blacks in ways the Ku Klux Klan could only dream of. It was in newspaper articles like that, repeated in papers all over the country, that the tradition of Kwanzaa began. It is a tradition not out of Africa but out of Orwell. Both history and language have been bent to serve a political goal.

When that New York Times article appeared, Ron Karenga’s crimes were still recent events. If the reporter of that article had bothered to do any research into the background of Kwanzaa-founder Karenga, he might have come upon the coverage of Karenga’s trial earlier that year on charges of torturing two women who were members of US (United Slaves), a black nationalist cult he founded. A May 14, 1971 article in the Los Angeles Times described the testimony of one of them:

“Deborah Jones, who once was given the Swahili title of an African queen, said she and Gail Davis were whipped with an electrical cord and beaten with a karate baton after being ordered to remove their clothes. She testified that a hot soldering iron was placed in Miss Davis’ mouth and placed against Miss Davis’ face and that one of her own big toes was tightened in a vise. Karenga, head of US, also put detergent and running hoses in their mouths, she said.”

On December 24, 1971, the New York Times ran one of the first of many articles on a new holiday designed to foster unity among African-Americans. The holiday, called Kwanzaa, was applauded by a certain 16-year-old minister who explained that the feast would perform the valuable service of “de-whitizing” Christmas.

The minister was a nobody at the time, but he would later go on to become perhaps the premier race-baiter of the 20th century. His name was Al Sharpton and he would later spawn the Tawana Brawley hoax and then incite anti-Jewish tensions in a 1995 incident that ended with the deaths of seven people.

Great minds think alike. The inventor of the holiday was one of the few black “leaders” in America even worse than Sharpton.

But there was no mention in the Times article of this man, or of the fact that at that very moment the creator of this festival of African-Americanism was at that very moment sitting in a California prison and then incite anti-Jewish tensions in a 1995 incident that ended with the deaths by arson of seven people.

The Victory of the Conservative College Press

They stole the entire distribution run,” Avik Roy says, his voice still lacerated by disbelief. Roy, a medical student at Yale University and editor of Light and Truth, one of two conservative student publications at the school, had overseen this year’s distribution of the paper’s freshman orientation issue on the morning of the first day that new students were allowed on campus. By that afternoon, Light and Truth was gone—each copy methodically plucked from freshmen mailboxes.

Roy ordered that more copies be distributed the next day. “They were stolen again,” he says. “This time by noontime.” This second theft was so well-thought out that the papers were gone by the time that the students distributing them had stuffed copies into mailboxes in the freshmen dormitories, gone upstairs, and come down again.

“Someone had been tailing them. It was very strange,” Roy says. What had Light and Truth done to incur the thieves’ wrath? “[They] didn’t like the fact that, in one article, we criticized a safe-sex program” at Yale’s new student orientation, Roy explains. “We were critical because they promoted promiscuity and one-night stands,” along with an assortment of other sexual practices. “It turned out it was probably by a group of freshmen counselors,” Roy says, who were annoyed with Light and Truth’s coverage of the program.

And who sanctioned this theft, which resulted in the loss of 700 issues costing approximately $2,500 to publish, not to mention the loss of time that the staff spent working on the issue? A Yale University dean. Head of one of the school’s residential colleges, and whom Roy describes as “dogmatic and inexperienced,” she gave the thumbs-up. Continued on page 11
SIGNs of THE TIMES

Your parody regarding the feuding signs, “Neighbor Feud Tests New Hate Legislation” (September 1999) was prescient. As proof, I found an article called “Sign Wars” from the Los Altos (California) Town Crier, October 21, 1999.

“The feud between Los Altos Hills planning commissioner Charles Wong and his nosy septuagenarian neighbor, Mildred Gallo, keeps escalating. Gallo recently mailed dozens of postcards urging people to pressure the town council to oust Wong from the Planning Commission for breaking local planning rules on his own property by, for instance, erecting a pool house without permits. Meanwhile, Wong called police this past weekend to complain about a hand-painted 4-by-8 plywood sign on Gallo’s property which displays a message, written in Chinese characters, that he found offensive. Gallo told the sheriff’s deputy who came to her door that the sign says, ‘Great man honors truth,’ though Wong reportedly believes the sign contains references to death and graveyards. Sheriff’s spokesman John Hirokawa says that the responding officer determined that no hate crime was committed. ‘The sign is not derogatory,’ he says. Gallo, who hasn’t taken the sign down, says she made it after being falsely accused by Wong of being a racist. She is now making buttons containing the offending phrase featured on her lawn sign.”

P. M. Pollock
Via Internet

JUBILEE

As a fiscal conservative, I am astonished to find myself more-or-less agreeing with the left’s “Jubilee” Third World debt cancellation idea. Unlike Mr. Tooley (“Cancelling Third World Debt,” October 1999), I believe that (properly implemented) such a scheme might actually help everyone. There are three main issues we need to understand with respect to Third World debt. First, we (the lenders) aren’t going to be paid back the vast majority of the money already lent. Second, while a lot of the money lent to these Third World countries was stolen or wasted, the majority of it was duly spent on high-minded socialist projects. And third, the IMF’s economic prescriptions of high taxes and more borrowing (i.e., austerity) aren’t helping the Third World become productive and capitalist, much less help them pay back the loans. Thus, the vast majority of the money we lent is gone for good, and it will be best for everyone if we (partially) mitigate its inevitable disastrous effects.

Ed Powell
Fairfax, VA

UN-PROFESSOR DALY

“Not Back to School” (September 1999) is great stuff! Ms. Daly’s lawyer was on the morning talk show hosted by David Newman on WJR, and I called and challenged her. I said that by the logic of her argument, the U.S. government will not bail out any banks making bad foreign loans. The left will scream about the “no new loan” provisions of this idea, because the Third World socialism they worship is financed on the backs of first-world capitalist taxpayers. Tough. If the Third World wants socialism, it should try paying for it itself, rather than relying on us to (partially) mitigate its inevitable disastrous effects.

Dave Forssmark
Via Internet

I just finished reading “Not Back to School.” It was a fine article. It’s sad to see the concept of equality that we considered pretty pure back in the ‘60s being twisted into this sort of mindless crap. I really think the Founding Fathers screwed up by not prohibiting lawyers from serving in Congress. The legacy of this omission is a legal system so convoluted and confusing that even the lawyers can’t agree on anything anymore, which, I suspect, was their original objective. Lawyers making laws is sort of like prisoners designing jails, or molesters running day care centers, wouldn’t you think?

R. G. Mangrum
Via Internet

LITTLE CHILL IN CANADA

Jamie Glazov’s “The Little Chill” was very interesting. Being from Canada myself, I especially appreciated this expose of Canadian nationalists who now engage in dismissing Cold War revelations. To be sure, the attempt to minimize the significance of Soviet guilt in the Cold War is even stronger here than in the States, since Canadian leftists have even bigger baggage to carry, recognizing their higher calling to anti-Americanism. What I liked most is that Glazov named names. Where are all these guys that spent decades arguing that the U.S. was at fault? They have nothing to say. Having been around so much anti-Americanism myself in Canadian universities, I am tired of it. But what I can’t understand is why just one person has taken this issue on in a country of twenty-five million people? And why has it taken an American publication to allow the expression of this perspective? It just goes to show what a sorry state this country is in. To be truthful, I can’t name one publication in Canada that I think would carry this piece. There are, of course, conservative publications, but none that could carry a lengthy article such as this for the sake of stimulating a serious and open debate.

Rob Olschamp
Via Internet

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LESSTHANZERO:Recently, the Chicago Tribune printed an op-ed article blasting the idea of zero tolerance. It started out in an autobiographical vein: “Not long ago, the principal in our children’s high school instituted a new policy — zero tolerance.” From now on, she said, there would be no excuse for violating certain school rules, notably the ban on student use of drugs and alcohol. At first, the announcement seemed harmless to all school faculty and administration, since there had never been any murkiness or ambiguity about alcohol or drug abuse in the school. Everyone always knew the rules. And the school’s students had to know they were being told what not to do.”

Officials at Amherst College, in a previous memo, which gives a rich sense of life in occupied youth and schools. If the sentiments were liberal boilerplate, the authors were noteworthy. The piece was co-authored by the husband and wife team of William Ayres and Bernadine Dohrn. In a previous incarnation, Ayres and Dohrn were the Bonnie and Clyde of the violent Weatherman Underground. In one of those smooth transitions that prove once again that F. Scott Fitzgerald was wrong in saying that there are no second acts in American lives, Ayres and Dohrn repatriated themselves during the ’80s and ’90s without ever acknowledging the insanity of their prior lives. Now he is a professor of education and she is an attorney, and they have set up shop as social arbiters for the System they once wanted to bomb into the Stone Age. As Ayres himself once remarked about going from fugitive to bourgeois without paying a price to the society he wanted to destroy: “Guilty as hell, free as a bird, America is a great country.”

POPU quiz: Name the country that has 709,000 regular (active duty) service per-person; 293,000 reserve troops; eight standing Army divisions; 20 Air Force and Navy air wings with 2,000 combat aircraft; 232 strategic bombers; 13 strategic ballistic missile submarines with 3,114 nuclear warheads on 232 missiles; 500 ICBMs with 1,950 warheads; and 3,000 surface combat ships and submarines, plus all the support bases, shipyards, and logistical assets needed to sustain such a naval force. Is this country Russia? No Red China? No Great Britain? Hardly. Don’t feel too bad if you are unable to identify this global superpower because this country no longer exists. It has vanished. These are the American military forces that have disappeared since Bill Clinton was elected in 1992.

ANOTHER COUNTRY: On December 2, University of Massachusetts chancellor David Scott sent to the “university community” the following memo, which gives a rich sense of life in occupied America today: “I want to personally thank all of those who were able to attend the Jackson Katz pre-screening, or city. It is a policy that Canadian a Rape Aggression Defense (RAD) course was planned around issues of sexism, classism, and racism. Please watch the Collegian, Campus Chronicle, other media, and bulletin boards, etc., for announcements. As all of us need to step forward and attend these events. Education is the long-term solu-

REDOCTIO AD ABSURDUM

to twenty-four years in prison as an individual with “low-level” involvement in a drug distribution con-
sacrity. A Rape Aggression Defense (RAD) course will be held Dec. 6; 7, 8, and 9 from 6 to 9 P.M. in the Campus Center. The course, which covers 2,000 hours of training, is being led by Dr. Christie Blatchford, a former public defender and now a columnist at the National Post. The course will cover topics such as rape, self-defense, and the legal system.

The heat came from a local parent and 150 students who denounced the play because of its “racism” toward Puerto Ricans. One of the compla-
ing issue, a whopping four students attended the protest because of growers’ use of pesticides, from 7-9 P.M. A number of other events are being planned around issues of sexism, classism, and racism.

And so on. The article went on to call for addressing the root causes of violence, for handgun control, etc., rather than for strict discipline as a way of dealing with youth and schools. If the sentiments were liberal boilerplate, the authors were noteworthy. The piece was co-authored by the husband and wife team of William Ayres and Bernadine Dohrn. In a previous incarnation, Ayres and Dohrn were the Bonnie and Clyde of the violent Weatherman Underground. In one of those smooth transitions that prove once again that F. Scott Fitzgerald was wrong in saying that there are no second acts in American lives, Ayres and Dohrn repatriated themselves during the ’80s and ’90s without ever acknowledging the insanity of their prior lives. Now he is a professor of education and she is an attorney, and they have set up shop as social arbiters for the System they once wanted to bomb into the Stone Age. As Ayres himself once remarked about going from fugitive to bourgeois without paying a price to the society he wanted to destroy: “Guilty as hell, free as a bird, America is a great country.”

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Assisted-suicide patriarch Derek Humphry was impressed by the suicide machines unveiled in Seattle in November 1997 at the international “Self-Deliverance New Technology Conference.” He loved the demonstration on the use of helium and a garbage bag to commit suicide, a method that Humphry, author of How to Commit Suicide and co-founder of the Hemlock Society, discusses in his newest how-to-end-it-all video.

But he was most delighted with a new suicide contraption called the “debreather,” a device developed under the aegis of Canadian assisted-suicide zealot John Hofsess, that is worn like a gas mask but which sucks away life by removing oxygen from the air of the person wearing it. Humphry happily reported that the debreather has killed six people.

Other assisted-suicide movement notables were equally enthusiastic about the conference and the devices on display. Faye Girsh, the executive director of the Hemlock Society USA, called the meeting a “wonderful forum,” and proclaimed herself deeply impressed by the “tremendous ingenuity” displayed by the inventors. The Dutch doctor Peter Admiraal, who admits to having killed more than 100 of his patients, also expressed his satisfaction with the displays. Australian doctor Dr. Philip Nitschke—the Down-Under Kevorkian—who is presently in the midst of a North American assisted-suicide-promotion speaking tour, thrilled the conventioners with a description of his pet project: the still uncompleted creation of a non-narcotic death pill that he calls the “Holy Grail.” Once he gets the kinks worked out, Nitschke intends to sell the lethal pill internationally over the Internet.

The debreather is not the first suicide device the movement has publicity and marketed by the assisted-suicide movement. For example, a few years ago the Exit Bag made its debut. The Exit Bag, described by its promoters as a “hand-made customized plastic bag for use in self-deliverance [i.e., suicide],” is sold by promoters as a “hand-made customized plastic bag for use in self-deliverance [i.e., suicide]” is sold by bulk.) Discreetly shipped. The Exit Bag is made of clear strong plastic and comes with flannelette lining inside the collar to prevent the plastic from irritating sensitive skin. AND it comes with an optional terry-cloth neckband to create a “turtleneck” for added comfort and snugness of fit. (This is particularly useful for terminally ill people who have lost a lot of weight and neck bulk.) Discreetly shipped.

For years, euthanasia enthusiasts have desperately attempted to reposition the movement away from its well-deserved place among the nut fringe and into a beneficent medical procedure. But that is not to say that movement activists can never candid. Once in a great while they forget themselves and allow the true agenda to come into clear focus. One such occasion came about in October 1998, when the World Federation of Rights to Die Societies—an international umbrella organization consisting of the world’s foremost euthanasia advocacy groups—issued its “Zurich Declaration” after its bi-annual convention. The Declaration urged that people “suffering severe and enduring distress [should be eligible] to receive medical help to die.” (My emphasis.) By definition, anybody with a significant suicidal desire has enduring distress! Finally, the goal of the assisted-suicide movement is revealed in all its bleak nihilism: death on demand for anyone with more than a transitory desire to die.

Pushed into this corner, advocates might claim that a desire “to suicide” (many advocates, including some whom I have occasionally taken to using the term as a verb) is sometimes “rational,” and when it is, the proper response is medical facilitation. The comparison is to the medical response to a patient with a fever who needs antibiotics. Similarly, a docto

**The DEBREATHER**

**Remember the mass suicide of the Heaven’s Gate cult in 1997? It is worth remembering that the lives of the UFO-obsessed cultists all ended identically to those who died in Oregon by legalized physician-assisted suicide. The method of dying in Heaven’s Gate and Oregon was identical, i.e., swallowing a mass overdose of barbiturates. The cause of death—a massive drug overdose—is also the same. The reason for “choosing” assisted suicide was similar too: a belief that life no longer had any meaning. A feeling of terminal ennui is what brought this overwhelming truth.**

**Death on Demand**

by Wesley J. Smith

*Assisted-Suicide Advocates Get Ready for the Next Step*
The inroads made by the assisted-suicide movement is testimony less to its legitimacy than to the deep dissatisfaction many people have with the current state of American medicine. The sad fact is that doctors generally do a poor job of controlling their patients’ pain and providing dying people with quality end-of-life care. Much work must be done to alleviate these deficiencies. Unfortunately, the assisted-suicide movement impedes these efforts by distracting the media from focusing on all that medicine can and should do to alleviate suffering and misdirecting it instead toward the more news-exploitable issue of killing. This is how Jack Kevorkian became one of the most famous non-doctors in the world. At the same time, most people who would name Kevorkian easily in a trivia contest don’t even know who Dame Cecily Saunders is. Yet Dr. Saunders created the modern hospice movement, which through its intense focus on controlling the symptoms of dying people, is directly responsible for helping millions worldwide meet their natural ends peacefully, comfortably, and with the kind of dignity that a forced exit never provides.

The good news is that the tide is slowly turning against assisted suicide and moving in the direction of improving the delivery of quality medical care. For example, the House of Representatives recently passed the Pain Relief Promotion Act (PRPA) by a bipartisan 271-156 vote, a bill that would improve the delivery of pain control while deterring assisted suicide. The PRPA is supported by much of organized medicine, including the American Medical Association and the National Hospice Organization. If passed by the Senate and signed by President Clinton, the act will both deter assisted suicide and improve the delivery of pain control by explicitly identifying palliation as a legitimate medical service under the Controlled Substances Act, thereby removing the fear of DEA actions against doctors who aggressively treat pain. Moreover, several states have recently outlawed assisted suicide or added civil penalties to anyone assisting a suicide, while at the same time making it clear that aggressive palliation that leads to the unintended side effect of death is not a crime. These laws have led directly to a dramatic increase in the delivery of quality pain control wherever they have been passed, thereby disproving the canard of assisted suicide advocates that legalization of killing is necessary to improve medical care.

The Self-Deliverance New Technology Conference cast a much-needed light on the twisted mindset that drives the assisted-suicide movement. Killing devices are not akin to kidney dialysis machines and poison is not medicine. The Heaven’s Gate cultists were not practicing medicine when they helped each other commit assisted suicide and neither are doctors who participate in intentionally killing their patients. The time has come to turn away from the quackery of assisted suicide, increase the use of hospice, and support actions that improve the delivery of legitimate, quality medical care for all suffering people.

Wesley J. Smith is an attorney for the International Anti-Euthanasia Task Force. His next bookCulture of Death: The Destruction of Medical Ethics in America, will be published next year by Encounter Books.
Tempest in the Rutgers Teapot

Cyclops Blinded

by J. R. Dunn

W hen multiculturality bares its teeth at Rutgers University, it usually occurs at the Paul Robeson Cultural Center. The most imposing of the sites named for Robeson since he replaced Joyce Kilmer as the university’s tutelary spirit, the center is located on the Busch campus, directly across the Raritan from the main campus at New Brunswick. Early last October the hall was the scene of a witch’s brew of fabricated political offenses, denunciations, threats, and betrayal. Robeson, of course, would have found the scene familiar since he witnessed any number of similar episodes during his decades as a mouthpiece for Josef Stalin.

Rutgers has never been a trailblazer as a PC institution. While the basic elements of multiculturality—debased language, distortions of the curriculum, replacement of social norms with “sensitivy,” “diversity” and various flavors of identity politics—are easy to find here, as in most colleges and universities across the country, Rutgers has picked them up at second hand. But on the rare occasion when Rutgers does make a lunge toward the multicultural frontier, the results can be surprising, yielding insights often overlooked at more politically active and sophisticated schools and possessing a sense of contrariness, absurdity, and futility not easy to match. For instance, you’d have to look long and hard to find the Raritan chief claim to PC distinction, President Francis L. Lawrence’s “genetic background” fiasco of 1995.

After nearly three decades at Tulane University, Lawrence arrived at Rutgers in late 1990 with a mixed reputation. Originally aligned with Tulane’s faculty rebels, Lawrence had turned coal black and even joined the administration, working his way up to a deanship. At Rutgers, misgivings were soon borne out as Lawrence’s high-handedness and devotion to trendy management theories set him at odds with both faculty and administration. By mid-decade a significant part of the Rutgers community was waiting for the president to make a slip. It came in a speech addressing faculty at the university’s Camden campus on November 11, 1994, when Lawrence departed from the text to add a few words about the necessity of affirmative action: “ . . . let’s look at the SATs. The average SAT for African-Americans is 750. Do we have that genetic hereditary background to have anybody with the national test? Or do we deal with the cost of setting a new standard for public self-humiliation. The university gained nothing. Any silent quid pro quo the university would provide all due assistance in implementing multicultural programs was effectively empty. Lawrence having favored them all along. One unforeseen result that should have been obvious to anybody was that the university was now stuck with Francis Lawrence. Any alternative academic position, along with the concomitant ad hoc official’s tradition set next step up into government or a foundation chair, was forever closed to him. Rutgers would have him until the Day of Wrath, a constant reminder that meekness pays.

Several months passed before Lawrence’s words caught up with him. But short-lived was the after the new year he found himself fighting for his professional life, accused of racial thought crimes by an unusually solid coalition of students, faculty, and campus activists.

Lawrence’s excuse was that he’d been mystified by a biker gang, a cohort he’d never read or in fact beheld—The Bell Curve by Charles Murray and Richard J. Herrnstein, which had appeared the previous year to considerable controversy. By some unknown means the book’s mere existence had implanted in Lawrence’s head bad ideas, which, for a kind of diversity-oriented Tourette’s Syndrome, he then blurted out uncontrollably at the worst possible moment. Lawrence quickly discovered that this nonsense wouldn’t play—if anything, its sheer fatuity only made the fires burn hotter. For a short period Rutgers experienced a longed-for rebirth of the ’60s, with rallies, threats, speeches shouted through bullhorns, and round-the-clock picketing of the official presidential residence. The campaign peaked when Route 18, a major local artery, was blocked by student marchers, followed a few days later with a sit-in shutting down an important basketball game against the University of Massachusetts. (The team, the Scarlet Knights, is Rutgers’ sole serious athletic asset. The protesters certainly knew where it would hurt most.)

Lawrence’s ouster seemed inevitable. He had, after all, committed the worst offense possible for a contemporary educational official, one that couldn’t be atoned for. But it proved not to be that simple: the nature of Lawrence’s sin also cut off every line of retreat. What other college in a diversity-proud era would ever think of hiring the Bell Curve President? Lawrence had no choice but to hang on, whatever the price.

The price was abasement, and Lawrence abased himself with a vengeance. He apologized not once, but endlessly, to students, to faculty, to the administration, to anyone willing to listen. His entire series of apologies each more abject and demeaning than the last. He was white. He had much to learn. He had been twisted by his privileged upbringing. He had been taught a deep and much to learn. He had been twisted by his privileged upbringing. He had been taught a deep and

The excitement over, the university went to sleep on new ways to antagonize the hicks. (“I ain’t ready for four years. Lawrence himself became a vir- tue reclusive, venturing from his office in Old Qkings only for functions that couldn’t be avoided. In 1998 a poll revealed that nearly half the student body ranked him above the class president. One thorn in Lawrence’s side during his"
...and yet, despite all the hoopla, the Rutgers population, was about as comfortable as the creator of propaganda? Are we to continue ignoring the spirit came across all the same: “...we can’t tolerate this shit! We forgot about Lawrence and his Jim Crow stereotype, now lets not let his son finish his legacy of racism.” Black people must rise and take a stand; they must unite to “unleash their full potential as a people.” “Flaming Cyclops” (reprinted in full at the top of the page) was no accident, but was “intentionally motivated to demean the BLACK and AFRICAN community.”...are we to ignore racist pigs like Laurence and the creator of propaganda? Are we to continue ignoring the issue and let them brainwash us...HELL NO!” Readers were told that attendance at the Robeson Center was “mandatory,” helpfully defined as “meaning all minorities of Color.”

Much can be said for writing at emotional white heat, as much as for using a spell-checker. A less impressive though more carefully composed statement came out the same day:

“The content of the comic strip ‘Flaming Cyclops’ that appeared in the Daily Targum on Wednesday, Oct. 6, 1999, is troubling on many levels. Instead attention was focused on a flier publicizing that indispensable element of university politics, a rally. No buzzwords here: the flier was probably the most completely candid document published during the entire incident, though its composition left a little to be desired—every last sentence contained one unpleasant type.

E-mail and phone messages from friends and the Targum staff informed Gretyks that the ground was shaking on campus with his strip at the epicenter. With the mixture of naivete and feckless ground was shaking on campus with his strip at the epicenter. Gretyks considered it necessary to go a little farther as we were.” Not until several weeks after things died down did a group of former Targum editors, concerned at the way the affair had gone, present the freedom of speech argument in a postmortem that was by far the most sensible thing written about the entire incident. All the same, the fact that the First Amendment was violated in the Ginger fifth of the late ‘80s as something appealed to only by the guilty deserves more attention than it has received.

The Targum staff spent a busy two days, their phones a blaze with irate calls since shortly after the strip was dropped. Much of the traffic was fielded by the paper’s two senior staffers, editor-in-chief Jon Horowitz and managing editor Hassan Hodges. Neither was under any illusion about the emotional intensity and fickleness that marked his conduct throughout, Gretyks ignored the warnings, becoming concerned only after he discovered that the strip had vanished from the Targum web site. It wasn’t until a full day later, after the strip was dropped from the paper as well, that the seriousness of the situation began to sink in. By that point events had left Gary Gretyks well behind.

For Thursday’s edition, to appear alongside an anonymous letter complaining that the strip was “tasteless—unquestionably a hate crime of the first order—the editors have established guidelines explicitly ban anonymous correspondence.

The Rally for Racial Justice was necessary to go a step further and “suspend himself” without pay. What this “suspension” actually entailed is not easily

The Daily Targum apologizes to our readers for publishing yesterday’s edition of the daily comic strip “Flaming Cyclops.” It has never been the intention of this newspaper to offend any member of our community. The Daily Targum continues to support the school’s diverse student body and provide an inclusive voice for Rutgers University.

Though featuring all the appropriate buzzwords, the Targum’s apology in the October 7 edition did nothing to calm the atmosphere on campus. Instead attention was focused on a flier publicizing that indispensable element of university politics, a rally. No buzzwords here: the flier was probably the most completely candid document published during the entire incident, though its composition left a little to be desired—every last sentence contained one or more misspellings and grammatical errors (Including the relatively straightforward name “Lawrence,” which was spelled three different ways, all incorrect.) The spirit came across all the same: “...we can’t tolerate this shit! We forgot about Laurence and his Jim Crow stereotype, now lets not let his son finish his legacy of racism.” Black people must rise and take a stand; they must unite to “unleash their full potential as a people.” “Flaming Cyclops” (reprinted in full at the top of the page) was no accident, but was “intentionally motivated to demean the BLACK and AFRICAN community.”...are we to ignore racist pigs like Laurence and the creator of propaganda? Are we to continue ignoring the issue and let them brainwash us...HELL NO!” Readers were told that attendance at the Robeson Center was “mandatory,” helpfully defined as “meaning all minorities of Color.”

Rutgers president...
stirring as it got) and demands out of the activist handbook not at all corresponding to the actual situation. These included the firing of Gretsky and the editors, calling for a new handbook that would teach more representation from the minority community to prevent similar occurrences “(somehow over-looked was the fact that one of the editors to be fired was black and a very good representative of the minority group).”

The protestors immediately began under- mining their own proposals by suggesting that the attendees demand return of the $7.50 student fee fund that was deducted from the student fee. To deny the student body what called into question the paper’s claim of “inde- pendence” along with threatening to complain to advertisers.

In a development implying interesting pos- sibilities for future campus upheavals, the key moves of the evening were made by the designated victims. Hassan Hodges, the man who suspended himself, was first to speak. His position was simply put: he hadn’t seen the strip, he accepted no responsibility for it, he was disassociating himself from both Gretsky and the RAC and denouncing President Francis Lawrence. “The speed and vigor of the actions, and the "update the review process" (evidently what in- stead the Strip Explanation” was, not unexpectedly, an appalling, and peculiar document, self-centered (the opening sentence was: “I am a person.”), alternately blustering and abject, filled with bizarre assertions (“I’m almost happy I started all this . . .”) and the usual stream of the claim that if he’d spoken the mob everything would have worked out fine.

A few interesting thoughts appeared amid the plea not to be taken as a racist. It is still true that the Cyclops story had a basis in fact. A female acquaintance of Gretsky’s who used to “hang out with him when he worked the night shift at the 7-11” originally made the “free ride” remark, ended the relationship while planting a useful artistic seed. Gretsky had always been a friend of the paper. As always, it was Gretsky’s fate to be over- shadowed. The Sunday edition also carried the report on the previous day’s meeting between RAC and university president, Horowitz. “A Letter from the Editorial Board” was given over to an apologia that stopped just short of praising the activists while inevitably align- ing the paper right alongside them. To his credit, Horowitz refused to throw Gretsky to the dogs, instead stating clearly that the strip was anti-racist and any offense strictly unintentional. (Gretsky was aided by letters criticizing the protestors and a wave of calls by “people he knew” testifying that he was not a racist.)

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Happy Kwanzaa, continued from page 1

Back then, it was relatively easy to get information on the trial. Now it’s almost impossible. It took me two days’ work to find articles on Karenga’s trial. The Los Angeles Times seems to have been the only major newspaper that report ed it, and the stories were buried deep in the paper, which now is available only on microfilm. And the microfilm index didn’t start until 1972, so it is almost impossible to find the three small arti cles that document Karenga’s trial and conviction on charges of torture.

That is fortunate for Karenga. The trial showed what a skilled operator he was. He and three members of his cult had tortured the women in an attempt to find some nonexistent “crystals” of poison. Karenga thought his enemies were out to get him.

And in another lucky break for Karenga, the trial transcript no longer exists. I filed a request for it with the Superior Court of Los Angeles. After a search, the court clerk could find no record of the trial. So the exact words of the black woman who had a hot soldering iron pressed against her face by the man who founded Kwanzaa are now lost to history.

The only document the court clerk did find was particularly revealing, however. It was a transcript of Karenga’s sentenc ing hearing on Sept. 17, 1971. A key issue was whether Karenga was sane. Judge Arthur L. Alarcon read from a psychiatrist’s report on Karenga:

“Since his admission here he has been evaluated and has been exhibiting bizarre behavior, such as staring at the wall, talking to imaginary persons, claiming that he was attacked by dive-bombers and that his attent ors was in the next cell.”

“During part of the interview he would look around as if reacting to hallucination and when the examiner walked away for a moment he began a conversation with a blanket located on his bed, stating that there was someone there and implying indirectly that the ‘someone’ was a woman imprisoned with him for some offense.

“...But as the old saying goes, just because you’re paranoid doesn’t mean that someone isn’t out to get you.”

According to court documents, Karenga’s real name is Ron N. Everett. In the ’60s, he awarded himself the title “maulana,” Swahili for “master teacher.” He was born on a poultry farm in Maryland, the fourteenth child of a Baptist minister. He came to California in the late 1950s to study at Los Angeles Community College. He moved on to UCLA, where he got a master’s degree in political science and African Studies.

By the mid-1960s, he had established himself as a leading “cultural nationalist.” That is a term that had some meaning in the ’60s, mainly as a way of distinguishing Karenga’s followers from the Black Panthers, who were conventional Marxists and had a habit of doing unspeakable things to white people. That tradition calls for any white person, whether a journalist, a college official, or a politician, to ignore the obvious flaws of the concept that blacks should have a separate culture.

“...The students here have handled them selves in an absolutely impeccable manner,” UCLA chancellor Charles E. Young told the Los Angeles Times. “They have been concerned. They haven’t argued who the director should be; they have been saying what kind of person he should get.”

But a better explanation is that he simply has contempt for black people. That does not seem to be a far-fetched hypothesis. Despite all his rhetoric about white racism, I could find no record that he or his followers ever raised a hand in anger against a white person in fact, he was an excellent colorblind friend of Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty in the ’60s and also met with then-Governor Ronald Reagan and other white politicians.

On the other hand, Karenga and his fellow defendants, Louis Smith P. and Larry Joseph Stiner. The Stiners pulled pistols and shot the two Panthers dead. One of the victims was placed in a small vise which then alleged ly was tightened by one of the defendants. The following day Karenga himself will not comment on that incident and the victims cannot be located, so the sole remaining account is in the brief passage from the Los Angeles Times that was located by Karenga and his fellow defendants, Louis Smith and Luz Maria Tamayo.

The two men said they were living at Karenga’s home when Karenga accused them of trying to kill him by placing ‘crystals’ in his food and water and in various areas of his house.

“My wife and I were here. We haven’t argued who the director should be; they have been saying what kind of person he should be.”

Ron Karenga

Stiners took a bullet in the shoulder, apparently from a Panther’s gun.

There were other beatings and shootings in Los Angeles involving US, but by then the tradi tion of African nationalism had already taken hold—among whites. That tradition calls for any white person, whether a journalist, a college official, or a politician, to ignore the obvious flaws of the concept that blacks should have a separate culture.

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Young made those remarks after the shooting. And the university went ahead with its Afro-American Studies Program.

Karenga, meanwhile, continued to build and strengthen US, a unique group that seems to have combined the elements of a street gang with the Panther’s Bloods. Despite all their rhetoric about white people, they reserved their most vicious violence for each other.

In 1969, the two groups squabbled off the question of who would control the new Afro-American Studies Program. According to a Los Angeles Times article, Karenga and his adherents backed one candidate, the Panthers another. Both groups took to carrying guns on campus, a situation, that, remarkably, didn’t seem to bother the university administration. The Black Student Union, however, set up a coalition to try and bring peace between the Panthers and the group headed by the man whom the Times labeled “Ron Ndbezetha Everrett-Karenga.”

On Jan. 17, 1969, about 150 students gathered in a lunchroom to discuss the situation. Two Panthers—admitted to UCLA like many of the black students as part of a federal program that put high school dropouts into the schools, apparently spent a good part of the meeting in verbal attacks against Karenga. This did not sit well with Karenga’s followers, many of whom had adopted the look of their leader pseudo-African clothing and a shaved head.

In modern gang parlance, you might say Karenga was “dissed” by John Jerome Huggins, 23, and Alprenice “Bunchy” Carter, 26. After the meeting, the two Panthers were met in the hallway by two brothers who were members of US, George P. and Larry Joseph Stiner. The Stiners pulled pistols and shot the two Panthers dead. One of the sion that led to his imprisonment.

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ory, he remade himself as Maulana Ron Karenga, went into academics, and by 1979 he was running the Black Studies Department at California State University in Long Beach. This raises a question: Karenga had just 10 years earlier proven himself capable of employing guns and bullets in his efforts to control hiring in the Black Studies Department at UCLA. So how did this ex-con, fresh out of jail, get the job at Long Beach? Did he just send a resume and wait by the phone?

The officials at Long Beach State don’t like that type of question. I called the university and got a spokeswoman by the name of Toni Barone. She listened to my questions and put me on hold. Christmas music was playing, a nice touch under the circumstances.

She told me to fax her my questions. I sent a list of questions that included the matter of whether Karenga had employed threats to get his job. I also asked just what sort of crimes would preclude a person from serving on the faculty there in Long Beach. And whether the university takes any security measures to ensure that Karenga doesn’t shoot any students.

Barone faxed me back a reply stating that the university is pleased with Karenga’s performance and has no record of the procedures that led to his hiring. She ignored the question about how they protect students.

Actually, there is clear evidence that Karenga has reformed. In 1975, he dropped his cultural nationalist views and converted to Marxism. For anyone else, this would have been seen as an endorsement of radicalism, but for Karenga it was considered a sign that he had moderated his views.

The ultimate irony is that now that Karenga is a Marxist, the capitalists have taken over his holiday. The seven principles of Kwanzaa include “collective work” and “cooperative economics,” but Kwanzaa is turning out to be as commercial as Christmas, generating millions in greeting card sales alone. The purists are whining.

“It’s clear that a number of major corporations have started to take notice and try to profit from Kwanzaa,” said a San Francisco State black studies professor named Oba T’Shaka in one news account. “That’s not good. With money comes corruption.”

No, with money comes kitsch. The Los Angeles Times reported a group was planning an “African Village Faire,” the pseudo-archaic spelling of “faire” nicely combining kitsch Africana with kitsch Americana.

There may be good news in all this. Look at it this way: Great numbers of black Americans are finding their African heritage in a fictional holiday that has nothing to do with Africa. In other words, any African heritage these people have is irrelevant. Just like the rest of us, they are Americans. Instead of believing in Maulana Ronald Everett Karenga, they should believe in Santa Claus.

The myth of Santa is just as real as the myth of Karenga. And Santa never ordered a hit on the Easter Bunny. And he never tortured the elves.

—Paul Mulshine

Paul Mulshine wrote “More Mumia Madness” in the February 1999 issue of Heterodoxy.

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The Camel's Nose, continued from page 1
to the freshmen counselors' theft. "We pointed out what was going on at Yale," Roy says. "That's why the issue was stolen."

Of course, censorship and intimidation isn't restricted to New Haven. Conservative student-
newspapers are routinely trashed. In the past year alone, the offices of the Northwestern Chronicle were vandalized, its computers were stolen, and its issues were destroyed—a campaign of racketeering. After the announcement was made publicly by hav- ing the student government officially derecognize the paper, The Cornell Review had two of its issues burned by campus radicals, while Cornell's administration stood idly by—and even defended the destruction as "free speech." Amherst's student government defunded the conservative American Spectator student newspaper, and Brandeis University's student government physi-

cally threatened the editor of that school's conserva-
tive publication, Freedom Magazine.

Even disturbing personal death threats won't be enough justification for a University president to help you if you’re a conservative activist. Bert Soska and Jay Strader, two Duke University students who are now editor-in-chief and managing edi-
tor, respectively, of the Duke Review, got a yawn out of the administration when Strader told Duke University president Nan Keohane of the threats made against them this past April. "It's probably just a very sly way of blowing off steam," she said dismissively.

While these incidents may at first glance seem to be yet another chapter in the story of the radical left's long march through American college campus-
es, the truth is that these acts are actually desperation attempts to derail a thriving, if outnumbered, conservative movement, and specifically to put out of business the con-
servative newspapers which are one of that movement's most dramatic success stories.

Conservative college newspapers have appeared and vanished since the 1950s, but, with the exception of the 1960s-era The Alternative (now the American Spectator), the older generation of newspapers was unable to gain a permanent foothold. Yet, over the past 20 years, a modern-day move-
ment of conservative collegiate newspapers has sprung up to more than fill the void in colleges and universities, from Harvard in the east to the University of Washington in the west. These papers are frequently the campus focus point for energizing and mobilizing conservative students. Even more important, these papers articulate con-
servative ideas to all members of the student body and are the one reliable source—administrations long since having capitulated—for exposing the corruptions of political correctness, which would otherwise take place in darkness. These conserva-
tive papers have also produced a number of bright young writers and thinkers who have energized the national conservative movement.

Stan Ridgely is one of those veterans. Probably the foremost authority on the conserva-
tive collegiate press, Ridgely has been involved with the movement since 1980, when he founded the Duke Review. In 1995, he became executive director of the Collegiate Network, the voluntary, national association of 71 conservative papers (of which, to declare an interest, I am a regional direc-
tor) and since then, he's been an important guid-
ing figure to the movement.

Ridgely's view of the academy was sharp-
ened by his days at Duke, perhaps one of the most noted in a long list of incidents in which students and administrators were "out of line," occasionally leery.

Traditional ideas, he argues, have been aban-
donned in favor of "left-wing nostrums and dogma—warmed over communism, Marxism, and socialized medicine running as the Third World chic."

"A lot of administrators and faculty pay lip service to the marketplace of ideas. But in real-
ity, a lot of them are ex-hippies who don't want to touch on the anti-war movement . . . If you walk on to any campus, it's like walking into a time-warp."

"Honest discussion on premises is not possible with the left," he says. "There is a 'correct' position to take on the college campus on every hot-button issue . . . The university actually tries to indoctrinate this. It will not allow honest disagree-
ment, no matter how well thought out and no mat-
ter how well proven."

There's reason for this over-reaction, Ridgely says. "When common sense begins to intrude—well, once you allow the camel's nose in a tent, soon he'll take up the entire tent."

In the early days, this conservative press coexist-
ed semi-peacefully with the radical outposts on campus. Tod Lindberg, who is now the editor of Policy Review, the flagship publication of the Heritage Foundation, founded Midway magazine in the spring of 1979 with his friend, John Podhoretz. I'll be the now editorial page editor at the New York Post.

"We have somewhat of a different story to tell," Lindberg says. "John was writing for the Chicago Maroon, the local student paper; an endeavor that was going smoothly. Chicago wasn't a place where political correctness was a problem, he notes. "We just thought we had an interesting magazine project to run."

Lindberg never thought that Midway, which changed its name to Counterpoint in the fall of 1979 (the University objected to Midway because it had a book imprint of that name) would spawn a movement that would eventually grow into the Collegiate Network. "What happened was we had this fantasy, as it turned out, that [Counterpoint] would pay for itself," he says.

And while Counterpoint was able to get some advertising revenue, "the first two issues were subsidized by the Podhoretz and Lindberg families," he recalls.

During that time, they sent off an issue to Irving Kristol, then with the Institute for Educational Affairs, who asked the pair if they would like to receive a grant to help defray pub-
lishing costs. They said no.

"We tried to make a go of it," Lindberg says, but after the second issue it became clear that the Podhoretz and Lindberg families were unwilling to further subsidize the venture. That led to Podhoretz writing back to Kristol to take him up on his offer.

One impetus for their acceptance of the grant was leftist response to an article by Roger Kaplan published in Counterpoint entitled "Homosexuality and Gay Tyranny." That led to the first boycott of a conservative collegiate newspaper.

The local campus gay rights organization found the piece to be offensive, and so they mobi-
ized to talk to our advertisers and suggested this was not something they should want to help fund," Lindberg says.

But once outside financing was secured, Counterpoint continued to push its wares in the marketplace of ideas at the University of Chicago. The magazine itself, Lindberg says, was a more serious project, as opposed to a hard-hitting, trash

newspaper.

"Possibly, with the exception of the Roger Kaplan piece, the magazine did not try to be any-
thing except serious," he explains. Counterpoint was not, he says, a magazine that engaged in "will-
ful provocation."

But that can't be said for many of the newspa-
ters that would come after Counterpoint. The journals to come had a tone ranging from the extremely serious, as seen in Eutopia, the student publication of the Midwestern University of Illinois, to the take-no-prisoners reporting style and polemics present in the Cornell Review. It was actually this latter approach that ultimately seized the day. The best known of these conservative papers and the one that set the tone for what appeared in the '90s was the Dartmouth Review, whose combative nature put it in the forefront of the news and on 60 Minutes. The Review, founded in 1981, continued to fur-

necered the brash, in-your-face style that has infuriated its critics and even made it off-
campus backers, normally supportive with-
out hesitation, occasionally leery.

Dinesh D'Souza, currently a Senior Fellow at American Enterprise Institute and the author of the political education book, The End of Racism, and most recently a biography of Ronald Reagan, was one of the founders of the Review, and essentially became the Review's editor. He was also the "point man" on the Review's board of trustees for five years after his graduation in 1986.

"Many of the deans and adminis-
trators felt frustrated with the Review because it was kind of a weekly sledgeham-
mer," he recalls. "Dartmouth is a small community, and the staff on the Review . . .

had the inspiration that they had to make an impact is to take deans and administrators and put their picture on the front page," he adds.

It didn't take long for the Review to make its mark, whether it was through what it wrote, or what it didn't write. Deneen, while at the Washington Post, Dartmouth College held a Veterans Day "consciousness-raising" session that involved faculty, administrators, and children stag-
ing a mock-seizure in front of the campus Green, the center of campus. Ben Hart, another founder of the Review, and his friends demon-
strated against this by dropping an American flag from their dorm room window. Blasting the march-
ches of John Philip Souza, and drinking brandy.

A little less than a year later, Hart was dis-
tributing the issues of the Review when he was involved in an altercation with Samuel Smith, the then 53-year-old associate alumni fund director for Dartmouth College.

Hart had been distributing the issues from dorm to dorm when he came upon Smith. Smith informed him that he could not distribute the Review to the dorms; Hart replied that if he didn't like it, he should distribute it himself. Smith "jumped him from behind and grabbed him by the neck."

Hart, in an effort to break free, ended up getting Smith in a headlock, at which point Smith bit him in the chest. Doing so earned Smith three false teeth, a fine, a week's suspension from work, and eventually being named the nominee for the "Third World chic" award by the Dartmouth College student newspaper.

But it wasn't just the Dartmouth Review crowd's campus antics that gained them notoriety. Their reporting put Dartmouth under a microscope, and the heat got so intense for Dartmouth that reporters for the Review routinely found
themseleves dealing with all of the fun side effects that can go with being a student journalist at a modern-day university. Such as being thrown off campus for a year-and-a-half.

The Dartmouth Review, D’Souza says, “in a sense, can taken credit for getting rid of two tenured professors at Dartmouth—Mr. and Mrs. William Cole.” He also notes that that isn’t an accomplishment many other student groups at the college can brag about.

It started when a reporter for the Review inferred that Cole was a sort of “soft belly” of affirmative action at Dartmouth. Cole, a black professor at Dartmouth, had been the chairman of Dartmouth’s music department, was known for his music classes that had very little to do with music or teaching. Instead, they mostly consisted of political ranting. Knowing of this reputation, Review reporters audited his class in the first couple weeks of the term, armed with tape recorders, and recorded his lectures. The transcriptions were published in the Review, and, as D’Souza recalls, they were “so embarrassing and stupid that the whole college drove with embarrassment.”

Cole was furious. D’Souza remembers that Cole once telephoned the Review office and only a second after D’Souza had picked up the phone, “a huge pouring of obscenities rolled out.”

“We had the goods on the guy and the only insult was to quote him.”

Cole then refused to teach his class until the reporter for the Review apologized to him for the article—something that wasn’t going to happen, as the Review reporter wasn’t even in his class, D’Souza says. But once the Dartmouth administration got word that Cole wasn’t teaching his courses, they soon made it clear to him that this was unacceptable. Later, a $2.4 million libel suit that Cole filed against the Review was thrown out of court.

But that wasn’t the end of Cole’s embarrassing legacy. A few years later, in 1988, “three or four students went to his class to ask him some questions,” D’Souza explains.

“Cole came and started shouting at them.” And while the conflagration did not involve tape recorders or violent threats, Cole filed a complaint against the students present—who were then found guilty of “vexatious oral exchange.”

In short, the students were subjected to a college trial, and faced some for as long as 18 months—because they aggravated a professor.

“Under what context of free speech is that an indictable offense?” D’Souza says. That’s ludicrous.

In addition, Cole’s wife, Sarah Sully, a professor of French that D’Souza describes as “kind of a Hillary Clinton type,” also got into trouble with the Dartmouth bosses. During the final examination for one of her courses, “she assigned her students an essay called ‘What I Think About the Dartmouth Review’,” D’Souza says.

And while most of the students either knew that she was William Cole’s wife, or were smart enough to realize that something was up, one student actually wrote what he thought. “He wrote that the Review goes overboard sometimes, but that it is kind of funny and that I enjoy it,” D’Souza says.

He got a D.

The student, understandably perplexed over his grade, graced his roommates with his thoughts. They thought it looked fine, so he took it to the school’s dean, who looked over it and had it reviewed by a committee of three professors. They gave it a B.

D’Souza recalls that the dean told Sully that she could either give the student a B or give him the test over again. She told him she would resign before doing either. D’Souza says that the dean’s response was quick and to the point:

“So be it.”

The one Review reporter, a female student that D’Souza said was a “bohemian-looking young woman who came under no suspicion,” taped a meeting of the college’s gay student organization. The Review suspected that instead of using student funding for cultural or information purposes—it’s proper use—that “the gays were using money for orgiastic parties.”

But when the woman’s “identity was out of the closet,” so to speak, the gay students fought back, and she was brought before charges of violating the honor principle.” The college backed off, however, when the Review’s counsel successfully intimidated Dartmouth’s The charge was “too closely connected with the actual act of reporting. They backed off,” D’Souza says. But they backed off in this, and in other situations, because “the thing the Review kept doing in all these things was the ante.”

JOHN MILLER

That’s the way you have to deal with them,” Patrick Collins says, looking back on his days at Yale’s Light and Truth. Collins, now a venture capitalist in California, is one of the founders and a former editor of the paper. And just before Thanksgiving in 1994, Collins broke one of the biggest stories in the history of collegiate journalism: the fact that Yale University, despite having received $20 million from Texas oilman Lee Bess in order to found a program for sophomores to study Western Civilization, was doing nothing to implement such a program. His fight to discover what happened to the Bess monies, and then his fight against the Yale authorities to publicize that story, is a case study in how conservative newspaper editors are increasingly willing to push back when the universities push them around.

“The initial grant was received in a very high-profile fashion by the then-president [Benno Schmidt] and dean [Donald Kagan],” Collins recalls.

“They solicited the Bess grant to do a one-year, selective elective program for sophomores. Approximately 70-100 sophomores would take four-year-long courses studying the major themes of Western Civilization under the tutelage of some of the nation’s top professors. But after Schmidt and Kagan were tossed out by Yale’s leadership, in what Collins describes as a left-wing putsch, the creation of the program flattened. The objections to it were both very public and very outspoken,” Collins remembers.

So Collins was forced to do some searching. After months of researching and interviewing, he had finally accumulated enough evidence of Yale’s refusal to take any action with the Bess monies to go to press with his story.

What was Yale’s response?

“They really went after us,” Collins recalls, “and it was a real struggle to get this out.”

“It was clear to the staff that this was an effort to intimidate us,” he says.

“The University knew about the story, and we were trying to get comment from them to be fair.”

Yale began to apply the screws before the issue even went to press. D’Souza, who was among those who were threatened with a possible libel suit that Cole filed against the Review, said that Cole “went overboard sometimes, with the Dartmouth bosses. During the final exam period for Western Civilization, was doing nothing to study Western Civilization.”

“Taped a meeting of the college’s gay student organization. The Review suspected that instead of using student funding for cultural or information purposes—in its proper use—that “the gays were using money for orgiastic parties.”

But when the woman’s “identity was out of the closet,” so to speak, the gay students fought back, and she was brought before charges of violating the honor principle.” The college backed off, however, when the Review’s counsel successfully intimidated Dartmouth’s The charge was “too closely connected with the actual act of reporting. They backed off,” D’Souza says. But they backed off in this, and in other situations, because “the thing the Review kept doing in all these things was the ante.”

It didn’t die down for Avik Roy, however. As the then-president of the Dartmouth College’s Counterpoint magazine during his undergraduate years in the early 1990s, Roy was sued for libel in 1993 by Tony Martin, a professor of “Africana Studies” at Wellesley. Martin alleged that Roy had libeled him when describing the circumstances that led to Martin being approved for tenure in 1975. Roy’s article described Martin’s involvement in an imbroglio with a Wellesley undergraduate—and while Martin did not sue for any monetary damages, Roy’s counsel successfully revoking Light and Truth’s registration as a student group, along with mandating that any fund-raising effort on the part of the magazine to alumnae had to have each piece individually approved. Losing their registration meant that for all intents and purposes, Light and Truth’s fundraising apparatus would be shut down. In addition, the college threatened disciplinary action against any student who violated these regulations. It was even more amazing because the University had told them how to go about registering the group in the first place.

“I was a pretty concerted effort to get us to vanish,” he remembers, as the staff was preoccupied over whether the school would try to sue them, or pursue charges against them. Seventy-five percent of the magazine’s staff quit, and the magazine ended up publishing his first issue with only three people on board—himself and two freshmen. They published the first issue of Light and Truth with the Bess money on the cover, the week before Thanksgiving. They also fought back “as hard as they could” by trying to get the story out to as many people as possible, informing alumni and media of their discovery. “A week later the Wall Street Journal ran an editorial that blew it wide open,” Collins recalls.

“The University was making clear that they intended to treat us with a very heavy hand,” he says. “... [but] it all worked out well because the Wall Street Journal came riding to the rescue.”

Legal action, or the threat of it, wasn’t just a problem for Light and Truth. Since so many conservative papers are run on a shoestring budget, even going to trial would prove to be an incredible, if not insurmountable, financial burden on them. That was one of the things that concerned John Miller, now currently national political reporter for National Review, when he edited the Michigan Review in 1989-1990.

One of our reporters, through some sources of hers and good news, had a story about a particular professor hired by the universities,” Miller says. The professor was hired out of graduate school in the late ’70s, having all but her dissertation complete. She was also a minority. “But she had been hired over at least one candidate who had some teaching experience,” Miller recalls, “and our sources in the history department told us this was an affirmative action hire.”

When the story broke, the university demanded an apology from the Review and threatened to sue. “I refused to go to press with the entire story,” Miller says. “Her reporting was accurate.”

“The university knew that it really had no case,” he continued, “and didn’t sue us. We wound up printing what we called a clarification. This consisted of a small box “on page three or four” that read, ‘Yale dropped the case over objections from the university. Once we did, the whole thing died down,’ he concluded. It didn’t die down for Avik Roy, however. As the then-president of the Dartmouth College’s Counterpoint magazine during his undergraduate days in the early 1990s, Roy was sued for libel in 1993 by Tony Martin, a professor of “Africana Studies” at Wellesley. Martin alleged that Roy had libeled him when describing the circumstances that led to Martin being approved for tenure in 1975. Roy’s article described Martin’s involvement in an imbroglio with a Wellesley undergraduate—and while Martin did not sue for any monetary damages, Roy’s counsel successfully
over that, he did sue over Roy’s description of how he obtained tenure; Roy had asserted he gained it only after suing the school for racial discrimination. Martin came to be thrown out of court last year, with the judge ruling that Roy’s account was “substantially true” and that it did not harm Martin’s reputation. 

Martin, whom Roy describes as the “Leonard Jeffries of Massachusetts,” was at the time in hot water for using anti-Semitic tracts and Nation of Islam books as reading material for a course he was teaching on the transatlantic slave trade, which he claimed Jews were responsible for. “It took five years, but he lost the case very decisively,” Roy says. “He knew he couldn’t sue ABC News, but he could sue students.”

Sometimes the hatred that conservative papers have attracted has gone from the personal almost to the physical. Ross Cohen, the founder and former editor of the Amherst Spectator, and now a law student at Harvard, cheerfully recalls dire happenings during his days at Amherst (1996-1999).

“One student came up to me and threatened me with physical violence if we ever wrote anything about him again,” Cohen recalls. “The name sign on my [dorm room] door was set on fire . . . . One of our editors was put in a chokehold by an editor of another publication.”

“We’re very fortunate that we have a sub-group of people which are willing to put up with that,” says Avik Roy. “People are [verbally] attacked just for being affiliated with Light and Truth,” he says—noting that even a student’s closest friends might rake him over the coals for being a part of it.

“My life was threatened in [the Marxist student] publication at Duke] The Missing Link, stating that I would be the first one against the wall” when the revolution finally came, Stan Ridgley remembers. The Missing Link was the type of publication that would refer to “armed struggle” on a regular basis, and graffiti was written in campus bathrooms saying that Ridgley and his family should be killed.

“We had death threats on the answering machine that were more amusing than anything, but they would have freaked my mother out,” John Miller says. “One time, an issue was burned on the steps of the Michigan Union by ACT-UP” because of an article the Review had published that was critical of the group. “That was actually an incredibly useful thing to happen. It kind of illustrated the attitude the left has.”

A ll of these events have not happened in a void, and the papers have not evolved in isolation from each other. After the Institute for Educational Affairs’ first grant to Lindblade and Podhoretz, it began sponsoring similar newspapers across the country. Ridgley points out that the growth was rapid—the IEA went from one to 12 to 30 papers in only four years. And money wasn’t the only thing going—the IEA had a training program, newsletter, and bookclub, not to mention a close cooperation with the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (ISI), the latter of which took full control of the Network in 1995. In 1996, there were 52 papers; in 1997, 60; in 1998, 65; in 1999, 71. The Network itself is the glue that holds most of these papers; it is simply not possible for the typical college paper to recover all of its costs through advertising revenues, as their often-larger competitors—the campus dailies or weeklies—are able to do. The Network provides grant monies, conference opportunities, and ways for CN editors and reporters to get professionally published.

But the quick growth of the Network not withstanding, Ridgley says that a certain campus environment has to exist for a conservative college newspaper to form.

“When we say ‘conservative’ on a college campus,” Ridgley notes, “we’re talking about mainstream ideas. American ideas that have been marginalized on [the] college campus. The fact of the matter is that conservative college newspapers don’t exist where they’re not needed. They exist on college campuses where the voice of reason is being denied.”

And they thrive where unreasonable voices are as loud as ever.

“When I set foot on campus in September 1988, I didn’t think of myself as political,” John Miller says. “What I wanted to do was work on a student newspaper.” At Michigan, he came into contact with both The Michigan Daily, the regular campus daily, and the Michigan Review.

“The first few issues of the Daily were so abominably bad,” Miller recalls. “They were stupid,” he says (adding that he uses that word carefully), and the paper ran “offensively dumb” editorials. Then he read an issue of the Review. “For me, there was no choice,” he says.

Stan Ridgley recalls what led him to found the Duke Review.

“I wrote a conservative column called ‘Point Blank’ for the Chronicle [Duke’s student-run daily newspaper] . . . My column was repeatedly censored or simply not printed.” A lot of excuses were given. Editors would tell him that “the column didn’t conform to our standards” or it “attacked another columnist.”

“A lot of ‘problems’ cropped up in the production of my column,” Ridgley says, noting that they didn’t happen to other columnists. “I thought I was being censored.”

So Ridgley left the Chronicle and founded the Duke Review in 1989, a time which saw the conservative cause at a low point on that campus. It was at a time when Stanley Fish, the communist English professor, was in top form. “He was totally gutting the English department,” Ridgley says, noting how Fish brought in revisionists such as Henry Louis Gates and Frederic Jameson to the department.

“You had a Marxist newsletter, The Missing Link, a whole range of literary and ethnic publications, but no conservative publications. There was a gap there, a void,” he says.

The Duke Review’s first issue had the CIA logo and then-Attorney General Ed Meese on the cover. They distributed it during an anti-CIA rally that was being held at Duke. While distributing the paper, they came across an angry group of demonstrators. One of the protesters shouted at them, her fist raised in the air, “Death to the CIA! Death to the Duke Review!”

But the Duke Review just published its 10th anniversary issue, and the Dartmouth Review is nearing its 20th, whereas The Missing Link is missing in action.

Avik Roy says that “there was a recent forum at Yale sponsored by the Yale Council of Colleges and the LGBT [Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgendered] Forum on issues relating to free speech and sexuality.” During a debate over discrimination, a conservative arguing that right-wingers face more discrimination that homosexuals do in the academy actually won the debate.

The right has a long way to go on campus but it is more than a prophetic minority. Despite their successes in the last twenty years, it may take another twenty years before conservatives have regained an equal footing with the left in the arena of American higher education. But while programs like the Collegiate Network and the conservative collegiate newspaper movement may not yet be poised for victory, they are ready for permanent warfare.

A magazine of the net

FrontPage

Edited by David Horowitz & Chris Weinkopf

frontpagemag.com
Joan of Arc—Guilty As Charged

by Ron Maxwell

T he French ecclesiastics delegated by the occupying English power to the thank-
less shore of determining whether Joan of Arc was an imposter or a heretic guided by
Satan would love The Messenger. Luc Besson attempts to prove what even the best prose-
cutting clerics of her day could not: that Joan was an imposter, that she did not exist, and that all the
knightly and courtly tales were lies, and that in her time she was a demented, misled, hysterical, confused
woman. Perhaps this is a new-age, windy, cloudy Joan, a comic book Joan, a cartoon Joan.
Perhaps this is a film about repressed sexuali-
ties, in particular Christianity. But even secular
philosophers to posit this Joan in those terms, because
these names sewn into her banner and regularly
claimed that her sword fell down to her from heaven.

Perhaps this is a cartoon Joan, a comic book heroine who can do anything the men can, do only
better, a medieval “Annie Get Your Sword,” sans humor.
Look, she can ride a horse, swing a sword, scream, threaten, taunt and as the film irresponsibly suggests,
even kill. But the Joan of Arc whom characters have to be funny as well as
beautiful. This Joan has the sense of humor of a
stone. Even Ingrid Bergman’s Joan, in an otherwise
total-film, retains a convincing charm, a
disarming naive.

Perhaps this is a psychological film. After all,
as any rational person knows, people who claim to hear voices are delusional or schizophrenic. At the very
least, the sound of bells ringing in your ears can be diag-
nosed as tinnitus. But these filmmakers obviously didn’t
avail themselves of John Gray’s fascinating treatise,
“The Origin of Consciousness . . .” in which he suggests
that hearing voices from and seeing specific saints—Margaret,
Rivet?...
The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression
by Stephane Courtois, Nicolas Werth, Jean-Louis Panne, Andrezej Paczkowski, Karell Bartosch, Jean-Louis Margolin, et al. (translated by Jonathan Murphy and Mark Kramer)
Harvard University Press, 1999, 856 pp., $37.50

Reviewed by K. Lloyd Billingsley

If you’re a revolutionary, step forward and join us. If you’re not, get lost! Get lost! We’re gonna chase you out of your fucking job! Kill!! Kill!!

The Black Book documents how the Chinese Communist regime, which introduced the obscurantist ideas of Trofim Lysenko, was responsible for the most destructive famine in history, one that drove people to cannibalism, as it had in the United States in the 1930s, as well as one between 12 and 20 million people were forcibly rounded up, including one million from Shanghai alone. Harry Conquest, the man executed in 1970 whose brain was eaten by a member of the security forces. His crime was to write “Down with Chairman Mao” on a wall.

Consider Vassily Klementovich Sidorov, a chief for Soviet military intelligence, the eldest son in the family. Further, “these orders are to be carried out rigorously and without mercy.” Those who took refuge in the woods were gassed. “This must be carefully calculated,” said the order, “so that the law of gas penetrates the forests and kills everyone hiding there.”

During Stalin’s planned famine of 1932-33, tortures to force people to hand over food included stripping people bare and leaving them in the cold, or dousing skirts of women with gasoline and setting them on fire. That famine, also documented in one of two photo sections in this book, killed six million people in a period of several months. At that very time, the Black Book helpfully notes, Soviet apologists in the West were covering up the crime. Soviet “populicide” during World War II, a largely unstudied story, receives thorough treatment here, as does Soviet anti-Semitism.

Readers may eavesdrop on Moscow advisories: “Shoot on sight any citizens who refuse to give their names” and “execute immediately the eldest son in the family.” Further, “these orders are to be carried out rigorously and without mercy.” Those who took refuge in the woods were gassed. “This must be carefully calculated,” said the order, “so that the law of gas penetrates the forests and kills everyone hiding there.”

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nimal rights activists staged a huge demonstration in downtown New York last evening, bringing rush hour traffic to a complete standstill on the Brooklyn Bridge. The protest centered around passage of the Y2K Federal Automotive Safety Law (Y2KFASL) enacted last spring, which, among other things, requires animal owners to transport their pets in padded cages anchored to the back seat of the car.

Citing a study conducted by the Animal Welfare Institute of America, Jamie Tierieber, spokesperson for the Sensitive Treatment of Animals (HuSTA), told the crowd gathered in front of City Hall at the conclusion of the demonstration that an animal coercively kept from contact with its human companion is 74 percent more likely to develop monopolar separation anxiety neurosis syndrome than an animal allowed to ride in close proximity to its care provider. Tierieber pointed out that that law will ultimately have an unintended result as drivers become distracted while looking into the rear view mirror to maintain eye contact during conversations with their animal companions.

The Y2KFASL, often referred to as “Nikki’s Law,” was passed in response to public pressure following an accident in which diminutive TV talk-show host Nikki Drake was seriously injured when her airbag deployed in a head-on crash later determined to have been caused by an out-of-control dachshund. The accident occurred on New York’s Route 8 in upper Westchester County one snowy evening in January when Ms. Drake, alone in her car, was returning to her house in Connecticut following a party at the home of a friend. Although her car was later found to have failed inspection due to defective steering, accident investigators pinned the blame on Dave Smith, a local dachshund breeder, when he admitted that one of his longhairs had been riding unrestrained in the passenger seat. Smith suffered a broken collarbone caused by the pressure of his seat belt, but was otherwise uninjured, although the dachshund, Pete, was thrown through the windshield and died after six to eight hours of emergency surgery at the Upper Westchester Medical Administration Critical Care Facility.

Because Ms. Drake had crossed a state line to attend the party the Federal Cargo Safety Commission, invoking the interstate commerce clause, had Smith charged with transporting dangerous cargo. Unable to raise the $750,000 cash bond required under the new standards, animal manufacturers as to the placement of the mini air bags required under the new standards. At present, animal owners wishing to use the seat belts can purchase the seat belts retroactively, making him liable for the Upper Westchester Medical Administration Critical Care Facility’s $760,000 effort to save Pete’s life.

In contesting the charge, Smith’s lawyer argued that under the FFICTA dachshunds had not been classified as dangerous cargo, and that there had been no requirement at the time of the accident that animal passengers be restrained in motor vehicles. Federal Judge Marc Makaque ruled that the charge was justified because even though domestic animals were not specifically enumerated in the statute, any cargo tending to promote distraction could be consid-