I first heard the name Geronimo Pratt in the early '70s during a late night conversation with Huey Newton, the minister of defense of the Black Panther Party, now deceased. Pratt was the leader of the Los Angeles branch of the Party and had been convicted of a robbery-murder that occurred on December 18, 1968, when a young elementary school teacher named Caroline Olsen, and her husband, Kenneth, were accosted by two gunmen on a Santa Monica tennis court. They were ordered to lie down and give up their cash and jewelry, which they did. But, as the predators left the scene, one of the gunmen emptied his .45 caliber weapon into their prone bodies, wounding Kenneth Olsen and killing Caroline. Nearly two years later, Geronimo Pratt was charged with the murder and ultimately convicted despite the efforts of his defense lawyer, Johnnie Cochran, then an unknown young attorney on the make.

It was not just the murder conviction that made Pratt a figure of interest. Other Panthers had run afoul of the law. Pratt was special because Newton and the Party had hung him out to dry. Even though he was a deputy minister of defense and ran the Los Angeles Party, there were no “Free Geronimo” rallies organized in his behalf, as there had been for Huey himself. In fact, Huey and the other Panther leaders—Bobby Seale, David Hilliard and Elaine Brown—flatly denied Pratt’s alibi, that he was at a Panther meeting in Oakland at the time of the murder, and this, as much as any other fact, sealed Pratt’s fate.

There were reasons why Huey would be unsympathetic. Pratt had been expelled from the Panthers shortly after the murder of Caroline Olsen, as a result of his support for an anti-Newton Black Panther faction led by Eldridge Cleaver, the more violent wing of the Party that had accused Newton of “selling out” the “armed struggle.” To show their authenticity, Cleaver’s followers had formed a Black Liberation Army, which had already launched a guerilla war in earned in America’s cities. Pratt was the Party’s “military expert” and as the Los Angeles leader had transformed its headquarters for a shootout with police, deploying machine guns and other automat- ic weapons in a firefight which wounded three officers and three Panthers. At the beginning of August 1970, when Pratt was kicked out of the Party, another member of this violent faction, Jonathan Jackson, marched into a Marin County courthouse with loaded shotguns to take hostages in an episode that cost the lives of a federal judge, Jackson, and two of his cohorts. Pratt had supported Jackson and his plan to use the hostages to liberate his brother George from San Quentin, where he was waiting trial for murder.

The evening Huey and I talked about Geronimo, he explained to me...
AIDS and the Fate of Gay Men
My youngest son died of AIDS one year ago at the age of 26. No child was more loved or better cared for, by parents and siblings, until the terrible end. I recall as a boy walking with my CP (now PC) father through Greenwich Village and passing a group of flaming homosexuals (rare in those days). When we have Socialism those vermin will be exterminated!” my father intoned, a sentiment he usually reserved for Trotskyites. Now he displays a red ribbon on his front door with the pride of someone who lost his grandson in the battle of Stalingrad. The party line has indeed changed. And ironically, the terrible deed is being done by the same group that gave us AIDS. The dread, dying, and doomed already outnumber the combined fatalities from all the wars the U.S. has fought. And that number is understated as well as growing rapidly.

HIV is an affirmative-action virus. No other contagion has a right to “privacy.” Without mandatory testing there is no way to track the virus, much less stop it. Clusters go undetected for years. Many of my son’s friends still are in an untested state of denial, although some have already had AIDS. No state political clout in San Francisco is only matched by their immaturity, to which the left has cynically sacrificed. Young men are predictably willing to take enormous risks for new and varied sexual encounters. (Had cop-ed bathhouses existed in my youth, I believe I would have crossed minefields to reach them.) As long as HIV remains a spectator sport for the otherwise omnous male. History has not been equally kind to erotic civilizations. Judaism owes its long survival to its moral code; Sodom and Gomorrah’s extinction to theirs.

The accusation “homophobe” has lost its cutting edge from overuse. Is there anyone who would ever attend his son’s funeral than his son’s wedding? And how much longer must we listen to the hype that education and tolerance will defeat AIDS? Is any community more knowledgeable about AIDS, hipper about sex, and more tolerant of everything imaginable, than the homosexual community at the epicenter of the plague?

Members of the gay establishment pretend that no territory exists between persecution and celebration; that criticism of their lifestyle is an effort to drive them back to the closet. For the sake of argument, let us imagine a worst-case scenario (and almost unimaginable): that the U.S., as a result of criticism, reverted to the homophobic of the ’50s. How many homosexuals were actually killed because of their homosexuality? Probably not more than were killed because they were Communists, which was perhaps a few more than were eaten by mountain lions. How does that compare with the casualties of our era?

I can imagine a backlash from the growing awareness that AIDS is slowly entrenching itself within the sexual mainstream of the straight world. Gays should be at the forefront of a campaign against mandatory testing, closing bath-houses, and abolishing propaganda advocating promiscuity. I don’t expect it to happen. The self-destructive, by definition, are not moved by self-interest.

Robert Trapin
Mendonca, CA

Gabriel Rotello has given us a sound and helpful sociopolitical analysis in “Why Did AIDS Happen to Gay Men?” (June 1997). One could wish that E.O. Wilson in composing the term had made it “biocivilization” rather than the other way around, since the relatively timeless biology precedes the ever more ephemeral society.

No one even remotely knowledgeable about biology could have doubted that anal intercourse was an ideal setup for microbial mischief. The rectum is an ideal cultural medium: it is wet, it’s warm, it is shock-full of nutrients, and has a rich blood supply to provide oxygen for those (acrobatic) organisms that need this nutrient.

To the above short course in Bacteriology 101, add the sociologic changes that Rotello describes and we have the current epidemic, though endemic would be a better term, given the circumscribed population to which it is largely confined.

It will be interesting to see if we can muster the political will and courage to approach this problem with the standard techniques of public health, such as those detailed in Congressman Tom Coburn’s HR Prevention Act of 1997.

John H.anton, M.D.

Hitler, Cannibalism, Etc.
Regarding PETA, vegetarians, etc., one must keep in mind that the most famous man of the 20th century was a strict vegetarian, animal lover, and a strong proponent of animal rights. His name was Adolph Hitler.

On the subject of cannibals and Communists, don’t forget Diego Rivera, the Mexican Communist/marxist and idol of the flaming liberals. In his autobiography, My Life, My Work, Señor Rivera describes his life of poverty with astounding frankness. Things were tough that he and a roommate could not afford meat, so they posed as medical students, went to a local morgue and told the mortician that they were sent from the university to obtain organs, which they promptly devoured in their apartment...

Edward J. Toner Jr.
Brick, NJ

Borderslines
K.L. Billingsley’s “The View from the Border,” June 1997 issue, was an outstanding look at the thankless task performed by our courageous Border Patrol officers. Since Heterodoxy is probably the best publication in the nation when it comes to reporting on the delusional political correctness—including PCs’ frightening tactics (“racist,” “sexist,” “fear,” “hat”,” “blaming,” “bash- ing”), and its Orwellian double-think (only Europeans are white, it seems, can “hat”)—I hope you will continue to report on various other aspects of our larger immigration bureaucracy, which, unlike the real-world dwelling Border Patrol, are trying to drag average Americans toward some imagined High Diversity/High- Population Global Utopia.

If American elites are on this wrong one—and they are—we are headed toward a catastrophe.

Tom Andres
Santa Barbara, CA

Finally: an article that makes perfectly clear what the United States border agents view on a daily basis. A truthful article we must pass along to those misinformed by the liberal media.

Mary Beth Carpenter
Brea, CA

The Little Red Schoolhouse
Kudos to Ronald Radosh for his recollections about the youth anti-propaganda center in NYC (“Elisabeth Erwin Looks Back,” June 1997). However, one correction is in order. Our Lady of Fatima appeared in Portugal, Poland boasts The Black Madonna of Czestochowa.

Marek Jan Chodakiewicz

I was not thunderstruck, amazed, stunned, or even baffled, but I was surprised to read Radical Radish’s comment in the June 1997 issue that the ACLU was anti-Communist when he attended school.

The ACLU has never been anti-Communist and never will be. Here are some ALCU facts: Founded in 1917 by Roger Baldwin as the American Union Against Militarism, name changed to Civil Liberties Bureau later that year, became National Civil Liberties Bureau in October 1919, renamed American Civil Liberties Union on January 20, 1920. Several founders and board members included William J. Foster, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Louis Meredith, all prominent leaders of the CPUSA (Budenz later recant- ed), plus Norman Thomas, Morris Hillquit, Max Eastman, Harry Ward, who was affiliated with over two hundred Communist or Communist-front organizations, and Clarence Darrow...

There is one other thing in Mr. Radish’s article. He mentions that his anniversary book [Elisabeth Erwin High] contains an article about McCarthyism which implied that some teachers and parents were blacklisted in 1947 or 1948 as victims of McCarthyism. Joe McCarthy didn’t hit the national scene, as I recall, until 1950 or so, so the usual left-wing smear doesn’t work...

Also, it’s HCUA, not HUAC. The letters HUAC were in red ink used in a leftist twist to give a differ- ent (read oppressive) view of an important Congressional committee. There is a difference if you care to figure it out.

Peter Meis
Tucson, AZ

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TOMORROW THE WEIRD: Late in August, on the one-year anniversary of the Welfare Reform Act, a small band of demonstrators gathered in front of the offices of Milwaukee's Bradley Foundation to protest its role in supporting Wisconsin's revolutionary “Wisconsin Works” measure, which helped touch off the national debate. As part of the campaign against Bradley's Family Foundation, a dossier called “The Feeding Trough” was produced by one Phil Wilayto of A Job Is a Right Campaign. “The Feeding Trough,” which holds Bradley responsible for everything from Bill Bennett to the rise of eugenics, is written in the purist scholar's idiom of the Marxist jargon of the '60s, looking for interlocking directorates and hidden links and mumbling “Aha!” to itself when it discovers that Bradley funded David Brock. It is, as they used to say, a Laff Riot —G. William Domhoff with a couple dozen IQ points deducted. A Job Is a Right—and indeed the whole ragtag campaign against Bradley—is a front for an organization called Worker's World. Check it out on the Web page of the Democratic Socialists of America. The DSA has an elaborate diagram of U.S. Socialist history during the past 100 years (devolution in action) and has placed the Worker's World in the lowest circle of the “Loony Left” alongside the Spartacist League and below even the CPUSA. Aside from being anti-Bradley, the Worker's World is pro-Cheney, soft on Iraq, in love with Fidel, and dedicated to the cause of convicted cop-killer Mumia Abu Jamal.

BANANA REPUBLIC: Canaan Banana, former president of Zimbabwe, is also a former Methodist minister and theology professor fond of generalities. In a conversation called “reasons the West in general and the United States in particular. But it seems that in which the chap had problems of his own. He now faces charges of sodomy with a police aide, attempted sodomy with a cook and a bodyguard, and seven allegations of homosexual assaults on presidential aides and a gardener, who evidently did not like to watch. Banana, a 62-year-old father of four, is facing jail time because President Robert Mugabe, once the darling of the American Left, has declared homosexual men and women to be “lower than pigs.” That never happened when Ian Smith ran the place.

GLASS CEILING, GLASS MENAGERIE: Given the fact that women now earn 90 percent as much as men (taking into account such factors as education, family status, profession and time worked) and that women-owned businesses are growing faster than the national economy, and that women now outnumber men in graduate school, the National Organization of Women is noting the bottom barrel for issues. In its sparsely attended recent national convention in Memphis, NOW passed resolutions on such programs as “Women's Studies days without pay for sensitivity training every six months. Also pending are Patel's plans for 40% minority sensitivity training, and bilingual slots at firehouses around the city at premium pay. During the hearing veteran John Hanley rose to testify against the decree handed down by Patel in 1988. After he had apologized for his nervousness, Judge Patel responded to Hanley, a man with obvious Irish blood, “You sound like a public speaker, but I wonder what you sound like after being at Harrington's Bar.” Even the insensitive in San Francisco know this is one of the leading Irish bars in the city.

SWING YOUR PARTNER: September is International Gay Square Dance Month. The Rocky Mountain Rocky Mountain Rainbeaus is one of over 50 clubs likely to show up at the annual hoe-down, which is being held in Denver this year. The size of the gay square dancing phenomenon is suggested by the radio show in Ottowa called “All My Lesbian and Gay Square Dancing Children.” Roughly three quarters of gay square dancers are men. “If some of the girls want to wear dresses, fine.” All this must be true because it appeared in the New York Times.
Affirmative Action in Action

Doctor No

By K.L. Billingsley

UC Davis officials have not returned phone calls, but Dr. Chavis will speak to anyone willing to listen. In the course of an interview lasting several hours, he told me that his grades were “3.2 or something like that, 3.3.” But he admits that without the special program he would not have gotten in to Davis. As Nicholas Lemann put it, Chavis and four other blacks admitted to UC Davis under the Task Force “got in because they were black, and therefore took the place of five white applicants with better grades and test scores.” But “better” doesn’t quite capture it.

The GPA of those admitted in 1973 under regular standards was 3.49, while that of the special admits was 2.08. The regulars scored an average science GPA of 3.51 while the special admits turned in unlikely from the data. More important, Chavis says Bakke sought out UC Davis because he knew the head of admissions: “They set it up to get this to happen at Davis.”

As far as being a poster-child for affirmative action is concerned, Chavis says, “I intentions more or less to put myself out as a poster-boy for this good kind of medicine.”

Chavis recently told the Los Angeles Times that “I don’t mean to boast, but I’m somewhat of a hero in the community.” He does have a loyal following because he lives in a rough, gang-ridden town, Lynwood office, charging that administrators there did “whatever they did to fix it up. Or they ask me to come and fix it up.” Others tell a different story.

Chavis, one of his former wives and who worked in his office for nine years, has testified to the state medical board that the doctor was “wrong a number of times,” about the age of a fetus. In one case, she said, after Chavis removed the arm of a fetus, the patient was determined to be eight months pregnant. The patient was then taken to the hospital to deliver the baby. According to Cathy, Chavis would keep the fetus in formaldehyde for up to 30 days. She never knew what he did with remains but said that one day the sink in the office backed up and she saw nothing but bones.

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There were also problems with deliveries. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated. At Long Beach Memorial Hospital, Chavis used forceps to pull a baby out of a woman not sufficiently dialated.

In 1969 the University of California at Davis instituted a race-based program of admissions called “The Task Force.” The next year, Davis reserved eight slots for minority students and when the class size doubled the following year doubled the number of slots reserved for minorities to 16 while setting up other separate-but-unequal conditions. For example, the applications of the non-minorities were considered by regular admissions committees, attended by those of minorities. It was under this plan and conditions that Patrick Chavis, a biology graduate of Albion College in Michigan, gained admission in 1973.
It should have been a success story.

Alvaro Cardona emigrated to the U.S. from Guatemala with his family when he was nine, settling in a section of South Central Los Angeles known as ‘The Jungle.’ At 16 he got married, had a child, and dropped out of school to make a living. After taking a job as a restaurant cook, Cardona worked his way up the ladder, eventually managing six Subway restaurants, which did $8 million in business per year. By the time he was 22 he was earning close to $35,000 a year.

In 1991, a year after the birth of his third child, Cardona passed the high school equivalency test, and in 1992 he enrolled at Valley College, a two-year JC in the San Fernando Valley. As a tutor with the college’s writing program, Cardona assisted hundreds of students, in areas ranging from college level grammar and composition to basic English for recent immigrants. He graduated with a GPA around 3.6, taking most of his courses at Los Angeles Valley College and LaSalle Career College, where he was enrolled at the time. Part of Cardona’s financial aid package involved the work-study program, which required him to find on-campus work, and he landed a part-time job doing computer work and odd jobs at the university’s Academic Advance Program.

Hoping to parlay his past experiences into a more fulfilling and remunerative position, Cardona approached Don Wasson, the director of the AAP tutorial program, who encouraged him to apply. It seemed like a perfect fit. The AAP, founded in 1971, offers tutoring, counseling, workshops, research opportunities, scholarships, and computer facilities to “historically underrepresented” minorities (specifically, “African-American, Chicano/Latino/a, Native American, Pilipino, and Pacific Islander”), low income students, and first-generation college attendees. Currently, more than 5,500 students take advantage of AAP’s services. The free tutoring program is one of the more popular, with almost 200 tutors offering assistance in 450 undergraduate courses. Tutors must maintain a 3.0 GPA, and are paid approximately $12-13 per hour.

But in his November, 1995, interview Cardona claims that AAP Tutorial Supervisor Tanya Bauer never asked about his experience, academic, or professional career, wishing instead to discuss whether he recognized the problem of “institutionalized racism” at UCLA. Cardona says Bauer told him that in recognition of the presumably hostile environment faced by minority students his job would be 50 percent tutoring and 50 percent “validation.” She also asked him what he thought about affirmative action.

“I know what you want,” Cardona responded. But the answer she wanted he could not honestly give. “I told her I was ambivalent about it,” he remembers. “I think that affirmative action has helped me, but I am apprehensive about it.”

When Bauer pressed him further, Cardona explained that he felt that such programs could be taken too far, and that he admired the Middle Eastern and Asian immigrants he’d seen at Valley College who overcame obstacles of language and culture through hard work.

“They stay one hour after class, come one hour before, they have children, they work ten hours a day . . . it’s very much like my situation was” he told her. Cardona expressed his concern that, taken to extremes, affirmative action could damage the outlook and the motivation of its recipients.

He claims that Bauer, a white woman, responded that she was “offended.” Later that week, on a Friday evening, she called Cardona at his home and informed him that he did not get the job. According to Cardona, Bauer explained that she did not feel he would be “attuned to the problems that our student body faces at UCLA.” Furthermore, she worried that he would stress academics “too much.” She closed by encouraging him to reapply for the position after he had spent a few semesters at UCLA and learned “what the school was really like.”

Cardona says that when he went to Don Wasson—Bauer’s boss—the director called the rejection “bulls—t” and “f---ing unfair,” but said he could do nothing on the student’s behalf. He did allow Cardona to take a few semesters at UCLA and learned what the school was “really like.”

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"You fucking bitch!" Chavis yelled at Allen. "You can get your shit and get the fuck out, 'cause I don't give a damn, 'cause you don't treat my patients like that." But Allen stayed on, contributing to Chavis' troubles.

Linda Kinchen (name changed) said that before her May 30, 1996, surgery, Chavis had no blood work done, checked no vital signs or medical and provided no pre-surgery instructions. She was not prepared for surgery except, as she testified to the medical board, "Carlitha cut some of my pubic hair and scrubbed the area really hard—it hurt." Kinchen asked Chavis and Allen why they were not wearing gloves.

"Why, do I need them?" said Chavis, "Do you have something I'm going to catch?"

After surgery Kinchen could not walk and was urinating in bed. After several calls, Chavis showed up with Allen, who told the patient, "Smoke a joint. You have one around here, don't you?" On another trip to Chavis' office, Kinchen, who remains disfigured and scarred from surgery, heard screams from the operating room, with Chavis explaining that "Carlitha is cleaning up a patient."

Personnel in the adjoining medical office, where Chavis used to work, made four tapes of "horrible screams," which Chavis telling them "Don't talk to the doctor while he is working" and "Liar, liar, pants on fire." In one case a patient screamed "stop," and a voice could be heard asking another doctor for advice on a patient who was experiencing trouble.

Chavis told me that with the liposuction pump running, you can worry about anything through the wall. He even started the machine up to prove the point.

On June 21, 1996, Chavis used that machine to suction 2,200 cubic centimeters of fat from Valerie Lawrence, who lost 300 ccs of blood during the procedure and fainted three hours after discharge. She made her way to the hospital but Chavis discharged her with a Foley catheter and IV tubes still in place, then took her home, did not take her vital signs and did not monitor her condition. The next day Chavis left her in the care of his 18-year-old niece and went to perform liposuction on Tamamara Cotton.

Cotton removed 5,300 ccs of fat through 11 incisions in Mrs. Cotton's moaned and complained of pain during the procedure. As one point she complained she couldn't breathe, to which Chavis replied, "If you can talk you can breathe." Her husband, Jimmy, who watched her through the window, was alarmed at her drop in blood pressure and the "red fluid" pooling on the floor.

Chavis left the office to attend to Lawrence, who was still at his Compton home, and made no arrangements for another physician to monitor Mrs. Cotton. The lipo drained to pick up Paris Labelle at the LA airport and the two medical assistants also left, leaving the distressed patient with her husband and Carlitha Allen. Chavis' nurse and girlfriend, who called the departed doctor and yelled at him, "You should have never left." As Andrew later testified, "Fiona Price, (not her real name) told the medical board that she was not washed or otherwise prepared for surgery and that Chavis and Allen wore scrubs but no masks or head covers. Chavis told her liposuction would not hurt, but she said that "it was extremely painful" and she screamed throughout most of the August 29, 1996, procedure during which Allen, who some have noted holds considerable influence over Chavis, became annoyed with the doctor for working too slowly.

"That's not right," she said. "Here, let me show you how to do it." Price testified that the pair struggled over the cannula, and that he did more than she had asked. She told Chavis she was having breathing trouble and her heart was racing.

"So, what do you want me to do about it?" Chavis said.

Price's boyfriend Andrew (not his real name) heard her screaming and went into the room. Chavis told him to get out. As Andrew later testified, "Fiona seemed limp, but the doctor and Carlitha said she didn't have any anesthetic, that she was just tired. ... The doctor told me to ignore her, that all women complained of pain and say they're dying. He said 'don't take her to a hospital because they don't know anything about liposuction and that it will hurt her.' He's a doctor—I thought he knew what he was talking about." Andrew further told the medical board that Price was having trouble on the way out and that Chavis and Allen had her urinate in the parking lot. "It was awful," he said.

"Right there on the street and with the lipo drimer there."

When Chavis came to her home, he only checked her pulse and again told Andrew to ignore her requests for medical intervention. Two days later Price became incoherent and Andrew drove her to Harbor UCLA Medical Center. She had lost 60 percent of her blood and her stitches had become infected.

Jim Cotton, who was told by nurse Allen that at least he would get his money back. Chavis, who mainly said nothing, was blamed Jimmy Cotton, who in the doctor's absence had attempted to put his wife in a wheelchair.

"Mr. Cotton, if he didn't commit murder, it would have been at least second-degree murder because you don't just do that. You don't take things if you don't know what you are doing," Chavis told me. He told the Los Angeles Times that Mr. Cotton should be accused of a second-degree murder, if not first-degree murder.

The death of a patient in any case is a serious matter and a death following a normally safe procedure can bring swift sanctions. For example, a patient died after liposuction by W. Earle Matory Jr., a board-certified plastic surgeon in Orange County. Within two months, the state medical board suspended his license. But Chavis, who is not board-certified, was allowed to continue practicing for more than a year.

A longstanding board-certified plastic surgeon interviewed for this story says that when doctors experience complications, they normally take steps to ensure that the problems do not recur. But Chavis continued to experience similar difficulties. This said the surgeon, who is experienced in all types of liposuction, raised questions about his suitability to practice.

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"Right there on the street and with the lipo drimer there."

When Chavis came to her home, he only checked her pulse and again told Andrew to ignore her requests for medical intervention. Two days later Price became incoherent and Andrew drove her to Harbor UCLA Medical Center. She had lost 60 percent of her blood and her stitches had become infected.

"Mr. Cotton, if he didn't commit murder, it would have been at least second-degree murder because you don't just do that. You don't take things if you don't know what you are doing," Chavis told me. He told the Los Angeles Times that Mr. Cotton should be accused of a second-degree murder, if not first-degree murder.

The death of a patient in any case is a serious matter and a death following a normally safe procedure can bring swift sanctions. For example, a patient died after liposuction by W. Earle Matory Jr., a board-certified plastic surgeon in Orange County. Within two months, the state medical board suspended his license. But Chavis, who is not board-certified, was allowed to continue practicing for more than a year.

A longstanding board-certified plastic surgeon interviewed for this story says that when doctors experience complications, they normally take steps to ensure that the problems do not recur. But Chavis continued to experience similar difficulties. This said the surgeon, who is experienced in all types of liposuction, raised questions about his suitability to practice.

Fiona Price, (not her real name) told the medical board that she was not washed or otherwise prepared for surgery and that Chavis and Allen wore scrubs but no masks or head covers. Chavis told her liposuction would not hurt, but she said that "it was extremely painful" and she screamed throughout most of the August 29, 1996, procedure during which Allen, who some have noted holds considerable influence over Chavis, became annoyed with the doctor for working too slowly.

"That's not right," she said. "Here, let me show you how to do it." Price testified that the pair struggled over the cannula, and that he did more than she had asked. She told Chavis she was having breathing trouble and her heart was racing.

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Although Vince Foster's death has been officially deemed a suicide by the official investigations looking into it, including most recently that of Special Prosecutor Kenneth Starr, the case continues to raise disturbing questions. No reporter has followed the case more closely than Christopher Ruddy of the Pittsburgh Tribune-Review. The following excerpt from Ruddy's forthcoming book, The Strange Death of Vince Foster, was prepared by Heterodoxy consulting editor Judd Magilnick.

FIRST DOUBTS

To trained investigators, a near crime scene for a gunshot wound to the head can mean the victim did not die by the gunshot, or that the body might have been moved. For experienced homicide detectives, a gun found in a suicide's hand is also a red flag of possible foul play. What might have been disturbing in the 4th of July 1993 investigation initially raised no red flags for Park Police officer Kevin Furnhill, or for his colleagues who arrived later. Indeed, it fell to the paramedics to note some of the significant anomalies with Foster's body and the surrounding scene.

In the warm humid days that followed Foster's death in July 1993, significant press attention was focused on the story. Richard Arthur, one of the Fairfax paramedics who had been present at Fort Marcy, became increasingly agitated as he closely followed the media reports. Arthur was absolutely certain that Foster did not commit suicide. He voiced his concerns to his Fairfax colleagues and raised important questions that eventually led to a reexamination of the Park Police probe.

Disturbed and increasingly obsessed by his observations at the Fort Marcy crime scene, Arthur, a five-year veteran of the department, spent his days just after the death thinking and complaining about the suicide conclusion. He spent time at the fire station, specially trained to wash his hands after the task. And he did not have to wash his hands after the task.

The body—just a trickle emanating from Foster’s mouth. Ashford got no blood on him, and he did not have to wash his hands after the task.

THE BODY

Because Foster was found in a symmetrical position on the side of a berm, faceup and arms extended nearly at his sides, Park Police theorized he shot himself while in a sitting position. Had he lain down to shoot himself, their reasoning apparently went, the bullet would have been found in the ground under his body. It was not. Had he been standing, it is highly unlikely that his body would have fallen into the “coffin” position. By elimination, this left only the sitting position, Foster’s pathology team argued that after firing the gun from the sitting position, Foster was thrown back on the “sloped terrain” with “his arms falling to their respective sides by gravity.”

But the two former New York City homicide experts Vincent Scalice and Fred Santucci questioned this scenario. [Scalice and Santucci were hired by an independent think tank to review seemingly inconsistent aspects of the case.] They argue that the exit wound should have created a jet stream of blood, brain matter, bone, and other tissue as the bullet emerged from the back of the skull. Had Foster shot himself on the slope (as Scalice claimed) with the exit wound at the top and back of his head (as noted in the autopsy), the blood and other matter should have been evident in the area behind him. Yet of approximately twenty official transcriptions of his FBI statement, no one noted, as Scalice and Santucci also assert that in such a case the legs would not likely have extended straight out, since Foster’s body would have been caught in vegetation or on root stems that etched the ground underneath his body.

THE MEDICAL TECHNICIAN

According to Park Police forensic technician Richard Gonzalez, Foster may have suffered more than one wound. Arthur stated to FBI investigators in March 1994 that he had noticed what he believed was a “gunshot wound,” or a small bullet hole, on Foster’s neck, just below the right ear. According to transcriptions of his FBI statement, Arthur “noted what appeared to be a small caliber bullet hole in Foster’s neck on the right side just under the jaw line about half way between the ear and the chin.”

THE GUN

What little photographic evidence remains of the death scene appears to show that at some point the gun was moved or switched after the Park Police arrived. When one of the Polaroids taken on July 20 was superenhanced by prosecutor Miquel Rodriguez during the Starr inquiry and compared to a 35 mm photo taken at the same time, blades of grass or other vegetation protrude from between different fingers of Foster’s hand. (Although the FBI laboratory had stated that the Park Police had underexposed was useless, an outside agency used by Starr’s office was able to retrieve some useful information.)

Startling, too, was the fact that the Park Police could not positively connect the gun with Foster. Foster’s wife told Park Police that the only gun she was aware of was a silver revolver—not the
Chris Ruddy’s reporting on the death of Vince Foster certainly stands as one of the most politically incorrect investigations by any journalist in recent years. Ruddy’s new book, The Strange Death of Vince Foster, comes with many important endorsements, notably one from former FBI chief William Sessions. But Ruddy himself has been consistently vilified and marginalized during the last few years of covering this story for the Pittsburgh Tribune-Review.

“My own interest in the case sprang from some indirect personal links to the Foster family and to an intriguing 1993 “Endpaper” by Frank Rich in the New York Times Magazine about the murder of Mary Jo Kopechne, the wife of the former Senate candidate who had been found dead in her car on the night of Kennedy’s move to Washington. Frank Rich’s article was wrong and the contents observed by Knowlton were wholly incompatible with the official reports. Before and after he was subpoenaed before the grand jury by Starr’s office, Knowlton was subjected to serial harassment on the streets of Washington by some dozen men in an apparent effort to destroy his credibility before the grand jury or to keep him from truthfully describing what he had seen. The harassment was witnessed by an initially skeptical Chris Ruddy, who has provided sworn affidavits to the Senate Banking Committee. Chris Ruddy’s attorney, Knowlton sued the U.S. government and a named FBI agent after Starr’s office ignored the Report of Witness Tampering he filed, and is resisting government attempts to have his case dismissed without trial. Despite the derisive hoots from the mainstream media, I know personally that Chris’ work has had an effect that goes far beyond the pages of the Times article published in a New York Times Magazine cover story by Philip Weiss entitled “Clinton Crazy.” A Harvard grad and self-avowed member of the Establishment media, Weiss had his mind changed during the course of the preparation of his Times article. Two full months before publication, he told me that he had become convinced that “the central assertion of the Fiske Report cannot be true” —that a depressed and dejected Foster had shot himself to death in Fort Marcy while shooting himself in the head with the .38-caliber Colt found in his hand. Chris Ruddy, the son of a policeman, believes that Fort Marcy may become “the symbol of a cover-up conducted by people who have, with the help of the press, placed themselves above the law.”

If obstruction of justice (or worse) has occurred in the Foster case, Chris Ruddy remains the perpetrators’ worst nightmare.

—Hugh Sprunt
Park Police explain that only after the body had left the park did they become concerned about the keys. Instead of conducting a tedious "hands and knees" search of the area in which the body was found, some police apparently began having doubts about Rolla’s initial search of the clothing. So Braun and Rolla left the scene and drove to the morgue for an interview. On the way, Braun says that Rolla checked Foster's right front pocket and found not just a set of car keys but two rings of keys: the car keys on one and another holding four door and cabinet keys.

Park Police have given conflicting testimony as to when they arrived at the hospital. But a Fairfax Hospital nurse, speaking on condition of anonymity, said that she had dealings with all the officials present that night, and she was certain that two White House officials, apparently Craig Livingstone and William Kennedy, arrived before the Park Police, presumably Braun and Rolla, showed up to search Foster's pockets. Livingstone, in a deposition to Senate investigators, claimed he never came into contact with Foster’s body and only viewed it from behind an observation window.

Homicide expert Vincent Salcicci explained in a Senate deposition in the summer of 1996 that there are two possible explanations for what she termed the obviousness of the suicide.)

Explained in a Senate deposition in the summer of 1996 that there are two possible explanations for--

The Park Police also searched Foster’s pockets at the park, but here is what really happened.

Where were the keys, then? Curiously, that explanation collapsed when it was discovered that Foster clothing, if any, had obviously been in contact with carpeting at some recent time that day. Concerning this, Scalice’s comment was simple but unassailable: Fort Marcy is not carpeted.

Park Police had not tested the clothes for fibers and were apparently unaware of their existence. The police were other clues among the physical evidence that showed the death site did not comport with the manner of death. The first person to find Foster’s body, CW, the Confidential Witness, told the FBI of having seen trash and vegetation on the path below Foster’s body. Park Police said that none of the vegetation was disturbed when they arrived. If CW’s statement is accurate, it contradicts Park Police when they said that no trash or vegetation had been disturbed. Park Police also said that no other persons had seen the body. As Scalice put it: the body may have been disturbed by the body itself. If that was so we may have to find the body as well.

The CAR KEYS

The Fiske report implies Foster’s car keys were found in his pockets at the park, but here is what really happened.

According to police, Foster’s clothing was initially searched for identification and for a piece of paper that police said was not found. Both Cheryl Braun, a senior Park Police investigator, and Christina Hodakievic, a Park Police officer, told the FBI they had observed lead Park Police investigator John Rolla carefully checking all of Foster’s pockets. As Rolla testified in his Senate deposition: “I searched his pants pockets. I couldn’t find a wallet or anything in his pants pockets.”

The Park Police also searched Foster’s Honda. No keys were found, though on the passenger seat they found personal papers, and his wallet was inside the suit jacket, which lay on the car seat. Where were the keys, then? Curiously, that question aroused no suspicion on the part of the Park Police. This is especially strange since they assumed that Foster drove to the park and shot himself. Did the police begin another search for car keys around the body and on the pathway to the death scene, especially after having found his eyeball so far [nineteen feet] from his body? No. By several accounts, Foster’s car was locked. Police and EMT personnel tried to enter it but the matching suit jacket prevented them from doing so. This, by the way, might have been another violation of proper police procedure. The car should have been dusted for fingerprints before Park Police and others began attending meetings at which they were supposed to be gathering and comparing that to the last time the deceased had eaten.

Fiske’s report implies Foster’s car keys were found in his pockets at the park, but here is what really happened.

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that Pratt, a decorated Vietnam veteran, was also a psychopath (the word he used) "crazy man," who had not only committed murder, but actually enjoyed violence for its own sake. Huey attributed Pratt’s aberrant behavior to his war experience, asserting that Pratt had not met Pratt prior to his military discharge.

And that was the way it remained for me for twenty-five years, when I was discovering that Huey Newton, a well respected leader of the Panthers a political gang that had committed many robberies, arsons and murders. By the time Johnnie Cochran, in his representation of Geronimo Pratt, before a national public he hadn’t gotten the first time around, I was almost ready to convince Huey’s enemies of the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps it’s put on the table for Pratt to have it sentenced by Johnnie Cochran and others, that all the climate had been so turned against law enforcement as conspiratorial and racist was the heart of the Cochran appeal to the prosecution had wrongfully convicted of Julius Butler and an FBI-sponsored "Cointelpro" conspiracy to frame a political hero who was also black. As in the Simpson case, the indictment of law enforcement as conspiratorial and racist was the heart of the Cochran appeal that Geronimo Pratt had actually belonged to someone else as he maintained.

But there was a detail from that conversation with Huey that I could never forget and yet never quite believe either. Pratt was so crazy, Newton told me, that “he couldn’t get an erection unless he was holding a knife in his hand.” This detail would come up again in the aftermath of Pratt’s release last June by Orange County Superior Court Judge Everett Dickey, who agreed with Cochran that the prosecution had wrongfully concealed from the original jury the information that his key witness, a former Panther named Julius Butler, was a police and FBI "informant." It was Butler who had identified the 45 as Geronimo’s weapon and—even more damning—had claimed that Pratt boasted to him that he had killed Caroline Olsen. It was Butler—and the adroit use Cochran made of him—that led Pratt to be granted a new trial and be hailed by Johnnie Cochran and a compliant press as a "hero" and "victim of injustice.

In the tapestry of Johnnie Cochran’s political career, the case of Geronimo Pratt turns out to be a central thread. A young Johnnie Cochran, just setting out on his career in the law, was called to the bar by former President, African American, and I’ve written about the case before. By his own account, it was the Pratt case that “radicalized” him, persuading him that America’s criminal justice system was unfair to black men. It showed him, too, that his failure to play the “race card” had led to the conviction of his client. He resolved never to make this mistake again. When Cochran later took on the legal battle that made him famous, he told O.J. Simpson, “I’m not going to let happen to you what happened to Geronimo Pratt.” And after getting Simpson off, he reiterated the solemn promise to the imprisoned Pratt that he would never rest “until you are free.”

Johnnie Cochran made the two cases into the reams of newsprint that described and celebrated Pratt’s release. In a striking vindication of Kelley’s judgment, the facts, summarized in the earlier opinion of the 60s, bought this argument whole. The envelope was addressed to Rice and had been made in 1980. At that time, Pratt’s petition was supported by a blue ribbon amicus curiae for includ- ing Congresswoman Maxine Waters, Congressman Pete McCloskey, current San Francisco mayor Willie Brown, the president of the California Democratic Council, and the chair of the Coalition to Free Geronimo Pratt. The central claim made by Pratt’s defenders then, has not changed in nearly twenty years:

"I’m not going to let happen to you what happened to Geronimo Pratt”
After he was observed delivering the envelope to informant.

Gerondimo became the leader of the Panthers after the UCLA shootout

Johhnie Cochran has called Julius Butler a “con- 

He was arraigned in April 1971 and was con- 

In the 1980 court opinion denying Butler’s original appeal, the conspiracy theory is succinctly refuted: “First, it is noted that Julius Butler did not give the letter to the FBI but to a trusted friend (Sergeant Rice) for safe- 

The FBI not to be inquisitive about the contents of the sealed envelope, whatever its location. What next transpired is told best in Sergeant Rice’s own words: “Soon after this incident [the initial demand for the letter from the FBI], the FBI threatened to indict me for obstruction of justice for refusing to turn over the letter to them. Some time the next year I was involved in a fight with a white Los Angeles police officer. Due to this fight, and other allegations against me, I became the subject of an internal police investigation. During that time, I was questioned by the Los Angeles Police Department regarding what Julius Butler had given me and ordered to turn it over to Cochran’s team. The key new claim, for example, is the existence of an “informant” card that the district attorney’s office voluntarily turned over to Cochran’s team. When I asked one of the original prosecutors about this, he main- 

October 1970—22 months after the murder took place—because, as he put it, the FBI was “jam- 

I also criticized [these Leaders, because I felt they were callously, and foolishly doing things that didn’t have a direction beneficial [sic] for the people. I also criticized [sic] the Physical Actions or threats to Party members who were attempting to sincerely [sic] implement [sic] programs that oppressed people could Respond to.”

The incident that most depressed Butler was the property damage caused by a Panther named Ollie Taylor, who was suspected of working for Karenga’s gang. The incident led to false imprisonment and assault with a deadly weapon against Butler. One reason for this was the leader of the Los Angeles Panthers was killed by a rival gang led by Ron (“Malauna”) Karenga in a shoot-out at UCLA a month after the Olsen murder, Pratt rather than Butler was made head of the Party and Butler didn’t forgive him. C.

At trial, the victim Ollie Taylor confirmed Butler’s version of the events.
and flatly contradicted Pratt’s story.

Reading Butler’s testimony about the Ollie Taylor incident, I had a jolt of recognition that resolved any remaining doubt I may have had as to the integrity of Butler’s account not only of these matters but of those regarding the behavior and guilt of Geronimo Pratt. For it was in examining Butler’s testimony that Huey’s story about the eroticism of violence in Pratt’s psyche resurfaced in my mind with riveting force.

“Q. Was Ollie Taylor in the room at this time?”

“A. Yes.”

“Q. Okay.”

“A. Ollie Taylor was sitting in the middle of the room, and I was sitting next to Ollie Taylor, and I was trying to talk to Ollie Taylor on the basis of ‘Give as much information about yourself to clear yourself,’ and Geronimo stated to me that the shit he was talking was a bunch of bull shit, and I looked over and he cocked the hammer on the pistol.”

“Q. Where was the pistol pointed, if at all?”

“A. It was actually right between me and Ollie Taylor, because I was sitting side-by-side with Ollie Taylor.”

“Then I noticed that Geronimo had an erection, and he stated, ‘If you don’t move, I’ll blow your head off,’ and he said ‘Furthermore, I think maybe you’re siding with him,’ so he told me to slap Ollie Taylor.

“He say, ‘You interrogate,’ so I did it in the pretense of trying to—at that time I was frightened of Geronimo’s behavior, very seriously frightened. I had never seen a man with an erection . . .’

Before Butler could complete the sentence, his attorney interrupted with an objection that the course of inquiry was irrelevant. But as far as I was concerned, the sentence didn’t need to be finished. Here were two different figures, both intimate with Pratt, but otherwise far separated by distance, status, and motivation, who remarked on the erotic charge violence gave him.

Despite the persuasive evidence of Pratt’s guilt as contained in the sealed letter, and despite the persuasive evidence in the handling of the letter that Butler was not part of a police or FBI conspiracy to frame Pratt, Cochran prevailed. On May 29, 1997, an Judge Dickey granted Pratt a new trial and immediate release from his current confinement. Dickey concluded that “this was not a strong case for the prosecution without the testimony of [Julius] Butler,” and that it was reasonably probable that Pratt could have obtained a different result “in the entire absence of Butler’s testimony,” or had the prosecution revealed Butler’s contacts with law enforcement.

Reading Dickey’s opinion is a depressing experience for anyone concerned about American justice. The salient reason cited by Judge Dickey for overturning the original verdict is that the prosecution concealed the “fact” that [Butler] had been, for at least three years before the trial, providing information about the Black Panther Party and individuals associated with it to law enforcement agencies on a confidential basis.

The statement, as we have seen and as the court records show, is false and misleading. Julius Butler had absolutely no contact with the FBI or law enforcement prior to his delivery of the sealed letter to Sgt. Rice on August 10, 1969, seven months after the murder and less than two years before the trial. The letter’s identification of Geronimo Pratt as the killer of Caroline Olsen was available to the jury and was a centerpiece of the court proceeding, a fact which is not even addressed in Dickey’s opinion. Nor is the whole history of Butler’s withholding of the incriminating document despite efforts by the FBI and the police to pry it from him. These would seem to establish beyond any reasonable doubt that Julius Butler was not an informant, and was not cooperating with the FBI, the police, or the prosecutors of Geronimo Pratt prior to Pratt’s arraignment for the murder. Moreover, Butler’s testimony at the trial is entirely consistent with the information contained in the incriminating letter and with his behavior throughout the case.

Why hasn’t justice prevailed in this matter? Why is a clearly guilty individual free? The answer lies in the climate of the times, in which the testimony of officers of the law have become more readily impeachable than the testimony of criminals. As in the O.J. Simpson trial, the appeals process in the Pratt case has been turned by Johnnie Cochran into a class action libel against the FBI, the police, the prosecution and its chief witness. And as in the Simpson case, Johnnie Cochran’s fictional melodrama has won out over the politically incorrect truth.

—David Horowitz

LITERATURE LOST

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The tragic result has been skyrocketing divorce rates, huge jumps in teen pregnancy—and—most horrifying of all—books by Naomi Wolf.

I recently got ahold of her latest, titled Promiscuities: The Secret Struggle for Womanhood. Read that book. It's hilarious. It is the story of a young girl who grew up in the era of sexual freedom and who thoroughly believes in that freedom and who takes 287 pages to whine about the nature of that freedom.

Safer access to physical ecstasy, in a world that was not yet ready to tell us that what we felt was good, did not go away with our own, very different, set of sexual penalties, double standards and sorrows.

See what I mean? Get me the cat o’ nine tails.

The bulk of the book consists of a soft-porn retelling of the sex acts that Wolfe and her friends engaged in while growing up in California in the 70’s. The best part: It has footnotes, as if to certify that Naomi really did graduate from Yale. The footnotes follow the dotty form, but they'd be more useful if arranged by sex act: Blowjobs, 10-11, 16, 170; Handjobs, 21, 24, 27, 79-80; Lesbian lip-locks, 144-15, and so on.

Okay, I made that up as a joke. But I just opened the book up and checked the actual footnotes. Here goes: oral sex, 170; cummings, 152, 154, 187; fellatio, 70-71, 89, 99-100.

No kidding.

The problem all these babes have is they simply don't accept the idea that all the understanding and discussion in the world is not going to make the human sex drive conform to the restraints the rational mind wishes to impose on it. Camille Paglia has made a career out of pointing this out to feminists. Paglia had it right from the very beginning. In her 1990 book, Sexual Personae, written at a time when she had no reasonable expectation of becoming famous, she said this:

Sexual freedom, sexual liberation. A modern delusion. We are hierarchical animals. Swim one hierarchy away and another will take its place, perhaps less painful but no less restrictive. The theory is that whenever sexual freedom is sought or achieved, sadomasochism will not be far behind. It is a far darker power than feminism has admitted.

Or can admit. Which is why I decided to make an inquiry into the dark power myself.

In the course of my research, I spent a lot of time talking to people in the S&M scene around New York. I’d have to say that every single one of them was a lot easier to take than your average feminist. Some give beatings, some take them. But they don’t whine about it or pretend that they’re doing something to benefit humanity.

When I got to the Hellfire Club, the first woman I saw after paying my $30 at the door weighed a good 250 pounds, all within five feet of the floor. She was wearing a skinny negligee that would let any man see what no man would want to see. I hate to be judgmental, but I felt like going over to her and trying to persuade her to put on a coat.

That was just the beginning. Over in a corner, a man dressed in black leather was administering a beating to a half-naked woman who was strapped face-down on a table. This may sound vaguely erotic. It wasn’t. In the national fantasy, S&M is practiced by beautiful people whose sculpted, tan bodies strain against glistening black leather. In reality, it’s practiced by the sort of people you see sitting behind computer terminals when you go to apply for a mortgage. In clothes, in an office, they are not too bad. But in leather G-string... Ugh!

What I found most remarkable about this—the first S&M beating I’d ever witnessed—was the complete lack of drama. The guy would give the woman’s butt a little smack, then he’d turn to his friends and talk. The friends talked back, glancing around in the room in the same bored, distracted fashion you’d expect in a singles bar in a strip mall. None seemed to notice the perils of the poor woman who stood there topless, chained to a pole, moaning in pain, pleasure or both.

At least I thought it was a woman. On closer inspection, the person in question had a very bulky body that was disturbingly male. Yes, the bulge in the crotch was unmistakable. But the breasts were unquestionably the breasts of a woman, but small, barely noticeable. Why, if one were to go to all the trouble and expense of having one’s breasts enlarged, would one settle on an A-cup? Why not go a C?

This was the sort of question that haunted me all night.

The combinations were endless. A guy who dressed up like a woman liked to get whipped by men. Or to spank men. Or to whip women. Or to

get whipped by women. Sometimes it’s not even vaguely sexual. One guy let a woman punch him in the face till he was bloody. Some men like to be encased in plastic with just a straw to breathe through. Then they like for someone to pinch the straw shut for a while.

I learned this from my friend, whom I’ll call Zeke. He was my passport to the world of S&M. I’ve known Zeke since high school, but only in the past few years did he let me know that he’d been taking part in the Manhattan S&M scene. I figured I’d write about it, and that’s how I ended up at the Hellfire Club.

I don’t know. I went as I walked in the door turned out to be a common theme as the night wore on. Only rarely did the beating seem to muster much enthusiasm for thrashing the beaten. I ran this by my friend Zeke. “In the clubs, you can’t do anything real serious,” he said. “For that, you’ve got to go to someone’s house.”

Zeke knows how to talk. He has been a masochist for 10 years or so, but it was only in the past few years that he began to talk to his friends openly about his obsession with S&M. A few years ago, Madonna made a video in the Von’s, a Manhattan S&M club, and for a while there S&M was hip. So Zeke began to talk about what he’d been doing on all those trips to New York for all those years.

I would have been just as happy never to know Zeke is, in all other respects, a normal guy, a guy you can drink a lot of beer with while discussing the normal, dumb things males discuss—cars, sports, politics, women. He is a great human being, a guy who is perpetually broke because he can’t say no to anyone who wants anything from him. His solemn character flaw is that he likes to get beaten by women dressed in black leather.

Most of the other male S&M aficionados are like Zeke. They’re middle-aged. They’ve got solid jobs in the suburbs. They just like to get abused by women.

The Hellfire Club is according to Zeke, one of the two best S&M clubs in Manhattan. The other is the Vault, but even since the Madonna video, the Vault has gone downhill. I learned that from a guy known as “The Worm.”

The Worm, as the name suggests, likes to sit around the floor, nude. As he does this, he masturbates. He does this for a woman who is nude and long and in love. But his nose is in trouble. They were throwing cigarettes at him and pouring beer on him. “Things have really gone downhill,” he tells Zeke. “This is the high times.”

This is the kind of thing that makes S&M so difficult to fathom. Why is it fun to get kicked by a woman but not by a guy? Why would someone like who wants to grovel on a filthy floor make such distinctions? How do you figure all this out?

And the weirdest part was the way the Vault would go from groveling on the floor one moment to making small talk the next. He’d jump up and talk about football or basketball with me and Zeke for a few minutes and then—at the sight of a woman in high heels—droop and grovel. Just like that.

Some things at the Hellfire are hard to make sense of. There’s a certain logic in your standard drag queen, a man who dresses as a woman to promote some rather tacky Sex & the City scene, say the participants. Perhaps a guy wants to dress up like a preppy girl? A rather plain sweater A simple cloth skirt. Sensible shoes. No makeup.

I saw this guy hanging around by the bar. Other than the clothes and his shoulder-length hair, he looked like a normal guy. At his day job, he probably tried the hair back in a ponytail and acted straight.

But here, he was surrendering to his homo-sexual impulses.

So or I figured. But when I looked over a few minutes later, I was right. I was wrong. He threw another intense back rub from a woman—a real woman.

“Zeke,” I asked. “What’s going on with that guy. Isn’t he gay?”

“probably not,” said Zeke. “Hard to tell.”

This is the great thing about the S&M scene, says the participants. Perhaps a guy wants to dress like a rather drab, unattractive student at Bryn Mawr. Or a woman might prefer the full-leather-dominator look. Or a man might simply desire to walk around naked pulling on his privates (there are so many of those that one club has a sign at the door “No solo jockey artists.”). It’s all part of the fun.

Isn’t it great?” asked Zeke’s friend, whom I’ll call Joe. “You left out the really weird part. The guy who was writing on S&M, and he was eager to be interviewed. They all were. I feared that it would be difficult to get these people to talk. Actually, you can’t get them to shut up.”

“Isn’t it great?” was the mantra. It reminded me of nothing so much as Woodstock, the first one. I was there, and I recall the Woodstock spirit, the idea that a new frontier in human freedom had been reached.

Charting the boundaries of that freedom is a tough task for the authorities, however. Posted prominently at several locations around the Hellfire was a notice from the New York City Health Department: Caution: Animal Urine. IMPLICATING. It went on for seven or eight paragraphs during which the author, after much hemming and hawing, finally pronounced a verdict on the legality of the practices the author witnessed, were clearly illegal in places like the Hellfire Club. But as for ball-licking in its pure form, well that is clearly
raped by cops after being arrested in a Vietnam War demonstration. And it was also after she used to work as a hooker to pick up spare change.

I met her a couple of minutes ago and she was being so sickeningly polite. Who’s the poor bastard of a civil servant who had to write this notice? I know it’s great fun to criticize public employees—God knows I’ve done so more than once. But the guy who wrote that notice is clearly underpaid.

A few weeks ago in the midst of a heatwave, I found myself walking through the suburbs where we live. We are going to the Home Depot to buy some electrical parts for a bathroom renovation. I was helping out. As we drive down a highway full of minivans, I ask Zeke questions about the world of S&M. He describes some of the many practices in which S&M participants engage. He says that an entire article could be devoted to listing and describing them. They range from overly sexual acts that are little more than kinky sex to rituals so arcane that there seems to be no sexual connection to them whatsoever. Some people, for example, like to have themselves embonpointe in concrete. Then there are those who like to be beaten or degradat-ed on.

“I don’t get it,” I say to Zeke. “Where’s the thrill in that?”

“I don’t know,” he says in that shaggy, that’s not his fetish so he can’t explain it. He enjoys the more-or-less standard treats of the male submissive, whipping, foot-licking, being ordered around. The regular stuff.

But the important thing is, it doesn’t do much for Zeke. S&M aficionados call this “plain vanilla sex” or just “the in-and-out.” They’re not phony about bondage and discipline, they say you won’t notice the difference.

However deranged these feelings may be, Zeke comes by them honestly. For the first 10 years or so of his adult life, he did his best to manufacture an image of being normal, missionary-position sex; it doesn’t do much for Zeke. S&M aficionados call this “plain vanilla sex” or just “the in-and-out.” They’re not phony about bondage and discipline, they say you won’t notice the difference.

Later, when he was old enough to go to bars, he found his way to the clubs. He used to be overweight and he used to drink way too much. But after he got into S&M, he began watching his diet and exercising. As for drink-ing, he now stops after a beer or two.

In other words, he just needed a little disci-pline.邦达士 needs a little discipline.

Still, the whole thing gives me the creeps. I find it hard to imagine that just an hour’s drive away from our suburban paradise, there are people for whom the phrase “sh*t-eating grin” is not a metaphor but a goal in life. Nonetheless, I plunge on in my inquiries.

Zeke tells me of the progress of his life in the S&M world. Things have been going well. He has acquired a dominatrix. This is quite an accom-plishment. The club scene consists largely of horny males looking for someone to abuse them. But a few of them have a dominatrix who will abuse you in the privacy of a home dungeon—this is all a submissive male could expect in life.

Zeke has been in the S&M world. Things have been going well. He has met a beautiful blonde who has been a pastime could become a career. “I was work-

not a blowjob, the writer stated. But it’s kinda like one. And it might lead to one. So what the hell? It’s illegal. Not in this establishment!”

But a lot of dominatrixes aren’t particular-ly good-looking. They’re big, they’re middle-aged and they still do fine at the trade. Looks are not the crucial factor. For every type of dominatrix, there is a corresponding masochist.

This fits nicely with real life. I know, for example, several couples in which the wife is a big, rather commanding—even nasty—woman and the husband is a guy who seems, for all intents and pur-poses, perfectly normal. And when I look at these hectoring husbands, I think, “What in the hell is he getting out of it? If I were married to him I’d shoot myself.”

Yet these are some of the more stable couples I know. Cindy Crawford could meet the hus-band in a bar one night and ask him to go up to her room for a little bit of fun. She says, “I’ve never heard of Glibia Steinam_middle-aged and they still do fine at the trade. Looks are not the crucial factor. For every type of dominatrix, there is a corresponding masochist.

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Paul Mulhine is a columnist for the Star Ledger in Newark, N.J.
Neil Hamilton’s massive and sober study, *Zealotry and Academic Freedom* is a timely and useful antidote to the books clogging the diversity shelf. Hamilton, who characterizes himself as “a moderate Democrat” and “supporter of aggressive affirmative action,” has had some first-hand experience in the PC world. He was himself the victim of ten investigations, five internal to his university, five by external agencies, including a complaint to the accrediting agency for law schools over a period of 60 months. The root of all this harassment was his concern for the maintenance of academic standards.

One of the complaints was for sending a confidential memo to the faculty and board of trustees on the disparate rates of bar passage due to his university’s extreme group preferences policies. The memo fell into the hands of “five students of color,” who declared themselves offended. A colleague investigating the memo—remember, it was supposed to be confidential—found it “insensitive” and determined that Hamilton “should make a public apology and resign from an elected faculty position.” Although nine of the accusations were dismissed and the other one withdrawn, Hamilton estimates he spent more than 450 hours of his time (he is a lawyer; presumably, they keep track of things like this) in defending his good name. He found himself abandoned or even betrayed by his friends and colleagues, physically and emotionally ground down, and, in retrospect, “terribly naive.”

In the depths of his despair, he stumbled upon Ellen Schrecker’s *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities*. This book is written from a left perspective about the struggles over academic freedom in America and universities reaching back well into the nineteenth Century. He saw that he was not unique in his trials, and as he puts it, “this discovery dramatized my confidence and substantially increased my peace of mind.” The present work is the fruit of the inquiry he embarked upon to put his case in a broad historical perspective.

Hamilton’s survey of the available evidence is more complete than any heretofore published, and his analysis of the recent wave of zealotry, which he calls the “fundamentalism of the radical academic left,” is deepened by an historical perspective missing in much other writing on the subject from both right and left. By comparing the recent suppression of opinion in the Academy to the McCarthyism of the ’50s and the excesses of the New Left in the ’60s, the most recent of the seven periods he examines, he uncovers important similarities in the structure and habits of the Academy that lead to zealous campaigns.

Chief among these is the entirely plausi- ble claim that those whose political views are in sympathy with the zealots are not very likely to notice the suppression of contrary views or even to accept the defamations of dis- senters’ character. In this connection, he gives the statistical evidence on the self-described political affiliation of American faculty. The best recent studies of this question (1989-90), coming from UCLA and the Carnegie Foundation, indicate that the left outnumbers the right in research universi- ties by a ratio of 1:1.

Hamilton’s interest is not in the inherent implausibility of the deconstructionist and racist rhetoric of political correctness. He concentrates instead on violations of the tradition of aca- demic freedom as defined by its chief defender, the American Association of University Professors (AAUP). PC apologists cite AAUP sources in support of their claim that serious vio- lations of academic freedom remain rare. Indeed, an official AAUP statement in July 1991 actually accused PC critics of being moved by “an only partly concealed animosity toward equal opportu- nity and its first effects of modestly increasing the participation of women and racial and cultural minorities on campus.” Despite repeated protests from such important quarters as the last six chairs of the AAUP Committee A on Academic Freedom and Tenure and the executive committee of the California Conference of the AAUP, the national body has yet to repudiate this statement.

But, as Hamilton shows, this is nothing New. The sometimes violent treatment of professors like Alan Bloom by the student left in the ’60s was neither recognized nor opposed by the AAUP until the files were re-examined only in 1972. The chief contribution the organization has made during all three periods of repression has been to state erroneously the general principles of academic freedom, not to come to the defense of the actual targets of repression.

McCarthyism and the earlier waves of repression were largely attempts arising from the administration or the public to repress unpersuaded views of professors, while the violence and vulgar- ity of the ’60s arose from radical students. Professors had a natural self-interest in resisting some of these excesses. But the PC wars are large- ly a matter of magistri contra mundum. The sym- pathies of the AAUP are as much with the oppres- sed as with the oppressor, maybe more so. It is no accident that the AAUP has shown little concern with victims of the preference and diversity crowd, and set up a special committee to investigate political interference and violations of shared go- vernance in the regents’ role of back-sell and race preferences at the University of California.

Reflecting on these facts, and recalling his own experience, Hamilton concludes his book with suggestions for personal and institutional strategies to make up for the weakness or col- lusion of the AAUP and similar organizations that at best are not part of the solution, and at worst are part of the problem. His advice shows a con- tinuing faith in the power of truth and the resilience of liberal institutions. Above all, he urges the victims of PC to see the light of public debate, and to fight the smears and slanders meant to silence them.

This is a classical liberal political strategy, and very practical, as far as it goes. It is not, on the whole, a liberal strategy. One reason for this is that academic freedom, as Hamilton’s study shows, is actually two distinct things, constitutional academ- ic freedom, and professional academic freedom. The former protects chiefly colleges and universi- ties against governmental interference in their affairs. It would serve against legislative interfer- ence in academic governance, but not against the sort that charac- terized the McCarthy period.

Professional academic freedom, on the other hand, is variously directed to the protection of the individual scholar against the suppression of competent but controversial research or teaching by the authorities and other members of his own profession. It is grounded in classical liberal tenets arising from the Enlightenment and the profes- sionalization of scholarship.

Hamilton is not very sympathetic to doubts about the AAUP’s version of academic freedom, and, in consequence, he overlooks important differences between the earlier waves of what he calls “zealotry” and the more recent ones. The four periods in question are the 1870s, when religion was the issue, the 1890s, which fea- tured disputes over economic and social theory, World War One, when universities pressured their professors to support the war effort, and the 1930s, in which some faculty were fired over their associ- ation with the American left, and the Communist Party in particular.

The defenders of tradition in all of these four periods were chiefly the governing bodies of universities, reached two distinct things, constitutional and professional academic freedom. One reason for this is that the former is associated with a hostility to competing private and religious institutional rights. It has not been a com- mon to these periods of zealotry is the large role played by governing boards in trying to control the faculty. It is noteworthy that the for- merly labor rights dogma, closely associated with a hostility to competing private and religious institutional rights. It has not been a com- mon to these periods of zealotry is the large role played by governing boards in trying to control the faculty. It is noteworthy that the for- merly labor rights dogma, closely associated with what they thought and did as citizens, Communist associa- tion, in particular, was deemed grounds for censu- sure because it was held secret, conspiratorial, and committed to illegal and coercive tactics for the political traditions of the period.

While there was probably little to be said for the hounding of “pro-German” teachers, the response to Communists is a little more difficult. As docu- ments released after the fall of the Soviet Union show, there was something to the charges of their crit- ical.

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Mother & Daughter Face Dumping Penalties

By Judith Schumann Weizner

A 88-year-old widow and her 65-year-old daughter are facing lengthy prison sentences and heavy fines on charges stemming from their failure to obey a recycling ordinance in their northern New Jersey town of East Weston.

Mrs. Frank Basura and her daughter, Mrs. George Rifiuti, have been charged with multiple counts of theft of municipal property, conspiracy to defraud a municipality of its revenue and conspiracies to evade environmental responsibility.

The seriousness of the charges reflects the fact that each woman had been fined on previous occasions and warned about infractions of the town's recycling ordinance, one of the strictest in the state.

In 1974, East Weston was the first community in New Jersey to pass a recycling law requiring residents to bundle their newspapers and put them at curbside for pick up by the town, which then sold them and used the money to fund the East Weston Imagination Center for Youth at Risk.

That same year, at the age of 63, Mrs. Basura was widowed. Unsure of her finances and seeking ways to conserve her resources, she started burning wood in the fireplace to lower her heating costs. She soon discovered that a newspaper, rolled tightly enough, would burn like a log, and began, under cover of darkness, to gather the papers that her neighbors had placed at the curb for collection to use to heat her house.

One night as she was making her rounds, the town's Resource ReUse Coordinator, returning from his monthly State Conservation and Recycling Retreat, spotted Mrs. Basura lifting a bundle of her neighbor's papers. He informed her that she was stealing town property and handed her a summons.

Coincidentally, teens from the Imagination Center for Youth at Risk had recently been caught pillaging trash cans from the town's parks for use in a game called Shoot the Falls, in which they would be collected before daybreak and thus never seen by residents.

Mrs. Basura was unable to pay the fine and appealed for an alternate sentence. Her appeal succeeded and she was ordered to work at the Imagination Center for 18 months, but this radical change in her daily routine finally obliged her to confess the state of affairs to her daughter, who was preparing to subpoena documents to establish the property of the town, although the state will argue that it should have been.

Because of advancing years, Mrs. Basura found it difficult to haul her bottles and cans to the top of her steep driveway in the shopping cart, and one night, as she toiled in the darkness, she slipped on a patch of ice and broke her hip. As soon as she had recovered, she applied for an exemption that would permit her to put her trash out during daylight hours, but the Recycling Committee refused her request, citing Section 3.A of the East Weston Downtown Rehabilitation and Beautification Project, which states that the amount of recyclables at Mrs. Rifiuti's Recycling Depot any weekday between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. This arrangement worked well for several years until one day, when Mrs. Rifiuti arrived at the Recycling Depot, she was asked to produce a West Weston Resident Recycling Depot ID. Unable to do so, she was arrested for dumping without proper identification, a lapse that cost her a $5,000 fine.

Mrs. Basura's papers, bottles and cans began piling up in her cellar while the two women sought a solution to the problem.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Rifiuti's town of Mullville had begun its own recycling program and Mrs. Rifiuti and her mother agreed that the easiest solution would be for her to take her mother's bottles, cans, and newspapers home with her and put them out with her own. That way they would be subject neither to East Weston's once-a-month nighttime requirement nor to West Weston's residency requirement.

For a time, the plan worked like a charm. Mrs. Rifiuti mixed her mother's trash with her own, carefully removing any labels that might indicate its origin. It was much easier than driving to West Weston, and her mother's cellar was once more free of trash.

However, the sudden increase in the amount of recyclables at Mrs. Rifiuti's curb aroused the curiosity of Mullville's Recycling Compliance Inspector who, unknown to Mrs. Rifiuti, tested the cans for fingerprints and discovered that a third of her cans and bottles had prints that did not match those of anyone in the Rifiuti household. A check of the state's records of convictions for recycling offenses produced Mrs. Basura's matching prints.

While both women have been charged with theft of municipal property, legal experts predict that these charges will be dropped, since Mrs. Basura's trash, having gone directly from her possession to her daughter's, had never been placed at the curb, while Mrs. Rifiuti's had been the property of the town, although the state will argue that it should have been.

Each count of conspiracy to evade environmental responsibility carries a mandatory 3-to-10 year jail term and a $12,000 fine, while conspiracy to defraud a municipality of recycling revenue is punishable by 12-to-16 years and 1,400 hours of community service. Because of their prior convictions, the women are likely to receive heavy sentences.

Yesterday, sources within the Internal Revenue Service indicated that the agency is preparing to subpoena documents to establish the cash value of the cans and bottles transferred to Mrs. Rifiuti by her mother. If the amount exceeds $10,000, she would be liable for back taxes on the value of these gifts.

What Heterodoxy does for political correctness, The Report Card does for education