killed—solely because of her race, by five black men. And the ultimate humiliation for the victim and her family was that the story of her murder would be curiously underplayed by the mainstream media, which in cases where the racial identity of victim and perpetrator was reversed (as in the Tawana Brawley hoax) would blame out white guilt in banner headlines. The McLaughlin murder remained a local story despite the fact that the murderers’ motivation—to “get a white girl” in revenge for “four hundred years of oppression”—made it the hate crime that the Tawana Brawley affair only pretended to be.

Some might say that the McLaughlin case, though it was, was atypical and that the vast majority of hate crimes are committed by whites against blacks and other people of color. Yet recently released statistics from the Justice Department indicate that about 1 in 10 murders that are motivated by the race of the victim were the victims of violent crimes committed by blacks, as opposed to about 130,000 blacks who were victimized by whites. Adjusted for population, this means that blacks are responsible for about 50 times more violent racist crimes than are whites.

The issue of black-on-white crime is the dirty little, secret of American society—something almost everyone knows about or suspects, but no one discusses. To discuss it, in fact, is to run the risk of being stigmatized as a racist. Yet this is a problem which is worsening, particularly as a generation of “superpredators” comes of age.

In the last 28 years, violent crime has increased four times faster than the population, which means that a sizable segment of the population is working overtime committing crimes. It’s no mystery who comprises this segment: young people. And black males under the age of 18 are 12 times more likely than whites in the same age group to be arrested for murder.

Continued on page 6

BACKDRAFT IN THE SFPD
THE FIRE THIS TIME
By Paul Ciotti

Initially, San Francisco fireman Jerry Butler’s untimely death seemed like nothing so much as capricious fate. On a warm, windy night in August of 1993, a seven-year-old boy with a history of playing with matches set the mattress on fire in the third-floor apartment he shared with his grandmother in the Geneva Towers, a crime-and-drug-ridden project house in San Francisco’s Visitacion Valley.

In a panic, the boy and his grandmother fled the apartment, locked the door, and didn’t tell building security. By the time guards noticed the smoke and called the fire department to the scene, the fire had a 40-minute head start. Thirty to 50 m.p.h. winds fanned the flames to such oven-like intensity they burned through sheetrock and melted metal supports.

Fearing someone might be trapped inside, 12 San Francisco firemen jammed the hall outside, attempting to smash in the door with axes and a running tool. Just before the door gave way, an officer warned everyone who wasn’t already on the floor to lie down for fear of a possible backdraft. Most of the 12 men in the hallway, in fact, were out. Fireman “bumped the rug like a surfer.” Jerry Butler did not. Instead, in the words of a 30-year veteran of the force, “he did everything he was supposed to do.”

Inside, the fire had heated the apartment’s concrete walls to near-intensification degree. As firemen started to crawl into the apartment with their hoses, the wind came whipping through a broken window, creating a “horizontal chimney effect” which propelled a swirling grey cloud of 2,000-degree superheated gas and steam out the door over their heads and across the hall, burning everything in its path above 20 inches from the floor.

Continued on page 12
Enola Gay Controversy

I am responding to the five paragraphs in Professor Ronald L. Redish’s “New National Standards: Blame American Fists: History & Politics (June 1990)”, which dealt with the atom bomb. I believe that in presenting the two sides over the A-bomb, my role was in that dispute and in interpreting A-bomb matters, and the writings of others. Professor Redish’s paragraphs contain a number of errors and misleading implications. I deal with some, but not all, of the problems with his treatment.

First, counsel contends that I appeared on Nightline to argue about the A-bomb history, but in fact I never appeared on Nightline; as far as I know I was never interviewed on camera by Nightline.

Redish also contends, among other matters, that I stated that the correct pre-Hiroshima U.S. estimate for U.S. casualties in the Olympic (Kuril) operation was 40,000, saying that Truman had ordered an investigation of all the evidence, that is, reclassification of all the evidence. Neutralizing estimates for the number of dead (from the late 1930s) 63,000 U.S. civilians or possibly 25,000-46,000 U.S. lives (the June 15 estimate by a JCS subcommittee) was more than adequate for his moral framework in the summer of 1945. That was also the view of most Americans at the time as I have repeatedly written.

Professor Redish has greatly confused the matter of Truman and numbers, and some document that he allegedly crossed out in 259,000, [sic] that I think that Redish has badly misunderstood the history on which I have written in this book and that the January 1953 letter to an official Air Force histo- rian on the subject of what Truman allegedly believed before Hiroshima and on what Marshall and others believed in 1952-1953. Before Truman sent his letter, a staff aide in January 1953 inter- cepted, greatly inflated the numbers, said they had to be raised to bring them in line with.J

...
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

WHILE THE PASSPORT OFFICE WAS SLEEPING: In late January, before going to Saudi Arabia to play voodoo with Nelson Mandela, Louis Farrakhan journeyed to Tripoli to meet with that other noted humanitarian, Moamar Khadafi. The lure was the $1 billion Khadafi has vowed to spend in order to "play a significant role in American political life." Farrakhan toured the ruins of Khadafi's home, which was destroyed in the 1986 U.S. air raids, a poignant moment in a statement to the "American barbarians against Libya." After the tour he wrote in the visitors' book, "I implore God to punish our enemies hundred of times, just as they did to us against you." Farrakhan praised Khadafi for working for the liberation of oppressed peoples, including Africans. He said, "I have met my brother Col. Moamer Khadafi, the solid of unifying Arabs, Muslims, blacks, and oppressed communities in America to play a strong, significant role not only in the American elections but in American foreign policy." Farrakhan followed up this diplomatic triumph with other stops in the Middle East, including a visit to Tehran, where he hailed the solidarity of the Ayatollah Khomeini and spoke nostalgically of the Imam's jihad against the Great Satan of America. His most memorable comment from this leg of his grand tour was as follows: "You can quote me. God will destroy America at the hands of the Muslims."

QUERIES: The course, "Queer Readings of Postcolonial Literature" is now open with a question: "Do queers get different pleasures from watching movies like Psycho or Roseanne than do straight viewees?" "Queer Readings" is offered by the Institute of Gay and Lesbian Education (IGLE), formerly WHOLE, the West Hollywood Institute of Gay and Lesbian Education. Meanwhile, the "Gay and Lesbian Politics" course asks students: "Could you win a debate with Pat Buchanan?" and teaches such strategies as "lobbying, protests and parades, basing coalitions, coming out and exiting." The final exam is "a structured political discussion with an opponent of gay and lesbian rights."

OTHER COURSES include "Queer Screewriting" and "Gay Theater," whose educational activities include an evening at the opera with La Scala Di Sera by Rossini and Puccini's Suor Angelica, followed by a lecture discussing "thinking about drag and its applications..." In May the Institute offers its ever-popular naturalist visit to the "lesbian seagulls on Anacapa Island." Be there or be square.

HOW TO TELL THE DANCER FROM THE DANCE: In a story that could easily have been written by Groucho Marx, skirts, Carnation, the San Francisco Chronicle printed an article early in February about Judith Brand, a wheelchair student at the Bay Area's College of Marin. The 20-year-old Brand, who is wheelchair bound and suffers from speech, visual, and motor impairment as a result of cerebral palsy, is suing the college because she was denied "full participation" in a theatre dance class. The teacher is the class, who paired students and asked them to work together as partners, routinely paired Brand with her side, whose job was to help Brand get to and from class and to assist in communication and some manual tasks. This led Oakland attorney Jean Hyams to file suit. "This was an opportunity for the College of Marin to expand the understanding of dance," Hyams said.

THE SMELL OF ART: The split carcasses of a cow and its calf floating in forefront have won the $30,000 Turner Prize, Britain's award for hip new art. The artist, Damien Hirst, edged out another strong contender whose art consisted of a two-minute video exploring her various body crises. A second work by the reedatable Hirst, a rotating sculpture of a dead seal and a dead cow entwined, was banned from a gallery in New York for fear that its smell—but alas, not its content—would cause art lovers to vomit.

MORE CHILLING EFFECTS: The New York Times, in reporting on the politics of culture, cites University of North Carolina professor Richard H. Kohn. Writing in a recent issue of the Journal of American History, Kohn claims that the cancellation of the original Enola Gay exhibit "may constitute the worst tragedy to befoul the United States in history..." Kohn's idea is that the legacy of the cancelled exhibit, which itself was a political debate, could have such a chilling effect on freedom of expression in museums that the United States itself is not big enough to contain it. His broad idea is that it is too dangerous to attempt exhibitions of controversial topics. Kohn concludes: "If the idea that politics is now cultural American cultural life, the civic discourse could succeed to the suppression, characterization of the totalitarian regimes America has fought and died to defeat." Well, it must be said that not even writing in the official journal of an organization, the AIA, devoted to deconstruction of these wars in which Americans have died ought to be a little more civically precise. And it seems that someone from the academy—which has done more to trivialize as much as politicize, culture than any other institution in America and has been suffering "chilling effects" tampering to an intellectual Arctic Zone—ought not to be surprised that culture is politicized. Perhaps Dr. Kohn is one of those who believe that it is only politicized when the other side does it.

MLA DECONSTRUCTING RECRUITING: Fixed on the heels of passing a resolution condemning Bennington College for what many regard as a matter of internal policy, the Modern Language Association is about to ask its membership to ratify a resolution already passed by its Delegate Assembly concerning Yale University for the way it handled its recent graduate student strike. "Today Bennington, tomorrow Yale—what school is safe from the MLA's academic police actions? If this sounds unduly apocalyptic, consider the results of the MLA's over-widening policy of refusing to hold its conventions in states that pass politically incorrect legislation. In response to this latest "hit" from pro-civil rights California as a result of its passing Proposition 187, a disgruntled MLA member writes in its Spring 1986 Newsletter: "The situation of the MLA as a result of political correctness is out of control...For one reason or another the convention now may not take place in forty-six out of the fifty states...Eliminating the MLA's financial support of citizens of that state voted not to use their tax dollars to educate illegal aliens was the final blow. It is time for us to get out of police and back into scholarship." If this continues going after prominent colleges and universities, the MLA may find its membership base dwindling before its eyes.
Paying People to Volunteer

P.C. Corps

By Jessica Gavora

On September 12, 1994, Bill Clinton was supposed to launch AmeriCorps, his national service program, with a mass swearing-in ceremony of new volunteers on the White House lawn. Everything was set for a major media event—televised cameras and a squadron of the most telegenic of the young, grey t-shirt-clad recruits who would herald a new age of "volunteerism." But then, in the early morning hours of the day of the big event, a mentally unstable Massachusetts man tried to crash his single-engine plane into the White House and the ceremony had to be scaled down and moved and diminished as a news event. It ended up as an inconspicuous beginning for the program, but President Clinton would repeatedly call it his "prudent" domestic achievement. More than reforming health care, changing welfare, or saving school lunches, Bill Clinton seems determined to identify his political legacy with AmeriCorps, and, indeed, in his 1995 State of the Union address, he called it "the essence" of his vision of the future and of the "New Covenant" between the American people and their government.

Laboring in the shadow of his model, John F. Kennedy, Clinton self-consciously designed AmeriCorps to be his "domestic Peace Corps," although the peace was better. (For each year of service, volunteers would receive, in addition to the distinctive grey t-shirt, a stipend of $7,400 plus another $4,725 toward higher education costs, along with automatic health and childcare benefits.) Clinton's vision surpassed even Kennedy's. With 20,000 young Americans working for AmeriCorps today, it is already bigger than the Peace Corps at its height. And this was to be just the beginning. AmeriCorps' creators envisioned this number growing quickly over the first few years of the program's run, graduating from an initial 100,000 "volunteers" financed by a nearly $2-billion congressional appropriation by 1997. AmeriCorps was not merely to be a path toward national service. It was to crystallize a Generation X version of service to the nation.

In the year and a half since AmeriCorps was launched, however, this vision has been crushed and the agency is in shambles. It is so infected with ideology, in choice of personnel and the jobs at which they sign up, that even those who have dubbed it "the Peace Corps" are instead of being lean and effective, as Clintonites promised. AmeriCorps has become one of the most beleaguered agencies in Washington, with costs to support some of its volunteers exceeding $60,000 a year. Even some of those sympathetic to the basic idea behind AmeriCorps have been shaking their heads and saying, in effect, with volunteers like this who needs community service. It is little wonder that future funding for Clinton's vision is.

national service to the young governor and, among other things, help reconstitute the image of the Democratic Party. Moskos envisioned the creation of a cadre of young activists committed to a New Democratic ideal that demanded something in return for government assistance. Under his plan, national service would be required in order to qualify for aid for higher education. Clinton liked the idea, but he added a paludal twist to Moskos's localist proposal. Under his plan, national service would be voluntary. It would be financed through a gigantic pool of federal funds to be distributed to nonprofit organizations who would, in turn, pay for national service volunteers in addition to giving them college aid. Given the fact that the agency was created as a federal grant-making machine philosophically rooted in the need to help revitalize the Democratic Party, it didn't take long for AmeriCorps to find itself the target of charges of political advocacy. The trouble began in the "Summer of Service," a $10-million trial run of AmeriCorps conducted in 1993 that placed 1,800 young people in 16 demonstration projects across the country. Critics for the program placed a high priority on racial, ethnic, and class "diversity" in choosing participants, parting over student leaders and conscientious scholars for former gang members, reform drug dealers, and drug users. These reports would be "better able to relate to kids." One Baltimore Summer of Service participant told National Empowerment Television that teaching sex education to children by using condoms. "One person was actually offered early parole for an opportunity to get involved in this program," former group leader Chad Cus said. It was no surprise, given the selection criteria, that the Los Angeles Times was soon reporting that one Summer of Service group, the San Francisco-based Real Alternatives Program (RAP), organized a rally against the "three strikes and you're out" referendum than before the California voters.

Although AmeriCorps officials professed to have learned valuable lessons from these and other left-leaning initiatives in the Summer of Service, problems in the granting process continued to plague the program even after it was no longer in the research and demonstration phase. One of the most damaging—and most visible—example of AmeriCorps-funded projects occurred in the spring of 1995, when 200 protesters descended on ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now) headquarters in Washington, D.C., luncheon that House Speaker Newt Gingrich was scheduled to address.

ACORN prides itself on its history of fiery face protest action. The object of their ire that spring morning was GOP plans to block-grant the school lunch program. The reaction. Waving school lunch trays and screaming "We want Newt!" the group took over the head
table and commanded the microphone. Later, Gingrich, who was warned of the siege and skipped the luncheon, asked of the protesters: "Who are they? Who paid them?"

When the meeting opened, the speaker, was Uncle Sal, since ACORN's sister organization, ACORN Housing Corp., was the recipient of a $1.1 million grant from the American Heritage Fund, a group that said its mission was to "promote economic justice and eliminate poverty through social change." And the American Heritage Fund's president, Mr. Segal's assistant, Mr. Segal's assistant, assured the groups that the two groups were "entirely separate," an inspector general investigation of the two groups found "a pattern of conduct on the part of ACORN to assist ACORN." The American Heritage fund was terminated.

Washington officials were forced to withdraw their original opposition to the Denver-based Cole Coalition, when it was organized by conservative Washington, D.C., who volunteers "certifying daycare providers in HIV/AIDS information.

But it is not only as an ideological tool that the American Heritage Fund has run into criticism. It has also raised eyebrows for functioning as a cheating squad for the Democratic Party. A favorite tactic of the Clinton administration has been to seek out fears and to manipulate administration media events. And again and again, the anger young grey 24-year-olds have been at White House flak distributed a "report card" certifying the president's environmental record.

Other AmeriCorps grants have gone toward endeavors that are not so much political as politically correct. For example, the Arizona: offer "non-traditional career opportunities" to young women" in Pittsfield, Mass; and "prevent juvenile delinquency and stiff community pride" using arts as a medium" in Fonce, Puerto Rico. One Boston program calls on the 80 percent of its female participants who are high school dropouts to conduct workshops on "early pregnancy and dropout prevention."

The Village Voice discovered an AmeriCorps program focused on National Endowment for the Arts called Writers-Consorts that pays instructors in New York Washington, D.C., and San Francisco to "teach their students about the power of engaging their sense of street politics and popular culture." In the Bronx, one "instructor" used a soft-core porn novel to stir up activism among the students. The San Francisco Chronicle profiled an AmeriCorps participant who earned her pay by providing AIDS education to cabinet secretaries — Reno, Habib, Shaali, Grodwww — whose agencies would be "fettering things" to the help of the AmeriCorps volunteers. In the new budget, the Justice Department's budget was cut by $5 million, but the Housing and Urban Development Dept. received a $5 million increase in the budget. AmeriCorps head Ed Segal's assurances that the two groups were "entirely separate," a inspector general investigation of the two groups found "a pattern of conduct on the part of ACORN to assist ACORN." The American Heritage fund was terminated.

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But most damaging were the GAO findings regarding private versus public funding sources for AmeriCorps. As the GAO recalculated, had billed itself as a new kind of bureaucratic animal, one that would create a unique public-private partnership by using federal funds to purchase services provided by private companies in the community. The GAO audit found that AmeriCorps actually "leveraged" less than 17 percent of its private funds to offset the costs of public-sector private service. The remaining 88 percent were picked up by federal state, and local taxpaye.

The failure of AmeriCorps does not mean the failure of the concept behind it. Both Clintonites and conservatives are interested in a loosely defined set of issues organized around the term "citizenship." But despite Johnson's use of catch phrases such as "empowerment" and "personal responsibility," liberals and conservatives generally agree about what they're discussing.

For conservatives, citizenship speaks to a return of the power and resources now consumed by government to individuals and the institutions they control directly, such as families, churches, schools, and communities. For Clintonites, the new citizenship is based on an attempt to recruit a government program as an instrument of individual and community service. Instead, the Clinton Administration argues, the government must be pruned back in order to make room for the non-governmental sphere to flourish. Clinton argues that government can be expanded to meet the need for new responsibilitie. In AmeriCorps, Clinton promised a different kind of government program, one that was centered outside of Washington and targeted non-governmental organizations. The program, he asserted, would prove that government could act as a partner with citizens, using its resources to leverage additional Federal goods and additional good works from the private sector.

That AmeriCorps now bases its future survival on a single bill signed by the president and congressional Republicans in the back rooms of Washington is testimony to the failure of this vision, dubbed "bureaucratic populism," by the late John Walters of the New Citizens Project.

Conservatives attacked Clinton's vision of citizenship on several fronts. First, they argued that it was insincere: because it was oxymoronic: paying "volunteers" was a corruption of genuine healthy charity. Moreover, AmeriCorps, they warned, would make both the provider and the recipient of the community service dependent on government. Local control of charitable organizations was lost to national control. There were no incentives of federal grant-taking instead of concentrating on good works in communities, groups would find themselves traveling to Washington, D.C., to become "employees" of the federal subsidy of an AmeriCorps "volunteer."

President Clinton deserves some credit for starting a debate about citizenship. But Clinton seems to view the renewal of citizenship not as a revitalization of civil society, but as a revitalization of government. By paying citizens to "volunteer," AmeriCorps conflates voluntary community service — which nearly 90 million Americans regularly offer — with a federal "volunteerism," using federal resources to promote volunteerism — contradicts the principle of self-government that lies at the heart of citizenship.

The fate of AmeriCorps remains unsettled. As the budget battle becomes more and more pitched, both the House and Senate Republicans have targeted Clinton's legacy at the agency. In 1995 budget having been retroactively cut by $210 million, AmeriCorps now finds its funding frozen at the 1994 level of about $375 million. In an opening gambit in the budget negotiations with the White House, appropriators are both the House and Senate are killed funding for the program for next year. The president, they know, wants AmeriCorps badly. The question now is what higher priority items will be on the Republican list. In this case, it will be willing to trade for it. Or it is willing to trade at all.

It is yet possible that AmeriCorps may be revitalized in political terms, in the hands of a successor, particularly in the Senate, who are interested in "reviving" AmeriCorps to reduce its more glaring effects. Or it could be that the agency once hailed as "the paradigm of rein- vented government" now require "reinvention" to live up to its promise. It is also possible that AmeriCorps is a better use of time for a good idea whose goal of citizenship seems to be paying someone selected by quota to use the equivalent of the Pentagon's $900 hammer to smash ideas. The future of programs they regard as politically incorrect.
BLACK HATE CRIMES, continued from page 1

According to the Justice Department's 1993 "Highlights from Twenty Years of Surveying Crime Victims," of the more than 6.6 million violent crimes committed annually in the U.S. (comprising both assaults and murders), about 20 percent are of an interracial nature. Most of the victims of these crimes—at least 90 percent—are whites. The following year's report, for instance, blacks murder whites at 18 times the rate that whites murder blacks.

In gang-related assaults, violent black-on-white incidents are 21 times more likely to occur than the reverse. In gang robberies alone, whites are 52 times more likely to be victims than blacks (the reverse is needed for blacks). At least 88 percent of all white rapes as blacks. In the U.S., yet a black is 12.38 times more likely to murder a white and 325 times more likely to participate in a gang attack on whites. And even by the most conservative estimate, a black man is 94 times more likely to rape a white woman than a white man is to rape a black woman.

The dirty little secret within the dirty little secret as recently as the late 1980s, the vast majority of rapes were interracial rather than inter racial. By the 1970s, black-on-white rape was at least as common as the reverse, (in 1974 in Denver, for example, 40 percent of all rapes were black-on-white, and there wasn't one reported case of white-on-black rape.) According to the reporting criminologist William Wilbanks, in 1988 there were 9,406 reported cases of black-on-white rape, while there were fewer than 100 of white-on-black rape. And 10,000 of these figures be challenged as "conservatively."

It is true that even Andrew Hacker, author of the impeccably liberal Two Nations: Black and White, Separate, Hostile, Unequal, admits that in 1989, blacks were three to four times more likely to commit rape than whites and that black men raped white women 30 times more frequently than white men raped black women.

Nor are the statistics the extent of the problem. As Dinizet Zewa points out, "The end of racism, the racial character of rape has less to do with sexual thrills than with the desire to "control, dominate, and humiliate woman," especially white women. Yet the five decades that have been necessary for predominantly black male crime is a reality that feminists, ever ready to dianimate "rape culture," never seem to come to grips with."

And according to sociologist Marcia Young, the beams of their teeming bonds with their black sisters. No politically correct feminists want to point out the obvious, transforming the "rape culture" in America has far less to do with changing the mores of subservia than those of the ghetto.

What these statistics show is that the overwhelming majority of violent hate crimes in America are not only committed by blacks against whites, but that they occur everyday with a frequency that is all too often ignored.

The reason most blacks are afraid of whites, especially young black males, are as likely to be killed than whites, yet these are mostly black-on-black homicides. We hear about black-on-white homicides, especially young black males, as likely to be killed than whites.

This is the hate crime that dare not speak its name: "gassicide" or "the act of driving a black car in a white neighborhood, finding a white house, and shooting it by whites against blacks." Even a cursory search will bring to light little-known crimes committed by blacks against whites that would have been national news if committed by whites against blacks.

Consider the following rap sheet of crimes which were, with one or two exceptions, not deemed worthy of being treated as major stories:

- One evening in July 1985, a young white man named Danny Gilmore of Warren, Ohio, was returning from the downtown Cleveland Rib Burn Off with two friends who happened to be black) in his pickup truck. Lost, they were driving through a black East Side neighborhood, searching for the expressway on-ramp, when a black man on a moped pulled out in front of them without looking back and bumped into them. Although the moped rider was unarmed (and at fast), Gilmore waited for the police to arrive. In the meantime, a crowd of young blacks, many of whom are believed to have been members of a local gang called the East Side Crushers, began to argue with Gilmore and his two friends and then attacked them. Gilmore was slugged out. Hit on the head with a beer bottle, he collapsed onto the street in front of his truck. Gilmore was kicked and stomped by the gang, while one of them kept yellng, "Burn him! Burn him," a phrase taken from a popular rap song of the time, which they used as a code to designate their victims. Then one gang member jumped inside the cab of the truck, started the engine, and repeatedly ran Danny Gilmore over with his own vehicle while the assembled gangsters cheered. While Gilmore lay there crushed and helpless, one of the gang stole his wallet. Gilmore died the next day in a hospital without recovering consciousness. He was 22.

The Cleveland establishment went out of its way to downplay the racial angle of the Gilmore murder. Said the executive director of the city's Community Relations Board, Earl W. E. Harris, "There is no evidence of discrimination, in fact, the majority of the blacks who were involved in thegraphics on the part of black activists and their white allies every time a piece of skinheads go loose. But as earlier Jarol Taylor points out,
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that the reason for his previous reluctance to emphasize McLauchlin as a hate crime was because of the possible repercussions within the community. In essence, he was weary of sparking a racial confrontation. Melina's boyfriend, John Ose, also felt that she was targeted because of her skin color.

On January 12, the prosecutors in the McLauchlin case announced their intention "to see that there is no question that this girl was murdered by a white person who shot this girl." At this time, the case had still failed to generate much national attention. The story was not handled by the major networks, the two major news magazines, or the two major national newspapers.

On February 17, the McLauchlin appeal was filed. Mississippi's appeals court ruled, "It is true that we have no evidence on the McLauchlin case. We have heard nothing about it."

On May 22, 1994, nearly 17 months after her death, the trial of Melissa McLauchlin's murderers began. The first defendant to be tried for murder, with the death penalty sought by prosecutors, was Matthew Carl Mark. The circuits began when defense attorney Peter Thomas accused the media of making a "grievously inflammatory and factually dishonest" report. He also accused the police of not investigating the case by contacting "to deliberate false information and false information to the media.

In the meantime, in Detroit police raided the home of Joe Gardner's parents. They discovered the car in which Melissa had been killed and a bloody shirt believed to belong to Gardner. Police told the Detroit Free Press that Gardner's mother, a Wayne County sheriff's deputy, was "not helpful" in the search for her son.

On May 22, 1994, the eve of the murder trial of his brothers in crime (it was determined to try Matthew Williams in a separate trial from Matthew Carl Mark), Joe Gardner was placed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List.

The jury chose to try Mark against the entire McLauchlin family, five white women, five white men, and two black women. One black woman was released from duty: she became hysterical mere minutes after being selected. She admitted she had been able to sleep since initiating questioning and was suffering from migraines in a random draw, she was replaced with another white woman.

With no question of their guilt, and no moral justification for their actions, the defendants and their attorneys embarked on the ultimate character-defeating strategy of denying their victim's character.

Roger Williams testified that Melissa was "tricking for crack cocaine." He claimed that he was summoned to Mark's trailer by Matthew Williams to help in a fight. When he got there, he was told that there was a girl present who was exchanging sex for drugs. His claim was that he was a drug dealer and that the girl had been able to talk to him about the drugs in return for having sex with him. He claimed his sex was consensual, and so was Mark's, as he was present when it took place. He also claimed that Mark was angry with Melissa, screamed at her, and then tried unsuccessfully to penetrate her. Williams claimed that he did not know that Gardner had killed McLauchlin until the next day.

Melissa's boyfriend and fiancée, John Ose, admitted that Melissa had a drug problem when they had lived in Florida, but that she had cleaned up. And contrary to defense allegations about Melissa's use that last night of her life, her autopsy revealed that while there was evidence of alcohol in her system, there were no traces of drugs.

The most damaging evidence against Mark was his next-door neighbor, Pamela Holt, who testified that Mark asked her, the day after Melissa's death, if she had heard anything about last night's shooting. Mark asked why, Ms. Holt asked why, Mark told her "We killed a white bitch last night. We've been planning on doing this for awhile." He then gave her this excuse: "On the night of December 29, 1992, Mark, Matthew Williams, and Joe Gardner were riding around when they saw McLauchlin. Obviously drunk, walking alongside the road, she asked them if they wanted to party and if they had any rock (crack). They told her they didn't, and started to leave, but McLauchlin called them niggers and stuff, and threw rocks at the car."

They stopped, told McLauchlin that they did have drugs, but that she would have to come back to their trailer to get them. She then got in the car with them, voluntarily. But when she got there, and found out that they had lied about the drugs, she refused to have sex with anyone.

Then "Joe [Gardner] put the gun to her head and said he would kill her if she didn't. He took her back in the front room and raped her."

When it was all over, Melissa was told to scrub off with hydrogen peroxide, and Mark shaved her head with a box cutter. Then she was blindfolded with a towel, her hands tied behind her back with toy handcuffs. She was put into the back of a pickup truck for the ride out.

During the ride, Melissa was doing a lot of screaming and kicking; Williams was punching her, trying to shut her up. At this point, Gardner turned around and shot her.

Williams expressed shock, and asked Gardner why he had done that. "I thought we were just going to scare her and throw her in the woods!"

Taking the witness stand in his own defense, Mark claimed that Gardner brought up the idea of killing Melissa because "she kept demanding drugs or money after willingly having sex with me." Mark had earlier told police that he was mad at his former white girlfriend a day or so before the McLauchlin injuries, and that he had warned Gardner and Matthew Williams that he'd like to strangle her.

According to a Detroit police homicide report, after his arrest there, Mark said that "any white girl would do," but also claimed, "we were just satting around joking.

Mark testified that it was Gardner who made Melissa shower to clean away incriminating evidence, Gardner who blindfolded her, and then bound her with toy handcuffs. He quoted Gardner as saying, "We're going to have to kill that bitch.

Mark testified that there was no plot between himself, Gardner, and Matthew Williams to abduct, rape, torture, and kill a white girl, that the alleged motive was made up by the detectives. Gardner and Williams told him and others, and some unrelated statements made over the course of two hours to make it look like a plot. However, Mark was contradicted by a tape recording of his own voice.

In that tape, Mark related that he, Gardner, and Williams had been drinking all day and watching movies, including a pornographic movie dealing with interracial sex and two of the Faces of Death movies, which show real deaths and executions. It was during these viewing that Mark, angry at his white girlfriend, made the remark that he wanted to kill her, even "stab her," but conceded that "it ain't got to be, any white girl would do.

And Mark was watching the pornographic film, involving a black man and a white woman, Williams allegedly expressed his desire to have a white woman. About two hours later, they were watching a TV news show recapitulating the biggest stories of the year (1992), prominent among which was the videotaped beating of Rodney King by Los Angeles police officers. This caused Gardner to exclaim, "That's four hundred years of oppression!" Gardner went on to say that his New Year's resolution was "to kill a white girl.

In another statement that Mack made to Naval Investigators, but which he denied making at the trial, Mack remembered a question he had posed to Williams, "What would you do if you think this takes off the oppression of the black race?" to which Williams replied, "About 10 years.

In his summary, Prosecutor Bailey pointed out that all accounts showed that
nobody had sex with Melissa until after Gardner pulled a gun on her, that even Black,inviting the man to her as a sexual partner would have been a violation of her right.

The jury, 11 whites and one Black, answered by giving Mack life imprisonment plus 30 years on the murder conviction. The jury also convicted her of murdering Melissa McLauchlin. But they rejected the state's plea for the death penalty. Under the life sentence, Mack will be eligible for parole after serving 12 years.

Matthew Williams received the same sentence. Indicta Simmons, Edna Jenkins, and Roger Williams all copped plea deals.

On December 10, Gardner, the man who shot Melissa McLauchlin, was finally arrested by the FBI in Philadelphia, where he was working as a security guard. According to the police, Gardner, who was a member of the Black Panthers, had been involved in multiple crimes, including the attempted murder of a police officer.


The McLauchlin murder was a wedge driven between the black and white communities in the Charleston area, threatening to erupt into racial conflict, and this is reflected in letters sent to the city's largest newspaper, the Post and Courier. White residents in particular were outraged that certain members of the black community's leadership, like State Senator Ford, were trying to downplay any suggestion that the McLauchlin murder be seen as a collective notion that racism and the media's sensationalism, if not inventing, that angle. Several white residents complained, again and again, that the media was not doing its job in actually reporting the events. The McLauchlin story took center stage in Charleston.

Many white readers bittily pointed out the inadequacy of the new media's coverage of the McLauchlin murder in comparison to the urgency with which they treated white-on-black crime. Some white readers thought the coverage of the McLauchlin murder was a sign of how little interest in the case from the black community, who were not as concerned about the case as the white community.

Also frequently noted by whites was the lack of balance by the media outlets in their coverage of the McLauchlin murder. While the white community was heavily invested in the outcome of the McLauchlin murder, the black community was not as invested. The white community was also quick to point out that the media was not reporting the events as accurately as they should be.

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SOLD OUT
This Postman Always Brings Vice

By Stephen Schwartz

When the Italian production Il Postino (The Postman) was nominated as best movie of the year, it was the first time in decades that such an honor was awarded to a foreign-language film. The film is the tale of an illiterate mail carrier who is befriended by Chilean Communist writer Pablo Neruda, who is presented as being in exile from a right-wing government in his homeland. Neruda helps the illiterate mailman express his passion for a woman by "singing" her his verse. He also lends him his ideas after Neruda has returned to Chile, the mailman participates in a Communist rally where he is killed there.

Il Postino is supposed to be a bitter-sweet look at a friendship and at the power of words to ignite a simmering passion for life and love. But there is a subplot, perhaps unintended, that is truer than the text. Neruda promises to maintain a friendship with the simple postman when he leaves for home, and then he never answers his letters. When he returns to Italy years later and finds that the man is dead, he is saddened. But his complexity in the death—because of the continuation of his passion and his promise of the postman to him—is real. This is true of the real Neruda, who, while hailed by gringos as the greatest modern poet in the Spanish language, has never been accorded such respect in sophisticated Hispanic literary culture, where he has always been considered a plagiarist, a gypsy, and a Stalinist back whose politics combines the virtues of Rafael Matarén and General Baca. Indeed, Neruda (born Neftalí Reyes) had no international reputation of significance at all until the 1950s, when Moscow needed Hispanic and other public figures as pawns in the Cold War. Then his name was trumpeted far and wide, and he became the Communist candidate for the Nobel Prize. The adoration extended to the fillip to his literary career as well as his. It is no surprise that Julia Roberts, Hollywood actress, and would be literary critic, recently declared her greatest role model was Neruda—for her, someone who thought great thoughts.

Julia Roberts became famous portraying a hooker and Neruda was the whore of Mexico, so they are similar. It is possible to say that if the actor knew the things that really went through Neruda’s mind, she might not have had such warm and fuzzy feelings.

Neruda’s original reputation rested on a book titled Twenty Love Poems and A Desperate Song. That item, which first appeared in 1924, remains in print in English today. Unfortunately for Neruda, poem number 16 of the 20 is lifted almost verbatim from a book by Rachimdrat Tagurn, an Indian poet and intellectual of some note at that time. The notorious plagiarism, deposited in a drawer of Venetian, induced a noted art critic to mention the "paraphrase" in the fifth edition of his book, which appeared in 1933.

But plagiarism is only the most minor of the offenses to be laid at the feet of Pablo Neruda. He was also a soldier in the Kremlin’s cultural army and a fervent participant in the crimes of the leftist secret police.

Much of Neruda’s later renown in the non-Hispanic world accrued from his public stance as a Communist, driving out the First Republic forces in their struggle against Fascism during the Spanish Civil War. But for the non-

Hispanics, only his death was truly a tragedy. As the interest of Stills left him tainted and despised.

In 1939, when the Spanish Republic fell after being betrayed by the Communists—"international brigades," Soviet advisors, and other Stalinist aces, many thousands Spaniards sought to escape Franco’s regime. Indeed, virtually the entire anarchist syndicalist labor movement in Catalonia, a half-

masso Troisi in Il Postino

In the Nespresso-worshiped period Beyond Tragedy and Exile, Louis Stern writes, “The Spanish anarchists claim that the transport organizers always gave priority to Communist apprentices. In practice, [anti-

Communist] were given a disproportionately small share of the available places.” A leading anarchist figure, Federico Solano Palacio, went further, declaring that some 85 percent of the applications for transportation by the anarchists were rejected, condemning the apprentices to remain in France facing internment, if not death. Palacio specifically cited the example of the Wasp, a ship chartered by the Chilean government. Access to the Wasp was controlled by Neruda, who played the role of an anti-Schindler, using his office to condemn people who did not conform to his politics.

As an historian who has written on the Spanish Civil War, I read with some shock the "political testament" of the Catalans labor historians Josep Peirats, which was published in 1939: “Before World War II, the anarchist and anti-Marxist movement was still an avant-garde movement in Europe. It was the first of those who rejected the Stalinist policies.”

Neruda’s services to Stills did not end with this sorry episode. In May 1940, the Mexican Communist newspaper El Heraldo, in a review of the successful Nationalist three-month war, led a mass, armed attack on the Mexican residence of Leon Trotsky, in which Trotsky’s 12-year-old grandson was killed and as many as 80,000 house guests, Robert Sheldon Khart, was kidnapped and murdered.

According to As Anisutin (a Trotsky), an account by the head of Mexico’s police, Leonard, that the attack was plotted against the interests of Stills left him tainted and despised.

In 1939, when the Spanish Republic fell after being betrayed by the Communists—"international brigades," Soviet advisors, and other Stalinist aces, many thousands Spaniards sought to escape Franco’s regime. Indeed, virtually the entire anarchist syndicalist labor movement in Catalonia, a half-

of people, crossed the Pyrenees into France.

After the beginning of World War II a few months after this flight, Spaniards in France faced either internment in French camps or the looming possibility of a Nazi victory. The Spanish Republican government in exile assumed a considerable load of issues for transportation of these refugees to the Americas. But the decision about who would be lucky enough to sail for the United States, Mexico, Chile, Uruguay, and other Chileans, fell to a group of Communist agents and sympathizers, including the Chilean diplomat, Pablo Neruda.

Because of his services to the Kremlin, Neruda’s name has been forever tarnished by anti-communist sentiment, yet he is of great interest. This is a series of 2,200 Soviet secret-intelligence messages decoded by the United States National Security Agency decades ago, and released to the public in a process that began last year. The decrypted messages, intercepted in tele-

Two of five scheduled VERONA releases have taken place. The first covered nuclear capstone and included important information showing the gift of the Rosenberg spy ring. Pablo Neruda appears in the second group of documents. Although the reference to him does not specify his role, his name is found in the company of Soviet spies. The next release of VERONA, scheduled for this spring, will cover messages from San Francisco and Mexico and should include more on the attempt to break Trotsky’s assassin, Ramon Masescer, out of his Mexican jail cell, an activity in which Neruda may have been involved.

Hollywood, with its phobia about witch hunts, may be inclined to ignore information about the cooperation of the Spanish government with the communists presented of Pablo Neruda in Il Postino when it comes time to vote on the Oscar for Best Picture of 1994. But to those who know how Neruda’s never bothered to hide his great enthusiasm for Joseph Stalin, Neruda honored Stalin with special praise upon his death in 1953. He was a mightily, historically dangerous figure.

Verona, the weather, the breaking waves, the tides, the high water, the giant giant, carried her at the height of her forecast.

A wave beasts against the stones of the shore. But Malakoff could not hold him back.

This poem remains in print in Neruda’s Spanish-language collected works. It has been cited from among the words of his essay, for obvious reasons. It should be noted that one of Neruda’s best known collections in English bears the title The Ground That I Love. The poet himself has passionately believed that the “captain” is Neruda himself. But his memorial to Stills concludes with these lines:

We will call there together, a poet a fisherman and the one to the distant Captain who when entering into death left to all the people, as a legacy, his life.

In 1971, Neruda finally got the Nobel Prize he was claimed to be denied in Il Postino, much to the delight of the congressman and other congressional committee, who could not forget his actions in behalf of totalitarianism. But his legacy—in the film and in the world—remains a dark one. Chile by accident, because of the political crimes, appears to have taught the simple Italian mailman how to speak of love, but the vocabulary he left behind was Judy, when he returned to Chile led only to death.

Stephen Schwartz writes for the San Francisco Chronicle.
Firemen, continued from page 1

Unlike the 11 other firemen who were either on duty or coming up the highway to one side, Lt. Butler, 38, was standing erect directly in front of the open door, with his turnout (fire protection) coat unbuttoned and his helmet and gloves off. When the swirling cloud cleared out of the apartment, it hit him in the face like a blast from a jet engine, burning his eyes, nose, mouth and throat, melting his fingers to the bone, and causing deep burns on his forehead, stomach, abdomen, buttocks, and thighs. He died in the hospital.

The man that failed a morning training day—the first San Francisco firefighter over killed by affirmative action.

Of course, affirmative action proponents strongly object to the notion that affirmative action had anything to do with Butler's death, pointing out that several other firemen were burned in this incident, one severely, and that two of them weren't wearing gloves either.

When Glau Castrelo, co-founder of the California Civil Rights Initiative, a proposed ballot measure that would in effect abolish affirmative action in state business and education, happened to mention Butler's death on an edition of NBC's "Nightline," he was furiously attacked as being deceptive or gravely misinformed. When I asked Louise Renee, a San Francisco city attorney who monitors the implementation of the city's affirmative action plan, in a recent interview whether Butler's death was a consequence of affirmative action, she told me that the notion was absurd.

"Don't you think he got killed?" I asked.

"I don't want to get into that," she replied, moving quickly to something she had already said before—that any fireman who blamed Butler's death on affirmative action were filling in elements that wanted to take the department back to the racism, good old days when "some of them" or "the minority" or "afro-hairs" and "yuppies" could get jobs in the department.

Actually, none of the people I'd talked to had voiced any such sentiment. But the intensity with which some people contest the notion that affirmative action results in the promotion of unqualified people does highlight its principal flaw. When federal courts seize an institution to fight racial discrimination, the result is never social harmony. It's chaos and resentment, often accompanied by mistrust, antagonism, huge financial settlements, the promotion by color and gender of unqualified people, and, in the case of the San Francisco Fire Department, the tragic death of a once-respected institution.

Twenty-five years ago, passing the entrance exams for the San Francisco Fire Department was harder than getting into any major university. But in the early 1970s, public-interest law firms attacked the tests as rigged, and the courts decreed that they be set aside, blocking entrance and promotional exams were thrown out, rewritten, watered down, and restructured to ensure that more minorities passed. And while the exams were occasionally reset, under the terms of a 1988 consent decree, merit rankings on exams were recalculated under new criteria or test entirely in an effort to reach the desired percentages—40 percent minority and 10 percent female.

The department, which now has 1,500 firefighters, quickly went from one that was 15 percent minority and had no women to one that is currently 34.5 percent minority and 6.3 percent female. But it also resulted in falling standards, plummeting morale, fires, inundation in the station houses, and a department that was fast becoming a danger, not only to the public but also to itself.

"There is something to think about," says Ray Bats, a veteran of 28 years on the force. "The U.S. Labor Department says we are the most hazardous job in the country—on steep, wild hills and narrow congested streets—this shouldn't be happening. It's a particularly aggressive approach toward fires. "If fire would kick down a burning building," says one young fireman, "when the smoke and the roach—oh, running out of a burning building, the fireman would be running in. That was their attitude—if they have something to stand on they are not going to burn.

When Ray Bats joined the department in 1966, he couldn't believe, he says, how tough these guys were. They were people in the department who had fought at the Battle of the Barge. They didn't take crap from anyone. They were all athletes—big, stout, and fast, and when I came in we scooped 100 pounds and I was often the smallest guy on the truck. Now I am often the biggest guy on the truck but everything still weighs the same—it's the Incredible Shrinking Fireman." Some of these newly hired women (and guys too) are barely five feet tall. They can't reach the ladders on the fire trucks and when they do they can't lift them anyway.

"My back will never be the same," says Bats, "because a tiny woman opted out of her representation and stood in putting up a 400-pound ladder at a drill." Bats tried to save the ladder a few years ago, but when the other ladders had never been part of any team that dropped out, sending his back into spasms from which it hadn't yet fully recovered.

"But that is what we are confronted with because we have this judge [federal district judge Marilyn Patel] who handed down the consent decree. She doesn't care. She flat doesn't care. Us she wants numbers—races and gender numbers. That is not her main concern. It's her only concern.

When Bats complains about incompetent women or makes the point that out that he is by no means talking about all black or all women. The blacks who were hired on were great, but they were reassigned. The whites who passed the same tests as everyone else are well respected within the department, Bats says, and no one hesitates to follow them anywhere. "The task force is all women, especially lesbians, says Bats, many of whom are hard-charging, don't mind getting their hands dirty, don't care about white shoulder-cameras of the station house, and delight in matching the men joker-for-randomly.

On the other hand, in an effort to fill the quota, the department went out and hired other women (some of whom weren't even citizens) who couldn't cope, couldn't even answer the bell (many of the older firemen came from the building trades), and were generally scared of fires that they have been known to lay off the ground and to check the air supplies and then announce they have to leave the fire to get a refill. On other occasions, women have had behind the fire trucks or decided to ride in the back of hot connections instead of fighting fires.

One woman, says Bats, climbed a 60-foot ladder to the roof of a burning building, announced that she was watermaster, and promptly climbed down the ladder to get a drink of water, leaving her fellow firemen to punch holes in the roof. And that's when Bats understands her, unhappily, says Bats. No one wants to be on the roof of a burning building—it's hot, it's dangerous, but it's also part of the job. You have to root out the fire, past the back
draft. The problem was that some of the women didn’t have the upper-body strength to use the ax. The firingmen called them “woodpeckers” because their attempts at axing cut a lot but not a lot. Later, a woman firefighter was told to connect the hose to an indoor water pipe while her crew advanced the hose 100 feet. She called for help. The line came running out of the building. “The men were shouting, ‘Give us the water. Where’s the water?’ She never gave them any water. “What happened?” they asked. “Oh, she just stood there and told us to get ready.”

By the time it got too hot, we could just leave.”

Attributes such as these are not shared by all the other firemen, who are typically attached to their jobs and would show up on their days off to fight fires. Aggressiveness was the name of the game. If football was a game of inches, firefighting was a game of minutes. They’d race to a fire, kick down the door, rush inside, and put water right on the source to keep it from spreading to other rooms. It was a far more difficult job than perhaps some citizens of San Francisco ever appreciated.

In a fire that followed the 1991 California wildfires, firemen were on the roofs of burning buildings in the marina, knowing the normal escapes were out. The water was cut off, pouring water on adjacent buildings in an effort to save them, planning to slip down their hose ladders if all else failed.

Nowadays, according to Ray Barc and others who feel as he does, some lieutenants just order their men to break a window and stick the hose through the pane rather than go inside a burning house. The result is that fires in former times would have been minor incidents limited to the “room and contents” now turn into multi-alarm fires which spread to the railway, the entire building, or other houses on the block. It’s one of the first lieutenants, chief of the department’s new Civil Service mentality—you just put in your hours, cover your ass, avoid risks, and leave it at 4:30.

For the 1968 Lieutenants’ Exam, candidates had to know all fire department rules and regulations, 25 manuals of fire procedures, applicable portions of the City Charter, the building code, the fire code, the books, and answers to some questions. In the words of one San Francisco Chronicle reporter, “It was sheer, brutal memorization.” Study halls in the fire stations were always full of people doing fire department rules.

When he took the lieutenants’ exam, says one inspector, he spent 18 months preparing for it, studying up to 12 hours a day in the final week. “The tests were grueling and difficult to pass,” he recalls. But at least one claimed the tests were rigged against high achievers—you could see the answer on the test. “You would pay $3 and they would give you your test, and you would pay another $3 and they would give you the answer key.

Moreover, complains one fireman, the new tests don’t ask much test what the candidate knows about fighting fires as he feels about them. Whereas in the past the tests would ask such questions as “How would you extinguish a 500-gallon water tank that was on fire?” In the present test, you would put in a pump, open the valve, now, points out one frustrated candidate for captain. “What makes sense is that they want you to demonstrate your commitment to promoting the goals of the present department.”

In an effort to disguise what’s really going on, says Lt. Ron Van Pool, the department has come up with all sorts of euphemisms for race-norming the tests—“front loading” and “swapping bands.” But to white firefighters it all amounts to the same thing—blatant manipulation of test scores to meet a predetermined quota.

Attempts to change the system have been made to overturn the ancient promotions criteria on behalf of blacks and women argue that drastic intervention is needed to change and promote the new department’s historic institutionalized racism. As proof, they cite the famous Swastika Incident of January 1988, in which a black and an Asian fire inspector claimed they came back to their office to find swastikas on their desks. Several investigations have revealed the swastikas were put there by black firefighters who had heard about their wheelchair morning the swastikas showed up, the jury rejected their $5 million civil rights claim.

In most fire departments people who had committed such violations would have been fired or severely reprimanded. But with the new department’s consent decree, none of the inspectors went on permanent disability leave; the other received a permanent promotion; and, just to make sure no one retaliated against him, the day he was appointed, battalion chief firemen fanned out throughout the department warning firefighters not to ridicule, scorn, undermine, or embarrass the inspector. Their fire to anger firefighters was, “We don’t want you calling us a fucking asshole.”

“...But he was a fucking asshole,” one firefighter says now. “He lied and fed the line to the冉冉冉冉 engineers. He asked for millions. And then they promoted him.”

It’s incidents such as this one that make many San Francisco firefighters walk around on eggshells, fearful that if they happen to say the wrong word to the wrong person, they could be reprimanded, time off, lose promotions or see their careers evaporate entirely. “I’ve never been so scared to speak my mind in my life,” says one former white captain fireman. There are people who walk around with little black books hoping that someone will say something that they can report to the FBI.

If someone is a member of a protected class, firemen complain that they can’t even point out a line of a line or something they’re incapable of performing basic firefighting tasks. One young firefighter I spoke to told me that he once complained to a senior officer that the men in the field would really appreciate it if his rank were to hold up for one week to the inequities of the consent decree. “I can’t,” answered the officer. “Whenever I do get about 30 layoffs in a month, I can’t do it.”

Some firemen have tried to protect themselves by simply keeping their mouths shut any time they thought they might affect the department, department members are asking the public to see the firemen as a whole and not just as outliers. “We are one,” says one of the firemen. “We are one.”
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Not Out of Africa

Not Out of Africa: How Afrocentrism Became An Excuse To Teach Myth As History
by Mary Lefkowitz, Basic Books, 1996, 222 pp., $24.00

Reviewed by Paul A. Cantor

Adam was a.setId and Noah: don't Abraham was called to erricate the prolegetic age.

What did the great English poet William Blake mean by "the blunted arrow" he wrote about what he thought were the most up-to-date theories of history and comparative mythology? Blake was convinced that the tales we read in the Bible were derived from much older stories that in fact took place in the British Isles among the Druidic people who in his view had built Stonehenge. Blake further believed that Greek and Roman culture was similarly derived, as he stated in his Heavens and Hell.

The Stolen and Perverted Writings of Homer & Odys of Pico & Cicero, which All men ought to know, are no up by spires against the Sublime of the Bible, but when the New Age is at Promission, all will be set right & there Great Works of the more ancient & conciliably & profoundly Imparted Man, will hold their proper rank.

"New Age" indeed—like some wild eyed gun on late night television, Blake comes up with a bizarre theory that English nationalism, a theory in which all classical culture is derived from the ancient Hebrews and the culture of the ancient Israelites is turned from the more ancient Hebrews.

One might be tempted to pass over in silence this "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" in Blake, egocentric but lacking in the grandeur of the prophecy of the British culture had the beneficial effect of giving him the courage he needed to challenge the models of classical art that were upheld in his city. But what if Blake's fanciful theories were true? How would he have viewed the wonderful works of our own age, which he would have called "thee great works of the more ancient & conciliably & profoundly Imparted Man, will hold their proper rank."

Not Mary Lefkowitz, a professor of classics at Wellesley College, who has for several years been bravely combing through lectures and articles the Afrocentric theories of such authors as Martinheimer (Mark Athena), theories that are already having an injurious effect on the way cultural history is taught in secondary schools. Now Lefkowitz has produced a book that demolishes the Afrocentric theory of history, uncovers the long buried secrets of its assumptions, and nazach the largest implications of its success on campus, revealing the paralyzing effects of pedagogic relativism on the ability to combat banal errors in the academy today.

The threat of Afrocentrism is to conceive of Egyptian culture as African in essence and time to view Greek culture as derivative from Egyptian. The theory involves many un Intl udated historical claims—for example, that in the 16th century B.C. Egyptians invaded and colo- rated what is now Mashalland—Greece as well as the repro- duction of caustic historical figures, such as the assertion that Cleopatra was black or that the Homeric cycle was African ancestry. One of the principal Afrocentric thesis is that Greek philosophy was directly derived from Egyptian wisdom and that the Greek philosophers actually studied, sometimes for years, in Egypt and quite literally stole their ideas from sources in the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

With her book, Lefkowitz not only refutes this absurd claim, but also demonstrates how the Afrocentric movement is based on the skidaddle of scholarship, something like fake etymology to outright distortion of facts. Writing on the back of a 20th century Afrocentrist's book, Lefkowitz correctly observes that such theories are based on the latest critical scholarship, that is, a period of scholarship which is entirely devoted to criticism of the works of the ancients and the accuracy of the records. But rather than confronting the evidence of the ancient texts, she continues, Lefkowitz simply relies on life reading the works of ancient authors.

Lefkowitz concludes that on this front, as in others, the Afrocentric movement is based on fanciful assumptions and is not constrained by classical texts. She points out that when the works of Graeco-Roman authors are examined, the assumptions which underlie the Afrocentric movement are groundless. The evidence is clear that the ancient Egyptians were not African, that the Greek and Roman culture was not based on ancient African culture, and that the Afrocentric movement is not supported by any evidence.

In her analysis, Lefkowitz notes that it is the Afrocentric movement that is the one trying to push the ancient texts out of the way, not the other way around. The Afrocentric movement is trying to push the ancient texts out of the way because they are not African, and the ancient texts are not African.

In conclusion, Lefkowitz has produced a book that is not only a refutation of the Afrocentric movement, but also a revealing of its underlying assumptions and the way it has distorted the history of the ancient world.

Paul A. Cantor is a professor of English at the University of Virginia.
Murder Conviction Reversal on Arkansas "Kill Bill"

By Judith Schumann Weizner

Jimmy Joe Blythe is celebrating the reversal of the murder conviction that had sent him to Rolling Hills Correctional Facility for life. In a highly publicized trial last year, Blythe was convicted of murdering a young woman by attempting to shoot a pointed party hat off her head as she crossed the street at midnight on New Year's Eve, 1991. He said he had not wished to kill anyone, but had been trying to demonstrate his marksmanship to his half-brother.

In Jimmy Joe's original trial in State Court, some attention was paid to the motive for his crime as there was no question that he had pulled the trigger. Temporary insanity, while a possible defense under Arkansas law at the time, was unacceptable to Jimmy Joe, who did not wish to be so stigmatized. Forbidden by his client to mount this defense, Jimmy Joe's attorney watched helplessly as the jury brought in a guilty verdict after a mere 20 minutes of deliberation.

Months after his conviction, in an effort to bring the murder rate in Arkansas in line with rates in neighboring states, the Arkansas Legislature passed the Omnibus Criminal Responsibility Act of 1993. One major provision of this Act, sometimes referred to as the "Kill Bill," decriminalizes certain categories of murder, notably those in which the murderer can demonstrate that he was led to commit the deed by forces beyond his control. Murderers driven by desires that have been most affected by the law so far. Battered and afflicted spouses are running a close second. Jimmy Joe is the first to claim that being a half-brother was a causative factor.

Once the Criminal Responsibility Act had been passed and made retroactive to January 1, 1992, Jimmy Joe's attorney appealed for a reversal of the original conviction, noting that the exact time of the fatal shot had never been established. As the shooting appeared to have taken place at the very advent of 1992, the moment the law was to take effect, the Appellate Court ordered a new trial to pinpoint the exact time of the victim's demise and, if the finding placed the killing in the first moments of 1992 rather than the last moments of 1991, to determine whether or not Jimmy Joe had acted under the influence of forces beyond his control.

In testimony regarding the precise timing of the shots, witnesses recalled hearing one shot just before the ringing in of the New Year. As two shots were fired and only one heard, the jury concluded that the other shot must have been fired during the noise attendant upon the arrival of the New Year, and therefore, after the year had technically begun. The medical examiner testified that either shot could have killed the woman, but that the first shot might not have done so, because it passed through a part of the brain that could possibly have withstood the trauma. In the absence of compelling testimony placing the fatal shot in 1991, the jury concluded that the murder had occurred in 1992.

The motive for the shooting appeared to have grown out of a long standing, intense rivalry between Jimmy Joe and his half-brother Bobby Ray. The boys met for the first time in 1997 when they were both eight years old. In addition to being the same age, they are roughly the same height and weight, and they resemble each other so strongly that people who know them only slightly sometimes confuse them.

During high school, Bobby Ray often showed up early for dates that Jimmy Joe had made. He also was a better basketball and football player. Neither one was an outstanding student, but Bobby Ray's grades were slightly lower, which apparently also ranked, although Jimmy Joe only admitted this for the first time during the trial. The above of greatest tension between the half-brothers, however, was Jimmy Joe's lack of success on hunting trips. While Bobby Ray usually bagged several animals, Jimmy Joe most often had to pick up road kill to save face.

At the second trial, a tearful Jimmy Joe testified that Bobby Ray had teased him relentlessly that New Year's Eve day about his being a poor shot and that he had resolved to demonstrate once and for all that his marksmanship was adequate. Sobbing, Jimmy Joe explained that he hadn't intended to hurt anyone, but only to put a stop to his brother's constant teasing.

The State argued that Jimmy Joe could not claim to have been driven by forces beyond his control because he could have put a stop to his half-brother's teasing many years before if he had not been too cowardly to accept one of Bobby Ray's frequent invitations to wrestle. Testifying in his half-brother's behalf, Bobby Ray explained that Jimmy Joe's deep-seated reluctance to engage in violent behavior against another family member evidenced a laudable desire to preserve fraternal unity. He admitted that he had often tried to good his brother over the edge, but that Jimmy Joe had always shown restrain.

Following this riveting testimony, the jury decided that Jimmy Joe had acted due to an irresistible impulse within the meaning of the Criminal Responsibility Act, and, in an unprecedented break with tradition, the foreman, after delivering the verdict, stated that the entire jury thought the wrong brother had been tried.

Following this statement, Judge Charity Childress addressed the subdued courtroom in a number voice. "The conviction of Jimmy Joe Blythe for murder is hereby vacated. I must point to this tragic relationship between half-brothers as a perfect example of one of the root causes of violence in this country. While I wish it were otherwise, I cannot, under existing law, direct the District Attorney to seek an indictment against Bobby Ray Blythe. But I am going to ask the Children's Defense League to investigate this matter, and, should this investigation find that Bobby Ray exceeded the level of sibling rivalry permitted half-siblings under their Family Psychological Norms Guidelines, I will order him placed under a Concealing Order and send him to attend appropriate family interaction workshops, all of which no longer a danger to the community."

Asked how he felt about the outcome of his second trial, Jimmy Joe said, "I know this sounds corny, but I'm proud to be an American. If this had happened anywhere else, they'd of locked me up and thrown away the key. It's great to live in a country where the legal system gets right down to the nitty-gritty."

- P.J. O'Rourke

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