Vegetarian Times issued a grim warning to its readers this past September. "Evidence indicates that anyone might be struck by Multiple Chemical Sensitivity at any time," the editors wrote portentously. "In many cases this syndrome strikes with no warning." Those who fear MCS— they call it by a medical-sounding acronym to give it the status of MS (multiple sclerosis) or some other real disease—have made this the hysteria du jour. After morally purifying themselves in the campaign against smoking, a war against perfume, deodorant, and even gas station Odor Eaters is next on the agenda.

MCS activists are seeking unlimited control of how everyone washes their clothes, fixes their hair, and covers the smell of their exercising. If the smell of tobacco smoke is bad, then the smell of Chanel No. 5 must also be killing people. The new bureaucracy enforcing olfactory correctness is an anthropologist mood. As Paul Imperiale, disability coordinator for the Mayor's Office in San Francisco, proclaimed earlier this year, "Ten years from now it will be politically incorrect to wear perfumes in public." And the Human Ecology Action League recently declared: "Perfume is going to be the tobacco smoke of tomorrow." Julia Kendall, an elderly MCS activist and the coordinator of the Chemical Injury-Litigation Project, declared: "No one should be wearing perfume in the workplace. Why should we have brain damage because people are wearing toxic chemicals?" Kendall claimed that perfume is "dangers for anybody who is wearing it, and it is really dangerous to us." Kendall told the San Francisco Chronicle, "Basically, we want to destroy the fragrance industry." At a perfume industry meeting last year in San Francisco, MCS activists warning respirators demonstrated—next to a barrel labeled "Calvin Klein" and "toxic chemicals." The new bureaucracy enforcing olfactory correctness is an anthropologist mood.

Philip Witvorsch, an environmental toxicologist at George Washington University, has called Multiple Chemical Sensitivities "a name in search of a disease." (MCS is also sometimes referred to as "environmental illness"). Despite the passion and outrage of MCS activists, no viable scientific evidence of MCS existence has yet appeared, and numerous medical associations and medical journals have denounced MCS as a hoax.

Multiple Chemical Sensitivities is essentially a new name for an old set of gripes. Around the turn of the century, medical entrepreneurs pursued hundreds of thousands of people that they were suffering from "auto-toxicosis." As Bethsaida, Maryland, physician Ron Gets recently wrote, "The origins of this theory can be traced to French scientist P. Glenrod, who, in 1886, wrote about a condition then known as 'neuralgia.' This condition, whose predominant symptoms were a general sense of ill health and lack of energy and well being, Glendor opened, was due to the collapse of the digestive organs—viscerositas—or the falling down of the viscera. The symptoms were 'universal symptoms' or symptoms common in everyday life," Marcel Preusn, the French novelist, was diagnosed as suffering from this disease and, after becoming totally intolerant of any scent of perfumes, spent the rest of his life effectively hiding from the modern world in his Paris apartment.

Unfortunately for the patient, the standard treatment for the diagnosis often consisted of removing the entire large intestine. In the early years of the 20th century, a similar pseudomedical hysteria swept this country, as epitomized in T.C. Boyle's novel The Road to Wellville, recently made into a movie. Individuals suffering from "subjective complaints" even more than real diseases flocked to Battle Creek, Michigan, to be ministered to in the chamber of horrors run by John Harvey Kellogg, whose invention of the corn flake had been capitalized on by his more conventionally entrepreneurial brother.

Continued on page 10

EXPANDING THE FRONTIERS OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT

CORNELL'S CRUCIBLE

By Kenneth Lee

Midway through November a minor furor was touched off by four Cornell male undergraduates who put together a list of 75 Reasons Why Women Should Not Have Free Speech and then posted them on the Internet. Ranging from snobbery to sophomoric, the list compiled by the undergraduates occasioned an avalanche of criticism. There were demands that the Four Players (as the students haplessly referred to themselves) should be summarily expelled. Ultimately the young men were required to undergo sensitivity training and community service, only, as one female administrator said, because she couldn't quite prove that they had committed sexual harassment.

Administrators and feminists at Cornell seem to have sexual harassment "on the brain," in the words of one student who watched the furor unfold. At the same time that the episode involving the Four Players was reaching critical mass, another sexual harassment charge, against a professor named James R. Aist, was dragging toward a conclusion.

Professor Aist doesn't look like the typical sexual harasser. The bookish and unassuming professor of plant pathology usually spends most of his time researching fungal cyology. And more importantly, he has never groped a student or made lewd comments. Yet Cornell University has repeatedly "investigated." Professor Aist on charges of sexual harassment 11 times in the last few years and tried to suppress his free speech rights. Aist has been targeted by the Cornell administrations because he has become a thorn in the side of a campus in recent years. The latest attempt to stage a public burning of Aist started late spring when he continued his practice of posting fliers on several campus bulletin boards claiming that "homosexuals can change." The flyer said that therapy could help gay people become heterosexual. It also listed a phone number to contact for more information.

As a born-again Christian active in local community and Christian fellowships, Aist felt that it was his moral duty to offer alternative information not available to the Cornell community. To interested gay students, he offers information packets that discuss homosexuality from both Continued on page 13
**Risky Satire**

You're getting some flak because the "Final Analysis" column by Judith Weinszer does not have a disclaimer identifying it as satire. Some people have believed them to be factual reporting and dislike being fooled.

Satire always has this risk. The fact that some people (I was fooled the first time) believe these preposterous stories is a strong testament to the depth of madness that unchallenged PC has brought into our society.

Keep up the good work, Judith!

Bob Koch
Novato, CA

In the October "Communique," a reader inferred the articles in the Final Analysis were pure fiction.

I looked for a rebuttal but found none.

Was the gentleman correct?

John W. Oskaw
Lancaster, CA

**Homodoxy**

If you are going to avoid the thought police this year, you are going to have to change the paper's name to "Homodoxy." Just warning.

I read the "Communique" column in the October issue, and am still agast that you have readers who are too concrete-headed and humorless to see the brilliance of Judith Schuabmann Weinszer's monthly masterpieces. It almost makes one ashamed to be a Lutheran Religious Right Conservative Spreading Hate And Perpetuating Injustice. Almost—but not quite.

Don't these people understand irony? The closer to reality and credibility the ridiculous storylines get, the better and more effective the satire becomes. As St. Augustine said, "They shall know we are serious by the fact that we are joking."

Angela Green
Maple Grove, MN

**The Occupation of the U.S.**

While I commend you for the article by Herman Keiz challenging government-funding of the arts in the October issue of Heterodoxy. Which was the sort of article I had written to ask for several years ago, I believe the only subject now worth reading about is the presence of foreign military occupy positions in the U.S., because the government's favoring of Heterodoxy's recommendations be elected it could easily be overthrown by treacherous domestic troops that have been combined with the foreign ones. So please publish this situation, and do it now while your readers still have time to prepare for a fight to the death with international brothel, heed the voices that are being heard, forming while you attend to lesser things like abolishing the NEA.

Jeff Marchant
Chester Springs PA

**The Race Card**

Your October Cover Story, "The Race Card," cribs for both with heavy handed edition. It is a truly a popculture of untested ideas involving minorities within the past 30 years. No one appears to be willing to face the fact that the entire O.J. Simpson case was poorly investigated and ineptly prosecuted.

Dwain Orony
Atlanta, GA

On the subject of the California Race Class Gender Initiative (CCRI), Richard Ferrier is only half right (October 1995), nor has any California leader, publication or think tank yet shown the courage or savvy to tackle the real issue of the miscegenation.

People miss the larger challenge of how best to go about curing ourselves of our appalling race, class sex imperatives. Why resort to the same fallout 1964 "civil rights" mentality that caused the problems in the first place?
REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

WHITE KILLED IN HATE CRIME AND NOBODY LOOKS: Last month, Cecil McCool and his 10-year-old son were driving through Ford Heights, a tough black neighborhood on Chicago’s south side, after a night of boozing when they were stopped by the police. McCool had a warrant for unpaid child support and was arrested. Will had a suspended driver’s license and appeared intoxicated, so the officers impounded the car and told him to walk home. But Ford Heights is no place to be walking at 1 a.m. According to McCool, Will begged for a ride out of the neighborhood, but the police reportedly replied, “Fuck no,” and then left him. Purged so it is a life and not property, Will was left behind minutes later set upon by two thugs who beat him brutally, doused him with lighter fluid, and set him ablaze. When the cops found him fifteen minutes after they left him, he was burned over 90 percent of his body. He died a few days later. I’ve noticed that while my racial identities of the characters in this drama are of interest, Will was white. The two youths who were later apprehended and charged with the murder were black. (They reportedly told police that they killed because he was white.) And the two police officers who strand Will in the drug- and gang-infested neighborhood were black. Usually, Chicago police at least bring arrested people and their passengers to the nearest police station. If “they’ve got charges hanging over their head,” a police spokesman told the Chicago Tribune, “If not, they can sit there and enjoy the warmth. We don’t accompany them by deliv- ering them home.” It took days for the case even to make the papers. It has yet to become the national furnace for discussions in the studies and commission about racism, that it would have become in the racist if the races of the victim and the perpetrators were reversed.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, GAY HERO: Chicago House Publishers is known for FC biographies. It has published such series as “Great Achievements: Lives of the Physically Challenged” and a series on “North American Indians: Achievements.” But its most discussed imprint has been what the President of the company, Philip Coho, calls a “two pronged [!] series on gays and lesbians.” Unlike Chicago House’s other series, this one is aimed at the young adult market. It features biographies of Oscar Wilde, John Maynard Keynes, Garcia Lorca, Rock Hudson, Martin Navarrotrova, and others. There’s a certain amount of outing in the series, as the inclusion of a bio on Bessie Smith testifies. And in this sense, the premier volume of the series has to be the life of J. Edgar Hoover. Series editor and Gay American History project director Daniel B. DeHaven, wrote the Washington Post, “The real reason to present someone like J. Edgar Hoover is that it may be you can be an adolescent gay boy and dream of being J. Edgar Hoover.” DeHaven concludes, “It’s obvious, then, that this is the one thing that can redeem use of the most vilified figures in modern American history.”

MADNESS IN THEIR METHODISM: In its October meeting, the United Methodist Board of Church and Society, Methodist’s political action agency in the U.S., decided to support Puerto Rican terrorism. The Board of Church and Society called on President Clinton to release 14 Puerto Rican sword prison sentences ranging up to 100 years as a result of their activities with the Faln (Armed Forces of National Liberation), a revolutionary group responsible for 100+ bombings and at least five deaths in the late 1970s. Comparing these “political prisoners” to American patriots during the Revolutionary War and to New Testament figures Peter and Paul (“Some of our greatest spiritual heroes spent time in jail for political reasons”), the board denounced the “injustice suffered under Puerto Rico’s colonial reality.” Some of the Board’s own members expressed outrage at the decision. Rev. Eugene Woodruff, Jr., a Board member who pastors a church in Richmond, Virginia, said that Church and Society was pushing the Methodist denomination into “a liberalized corner” where the church “shall ultimately perish” unless the “mainstream” rejects the Board’s radical political objectives.

AFFIRMATIVE TERRORISM: In late September, Willie Brown, former Speaker of the California legislature now running for Mayor of San Francisco, spoke on the subject of affirmative action at California State University, Hayward. After his speech he was asked what minority students could do to protect their rights besides voting. Brown responded with an attack on Hayward professor Glynn Custred, co-author of the California Civil Rights Initiative, a measure that would foster discrimination against or for individuals based on race, ethnicity, gender, national origin, etc. Speaking more like Parshman pit bull Gerald Bhutto than a mainstream political figure, Willie Brown said to the audience, “You ought to enroll in [Custred’s] class and, believe me, if you treat him correctly during the time you are in his class by the end of the semester he should really have written a program to have his computer send the mail while he was not at the terminal. No exist.

GOOD NEWS ON AIDS: Actually, there is no good news on AIDS. But compared to the bad news that is the norm in reports about this disease, there is news that should cause small relief. For the first time ever, the number of AIDS cases reported to the Centers for Disease Control has unilaterally dropped. The number of cases recorded in the first half of 1995 was 37,124, a significant drop from the 40,457 cases reported in the same period in 1994. But you probably didn’t read about this drop in the news. The AIDS lobby has an investment in making the public believe that the disease is out of control. In fact, transmission rates these days are at a fraction of what they were in the height of the bathhouse era. And contrary to the idea that AIDS doesn’t discriminate, the disease remains largely restricted to the gay and IV drug communities. Some 88 percent of the cases in the CDC report were linked to either gay sex, I.V. drug use, or sex with an I.V. drug user.

LUNA BEACH
By Carl Moore

THIS IS "HOOTERS"—A SICK CONCEPT IF THERE WAS EVER ONE.

SICK, RENO?

What would you call a place that serves jiggling boobs with your steak and fries?

Disgusting!

The Promised Land.

Cyberstalker: Jinseung Ha, a doctoral candidate at Caltech, was expelled last month for sexually harassing a student. The event itself would raise no eyebrows, as the story on Cornell University in this issue of Heterodoxy suggests, charges of sexual harassment have become a major problem on some American universities. And the case of Jeremy Keller, student at the University of Michigan, is a cautionary tale about what happens when the e-mail is sent. Ha allegedly wrote his former girlfriend’s e-mail address and sent it to her new boyfriend. He denied that he had sent the messages. The university investigators checked to see whether he had an alias. He did, but administrators said he could have written a program to have his computer send the mail while he was not at the terminal. No exist.

GOOD NEWS ON AIDS: Actually, there is no good news on AIDS. But compared to the bad news that is the norm in reports about this disease, there is news that should cause small relief. For the first time ever, the number of AIDS cases reported to the Centers for Disease Control has unilaterally dropped. The number of cases recorded in the first half of 1995 was 37,124, a significant drop from the 40,457 cases reported in the same period in 1994. But you probably didn’t read about this drop in the news. The AIDS lobby has an investment in making the public believe that the disease is out of control. In fact, transmission rates these days are at a fraction of what they were in the height of the bathhouse era. And contrary to the idea that AIDS doesn’t discriminate, the disease remains largely restricted to the gay and IV drug communities. Some 88 percent of the cases in the CDC report were linked to either gay sex, I.V. drug use, or sex with an I.V. drug user.
Queen of Afrocentrism

By G.J. Krupcy

When student activists at the Office of Multicultural Affairs at the University of Toledo staged a debate on The Bell Curve, a controversial book about IQ and race, they decided to pit Charles Murray, co-author of the work, against Dr. Frances Cress Welsing, a black psychiatrist from Washington, D.C., who is the creator of the "Cress Theory of Color Confrontation and Racism (White Supremacy)." The university's student newspaper, The Collegian, indicated that Welsing had "successfully countered" theories similar to Murray's in a 1974 debate with Nobel laureate Dr. William Shockley. But it was less Welsing's forensic skills that made activists invite her to Toledo than her reputation as reigning queen of Afrocentrism and one of the most influential, if little known, black radical intellectuals. While Toledo multiculturalists damned Murray's views as racist, in pitting him against Welsing they knew they were fanning racist fire with racist fire.

In its coverage of the debate, which they implied was designed to give Toledo daily users, it appears that Welsing had managed to make Murray's theories seem a little bizarre. She had the advantage of being considered serious in this confrontation and could concentrate on attacking her opponent. But for the purely bizarre, Frances Cress Welsing's own ideas may well be unparalleled, making even her brother in Afrocentrism, Leonard Jeffries, seem semi-comparable by comparison.

Welsing's theories are presented in The Isra Papers: The Keys to the Colors, a collection of essays spanning 1970-1988 in which she developed her critique of the global system of white supremacy. She sees the problem as one of color, or what she calls it. For her, whites, and whites only, are or can be racists. From the first page, she tries to shut up objections, stating that no white person should "protest" or "revolt" (for other non-white or white person) what racism is or is not. Yet the truth is that if the word "racist" cannot be applied to herself, like her, then it has become a word with no meaning at all. For The Isra Papers is a virtual Mein Kampf of Afrocentricity.

Like the Nation of Islam's theology, Welsing's theory rests on the assumption that blacks are the original members of the "human race," white whites are the modern abject result of a relatively recent, spontaneous genetic mutation. These melanin-deficient mutants (melanin plays an important, mystical role in Welsing's work) are, according to Welsing, to blame for all black suffering. Women were then driven into exile from Africa by their dismaying, melanin-enriched parents, finding refuge in what is now Europe.

Welsing's theory, like that of all post-modernism, consists of darkest Europe, the whites will be migrated in savagery, according to Welsing, inbreeding until all traces of their African origin disappear. Finally, the Greeks managed to rise far enough out of this degeneracy to steal their civilization from the black Egyptians. Then the Roman Empire, which was the main European powers, embarked on a genocidal conquest against those who had originally rejected and invited them, and knew the secret of their shameful hybrid ancestry. This new black genocidal ideology maintains, peaked with the African slave trade.

In her Afrocentric Theory, Welsing believes, for instance, that any time whites put on black clothing (such as tuxedos, leather jackets, or black lace lingerie) they are attempting symbolically to don black skin. Any ingestion of dark foods by blacks (such as dark chocolate) is an attempt to regain the dark pigmentation lost in that distant African genetic mutation. Sunbathing is an even more obvious attempt to recapitulate that lost African genetic potential, dark-cylindered objects, such as a cigar or gun, is symbolic of the genetically inadequate white male obsession with what he lacks and the naked black male's symbolic connection. (Phallicism that she is, a cigar is never just a cigar to Welsing.)

Here is Welsing's peculiar interpretation of the Christian cross: "I submit that the cross...is none other than a brain-computer device of the white collective to feed its obsession with the geniurns of all non-white men (of black men in particular), who have the potential to genetically annihilate the white race. Furthermore, the cross represents the Black male's genitals removed from the Black male's body-meaning estranged genitals. Thus, the cross is a symbol of the thought process of the white supremacy system, beginning its evolution almost 2,000 years ago during early white aggression against the Jewish people in the Bible and Asia. This particular interpretation of the cross has never been given before."

The Roman emperor Constantine, I, who converted Christianity, placed the motto "In hoc Signo Vincies—In This Sign You Shall Conquer" on the cross. The white culture, becoming the dominant culture, world domination. And the Nazi swastika, she further elucidates, is this cross in motion, spurring whites on to a frenzy of genocide against people of color. To the objection that the majority of the Nazi's victims, Jews, were white and that Nazism was an ideology based on anti-Semitism, Welsing has a response: Semite does not mean a descendant of Shem, son of Noah, ancestor of modern Jews and Arabs, but "is from the Latin word, semin meaning 'half—half Black and half white, and that means mulatto (non-white)."

Then what does the image of Jesus crucified mean on the cross signify? To Welsing, two related concepts. First, it symbolizes the extermination of black males, as Jesus was, of course, undoubtedly a Black Man, living in Africa, not Europe, where he was crucified. Second, black genocidal—was said to "save" (by genetically recessive whites from genetic annihilation, i.e., inbreeding, and counter-investing live) the White race. The concept is that of a "frail, weak, effiminate, suffer and dying white Christian...hangs against a black woods tree" signifying that "the weak, genocidal, white male will be destroyed genetically, speaking, when up against the white-analitically, genetically dominant, Black male genital apparatus (the cross)."

Without missing a beat, Welsing goes from the sublime to the ridiculous in her interpretation. From Christ to cowboys, about whom she has this to say, "[It is] interesting...that the whites who raised, bred and herded brown and black cattle, referred to themselves as 'cowboys,' a highly inbred walking war machine of black and white males. The word 'cow'...while it can be used broadly to refer to any domesticated bovine, it is usually specifically applied to the female domesticated bovine of the female cattle. Similarly, the word 'boy' has been used by whites in the U.S. to refer to the Black male as a means of minimizing and degrading his humanity." (In a reference to the gay leather queen on a horse, a saddle-sore sodomite. Ignoring the fact that numerous black cowboys also helped drive cattle up the Chisholm Trail, of the Sloe, white cowboys replying, branding, and castrating)
Soviet authorities in this country have suppressed the slightest interest in bringing Osorio to account. Osorio himself sounds confident when he tells me he expects no legal problems in the United States. "It's very hard to prove, and it would just bring up all the debate again," he said. He added ominously that he believes that both the U.S. and Salvadoran government now have an interest in living off one another.

Thus, former leftist Simon Ortega continues to live and work in a memory hole constructed for him by sympathetic media. It is inconceivable that a right-wing terrorist of the stripe of Roberto De-Aubuisson could be revealed, say, as the operator of a convenient store in San Jose without a well-covered inscrutable drumbeat of information by the press. But a leftist terrorist like Osorio, who saved death and honor among the innocent, both Central and North American, appears to have been granted absolution by the media, by the arts establishment, and by the government itself.

Among the members of the American left of the 60s generation, some openly admit to having emotional ties to this cause. With the war in Vietnam providing a backdrop for their personal dramas, they quickly moved from questioning the nature of democracy to a dogmatic anti-Americanism that lasted into the 90s. The New Left became the next left and tried to thrive, on the same kinds of arguments that had fired the young activists of 60s, to rally the new generation. The left was part of the larger trend of the 90s, which saw the rise of identity politics, and the reclaiming of a lost leftist tradition.
THE POLITICS OF INTOLERANCE

THE DIVERSITY MYTH is an insider's tour of the scandalous state of higher education at the institution most identified with this decline—Stanford University. Here is the startling world of campus speech codes, gender wars, affirmative action, the drowning down of admissions and curricular norms which hunts, new-age victimology, and the anti-Western zealotry that masquerades as multiculturalism.

Instead of diversity, "multiculturalism" has recreated the taboos, rites, and social roles of intolerance. "Multiculturalism" is in fact not about learning more; it is about learning less. This powerful book reveals the nature of this cultural decline and the changes necessary to restore academic excellence.

"Convincingly argues that the campaign to impose "multiculturalism" is nothing less than a war on the very idea of civilization."
—ELIZABETH FOX-GENOVESE, Professor of Humanities, Emory U.
"The sequel to God and Men at Yale."
—MARTIN ANDERSON, Author, Imprints in the Temple
"THE DIVERSITY MYTH provides a thoroughness and depth of analysis that should help define the spine of university administrators."
—GLEN CHIRAD, Professor of Literature, Stanford U.
"A great read — it will inspire renewal!"
—WILLIAM R. RIES, Editor, The Weekly Standard
"There's hardly a better source for learning why "multiculturalism" on campus cannot work."
—LINDA CHASE, President, Center for Equal Opportunity

November 1995

But what about black homosexuality? Welzing sees this as part of the white supremacy system's conspiracy to symbolically castrate black men as lynch mobs once physically castrated them. "Unlike the white male, the Black male does not arrive at the effeminate bisexual or homosexual stance from any deeply repressed sense of genetic weakness, inadequacy, or guil

While Welzing sees at times to be benevolently willing to allow the white race to be slowly bred into oblivion via miscegenation and homosexuality, her true intentions surface with dire hints of a necessary global bloodbath to "neutralize this global and most monstrous form of iniquity and chaos." Welzing sees this system of racism as an international conspiracy manipulated by the white elite and acted upon, unexcusably for the most part, by the white masses and uniting all white people regardless of their differences. Welzing marshalls the most obscure evidence in behalf of this idea. She writes simply:

"First-rate reporting and analysis, THE DIVERSITY MYTH is required reading."
—DINUS D'HOUZA

"THE DIVERSITY MYTH is the most thorough and satisfying book available of what multiculturalism has wrought at a major university."
—NATHAN CLAUSER, Author, Whirlwind Education

"THE DIVERSITY MYTH shows how McCarthyism on the left is an equally dangerous form of McCarthyism on the right. Read it and see what is happening on our college campuses."
—RICHARD D. LAMM, Former Governor of Colorado

"THE DIVERSITY MYTH is devastating and well-written. It is must reading!"
—PHILIP MERRILL, Publisher, Washingtonian

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Putting Vince Foster Back Together Again

By Hugh Sprunt

Almost immediately after the July 20, 1993, death of Vincent Foster, Jr., it became politically incorrect in the extreme to question the official “suicide verdict” in any way. Four U.S. government reports on Foster’s death have been released to the public: those of the U.S. Park Police (July 1994), the Independent Counsel (the “Fluke Report” of June 30, 1994), the House Committee on Government Operations (the “Clinger Report” of August 17, 1994), and the U.S. Senate Select Committee (Report 103-43), January 3, 1995). The ideas of these explanations seems to be overwhelmed by volume. But there are serious discrepancies between the large amount of raw evidence gathered by the investigations (technically public, but not published) and the conclusions drawn by the official reports themselves—that is, the death was a suicide which took place some five yards west of the so-called second cannon at Fort Meade Park in Virginia, due to clinical depression triggered by an ever-growing list of possible causes, none of which have anything to do with Whitewater or those Foster was closest to in the White House.

Along with the government, the mainstream press has also attempted to “close the book” on the Foster death. The expose of this effort was published in The New Yorker, September 11, 1995, New Yorker, in a story entitled “Life After Vince” written by Peter B. Boyer, in which Lisa Brudon Foster, widow of Vince Foster, discusses her ordeal for the first time. There is much in the recent New Yorker article that is not consistent with the official record compiled by the Vince Foster death investigation. But in some sense this article, which was widely interpreted by the press as the “tasteful” softening of Foster’s suicide, is a result of depression, also has the feel of an “official explanation” rather than an effort seriously to explore the evidence. In this sense, the New Yorker is a metaphor for the remarkably uncritical reporting that has marked virtually all articles on the Foster death in the mainstream press. It is an effort—almost an unsuccessful one, in my opinion—to wash the words of the death up her hands and say, “I don’t know what guns look like” and walked into the kitchen away from me.”

Perhaps Lisa Foster was merely overwrought. She had, after all, just learned of her husband’s death. However, according to Lisa’s official statement to the Park Police nine days after his death, “She was presented with a photograph of the weapon that was found with Mr. Foster’s body, but was unable to identify it.”

Lisa told the Park Police at that time (see the investigating officer’s notes), “The gun she thought it must be. Silver, six-guns, large barrel.” Lisa apparently had originally thought the gun found at Fort Meade might have been a silver-colored revolver of unknown caliber that she remembered having seen somewhere, but told the Park Police Investigator she was mistaken. The gun at Fort Meade was not silver-colored. Not even close: the gun from Fort Meade Park was a black/blue steel Army Colt .38 Special with a four-inch barrel.

The official record is silent as to whether the silver-colored gun Lisa remembered having seen was ever located by the investigators.

The firmest identification by Lisa Foster I can find in the public record of the gun officially found in Fort Meade Park occurred when she was interviewed by the FBI on May 9, 1994, some ten months after Vince’s death and less than two months before the Fluke Report on the death of her husband would be issued. In the words of her FBI interview, “Lisa Foster then examined a revolver which had been brought to the interview by the interviewing agents. [Lisa Foster examined the revolver which had been found at Fort Meade Park on July 20, 1993, and stated that she believed it may be a gun which she formerly saw in her residence in Little Rock, Arkansas].

Later in the same FBI interview, Lisa stated that she may have seen the gun she was referring to in the residence of [insert name] in Washington. However, in the words of her somewhat obscurely-worded FBI interview, “Specifically, as Lisa Foster was packing in Little Rock, she came across a silver-colored revolver and remembered it in her other property. When Lisa Foster unpacked the gun in Washington, [insert name] Foster saw the gun and commented on it.” The official report states that the silver-colored gun found in Fort Meade Park was a black/blue steel color, according to the official report, not at all similar to the “silver-colored” gun mentioned in her FBI interview.

The statements Lisa gave to the Park Police and the FBI did not sound like those of someone who, upon being notified at home by the Park Police that her husband had shot himself with a .38 Special, would later tell a magazine interviewer that she “realized [at the time that it] was one of the guns she had packed up and taken to Washington.”

The Calls to the Psychiatrist

According to The New Yorker and the official record, Vince Foster told his sister Sheila Foster Anthony, an Assistant U.S. Attorney General, by telephone on the morning of Friday, July 16, 1993, that he was “battling depression for the first time in his life.” Sheila told the FBI that Vince expressed only reluctant interest in contacting a psychiatrist because he was concerned about the cost of consulting a psychiatrist who would have to be on his White House security clearance. According to Sheila’s FBI interview, she called Vince back the same day with the names and phone numbers of some psychiatrists in the area. What does Lisa think were Vince’s concerns about consulting a psychiatrist? In The New Yorker article she says, “He probably thought, he couldn’t afford it. He wouldn’t have another job.” This is certainly a strange statement for someone to make who has, by her own admission, been under the care of psychiatrists since before the thirtieth quarter of 1990 the present day, including treatment with Prozac, and who has a new job herself as a math teacher.

And we are to believe that the Rose Law Firm in Little Rock would not have taken Vince back merely because he had visited a psychiatrist? Certainly this would be a politically incorrect attitude for a “Democratic” law firm in the “Welsh Gentleman” Phillip Carroll, Vince’s former mentor and Senior Law Partner at the Rose Law Firm, told the FBI that he had never heard of Vincent Foster characterized as “prone of the world.” Carroll was so disappointed that Foster was leaving the firm for Washington, D.C., that he actually commented that he wished former President Bush had won the election because then he would not have lost Foster.

During his FBI interview, this mentor and close friend of Foster told the FBI that “Foster was the oldest chief of staff also had this to say, “Foster handled stress wonderfully and had no problems taking difficult problems. He said that Foster had good stamina, physically and mentally.” According to The New Yorker, Carroll said of Vince two days after his death, “If I had a son, I’d be proud to have him” and “He handled important cases here at the firm and was subjected to stress many times. He was so cool
as a cucumber. I would have entrusted anything to
Vince." A man who had formed this deep personal and professional bond with Foster would turn his back on him merely by writing a simple note.

As Foster took the phone to Vince's desk, the telephone on Vince's desk was used to call the Chevy Chase psychiatrist, whose voice told the FBI she had recorded a conversation. This led Foster to believe the phone was being used to conduct a private interview. He then notified the FBI, the telephone on Vince's desk was used to call the Chevy Chase psychiatrist, whose voice told the FBI she had recorded a conversation. (All calls under Vince's name are logged by the phone company as being one minute long.) However, the official record is clear that both calls, although local ones, were charged to Vince's account. It seems clear that the physician received a substantial appearance in his residential telephone record.

If he was trying to hide the calls, why did Foster not simply call the psychiatrist from a phone away from the office? Foster had always used the office phone on his desk to make the psychiatrist's phone number from his White House office. Given the concern about his security clearance that Sheila told the FBI that Vince had expressed, it is far from clear why he would try to contact the psychiatrist in such a fashion.

None of the three psychiatrists recor-
dered every single call from Vince Foster. Given his continued reluctance to examine Foster's psychiatrist out of concern for his security clearance, in my opinion, it is not unreasonable to consider the possibility that someone else placed these two calls from the telephone at his desk to the White House, and that person caused the calls to be charged to Vince's office telephone number to make it appear that Vince made the calls.

There is other evidence in the official record consistent with this hypothesis. According to the official record, Sheila encouraged Vince to call the psychiatrist when he returned from the Netherlands. Before his departure, Sheila had solicited the Chevy Chase psychiatrist (per FBI interview) that her brother Vince "would be in contact with him that day," accompanied by her request to make the calls "right away."

Nonetheless, as of the following Monday, July 19. Vince had not taken any advice. In a memo taken short term, "Foster" stated, "Foster was not yet ready to see a psychiatrist in Washington, D.C., but that he told Sheila Anthony that he had called his psychiatrist in Little Rock and had spoken to the doctor. Before his departure, Sheila had solicited the Chevy Chase psychiatrist (per FBI interview) that her brother Vince "would be in contact with him that day," accompanied by her request to make the calls "right away."

Nonetheless, as of the following Monday, July 19. Vince had not taken any advice. In a memo taken short term, "Foster" stated, "Foster was not yet ready to see a psychiatrist in Washington, D.C., but that he told Sheila Anthony that he had called his psychiatrist in Little Rock and had spoken to the doctor. Before his departure, Sheila had solicited the Chevy Chase psychiatrist (per FBI interview) that her brother Vince "would be in contact with him that day," accompanied by her request to make the calls "right away."

The doctor "knew that it took 10 days to two weeks to take effect [as an antidepressant] but believed that it would take some time to know if it was working.

The next day, however, he was referred to a family doctor as a more reasonable first step than psychiatric care. Vince's Little Rock doctor, Larry Watkins, who had been his personal physician for 14 years and had written his medical records, was to be the patient's new doctor.

The day before his departure, Foster had an appointment with the Chevy Chase psychiatrist. Foster's condition worsened rapidly, and he was diagnosed with a severe case of depression, possibly related to his various health problems. Foster's psychiatrist recommended that he see a family doctor as a first step. Foster's family doctor, Dr. Watkins, was a respected and well-known psychiatrist in the area.

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time to see him before his death. From accounts indicate Vince was looking forward to seeing her and had promised her a personal tour and lunch at the White House on July 21.

Linda did not correspond, however, to others provided The New Yorker that Washington leaves "you without the support you need. There is hardly a worse place to experience depression than the place Vince was," she said. About a week after the death, the word began to spread that Vince was clinically depressed, despite previous numerous statements of amazement at his "suicide,"大宗商品在三种不同的期货市场——纽约商品交易所、芝加哥商业交易所和堪萨斯期货交易所——被高估了，但事实证明，这并不是一种无意义的巧合。90年代初的美元贬值导致的高估是大规模的，但是一旦美元恢复稳定，这种高估就会消失。在3月27日，美国联邦储备委员会主席艾伦・伯南克表示，他将密切关注这些市场的发展。他还表示，如果这些市场出现过度投机，他将采取行动。

FOSTER DID NOT LOSE WEIGHT IN 1993

 Complaining of the picture of someone under huge, turgid pressure,

CONCLUSION

Should the inconsistencies described above be of concern to those Investigating the death of Vince Foster? Should the numerous inconsistencies between the official reports and the raw data lead to the conclusion that the official record released by the U.S. Senate was, as earlier in 1995, be of interest to those involved with the ongoing official investigation of the death of Vince Foster by the current Independent Counsel, Kenneth Starr? Should these discrepancies also be of interest to anyone who believes that evidence and logic have a major role in our country's criminal justice system? The answers to these questions will depend on whether the federal government's investigation into the death of Vince Foster remains to be seen.

The September 11, 1995, New Yorker article, "Linda's Story," which was released with the official record released earlier this year by the U.S. Senate in ways that encourage acceptance of the official "suicide verdict" reached by the officials and by the Starr investigation, was announced via the AP wire on Sunday, September 3, and subsequently received wide publicity in many newspapers.

It is quite understandable, however, that Vince Foster's two sons, Vince III and Vaughn, have, according to the magazine, "occasionally suspected that there is something about Vince's death that is connected to his father's suicide." What are the reasons for these initial suspicions? Will a subsequent New Yorker article tell us more about them?

Hugh Sparks's work on the Foster case has been used both by the congressional investigators and by members of the press.
Olfactory Correction, continued from page 1

In 1962, Theron Randolph, a Chicago allergist, announced a diagnosis of general allergic syndrome to urban chemicals. Randolph’s allergic discovery was greeted by the silence of his medical peers. The label, “Multiple Chemical Sensitivities,” was invented in 1987 by professor Mark Cullen from Yale University.

This phobia and the fixed-floating anxiety about modern life which it reflects has been fostered into the politics of paranoia and real estate wars largely from the nation’s universities, where MCS sufferers have been given status alongside other violent groups. It has not been the professors in medical schools or biologists who have instigated the movement, but rather the social scientists and political animals on campus. If white male intellectuals corrupted the Western tradition with their charismatic philosophy, the logic goes, white male capitalists are no less guilty of poisoning women and those around them with their expensive scents. At the University of California at Santa Cruz, for instance, when Wynn’s Studies project, “The American Communist Party,” begins the semester by trying to ban perfumes and deodorants in her classroom, she is met with a point not only about female voices but also about male contacts and the capitalist system.

The School of Social Work (a division of the College of Human Ecology) at the University of Minnesota recently banned anyone who was wearing “noised products” from entering Ford Hall, its main classroom building. Even people whose crime consisted only of sticking a sheet of Bounce in the dryer can be ejected. One female employee and two social work students claimed that they were being traumatized and severely injured by perfume and other scents. The receptionist at that college, for instance, “The Washington Post” says, “One day this woman wearing Gloria Vanderbilt came up to the office. I could smell her before she hit the door. I was out of there fast, because she was choking on the perfume.” The receptionist also stated that she is very sensitive to the smell of cow manure.

The MCS bandwagon has been benefited from the limitless culpability of some journalists. A recent Baltimore Sun story on MCS begins, “I don’t mean to belittle the illness, but there is no evidence that affords definition or explanation of the severity of their symptoms.” The author of this article, however, seems unaware of the many parallels to AIDS. The difference is that environmental illness has a known origin, is a disease that is inbred in the very fabric of our material conditions. In a review of the film, “The Washington Post” notes, “Aaron'snormal participation in community life is a disease that is caused by Carols ‘proto-"nomen’ in the environment to which he is exposed. A symptoms appeal is malnutrition in the contaminated Diamond Way, a heterosocial victim of symptoms that resemble AIDS but have a mysterious, diffuse origin.”

The MCS bandwagon is being fueled in part by a criminally vague act of Congress: the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990. The Houston Chronicle declared this past February that “MCS is the hottest issue under the ADA.” According to this legislation, a disability is “(A) a physical or mental impairment that substantially limits one or more of the major life activities of such individual; (B) a record of such an impairment; or (C) being regarded as having such an impairment.” This is a definition that means everything and nothing. As economist Caroleyn Weaver noted, “What this means is that anything is a disability, anything can be regarded as a disability, and nothing is disabili-

Heterosocial victim is almost inseparable from MCS. This past July, the Berkeley Voice announced an “important—albeit often unacknowledged—impediment to democracy” as recently cleared” after the local government stepped using certain cleaning solutions in bathrooms. The Berkeley brouhaha began after the vice chairman of the local Commission on Disability claimed to have been “poisoned” because what if janitors were using in the john. The Voice noted, “Commissioner (Elizabeth) Starr specifically resigned her seat on the commission, she said that the disability commission and the city as a whole were not appropriately sensitive to those with environmental illness.” The Berkeley city council also voted to consider spending $64,000 to help the Commission on Disabilities develop an official scent policy.

Some MCS sufferers have even demanded a right to pesticide-free sidewalks for the drive from their home and medical clinics—even when the clinics are a hundred miles away. As journalist Nick Gillis has written, “For contemporary devotees of truth, it is not enough to restrict certain discriminatory behaviors from a well-defined public sphere. Instead, the ultimate goal is to eradicate all overt actions (and not just acts) as unnecessary. In this sense, the fragrance-free movement symbolizes the redaction abhurds of the property imperatives. Your very existence disturbs me.”

The MCS movement now has its own cult movie—“Safe,” a film about a California housewife who doesn’t enjoy her husband’s petripoic and who hits down and sweats after being exposed to too much modern life and then puts in a sanitarium out in the country. Haynes, the movie producer, declared, “I don’t know what I like about environmental illness, but I’ve been struck by its many parallels to AIDS. The difference is that environmental illness has a known origin, is a disease that is inbred in the very fabric of our material conditions. In a review of the film, “The Washington Post” notes, “Aaron'snormal participation in community life is a disease that is caused by Carols ‘proto-"nomen’ in the environment to which he is exposed. A symptoms appeal is malnutrition in the contaminated Diamond Way, a heterosocial victim of symptoms that resemble AIDS but have a mysterious, diffuse origin.”

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nition is no different from those who are handicapped and that they have a right to safe accommodation from everyone in society—and that government is obliged to use an iron fist to compel that accommodation.

Some feel that the battle to free MCSs is going to be a godsend for frivolous lawsuits and threats of lawsuits. According to the March/April 1995 issue of The NewReactor, one of the major publications of the movement, a woman in Southern California accepted a $70,000 settlement in her personal injury lawsuit from a perfume manufacturer and later learned the perfume products and fragrances alter a co-worker refused to stop wearing perfumes. The judge told the plaintiff’s attorney that his complaint was too low, even though the plaintiff had a pre-existing condition from exposure to glue on a previous job. She has a subsequent exposure to new carpet, for which she has also filed suit. With the ominous overtones of the reference to an “exposure to new carpet,” one would have thought the lady had been hit by the same type of gas used at Auschwitz.

Workshops have been held by lawyers to advise MCS complainants on how to blunt fiber companies’ tactics with lawsuit threats. The Chemical Injury Litigation Project put together a blank form for MCS sufferers to photocopy and mail around them, going to see to every business within a 20-mile radius.

The March/April issue of The NewReactor included a blank official-looking “Notice of Noncompliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act,” which the publication encourages readers to photocopy and submit in mass to any institution that might offend their nostrils. MCS activist Julia Kendall noted that the use of this form is helping to precipitate striking victories.

“In Marin County, a health food store removed fragrances ‘testing’ following a phone campaign.”

MCS activist Bill Bolte complains in the Los Angeles Times that “a former California Medical Association committee chairman said the symptoms ‘are either manifestations of deep-seated depression or an individual experience of a contagious psychological thing.’ Is it wise to house those who have similar fantasies together in the same building? Won’t they all just be sick, creating group hysteria?”

The Yest, the MCS juggernaut rolls on, despite the fact that scientific evidence against the medical existence of MCS is overwhelming:

The American College of Physicians in 1989 that “the existence of environmental illness as presented in clinical ecology theory must be questioned because of the lack of clinical definition.”

The American Medical Association’s Counsel of Scientific Affairs concluded in 1992 that “multiple chemical sensitivity should not be considered a recognized clinical syndrome.”

The American College of Occupational and Environmental Medicine concluded in 1991 that “this syndrome has yet to be established by traditional investigative activities that withstand peer review.”

The California Medical Association’s Scientific Task Force on Clinical Ecology concluded in 1986 that “no convincing evidence was found that MCS patients treated by clinical ecologists have recognizable syndromes, that the diagnostic tests employed are efficacious and reliable or that the treatments used are efficacious.”

A 1993 article in the Annals of Internal Medicine noted, “The results of psychologic evaluations are consistent with previous reports of oral challenge studies are not consistent with the claim that MCS patients are more sensitive than the general population of patients with MCS. Patients with chemical sensitivity showed higher levels of current psychologic morbidity and neuroendocrine measures as well as a greater tendency to report ‘medically unexplained’ physical symptoms.”

Donald Black, a medical professor at the University of Iowa, says, “The diagnosis of environmental illness is harmful. It is costly, socially and occupationally disabling and encourages the belief that we suddenly, as a result of a selection of people diagnosed with environmental illness meet the criteria for the diagnosis of psychiatric disorders.”

The key plank of the MCS movement—that modern chemicals are somehow especially
harmful—is a farce. As The New Republic recently noted, "There are many, particularly in the environmental movement, who wish to ban not all perfumes but only those that are chemically synthesized. Yet scientists today are able to reproduce so exactly the molecules of natural essences that the chemical odor is aternochingly indistinguishable from the natural one; they are the same molecules." Even if someone was allergic to certain types of perfume, then, there is no reason to assume that they would be allergic to all types of perfume—since different perfumes have completely different chemical compositions. Instead, it is an allergy to the idea of anyone being allowed to wear perfume that generates the angst.

Dr. Ronald Gots, a Bethesda, Maryland, expert on MCS, observes: "MCS is a clinical phenomenon in which a patient experiences a wide variety of subjective symptoms in conjunction with low level chemical exposures, either real or perceived. Despite a paucity of scientific explanation or characterization, intense political pressure has catapulted MCS to prominence. The concept of MCS has enormous popular appeal. It appeals to the widespread fear of chemicals and to the distrust of science, medicine, technology and government. This appeal is fostered by an armada of environmental worries, the modern version of victimization and modern moves towards alternative medicine."

More crucially, no fatalities have ever been reported as a result of MCS. The paranoia and resignation that claims of MCS can induce in its alleged sufferers can be fatal however, The New Republic routinely reports suicides of the MCS sufferers. For instance, in the March/April issue, in a piece headlined "Two More Friends Decide It's Time To Go," the newspaper revealed the path to suicide by one MCS sufferer (the actual details of the death were not included). "James Hawkins lived in the Bay Area for years, then moved to a handicapped accessible apartment in Mill Valley in 1992 where he sustained a significant exposure of pharmaceuticals and other remodelling chemicals. Since that time he had been struggling to locate suitable pieces to stay. Initially he moved in his brother's outdoor porch in Stockton. Finally be lived in a tent in the desert outside of Tucson, a few miles from his parents' home."

James was 42."

MCS activists routinely seek to gain legitimacy for their illnesses by claiming that it is essentially the same as other health problems. But, as the Competitive Enterprise Institute's environmental expert Jonathan Adler observed, "While MCS is completely bogus, sick building syndrome or indoor air pollution can be a serious problem. Much of the problem with rising complaints of indoor air pollution grew out of federal regulations stemming from the energy crisis of the 1970s that practically outlawed fresh air in new buildings."

There are many legitimate cases of people damaged long-term because of excessive exposures to specific chemicals. Toxicologists have studied and can accurately judge the physiological impact of specific levels of toxins on human beings. However, MCS is different in that it claims a revolution against chemicals in general. When scientists have tested MCS sufferers for their reactions to specific chemicals, the tests have failed to corroborate their complaints.

Contrary to MCS dogma, every rash or sneeze or sleepy afternoon is not evidence of a potential civil rights violation. "Brain fog" is one of the most frequent complaints by MCS sufferers. Unfortunately, "brain fog" is perhaps the best description for the entire MCS movement.

James J. Howard is the author of Shakedown (Viking, 1991) and Los Right: The Destruction of American Liberty (St. Martin's 1994).
At Cornell, feminist professors, many of whom helped design the sexual harassment procedures, believe that a new round of sexual harassment revolution. The course catalogue for Cornell’s Women’s Studies Department, for example, states, “Central to the curriculum in women’s studies, as to all other departments, is the fundamental issue of women and men’s social patterns— how definitions of gender— including those that privilege exclusive heterosexuality—are not natural or universal but are instead socially constructed, that vary across time and space, serve political ends, and have ideological underpinnings; (b) that systems of gender inequality interact with other social institutions such as the family, the workplace, and the schools, and with such overlapping social institutions as sexual preference, and Western vs. non-Western cultures.”

Working under this radical paradigm, it’s no surprise that Aist, a conservative who makes heterosexual Christian, became another one to radical students and professors. Indeed, definitions of sexual harassment are blurry, but Aist’s position and protest make it clear that he believes that Aist’s posts now qualify for investigation and prosecution. Aist’s attorney, Gregory Hesston, complained, “Defining harassment in terms of its effect, rather than its intent and its objective content, is to make expression a prisoner of political orthodoxy. Under that standard, any minor feeling of discomfort is harassment, even if it is not.” That’s not harassment. But that, of course, is exactly what radical x-believers at Cornell and other schools feel.

Sexual harassment prosecutions can be speech codes in sheep’s clothing. Cornell and other schools have realized that speech codes are public relations disasters. Courts have struck down speech codes at public universities like University of Michigan as unconstitutional. And even at private universities, the media coverage of speech codes have not been positive. Cornell was once the center of the sexual harassment controversy. The New York Times, for example, has asserted, that “it could take the position that constitutional speech—[as] [not] apply [because Cornell is a private institution].” However, we know that sexual harassment, universities can silence faculty members and students without having to worry about adverse media coverage that speech codes generate. After all, who can stop someone from punishing them “guilty” of sexual harassment?

This “investigation”—the 11th one Aist has endured—proved to be a nightmare depriving any semblance of due process or fairness. To start off, Dean Chabot, acting at the behest of the Office of Student Conduct, press releases referring to Aist’s actions and announcing that “Acts of intolerance toward any member of the Cornell community cannot be accepted.”

Then, in November, the State of New York, despite its innocuous name, also played a central role in the the homegrown state of de f a at Cornell. Unlike most school administrators, who tend to worry primarily about appearing politically incorrect, the staff members at the OEO have a reputation as radical ideologues bent on “converting” the academy to their political views. In the fact, the OEO elicited secret testimonies from the complainant, and when Professor Aist requested information on the exact charges against him, the OEO refused to turn them over. “How can you consider it a ‘fair process’ when we don’t have any of the evidence? the complainant asked Gregory Hesston, Aist’s lawyer. [This process] violates all notions of fairness and due process.”

Hesston’s fears were not unwarranted. According to OEO’s own policy book, an OEO “staff member acts as impartial fact finder...and would be a disqualifier if the harassment had occurred.” In other words, no OEO staff act as the investigator, the judge, the jury, the prosecutor and the executioner.” (Professor Aist found himself in that position at the university if the OEO found him “guilty.”)

Tilting the playing field even more unilaterally, the Office changed its definition of harassment to almost as stated in Cornell’s Policy Notebook to fit the crime. The OEO informed Aist that it defined harassment as: “Unwanted verbal, visual, written, or physical conduct constituting a submission, request, or demand based on sex that is not voluntarily made or compelled by the route.” In other words, a one-night stand, sexual banter, and post facto rules in a pity to hang the professor.

In his attempt to defend himself, James Aist was forced to produce the confidential documents detailing the university’s repeated investigations of his activities. He alluded to the archive in his thrust to sue Cornell. His case would have been the second lawsuit in the last year against the university. Psychology Professor James Maas has already filed a $1.5 million lawsuit contesting the University’s handling of his sexual harassment case. (See “The Locked Box,” Hetodropy, May 1995.) Faced with the specter of yet another expensive lawsuit, this one perhaps even more dangerous than the last case, Cornell finally backed down and ended its month-long investigation of Aist by admitting that it had found no wrongdoing.

It was debatable that Cornell has confirmed the principle of free speech and religious freedom and has established that political correctness is not the way to achieve academic freedom. It was said the relieved professor. But although the university did not find him guilty of harassment, the effect on free speech at the Ithaca campus has been far-reaching. “(Onewhile) a conservative was threatened with firing over an obscure harassment complaint; no one had ever attempted to silence him. But (the student) is being treated as if he had been fired. He is not being given a fair chance to defend himself. He is not being treated fairly. He is not being treated as a human being.”
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Oscar Wilde and Joe Camel

Vice Versa: Bisexuality and the Eroticism of Everyday Life

by Marjorie Garber, Simon and Schuster, 1995, 606 pp., $30.00

Reviewed by Douglas Fowler

Let us begin in deepest, most didactic left field, with a quote from the most famous bisexual of them all.

The interesting thing about sin is that it is essentially moral and that makes one think of what a sin it is to be gay and not make a hole the religion of sin." Oscar Wilde told the man who had actually done the spying for which Alfred Dreyfus was sent to Devil's Island—spoken after Wilde himself had been broken by two years of hard confinement for insinuating on his own bisexual identity.

Wilde's whole tragedy is contained on the quicksilver surface of that caption. To be shocked to the self-appointed guardian of Victorian convention, to play dress-up with the ramos and signifiers of the sin that "dances not to speak its name." To defy the middle-class social system to punish him was to punish that which was real and fatal vulnerability. A century ago, in a far, far different world, Wilde was at once actor and spectator in his own Theatre of Sin, but with the spectator in him gazing the actor in him into more and more spectacular and dangerous gestures until the theatre became a literal courtroom—and there was no way back out of the labyrinth.

And of course it is obvious that the tragic forces which almost destroyed Wilde finally seem to be an explosive compound of bourgeois desire and childish defiance (his own) and hypocrisy and revenge (the lover's and his lover's father's)—a mingling of dangerous subterranean gases to which he could not help but supply the light. The dramatic and social implications of Wilde's story will always fascinate, for the tragedy of the man himself has an Aristotelian perfection, and of course the commentary his dark adventure provides on the age which surrounded him seems to encapsulate the entire fin du siecle Victorian world in microcosm concentration.

In his tale of the end of our century—of a century of near-constant sexual speculation, if nothing else—comes a 608-page study of bisexuality created by a Harvard professor and published by a New York publisher, and what does it make of the material Wilde's story provides—or of the imagery and speculation generated by Freud, Kinsey, Havelock Ellis, Michael Jackson, Madonna, Tennessee Williams, Shakespeare? Almost nothing. Is it like opening the gilded covers of one of Oscar's Dialectics a Day old and finding the text replaced with the rice-paper platitude from a fortune cookie: Don't be a cloud if you can't be a star. Or maybe that should be: Don't judge a book by its cover—for few dustjackets promise to much elucidation and delight as does that of Vice Versa ("a marvelous, witty, learned and sexy book," and yes, that's such a book, it manages to convey so very little. What is the point? What has been proved? This is a coffee-table book with a bumper-sticker message: We're all bisexual, baby. But out of context, Freud's epigraph from Wilde's 608-page pseudo-academic tomes can get this fallacy across.

Vice Versa has a peculiar quality, hard to convey in the compass of a book review, of a sort of elephantine shallowness, a massive triviality. It is neither intimate personal confession nor objectionable intellectualism, simply an extended and quite empty assertion that human sexuality is 'complex'—a favorite term of academic evasion in the kingdom of political correctness, of course. Other terms in this fluffy jargon that, well, we are all bisexual, right?—the ultimate capitulation that Garber would render us from her 608-page fortune cookie—this garrulity book neither provokes or provokes anything at all. Wilde's story, for example, is not examined for its fascinating implications about the tendency for the artist as a type to remain childlike and naive, but we might suspect that this sort of generalization might be long overdue. Garber simply touches Wilde's story to the sexual epithaphy of someons called Josiah Dollimore. She quotes Dollimore with approval because he has found that Wilde's story empowers and enables bisexuality to its most beneficial role, the smirking, reassembling social-sexual guerilla warrior: "...one of the things I've argued in relation to Wilde is the tremendous power of that experience, especially in young men, of evading the self as having deviant desires. And what a tremendous energy that gives you in terms of social critique. The deviant desire of fascination is his legacy."

Exactly. But the fact that society now awards those "deviant desires" endowed chairs at Harvard and book-promoting tours nicely demonstrates how the mainline academic world has become—for even though conventions like Garber and Dollimore must pretend that the straight middle class world still staisfies to their experts. Some persons years after Wilde's very real pernicious role in the book's footnotes, for it seems Garber is acknowledging the insights of none other herself ("See Marjorie Garber, Joe Camel, an X-rated Smoke, New York Times, March 20, 1992.

And the reader must turn to others, more skeptical sources to comprehend how medieval were Wilde's claims for the periodic cycles that controlled human life. For example, Freud pompously explained to one of his nasal-surgery victims that her vaginal bleeding originated not in physical disease but in a kind of vicious sympathy with the cosmos—1,472 days, 64 times 23 (there are somehow 23 days in the feminine cycle period) repeated since her last menstrual cycle. Camille Paglia has made herself into a villainess (to the feminists in American academy by such mediocrity as she) by the amalgam of vulgarians, bunglers, whiners, French faddists...and bullying, sanctimonious moralizers. Reasonable, moderate feminists hang back in this field, with their flag clearly set for fascism...a wishy-washy, all-forgetting sisterhood from which no first-rate book has yet emerged (has been the result). Every year, feminism pseudo-academic tomes are written to charge that women can never think for their

Marjorie Garber's Vice Versa is a case in point, and one has little doubts that a brillian and slender style like Wilde's could welcome it as Exhibit A in her indictment.

Douglas Fowler teaches in the English
Piano Teacher Ordered to Change Advertising

By Judith Schumann Weiner

Christine Clave, a forty-two-year-old private piano teacher in South Keys Township, New Jersey, has been found guilty of unfair and deceptive advertising practices and has been ordered to alter her future advertising and make restitution to any clients who were taken in by her deception.

The suit against Ms. Clave, brought in Superior Court by Mary La Sorda, charged that Ms. Clave's ad implied, although it did not state outright, that piano playing is an activity that can be enjoyed by anyone, whereas, in fact, it can damage the psyche of someone already suffering from low self-esteem.

Ms. La Sorda testified that she had felt humiliated when, after a month of lessons, she still could not tell one note from another. She is seeking compensation for her suffering.

Ms. Clave told the court that she had quickly perceived Ms. La Sorda's limitations and, immediately following the first lesson, had tried to find a delicate way to make her student understand that she was musical- ly challenged and should try to find some activity more compatible with her gifts. She explained that she had been constrained to speak indirectly about the matter, as a recent Supreme Court decision (Sarabande v. New York School of the Arts) makes it illegal to appraise anyone's intellectual or lack thereof in a way that might be construed as insensitive.

The decision has been interpreted to mean that teachers of artistic subjects are barred from mentioning a prospective student's limitations unless the student raises the issue first. The Court left open the question of whether the decision applies to academic subjects or sports.

Ms. La Sorda testified that while Ms. Clave had indeed spoken indirectly, telling her about a dog that could not fly and a stone that could not swim, she had recognized this as the same veiled message of deficiency she had been given ever since childhood whenever she had sought to join a musical group, and it had recalled the repressed feelings of inferior inadequacy she had suffered in high school.

Ms. Clave insisted that she had begun their relationship by requiring Ms. La Sorda to fill out a 38-page questionnaire in accordance with OSHA Regulation G before beginning lessons in order to determine whether she suffered from any physical or emotional maladies that might be exacerbated by music lessons, and that her contract contained, in large print, a sentence to the effect that prospective students should check with their physicians or therapists prior to the commencement of study.

The court held that while Ms. Clave had complied with the letter of OSHA Regulation G, she had not gone far enough and should have required written approval from Ms. La Sorda's psychologist. It also found that her advertising should have contained a statement to the effect that while many people do find piano playing enjoyable, there was no guarantee that all would find it so and that, even if they had enjoyed music lessons in the past, no representation was being made that they would find it pleasurable in the future.

The question of compensation is still pending, as is the question of whether Ms. Clave's advertising has brought her into conflict with any interstate commerce regulations, since her piano was manufactured in New York and shipped across the state line.

This is not Ms. Clave's first encounter with the law. In 1965 she was sued by a student who developed carpel tunnel syndrome in his left wrist after practicing an Etude by Czerny. Despite Ms. Clave's insistence that she had warned him not to practice while standing up, he was awarded $50,000 after he explained that he had continually stressed the importance of relaxation and that he was most relaxed while standing, as his job in the parts department of an auto dealership had accustomed him to making computer entries while on his feet.

Later that year, she was also directed to pay the hospital bills of an eight-year-old boy who was hit by a car as he ran from school to a piano lesson in her studio. Although Ms. Clave had been teaching at the time of the accident, the jury felt she should bear the cost of his injuries since, just one week earlier, she had scolded the boy for his lack of punctuality, thereby making it likely that he would hurry to his next lesson.

Ms. Clave remains philosophical in the face of these setbacks. A quiet, unmarried woman, she professes her devotion to her work, which, she says, has brought pleasure to many people over the years. She recalls that although she was strongly encouraged to become a concert pianist, she preferred the life of a teacher.

Following the announcement of the verdict this afternoon, reporters asked her whether she regrets having made this choice. "No, not at all," she replied. "When you make these kinds of choices you have to keep your own personality in mind. Performing is very stressful. Besides, the life of a touring musician is quite irregular and I don't think I could cope with the financial uncertainty."