

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

BLACK HATE CRIMES

Near midnight on Wednesday, December 30, 1992, 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 McLauchlin, 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 Ms. McLauchlin 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 blare out white guilt in banner headlines. The McLauchlin 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 McLauchlin case, hideous 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 1.3 million white Americans 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 50 times more violent racial 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.

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INSIDE

*Il Postino
Doesn't
Deliver*

*Not Out
of Africa*

*Clinton's
PC Core*

BACKDRAFT IN THE SFFD 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 ramming 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 the words of one fireman, “hugged the rug like starfish.” Jerry Butler did not. Instead, in the words of a 30-year veteran of the force, “he did everything he was not supposed to do.”

Inside, the fire had heated the apartment’s concrete walls to near-incandescent intensity. As firemen started to crawl into the apartment with their hoses, the winds 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, charring everything in its path above 20 inches from the floor.

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COMMUNIQUE

Enola Gay Controversy

I am responding to the five paragraphs in Professor Ronald Radosh's "New National Standards Blame America First: History & Politics" (June 1995), which deal with the dispute over the A-bomb, my alleged role in that dispute and in interpreting A-bomb matters, and the writings of others. Professor Radosh's paragraphs contain a number of errors and misleading implications. I will deal with some, but not all, of the problems with his treatment.

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

Radosh also contends, among other matters, that I stated that the correct pre-Hiroshima U.S. estimate for U.S. casualties in the Olympic (Kyushu) operation was 69,000; that I am a Cold War revisionist; that such revisionists insist upon low numbers to prove "that dropping the bomb had little to do with saving lives"; that Truman had crossed out a low number in a document and changed it to 269,000 casualties; that I stated that he was using the wrong number; that Henry May, "the very distinguished elder statesman of diplomatic history," entered the public dispute of 1994-95 on A-bomb history; and that I was "the chief advisor" (my emphasis added) to the Enola Gay/Smithsonian exhibit. In all this, Radosh made numerous errors, as I will discuss.

Actually, I argued on a few occasions that an important pre-Hiroshima U.S. casualty estimate was 63,000 U.S. casualties. I never stated 69,000; that is Radosh's confusion. The source for that 63,000 number is very important, as I have explained on numerous occasions. That is the number written in the June 18, 1945 diary of Admiral William Leahy, wartime chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and then repeated in Leahy's 1950 memoir, *I Was There*, as the number that General George C. Marshall, Army chief of staff, presented on June 18, presumably at the White House conference that day with President Truman, most of the military chiefs, and key civilian advisors for the highest reasonable estimate of U.S. casualties in the Olympic operation, scheduled to begin on November 1, if the President approved that operation. That is also the highest pre-Hiroshima number, available in any pre-Hiroshima archival source, from General Marshall, the military man most trusted by Truman. Thus, I have argued that Truman in mid-June very probably accepted that number as roughly reliable, and made his decisions on that basis. I have further argued that *much higher numbers* are rather suspect—that analysts should not trust the half-million U.S. dead claimed in Truman's "ghosted" memoirs nor the 1 million or more U.S. casualties claimed in ex-Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson's famous 1947 article (*Harper's Magazine*), a number that even Stimson's "ghost" McGeorge Bundy has backed away from.

On the basis of my advice involving the 63,000 casualty estimate, provided by General Marshall according to Leahy, the Smithsonian curators intended to include that number along with various post-Hiroshima claims, in the last version of the script. That revision was never actually added; the exhibit was taken over by others.

I am indeed a Cold War revisionist, as Radosh once was, but I do not believe, nor have I contended anywhere in my 22 years of substantial writings and lecturing on A-bomb history, that Truman primarily had ulterior motives for dropping

ping the A-bomb in early August on Japan. I have stated repeatedly that the matter is complex—but that Truman's primary reason was the saving of U.S. lives while ending the war on what he defined as reasonably acceptable terms. Hoping to save 63,000 U.S. casualties or possibly 25,000-46,000 U.S. lives (the June 15 estimate by a JCS subcommittee) was more than adequate reason in his moral framework in the summer of 1945. That was also the view of most Americans at the time, as I have repeatedly written.

Radosh has greatly confused the matter of Truman and numbers, and some document that he allegedly crossed out to insert 269,000. [sic] I think that Radosh has badly misunderstood the history on which I have written: of Truman's January 1953 letter to an official Air Force historian on the subject of what Truman allegedly believed before Hiroshima and on what Marshall had told Truman before Hiroshima. In Truman's own 1952 penned draft on this matter, he had written that Marshall had predicted a minimum of "1/4 million" U.S. casualties and that that number justified the use of the A-bomb. But before Truman sent his letter, a staff aide in January 1953 interceded, greatly inflated the numbers, said they had to be raised to bring them in line with ex-Secretary

WRITE TO

HETERODOXY

ARTICLES • UNANNOUNCED • POLITICAL CORRECTION • OTHER POLLS

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of War Henry L. Stimson's 1947 published claims and thus the staff aide cast prose that Marshall before Hiroshima had stated to Truman that "an invasion would cost at a minimum one quarter of a million casualties, and might cost as much as a million on the American side alone." That million number, ascribed to Marshall, was the aide's creation.

That letter, which became a very authoritative source after its publication in volume five of the official Air Force history, is usually cited in compressed form to state that Marshall predicted a million U.S. casualties in the invasion. My scholarly article on this subject (*Diplomatic History* in the early 1990s) sought to show how this letter was "revised" and also why, despite the aide's telling Truman that the President's original numbers seemed more "reasonable" and thus presumably correct. Radosh has further muddled matters by ascribing the number "269,000" to Truman, and then by claiming that I have argued that Truman should not have used that number. So far as I can determine, Truman never used the number "269,000" for U.S. casualties or fatalities in connection with the A-bomb issues and the invasion. I urge Radosh to prove otherwise. Of course, I never sought to correct Truman on this alleged 269,000. Again, let Radosh prove otherwise.

I think that Radosh is muddying another matter—what kind of advice on U.S. casualties in the Olympic operation may have been given at the June 18 White House meeting involving Truman, Leahy, Marshall, and others. In the mid-1980s, on the basis of White House minutes (provided by a

Brig. Gen.), I concluded that Leahy had said that the likely number of U.S. casualties would be about 268,000, based upon his assumption that the casualty rate would be about 35 percent and that the base number for U.S. troops was about 767,500 in the Olympic operation. But in the early 1990s, I concluded that I had erred. Leahy's own diary, as well as his 1950 memoir, convinced me that Leahy really meant that the relevant base number was 190,000 for the U.S. combatant troops, and that the source was Marshall, as Leahy stated. Thus, in reanalyzing, I argued, beginning in the early 1990s, that Leahy was suggesting about 66,500 U.S. casualties, which is 35 percent of 190,000. Therefore, I stated often that Leahy and Marshall at that June 18 meeting were rather close in their estimates—63,000 versus 66,000—for likely U.S. casualties in the invasion. Significantly, there is no clear pre-Hiroshima archival evidence that either military leader, or anyone else of substantial importance in the wartime government, ever gave Truman a higher set of numbers before Hiroshima about the likely cost to the U.S. in the invasion.

Radosh also states that I was "the chief advisor" (my emphasis added) to the ill-fated Enola Gay/Smithsonian project. Actually, I was one of nine or 10 advisors, including at least one WWII veteran and one postwar veteran, as well as one official member from the office of Air Force history and one unofficial advisor from that office. I was invited to become an advisor after the only meeting of the advisory committee, I never met the curators until about nine months later, and I do not know whether there was any "chief" advisor.

In characterizing Cold War revisionist views on the use of the A-bomb, Radosh has also greatly simplified matters, neglected salient scholarship, and gotten matters less than correct. His characterization of such scholarship ill fits the work of Gabriel Kolko (*Politics of War*) and myself, among others. Radosh should have known this.

The matter of attitudes about the 1945 atomic bombings is very complicated, and the postwar evidence is often surprising. For example, among the postwar critics of the 1945 use of the A-bomb were General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Admiral Ernest King, Admiral William Leahy, General Douglas MacArthur, ex-President Herbert Hoover, former Under-Secretary of State Joseph Grew, former Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy, theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, and conservative columnist David Lawrence, among others. Nothing in Radosh's five paragraphs would have allowed readers to know this.

Readers who desire to examine the entire first draft of the now-famous Enola Gay/Smithsonian script will find it reprinted in Philip Nobile, ed., *Judgement at the Smithsonian* (Marlowe, 1995), a volume that also includes a lengthy essay by me on the complicated historiography of the A-bomb and on the dispute over the Enola Gay script. A brief, thoughtful essay on the historiography of the A-bomb is available by J. Samuel Walker in Michael Hogan, ed., *Hiroshima in History and Memory* (Cambridge University Press, forthcoming), and his earlier essay on this subject, examining the literature up to a few years ago, is available in *Diplomatic History* (Winter 1990).

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

WHILE THE PASSPORT OFFICE WAS SLEEPING: In late January, before going to South Africa to play voodoo with Nelson Mandela, Louis Farrakhan journeyed to Tripoli to meet with that other noted humanitarian, Moammar Khadafy. The lure was the \$1 billion Khadafy has vowed to spend in order "to play a significant role in American political life." Farrakhan toured the ruins of Khadafy's home, which was destroyed in the 1986 U.S. air raids, a place maintained as a shrine to show "American barbarism against Libya." After the tour he wrote in the visitors' book, "I implore God to punish our enemies hundreds of times, just as they did to us against you." Farrakhan praised Khadafy for working for the liberation of oppressed peoples, including Africans. He said, "I have met my brother Colonel Moammar Khadafy...for the sake 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 Mid-east, including a final one in Tehran, where he hailed the memory of the Ayatollah Khoumeni and spoke nostalgically of the Imam's *ji*had against the Great Satan of America. His most memorable comment from this last leg of his grand tour was as follows: "You can quote me: God will destroy America at the hands of the Muslims."

QUEERIES: The course, "Queer Readings of Popular Culture," begins with a question: "Do queers get different pleasures from watching shows like *Frasier* or *Roseanne* than do straight viewers?" "Queer Readings" is offered by the Institute of Gay and Lesbian Education (IGLE, formerly WHIGLE, 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, building coalitions, coming out and outing." The final exam is "a structured political discussion with an opponent of gay and lesbian rights." Other courses include "Queer Screenwriting" and "the Evolution of Gay Theatre," whose educational activities include an evening at the opera with *La Scala Di Seta* by Rossini and Puccini's *Suor Angelica*, followed by a lecture discussing "their particularly queer aspects." 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 our own Judith Weizner, 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 in the class, who paired students and asked them to work together as partners, routinely paired Brand with her aide, whose job was to help Brand get to and from class and to assist in communication and some manual tasks. This led Oakland attorney

the *Journal of American History*, Kohn claims that the cancellation of the original Enola Gay exhibition "may constitute the worst tragedy to befall the United States in a generation." Kohn's idea is that the legacy of the cancelled exhibit, which itself was a political diatribe, could have such a "chilling effect" on freedom of expression in museums that curators will decide it is too dangerous to attempt exhibitions of controversial topics. Kohn concludes: "If the idea that everything is politics now colors American cultural life, civic discourse

could succumb to the suppression, characteristic of the totalitarian regimes Americans have fought and died to defeat." Well, it must be said that someone writing in the official journal of an organization, the AHA, devoted to deconstruction of these wars in which Americans have died ought to be a little more aware of his venue. And it seems that someone from the academy—which has done more to trivialize, as well as politicize, culture than any other institution in America and has created "chilling effects" tantamount 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 ITSELF: Hard on the heels of passing a resolution condemning Bennington College for what many regarded 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 censuring 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 ever-widening policy of refusing to hold its conventions in states that pass politically incorrect legislation. In response to its latest decision to boycott California as a result of its passing Proposition 187, a disgruntled MLA member writes in its Spring 1996 Newsletter: "The situation of the MLA as the arbiter 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 California because the 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 politics and back into scholarship." If it continues going after prominent colleges and universities, the MLA may find its membership base dissolving before its eyes.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



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 formaldehyde 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 orifices. A second work by the redoubtable Hirst, a rotting sculpture of a dead bull and a dead cow copulating, 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



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—television 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 inauspicious beginning for the program, but President Clinton would repeatedly call it his proudest 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 perks were 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 life, culminating in 100,000 “volunteers” financed by a nearly \$2-billion congressional appropriation by 1997. AmeriCorps was not merely to be a pallid domestic version of the Peace Corps. 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 volunteer, that some critics have dubbed it “the P.C. Corps.” Instead of being lean and effective, as Clintonites promised, AmeriCorps has become one of the most bloated agencies in Washington, with costs to support some of its volunteers exceeding \$66,000 a year. Even some of those sympathetic to the basic idea behind AmeriCorps have been shaking their heads and saying, in effect, with volunteerism like this who needs community service. It is little wonder that future funding for Clinton’s vision is

now a hostage to the budget impasse that may well wipe it out.

Then-Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton met the intellectual godfather of national service, Northwestern professor Charles Moskos, at a Democratic Leadership Council meeting in 1988. At that time, Moskos touted

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 palcoliberal twist to Moskos’ neoliberal proposal. Under his plan, national service would be voluntary. It would be financed through a gigantic pool of federal funds to be distributed to non-profits who would, in turn, pay AmeriCorps “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 1,500 young people in 16 demonstration projects across the country. Recruiters for the program placed a high priority on racial, ethnic, and class “diversity” in choosing participants. Predictably, a training session held near San Francisco quickly balkanized into Black, Hispanic, Native American, and Gay/lesbian/bisexual Caucuses, leading *The Washington Monthly* to dub the program the “P.C. Corps.” Program coordinators also sought out participants with “non-traditional” leadership qualities, passing over student leaders and conscientious scholars for former gang members, reformed drug dealers, and unwed teenage moms. These recruits would be “better able to relate to kids.” One Baltimore Summer of Service participant told National Empowerment Television of teaching sex education to children by using convicts. “One person was actually offered early parole for an opportunity to get involved in this program,” former group leader Chad Cos 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 then before the California voters.

Although AmeriCorps officials professed to have learned valuable lessons from these and other left-leaning advocacies in the Summer of Service, problems in the grant-making process continued to plague the program even after it was no longer in the research and demonstration phase. The most damaging—and most visible—example of AmeriCorps-funded political advocacy occurred in the spring of 1995, when 500 protesters from the left-wing group ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now) stormed a Washington, D.C., luncheon that House Speaker Newt Gingrich was scheduled to address.

ACORN prides itself on its history of in-your-face protest tactics. The object of their ire that spring morning was GOP plans to block-grant the school lunch program to the states. Waving school lunch trays and screaming “We want Newt!” the group took over the head



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We look forward to receiving your application.

Sincerely,
Patricia A. Booker
 Patricia A. Booker, Administrator
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AV-4 (1/95)



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national service to the young governor as an idea that would, among other things, help resuscitate the image of the Democratic Party. Moskos envisioned the creation of a cadre of

table and commandeered the microphone. Later, Gingrich, who was warned of the siege and skipped the luncheon, asked of the protesters: "Who are they? Who paid them?"

The answer, in part, was Uncle Sam, since ACORN's sister organization, ACORN Housing Corp., was the recipient of a \$1.1-million grant from AmeriCorps. Despite AmeriCorps head Eli Segal's assurances that the two groups were "entirely separate," an inspector general investigation of the two groups found "a pattern of conduct on the part of AHC to assist ACORN." The AmeriCorps funding was terminated.

Washington officials were forced to withdraw the grant of yet another organization, the Denver-based Cole Coalition, when it forced AmeriCorps volunteers—over their objections—to distribute leaflets against a candidate in a Denver city council race.

Another group began to organize against Proposition 187, another measure also on the California ballot which would restrict benefits to illegal aliens.

The newsletter of the National AIDS Fund reports that AmeriCorps members in Dayton, Ohio, are presenting "HIV 101" courses to sixth and seventh graders in rural parts of the state. Another project in Tacoma, Washington, has volunteers "certifying daycare providers in HIV/AIDS information."

But it is not only as an ideological tool that AmeriCorps has run into criticism. It has also raised eyebrows for functioning as a cheer-leading squad for the Democratic Party. A favorite tactic of the Clinton administration has been to use AmeriCorps members as props in administration media events. Time and again, cheering young grey shirts have shown up at administration photo-ops, padding the audience and showing their exuberance for the individual or topic at hand.

One of these demonstrations occurred in April of 1995 when 300 AmeriCorps "volunteers" were bused in from as far away as South Carolina to attend an Earth Day rally featuring President Clinton and Vice President Gore. No Republicans were allowed to speak at the event, at which White House flacks distributed a "report card" contrasting the president's environmental record with the House GOP's.

Other AmeriCorps grants have gone toward endeavors that are not so much political as politically correct. An examination of AmeriCorps program descriptions reveals a heavy emphasis on "conflict resolution," AIDS prevention, and mentoring "at risk" youth. Members provide "gang resistance presentations" in Mesa, Arizona; offer "non-traditional career opportunities to young women" in Pittsfield, Massachusetts; and "prevent juvenile delinquency and uplift community pride using arts as a medium" in Ponce, Puerto Rico. One Boston program calls on the 80 percent of its female participants who are young mothers and 75 percent who are high school dropouts to conduct workshops on "early pregnancy and dropout prevention."

The *Village Voice* discovered an AmeriCorps program cosponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts called Writers-Corps that pays instructors in New York, Washington, D.C., and San Francisco to "enter their students' creative space by engaging their sense of street politics and popular culture." In the Bronx, one "instructor" used a soft-core porn novel to teach "character development" to his students. The *San Francisco Chronicle* profiled an AmeriCorps participant who earned her pay and benefits by providing AIDS education to deaf homosexuals.

Adding to the growing skepticism about AmeriCorps was the impression it created of being little more than another big-government boondoggle. The program is clearly heavily invested in the federal and state bureaucracies. At a press conference called to trumpet the first grants made under the program in 1994, the Clinton administration proudly trotted out five

cabinet secretaries—Reno, Babbitt, Shalala, Cisneros, and Browner—whose agencies would be "getting things done" with the help of AmeriCorps volunteers. Indeed, of the 20,000 members first sent out into the field, nearly 2,800 were assigned to federal agencies, including 1,200 at the Department of Agriculture, 525 at the Department of the Interior, and 60 at the NEA.

In total, over one quarter of the AmeriCorps members in the field in 1995 worked for government bureaucracies or government-funded organizations. In Washington state alone, 450 of the 522 AmeriCorps members were working for state or state-funded agencies.

An investigation by the *Des Moines Register* found that a \$300,000 AmeriCorps grant for a local project appeared to be financing a patronage ring. Instead of targeting college-bound youth and new recruits for community service efforts, AmeriCorps officials favored local activists and longtime insiders with jobs. The investigation also revealed that five of the AmeriCorps members hired already had college degrees and more than half were 26 years of age or more.

The other issue that has plagued AmeriCorps is cost. Testifying before Congress last spring, AmeriCorps head Eli Segal assured committee members that costs per participant would come in around \$17,600. But an audit conducted later in the year by the non-partisan General Accounting Office revealed that Segal's number was about \$10,000 off the mark. The difference, AmeriCorps officials insisted, was that Segal had included only federal expenditures. But when the GAO included costs to state and local taxpayers mandated under the program and private contributions, the cost of fielding an AmeriCorps "volunteer" soared to \$26,037. That translates into \$15.68 per hour, up to \$19.60 per hour when time spent on training, study, and other "non-service activities" are included.

Not surprisingly, the audit also found that the AmeriCorps programs that have hit the taxpayers hardest are those located in the federal agencies. When AmeriCorps "volunteers" were sent to the federal agencies to do their good works, they cost about \$31,000 each.

The GAO visited several different AmeriCorps programs and came up with individual program costs that shocked even the harshest critics of the program. One of the worst offenders was the Seaborne Conservation Corps, a nine-month residential "environmental and drug awareness education project" conducted jointly with the Department of the Navy and Texas A&M University. The SCC allows high school dropouts to earn their GEDs and acquire basic seaman's skills—all while living aboard a Navy vessel. Cost per AmeriCorps member: an astounding \$66,715. The Baltimore-based "Magic Me" program, which provides the essential service of teaching people how to volunteer, billed out at \$49,652 per AmeriCorps member. A Vermont program conducted with the Agriculture Department cost \$42,758 per participant.

But most damaging were the GAO findings regarding private versus public funding sources for AmeriCorps. The program, it will be recalled, had billed itself as a new kind of bureaucratic animal, one that would create a unique public-private partnership by using federal funds to "leverage" additional support from the community. The GAO audit found that AmeriCorps actually "leveraged" less than 12 percent of its per-participant costs from the private sector. The remaining 88 percent were picked up by federal, state, and local taxpayers.

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 joint use of catch phrases such as "empowerment" and "personal responsibility," liberals and conservatives hardly 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 recast a government program as an instrument of individual and community empowerment. If conservatives believe that government must be pruned back in order to make room for the nongovernmental sphere to flourish, Clinton argues that government can be expanded to better serve citizens and communities. In AmeriCorps, Clinton promised a different kind of government program, one that was centered outside of Washington and targeted nonprofit, community-based organizations. The program, he asserted, would prove that government could act as a partner with citizens, using its resources to leverage additional resources and additional good works from the private sector.

That AmeriCorps now bases its future survival on a political deal cut between the president and congressional Republicans in the back rooms of Washington is testimony to the failure of this vision, dubbed "bureaucratic populism" by observers such as John Walters of the New Citizenship Project.

Conservatives attacked Clinton's view of citizenship as personified by AmeriCorps first 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 would take second place to the rules and priorities of federal grant-seeking. Instead of concentrating on good works in communities, groups would find themselves traveling to Washington, D.C., to become supplicants for 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 federally run jobs program. The very premise of AmeriCorps—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 has become more and more bitterly partisan, congressional Republicans have targeted Clinton's legacy at the agency. Its 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 in both the House and the Senate killed funding for the program for next year. The president, they know, wants AmeriCorps badly. The question now is what higher-priority items on the Republican hit list he will be willing to trade for it. Or if he is willing to trade at all.

It is yet possible that AmeriCorps may be resurrected in a political deal with the president, who has been currying favor with those, particularly in the Senate, who are interested in "re-inventing" AmeriCorps to reduce its more glaring defects and inefficiencies. Thus does the agency once hailed as "the paradigm of reinvented government" now require "reinvention" itself. Yet the question remains whether it is not better to bury something for good whose ideal of citizenship seems to be paying someone selected by quota to use the equivalent of the Pentagon's \$900 hammer to smash initiatives and programs they regard as politically incorrect.

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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 rape, robbery, assault, and murder), about 20 percent are of an interracial nature. Most of the victims of these crimes—at least 90 percent—are white. According to the FBI's annual murder 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 victimized by blacks than the reverse. There are seven times as many whites 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 64 times more likely to rape a white woman than a white man is to rape a black woman.

Rape is the dirty little secret within the dirty little secret. As recently as the late 1950s, the vast majority of rapes were intraracial rather than interracial. By the 1970s, black-on-white rape was at least 10 times more common than 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 respected 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 lest these figures be challenged as "conservative statistics," it should be noted 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 Dinesh D'Souza points out in *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 women," especially white women. Yet the fact that rape has become a predominantly black male crime is a reality that feminists, ever ready to decry our "rape culture," never seem to come to grips with, perhaps for fear of jeopardizing their tenuous bond with their black sisters. No politically correct feminist wants to point out the obvious: transforming the "rape culture" in America has far less to do with changing the mores of suburbia than those of the ghetto.

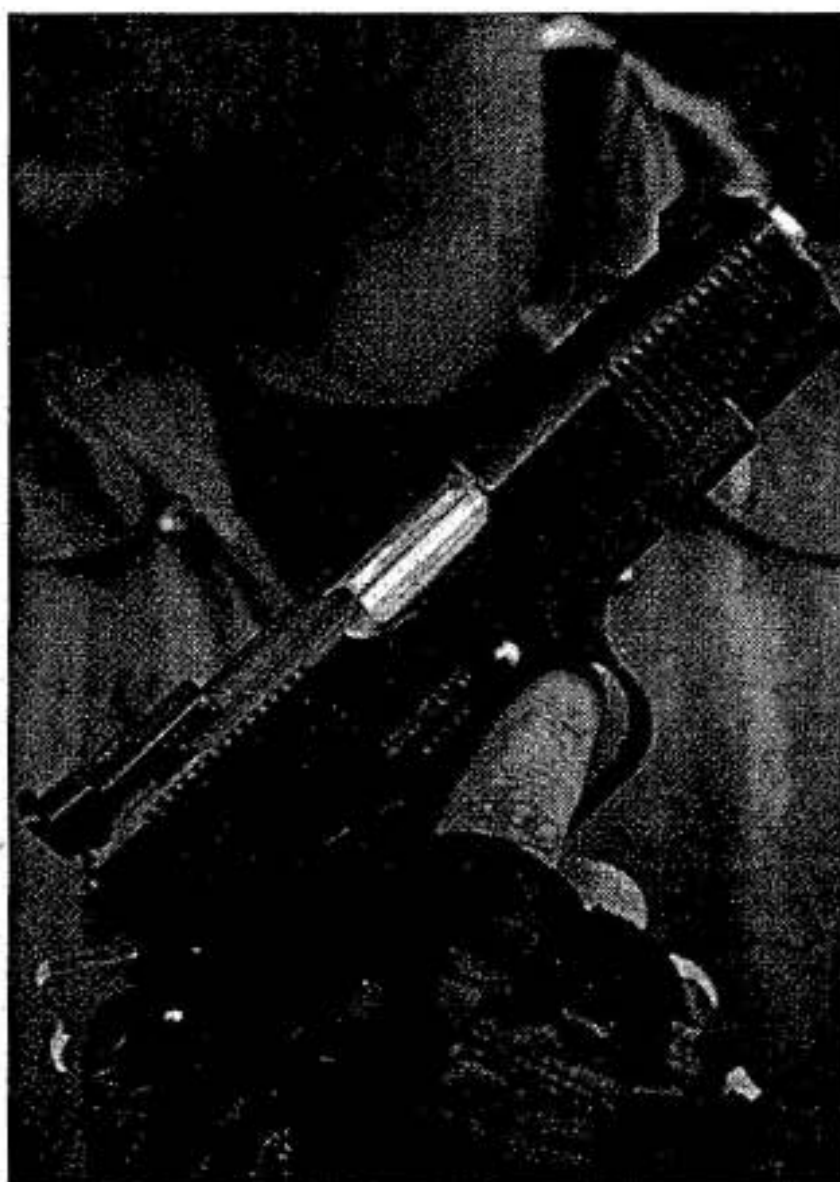
What these statistics show is that the overwhelming majority of violent hate crimes in America are not only committed by blacks against whites, but that they occur everyday with a predictability that is almost monotonous (except to the victims) and with something approaching complete apathy on the part of the media. It is not that the media are color blind. We hear a good deal about how blacks, especially young black males, are twice as likely to be killed than whites, yet these are mostly black-on-black homicides. What about the equally obvious (for anyone who bothers to study the statistics) point that blacks kill twice as many whites as whites kill blacks? This is the hate crime that dare not speak its name, at least not on the polite airwaves or in the pages of the liberal press.

Were America the racist *Reich* that PC propagandists habitually paint it, the weight of these statistics would be reversed, and there might be some justification for the charges of "genocide" on the part of black activists and their white allies every time a posse of skinheads gets loose. But as author Jared Taylor points out,

"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 1988, 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 into traffic without looking and bumped into them. Although the moped rider was unhurt (and at fault), 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 singled 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 yelling, "Bum rush! Bum rush!", 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 23.

The Cleveland establishment went out of its way to soft-peddle the racial angle of the Gilmore murder. Said the executive director of the city's Community Relations Board, Earl W. Williams, "As far as I'm concerned, it's not racial." Mr. Williams attributed the incident to the fact that it occurred in a "pretty rough" neighborhood. The city's major newspaper, the *Plain-Dealer*, also downplayed race. In an irony that could only occur in the current PC climate, a black reporter for the paper who tried to cover the story in all its ramifications saw anxious white editors try to bury the racial angle.

One Cleveland homicide detective claimed, "The mayor's office doesn't want us to have racial killings in this town, so Danny Gilmore's death wasn't a racial crime. And I'm the tooth fairy."

⇒ A month after the widely reported Bensonhurst incident, which involved the shooting of a black youth by a member of a white gang, an almost identical crime was committed by blacks in the Bronx. A white man got out of his car to make a phone call on East Tremont Avenue, a racially-mixed neighborhood. Two blacks approached and challenged him, "What are you white guys doing on Tremont? You don't belong here." There was an argument, and then one of the blacks pulled a gun and shot the white man in the stomach.

A prominent New York black activist minister, whose indignation over Bensonhurst had been widely quoted in the local press, said, "I don't know that that's racism as I define it. There's a difference between racism and revenge."

⇒ In October 1989, in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a group of young black men "hyped up" (in the words of one of them) with hate after viewing the film *Mississippi Burning*, with its depiction of Klan violence in civil-rights-era South, determined to "move on some white people" and came upon 14-year-old Gregory Riddick, whom they beat savagely. The gang's leader, Todd Mitchell, received a sentence of four years: two years for aggravated battery, plus two more years for conducting a hate crime. Young Riddick was left with permanent brain damage.

⇒ One Saturday night in May 1990, in Tampa, a dozen black teens showed up at a local hangout frequented by white teens, looking for a fight, and got it. Troused, they returned later with reinforcements. They found some of their recent opponents in a parking lot a few blocks away. They attacked the unarmed whites with clubs. One black pulled a pistol and fired, scattering the whites. The blacks then pursued one unfortunate kid for several blocks, finally cornering him. According to a woman who witnessed the result, seven blacks beat him with two-by-fours.

"I could see a piece of wood come down and crack against his head," she told police, adding that, with every blow, they roared: "Don't ever fuck with us! Don't ever fuck with us again!" The boy, aged 19, died and four adults and two juveniles were charged with first-degree murder in his death.

⇒ In January 1991, in Boston, Robert Herbert and three other young black men made a pact to kill the first white person they saw. That hapless individual turned out to be Mark Belmore, a white student at Northeastern University, whom the foursome stabbed to death.

⇒ In San Diego, in December 1991, gangs of blacks went on "wilding" sprees, attacking 46 white men and four white women, savagely beating them before robbing them. San Diego police refused to designate these offenses as hate crimes.

⇒ During 1991-92, Hulon Mitchell, alias Yahweh ben Yahweh, leader of the Miami-based black "Hebrew" cult, the Yahweh Temple of Love, was tried on several counts of murdering, or having ordered the murders of, white people as ritual killings demanded of initiates of his cult.

The Yahweh sect preached that the white man was, literally, the Devil. As part of his indoctrination course in race hatred, Mitchell/ben Yahweh would show all members of his congregation—regardless of age or gender—pornographic films of white women having sex with either black men or animals as proof of "Miss Ann's" degraded, lustful nature. ("Miss Ann" was a common slave euphemism for the plantation's white mistress.)

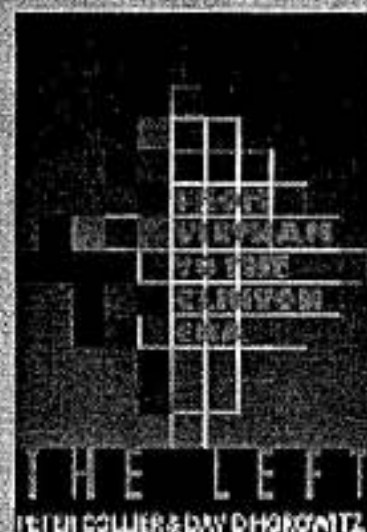
Mitchell also taught classes in the proper

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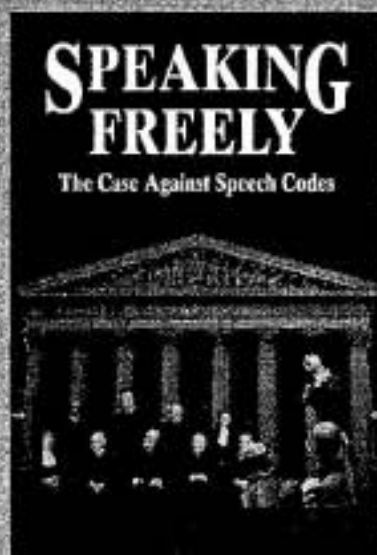


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that the reason for his previous reluctance to emphasize the McLauchlin case as a hate crime was because of the possible repercussions within the community. In essence, he was wary of sparking a racial conflagration. Melissa's boyfriend, John Owen, also felt that she was targeted because of her skin color.

On January 12, the prosecutors in the McLauchlin case announced their intention "to seek the death penalty on whoever 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 McLauchlins appeared on a *Montel Williams* episode entitled "They Killed My Daughter Because She Was White." No other television show was interested.

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 Mack. The circus began when defense attorney Peter Them accused the media of issuing "grossly inflammatory and factually dishonest" reports. He also accused the police of manipulating the racial issue by continuing to "dribble out provocative 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 presumed to belong to Gardner. Police told the *Detroit Free Press* that Gardner's mother, a Wayne County deputy sheriff, was "not helpful" in the search for her fugitive son. On May 26, on the eve of the murder trials of his brothers in crime (it was determined to try Matthew Williams in a separate trial from Matthew Carl Mack), Joe Gardner was placed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List.

The jury chosen to try Matthew Mack consisted of 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 told the judge she hadn't been able to sleep since initial questioning and was suffering from migraines. In a random draw, she was replaced by a white man.

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

Roger Williams testified that Melissa was "tricking for crack cocaine." He claimed that he was summoned to Mack'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. He claims he was told to pretend to be the guy with the drugs in return for having sex with her. He claimed his sex was consensual, and so was Mack's, as he was present when it took place.

He also claimed that Gardner grew angry with Melissa, screamed at her, then tried unsuccessfully to penetrate her anally. Williams tried to calm Gardner, which he said made Gardner angry enough to throw him out. He claimed that he did not know that Gardner had killed McLauchlin until the next day.

Indira Simmons, Matthew Williams' girlfriend, testified that she was in the trailer that night, as she lived with Williams and Mack. Williams told her that the other guys had a prostitute in another room. She claimed to have seen McLauchlin in the kitchen and that she smiled and did not seem distressed. She said that Mack came into her room later holding a knife, claiming that "he was going to kill the bitch." She said she thought he was kidding.

Edna Jenkins, Gardner's girlfriend at the time, said she got to the trailer about the time Roger Williams was leaving. She claimed to overhear Gardner, Mack, and Matthew Williams discussing something urgent, saying things like: "What you gonna do? We got to do that..."

Just before she left, she saw those same men bring a woman from the trailer, with a scarf covering her face, and her hands tied behind her back. She said she didn't know what the men were up to until the next day.

For his part, Mack claimed that he thought Melissa was going to be dropped off



unharmful until Gardner suddenly shot her five times in the head with a pistol at close range.

All three witnesses, of course, cut deals with the prosecution in exchange for their testimonies. Prosecutor Bailey conceded that Melissa voluntarily entered the car with the five black men but could not have known their intentions. He did not say on what evidence he based his belief, since the victim was not present to contradict any of the testimonies, but this concession may have been part of the deal he cut with the three defendants who testified as prosecution witnesses.

Melissa's boyfriend and fiancée, John Owen, 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 drug 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 witness against Mack was his next-door neighbor, Pamela Holt, who testified that Mack asked her, the day after Melissa's death, if she had been watching the news lately. When Holt asked why, Mack told her "We killed a white bitch last night. We've been planning on doing this for awhile." He then gave her this account:

"On the night of December 29, 1992, Mack, 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 take off all your clothes. Joe took her back in the front room and raped her."

When it was all over, Melissa was told to scrub herself off with hydrogen peroxide, and Mack scrubbed her down with a steel wool pad.

Then she was blindfolded with a towel, her hands confined behind her back with toy handcuffs. She was put into the back seat of the car with Williams.

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 strangle her and throw her in the woods!"

Taking the witness stand in his own defense, Mack claimed that Gardner brought up the idea of killing Melissa because "she kept demanding drugs or money after willingly having sex with them."

Mack had earlier told police that he was mad at his former white girlfriend a day or so before the McLauchlin murder when he told Gardner and Matthew Williams that he'd like to strangle her.

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

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

Mack insisted 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 police, who combined three unrelated statements made over the course of two hours to make it look like a plot. However, Mack was contradicted by a tape recording of his own voice.

In that tape, Mack related that he, Gardner, and Williams had been drinking all day and watching movies, including one pornographic movie dealing with interracial sex and two of the *Faces of Death* movies, which show real deaths and executions. It was during these viewings that Mack, 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 her, any white" would do.

And as they watched 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 recapping the biggest stories of the year (1992), prominent among which was the videotaped beating of Rodney King by several white 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 bitch."

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: "How many years do 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 Mack, insisting that McLauchlin had consensual sex with him, admitted that although she didn't say "no," she cried and pleaded with him not to hurt her. "Does that sound like consensual sex to any of you?" he inquired of the jurors.

The jury, 11 whites and one black, answered by giving Mack life imprisonment plus 30 years for the kidnapping and murder of 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 thirty years, in 2024.

Matthew Williams received the same sentence. Indira Simmons, Edna Jenkins, and Roger Williams all copped pleas.

On October 20, 1994, Joe Gardner, the man who shot Melissa McLauchlin, was finally arrested by the FBI in Philadelphia, where he was working as a grocery clerk under an alias. "We wanted this fellow very badly," noted Dorchester County Sheriff Sutherland, who said there were many smiles and cheers in his office when the news came through.

On April 14, 1995, Gardner pleaded not guilty. Prosecutors asked for the death penalty. On December 10, 1995, Gardner was convicted of the kidnapping and murder of Melissa McLauchlin by a jury of seven women and five men. They returned their decision after only two hours of deliberation. On December 13, the same jury took another two hours to decide that Joe Gardner should forfeit his life in the electric chair or by lethal injection.

The McLauchlin murder was a wedge driven between the black and white communities in the Charleston area, threatening initially to erupt into racial conflict, and this is reflected in letters sent to the city's largest newspaper, the *Post and Courier*. White readers in particular were outraged that certain members of the black community's leadership, like State Senator Ford, were trying to downplay any suggestion of the McLauchlin murder being a case of black racism and accusing the media of sensationalizing, if not inventing, that angle. Several white readers complained, again and again in nearly the same words each letter, that had the skin colors of the victim and her murderers been reversed, there would have been no end to the hue and cry from professional "anti-racist" groups like the NAACP, ACLU, Southern Poverty Law Center, Center for Democratic Renewal, et. al., all of whom were noticeably mute during the days that the McLauchlin story took center stage in Charleston.

Many white readers bitterly pointed out the inadequacy of the national news media's coverage of the McLauchlin murder in comparison to the urgency with which they treated white-on-black incidents. One reader wondered why there was so little interest in the case from the federal level. "Where are the U.S. Justice Department and the Attorney General's office to look into violations of her civil rights?" he asked. "When this tragic event is compared to some of the petty events in which there have been questions of civil rights and racial prejudice in the Charleston area in the past six months, there is no comparison in their harshness."

Also frequently noted by whites was the lack of both black remorse and media outrage concerning McLauchlin. "Just imagine," wrote another disgusted white reader, prompted by regional pride as well as moral outrage, "the reaction if Melissa McLauchlin had been a black woman who'd been raped and murdered by white racists. The New York media would have held a field day and the South would be vilified one more time as bigoted and racist."

There were contrary white views. One 31-year-old woman, a former teacher, wrote a long letter in which she urged the Charleston area to "get a grip" on itself. After speaking of African Americans' contribution to the culture of Charleston, she pointed out that all the serial killers she ever heard of were white and that

most murder victims were killed by someone of the same skin color. Such reflexive self-righteous letters as this one highlighted the disorientation that Melissa's case engendered among white liberals.

Another woman reader played the feminist card and pointed out that the McLauchlin murder was only 50 percent racially motivated: "Since the suspects stated that they were looking for a white woman victim...Therefore the crime was 50 percent gender motivated." For her, "sensationalizing the rape/murder as 100 percent racially motivated adds to already serious racial tensions and downplays the importance of rape as a crime of hate against women."

Senator Robert Ford retaliated against his critics, chiding "decent white people" for remaining silent whenever racist outrages were perpetrated against blacks. Ford even implied that the police should be investigated for possibly inventing a racist plot in the McLauchlin case. At the same time, he congratulated the police for their swift apprehension of the perpetrators but opined that it would have taken two weeks or more, rather than a mere 48 hours, for the police to make any arrests if McLauchlin were a black woman.

One black reader defended the NAACP and black leaders, after making the obligatory murmurs of outrage against "the eight 'sleaze bags' who committed the alleged crime." It was this phrase that outraged Leonard Singleton, who would have been Melissa's father-in-law, into responding, "How can he possibly say the 'alleged' crime? Does he think that it did not happen?...Imagine your mother, wife, sister, or your girlfriend being kidnapped and raped at gunpoint by six men, while two women were there. Imagine being tortured and told you are going to die. Imagine just what Missy went through the last two hours of her life. Let each one of the suspects be tried on what they did to Missy."

Some will say that, in fact, the media does report on white hate crimes, and even overemphasizes them, members of the media being predominantly white. They will point to the Central Park jogger "wilding" of 1988; the black riots against Hasidic Jews in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, which resulted in the stabbing death of Yankel Rosenbaum in 1991; the near-fatal gang beating of white truck driver Reginald Denny during the South Central Los Angeles riots; the shooting of a white congressman's aide by a black man who vowed to kill a white in Washington, D.C., in 1992; Jamaican immigrant Colin Ferguson's massacre of white and Asian commuters on the Long Island Railroad in 1993; or the shooting of three-year-old Stephanie Kuhn by members of a Chicano gang when her father turned down the wrong street in Los Angeles last year.

The press does tend to notice things that happen in their own backyards, in cities where media or governmental power resides. But incidents that occur in the rest of the country may as well have happened on Mars for all the coverage they are granted. The McLauchlin murder alone should have been a major media issue, the kind that leads to the sort of national soul-searching that the Brawley hoax elicited. But it wasn't. So many black-on-white crimes just don't qualify for marquee billing.

This peculiar tendency to overlook, downplay, excuse, or even justify anti-white hate crimes only seems to embolden some prominent blacks to admit to their own (hopefully) former tendency to indulge in this ghetto sport. One would think that this sort of confession would be held against the confessor, or at least damage his career prospects, as it would for any white writer who confessed to having beaten up blacks for kicks while a skinhead or junior Klansman. Far from it; it actually seems to be a career enhancement for young black males seeking to establish their street credibility in certain PC/diversity enclaves. Consider the acclaim that greeted *Washington Post* writer Nathan McCall's auto-

biography *Makes Me Wanna Holler: A Young Black Man in America*.

In this memoir, which was widely praised with words like "unflinching honesty," McCall begins with an account of a beating he and his bros inflicted upon a hapless teenage white boy who made the mistake of riding his bicycle through their 'hood.

"He was definitely in the wrong place to be doing the tourist bit," McCall blithely recalls. He says that he took out after the kid along with his pals. Catching up with him, they knocked him off his bike. "He fell to the ground and it was all over. We were on him like white on rice. Ignoring the passing cars, we stomped and kicked him. My stick partners kicked him in the head and face and watched the blood gush from his mouth. I kicked him in the stomach and nuts, where I knew it would hurt. Every time I drove my foot into his balls, I felt better, with each blow delivered I gritted my teeth as I remembered some recent racial slight."

The white boy had curled up into a fetal position trying to protect his head and vitals. McCall claims that he and the rest backed off, fearing that they had killed him, "but one dude kept stomping, like he'd gone berserk. He seemed crazed and consumed in the pleasure of kicking that white boy's ass. When he finished, he reached down and picked up the white dude's bike, lifted it as high as he could above his head, and slammed it down on him hard." McCall knew the boy was still alive only because he was breathing, otherwise he didn't even flinch when the bike was slammed down on him; he was out cold. McCall and his friends left laughing and boasting about what they had done.

McCall relates how "good" it made him and his friends feel to bumrush white boys, getting revenge on behalf of all black people. They called it "gettin' some get-back." McCall remembers that after his older brother got his driver's license, his gang would cruise into white neighborhoods, looking for pedestrians to assault. "Using sticks and fists," he recalls, they would then "beat them to within an inch of their lives."

Now, from his comfortable vantage point as a successful journalist with a major establishment newspaper, McCall can look back on it all, and while distancing himself from all those "crazy things the fellas and I did and remember the hate and violence that we unleashed," he can still justify it when he considers the way white America has treated blacks: "Our random rage in the old days makes perfect sense to me."

There are several revealing passages later in McCall's book that shed some ironic significance on his violent past. At one point, musing on the departure of one of his few white friends at work, McCall muses, "It's sad this, this gulf between blacks and whites. We're so afraid of each other..." While McCall spends most of the book excoriating whites for everything he can think of, it never seems to occur to him that his own past behavior has contributed to this gulf. Whites afraid of him? Gosh, wonder why? At another point, he tells of the time when he confronts the new multiculturalist editor with information that he has served time for armed robbery. The editor blandly replies, "Is that all?" and tells him to let him know if anyone gives him "shit" about it.

With writers like McCall on staff at major papers, in concert with those editors who hire and pamper them, it's no wonder that anti-white hate crimes like the rape-murder of Melissa McLauchlin are censored from the pages of papers like McCall's own domain, *The Washington Post*, and remain the best-known but least-discussed social problem in America.

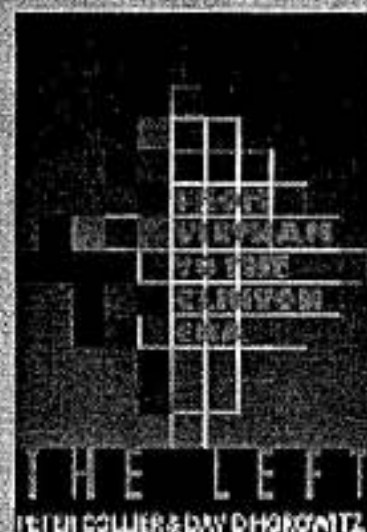
G. J. Krupay is a freelance writer in Pennsylvania whose last article in *Heterodoxy* was "The Queen of Afrocentrism" (November 1995).

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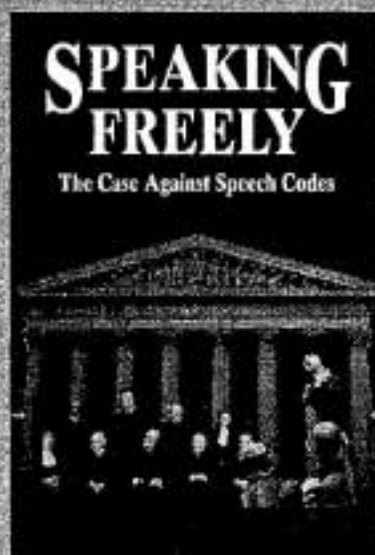


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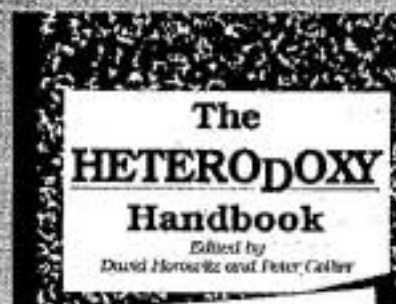
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This Postman Always Brings Vice

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 had been given to a foreign 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 subliterary mailman express his passion for a woman he loves by "lending" him 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 slumbering passion for life and love. But there is a subtext, 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 complicity in the death—because of the contagion of his totalitarian ideas—never occurs to him. This is true to the real Neruda, who, while hailed by gringos as the greatest modern poet in the Spanish language, has never been accorded such esteem in sophisticated Hispanic literary culture, where he has always been considered a plagiarist, a gasbag, and a Stalinist hack whose poems combine the virtues of Rod McKuen and Lavrenti Beria.

Indeed, Neruda (born Neftali 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 after-effects of that literary campaign are still with us. 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 Moscow, so they had something in common. And it is safe to say that if the actress knew the thoughts that really went through Neruda's mind, she might not have had such warm and fuzzy feelings for him.

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 out of the 20 is lifted almost verbatim from a book by Rabindranath Tagore, an Indian poet and intellectual of some note in those times. After much pressure, Neruda was induced to append a note mentioning the "paraphrase" in the fifth edition of his book, which appeared in 1937.

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 direct participant in the crimes of the Soviet secret police.

Much of Neruda's later renown in the non-Hispanic world accrued from his public stance as a Chilean diplomat defending the embattled Republican forces in their struggle against Franco during the Spanish Civil War. But for the non-Communist Spanish Left, Neruda's actions in the interest of Stalin left him tainted and despised.

In 1939, when the Spanish Republic fell after being betrayed by the Communist "international brigades," Soviet advisors, and other Stalinist mercenaries, many thousand Spaniards sought to escape Franco's regime. Indeed, virtually the entire anarcho-syndicalist labor movement in Catalonia, a half mil-

lion 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 amassed a considerable fund of monies 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 countries, fell to a group of Communist agents and sympathizers, including the Chilean diplomat Pablo Neruda.



Massimo Troisi in *Il Postino*

In his distinguished work *Beyond Death and Exile*, Louis Stein writes, "The [Spanish] anarchists claim that [the transport organizers] always gave priority to Communist applicants.... In practice, [anti-Communists] were given a disproportionately small share of the available places." A leading anti-Communist leftist, Federico Solano Palacio, went further, declaring that some 86 percent of the applications for transportation by the anarchists were rejected, condemning the applicants to remain in France facing internment, if not death. Palacio specifically cited the example of the *Winnipeg*, a ship chartered by the Chilean government. Access to the *Winnipeg* was controlled by Neruda; who played the role of an anti-Schindler, using his offices 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 Catalan labor historian Josep Peirats, which was published in 1993: "Before World War II stopped all departures, [three ships] sailed to Veracruz, Mexico. Later on, the *Winnipeg* sailed to Chile.... These first trips were administered by the communists.... They granted or denied passports [and] strictly screened passengers at points of embarkation. The same procedure applied to transport to Chile, where Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet... did the screening."

Neruda's services to Stalin did not end with this sorry episode. In May 1940, the Mexican Communist muralist David A. Siqueiros, in a preview of the successful assassination three months later, led a mass, armed attack on the Mexico residence of Leon Trotsky, in which Trotsky's 12-year-old grandson was shot and an American youth serving as a guard, Robert Sheldon Harte, was kidnapped and murdered.

According to Asi Asesinaron (a Trotsky), an account by the head of Mexico's police, Leandor Salazar, of the inquiry into the eventual killing of Trotsky, a curious sequence of events followed the May attack. Siqueiros, who faced nine separate criminal charges, was released on bail. Soon after, the Mexican ambassador to Chile was approached by Neruda, now Chilean consul in Mexico City. Neruda asked the Mexican ambassador to convey a Chilean passport to Siqueiros. Siqueiros immediately fled, thus squelching a major part of the Trotsky murder investigation. For the rest of his life, Neruda expressed his undiluted pride in this action.

Because of his services to the Kremlin, Neruda's name figures in a documentary source that 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 telegraph traffic from Soviet agents in the United States between 1943 and 1945, were gathered under the ultra top-secret title VENONA.

Two of five scheduled VENONA releases have taken place. The first covered nuclear espionage and included important information showing the guilt of the Rosenberg spy ring. Pablo Neruda appears in the second group of decrypts. Although the reference to him does not specify his role, his name is found in the company of Soviet spies. The next release of VENONA, scheduled for this spring, will cover messages from San Francisco and Mexico and should include much more on the attempt to break Trotsky's assassin, Ramon Mercader, 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 dismiss information about the socialist-realist picture presented of Pablo Neruda in *Il Postino* when it comes time to vote on the Oscar for Best Picture of 1995. But in truth, Neruda himself never bothered to hide his great enthusiasm for Joseph Stalin. Neruda honored Stalin with special praise upon his death in 1953. He wrote a heartfelt threnody, declaring:

*To be men! That is
the Stalinist law!
...We must learn from Stalin
his sincere intensity
his concrete clarity
...Stalin is the noon,
the maturity of man and the peoples.
Stalinists, Let us bear this title with pride.
...Stalinist workers, clerks, women
take care of this day! The light has not vanished,
the fire has not disappeared,
there is only the growth of
light, bread, fire and hope
in Stalin's invincible time!
...In recent years the dove,
Peace, the wandering persecuted rose,
found herself in his shoulders
and Stalin, the giant one,
carried her at the heights of his forehead.
...A wave beats against the stones of the shore.
But Malenkov will continue his work.*

This poem remains in print in Neruda's Spanish-language collected works. It has been excised from anthologies of his work in English, for obvious reasons. It should be noted that one of Neruda's best known collections in English bears the title *The Captain's Verses*. Most gringo enthusiasts probably believe that the "captain" is Neruda himself. But his memorial to Stalin concludes with these lines:

*...We will sail there together, a poet a fisherman
and the sea to the distant Captain who
when entering into death left to all the peoples,
as a legacy, his life.*

In 1971, Neruda finally got the Nobel Prize he complains about being denied in *Il Postino*, much to the disgust of certain members of the selection 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. Quite by accident, the filmmakers got it right. Neruda appears to have taught the simple Italian mailman how to speak of love, but the vocabulary he left behind when he returned to Chile led only to death.

Stephen Schwartz works for the San Francisco Chronicle.

Firemen, continued from page 1

Unlike the 11 other firemen who were either on the floor or crouching in the hallway to one side, Lt. Butler, 39, was standing erect directly in front of the open door, with his turnout (fire protection) coat unbuttoned and his hands unprotected by gloves. When the swirling cloud roared out of the apartment, it hit him in the face like a blast from a jet engine, blowing him back, spinning him around, melting his fingers to the bone, and causing deep burns on his forehead, stomach, abdomen, buttocks, and thighs. He died in the hospital from renal failure the following day—the first San Francisco firefighter ever 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 Glynn Custred, co-drafter 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 *Dateline*, he was furiously attacked as being deceptive or gravely misinformed. When I asked Louise Renne, a San Francisco city attorney who oversees 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.

"What do you think did kill him?" I asked.

"I don't want to get into that," she replied, moving on quickly to something she'd already said before—that any firemen who blamed Butler's death on affirmative action were fringe elements who wanted to take the department back to the racist, good old days when only "sons or brothers or nephews" of firemen could get jobs in the department.

Actually, none of the people I'd talked to had expressed 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 decline of a once-respected institution.

Twenty-five years ago, passing the entrance exam for the San Francisco Fire Department was more difficult than that for many major universities. But in the early 1970s public-interest law firms attacked the tests as racist barriers designed to keep out blacks. Entrance and promotional exams were thrown out, rewritten, watered down, and reconstituted to ensure that more minorities passed. And when that didn't give the desired numbers, under the terms of a 1988 consent decree, merit rankings on exams were recalculated under new criteria or set aside 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 33 percent minority and 6.3 percent female. But, in the minds of some firemen (most of whom don't want their names used), it also resulted in falling standards, plummeting morale, fear, intimidation in the station houses, and a department that was fast becoming a danger not only to the public but also to itself.

"Here is something to think about," says Ray Batz, a veteran of nearly three decades on the force. "The U.S. Labor Department says we are the most hazardous job in the country—

on steep windy hills and narrow congested streets—the city's firemen have always taken a particularly aggressive approach toward fires. "No fire would kick them out of a building," says one young fireman. When the rats and the roaches would be 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 staying."

When Ray Batz joined the department in 1966, he couldn't believe, he says, "how tough these guys were. There were people in the department who had fought at the Battle of the Bulge. They didn't take crap from anyone. They were all athletes—big, outdoorsy, and loud. I came in at 6-feet, 190-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 Batz, "because a tiny woman opted out of her responsibility toward me in putting up a 400-pound ladder at a drill." Batz tried to save the ladder (in 30 years of putting up ladders he'd never been part of any team that dropped one), sending his back went into spasms from which it hasn'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 because she wants numbers—racial and gender numbers. That is not her main concern. It's her only concern."

When Batz complains about incompetent women or minorities he is careful to point out that he is by no means talking about all blacks or all women. The blacks who were hired on merit (starting back in 1955) and who passed the same tests as

everyone else are well respected within the department, Batz says, and no one hesitates to follow them anywhere. It's the same with women, especially lesbians, says Batz, many of whom are hard-charging, don't mind getting their hands dirty, enjoy the punch-you-in-the-shoulder camaraderie of the station house, and delight in matching the men joke-for-raunchy-joke.

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 lift ladders, knew nothing about machinery (many of the older firemen came from the building trades), and were generally so scared of fires that they have been known to let the air out of their compressed air supplies and then announce they have to leave the fire to get a refill. On other occasions, women have hid behind the fire trucks or decided to make unnecessary inspections of hose connections instead of fighting fires.

One woman, says Batz, climbed a 60-foot ladder to the roof of a burning building, announced that she was dehydrated, and promptly climbed down the ladder to get a drink of water, leaving her fellow firemen to punch holes in the roof by themselves. Well, it's easy to understand her hesitation, says Batz. 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 vent the fire to prevent back-



number one. We are fifth in on-the-job deaths. We are first in on-the-job injuries. We are first in the severity of injuries. Every year 40 percent of American firefighters are injured.

"So what are we hiring? We are hiring 110-pound Asian women because we have to have them. We are hiring semi-literates who are capable of writing reports with sentences like the victim 'jump out the window and have sprangs in his angle' or 'the deceased met us at the door.'"

"Seventy percent of our calls are now medical," says Batz, a lean and boyish looking 58. "You have to be literate to understand medical terminology. But we have people who are lieutenants who can't spell lieutenant."

Jerry Butler was a nice man, says Batz, but he should never have been a firefighter, let alone a lieutenant: "I worked with him a couple of times on a daily basis. He was a naive, simple man and a splendid physical specimen—he played football at Colorado State University—but he had no common sense, no sense of his own vulnerability. It takes [eight to 10 years] to acquire the skills, experience, and knowledge to pass the lieutenant's test, but in a rush to meet their ethnic and quota goals they made him a lieutenant after less than four years." Batz doesn't bother to add the obvious conclusion: the first time Butler met up with something he wasn't equipped to handle, it killed him.

As a result of San Francisco's hazardous fire conditions—side-by-side wooden Victorians

drafts. The problem was that some of the women didn't have the upper-body strength to use the axes. The firemen called them "woodpeckers" because their axes bounced off wood.

Another time, says Batz, a woman firefighter was told to connect the hose to an indoor water pipe while her crew advanced the hose 100 feet closer to the fire. Instead she ran 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 said. 'They told us at the fire academy if it got too hot we could just leave.'"

Attitudes such as these stun some of the older firemen, who were so rabidly attached to their jobs they'd 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 the fires that followed the 1991 earthquake, firemen went up on the roofs of burning buildings in the marina, knowing the normal escapes were cut off, pouring water on adjacent buildings in an effort to save them, planning to slide down their fire hoses if all else failed.

Nowadays, according to Ray Batz 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 that in former times would have been minor incidents limited to the "room and contents" now turn into multi-alarm fires which spread to the hallway, the entire building, or other houses on the block. It's what one retired fire chief calls the department's new "civil service mentality"—you just put in your hours, cover your ass, avoid risks, and leave at 4:30.

For the 1978 lieutenant's 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 housing code, and 81 chapters in three books. 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 studying for exams.

When he took the lieutenant's exam, says one inspector, he spent 18 months preparing for it, studying up to 12 hours a day in the final weeks. "The tests were arduous and difficult to pass," he recalls. But at least no one claimed the tests were rigged against high achievers—you could see the answers afterward. 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.

Furthermore, complains one fireman, the new tests don't so much test what the candidate knows about fighting fires as how he feels about them. Whereas in the past the tests would ask about how long an engine truck's 500-gallon water tank would last at a given pump pressure, now, points out one frustrated candidate for captain, they ask "what have you done to demonstrate your commitment to promoting the goals of the consent decree?"

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

"shifting bands." But to white firefighters it all amounts to the same thing—blatant manipulation of test scores to meet a predetermined quota.

Attorneys for public-interest law firms seeking to overturn the entrance and promotional criteria on behalf of blacks and women argue that drastic intervention into hiring and promotion was necessary because of the fire 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

and found it, the swastika hate crime incident was discovered almost certainly to have been a hoax. The two inspectors who claimed to have found it in their office turned out to have been in deep trouble at the time of the incident for shortcomings which included such things as filing false fire safety inspection reports and taking unauthorized time off from work. (One of them claimed to have made 200 inspections in a single day, whereas on a good day even the most conscientious inspector can do perhaps 15.) When further investigation also revealed that they had lied about their whereabouts the morning the swastika showed up, the jury rejected their \$5-million civil rights claims.

In most fire departments people who had committed such violations would be prosecuted or at the very least discharged, but such assumptions don't take into account the morally topsy-turvy world projected by the fire department's consent decree. One of the inspectors went on semi-permanent disability leave; the other received a permanent promotion and, just to make sure no one retaliated against him, the day the jury rejected his claim, battalion fire chiefs fanned out throughout the department warning firefighters not to ridicule, scorn, upbraid, or otherwise embarrass the inspector. Their line to angry firefighters was, "We don't want you calling him a fucking asshole."

"But he was a fucking asshole," one fireman says now. "He lied in federal court. He ruined careers. He asked for millions. And then they promoted him."

It's incidents such as this one that make many San Francisco firemen walk around on eggshells, fearful that if they happen to say the wrong word to the wrong person, they could get 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 otherwise outspoken fireman. There are people who walk around with little black books hoping that someone will

say something that they can report to the EEOC.

If someone is a member of a protected class, firemen complain that they can't even point out to the person that he or she is incapable of performing basic firefighting tasks. One young fireman I spoke to told me that he once complained to a senior officer that the men in the field would really appreciate it if someone of his rank would for once stand up to the inequities of the consent decree. "I can't," answered the officer. "Whenever I do I get about 30 lawyers in my office."

Some firemen have tried to protect themselves by simply keeping their mouths shut any time "quota hires" with chips on their shoulders are within earshot. "But then they write you up for 'shunning,'" says Lt. Ron Van Pool, who has spent \$70,000 of his own money futilely filing reverse-discrimination suits against the department in recent years.

Attorneys for civil rights groups respond that the problem isn't so much that minority hires are unqualified as that many firemen in the department refuse to obey orders from any officer not a white male.

The firemen I talked to agreed that some officers who got their promotions by virtue of their sex or skin color are indeed ignored whenever possible, but what, they ask, is their alternative—risking their lives so the department can meet some arbitrary quota dreamed up by Judge Patel? A house on fire is too dangerous



Fire Chief Robert Demmons

after a hard morning of making fire safety inspections and, much to their rage and horror, found a swastika leaning against their office wall. It unnerved them so much they were practically too trembly to talk on TV (even though, as *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen pointedly noted, a Jewish inspector who shared the same office said he wasn't "upset by it" at all.) Later they went on disability leave at full pay and filed civil rights lawsuits against the city for \$5 million apiece.

For federal judge Marilyn Patel, who is regarded as a bright but deeply partisan jurist, the swastika was the final straw. Branding the department "out of control," Patel, originally appointed by Jerry Brown, threatened to put top fire department officers in jail if they didn't put a stop to racial incidents. This set off a feeding frenzy. "There was one reporter on the local news," says firefighter Jerry Sullivan. "If she did it once, she did it eight times—'Racism in the fire department. News at 11.'" Politicians denounced the department as worse than South Africa. Young black males flipped the finger at firefighters as they rode through the streets. The FBI was called in to investigate. Fire Chief Edward Phipps was forced to resign, and two other officers were barred from future promotions.

Later, when the fire department gave lie detector tests to everyone in the station, except for the two inspectors who supposedly discov-

a place—it's hot, smoky; embers are falling from the ceiling; people are swinging axes; wood is flying. It's not a place for someone who doesn't know what he's doing.

"If you bring in guys who never studied for the tests, who were promoted before they knew the job," says one young firefighter, "when you get them out there on a real fire, they freeze—they don't know what to do."

In some other northern California fire departments, before a person will even be allowed to take an entrance test for firefighter, he or she has to take a course in fire science at a community college, have paramedic or emergency medical technician training, and obtain "Firefighter I" certification from the state of California. In San Francisco, on the other hand, a candidate only needs a high school diploma (and even that requirement only survived by a 4-to-3 fire commission vote) and six weeks residency in the city. As a result, complain some firemen, the department is hiring people who they promptly have to fire for using cocaine on the job, who are HIV-positive, who are not even citizens of any country in the western hemisphere.

But anyone who complains about such matters is branded as a reactionary neanderthal spouting racist white noise. "I went to [a pretty liberal university]," says one fireman. "All I heard was that the fire department was racist. I believed in affirmative action. So when I joined the department, I'm looking for racism. It isn't there." What is there, he says, is real camaraderie and a desire to get the job done.

This male-bonding aspect of the job is one thing the people in the diversity/sensitivity industry will never understand, says Ray Batz. Nor will it appreciate how this bonding contributes to an effective force, which is why tension between women officers and male firefighters is particularly high.

One woman lieutenant showed up at a firehouse (where everyone traditionally takes turns cooking and cleaning up) and announced, "I don't cook. I don't shop. I'm a vegetarian." Another female officer hit a fireman on the head with a six-cell flashlight because he didn't obey an order to move her hose to another fire (and this despite the fact he didn't even work for her). Another woman officer put an old Chinese woman's hands in embers from burning leaves as a way of explaining over the language gap that she shouldn't burn leaves in the street. One male fireman who found tampons on a shelf when he cleaned a restroom left them in a first aid drawer with aspirin and bandages for safekeeping. A month later a woman lieutenant opened the drawer, assumed the tampons were meant for her, freaked out, and accused the station of sexual harassment. Although she didn't file a claim, another woman lieutenant did, claiming that she

was harassed in 20 of the 25 stations in which she served. (The city subsequently offered her a \$300,000 settlement.)

When people suddenly discovered that it was possible to get big money by claiming racial harassment, claims against the city skyrocketed. For the 10-year period between 1978 and 1988, 32 minority firefighters filed 200 racial or sexual harassment claims. Some were ludicrous, such as that of the drunken, off-duty fireman, believing he was in a restroom, who mistakenly peed on a sleeping teammate. And some were unfortunately true but blown out of all proportion, as in the case of the Asian firetruck driver who suddenly remembered he'd been called a "Chinaman" 10 years earlier. (He received \$35,000.)

To many firemen, the use of civil rights lawsuits to settle personal problems is not only ridiculously expensive but also incredibly counter-productive if the goal is a fully functional workplace. In the past, one fireman says, "if you had a problem with someone else at your station, you'd just tell him what an asshole he was; he would return the compliment; together the two of you would hash it out face to face; and that would be the end of it. Problems stayed inside the station. Suspensions and firings were unheard of."

"Now," says the fireman, "they try to micromanage human interactions and it doesn't work." Every little human encounter literally turns into a federal case. "They bring in aberrant people who have never been in a group before and they empower them." Even though they are gravely lacking in social skills or knowledge of human relations, the department still expects you to accept them. "But you can't accept them. They are aberrant."

This may seem like a harsh view, but it comes against a long frustration whose central source is Judge Patel's determination to change "the culture of the fire department." (What she doesn't realize, many firemen complain, is that it is that very culture that has kept San Francisco from burning down the last 90 years.) Patel, her court monitor, and the attorneys for the plaintiffs have brought into the fire department the radical feminist notion that firemen, like most white men, are totally insensitive to gender and racial concerns, and thus in need of anti-bias re-education and sensitivity seminars.

It's not an opinion shared by the firemen themselves, who complain that it is impossible to get fires out by being sensitive or "touchy-feely." For the men on the line, fires don't respect your race or gender. They only respect tough, aggressive people who are willing to run down smoky hallways and douse the fire right at the source.

"An old firefighter told me once," says one young fireman. "These buildings in the Haight are 100 years old. Do you think they have lasted because they never had fires in them before? They did. But we put them out."

Now Willie Brown, the newly elected mayor of San Francisco, has appointed Ron Demmons, the former head of the Black Firefighters Association, to head the fire department. This is a man, some firemen complain, who has never passed a competitive examination, never commanded an engine company, spent virtually his entire career in administration, who once was promoted from lieutenant to assistant chief of management services in two years—promotions that normally take decades. Unlike 92 percent of all SFFD firefighters, he is not even a member of the union, Local 798, and is so lightly esteemed inside the department that in the month following his appointment 23 officers resigned.

But if the firefighters were dismayed, the affirmative action activists were overjoyed. Eva Patterson, a civil rights attorney who has represented the Black Firefighters Association in suits against the city, was so moved by Demmons's appointment she wept for joy. "It's like Mandela becoming the president of South Africa," she told the *Chronicle*.

Although San Francisco has not yet faced any grave fire crises, one day it will. The city of Oakland underwent affirmative action hiring under a Judge Patel consent decree even before San Francisco did, and the result, says former chief Don Matthews, is that what was once a "great organization" is now "a joke." And Oakland's lack of preparedness is no mere academic matter either. One hot morning four years ago a fire got away from a couple of day laborers who were using wood shingles to heat their noon-time tortillas. In the ensuing holocaust, the department suffered from so much confusion and miscommunication that it allowed major portions of the city to burn down, destroying 3,400 homes and/or apartments in the Berkeley/Oakland hills, killing 25 people, leaving 11,000 people homeless, and devastating the local economy.

Since that time, says Don Perlman, an Oakland author who is writing a book on the fire, affirmative action has only made everything much worse: "It's a freight train running down the track." If they keep on using affirmative action to bring qualifications down, "the next time there's a fire it will burn all the way to the Bay."

Given Judge Patel's obsession with diversity over merit, experience, morale, and every other consideration, says Ray Batz, San Francisco will be right behind Oakland when the fire next time breaks out. As one angry fireman says, "This is a social experiment they are doing. But they are playing with our lives. I don't want to die for a social experiment, especially when I know they are wrong."

Paul Ciotti is a freelance writer who lives in Southern California.



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REVIEWS

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 Druid, and Noah; also
Abraham was called to succeed the Druidical age.*

What did the great English poet William Blake mean by these enigmatic words? Based on 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 were similarly derived from the ancient Hebrews:

*The Stolen and Perverted Writings of
Homer & Ovid; of Plato & Cicero, which all Men
ought to condemn: are set up by artifice against
the Sublime of the Bible, but when the New Age is
at leisure to Pronounce; all will be set right: &
those Grand Works of the more ancient & con-
sciously & professedly Inspired Men, will hold
their proper rank.*

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

One might be tempted to pass over in silence this "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" in Blake, especially if one thought that his theory of the primacy of 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 day. But what if Blake's fanciful theory were being taught today in British schools as a truthful version of cultural history? Most people would consider such a curricular development a blatantly misguided attempt to rewrite history and impose an Anglocentric view of the world on British schoolchildren, thereby blinding them to the genuine achievements of other peoples. But somehow when the same thing is done in the name of Afrocentrism in American schools today, scholars have been generally afraid to speak out against the practice.

Not Mary Lefkowitz. A professor of classics at Wellesley College, she has for several years been bravely combatting in lectures and articles the Afrocentric theories of such authors as Martin Bernal (*Black Athena*), theories that are already having an insidious effect on the way cultural history is taught on many college campuses, as well as in secondary schools. Now Lefkowitz has produced a book that demolishes the Afrocentric theory of history, uncovers the long-buried sources of its peculiar notions, and anatomizes the larger implications of its success on campus, revealing the paralyzing effects of pedagogical relativism on the ability to combat manifest errors in the academy today.

The thrust of Afrocentrism is to conceive of Egyptian culture as African in essence and then to view Greek culture as derivative from Egyptian. The theory involves many unfounded historical claims—for example, that in the 16th century B.C. Egyptians invaded and colonized what is now mainland Greece—as well as the reinterpretation of many historical figures, such as the assertion that Cleopatra was black or that Socrates was of African ancestry. One of the principal Afrocentric theses 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 such sources as the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

With her thorough research and clear reasoning, Lefkowitz conclusively shows that Afrocentric theories of cultural history are based on the shoddiest of scholarship—everything from false etymologies to outright distortions of fact. Writing on ancient Egyptian and Greek history, the authors know neither ancient Egyptian nor Greek and are often misled by relying upon modern English translations. Ignorance of the most basic facts of ancient history and geography crops up again and again in Afrocentric arguments. Perhaps the most preposterous claim is that Aristotle got all his ideas from books he personally stole from the Library of Alexandria. A moment's reflection on the name of that institution will indicate that it was founded in the wake of Alexander the Great's conquest of Egypt, and thus it provides evidence for Greek influence on Egyptian culture, not vice versa. As Lefkowitz points out, Aristotle had been dead for 25 years by the time the library at Alexandria was assembled; moreover, most of its volumes were written in Greek, not Egyptian.

Perhaps Lefkowitz's most valuable service in *Not Out of Africa* is to have traced Afrocentric theories of the primacy of Egyptian culture back to their origin in the obsession with Egypt in 18th-century Masonic lodges (reflected, for example, in the Egyptian setting of Mozart's *Magic Flute*). Lefkowitz points out that most of the ideas of Egyptian influence on Greek culture were formed before Egyptian hieroglyphics were deciphered in the 19th century; that is, before any accurate notion of the genuine content of Egyptian culture could be formed. Unable to read Egyptian documents before the finding of the Rosetta Stone, even serious scholars could not help projecting Greek notions onto Egyptian culture and then turning around to proclaim that those very Greek notions were the product of Egyptian influence. Again and again, Lefkowitz documents the irony of Afrocentrism being derived from Eurocentric misreadings of Egypt. And the mind boggles at the thought that Masonic rituals are now in effect providing the foundation for the curriculum in some American high schools and colleges.

Lefkowitz shows how fundamentally Afrocentrism misconceives the whole process of cultural influence. The fact that one culture has been influenced by another does not mean that it can be said to have stolen from the earlier civilization. Take an area in which European and American scholars have long acknowledged the influence of Egypt on Greece: sculpture. Museums that exhibit kouros (the characteristic Greek statues of nude young men) usually have displays charting how this genre of sculpture was ultimately derived from Egyptian models. And yet in the case of the most famous kouros, the so-called Kritios Boy on display in the Acropolis museum in Athens, all Egyptian models have clearly been left far behind. In place of the stiff monumentality of Egyptian statues, we see instead a marvelous fluidity and naturalism of form that must be credited to the individual Greek sculptor as his distinctive achievement. Some caveman somewhere undoubtedly made the first wheel out of stone, but that does not mean that the Germans cannot be proud of the Mercedes-Benz 300SL.

Greek philosophy presents a similar case. Even granting the implausible claim that thinkers like Plato and Aristotle were influenced by Egyptian wisdom literature, how does that make their thought any less original? The most distinctive contribution made by the school of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle was in the area of political philosophy, and, as its name indicates, this branch of enquiry was concerned with the polis, a form of tight-knit community developed principally in Greece that is the very antithesis of the sprawling, bureaucratic kingdom typical of Pharaonic Egypt. Moreover, the mode of Greek philosophy involves a fundamental departure from any supposed Egyptian antecedents. Greek philosophy came into existence precisely by questioning the traditional identification of the ancestral with the good that is characteristic of wisdom literature. Nothing could be further from wisdom literature than a Platonic dialogue, in which the very form of the work is designed to call traditional beliefs into question. If one remains on a sufficiently high level of generality, one may be able to find a philosophical proposition or two that is shared by Greek and Egyptian writers, but one will still be faced with the stark opposition between the skeptical, open-ended spirit of Greek philosophic enquiry and the dogmatic, ritualistic nature of Egyptian wisdom literature. Plato's dialogues were not meant to be written on stone.

Lefkowitz ends up telling a sad story of the misappropriation of the form of scholarship in the service of a

political agenda that can only have a baleful effect on higher education today. One is left wondering why the Afrocentrists even want to claim African roots for Greek civilization. Greece is the source of Western civilization, which is roundly condemned by radicals today for its racism, sexism, classism, and other forms of exclusionary ideology. Why claim credit for Africa as the origin of this tainted civilization? I suppose that one could argue that ideas which were sound in their original African form were perverted into something pernicious when stolen by the Greeks, but too often the Afrocentric position takes the odd and seemingly contradictory form: "European civilization is corrupt to the core—and by the way it was stolen from Africa anyway."

The only silver lining I can see on the cloud of Afrocentrism is the possibility that it might lead educational radicals to reconsider their hostility to Greek culture once it can be shown to have the good pedigree of African roots. Unfortunately, from everything Lefkowitz suggests, Afrocentric theories of cultural transmission are serving to close students' minds even further to the possibility that they might have something valuable to learn from classical civilization. Faced with these developments, it is important to remember that the Afrocentrists do not speak for all African Americans or all Africans. Indeed, one of the greatest of contemporary African writers, the Nigerian novelist Chinua Achebe, for all his celebration of African culture, is the opposite of an Afrocentrist.

In Achebe's novel, *Anchovy of the Savannah*, one of his characters eloquently refuses to give his audience the kind of pat, simplistically nationalistic answers they crave: "I cannot decree your pet, text-book revolution. I want instead to excite general enlightenment by forcing all the people to examine the condition of their lives because, as the saying goes, the unexamined life is not worth living." One does not have to be as classically educated as Mary Lefkowitz to recognize the last phrase in this passage as an English translation of words Socrates speaks in Plato's *Apology*. As critical as Achebe often is of European civilization, he does not hesitate to recognize the relevance of its wisdom to an African situation when appropriate. Indeed, Achebe seems to be trying to palm off Socrates' famous statement of his personal creed as a form of African folk wisdom ("as the saying goes"). I am not accusing Achebe of trying to steal from Socrates; rather, he seems to have the noble purpose of acknowledging the universality of what Socrates stood for. For Achebe, what matters is not the national origin of an idea but whether it is true and good.

The Greeks were in many ways very chauvinistic; they called all those who did not speak Greek "barbarians." And yet, as Lefkowitz shows, many of the confused ideas of the Afrocentrists have their origins in the surprising tendency of Greek historians to accept uncritically the claims of other peoples, especially Egyptians, to have been the source of Greek beliefs and institutions. No Greek thinker appears to be more patriotic and confined to the orbit of Greek ideas than Xenophon, and yet in his *Cyropaedia*, he offers a Persian king as a model of political virtue. Moreover, in this same work (Book III), Xenophon subtly raises the possibility that a man with the courage to think independently like Socrates could have arisen anywhere, even in the non-Greek world, even in the remote backwaters of Armenia. From what we can observe historically, philosophy as a human possibility seems to have first arisen among the ancient Greeks. But as the Greek philosophers themselves were the first to stress, there was nothing specifically Greek about Greek philosophy. What in fact distinguished it from earlier forms of thought was precisely its sustained enquiry into the possibility of universals in the human condition, specifically its quest to distinguish the natural from the conventional, an investigation that required a break with all forms of traditional wisdom, including any ideas the Greeks may have inherited from Egypt.

There is a dogged and unrelenting character to Lefkowitz's argument in *Not Out of Africa*—so much so that I almost began to feel sorry for her opponents, who are so clearly outmatched in this intellectual combat. Indeed, at times I felt as if I were watching a professional boxer take on a bunch of amateurs. But if Lefkowitz refuses to pull her punches, the reason is that she knows the value of what she is fighting for. In clearing away the rubble of Afrocentric arguments, she is trying to make sure that we continue to have access to the greatness of Ancient Greece and hence to the most basic foundations of our own civilization.

Paul A. Cantor is a professor of English at the University of Virginia.

STRANGER THAN FACT

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, scant 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.

Several 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, most notably those in which the murderer can demonstrate that he was led to commit the deed by forces beyond his control. Murderers driven by demons have been most affected by the law so far. Battered and alienated spouses are running a close second. Jimmy Joe is the first to claim that teasing by a half-sibling 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 con-

lessly 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.

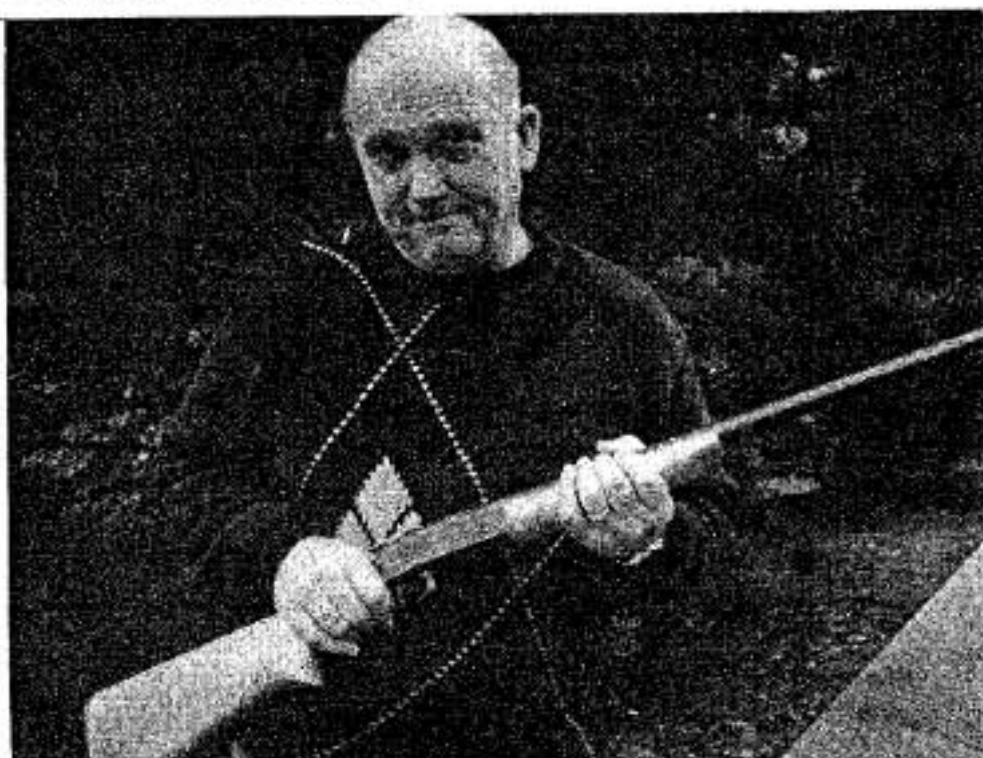
The State argued that Jimmy Joe could not claim to have been driven by forces beyond his control because he could have put a stop to his half-brother's teasing many years before if he had not been too cowardly to accept one of Bobby Ray's frequent invitations to wrestle. Testifying in his half-sibling's 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 goad his brother over the edge, but that Jimmy Joe had always shown restraint.

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 somber voice. "The conviction of Jimmy Joe Blythe for murder is hereby voided. 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 Childrens 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 Normalcy Guidelines, I will order him placed under a Cease-Teasing Order and sentence him to attend appropriate family interaction workshops until he is 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 throwed away the key. It's great to live in a country where the legal system gets right down to the nitty-gritty."



Jimmy Joe Blythe

ceivably 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 1957 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 rankled, although Jimmy Joe only admitted this for the first time during the trial. The source 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 merci-

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