

# HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



## JUST SAY YES!

**T**he furor over teenage smoking at the Democratic convention was designed to transform Joe Camel into the Dragon and Bill Clinton into St. George. At last, the people of this country were meant to sigh in relief, a social problem this man takes seriously! But in fact it was a hoax, yet another nightclub imitation of a moral crusade, and it bore the signature of all the other squiggly lines in the sand the President has drawn, in that it was utterly cynical and wholly without ethical affect. The vacuousness of the administration's position, as well as its vulgarity, was driven home by Al Gore, who in his brief Presidential campaign of 1988 had boasted to North Carolina farmers about growing tobacco *with his own hands* and who continued to accept income from the family tobacco business for years after his sister's 1984 death from lung cancer, but who failed to mention these facts while orchestrating a weepfest in Chicago over this tragic assault on his family's values by Demon Nicotine.

Teenage smoking is certainly worth an ongoing homily from the bully pulpit. (The President might well ask, for



instance, why "carding" teenagers trying to buy cigarettes, an effective, low intensity enforcement practice of the not-so-distant past, no longer works.) But the fact is that in calling the nation to duty on the issue of young people's addiction to nicotine at this time and in this way, Bill Clinton was not addressing a moral dilemma, but rather creating a smoke screen. He was trying to hide his unilateral surrender in the war against drugs, a surrender that is having catastrophic consequences for young people in every community in America.

During the four years Clinton has dodged the draft on drugs, the body count has been piling up. Teenage drug abuse is out of control—up 78% from 1992-95 (and up 33% in 1994-95 alone.) On his administration's watch, marijuana use has risen 141% and cocaine 166%. Meth has become the bathtub gin of

the nineties, and heroin is so chic that Calvin Klein dresses up his models in its ravaged face and uses its look as a sales pitch for his new fall line. As one worried teacher recently said, "Schools everywhere—in rich communities and poor ones—have become drug ghettos, and huge numbers of students are high all the time."

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### INTO THE HEART OF LIT CRIT DARKNESS THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

By Tom Bertonneau

**A** written document is a mirror held up to nature, sometimes despite its best efforts not to be. What a person says or writes always reveals who or what he is, and what he intends. This holds true even for academics. I thought, then, that it would be instructive to look at current issues of prominent journals in what used to be called the humanities to see what ideas and actions are being lauded by academia in a given month. Having gone through the last issues both of the blue ribbon journal for literature studies, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, and the latest number of the National Education Association journal *Thought and Action*, I judged that I had made a good start research-wise. Like Lévi-

Strauss pointing his canoe upstream, or, better yet, like Marlow getting up a head of steam in his riverboat, I set off on my spontaneous adventure into this season's postmodern jungle. What strange tribes, what menacing creatures, would confront me as I propelled myself into the heart of darkness?

Two prefatorial statements grace the current *PMLA*. One is a "guest column" by the once-dangerous Geoffrey H. Hartman, a kind of deconstructionist dinosaur who can be trotted out to lend authority (or "give heft" as academics nowadays put it) to whatever enterprise lies at hand. The other is the 1995 MLA Presidential Address by incoming CEO Sander L. Gilman. Hartman's concern is "The Fate of Reading Once More." Gilman's is "Books, Jobs, and the MLA," three topics whose relation to one another is increasingly remote. I'll tackle Hartman first.

Hartman's opening paragraph contains a clue as to why departments like English and Comparative

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# COMMUNIQUÉS

## The Good News

Never thought I'd write a fan letter again (my last one was to Frank Sinatra in 1946), but the current issue of *Heterodoxy* inspires me. You have produced the best issue since I started reading your publication about three years ago—especially the Horowitz and Billingsley articles. Cheers! I've decided to renew my subscription.

R.P. Porter  
Amherst MA

## The Bad News

Cristopher Rapp's piece in the May/June edition of *Heterodoxy* ("True Lies") seems more an attempt at exonerating the FBI's COINTELPRO efforts against the Black Panthers than a discussion of the Geronimo Pratt case.

I remember reading Jean Seberg's obituary during the late 1970s. Ms. Seberg, an actress who sympathized with leftist causes, was maligned by COINTELPRO's dissemination of the story that she had had a child by a Black Panther. That story cost Ms. Seberg her career and her life, which she took in 1979. Needless to say, COINTELPRO's operations amounted to more than a few "poison pen letters," as Mr. Rapp would have us believe.

I am well aware of the Black Panther Party's activities during the late 1960s and early 1970s, especially those of its splinter faction, the Black Liberation Army, which either killed or attempted to kill police officers in New York City, San Francisco, and St. Louis. I hope that *Heterodoxy* is not so blinded by its 1960s-era hatreds that it is willing to overlook the very real harm inflicted by J. Edgar Hoover's McCarthyite tactics in the form of COINTELPRO.

Tom Olafson  
La Jolla, CA

## Not On The Same Page

Greatly enjoyed your article "Clarence Page's Race Problem, And Mine"—most excellent! Continue, please, to lift hide and apply salt. It's a job that needs doing, because the majority of the population has lost faith in their own ability to THINK. That seemingly is accepted sans whimper. The sheer WEIGHT and dispersal of sophistry wears ya down! People just reserve some oblique corner of the

frontal lobe for what they "knew in the first grade," and hope times change.

Kay Gunn  
Dallas, TX

David Horowitz (*Heterodoxy* May/June 1996) could have gone further in rebutting the "white=good, black=evil" chestnut peddled by Clarence Page and by Spike Lee in his film biography of Malcolm X.

More than thirty years ago, Ernest Van Den Haag addressed the issue during an analysis of the famous "white doll, black doll" experiment conducted by Dr. Kenneth B. Clark in the desegregation cases of the 1950s. Dr. Clark concluded that the psychological harm done by segregated schools was demonstrated in the preference shown by black school children for white dolls over black ones. After pointing out that, according to Clark's own evidence, even black children enrolled in integrated schools preferred white dolls, Van Den Haag made this observation:

David Horowitz in his article in the May/June issue of *Heterodoxy* discusses a book entitled *Showing My Color* by Clarence Page, who is described as "a black intellectual." In the article, Mr. Horowitz quotes a list of black grievances raised by Mr. Page which includes "...the era of mass lynchings."

According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, based on a study of the Tuskegee Institute, between 1865 and 1950 "the total number of persons lynched in the United States was 4,452. . .of whom 3,389 (were) Negro." From these figures we may calculate that an average of 52 blacks per year were lynched. The *Britannica* article states that "The peak year was 1892 when 231 known lynchings took place" and we note that this latter figure also includes whites. Since the number of lynchings rapidly decreased after 1950, this period must be "the era of mass lynchings" to which Mr. Page refers.

As a point of comparison, today in the United States many more whites are murdered *every year* by blacks than the total number of black-lynched throughout the 65-year "era of mass lynchings."

Kent Gordis  
New York, NY

## Activist Yippie

Although I enjoyed *Heterodoxy* when I subscribed and have a kinship with the core group—I was an activist Yippie in the Sixties—there is no way I will continue my subscription when you will not personally respond to my concerns.

For one I sent a letter to the editor that you rejected. But that is no big deal because it has happened to me dozens of times, for I write "tough" letters. But you do not respond to my key concern. In fact you keep promoting your publication the same way.


Why do you pride yourself on having fooled Paul Harvey and David Brinkley? [Ed note: both Harvey and Brinkley dealt with one of Judith Weizner's pieces as "fact."] You also had me quoting something that was not true. There is enough deception in this world. What is your paper, some elaborate Yippie prank against a mature, honest world? Nevertheless I say this all in love.

Daniel R Peterson  
Livingston, Montana

Gan Matthews  
Norman, Oklahoma.

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WRITE TO

Send your comments to Letters Editor, *Heterodoxy*, by mail (Box 67398, Los Angeles, CA 90067) or by fax (310-843-3692) or by e-mail (76712.3274@compuserve.com). Letters should be no more than 200 words and may be edited for length, grammar, and clarity. Please include your address and telephone number.

"In our own culture and in many others, including cultures where colored people are practically unknown and cultures where white people are unknown, black has traditionally been the color of evil, death, sorrow, and fear. People are called blackguards or blackhearted when considered evil; and children fear darkness. In these same cultures, white is the color of happiness, joy, hope purity, and innocence. We need not speculate on why this is so to assert that it is a fact. . ." (Passion and Social Constraint, p. 285)

To attribute this transcultural phenomenon to white racism—institutional or other—therefore appears mistaken.

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# REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

**RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH:** The National Council of Churches has been in league with Bill Clinton to create a hoax about church burnings in America, except that, unlike the President, the NCC has profiteered off the hysteria it has created, raising \$9 million, of which more than a third will go to “advocacy” to cure racism, “gender oppression,” homophobia, etc. Despite studies published in the *Wall Street Journal*, *USA Today*, and other publications showing that burnings of black churches comprise a relatively small part of church arson in America (which is actually declining), the NCC has pushed its hysterical vision of a country teetering on the edge of race war. The NCC actually asked the United Nations to monitor U.S. racism, citing as evidence of its existence the policies of the Republican Congress. The battle against the NCC and its left-wing “partners,” the Center for Democratic Renewal and the Center for Constitutional Rights, has been led by the Institute on Religion and Democracy, whose President, Diane Knippers, says, “Once again, the NCC has betrayed America’s churchgoers.”

**PC ‘R’ US:** A furor erupted in Virginia this summer when an investigator hired by Governor George Allen to probe state agencies distributing \$17 million in federal funds for day-care and early childhood programs, discovered financial mismanagement including the “steering” of funds to organizations with a leftist ideology. Some of the groups that received money promoted a college curriculum for “politically correct” day-care professionals. One such group, the National Association for the Education of Young Children, published an “anti-bias curriculum” that argues that homophobia “must be addressed in the day-care setting.” Not only this, but the “anti-bias educator of young children” must be prepared to address both the gender and sexual differentiations of the sexes for two-year olds” and to identify “oppressive situations which might be addressed by boycotts or demonstrations during day care sessions.”

**CUBAN COMBO:** Two decades after Abbie Hoffman described Fidel Castro as “a mighty penis coming to life,” and long after Jean-Paul Sartre, Norman Mailer and Amnesty International denounced the Cuban dictator and his communist regime, minor-league American politicians continue to be fascinated by El Jefe. In a visit to the Workers Paradise last month, for instance, William Paparian, Mayor of Pasadena, California, who keeps a picture of Che Guevara in his office, attacked the U.S. embargo and praised Cuba’s medical and educational systems which “probably produce more university graduates than any other Caribbean nation.” Upon his return, local leftists defended the fellow-traveling mayor, with some shouting “*Viva la revolucion!*” during a city council meeting. But anti-communist Cubans ripped Paparian. Perhaps the best thing about his visit was the quip it occasioned by locals, some of whom have taken to describing Pararian as “two tacos short of a combo plate.”

**BEACH BLANKET BABYLON:** San Diego

homosexuals were not amused about “Last Eden,” a cover story on clothing-optional Black’s Beach in the weekly *San Diego Reader*. “That beach has been a well-kept secret for many, many years,” wrote Charles E. Childs. “It’s also a gay beach, and we don’t welcome what you’re doing. You’re going to open up the beach to stray people and gawkers and everything else. . .this article you wrote STINKS; your paper’s a rotten piece of crap. And I never read it. . .Like, this stinks, and if we have any trouble down there with people in the gay section,

because “Europeans originated no civilization. . . Northern Europeans, above all other Europeans, had absolutely nothing to do with the creation of any civilization. They have historically been the destroyers of civilizations.” Heroes of the Mexica people include Itzcoatl, sovereign of the Mexica Empire, Juan Cortina, a “freedom fighter in Texas,” communist painter Diego Rivera and Stalinist bisexual Frida Kahlo (incorrectly spelled “Khalo” in the publication), a “hero of the war against Eurocentric art in Mexico.” The aspiring “Mexica warrior” is warned against assimilation by marrying outside of the race, urged to learn Nahuatl, “the language of our people,” and encouraged to tell blondes how “ridiculous” they look. Does this mean no more “Baywatch”?


**SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON:** The Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies at the City University of New York has added to its board José Muñoz, who teaches “queer theory” and critical race theory at NYU and is co-editor of *Pop/Out: Queer Warhol*, published by Duke University. CLAGS will publish *A Queer World and Queer Representations*, which include the essay “Creating Queer Culture.” The Rockefeller Foundation has awarded CLAGS a \$250,000 grant to support scholars in lesbian and gay studies who will explore such issues as “queer families and communities.”

**TATTOO YOU:** The Ohio Civil Rights Commission recently announced the discovery of a rather interesting penumbra of the 14th Amendment, when it ruled that every American has the right to a tattoo on demand. The issue first arose two years ago when Columbus, Ohio, tattoo artist Adam Gray asked a customer to fill out a standard health form, which asked whether he had hepatitis, AIDS, heart problems, or any other condition with could make getting a tattoo risky. The customer initially answered “no” to all of the questions, but eventually revealed that he did in fact have AIDS. Gray then declined to tattoo the man and offered him a bloodless alternative, such as a painting of his desired design. Ohio’s Commissioners reacted swiftly to this mean-spirited trampling of the AIDS-infected customer’s constitutional rights. They suggested a settlement in which Gray would pay the customer \$150 to get his tattoo at another parlor, post a sign in his shop notifying the public that he had been guilty of an act of discrimination, and then sign a gag order promising not to speak about the case. When Gray refused, the OCRC began a two-year-long investigation of the U.S. Constitution. Upon completing this exhaustive study the Commission ordered Gray to give a tattoo to the man or to someone else with AIDS. Furthermore, the OCRC stipulated that Gray must never refuse service to anyone with AIDS or any other ailment. Gray, who has already spent \$50,000 in legal fees, plans to appeal the decision.

**GENDER EQUITY:** Number of push-ups in two minutes required of men at Citadel: 42. Number required of women: 18. Amount of extra time allowed women at Citadel to run two miles: 19 percent.

**LUNA BEACH** By Carl Moore

FIRST COUPLE  
ACCUSED OF TAX  
CHEATING - CHANNEL  
TWO NEWS AT 11:00!



F.B.I. FILES USED TO  
DIG DIRT ON HILLARY  
AND BUREAU'S ENEMIES!  
CHANNEL FOUR NEWS  
AT 11:00!



CLINTON CROWIES  
FILL ENTIRE WING  
OF FEDERAL PRISON!  
CHANNEL SIX NEWS  
AT 11:00!



MY FELLOW AMERICANS,  
I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU  
ABOUT, UM, VALUES...



we’re going to come after you, you assholes. Okay. How dare you write an article like that. That was a secret sanctuary, do you understand? And you just opened it up to the whole goddamned world, and we’ve got enough problems with it already you idiots.”

**STEAL THIS BOOK:** It turns out that the correct appellation for a major, accredited victim group is not Chicano, Latino, Raza, Mestizo, or Hispanic but “Mexica,” (Meh-shee-kah), according to the Chicano Mexicano Mexica Empowerment Committee (CMMEC) of Huntington Park, California, publisher of the *Mexica Handbook: The Mexica Guide to the 21st Century and Beyond* (\$9.95). The author, who calls himself Olin Tezcatlipoca, is mad as hell and he isn’t going to take it any more. “We, the people of Mexica Original Inhabitant (Indigenous) descent have been branded ‘Hispanic’ and ‘Latino,’” protests the author, who claims that “we are the descendants of the ancient so-called ‘Mesoamerican’ civilizations that covered an area from Aztlan (the so-called U.S. Southwest) to the area called Costa Rica in Central America.” The “Mexica Way” urges the oppressed to “Stop thinking like you are a European (a white person),” important advice



# The Assault on the Smithsonian

By K.L. Billingsley

“The Smithsonian is a national treasure,” the institution’s undersecretary Constance Newman told a cheering crowd gathered on the Mall last month to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Smithsonian Institution, “and there is nothing like it in the world.” On the second half of her statement, at any rate, Newman would get no argument from founder James Smithson.

The British scientist left his estate of some 100,000 gold sovereigns (\$500,000 in U.S. currency at the time) “to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.” Since its establishment in 1846, the Smithsonian has grown to the largest and most visited museum complex in the world—more than 25 million visitors annually—with a staff of 6,700, 16 museums and galleries, plus scientific research facilities in eight states and Panama.

The vast complex, dubbed “the nation’s attic,” houses some 141 million objects, including the moon rocks, Benjamin Franklin’s walking stick, Dizzy Gillespie’s trumpet, a Soviet SS-20 missile, a German 262 jet fighter, the original Gatling gun, Archie Bunker’s chair, the 45-carat Hope Diamond, George Washington’s false teeth, and so on. James Smithson himself—who never visited America while alive—lies in a marble sarcophagus in an alcove by the front door of the Smithsonian Castle, where undersecretary Newman told the crowds that the institution “reflects 150 years of American ingenuity.” But some recent exhibits would have James Smithson turning in his crypt.

Consider the one in which visitors enter horizontally, by lying down in a morgue drawer which then slides shut, transporting the visitor into a kind of after-life within the presentation. There, through headphones, the voices of transients narrate a day in the life of the homeless. On the mean streets, hardened criminals prey on crack babies now come of age, pressuring them to drop out of school, sell drugs and rip people off. The sound track includes a rape scene which is supposed to help the visitor feel the victim’s pain. The visitor then moves to a cheap hotel bed, where he hears a prostitute servicing a customer as a woman’s voice intones, “Who is smarter? The girl who gets paid for it, or the one who gives it away?”

This little moment of *nostalgie de la boue* comes from “Etiquette of the Underclass,” a temporary exhibit in the “Experimental Gallery” of the Arts and Industry Museum at the Smithsonian. To set up the gallery, Smithsonian officials evicted the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, a time-capsule of 19th-century Americana popular with visitors. The process that transformed a showcase of national artifacts into a producer of dreary PC agit-prop is part of a process that began long before last year’s *Enola Gay* flap and continues unimpeded.

The Smithsonian’s fall from grace began during the 1964-84 reign of S. Dillon Ripley, whose expansive, flamboyant style got him tagged “the Sun King.” Ripley increased the staff and budget of the museum dramatically, and, more ominously, talked constantly about “relevance.” But no blatantly political exhibitions appeared until the advent of Ripley’s successor, old-money mandarin Robert McCormick Adams, dubbed an “establishment radical” by the *Washington Post*.

Adams’ lineage includes Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaper. His father was a wealthy Chicago tax attorney and his mother came from a family of diplomats and wealthy lawyers. Raised in conservative surroundings, Adams describes his “moment of change.” It came in 1936, the heyday of the Popular Front, with its enthusiasm for Marxism and breast beating over the Spanish Civil War. “My politics had changed,” Adams discovered after this moment had passed, “and they never changed back.”

In 1949, Adams had his bout of social slumming, working in a factory for 18 months. Concluding that the proletarian life was not for him, he went on to become an anthropologist and archeologist, logging two terms as head of the University of Chicago’s Division of Social Sciences. In 1978, he served as a National Academy of Sciences exchange scholar to the German Democratic Republic, a regime which made border crossing an exciting process.

Adams admitted that as head of the Smithsonian he intended to promote “confrontation, experimentation and debate.” How Adams would pursue these goals became clear during the bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution. This moment provided a glorious opportunity for the Smithsonian but, as journalist Matthew Hoffman put it, “instead of celebrating the oldest still-in-effect constitution, Mr. Adams has focused on one of the few serious lapses in its enforcement.” The exhibit was called “Toward a More Perfect Union,” and in it the Smithsonian’s Museum of American History rubs the visitor’s face in the relocation camps for Japanese Americans during WWII, making sure that everyone “gets it” by plastering the walls with oversized readings from the Constitution. One section, titled “Concentration Camps USA,” says that the relocation centers were not like Dachau and other camps but were for the “imprisonment of a people.” The text adds: “Although we may not be comfortable with the term the fact remains that these were, by definition, American concentration camps.”

The year after that exhibit, the Communist Bloc began to break up and by 1991 the Berlin Wall had fallen and the USSR slid into the ashcan of history. *Washington Post* writer Ken Ringle thought these momentous events placed in a curious light the 1991 “The West as America: Reinterpreting Images of the Frontier, 1820-1920” exhibit at the Smithsonian’s National Museum of American Art.

“The current zeal for ‘politically correct’ thought and expression on the nation’s campuses is surfacing just as the crumbling of global communism has made such mandatory group-think elsewhere in the world as passé as Chairman Mao’s little red book,” wrote Ringle, who would later become the first journalist to expose the radical feminist hoax that the Super Bowl touches off an orgy of wife-beating. “There’s a similar bizarre symmetry in the recent arrival of the Smithsonian Institution’s first politically correct art exhibit,” an example of the “tortured revisionism now so stridently *de rigueur* in academia,” which “effectively trashes not only the integrity of the art it presents but most of our national history as well, reducing the saga of America’s Western pioneers to little more than victimization, disillusion and environmental rape.”

The exhibit interpreted portraits of cavalrymen making a last stand as “an allegory of the plight of capitalism” in an era of labor-management conflict and equated Manifest Destiny with the U.S. role in Vietnam. For Ringle, it was “the most cynical exhibit—despite the frequent glory of the art itself—ever presented under the aegis of your tax dollars and mine.”

Curator William Truettner admitted that “the show went against the grain of some Western scholarship” and National Museum of American Art director Elizabeth Broun, with a straight face, claimed that “this is not something we cooked up to be trendy.” The venerable Robert McCormick Adams responded that “the curators were doing what they ought to be doing” and added, “We are doing everything we can internally to make sure that we provide for a wide spectrum of points of view.”

But more of the same was on the way. Wilcomb E. Washburn, who first came to the Smithsonian in 1958 and has directed the American Studies Program there since 1965, has enjoyed ample time to see the trends unfold.

“A new corps of curators, trained as social historians in America’s universities in the tumultuous 1960s and 1970s, has taken their place,” Washburn has written. “The Smithsonian’s new curators, sensitive to the condescension or condemnation of their university colleagues for representing an institution whose

exhibits were considered celebratory rather than critical, technical rather than interpretive, gradually shifted their emphasis to match the approach of their academic colleagues. From an ideological point of view, that shift usually meant moving to the political left and to a view of the United States as more often than not the cause of the world’s problems.”

Under Adams, Washburn notes, the Smithsonian had “enthusiastically pursued affirmative action and began to emulate the universities in proportional representation of approved minorities.” Adams also cultivated special employee groups that have become known as the “Advocacy Network.” These include the Women’s Council, the Accessibility Network, the Gender Issues Action Group (word police who monitor exhibits for gender correctness), the Smithsonian African American Association, Smithsonian Asian Pacific American Heritage Committee; the American Indian Council; and the Smithsonian Institution Lesbian and Gay Issues Committee (SILGIC).

“Adams recognized that the Smithsonian needed to reflect diversity of country more effectively,” says SILGIC’s Len Hirsch, a gay political economist in the museum’s international relations department, adding that SILGIC, which now boasts some 150 members, began when two interns staged a “coming-out day.”

The Advocacy Network is a formalized pressure from within for a continuation and acceleration of the changes Adams instituted from above. As part of the “Wider Audience Program,” which is part of the institution’s office for elementary and secondary education, it is a constant presence watching out for an instance of “insensitivity” in language or a step backwards from the commitment to “progressive” hiring policies and curatorial philosophy.

The Women’s Council is the only group within the Advocacy Network that receives museum funding but all the various “victims’ caucuses” are recognized by management and anyone can join. (Many Smithsonian employees already belong to government-employee unions.) For the last four years the groups have held bimonthly meetings sometimes dealing with routine employment matters but also, as “advocacy” implies, targeting Smithsonian policy with memos and position papers.

“Are issues of gay and lesbian Americans being reflected on the walls and in the workplace?” asks Hirsch, whose group greeted new secretary Michael Heyman with a flurry of statements indicating that it meant to maintain its clout in the new regime. “We are taken seriously,” adds Hirsch, but says they might be more so with staffing and financial support.

While these advocacy groups were expanding and making their weight felt in museum policies, Robert McCormick Adams was proceeding on other courses to radicalize the Smithsonian staff. Roger Kennedy, now director of the National Park Service, came to the National Museum of American History and Technology in 1979 after nearly a decade at the Ford Foundation, where he served as vice president and financial officer. Eager to make an impact, Kennedy told colleagues that “there are two kinds of museums, regressive and redressive. We are a redressive museum.”

The mission of the Smithsonian thus became a kind of affirmative-action plan. Kennedy dropped “technology” from the museum’s title, and packed the place full of left-wing academics with no museum background. These included firebrand socialist David Noble, author of *Forces of Production* and *America by Design*, Marxist tracts attacking the military-industrial complex.

Noble, now teaching at York University in Toronto, is also a devout feminist who led the charge to “genderize” every object. For example, he was adamant about putting a male gender symbol on the museum’s largest artifact, the Southern Pacific steam locomotive, indicating it was men who designed it and ran it. Kennedy, who served until 1993, called Noble “my golden boy.” And Noble’s mindset is typical.

Earlier this year, Robert Maranto of Lafayette College observed that “today’s history curators quite naturally favor the masses-as-morons paradigm. It serves as self-justifying protection against anyone who objects to the single-minded direction of the new history curatorship. The masses-as-morons history values top-down moralizing over the mere sharing of information. It thus replaces the exhibiting of objects and events with the exhibiting of ideas.”

In this process, the script describing the exhibit becomes the artifact because, as Maranto observed, objects and events are open to interpretation and require one to think for oneself. Some Air and Space Museum visitors have splattered blood on the missiles exhibited there, while others marvel at their technology or sheer size, thankful that they helped keep the peace. But thinking for oneself, Maranto observed, is “a task the new history curator is unwilling to trust to the masses.”

Caitlin Collier, who spent a semester at the Smithsonian with the UC Davis internship program in 1993, reports much discussion about pushing the museum’s objects into the background and placing new emphasis on “subjective” views on the accompanying labels, with all the usual code words “diversity,” and “multiculturalism.” When one staffer raised the issue of the labels’ commitment to truthfulness, he was greeted with icy stares.

“These were people with an agenda and there was no attempt to really represent the truth,” says Collier, who noted that Robert McCormick Adams “was going along with whatever the hardcore liberals wanted to do.” She also noted that commitments to multiculturalism were part of the job descriptions and that the place was littered with fliers for the Lesbian and Gay Issues Committee and the ethnic support groups. Further, during Collier’s stay, a group of history curators who spent time in Cuba were eager to conduct a joint project with the Castro regime, which responded that these overtures “signal a deepening commitment to tighter cultural and professional bonds between our two countries.”

Some would hold that, as the last celebrity communist dictator, Castro himself ought to be stuffed and displayed in the museum. The Smithsonian’s enthusiastic overtures to his regime seem all the more suspect given the museum’s cavalier rejection of a section of the dismantled Berlin Wall—an educational artifact if there ever was one.

Smithsonian in-house historian Pam Henson acknowledges “more cultural context,” in recent exhibits but denies that this means a movement to the left. “What we represent,” she says, is “a cross section of society. . . . There is no monolithic, institutional culture. There are as many perspectives within as without on Enola Gay. There is a real range here.”

But current visitors would be hard pressed to find that range, say, in the “After the Revolution” exhibit. The introductory film describes marriage as a “dark leap” for women, who “had more legal rights as widow than wife.” One label reads: “White Americans won and preserved their freedom from England in large part through the labor of the African-Americans they enslaved.” Without being told, a museum visitor would never guess that even the design of Henry Sanders’ Virginia home “underscores social barriers that separated blacks and whites.” Further, “its every detail was designed to proclaim him a member of the affluent rank . . . even the location of the staircase was a fashionable, showy, expensive choice.” Sanders was “part of a fiercely competitive social system. . . . every social engagement presented the opportunity for him and his neighbors to prove themselves better, richer, or more powerful than one another.” And the revolution itself, apparently, was a failure.

In “Working People of Philadelphia,” museum guests are told that “whatever their race or gender, Philadelphians found that the revolution had not solved their problems of social and economic inequal-

ity.” A label about sailors of the day puts “free market” in dismissive quotes, a kind of ideological scowling, and sneers that the seamen were “free to be unemployed,” the sort of thing Soviet economists used to say about Western societies.

A label on “The Free Press” part of the “After the Revolution” exhibit observes that “the expense of owning a printing press ensured that conservative points of view commonly reached print. Most newspapers supported, for example, ratification of the Constitution.” Elsewhere, curators also deride the “systematic spirit,” the view of early Americans who saw the universe as “a well-made mechanism, set in motion by a creator” but which “conflicted with the traditional viewpoint of most African Americans, Native Americans and even white Americans . . . these people studied nature in order to work in harmony with it—not control it.” Oddly enough, an accompa-



## Science in American Life

nying picture shows Indians stampeding buffalo over a cliff.

The systematic spirit “became over time the official American creed, taught in schools and reflected in legislation,” not recognizing that “Native American and African people developed sophisticated methods of systematizing their knowledge.” While romanticizing voodoo, the Smithsonian becomes judgmental in “Science in American Life.”

The American Chemical Society put up \$5.3 million for the exhibit, which began on Adams’ watch. What they got, said Bill Gifford in a recent *Lingua Franca* piece, was “a show that looked to some chemists like it had been scripted by the Unabomber.” One curator told Gifford that the ACS wanted “heroic science” and “they thought they should have had their trade show, and instead they got an historically accurate exhibit.” But that wasn’t how some scientists saw it.

When Robert Park of the American Physical Society took the tour a middle-aged docent (a volunteer guide) told him, with the certainty of Archimedes, that “In the 1920s, we thought scientists were gods. Now we know they’re the source of our biggest problems.” An 1890 photo of professor Ira Remsen and his students at Johns Hopkins was captioned: “Look closely at this photograph. What do the people in this group have in common. Who’s not there?” Lest the visitor just not get it, the correct answer was supplied: “All the students are men.”

“Science in American Life” showed a cartoon from a Nation of Islam publication ascribing racist motives to white doctors advocating birth control. “Alarmed about overpopulation in developing countries,” reads one label, “the U.S. government had tied foreign aid to the establishment of birth control

programs abroad. At home, some government officials saw similar programs as a way to slow the rising costs of welfare.”

The images on a 1950s TV screen were not *I Love Lucy* or *Howdy Doody* but footage of the desegregation crisis at Little Rock and civil defense films telling kids to dive under their desks. Robert Park noted that no opportunity was lost “to link science to social injustice.” For example, IQ tests were “used to rationalize racism.” For Park, “The message, delivered over and over, is that Western Civilization is heavily burdened with guilt, and science, as a servant of the power structure, must bear a large share of that guilt.”

ACS chairwoman Joan Shields, a professor of chemistry at Long Island University, called the exhibit a “revisionist historical display of science as a litany of moral debacles, environmental catastrophes, social injustices, and destruction by radiation.” When the ACS demanded some changes, the Smithsonian agreed but wanted the association to pony up an additional \$400,000, including \$4,205 to alter a single label.

“We had problems with the Smithsonian right from the beginning,” says Shields. “We were dealing with people who were not scientists. They were mainly historians or social historians,” she says. “Top management said there was nothing they could do and the lower-level people behaved as if they were tenured full professors at a university.” ACS refused to kick in the extra money and the Smithsonian grudgingly made only insignificant corrections to the distortions.

The current exhibit, including a diagram of a Pawnee Bear Dance and a Pawnee recording, is not exactly what comes to mind when most people think of science in American life. Cynthia Friend of Harvard holds forth about obstacles facing women in science and there is an entire section on how “Science Recruits Women and Minorities.” A great deal is made of the fact that a synthetic drug invented by an American was partly manufactured in Mexico.

In the exhibit’s original design, a bomb shelter was the first thing visitors saw. That has been changed, but the exhibit is still heavy on nukes, with death statistics from the A-bomb and accompa-

nying pictures. A note on the Manhattan project shows the identification badge of Klaus Fuchs, who is not identified as one of the communist spies who sold U.S. nuclear secrets to Stalin.

The dangers of genetic engineering are shown by the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, *Frankenstein*, and movie posters for the *The Fly*, *Sleeper*, and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. Rachel Carson’s *Silent Spring* gets ample display and the “Suspect in the Stratosphere” section features Sherwood Rowland and Mario Molina, whose theories about the atmospheric contamination are not exactly airtight.

In the early ’90s, Gregory Lagana was a foreign service officer in Ecuador when he saw “Exploring New Worlds,” produced by the Smithsonian’s Air and Space Museum and shown there as recently as last year. Ostensibly about space flight, the film is a catalogue of American crimes, mistreatment of Native Americans, the Cold War, and the homeless.

Space exploration was “inspired as much by Cold War anxiety as by an spirit of exploration” and “The cost of putting twelve astronauts on the moon is about the same as the cost of building one million average single family homes. The cost of a base on the moon is about the same as the cost of housing for seven million people. For the cost of a mission to Mars, we could house half the population of the United States.”

For Lagana, Disney World’s “Star Tours” featuring R2D2 and C3PO “has at least as much to do with reality” as the Smithsonian film on space. The institution, he wrote, “can’t seem to consider American achievement on its own terms. It must balance it against the multiplicity of our various sins and shortcomings. . . . Where will this all end? Can we



expect the B-17s, B-25's and Mustangs on display to carry legends about the destruction they caused?" That walk-off, from a 1992 article in this magazine, became a piece of authentic prophecy.

Just before the *Enola Gay* matter hit the fan, *Washington Times* writer Cynthia Grenier attended an art show at the National Gallery and found herself standing beside Smithsonian secretary Michael Heyman, who was chatting with Supreme Court Justice Stephen Breyer about the atomic bomb. Breyer opined that at the time no one had any qualms about the weapon. To which Heyman replied that "the historians would kill me" if he excluded the revisionist view from the exhibit.

True to form, the Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum—with 8 million visitors a year, the most popular museum in the world—produced a prototype *Enola Gay* exhibit that in early stages portrayed fascist Japan as a victim of Western imperialism and the United States as a kind of Dr. Strangelove villain. American GIs "brought with them racial bigotry, boastful national pride and free-spending habits . . . wherever American troops traveled, babies were fathered and venereal disease rates soared."

Among the veterans rightfully outraged were Smithsonian regents Barber Conable and Daniel Patrick Moynihan who, like thousands of others, believed that the atomic bomb saved their lives and brought the war in the Pacific to a swift close. While there is no point in rehashing the entire affair, an interview with Michael Neufeld, a curator in charge of the *Enola Gay* script, did prove enlightening.

"We did make some mistakes, but not historical mistakes," Neufeld says. "The whole accusation that we falsified history is nonsense." For Neufeld the charge of political correctness is "basically crap. . . It's the new neo-McCarthyism. Anti-intellectualism is at the root of this stuff."

Wilcomb Washburn, a former Marine colonel who served as a translator in Japan with General MacArthur, finds that response understandable: "Neufeld and others felt that they were holding up the banner of history against moronic pilots and veterans."

If Neufeld or another curator wanted to write a revisionist, anti-American book about the atomic bomb, that would be fine, says Washburn. But he believes it is a travesty to foist personal political views onto millions of visitors to the nation's capital. Martin Harwit, the Air and Space director ousted over the *Enola Gay*, actually did write a book, *Exhibit Denied*, which inadvertently shows how politically correct and revisionist the project was, with participation from leftists such as Stanford's Barton Bernstein. Harwit concludes that if those who objected to the *Enola Gay* exhibit have their way, the Smithsonian "would no longer be an establishment dedicated to knowledge, but the government's organ for disseminating propaganda."

The last vacant piece of land along the Mall, right beside the Air and Space Museum, has been earmarked for a \$106 million National Museum of the American Indian. That does not sit well with some blacks, who pressured the Smithsonian for a site of their own.

Actually, if this additional balkanization has not yet occurred it is not for lack of trying. In 1991, the Smithsonian approved a plan to convert the Arts and Industry building into a national African-American Museum. Secretary Adams, in a sparkling example of doublethink, "warmly" agreed with the decision, adding that the proposed museum is "not a course of separatism, but the creation of a distinct facility that acknowledges a distinct cultural achievement." Those plans have been put on hold while the Congress is dominated by Republicans. (Enabling legislation failed to pass committee.) But in preparation for the final victory of multiculturalism in the museum world, other aggrieved minorities are jockeying to get their share.

The Latino Working Committee has become the most militant of the ethnic caucuses and has harangued management for years about Latino representation. This spurred the Smithsonian's Office of Public Affairs to create a "Hispanic media advisory committee" that put additional pressure on museum bosses.

In 1992, Robert McCormick Adams

responded with a 15-member task force to examine their record on including and hiring Hispanics. The administration's choice to head the task force? Professional Hispanic Raul Yzaguirre, chairman of the radical National Council of La Raza. To the surprise of nobody, the professional Hispanics said the Smithsonian had neglected them and demanded a museum about themselves and a special office for "multicultural initiatives." Yzaguirre now serves on a Latino oversight committee monitoring how the Smithsonian implements the recommendations. The affair led columnist Georgie Anne Geyer to accuse the Smithsonian of "gerrymandering with the cultural soul of the nation."

The museum's current secretary, Michael Heyman, a lawyer and the first non-scientist to head the Smithsonian, plays into the climate of ethnic separatism. At UC Berkeley, Heyman was known as the "chancellor of political correctness" for plunging the campus into a quagmire of racial preferences and double standards. Berkeley law professor Phil Johnson, who has known Heyman since 1966, describes him as a whole-hearted supporter of affirmative action, in the "hard" sense of quotas and preferences, who readily overruled faculty committees who nixed radical black activists.

Despite disclaimers, Heyman's philosophy on museums is remarkably like that of Adams. He is on record that the institution should be analogous to a public university, with an "educative role." In his view, the purpose of Smithsonian should not be "celebration" or "adulation" of the past, but to teach. Though he added that the approach should be "fair," his concept of fairness quickly became apparent.

After the *Enola Gay* debacle, Heyman proposed a series of academic seminars. The first, "Presenting History: Museums in a Democratic Society," at the University of Michigan on April 19, 1995, featured leftist stalwarts Eric Foner, Noam Chomsky, Todd Gitlin, Richard Barnett, Daniel Ellsberg and Victor Navasky, who condemned the Smithsonian for supposedly caving in to the veterans and the American Legion.

Although anxious to accommodate the academic left, Heyman shrugs off complaints from the other side. Joan Shields of the American Chemical Society says that both Heyman and provost Dennis O'Connor told her there was nothing they could do about the content of the Science in American Life exhibit. This left her wondering who, if anyone, was in charge. That was the same conclusion of a study of the Air and Space Museum by the National Academy of Public Administration, commissioned by the Smithsonian in March of 1995.

"The greatest impediment to more effective management," said the study, was the "adoption of and adherence to an *academic model with a collegial management approach*. Reliance on the collegial model increased during the last decade."

The director and staff "should listen to a broad spectrum of external voices and develop an effective communication system for collecting and disseminating information and for assuring that the views of the interested and affected publics are taken into account." Even some regents claimed that they had not been well informed about the goals, plans, and programs.

The investigators found that "A number of staff objected to the nature of the *Enola Gay* exhibit as early as 1987, but their comments were ignored by the director." Further: "Some curators seldom observe public reactions to their work, and are therefore *out of touch with the public*." And the few outside reviews that do occur, curators admitted, "are generally performed by colleagues *whose views coincide with the curators' own*."

The study also found a "widespread perception among staff and docents that some curators consider themselves to be *members of an elite group*, which sets them apart from the rest of museum staff." [Emphases added.]

The Smithsonian's lurch into political correctness has led politicians to take a hard look at the institution's budget. And in government parlance, the Smithsonian is a "big-ticket" item. Total operating revenue in 1996 is \$495.7 million, with a direct federal appropriation of \$376.1 million—about 76 percent of the total budget—up from \$363.1 million the year before.

The radicalization, from *within and without*, of the museum has caused murmuring in the congressional choir. Sen. Ted Stevens of Alaska, who strongly objected to the *Enola Gay* exhibit, also took issue with the Smithsonian for financing "The Buried Mirror: Reflections on Spain and the New World," a cable-television program produced by Carlos Fuentes, the anti-American Mexican novelist who compares U.S. immigration policy to Nazi Germany.

Smithsonian officials may learn that biting the hand that feeds you is not good policy. The donation boxes set up by Robert McCormick Adams have brought in a pittance. And with their federal appropriation under fire, the Smithsonian has been pan-handling corporations. However, some corporate entities are unwilling to be burned twice.

Based on its experience with "Science in American Life," the American Chemical Society, one of the largest single donors to the Smithsonian, now actively discourages potential private and corporate donors from giving money to the institution. "That's the message we want to get out," says Joan Shields.

Outside pressure has created trivial changes but on the hard questions it has caused a bunker mentality. The National Museum of American History will present an exhibit, 10 years in the making, titled "Pursuit of Promise," a mammoth show on the 19th century. Possibly unveiled as early as next year, it will focus on five groups: industrialists in Bridgeport, Connecticut; Cherokee Indians; western women; blacks in Charleston; and the Jewish community in Cincinnati.

"The museum is trying to be more inclusive," curator Steve Lubar offers as a rationalization for this approach. But other Smithsonian insiders see it as the ultimate Balkanization, noting that the exhibit will be set up in the space formerly occupied by "A Nation of Nations," a popular exhibit that showed how many nations and peoples had melded into a single American nation.

The Smithsonian blueprint for the next twenty-five years is heavy on thematic shows—humanity and culture, youth, change—which fold objects into social packages and give curators the freedom to revise and rewrite history just as their academic colleagues in history and art history departments are doing in universities all over the country. The PC trinity of race, gender and class is the subtext for much of the material.

Another *Enola Gay* exhibit isn't likely with former bomber pilot Donald Engen, who sank a Japanese cruiser during WWII, at the controls of Air and Space. But the basic loose structure of the Smithsonian remains unchanged, providing operating room for revisionists, who see present difficulties as a momentary bump in the road. One curator, not identified, told Ted Gup of the *Baltimore Sun* that "this may be the time to duck and let the wave wash over me and eventually let my head come back up."

He may well get his chance, particularly if environmentalist Tom Lovejoy, currently the Smithsonian's assistant secretary for external affairs, becomes the next secretary, a position he has long coveted. NBC produced a documentary on Lovejoy's work in the Amazon and he became Hollywood's favorite environmentalist, hanging out with Tom Cruise, Michael Keaton, Meg Ryan, as well as becoming an advisor to Robert Redford and Sting. In 1990, *Rolling Stone* named Lovejoy to its environmental hall of fame.

Lovejoy also served as environmental guru for Smithsonian regent Al Gore, which the vice president duly acknowledged in his 1992 *Earth in the Balance*. Sen. Pat Moynihan, another regent, is a Lovejoy booster and, with Lovejoy at the helm, the revisionists, professional ethnics, and anti-science Luddites might well feel encouraged to turn the institution into their own infomercial.

In the meantime, having confessed thought-crime against Latinos, the Smithsonian is currently conducting a review of its dealings with Asian Americans. But the guilt won't stop there. "There hasn't been a review on gay and lesbian issues," says Len Hirsch of the Smithsonian Institution Lesbian and Gay Issues Committee. "Perhaps we should be next."



# WHEN THE USSR OCCUPIED THE USA The VENONA Project

By Stephen Schwartz

The sensational news from the Venona Project, a massive and amazingly successful effort by American military technicians to intercept and decode Soviet secret police communications over a fifteen-year period during the height of the Cold War, concerned the espionage activities of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Alger Hiss, and the fellow traveling of figures like J. Robert Oppenheimer. In addition to allowing historians finally to name names, however, Venona also gives the first full picture of the extent and criminality of Soviet espionage in the United States during world War II, and shows that KGB agents operated as if on their own territory in California and elsewhere on the Pacific Coast, as well as in Mexico, while assigned under diplomatic cover. They hunted down and kidnapped Russian nationals who had managed to escape Stalin's reign of terror, looted American industrial and scientific projects, including the atom project, and bought off military personnel south of the Rio Grande.

Venona began in February 1943 under the auspices of the Army's Signal Intelligence Service. The project was located at Arlington Hall, a facility in Virginia, and was directed by a former schoolteacher, Miss Gene Grabeel. Its mission was to examine and if possible break down the codes used in thousands of messages, sent between Moscow and various foreign stations and recorded by American authorities, beginning in 1939 during the Hitler-Stalin pact.

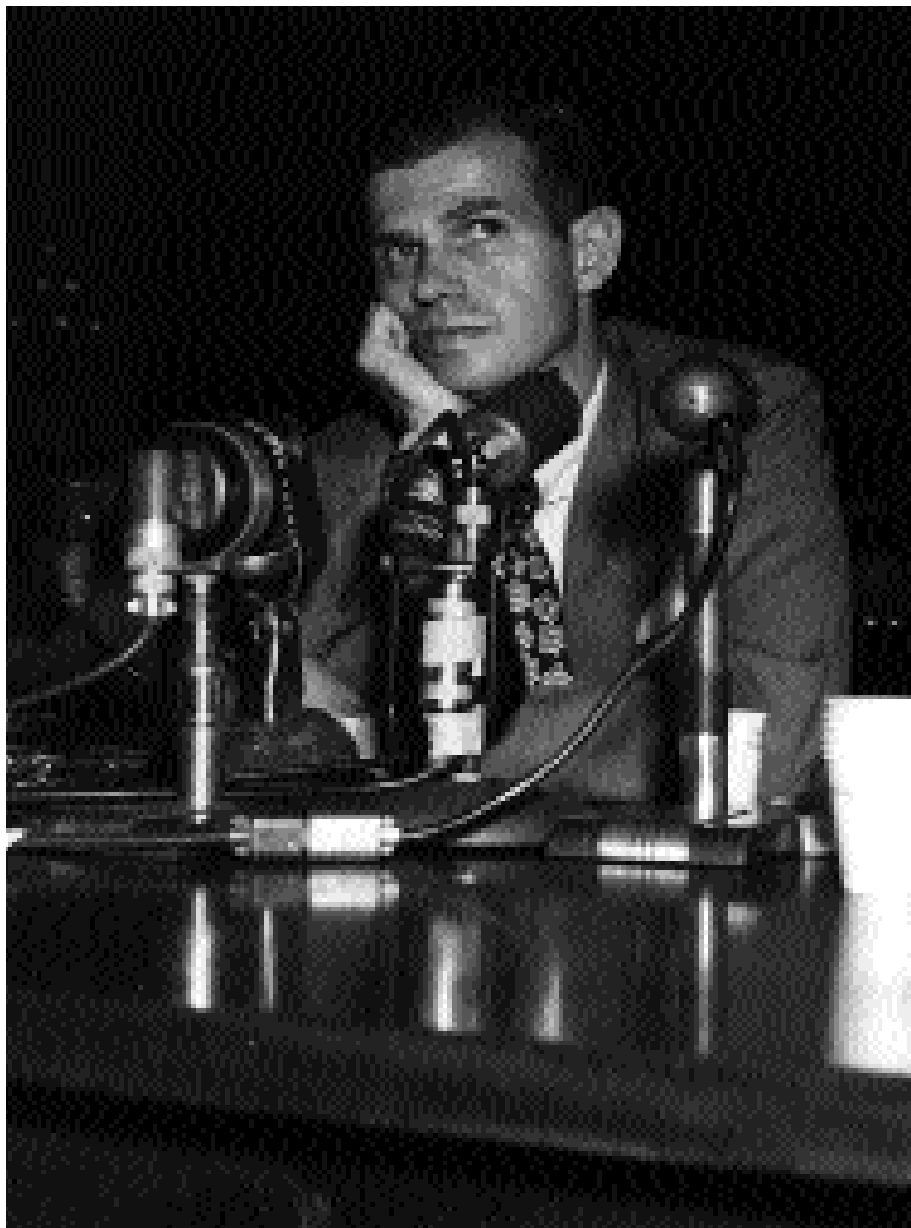
The codebreakers determined that Soviet agents used five cipher systems, serving commercial offices, diplomats, the KGB, and the Army and Navy GRU. In October 1943, after nine months' work, one of the codebreakers, a former archeologist from the University of Chicago named Richard Hallock, discovered a weakness in the Russian commercial code. A further breakthrough came in the KGB traffic, which was double-encrypted, although none of its messages could actually be read for another two years.

Ultimately, some 2,200 Venona messages were decoded by the National Security Agency, constituting a small part of the recorded traffic, and an even smaller fraction of the overall communications between Moscow and its foreign stations in that period. Yet Venona provides an encyclopedic record of Soviet spying and terror operations in the United States during World War II.

As World War II ended, the progress of the codebreaking operation paralleled domestic efforts to halt secret Soviet operations on U.S. territory. The FBI interviewed Whittaker Chambers in depth, fleshing out his previous revelations about communist spying in Washington, DC. Then, a Soviet code clerk named Igor Gouzenko defected in Canada, providing Western governments with a detailed account of espionage activities. Finally, Elizabeth Bentley, a KGB courier and agent runner for many years, went to the FBI and disclosed the extent of her

clandestine work.

All of these "turncoats" would be vilified by a generation of pro-Soviets and anti-anti-Communists. Yet the Venona codebreakers, who scored their major breakthrough against the KGB traffic in 1946, found confirmation of the assertions of Chambers and Bentley. In 1947, a decoded message identified a major soviet spy, referred to by the covername of "Liberal," as married to a woman named "Ethel." Ethel's



Alger Hiss

name appeared in "clear," that is, uncoded, and this slip, put together with situational facts of the intercepts, made it clear that "Liberal" was Julius Rosenberg, who also appeared under the code name of "Antenna." The Rosenbergs were shown by the Venona traffic to have been active in the top priority espionage assault on the atomic bomb project (designated "Enormous" or "Enormoz" in the Russian covername vocabulary), and also in many other military and industrial technology thefts, involving radar, jet aircraft, rocket development, and other research areas.

The Rosenbergs were run by a KGB officer named Leonid Kvasnikov. They and other American agents were recruited for KGB and GRU (military intelligence) work directly from the ranks of the American Communist Party, whose members are universally referred to in the traffic as *zemlyaki*, meaning "fellow-countrymen" or "compatriots," proof, as the maligned "red baiters" had asserted over the years, that American Communists were viewed as de facto Soviet citizens located abroad.

According to the NSA's analysis of Venona, the KGB was the latecomer to Russian spying in the United States. Through 1940, the bulk of messages sent from the U.S. originated with the GRU, and many later agents of the KGB were transferred from the GRU, or from the

intelligence network maintained by the Communist International, or Comintern, to which the American Communist Party belonged. One of the most interesting Venona messages, sent by KGB Moscow to all residencies on September 13, 1943, directs that contacts with and communications on behalf of the foreign Communist Parties be handled under increased security since the Comintern had been officially disbanded. The message shows that the foreign Communist Parties were mere extensions of Moscow, even as a camouflage was being erected to dissemble this reality.

Inside the United States, the KGB operated three full residencies, in New York, Washington, and San Francisco, and a sub-residency in Los Angeles. Inside the KGB, tasks were classified in "lines," including a technology-theft line; a "White" line directed against exiled Russian anti-communists; the "fifth line," monitoring the Russian merchant marine; a "second line" surveilling nationality groups from the Soviet Union, such as Ukrainians; a "technical-line A," which engaged in the hallowed conspiratorial craft of passport and other document forgery; the "fellow-countrymen line" or work with the American Communist Party; etc.

The KGB "ran" deep-cover "illegals," Soviet spies imported secretly into the United States, typically with a fabricated identity or "legend" and with no diplomatic immunity. A classic example of an "illegal," Issac Akhmerov, whose unglamorous cover was that of tailor, was probably the agent denoted as "A" in a message dated March 30, 1945, from Washington to Moscow, discussing a KGB meeting with GRU agent "Ales," tentatively identified by the NSA as Alger Hiss.

The third public release of the messages, including KGB traffic between Moscow, New York, and Washington in 1944-45, revealed much about the bizarre nature of some of the tasks imposed on the Soviet secret

agencies. In some sense the Soviet spy operation in the Western Hemisphere resembled the Nazi efforts to achieve a Final Solution. Just as Hitler took precious resources from a critical moment in the war to liquidate Jews, so the Soviets steered a large part of their espionage assets from infiltrating U.S. targets to an all-out effort, for instance, to spy on the Mexico City household of Natalia Sedova, the widow of Leon Trotsky, who had been killed by KGB agents in 1940, and on the tiny international Trotskyist movement. KGB personnel were required to monitor Trotskyists as if they were a serious threat, although the followers of the dead exile constituted a marginal group with no political influence outside such provincial redoubts as Ceylon (later Sri Lanka) and Bolivia, and most of the Trotskyists had, after their mentor's death, adopted an accommodating, pro-Moscow posture as an "external faction" of the Stalinist Communists.

A leading protagonist in this extraordinary campaign was Mark Zborowski, who some consider the most fearsome Soviet spy of all time. Zborowski, whose code names included "Tulip" (Tulpan) and "Kant," used the cover of an anthropological researcher, and actually authored an account of Eastern European Jewish culture, "Life is with People." But he was also a highly trained and proficient KGB spy who had

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# Historians Scramble for New Party Lines

By John E. Hayes

The revisionist view, the reigning orthodoxy in academic history for the last twenty years, holds that the American Communist movement was a normal, albeit radical, political participant in American democracy and a movement with its roots in America's democratic, populist, and revolutionary past. While sometimes admitting that American Communists took their ideological inspiration from Soviet communism, this school insists that the linkages to Moscow were either superficial or ritualistic and that at the grass roots, American Communists paid little attention to ideological abstractions but concentrated on fighting racism, organizing unions, and promoting American democracy.

No such sympathy is extended to American anti-communism. Since the 1960s, the dominant academic view has been that anti-communism met part of the old legal definition of obscenity: something utterly without redeeming social value. According to this view, concern about domestic communism in the late 1940s and 1950s was without justification and constituted an authoritarian, anti-democratic attack on a movement whose chief sin was to dissent from prevailing norms. The prevailing academic consensus has painted America in the late 1940s and 1950s as a "nightmare in red," during which Americans were "sweat-drenched in fear" of a figment of their own paranoid imaginations.

This was the academic climate when the Soviet Union collapsed in late 1991, and long-hidden archives began to open up. In 1992, Professor Harvey Klehr of Emory University brought back from Moscow startling documents dealing with American communism from the records of the Communist International. (The Comintern, as it was better known, supervised non-Russian Communist Parties from 1919 until its dissolution in 1943.)

Professor Klehr and I had just begun to work on these documents when the Yale University Press contacted the archives to say that it wanted to include three volumes on American communism in the series. The Russians agreed. They also asked if, in addition to the Comintern material that Klehr had first seen, we wanted to look at the records of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. I then made a trip to Moscow to see if the Russians actually had what they said they had. They weren't kidding. They had, in fact, the original records of the CPUSA, secretly shipped to Moscow and hidden for many decades.

The first of our three volumes from Yale appeared last year, *The Secret World of American Communism*. This volume dealt with documents on underground and espionage activities. Volume Two, which probably will appear next year, will examine the CPUSA-Comintern relationship. The third volume will deal with domestic aspects of the CPUSA in the 1930s.

These documents came from the "Russian Center for the Preservation and Study of Documents of Recent History." This archive, which is located in central Moscow, has been in existence since 1931 when it was established as the "Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." This archive houses about 150 million documents and is the principal repository of Soviet Communist Party documents from the Bolshevik Revolution to the death of Stalin in 1953. After Stalin dissolved the Comintern in 1943, its records were retired to this archive. Also retired to this archive were the records of several foreign Communist Parties that had been shipped to Moscow for safekeeping by the Comintern.

The Comintern records regarding American affairs are of several sorts. The leadership of the Comintern sent directives to the American Communist Party; copies of those instructions are in Comintern files. Also present are copies of reports from Comintern emissaries sent to the United States from time to time to check up on CPUSA activities.

The American Communist Party had a permanent representative stationed in Moscow as its liaison with the Comintern; the correspondence between the Comintern representative and American Communist leaders is in Comintern files. Often American Communist leaders reported in person to a formal Comintern commission and were cross-examined by its members. In the 1930s, Earl Browder, the general secretary of the CPUSA made at least annual trips to Moscow to report.

So what did Harvey Klehr and I find when, in a few cases, we literally blew the dust off long-stored folders, untied the ribbons that held the folders/shut, and looked inside? We found material documenting:

- That the Soviets sent secret subsidies to the American Communist movement, as well as documents showing that as a young man, Armand Hammer, later one of America's most famous and wealthy businessmen, helped to launder Soviet money.

- That the CPUSA set up a secret underground apparatus in the 1930s headed by J. Peters, a figure prominently mentioned by the much-maligned Whittaker Chambers.

- That the top leadership of the CPUSA supervised the secret apparatus and had active ties to Soviet intelligence operations.

- That the CPUSA established secret caucuses in several U.S. government agencies in the 1930s and 1940s, sought to influence the agencies' policies, and stole confidential documents. The agencies involved were the Civil Liberties Subcommittee of the Senate Labor and Education Committee, the State Department, the Office of Strategic Services (our World War II intelligence agency), and the Office of War Information.

- That communications between the Comintern and Soviet intelligence agencies offered strong support for major parts of the stories told by key ex-Communists, including Ben Gitlow, Walter Krivitsky, Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and Louis Budenz.

None of these points are "revelations" in the sense of being facts never before suspected. These were propositions made by a number of former Communists and supported by, to me, convincing, although usually circumstantial, evidence. They are, however, points vigorously denied by the consensus that has prevailed in the history profession for several decades now.

Several of the documents we found in Moscow overlapped with what little was known about a secret U.S. government project called Venona. The existence of the Venona project surfaced in the 1980s in the memoirs of retired FBI and British security officers and in sketchy reports by a few scholars of espionage. But few specifics ever came out. Inquiries by journalists and historians about the existence of Venona were rebuffed, and the National Security Agency, our code-breaking agency, refused to confirm that the project had ever existed. (Indeed, NSA for many years so discouraged all inquiries about its activities that the witticism was that NSA stood for "No Such Agency.")

In July 1995, the CIA, NSA, and FBI jointly announced that Venona was being declassified and released the first batch of documents. Since that time, three batches totaling about 800 messages have been released. The remaining 1,400 are scheduled to be released later this year. The Venona Papers not only reinforce the documents that Klehr and I found, they go well beyond what we found. We, after all, were dealing with slivers of intelligence activity found in the Comintern's archive. Venona consists of voluminous original Soviet intelligence agency material.

So what has been the reaction to this new documentation about the extent of communist subversion in the United States? First, in regard to *The Secret World of American Communism*, the initial reaction from the press and most media was both ample and favorable. The Associated Press wrote a good story, favorable stories appeared in the

*Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and other newspapers. Several syndicated columnists wrote about the book. There were many book reviews in newspapers and journals of opinion, overwhelmingly favorable. Klehr and I appeared on numerous radio talk shows and on a few TV shows as well. Arthur Schlesinger and other scholars praised the book.

But what about reviews by historians in the journals of history? Because of the long lead time for academic reviews, it is still a bit early. But four have appeared so far, and I am sure that most of you are not shocked that not a single reviewer in professional history journals has liked the book.

The least hostile review appeared in the *Journal of American History*. The reviewer was at least civil and conceded that we had brought out matters that needed to be dealt with. The bulk of the review, nonetheless, consisted of listing various possible ways to interpret the documents we had so that the revisionist interpretation of American Communism could remain unchanged.

The other scholarly reviews were not even civil. In *Slavic Review*, Alfred Rieber, a senior historian at the University of Pennsylvania, treated the notion of American Communists' involvement with espionage as ridiculous. And, in the journal *Labor History*, Edward Johanningsmeier of the University of Delaware was equally contemptuous. Johanningsmeier offered a theoretical justification for ignoring documents he didn't like. In regard to CPUSA involvement in espionage, he argued that because most rank and file American Communists were not spies, then the evidence we present that some, including the party's top leaders from 1929 until 1959, were engaged in espionage should be set aside. This sounds like a defense attorney arguing that although his client committed murder on one day, because he did not murder anyone on the other 364 days of the year, then, on average, he was innocent.

For sheer intellectual stupidity, however, the prize review was published on the H-Diplomatic, H-Russia, and H-Labor internet history lists by M.J. Carley, a professor at Carleton University in Canada. Carley mocked our documents as proving nothing. As evidence, he claimed that in the very first document reproduced in the book we had mistranslated a term. We reproduced a Comintern accounting sheet showing payments to the founders of the American Communist movement of large sums in valuables: gold and jewels. Carley said that the term we had translated as valuables was mistranslated and it actually was a word referring to worthless paper rubles.

If true, this would have been a serious error on our part. But, here is the outrageous part, Carley didn't know what the word was that he said we had mistranslated. After all, we had reproduced in our book an English translation of a newly found document that was in Russian. Carley had never seen the original Russian document. He, literally, did not know what he was talking about. However, he was so certain that it could not be true that the Comintern had actually paid Moscow gold to foreign Communists, that without even needing to look at the original Russian he asserted that we had mistranslated this document. One of the few virtues I find in on-line reviews is that they do allow for rapid response. We posted messages pointing out that Carley hadn't read the original and that our co-author, Fridrikh Firsov, was a native Russian and could hardly have made such an gross translation error. We also noted that even in the abstract, it made no sense for the Comintern to give American Communists worthless paper rubles. What would have been the point?

Carley was unrepentant, he continued to insist that we had mistranslated the document, repeated his mockery, and even said that even though he had not seen the original Russian, surely the original word was either *valiuta* or *stoimost*, two terms that our translator told us, indeed, might have had the meaning of paper currency. Unfortunately for Professor Carley, we posted a message informing him that the original Russian word not *valiuta* or *stoimost*, it was *tsennosti*; and the meanings for *tsennosti* all revolve around things of value, valuables,



gold and jewels, but not paper currency.

It is a measure of the enormous arrogance of those who are part of the current revisionist orthodoxy that they are unrepentant even when shown that they have made a factual error, and a measure of the corruption of our discipline that they feel no professional pressure to correct a factual inaccuracy.

I will close by contrasting two very different reactions to these documents, foreign and domestic, which cast a new light on the relationship between American Communism and the Soviet Union.

The first came from James Ryan, a historian at Texas A&M's Galveston Campus. Ryan's dissertation was a biography of Earl Browder, who headed the CPUSA in the era of its greatest influence. When I first read Ryan's dissertation, I found much useful information in it, but sharply disagreed with its overall interpretation of Browder and of the CPUSA. Ryan followed the revisionist approach to American Communist history, [portraying Browder, at his core, as a Kansas Populist and thorough-going American].

I have met Ryan at various conferences and have occasionally corresponded and spoken on the phone to him. We got along well enough, although we disagreed on the basic approach to the history of American Communism. Then in 1992, I made two trips to Moscow as part of research for *The Secret World of American Communism*. When I returned, I got a call from Ryan who was eager to hear about what I had seen. I told him. Then he phoned again and said that he was trying to put his dissertation into publishable form and felt he had to go to Moscow to examine these new primary sources. I gave him all the information I had that could assist him. When Ryan came back from Moscow he told me he had found a world of material for his biography of Browder and was substantially rewriting his manuscript. He also said that in light of the documents he had seen, he was drastically shifting his interpretative framework. Ryan told me that his view of Browder as an American populist-in-a-hurry and of the CPUSA as an expression of native American radicalism could not withstand the documents he had

seen in Moscow.

Ryan's biography of Browder will probably appear next year, from the University of Alabama Press. There will still be areas where Ryan's views and mine differ. Nonetheless, Professor Ryan has done what scholars are supposed to do. He has followed the evidence as best he could and adjusted his views to conform to that evidence. Scholastic integrity requires no less.

I suspect few in this room heard of Jim Ryan before I mentioned him. Now let me talk of a second historian, Eric Foner. In contrast to Jim Ryan, Professor Foner is one of the leaders of our profession. He holds a prestigious chair at Columbia University, one of our leading institutions. He has received many, many awards and has served as president of the Organization of American Historians.

While Foner principally writes on 19th-century matters, he also interests himself in American Communist history. In 1983, Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton published *The Rosenberg File*, a ground-breaking book about the atomic bomb espionage case involving Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Radosh and Milton thoroughly explored the Rosenberg case and went into many of the sidelights that were not public at the time of the Rosenbergs' trial. They presented more than convincing evidence that the Rosenbergs had committed atomic espionage and that Julius Rosenberg was the center of a network of Communist engineers who had spied for the Soviet Union.

I have always regarded *The Rosenberg File* as a leading example of thorough, truth-seeking scholarship. Eric Foner did not agree. In a lengthy commentary on the book in 1983, Foner charged that it "violates the fundamental canons of historical scholarship," uses dubious sources, and displays poor judgment in assessing the credibility of the evidence. His review was a near-total condemnation of the book and of the proposition that the Rosenbergs might be guilty of espionage. A few years later, writing a foreword for a book by the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Foner gave his enthusiastic

endorsement to the revisionist view that the CPUSA was an "Americanized" movement.

Then let us come forward to July 1995 when Venona was released. A number of the Venona messages, about seventy, deal with atomic espionage. These messages offer overwhelming support of the story told in Radosh and Milton's book, not just about the Rosenbergs, but about the whole cast of characters that people the book: Harry Gold, David Greenglass, Ruth Greenglass, Morton Sobell, Klaus Fuchs, and others.

What has been Eric Foner's reaction to this new evidence? A refusal to acknowledge that he was wrong about the Rosenbergs, to refuse to acknowledge that they engaged in atomic espionage. Not only that, but in regard to Radosh and Milton, whose scholarship Venona has proven correct, Foner refuses any concession at all. After the Venona documents appeared, he emphatically repeated his condemnation of *The Rosenberg File*.

Here we see two reactions from our discipline. Eric Foner, one of the most praised historians in the nation, has made it clear that new evidence will not change his views. Jim Ryan, a little-known historian, finds that new evidence requires him to change his views. To my mind, Jim Ryan's actions are the ones that display scholastic integrity.

I feel much more confident about talking of what happened in the past than predicting what will happen in the future. But let me end with this: unless historians remember their obligation to follow the evidence, the intellectual corruption of history and the drift that is already well underway of this profession toward a third-rate status, will accelerate.

—John E. Haynes

John E. Haynes is also the author of *Red Scare or Red Menace: American Communism and Anti-Communism in the Cold War Era*. This article is adapted from a talk given to the National Association of Scholars.

VENONA, continued from page 7

infiltrated the Trotskyist circle in Paris in the mid-1930s, when Trotsky was still alive and publishing scorching exposures of Stalin's crimes. Having gained a position of confidence among these mainly-French supporters, Zborowski poisoned Trotsky's son, Leon Sedov, and was involved in the liquidation of a major Soviet defector, Ignacy Porecki-Reiss. Zborowski was also a key figure in the theft of Trotsky archives from a historical institute, considered a major coup by the KGB.

Recent documentary disclosures from the KGB files, some of them used by Russian historian Dmitry Volkogonov in writing his authoritative *Trotsky*, published this year, show Zborowski as a dedicated and cold-blooded spy and terrorist, who, with the outbreak of world War II, came to New York. After he was captured by the FBI in the United States during the 1950s, Zborowski portrayed himself to the American court and public as a victim of Russian intrigues and intimidation, forced to participate in secret work by ruthless Soviet spies who found him and pressed him to serve against his will. The Venona intercepts show otherwise. In fact, Zborowski was assigned to one of the most urgent and sinister operations ever undertaken on American soil: finding Viktor Kravchenko, code named "Gnat" (Komar), who had worked for the Soviet purchasing commission in Washington and defected in 1944. A May 1, 1944, message to either Soviet terror boss Lavrenti P. Beria or his deputy V.N. Merkulov, from the New York KGB resident, reports that "Tulip" (Zborowski) was pressuring a Menshevik exile couple, David and Lilia Dallin, for information on Kravchenko's whereabouts.

Kravchenko, in hiding, was shadowed through the streets of New York, and Zborowski even managed to get another Russian agent, Christina Krotkova, hired as Kravchenko's secretary and typist on a book he was writing. By



Ethel and Julius Rosenberg

January 1945, the New York KGB could report gleefully that Kravchenko and Dallin were panicked by the realization they were being followed and receiving harassing telephone calls warning that Kravchenko would be handed back to the Russians by the United States authorities.

Zborowski eventually served time in a federal prison for perjury. In the 1960s, he came

to San Francisco and a job as a medical researcher at Mount Zion Hospital, where he established the Pain Center, studying "cultural aspects of pain." He died in San Francisco in 1990.

Zborowski's intrigues in New York were only one component of the overall Soviet effort against Trotskyists, Mensheviks, defectors, and similar isolated and disadvantaged "enemies." An American recruit to KGB terrorist work, Floyd Cleveland Miller, alias "Michael Cort," gained distinction for his infiltration of the Trotskyist cliques, including the Mexico Coty house. He submitted lengthy reports, beginning May 20, 1944, describing Trotsky's widow and her living situation, and furnishing other information on anti-Stalinist exiles in Mexico, who then comprised a small but tenacious community, many of Spanish Republican origin. Miller's reports showed that the ranks of the Trotskyists were honeycombed with KGB agents.

Ramon Mercader del Rio, the hand-picked assassin who killed Trotsky, known by several aliases, including "Gnome" and the feminine "Rita," was then serving a prison sentence in Mexico City, and was the subject of considerable attention from KGB agents there as well as in New York. Indeed, the KGB seriously considered two separate attempts to bust Mercader out, one conceived as a shoot-'em-up raid, the other involving bribery. A legion of Mexican, American, and Spanish Communists was drawn into these projects, neither of which came off. The assassin's mother, Caridad Mercader, code named "Klava," was also present in Mexico and was something of an irritant to the KGB.

Mexican governmental corruption, as

well as the ubiquity of Soviet sympathizers south of the border, are omnipresent in the Venona messages from Mexico City. One detail in Venona that still has the power to surprise is that the KGB controlled the Mexican Army general responsible for the Baja California border with the United States.

Venona shows numerous Americans recruited as agents through local Communist Party leaders. The most recent release, which includes KGB traffic from San Francisco and Mexico City, and GRU messages from New York and Washington, to Moscow, details the activities in cooperation with California Communists of Grigory Markovich Kheifitz. The KGB resident in San Francisco from 1941 to 1944, Kheifitz was previously the personal secretary of Nadyezhda Krupskaya, widow of Russian Communist Party-founder Vladimir Lenin, according to a recent article in a Moscow magazine.

Kheifitz, while in San Francisco, was referred to as "Charon," the name of the boatman who ferries the dead to hell in Greek mythology. The code name was eerily appropriate, for Kheifitz directed many operations in which fugitive Russian sailors were seized and sent back across the Pacific to Soviet territory.

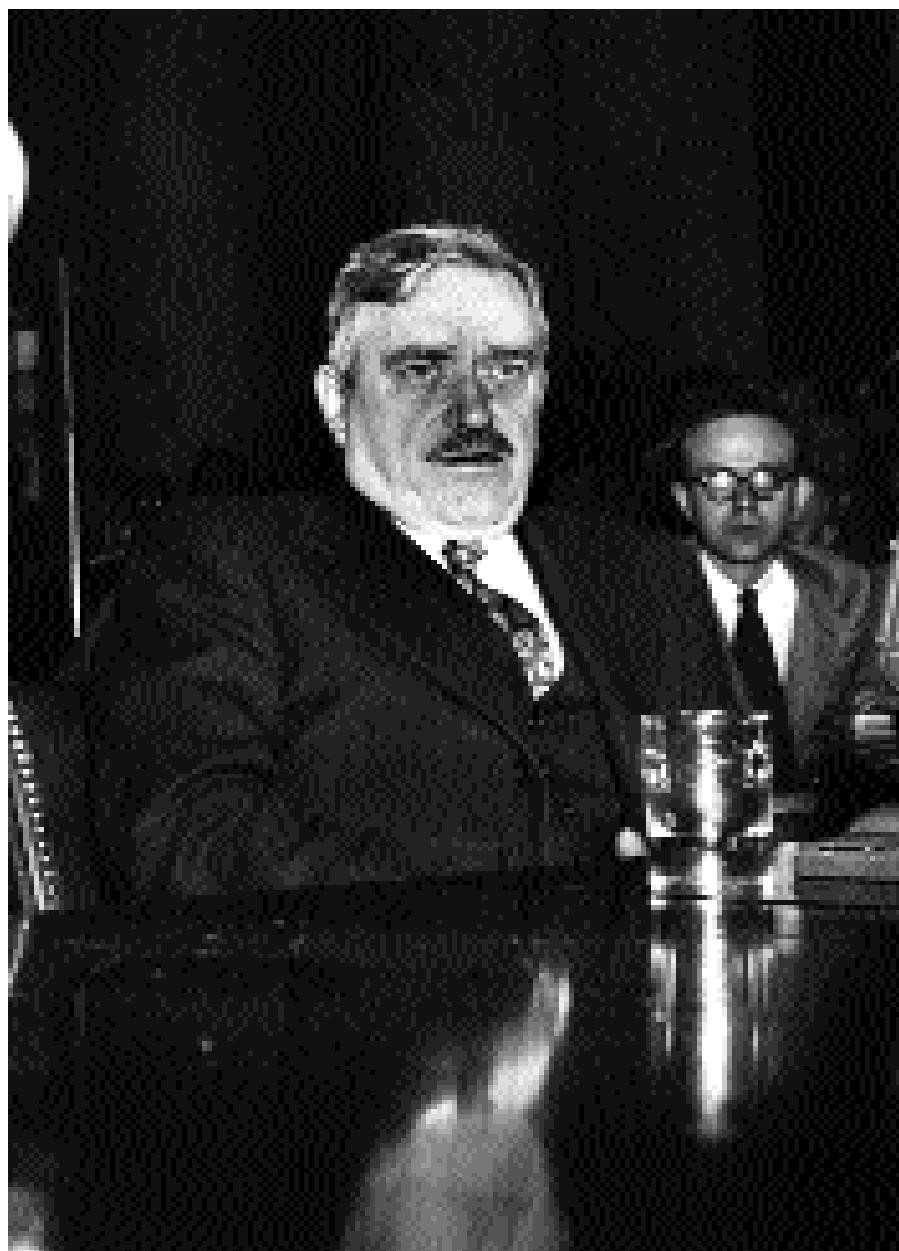
One of the first decoded messages from the KGB in San Francisco to Moscow, dated October 20, 1943, describes a Soviet cargo ship, the *Red October*, returning a "deserter" named Sinelnikov to the Pacific port of Vladivostok. Sinelnikov was only one such victim. The KGB traffic is replete with reports on the apprehension, kidnapping, and transportation to Siberia of Russian mariners. Some sailors who had left Russian vessels managed to ship out under the American flag, but they were still hunted by Kheifitz's men, even when serving under the Stars and Stripes.

Historical study of the West Coast maritime labor movement long ago substantiated that Floyd Miller/Michael Cort had infiltrated the staff of the Seafarers' International Union (SIU) to monitor attempts by American sailors to smuggle Trotskyist literature written in Russian into Soviet ports. He may, in fact, have had the blood of various Americans on his hands, since certain Trotskyists claimed that some of their members disappeared and were interned and disappeared while shipping on the World War II transport run to the Russian Arctic port of Murmansk.

Kheifitz maintained a close relationship with a prominent California Communist, Isaac "Pop" Folkoff, referred to in the Venona traffic as "Uncle." Folkoff, who came to San Francisco in 1904 at the age of 24, reputedly attended a Comintern congress in Moscow in 1920. Whittaker Chambers reported visiting him in California, to deliver a large quantity of illicit cash for the expenses of the Soviet underground. Folkoff became well-known during the 1930s, when the California Party was under intense observation by the American Legion and various government investigative bodies, and he was universally considered among old communists as the local representative of the Soviet secret services.

Folkoff ran an embroidery business, and was subpoenaed by a federal grand jury investigating Soviet espionage in 1950, along with Eric Cogill, an Australian-born manufacturer of electrical equipment. Folkoff and Cogill were represented by George R. Andersen, a Danish-born lawyer who was a functionary of the International Juridical Association, an important Comintern front with which Alger Hiss was associated, as well as by Andersen's partner Allan Brotsky. Lawyers were barred from the grand jury session, but an FBI agent who was present disclosed that the subject was espionage.

Kheifitz complained to Moscow that Folkoff remembered the password to be used in encounters with clandestine agents but had forgotten the conditions for setting up meetings. Nevertheless, Folkoff was a hard-working Communist and completed many jobs assigned him by KGB residents in San Francisco. He introduced the agents to "Nat," described as the local head of the party. This was very likely Nat Yanish, head of one of the Party's cadre sections, and a prominent figure in the Bay Area Stalinist scene. Folkoff also received monthly cash "donations" from the "father of the atomic bomb," J. Robert Oppenheimer, apparently a disguised form of



**Earl Browder**

Communist dues, until the commencement of the Manhattan Project early in 1942.

In addition to documenting the activities in America of workaday political operatives, Communist intellectuals both internationally famous and obscure turn up in the Venona traffic, including the Chilean writer and Nobel Prize winner Pablo Neruda, whose name appears in clear language, without a cover. An informant called "Poet," in Hollywood, may have been either the playwright Bertolt Brecht or another German Communist exile, Berthold Viertel, who had, in the '30s, introduced the great Russian film-maker Sergei Eisenstein around the film community. A message dated March 1, 1945, mentions Victor Arnautoff, a muralist who created the Balthus-like *City Life*, the best of the Depression-era works painted in San Francisco's Coit Tower, and who later retired to Russia where he died. He appears in the traffic receiving orders for direction of the American Russian Institute, a long-running Soviet propaganda front in San Francisco.

Yet another message, from June 14, 1946, calls for Moscow to review the situation of Albert Kahn, one of the worst and most dishonest "intellectual terrorists" ever to serve Stalin. Kahn was "co-author" of an infamous volume on the Moscow trials, *The Great Conspiracy*, widely distributed by communists during and after World War II, and which, by internal evidence, was very likely originally produced in Moscow, and merely translated for publication in English, with Kahn's name attached.

KGB personnel on the West Coast also spied on American military officials. They were watching Lieutenant-Colonel Boris Pash, an American army officer assigned to counter-intelligence at the Radiation Laboratory at the University of California in Berkeley. Pash, who died last year, was instrumental in establishing that nuclear physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, if not a Soviet spy himself, was at least surrounded by fanatical communists. In one dispatch, Kheifitz told Moscow that Pash was reportedly on his way to Iran. Pash had actually gone to Europe in the "Alsos Mission" which located and debriefed German nuclear and biological warfare experts.

A final word must be said about the humor, conscious or unconscious, that appears in Soviet spy communications in the form of cover names. Aside from the weird "Charon," who ferried soon-to-be-dead exiles back to the Soviet Union, we find other names which cause a smile. Washington, D.C. was always referred to by the Soviets as "Carthage," the ancient imperial city destroyed after defeat in a war with Rome. (One can imagine the Soviet agent waiting to convey the message, "*Cartago delenda est.*") New York was "Tyre," another ancient city. And, deliciously, San Francisco was "Babylon."

The KGB also showed a witty side in referring to its direct opponents. The FBI was the "hut," and the Office of Strategic Services, predecessor of the Central Intelligence Agency, was "the log cabin," as if to stress their primitive character in comparison with the sophisticated KGB and GRU. The U.S. State Department was "the bank." The United States was "the country," while Mexico was the "rural area" or "countryside." The Trotskyists were "polecats."

Venona is a continent. An article such as this can provide no more than a description of a shoreline. But four major lessons emerge from even a superficial examination of these intercepts. First, the KGB established its own government on U.S. soil, hunting down and kidnapping with impunity those they considered their subjects, even in the middle of World War II when they were our allies. Secondly, Soviet agents were placed at the highest level of U.S. politics and military affairs, a fact scornfully disputed by *bien pensant* anti-anticommunists throughout the Cold War. Third, the American Communist Party, far from existing independently of the Soviet services, was no more than an auxiliary body for use in espionage and terror. Finally, the vast apparatus the Soviets assembled in the Americas had a difficulty keeping its eye on what should have been the price, U.S. intelligence, and instead concentrated its force in a monumental act of overkill, on Stalin's personal enemies.

According to a recent book, *Operation Solo* by John Barron, the KGB was still spying on Trotskyists as late as the 1970s and 1980s, when they were dismayed to learn that the old man's letters and articles were being translated for publication in English. Those long-neglected polemics were published only for the edification of a few activists who did not trouble to read them, and most of whom would have found them incomprehensible if they had tried. They were reviewed nowhere and received no coverage in the press, and passed unnoticed among Kremlinologists. Yet the KGB pressed ahead, unable to shake the obsessions of the past even as the foundations of communism were crumbling.



Stephen Schwartz is completing work on a book about California radicals, *The Hidden History of the Left Coast*, which will include an extensive analysis of the Venona traffic. The Venona releases are accessible on the Internet at <http://vwww.nsa.gov:8080>.

# MICHAEL LIND PERPETRATES A HOAX Political Cross-Dresser

By David Horowitz

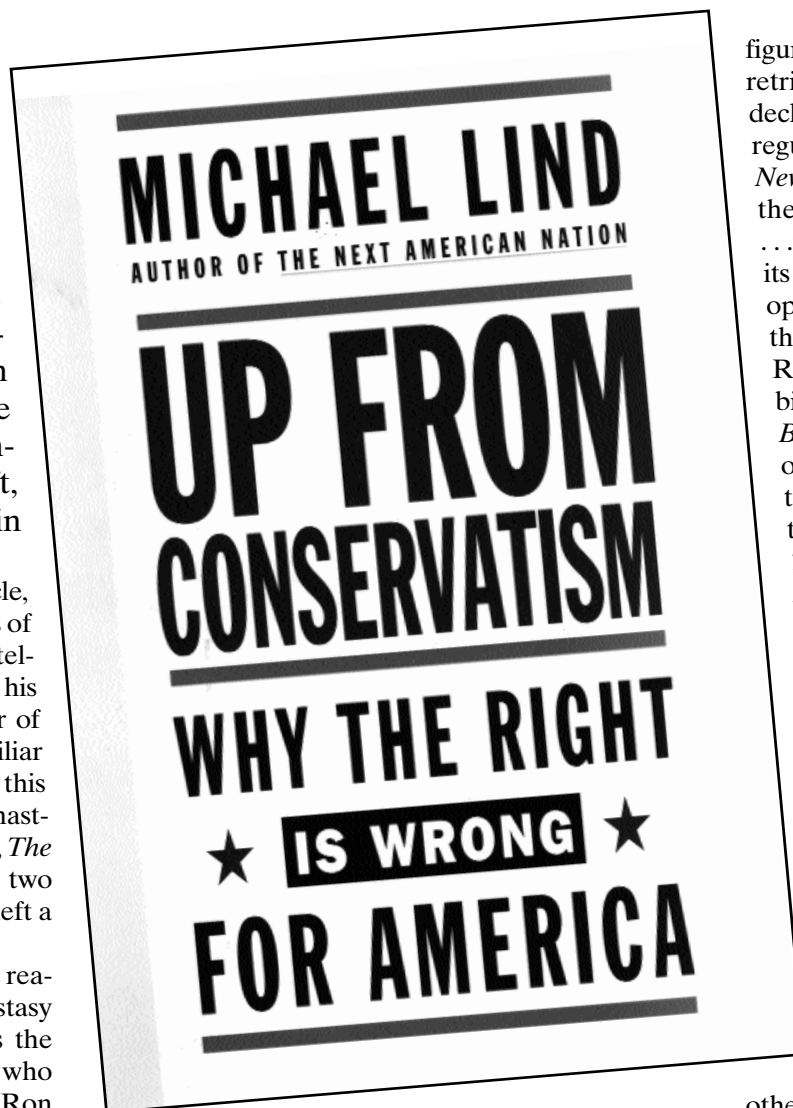
Last winter, while working on my autobiography, I got a phone call from my friend Ronald Radosh telling me about an article Michael Lind had written for the socialist magazine *Dissent*. The article was called “The Death of Intellectual Conservatism” and was Lind’s explanation of the political transformation that had led him to abandon his career as a political journalist on the right. It was announced with great fanfare on his part and accepted by the left, Lind’s new home, as a *God That Failed* in reverse.

Prior to the appearance of Lind’s article, and despite the fact that we were both members of a relatively small community of conservative intellectuals, I had only been vaguely conscious of his existence. Although I was an inveterate reader of conservative magazines and books, and familiar with most if not all of the intellectual lights of this movement, I knew Lind only as a name on the masthead of Irving Kristol’s foreign policy magazine, *The National Interest*, and as the author of one or two articles whose subjects and arguments had not left a lasting impression.

Despite Lind’s obscurity, there were reasons for the interest which the news of his apostasy now aroused in me. To begin with, there was the appearance of a parallel career, as someone who seemed to be stepping onto a path that both Ron Radosh and I had previously trod, albeit in the opposite direction. The path had begun in 1952, when Radosh and I had gotten to know each other at a meeting of his chapter of the Labor Youth League, a Communist Party front in lower Manhattan, where I had come to recruit writers for the *Daily Worker’s* “youth page.” The “page” lasted for only one issue, but Ron and I became lifelong friends, and in 1987, Radosh was one of the former radicals Peter Collier and I recruited for a “Second Thoughts Conference” we held at the Grand Hyatt in Washington, D.C. We had assembled a group of former sixties radicals who were fed up with the anti-American passions and totalitarian romances of the Left and ready to say goodbye to all that. The intellectuals grouped around *Dissent*, whom Michael Lind now counts as his new comrades, were among the most vocal in attacking our second thoughts about the sixties as “renegade” and overwrought.

The second reason for my interest in Lind’s political conversion was a long-running dialogue between Radosh and myself about whether we should have wound up as conservatives at all. Radosh was, in fact, still on the editorial board of *Dissent*, though more in name than anything else at the time of Lind’s conversion. He had been banned from writing in its pages by *Dissent’s* editor and guiding spirit, Irving Howe, because of his opposition to the Sandinista dictatorship. Having forbade Radosh from writing on the subject of Nicaragua to the *Dissent* audience, Howe then pressured him, through emissaries, to resign from its board. Howe stopped short of actually removing Radosh because another board member—and funder—Marty Peretz, shared Ron’s views and Howe was reluctant to antagonize Marty.

Although hated by the left because of his courageous book *The Rosenberg File*, which showed that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg had indeed been part of a Communist espionage effort, and because of his writings against the Sandinistas, Radosh still thought of himself as a “social democrat.” He was ambivalent about being situated in the “right-wing” camp where his critics on the Left had effectively placed him by their constant vilification. Radosh had even voted for Bill Clinton in the ’92 election.



I had no such ambivalence. The image of the Right that the Left had manufactured—authoritarian, bigoted, mean-spirited, Neanderthal—was an absurd caricature that had no relation to the way I saw myself or my new comrades-in-arms after a decade-long transition. Conservatism to me was liberal—a commitment to the values and principles of individual liberty embodied in the American founding. I had rejected the leveling illusions and totalitarian longings of the socialist position and had no apologies for what I had become. My only political regrets had to do with the durability of the political leftism that Radosh and I had once espoused and now rejected as dangerous and destructive. When Radosh alerted me to the appearance of Lind’s article, the subtext of his call was a question: “Well, is Lind right about intellectual conservatism? Should you be having *third* thoughts?”

And so I regarded Lind as a sort of doppelgänger. I wanted to see how the intellectual world was going to treat him for his apostasy. I had not been prepared for what happened to Peter Collier and myself when our own rejection of half a lifetime of leftism became public. I had expected the attacks from the Left. I knew that we and Radosh would be smeared as “renegades,” “CIA spokesmen,” and worse. But only Collier foresaw the real punishments that were in store for us, in particular, the penalties the Left would exact on our intellectual and literary careers. When Collier and I wrote our own declaration of independence in 1985 in an article in the *Washington Post* called “Lefties for Reagan,” we had not been active in the Movement for nearly a decade. After our disillusionment, we had allowed a “decent interval” to elapse before re-entering the political arena and had not betrayed or exploited the confidences of recent friends. We thought the long gestation of our move to what we called “second thoughts” (a calculated but futile gesture to preserve our options) would pre-empt the attacks on us as “renegades” and “traitors.” In this regard, we were naive.

During the ten-year interval, when we were not politically active, we had written a series of best-selling biographies and several celebrated magazine articles, some of which were optioned by Hollywood producers, and carved out new careers as literary

figures. But when our apostasy became public, the retribution was swift and without limits. Before our declaration, the biographies we had written were regularly given front page treatment in the *Sunday New York Times Book Review*, which described them as “hypnotically fascinating . . . irresistible” epics and the like, and put them on its list of the top ten books of the year. Once we openly discussed the reasons for our rejection of the Left and admitted to voting for Ronald Reagan, however, all that changed. Our next biographies were relegated to the back of the *Book Review*, to be derisively dismissed. Despite our efforts not to be typed as political conservatives, we found that we were now unwelcome in the pages of the *Times*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper’s*, *The New York Review of Books* and even *The New Republic*. Our first biography, *The Rockefellers*, had been nominated for a National Book Award. We realized that as a consequence of leaving the Left, we would never be in line for literary prizes again. Nor were the issues we raised in our apostasy the source of much attention or interest in these intellectual journals. We had been founders of the New Left, had written some of its basic political texts and edited *Ramparts*, its flagship publication. Yet our defection was treated as venal in motive and our commitments dismissed by writers like Garry Wills as “marginal” to the Movement and the sixties. None of the above-mentioned magazines took seriously the arguments we and the other members of our “Second Thoughts” group had raised at the conference.

There was a further irony in all this, adding to my curiosity about the ultimate fate of Michael Lind. Perhaps no greater caution exists for a leftist tempted to leave the faith than the charge of “selling out.” To those who have it, the radical commitment seems to be less a political than a moral choice. Leaving the faith is inconceivable. Only pathological behavior—taking money or some other material payoff—can explain to a leftist the decision to adopt a different political stance. No decent person could ever make such a choice in the absence of some kind of bribe. Even in the post-Communist world, the average leftist remains in this way a vulgar Marxist despite all. The fact that Peter and I had actually *lost* opportunity for personal gain as a result of our change of heart made no impression on our former comrades, who accused us of selling out despite this.

The penalties we paid were a lesson for me in the pervasive control the Left exercised over the culture’s commanding heights. Lind’s successes, in the aftermath of his *Dissent* piece, now completed the course. Prior to his apostasy, Lind was a nonentity in the conservative movement. He had no claim to importance other than the fact that he had been sponsored and befriended by conservatives who were important, intellectuals like William F. Buckley and Irving Kristol, whose hands he then proceeded to bite. But once he did his about-face, this obscure junior editor of an obscure magazine (circulation 4,000) became an intellectual hot property. Whereas Collier and I had found ourselves unwelcome in the literary culture after our *Washington Post* piece, lead articles and cover stories by Lind now appeared within months of each other in *The New York Review of Books*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper’s*, the *New York Times*, and the *Washington Post*. He was made a senior editor successively of *Harper’s*, *The New Republic*, and *The New Yorker*, and was signed for three lucrative book deals, including an account of his apostasy, based on the *Dissent* article, called—what else—*Up From Conservatism: Why the Right is Wrong for America*.

The transformation from Right to Left did pay off. In fact, it seemed less a conversion than a career move. Since Lind actually got all the emoluments my former comrades on the Left falsely

accused Collier and me of getting (without drawing any suspicion as to his motives), I was also curious in looking at his new book to see if he got the goods as well as the goodies.

*Up From Conservatism* comes with a flap copy that misleadingly describes Lind as “a former rising star of the Right” and a blurb from Gore Vidal comparing him to Tocqueville and describing the book as “a fascinating look—from the inside—at that web of foundations and other interested people, corporate and simply dotty, that now shape most of what passes for political commentary.” Vidal, of course, means the Right, proceeding in his usual absurdist fashion as though liberal dominance of the culture and its media were a figment of those corporate and dotty imaginations.

My first interest, both in reading the *Dissent* article and as I opened the book, was the *cause* of Lind’s break with the movement I had joined. It would provide an opportunity to check any new illusions that might have insinuated themselves into my political commitments. In writing our own *explications de vie*, Collier and I had been careful to point out that for us there was no sudden revelation on the road to Damascus, no single moment or event that unraveled the skein of our former political selves. It was our *perspective* that had changed and the change had been worked over many events in the course of many years before we came to rest with the conclusions that were summarized in our book *Destructive Generation*.

If there was a single chain of events that encapsulated the process of our second thoughts, it was the war in Vietnam, which provided what we called the shaping “metaphor” for our generation’s view of the world. It was the tormented aftermath of that war that became our point of no return. As the Soviets moved into the vacuum created by America’s defeat, it was clear to us that the Cold War had turned out to be a zero sum game. When America lost, so did humanity and the cause of freedom, even in Vietnam. More people were killed in Indochina in the first three years of the Communist peace than had been killed in thirteen years of the anti-Communist war. These victims were a direct result of the “anti-war” movement’s efforts. The survivors had been swallowed by a socialist police state even worse than the corrupt regimes that it replaced. To salt these wounds, the Left showed a lack of concern for the victims that was matched only by its continuing malice towards America itself. What finally turned us away from the Left, however, was not only the evil it had done, but its inability to look at its deeds and make a moral accounting, to steer an altered course that would keep it from committing similar acts of malevolence in the political future.

In *Up From Conservatism*, Michael Lind reveals that unlike us, he actually did experience a Damascus-style revelation on the way to his new career. His epiphany came from the publication, in 1991, of a book called *The New World Order* by Pat Robertson, which retailed “a conspiracy theory blaming wars and revolutions on a secret cabal of Jewish bankers, Freemasons, Illuminati, atheists, and internationalists.” Confronted with this threat from Robertson, who had founded a new and powerful organization called the Christian Coalition, “the leaders of intellectual conservatism—William F. Buckley Jr., Irving Kristol, and Norman Podhoretz, instead of protesting, chose unilateral surrender.” Those intrepid souls who criticized Roberston, like Lind himself, were “denounced as ‘liberals’ and even ‘Marxists.’” The result, according to Lind, was an exodus of the major young intellectuals formerly associated with the Right. . . .” himself among them. The overall consequence of these events, in Lind’s view, is that “American conservatism is dead. . . . Today the right is defined by Roberston, Buchanan, and the militia movement.”

Any reader who was not a liberal zealot or otherwise pre-disposed to hate and fear the Right, and who was reasonably acquainted with the conservative movement in America might be tempted to close Lind’s book right there, with the statement of its thesis. The characterization is so off-the-wall, so *dotty*, that further exploration of the author’s thoughts seems hardly necessary. Consider for example Lind’s remark about an exodus of “the major young intellectuals” of the Right following the sur-

render to Robertson. This adds a frisson of importance to his own departure and seems to support his claim about the death of conservatism. I did a double take reading the sentence, since I had been unaware of any defection from the conservative ranks prior to his own, although my personal interest in such a development would have been great.

Later Lind identifies “the major young intellectuals” as actually only *three* intellectuals: Jeffrey Herf, Bruce Bawer, and Jacob Heilbrunn. Herf was, in fact, one of the featured speakers at our Second Thoughts Conference in 1987 and is still a friend. It is news to me that Jeffrey Herf ever thought of himself as a Republican, let alone a conservative. At our conference, he particularly outraged Hilton Kramer by defending some of what the New Left had done (while still strongly attacking its anti-Americanism) and by describing himself as a “feminist.” Bruce Bawer is a book and film critic, who may or may not still be a conservative. The *Free Press* has just published a collection, edited by him, of what appear to be conservative gay viewpoints. Jacob Heilbrunn is a Harvard graduate student who was briefly at *The National Interest* and is known only for the article he wrote about Pat Robertson in *The New Republic* which he co-authored with Michael Lind.

As though aware of the indefensible nature of his thesis, Lind repeats it endlessly throughout the book: “The ‘right’ now means the overlapping movements of the ‘far right’. . . . [p.7] The only movement on the right in the United States today that has any significant political influence is the far right [same page, same paragraph]. . . .” Lind summarizes the philosophy of this right in the following words: “the fact remains that a common worldview animates both the followers of Pat Robertson and Pat Buchanan and the far-right extremists who bomb abortion clinics, murder federal marshals and country sheriffs, and blow up buildings and trains. That worldview is summed up by three letters: ZOG. ZOG stands for ‘Zionist-occupied government,’ the phrase used by far-right white supremacists, anti-Semites, and militia members for the federal government.”

Nor is it just hateful philosophy they share. “In the manner of the southern right from the Civil War until the civil rights revolution, which operated both through the Democratic Party and the Ku Klux Klan, or the modern Irish Republican movement, with its party (Sinn Fein) and its terrorist branch (the IRA), the contemporary American far right has both public, political wings (the Christian Coalition and Project Rescue) and its covert, paramilitary, terrorist factions.” Naturally, Lind doesn’t name any of these “factions” or attempt to link terrorist and paramilitary groups with their alleged “fronts,” like the Christian Coalition, which (unlike Sinn Fein) has denounced such violence. For Lind, whose book is an exercise in slander, the accusation is all that matters.

How is it that William F. Buckley, who thirty years ago drummed anti-Semites and John Birchers out of the mainstream right and whose most recent book was *about* anti-Semitism, or Norman Podhoretz, the watch-dog of Jewish probity and security, would surrender unilaterally to such hateful and menacing forces if they existed? Lind’s answer is that Pat Robertson’s Christian Coalition is electorally so powerful that conservatives like Buckley and neo-conservatives like Podhoretz are afraid to challenge him and thereby jeopardize the Republican agenda. Or, as an un-named *National Review* editor allegedly put it to Lind: “They’re mad, but we need their votes.”

The illogic of Lind’s argument is breathtaking. If Robertson and Buchanan have identical worldviews (and such worldviews!), why would Robertson and the Christian Coalition support *Dole* in the primaries and not Buchanan? Lind elsewhere in the book identifies Robertson as “the kingmaker” of the Republican Party. What does that mean if it doesn’t mean the ability to determine the party’s candidate? And if so, why not himself? If the far right is the only “significant political influence on the right” why didn’t Robertson engineer his own nomination, or at least give it to a soulmate like Phil Gramm or Bob Dornan? If fear of losing Robertson’s votes was enough to intimidate Buckley, Podhoretz, and the neo-conservatives from confronting his alleged anti-Semitism, why were they so ready to jump on Pat Buchanan as an anti-Semite and even “fascist” (as *The American Spectator* and

Bill Bennett called him), when he was winning 30% of the vote in two presidential primaries—about five times Robertson’s own best effort? (Buchanan, who has become somewhat of a darling of the left, is hardly a “fascist” of course, and does not believe in ZOG, any more than Robertson does.)

It needs to be said, since Lind does not say it, that when Lind’s original attacks on Roberston were taken up by the general media, Robertson responded publicly. Both in interviews and in paid advertisements in the *New York Times*—Robertson expressed his personal anguish and dismay at the implications that others had found in his works. He denied any intention to identify Jews as social conspirators, apologized to the Jewish community for any offense his book may have given, pointed out that nowhere in his book were the Jews explicitly singled out for blame, and recalled his longstanding efforts on behalf of Israel, which included marshalling crucial votes in Congress during the 1973 and 1990 Middle East wars, where Israel’s survival may be said to have hung in the balance. He concluded his *mea culpa* by declaring that he was proud to be a strong supporter and dependable friend of both Israel and the Jews. This testimony and the facts behind it—not fear—explain why Buckley and Podhoretz were quick to descend on Buchanan (who refused even to consider that his words might give anyone offense), but left Robertson relatively (but *only* relatively) untouched.

Robertson’s behavior in explaining himself, it should be said, contrasts dramatically with that of other political anti-Semites like blurb-writer Gore Vidal, one of Lind’s new friends, who once described Podhoretz and Midge Decter as “fifth columnists” for Israel, not to speak of Louis Farrakhan, who unlike Robertson actually preaches a virulent anti-Semitism to his flock and, moreover, has been embraced by forty congressional members of the party Lind has chosen for his new ideological homeland.

When he gets around to actually analyzing Robertson’s text, Lind shows just how manipulative a guide he can be. In composing *The New World Order*, Robertson—or his researcher—did make an egregious decision to draw on tired conspiracy theories from anti-Semitic texts. But what is interesting about his use of those texts is that he removed most of their references to Jews, and particularly to the Jewishness of principals involved in the alleged conspiracies—a peculiar quirk, to say the least, for an anti-Semite, let alone for the kind of neo-Nazi menace that Lind has portrayed. Nor is Lind unaware of this editorial process. Indeed, Lind actually draws the reader’s attention to it as though Robertson’s omission of ethnic particulars is *further* evidence of his anti-Semitism: “Throughout The New World Order, as I shall show in further detail below, Robertson uses ‘German’ or ‘European’ where his anti-Semitic sources have ‘Jewish.’” Because this seems to suggest a certain innocence in Robertson’s intentions, Lind quotes a passage from Robertson’s text and *inserts* in brackets the offending connections Robertson has removed:

Later the European powers [i.e., bankers like the Rothschilds] began to see the wealth of North America as a great treasure, and some of them still wanted to get their tentacles into America’s economy [note the ‘octopus’ metaphor, a staple of anti-Semitic and anti-capitalist rhetoric]. They eventually did so not by force, but by investing their money here, by sending people [i.e., Jewish bankers like Paul Warburg and Jacob Schiff], and by buying land.

This is a bizarre way to demonstrate that an author is anti-Semitic.

The crucial questions to ask about what Lind terms “The Pat Roberston Scandal,” are these: (1) Are Robertson’s politics actually governed by these conspiratorial views (and if so how did he come to be an early supporter of Bob Dole? (2) Are they shared by Ralph Reed, the director of the Christian Coalition, whom everybody, including his liberal opponents agree is a shrewd strategist and supple intellect operating in the political mainstream? (3) Are they shared by the 1.8 million *members* of the Christian Coalition, which as even Lind is



forced to admit is a direct-mail coalition and not a party or cult, in the manner of the Posse Comitatus, the John Birch Society, or the Nation of Islam? Lind makes no effort whatsoever to assemble evidence that would illuminate or answer these crucial questions, and thus ascertain whether Pat Robertson's conspiracy views are anything more than one man's hot air. In other words, Lind's "analysis" is completely empty of any real world implications.

What Lind does do, for effect, is to lump Robertson with David Duke, who (unlike Robertson) was a card-carrying member of racist hate groups, namely, the Ku Klux Klan and the neo-Nazis, and to assert, without argument or evidence, that the Christian Coalition is identical to the John Birch Society. Lind takes Buckley's unwillingness to attack Robertson (when he did denounce the Birchers) as an indication of the historic capitulation of mainstream conservatism to the anti-Semitic, racist far right. But the kooky doctrines of John Birch Society leader Robert Welch demonstrably infected his politics and that of his followers. Welch publicly attacked Dwight Eisenhower, a Dole-style Republican, as a Communist, and his members followed suit. Lind does not mention a single occasion during the six years of the Christian Coalition's existence, that its policies have reflected a conspiratorial mentality or an anti-Zog agenda.

One section of this silly and sordid book that held a perverse fascination for me, was Lind's effort to explain the world of intellectual conservatism, an environment with which I am quite familiar. Lind's chapter on the subject is called the "The Triangular Trade: How the Conservative Movement Works," and is as dishonestly constructed and argued as the rest of his book. To begin with, the descriptive phrase he chooses for his subject, as usual, is designed as a smear: "One might speak of the interaction of money, ideas, and activists on the right as a 'triangular trade,' like the Eighteenth Century cycle of rum-slaves-molasses."

According to Lind, part one of this "trade" is the "grass-roots" right, which he tells us is the Goldwater-YAF right, linked in Lind's McCarthy-like sweeps to the John Birch Society, *National Review* and all the dread demons—the anti-Semites, the bigots, the militia storm troopers and killers of federal agents—he seems to invoke on every other page. The second leg in the trade is the "corporate right," which turns out be the hoary specter of Wall Street and Big Business. The business elite, according to Lind, has "acquired its own intelligentsia in the form of libertarians," specifically the Cato Institute, which in Lind's fantasies draft all the tax-cuts-for-the-wealthy-legislation that incite Richard Gephardt and David Bonior to their fits of egalitarian outrage. In sum, according to Lind: "The strategy of the modern Republican party is based on a division of labor, with the grass-roots right serving as an electoral coalition, and the libertarian right as a governing elite."

This arrangement, however, presents a problem for Republicans, because the libertarians regard the grass-roots Goldwaterites as fascists, while the Goldwater fascists regard the libertarians, once in power, as betrayers of their authoritarian dreams. To make this alliance work, an "umbrella ideology" is required that is provided by the third part of Lind's "triangular trade," the neo-conservative "brain trust," a network of intellectual think tanks. The purpose of the think tanks is to compel conservative intellectuals, through monetary bribes, to shill for the Republican agenda.

I feel a need to pause here for the benefit of readers who may not have any personal contact with the intellectual right to shed some anecdotal light on this picture, which is as remote from the realities of contemporary conservatism as Pluto is from the sun. Thus, for example, my friend Marshall Wittman, a former New Leftist (onetime head of the Waco Texas Free Angela Davis Committee), and also a Jew, was until recently the legislative director of the Christian Coalition in Washington and thus in Lind's typology a crypto-fascist anti-Semite. Marshall is now at the Heritage Foundation, which is the biggest policy think tank on the right but not addressed at all in Lind's text because it is not libertarian and dealing with its role in formulating the Republican agenda would completely refute his thesis.

Another friend, Shawn Steel, is a veteran of the Goldwater campaign, a former YAF-er and a grassroots activist. He is treasurer of the California Republican Party and finance chair of conservative Republican Dana Rohrabacher's campaign organization. He is also on the board of the publisher of *Heterodoxy*, the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, part of Lind's neo-conservative "brain trust." Both Steel and Rohrabacher however, are devout libertarians, farther from being "fascists" than any of my former comrades on the Left including all of Lind's new friends. Both have been particularly active in recruiting Asian-Americans to the Republican cause. Neither, however, are unique. A reunion of Goldwater activists was held in Orange County during the presidential primaries four years ago, which I attended. Every significant rightwing Republican from the California congressional delegation and legislature was present to honor Howard Ahmanson, whom the *Los Angeles Times* has described as the "king of the religious right" in the state, but who opposed, for example, Prop. 187 (California's anti-illegal immigration initiative). Nearly every speaker (there were 27), led by far-right Representative "B-1 Bob" Dornan, supported the moderate George Bush over the far-right Pat Buchanan for president. So much for Lind's guide as to how the conservative movement works.

In fact Lind's analysis amounts to little more than the kind of crackpot conspiracy theory he otherwise derides. (Indeed Lind's book reminds me of nothing so much as Bircher tracts of the sixties like *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*.) According to Lind, "The modern conservative brain trust originated in a scheme hatched in the 1970s by William E. Simon, Irving Kristol, and others." The plan was to make conservative intellectuals, hitherto an independent-minded, quirky, and diverse community, a controlled monolith that would function as the reliable tool of the Republican Party. "By the early 1990s, thanks to the success of the Simon-Kristol initiative, almost all major conservative magazines, think tanks, and even individual scholars had become dependent on money from a small number of conservative foundations." By this point, the puppet-masters Simon and Kristol are being referred to by Lind as the "Wall Street corporate raider" and "the ex-Communist-apparatchik." For the record, it is worth noting that Irving Kristol's connection to "communism" is this: He spent a year in 1938 in a Trotskyist splinter group *arguing* with the *apparatchiks* and showing what a poor candidate for any Leninist Party or Marxist future he was.

Smears like this are not coincidental to Lind's argument—they *are* his argument. He writes: "The conservative movement these ex-radicals [i.e., like Kristol] crafted was therefore one that adopted the characteristic institutions and strategies of Communism while purveying an anti-Communist (not merely a non-Communist) message." The Communist Party imposed conformity on its intellectuals through ideology and terror. Kristol's "party," according to Lind, imposes an identical uniformity through the dispensation of monies under the control of a few right-wing foundations. "What passes for intellectual conservatism is little more than the subsidized propaganda wing of the Republican Party. Public dissent on matters of concern to the U.S. business elite is not tolerated."

This is pathetic, not to say offensive, rant. Joshua Muravchik and Ben Wattenberg, to name just two fellows at the American Enterprise Institute (AEI), signed a public ad supporting Bill Clinton in 1992, without losing their jobs or suffering any other consequences. Currently, there are at least three conflicting and hotly debated conservative positions on immigration reform, an issue of obvious concern to the business elite. In fact, the head of one conservative think tank has been hired by Silicon Valley computer firms to promote open immigration, while other "brain trust" members call for greater restrictions. Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett, whose Empower America qualifies as a unit of the "brain trust," flew to California to *oppose* Prop 187 in the midst of an election campaign, although Prop 187 was supported by the heads of all of California's conservative think tanks. Almost every conservative journal has published internal debates on this issue.

The grand puppet-master, himself, Irving Kristol is (correctly) described by Lind as censorious

on cultural issues. But then Lind doesn't explain how it is that congressional Republicans have led the fight *against* the V-Chip and censorship on the Internet. The range of issues on which conservatives disagree is almost endless. *National Review* recently published a cover feature by Bill Buckley calling for the legalization of drugs, to the dismay of Bill Bennett and most of the conservative intellectual community, including the editorial board of *National Review*. An even more instructive incident took place last spring over the publication of Dinesh D'Souza's *The End of Racism*. While the D'Souza book was funded in part by one of Lind's demonic right-wing foundations, it was publicly attacked (and damaged) by two foundation-funded intellectuals and charter members of the brain trust, Glenn Loury and Bob Woodson. So much for the party line.

Since Lind's strategy is reflexively one of tar and feather, D'Souza and Charles Murray get extra punishment as they have already been targets of particularly vicious liberal attacks. Murray is indisputably one of the leading social scientists in America, but he and D'Souza are portrayed by Lind as intellectual whores—"subsidized conservative publicists"—hired to promote the political agendas of the Republican party. "If this seems too harsh a judgment," writes Lind, "suppose that Murray's research had convinced him that in fact Head Start programs did work, and needed to be substantially expanded—and that to do so he recommended higher income taxes on the rich. One need not be a complete cynic to think that he might have trouble getting grants in the future from conservative foundations, or renewing his stay at AEI."

If complete cynicism is not required, a dose of ideological blindness or just plain stupidity helps. How could anyone overlook the fact that Murray and D'Souza are best-selling authors and national celebrities who can command six-figure book contracts and lucrative speaking fees and thus are quite able to support themselves, in the unlikely event that AEI should decide to terminate them for such deviant views. In fact, Murray *left* another conservative think tank and *went* to AEI precisely because the first did not want to support his work on the *Bell Curve*, while AEI was willing to do so. So much for Lind's monolith.

As if Lind's penchant for the political gutter and disregard for the simple truth were not sufficient, when *Up From Conservatism* turns to a brief autobiographical moment, what is revealed is that Lind is a poseur and phony as well. The man who has exploited his minor league political metamorphosis for great personal gain, reveals here that he was never a conservative at all: "My political journey has been far less dramatic than a switch from left to right," he confesses mid-way through his text. "My political views have scarcely changed since college."

Lind's views, it turns out, are and forever have been those of a centrist Democrat whose political hero is Lyndon Baines Johnson. Notwithstanding this unswerving political allegiance, Lind insinuated himself into the conservative movement while still at Yale, accepted a job at *National Review* and proceeded mole-like for ten years to burrow through conservative institutions—the Heritage Foundation, the Bush Administration and ultimately the *National Interest*—taking advantage of the goodwill of conservative patrons all along the way, only to turn them, for personal gain, into the unlikely villains of his intellectually vapid, self-promoting tract.

Shortly after Peter Collier and I first entered the conservative world, I arranged a lunch with Norman Podhoretz who warned me: "When you were on the left, you got away with everything. Now that you're on the right, you'd better be careful, because they won't let you get away with anything." Michael Lind has made the reverse crossing. Indeed, "Getting Away with Everything" would have been a good title for this reprehensible, gutter-sniping book.

David Horowitz's autobiography, *Radical Son*, will be published by the Free Press in February 1997.





*Just Say Yes!, continued from page 1*

These facts and figures have become part of the pornography of our national life. And Clinton's capitulation is all the more obscene because it reverses the hard-won gains of a decade of perseverance. The war against drugs waged during the Reagan-Bush years was expensive and often seemed to involve ignorant armies whose nighttime clash yielded only a thin ray of light at the end of the tunnel. But it was light nonetheless, enough light for us to see what we were doing. During the loose collaboration between Nancy Reagan and William Bennett, between a committed campaign of moral suasion and a Drug Czar who was allowed to mean business, the country slowly took back territory lost since the sixties. There was progress, but the progress was less meaningful than the commitment behind it.

Throughout the eighties, drug use among kids declined from its previous high in 1979, which, not coincidentally, was the last time that lifestyle liberals occupied the White House. The public service announcements, the appearances from the Oval Office, and the tough enforcement measures added up. They were a sign that the national government believed the war against drugs was worth fighting. That this commitment had an impact can be seen in one statistic: in 1980, when we began to say no to drugs, less than half of high school seniors in this country disapproved of marijuana; and by 1992, after a decade of driving the message home, over 80% of them did.

But 1992 turned out to be the end of an era. Of this year's graduating high school class, according to a recent article by John Walters of the New Citizenship Project, almost half—48.4%, to be exact—will have tried drugs by the time they receive their diploma. Thus have the efforts of two presidencies been swept away by the moral carelessness of one administration.

The outlines of the drug epidemic, an epidemic which is far more catastrophic for black families than the church burnings Clinton has used for photo ops, have been apparent for some time. Only in this political season has the President acknowledged the problem. But Clinton's token statements about drugs in his convention speech were as feeble and insincere as his cow-eyed evocations of the marital bliss he shares with Hillary. And his eleventh-hour appointment of General Barry McCaffrey as the administration's new Drug Czar was his equivalent of Michael Dukakis posing in the tank.

The President's White House aides have been equally blasé, shrugging off the tragic statistics as no big deal, just as in the sixties the self-defined connoisseurs of American nativism and paranoia shrugged off warnings about a possible drug dystopia from the Bureau of Narcotics Control and demonized its chief Harry Anslinger. From the current vantage point, of course, Anslinger looks like a prophet, and all the President's boys, try as they might to make the teenage drug crisis go up in smoke with their new anti-nicotine initiative, look like part of the problem rather than part of the solution.

The defeat now staring America in the face is not merely the result of benign neglect. Less than three months after his inauguration, Clinton gutted the Office of National Drug Control Policy. It took three months for him to get around to naming a new Drug Czar—a virtual unknown named Lee Brown (immediately christened "Out of Town" Brown) whose primary duty, as it turned out, was to preside over the dissolution of the operation patiently assembled by his predecessors. In all, the White House drug staff was cut 83% in 1993—the only budget reduction, outside the effort to cut the Armed Services, this administration approached with gusto.

If there was no attempt to fight, there was a smart maneuver or two meant to cover the retreat. The country was told that funds targeted for anti-

smuggling and interdiction measures in the Caribbean, the Gulf of Mexico, and at the U.S. borders would be shifted, according to one "bold" initiative, to prevention efforts in "the countries of origin" in Latin America. The one program was indeed cut, but the other was never begun, and as a consequence, Coast Guard marijuana and cocaine seizures are down respectively 45% and 90% since 1992. And U.S. Attorney Alan Berson, according to a recent report in the *Los Angeles Times*, now admits that for the last two years, his office has had a new policy of expelling rather than prosecuting drug dealers who bring anything less than 125 pounds of marijuana across the border, which means among other things that manufacturers of scales with maximum read-outs of 124 pounds must be getting rich.

That drug enforcement has been in a free fall since the new administration took office is not malicious disinformation by the Dole campaign, as some of the President's supporters have suggested. It is a fact fully documented in the National Survey Results on Drug Use, a massive study assembled by University of Michigan professors Lloyd Johnston,

Patrick O'Malley, and Jerald Bachman, and published by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. This work shows that the number of teenagers who see great risk in drugs and oppose their use, previously on the rise, is now decreasing dramatically. Lessons learned during the eighties about the harmfulness of narcotics, which need constantly to be reiterated to retain validity, are now disappearing in "generational forgetting" that presages "and end to the improvement in the drug situation" and has set the stage for "a new epidemic." This study confirms the alarming upswing in drug use among teenagers during the last four years and adds a menacing new note: coincidental with and related to the rise in drugs is a corresponding rise in alcohol abuse.

The National Survey doesn't mince words. With the end of the war against drugs fought between 1979 and 1992, "the nation's secondary students and young adults show a level of involvement with illicit drugs which is greater than has ever been documented in any other industrialized nation in the world." Those close to the issue have no doubt where the buck stops. Congressman Charles Rangel, normally an ally of the White House, says of Clinton's attitude toward drugs: "I've been in Congress for over two decades and I have never, never seen a President who cares less."

In trying to explain Clinton's apparent capitulation, some drug policy experts have advanced the theory that one of the unannounced, long term policy objectives the Clintonites brought with them to Washington was legalizing drugs. It was no accident, according to this view, that Joycelyn Elders, advocated legalization and no accident either that this was not the controversial opinion that finally got her fired.

It is not grassy knoll theorizing to think that this administration might have a plan to put the issue of legalization at least on the back burner of domestic policy. After all, the White House is now populated by members of a generation that came of age listening to Timothy Leary and other doped-up evangelicals proclaim a chemical gospel; a generation that grew up feeling smugly superior to their uptight elders who wanted to close the doors of per-

ception to them but hypocritically maintain their own access to the mind and body deadening drugs of alcohol and nicotine. Lee Brown, the Drug Czar who became a serf, must have the President's people in mind when he talks about baby boomers "who tried drugs and are doing okay right now; who can't admit that it was wrong then and is wrong now."

But even if the Clintonites had no hidden agenda about legalization, the President's refusal to fight the war against drugs has become another arrow in the quiver of that movement. If we have no Commander in Chief and no army in the field, why pretend? Why not simply sign the articles of surrender and get it over with?

In making the case for legalization by obfuscation and inaction, the Clintonites join an odd coalition with those who make the case out of principle. There are those who take a libertarian position, like psychiatrist Thomas Szasz, that "self-medication is a basic human right," and the fellow traveling libertarians-for-a-day (including some members of the current administration) who routinely accept the intrusions of Big Brother in all aspects of their lives except the one involving their stash. The strong appeal of the libertarian position is that it plays well with the American notion of rugged individualism and don't tread on me. Its defect is that it nowhere acknowledges the enormous destructive power of psychoactive substances and their ability to cause the disintegration of individual personalities, families and communities, and the fact that it is based on the questionable assumption that individuals will act less anti-socially when drugs are legal and guilt-free than they do now when they are illegal and stigmatized.

A perhaps more serious argument for legalization is based on a cost-benefit analysis. Here the call comes from those like William F. Buckley who have surveyed the current scene for years and reluctantly concluded that the cost of the drug war, in all its manifestations, is more painful than legalization would be, although to achieve cost reductions, all drugs, not just marijuana, will have to be legalized. Their pragmatism tells them that the simple economics of the matter—\$500 worth of heroin at the source translating into a \$100,000 profit on the street—means that all the cops, judges, prisons and death sentences in the world will never prevail against the profit motive. After legalization, the drug pushers will be out of

business. There will be a lowering of all levels of crime, resulting in enormous savings of money and a priceless lessening of stress in our emotional life as a nation. The sound of small arms fire, which has become the Musak of the urban setting, will disappear. At last we will be able to redirect the attention of the authorities to controlling "real" crime.

The bleakness of the current situation gives this argument added appeal. (Although it must be said that Buckley's palliating notion of using intensive education to lessen the ravages of widespread availability of drugs has the faint intellectual aroma of perfume over vomit.) When the motion is seconded by someone like Joseph McNamara, former Police Chief of San Jose, California, and current resident scholar at the Hoover Institution, it gains added weight. McNamara makes the case that the status quo deforms the whole enterprise of law enforcement and makes it into a no-win situation by forcing cops "to fight a war they didn't start and can't win."

Fair enough. But the police didn't start the war against murder, rape, theft, etc., and they will never win these wars either because, as with drugs, the adversary they are fighting is human nature. Libertarian ideologues may believe mankind is naturally capable of acting in its own best interest where drugs are concerned and paleo-conservatives may believe that the economy of narcotics is the crucial issue and Rousseauesque potheads may have a vision of mankind as naturally innocent. But in this matter of the pleasure principle, Freud might



be closer to the mark in his warnings about “the wolf within the man.” And the problem with all these plans to legalize drugs is while they each may believe they represent the lesser of two evils, they all certainly unleash the wolf, which may be the greatest evil of all.

Will drug-related crime really disappear when drugs are legal? Will the chaotic dysfunction that infects the families of drug abusers diminish? Will we at last, as Bill Buckley believes, be able to stroll across Central Park of an evening once again? Perhaps. Perhaps, as one of Eugene O’Neill’s characters promises in *The Iceman Cometh*, we will all eat hot dogs and drink champagne under the willow trees.

One assumption we can reliably make is that there will be huge numbers of new users if drugs are ever legalized. (One DEA official has forecast that there would be 50 million new users if cocaine were legalized.) And there will certainly be an increase in dysfunctional addicts unable to support themselves and their lifestyles through legitimate means. And unless there is the narcotic equivalent of a welfare state (here the libertarians and paleo-cons jump ship!), this means the violence presently associated with drugs would not vanish as predicted. This makes sense because drugs mean violence, whether or not there are gunsels from the Cali cartel drawing down on each other.

Cocaine psychosis, after all, is not merely reefer madness in bellbottoms. (And crack is cocaine, add baking soda and water and pop on the microwave.) One recent study of drug use in New York City found that 45% of convicted murderers were high on drugs at the time of their crime. And the victims are linked to perpetrators in a psychoactive symbiosis, according to a 1991 study of crime in New York which found that cocaine users were 50 times more likely to be victims of violence than members of the general population.

Advocates of legalization insist that fighting the drug war turns society into an enforcement state. But by promoting a solution where drugs are not only legal but controlled and taxed, with their use and distribution overseen, and the addicts inserted into a new drug welfare system, they are merely changing the metaphor, not the size of the operation. Instead of an enforcement state, we would have a therapeutic state, a gigantic FDA for losers.

The pro-legalization forces—the casual users of the Clinton White House no doubt among them—like to mock what they regard as the clichés of those who favor the continued criminalization of drugs, such as the notion that marijuana is a “gateway” drug leading to hard narcotics. (Ever ready to create an absurdity, Ted Kennedy, who no doubt would join in ridiculing this cliché, tried to stay on message at the recent Democratic convention by claiming that cigarettes were the gateway drug.) But in fact, *USA Today* recently reported that a 12-year-old who smokes pot is 79 times more likely to be an adult drug abuser than one who does not. Under the current dispensation there are more 12-year-olds smoking pot than ever before, a trend that would worsen under legalization unless there was a willingness to undertake the draconian measures legalization is supposed to render obsolete.

Always on the offensive and certain that they have the momentum of post-modernity behind them, the advocates of legalization rarely have to defend their own clichés. Chief among them is the notion that the American obsession with drugs has led to a civil liberties and law enforcement crisis as the ongoing dragnet of drug arrests deprive people of harmless pleasure and clog the criminal justice system. Such a view would have us believe that the police are ignoring serious crime while sitting with night vision goggles at intersections across the nation waiting for some naif to light up. Of course this is a cartoon of reality. In a recent study, UC Irvine scholar Joan Petersilia examined the records of 84,197 adults admitted to California prisons in 1991 and found that only 3116 (under 4%) were in fact “technical” parole violators picked up for drugs. In fact, the notion of “mere” drug offenders is itself vulnerable to analysis. Princeton criminologist John Di Iulio has recently pointed out that of 36,648 criminals sent to federal prisons in 1991, only 703 were for drug possession and that almost all traffickers in

federal and state prison have long criminal records with drugs happening to be only the latest arrest. In a study undertaken with colleague George Mitchell, Di Iulio read the rap sheets of juvenile and adult prisoners incarcerated in Milwaukee and found that first-time drug offenders were less than 2% of the population. He concludes that “first time” and “low risk” and “mere drug offense” are terms used only by those who don’t study criminals’ actual crime lives.

Bill Clinton probably has an opinion about all this, but he has been AWOL in the debate over legalization, just as he has been in the drug war itself. He is truly a stealth policy-maker, creating a murky ambiance where things seem to occur by happenstance. But there is a thought process of sorts going on in the President about drugs, and it is based on semiotics. Consider his smug response to an interviewer from *MTV* who asked him if he had it to do over again would he inhale. Clinton hesitated a moment, then gave one of those lopsided smiles and answered, “Sure. I tried it before.” The President of the United States was making a statement. He was saying to young people everywhere, I’m just like you, so damned cool! He had tried for this posture before—in curling his lip like Elvis and putting on the dark glasses and blowing the sax—but he’d always seemed like another fat hick who was into hooters. But now he had it down. We’re the people our parents warned us about!

Clinton and his entourage may pretend not to know what they are for when it comes to drugs, but they do know what they’re against. They are against square, middle-class morality, which is why, the minute they arrived in Washington, they got involved in “cutting edge” issues of gay liberation. For all the President’s boys, Just Say No campaigns (derided by George Stephanopolous as “the revenge of the prudes”) are part of the comic opera of an ancien régime trying to forestall the advent of post-modernity. The first group to come to power having grown up, tuned in and turned on, they had learned well the narcotic catechism of their youth and did not hesitate to reply to those who expressed alarm about substance abuse: “What about alcohol and nicotine? They are drugs too and you don’t say no to them! You are hypocrites!” In these words, we hear the smug narcissism and adolescent whine of a generation that has never grown up.

About one thing they are sincere: the aversion to smoking. These are people who now say “tobacco companies” with the same disgust in their voice as when they said “Reagan policies” in the eighties, “big corporations” in the seventies and “American imperialism” in the sixties. These are people who have mastered the withering look of moral condemnation when someone inside their visual field victimizes them with second-hand smoke. But while they would deny their class enemies their addictions, they deny themselves nothing. They are people who still enjoy a frisson of vandalism when taking on a joint with their buds. They are people, like Al Gore in his shameless evocation of his dead sister, who are adept at the game public virtue/private vice and probably don’t see the hypocrisy involved in sanctimoniously waving the bloody shirt at the cigarette makers, while allowing the real progress made against hard drugs to go up in smoke.

It is the spectacle of the sixties generation in power, a generation as nihilistic in its deconstruction of the traditional as it is hedonistic in the pursuit of its pleasure, a generation for whom the personal truly is political. It is no surprise that twenty-one of Clinton’s staffers have drug problems, according to FBI man Dennis Sculimbrene, who did background checks for two decades at the White House and said in a recent deposition that dozens of individuals in the current administration were cleared for duty at the White House despite the fact that they bore traces of cocaine, mushrooms and “designer drugs.” These are not the people to wage a war on drugs; these are fifth columnists who are ready to open the gates for the enemy.

While drug abuse is no doubt partly driven by fads and fashion, the President has the power to act in a way that will have an impact. And Bill Clinton’s actions have had an impact not in retard-

ing the growth of drugs but in making the problem worse. Clinton could not have brought Joycelyn Elders all the way from Arkansas and made her the Sister Souljah of his administration without knowing her position on legalization. And, according to Congressman Charles Rangel, Clinton had originally tapped Janet Reno for Drug Czar, boosting her up to Attorney General only after his other nominations blew up in his face, and the President must have known that Reno was for “drug court” rehabilitation without criminal record or prosecution.

Clinton’s omissions and commissions are such that they make it legitimate to wonder about him and about the place where the generational and the personal intersect. When he was Governor, according to Meredith Oakley, reporter for the *Arkansas Democrat Gazette* and author of *On the Make*, “The drug issue was pretty much ignored in his administration.” There is no doubt that in Little Rock he was surrounded by drugs and people using them to a degree unusual in a major politician. Elders’ son was deep into cocaine, just like the President’s own brother Roger. And then there was the shadowy figure of Dan Lasater, a one-time restaurateur and horse breeder who got to know Clinton’s mother Virginia at the race track at Hot Springs. Virginia introduced him to her son Roger, whom Lasater eventually employed and supplied with drugs, and to Bill, whom Lasater helped with a contribution in the crucial 1982 Gubernatorial campaign. Lasater became one of the “bond daddies” who buoyed Clinton’s career and profiteered off the then-Governor’s sweetheart deals before being sent to prison when Roger gave him up as part of his own cocaine bust.

Clinton eventually pardoned Lasater, of all reasons, so he could get a hunting license. He made Lasater’s business partner Patsy Thomasson director of the White House Management and Administration operation, which, among other things, is responsible for drug testing.

Then there is the whole question of doings at the airport at Mena, Arkansas, in the mid-80s which continues to stalk Clinton. According to R. Emmett Tyrrell in the recent biography *Boy Clinton*, the President knew that the CIA was running weapons to the Contras out of Mena and knew too that the planes that made the drops were returning with cocaine. L.D. Brown, one of the state troopers closest to Clinton, who went on one of these runs into Central America, told Tyrrell that he cautioned the then-Governor about the doings at Mena, only to have Clinton swat at his warnings and say, “That’s Lasater’s deal.” According to Brown, cocaine was plentiful in Little Rock in the eighties, and while he never saw Clinton use, he did see him high.

Bill Clinton likes to talk about the bridges he will build. But the journey on which he has taken this country over the past four years is one that leads to, rather than over, troubled waters. It is a bridge that stretches from Hope to Hypocrisy, and the journey, unfortunately, appears to be only half way done.

Clinton has impoverished the country’s vocabulary of compassion with his endless talk of “pain,” creating a political language of cold calculation that mocks real feeling. In his person and in his policies, he has spread-eagled the country between a lack of values and the wrong values, between nihilism and decadence. His administration is so morally vacuous that there is no failing any longer that has the power to shock, no depravity that has the power to disgust.

In his unwillingness to fight the war on drugs, Clinton has let the nation know what he really thinks about the family values he has so cynically summoned up since his makeover as a man of the political middle last year by chief handler Dick Morris, whose pain the President now feels. As drugs spread unchecked, families all over the country, especially families already jeopardized by the lack of a moral support system, are left twisting slowly in the wind. Parents can take solace in this, however: while increasing numbers of their kids are stuck in a state of permanent narcosis, at least they aren’t getting high wearing Joe Camel t-shirts.

—Peter Collier



*The Horror! The Horror!, continued from page 1*

Literature have become little more than tax-subsidized laughing-stocks for the amusement of those of us who still cling to reason. "In literary criticism," Hartman writes, "someone redraws the map each year, but new movements quickly become as obsolete as those they displaced." An example of this, according to Hartman, is deconstruction, which was, he asserts, "shunted aside, not on intellectual grounds so much as because of the de Man affair." But Hartman, we need to remind ourselves, is a radical of yesteryear, nostalgically defending deconstruction as a veritable "work of reading" and he is criticizing the tangle of "cultural studies" for abandoning that work in a way that he describes as "misguided, mistaken, useless." Cultural studies consists of a simplistic materialism which threatens "to foreclose interpretation."

Hartman conceives of the critic in Nietzschean terms as unbounded by any conventions. Thus, even the lumbering old dinosaur, harried by the scurrying mammals of a new geological epoch, still thinks of himself (to mix the metaphors in a way he might applaud) as a gad-fly and a guerrilla. Criticism, carried out by someone like Hartman, aims "to disclose that capitalism, too, not only totalitarianism, amasses and institutionalizes symbolic capital that should circulate freely. The critic, then, is a free-trader, who improvises the circulation of expressive energies and shows how discursive domains intersect." While praising one or two of his post-deconstructive successors, chief among them the "new historicist" Stephen Greenblatt, Hartman nevertheless fears that a universal diminution of mental powers has accompanied the humanities' brave foray into uncharted new worlds such as media studies. Forget Homer, Milton, Wordsworth, and Blake. "My recent experience as a teacher tells me that even midsize poems are now a contradiction to students. The idea of composition has weakened: the building (and taking down) of metaphors, the patience of prosody, the extension or transformation of genre. . . are no longer second nature even to youngsters who write verse enthusiastically." Thus "the fate of reading" is at stake, and despite his assertion that "critical practice has in fact advanced," Hartman's essay strikes a decidedly pessimistic note.

There is something rather sad about this meditation; its author seems genuinely bewildered by the programmatic stupidification of students and the doctrinaire simplification of critical methods, as if these weren't two sides of the same counterfeit coin. But part of the sadness comes from one's knowledge that Hartman bears his share of responsibility for the situation that he somewhat cagily deplores and yet can't bring himself to see his own involvement. If Hartman's own campaign to keep the professors from being relegated (as he says) solely "to their pedagogical function" hadn't succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, maybe the kids in his class would still be able to decipher moderately difficult poems.

I'll invoke Conrad again and call Hartman's essay the Outer Station. Although Hartman lives at the edge of the jungle, he has not yet gone stark raving mad. But Sander Gilman's presidential address is the Central Station, and we are that much deeper into pseudo-intellectual tribalism. The machinery of civilization has been abandoned, it lies rusting on all sides, and the dead and dying sprawl about the compound.

Gilman's piece resembles Hartman's in that it consists of a meditation on the state of the profession and, like Hartman's, manages to convey naive bewilderment at the increasing condemnation of academic radicals by extramural critics. "The attacks on the humanities," Gilman says, "and in particular on the teaching of culture, literature, and language, that have been launched over this past year have been frightening."

Readers of Conrad will remember that

an atmosphere of claustrophobic resentment pervades the Central Station. Everyone suspects everyone else of plotting against him. It seems also, then, that certain academic insiders have had the temerity to say what Hartman has just said in his article, only in plainer language, namely that the humanities have become an irresponsible playground—or maybe playpen—for the tenured radicals and that the time has come to bring the rogue teachers back into line.

Gilman says accusingly that those who insist that the job of English professors is to simply teach literature, "wish to flee into a mythic past." Perhaps he means the past in which eighteen-year-olds not only were capable of reading and writing at a moderately high level, because somebody taught them how to do so, but actually did read and write. (MEMO TO PROFESSOR GILMAN: That past is not a myth.) Worse yet, as Gilman sees it, these same "colleagues. . . have encouraged politicians to attack the best

faculty, and the de facto moratorium on hiring: All of this "lessens the ability of scholars in English and other modern languages to create new knowledge."

I suspect that what really troubles Gilman is that the declining job-market for literature Ph.D.'s will result in fewer and fewer applications to do graduate work in literature departments; and a decline of that sort—aye, there's the rub!—might make the tenured faculty. . .er. . .superfluous. "Three times in the past month, graduate students have told me they intend to go to law school or medical school because they do not see the sense of spending five years studying German, English, or comparative literature with no chance of getting a 'real' job." (QUERY: Does Gilman himself have a "real" job, or is he merely hoaxing those who employ him?) Gilman's solution to the problem? Literature departments should stop exploiting part-time faculty and should open up



TRAVELLING ON THE CONGO

system of higher education in the world." The cream of this outrage is that "Newt Gingrich, a former academic himself, roundly condemns the very system that educated him." (MEMO TO PROFESSOR GILMAN: Speaker Gingrich, who is in his fifties, was educated by the old system that Gilman and his MLA cronies have systematically destroyed, not by the new system that they sustain; those educated by that old and sadly defunct system actually became educated.)

Gilman wrings his hands over the many "relentless attacks on the humanities in general and on the MLA in particular," as these "have given comfort to those who desire to downsize and eventually bury the entire system of higher education." Referring to moderates and traditionalists, not only to conservatives, who criticize the contemporary academy, Gilman complains that "some have imagined the number 666 to be stamped on the foreheads of those who advocate positions different from their own." (MEMO TO MYSELF: Of course, Gilman is not referring to the racial bigotry of the multiculturalists, the gender-bigotry of the feminists, or the class-bigotry of the Marxists. It's those who say publicly that the academy needs swift and massive rescue from its own institutionalized bigotry who demonize their opponents.)

Again and again, Gilman accuses certain others, vaguely identified with Washington, D.C. or with state governments, of designing "to dismantle American higher education" and of wishing "substantially [to] decrease if not eliminate the social mobility that Americans take for granted."

Reduced budgets, fewer positions, heavier workloads for

two-year postdoctoral "fellowships." Gilman doesn't say what will happen to the holders of those fellowships once the stipend expires. Presumably their situation, especially if they are white males pursuing a traditional approach to scholarship, will be as bleak as it ever was. (MEMO TO SENSIBLE PEOPLE: The real solution to the problem of academic unemployment is a moratorium on Ph.D.'s in English and related fields.)

The articles proper of the most recent issue of *PMLA* constitute the Inner Station of the journey. A thick fog has settled over the water, sensing native activity on the hidden banks, I keep nervously to the middle of the stream. Then a strange, keening lament arises out of the mist. What is it? Oh, it's Christa Wolff, whose *Parting from Phantoms: The Business of Germany* meanderingly eulogizes what for most of us is the unlamented German Democratic Republic, the Stalinist informer-state imprisoned behind the Berlin Wall which self-deconstructed not too long ago. The trouble, Wolff writes, is that the new, unified Germany is so terribly boring, boring! while at the same time being chock-full of banal evil. If only the GDR had reformed itself instead of melting away like an ice-cube in the Sahara.

Plagued—yes, and betrayed—by its market economy and rapidly eradicating all vestiges of the vanished communist regime in its eastern marches, the Federal Republic, in Wolff's view, is today a riven nation, with "great rivers of unemployed young people flowing out of the deindustrialized territories from East to West," attacks against foreigners in Rostock and

Söllingen, and “a sort of allergic defensive reaction growing stronger in the western [part of the country] against intruders from the East.” Wolff records what she calls a “look of contempt aimed from West to East.” This is probably a European cousin of the oppressive male gaze much commented on by American feminists. The capitalists of the former West Germany “consider East Germans to have occupied. . . a lower level of civilization.” The new, unified Germany represents the former GDR as having been “nothing but a repellent monotony of oppression and scarcity.” (MEMO TO WOLFF: The GDR was certainly run by repellent people. Do you remember Erich Honecker or the Stasi? You should.)

A recurring device in Wolff’s rambling article is the question, “where am I headed?” It’s my question, too. Suspecting that I have been sucked into an eddy, I attempt to rejoin the main stream.

Is an issue of *PMLA* imaginable without at least one article on Alice Walker or Toni Morrison? In James Berger’s article on “Morrison’s *Beloved* and the Moynihan Report,” the thickets on both banks grow magnificently thick. Morrison’s novel, Berger argues, “opposes neoconservative and Reaganist denials of race as a continuing, traumatic, and structural problem in contemporary America but also questions positions on the left that tend to deny the traumatic effect of violence within African American communities.” In case anyone thinks that he understands that sentence, Berger quickly disabuses him of the notion: “The political terms I use in this essay—liberal, conservative, Reaganist, New Left, black nationalist—have mobile and fluid meanings that represent conjunctures of complementary and contradictory discursive traditions.”

Berger comes to the same conclusion about America that Wolff comes to about the Federal Republic of Germany: America, that immoral wasteland, is ruled by the “delusion” that “the private, unregulated pursuit of wealth can eliminate poverty, that the poor and the rich, whites and blacks live in separate nations.” But wait a minute. What about all those racially exclusive dormitories on our university campuses? Isn’t the new apartheid the creation of the left? But I forgot that, in a world of “fluid meanings,” consistency is not a desideratum. (MEMO TO BERGER: It’s a reason thing—you wouldn’t understand.)

Catherine Ciepolia’s thesis, in an essay called “The Demanding Woman Poet,” is that the Russian poetess Marina Tsvetaëva is just as good as the American poetess Sylvia Plath. Taking Ciepolia at her word, I skipped this article.

Peter A. Dorsey’s “Becoming Other: The Mimesis of Metaphor in Douglass’s *My Bondage and My Freedom*” argues that Frederick Douglass was just playing with metaphors when he described his ascent from slavery to freedom and from illiteracy to education. This consisted of his “textual fashioning of his self.” (I feel like smacking myself on the forehead and saying, “of course. . .”) Dorsey quotes with approval another critic’s suggestion that the self fashioned by Douglass in his text was “a floating signifier.” The concluding section of Dorsey’s essay bears the subtitle “Authorizing the Political” and deals with Douglass’s break with the Garrisonians, who thought that abolition was a non-partisan issue. Dorsey does not mention, does not even hint at, the fact that Douglass himself thought abolition a Republican issue and eagerly joined that party. I muster my fortitude and continue to breast the current. . .

And what issue of *PMLA* would be complete without an article on sodomy? The editors of *PMLA* tell us that the author of “The Disclosure of Sodomy in *Cleanness*,” Allen J. Frantzen, is “working on a book entitled *Straightforward: Sodomy, Sodomy, and Same-Sex Relations in Anglo-Saxon England*.” No doubt. The tenor of Frantzen’s essay is conveyed by the many and diverse attributions in its opening section: “Foucault writes. . .,” “As Foucault sug-

gests. . .,” and “Foucault’s much quoted remark . . .” The medieval poem *Cleanness*, it turns out, is “rich in anal puns.” Says Frantzen: “The poem takes unusual risks in describing sodomy while denouncing it, and the poem’s violence can be seen as a response to the risks of posing sexual temptations.”

Untempted by this enticement, I make a brief portage to a different branch of the river, the one constituted by the National Education Association’s “Higher Education Journal” *Thought and Action*.

Past issues of *T & A* have argued that male students’ questioning of female teachers in women’s studies courses is a form of sexual harassment; that traditional methods of math-instruction oppress female students; and that multiculturalism is the inevitable, utopian future of the U.S.A., with the academy in the glorious vanguard. The present issue (Spring 1996) contains four articles on “Faculty, Institutions, and the Economy.” These are so dreary as to defy satire. Under the label of “Teaching and Students,” meanwhile, there are three articles. One of these, by sociologist Faye W. Arnold of California State University, Dominguez Hills, carries the title “Collaborative Student Input in Multicultural Classes.”

Those who have recently spent time “in the bush” will know that words like “collaborative,” “cooperative,” and “interdisciplinary,” are hot vocabulary items in contemporary discussions of pedagogy. If any one of them appears in a title, be on guard! When “collaborative” is coupled with “multicultural,” it’s a sure sign that language and reason are about to be violated. (MEMO TO READERS: Let’s not leave out “input,” either. Until recently, anyway, it was a pure barbarism; today, like “inscribe” and “interface,” it seems to be one of a half-dozen or so indispensable verbs for the teaching profession.)

As a violator of reason, author Arnold does not disappoint us. For one thing, she perpetrates a piece of mendacity which is all but universal in postmodern pedagogy, namely, falsely characterizing the traditional classroom as monotonous, passive, and/or oppressive. And God forbid that any teacher should ever deliver a lecture! “Most urban, non-elite university students are most likely to have experienced only pre-university ‘banking-style’ classrooms. Structured by one-way planning and one-way monologues of teacher-talk, such classrooms can produce passive, silent students. They also cause students to view education as ‘an act of depositing knowledge,’ themselves as ‘depositories,’ and their teachers as the ‘depositors.’” (MEMO TO MYSELF: Was my pre-university education—in the thoroughly urban, non-elite L.A. City Schools of the 1960s—conducted “banking-style”? Did I ever view myself as a “depository” or my teachers as “depositors”? Did any of my teachers ever treat the classroom in that way? No.)

The utopian solution to these problems is Arnold’s “Multicultural lecture/discussion committee.” This is “composed of a small group of students. . . that, as nearly as possible, mirrors the diversity in a class.” The function of the committee is:

Continually [to] receive input and feedback, from everyone in the class, on all aspects of the course, everything from the course agenda and materials to teaching methods and student concerns. [To] meet with the teacher to discuss and make recommendations based on this input. [To] give the teacher feedback on the progression of the course and to react to ideas for future classes.

#### According to Arnold:

We must continuously tap student feelings of confusion, outrage, or satisfaction about course materials, content, and activities. We must deeply involve students in their own schooling while fostering teacher/student “co-intentionality”—mutual intentions that make study collective property. We must promote higher self-esteem, empowerment, and mobility among women, minority, and other nontraditional higher-education students.

The dead giveaway in this jambalaya-gone-bad of left-wing clichés is the idea that “study” must be made into “collective property.” Thought, too, must become “co-intentional.” The source of Arnold’s breathtakingly audacious innovation is nothing less than the Cliff’s Notes style of Marxism on which the contemporary left is today exclusively (under) nourished. The neologism “co-intentionality,” for example, makes a hybrid of Marx and Husserl.

But what can all of this “input,” “feedback,” “co-intentionality,” and the rest mean to Arnold’s captive audience of students, not one of whom, of course, has ever refused to serve on her committee once invited? I suspect that it means to them a golden opportunity to bullshit a professor who is clearly trying to pander to them in the name of some type of spurious moral liberation, and who is therefore open to cynical manipulation. And I am all too fearful that in “continuously tap[ping] students’ feelings of confusion, outrage,” etc., Arnold simply creates more of what American higher education needs least: Intellectually unformed and emotionally immature young people who have been taught that their subjective turmoil is the touchstone of worldly significance. As Leonard Peikoff has written somewhere, subjectivism is the epistemology of savages. Arnold’s formula for “generat[ing] activities that accommodate diverse learning styles” is the usual contemporary formula for the production of intellectual Apaches.

In her conclusion, Arnold remarks that, everywhere, students are teaching faculty about “alternative student evaluation instruments” and she hopes that “the multicultural lecture/discussion [committee] is viewed as a pragmatic addition to that pile.” What? Is Arnold portraying herself as a “depositor,” and the fund of postmodern pedagogies as a “depository”? As the redoubtable Phyllis Diller once said apropos of a puppy: It takes a heap to make a house a home.

I am deep, deep in the rainforest, far upriver, and I’m pretty certain that Mistuh Kurtz—he dead. I realize that I must turn back and rejoin the real world of the natural order. But what, meanwhile, has my hasty expedition taught me?

FINAL MEMO TO THE READER: The American university (a.k.a. Lagado) is still chock full o’ nuts and the regime of nutty radicals remains inertly if not eternally in place. The “cutting edge” scholars are endlessly recycling the neo-Marxist and deconstructive clichés that first reared their ugly little heads on American shores twenty years ago. The English professors write prose just as badly as the sociology professors. Students, who have never learned to write, are so much depersonalized grist for the ideological mill, recognized, if at all, mainly by their skin-color or ethnicity.

But Hartman’s piece and Gilman’s, from the current *PMLA*, do suggest one faintly positive development. The inhabitants of the tarnished tower can no longer shut their ears to the critical clamor from outside. They are busy, naturally, blaming problems on everyone except those who created them (namely themselves), but they have the dawning sense that they no longer possess behavioral carte blanche. The articles in *PMLA* are as devoid of reason as usual, but they are not so spectacularly nonsensical or calculatedly obscene as they have been in recent issues. Here, too, I sense a defensive withdrawal.

With the tribes demoralized and their communications in vituperative disarray, who knows—the way might be open to bringing civilization to the heart of darkness after all.

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# Smaller Alligator Organs, Lower Human Sperm Counts, and Other Scares

By John Berlau

In the apocalyptic new book *Our Stolen Future*, Theo Colborn, Dianne Dumanoski, and John Peterson Myers, claim that synthetic chemicals may play a role in problems ranging from infertility to attention deficit disorder to even child abuse. Stamping the book with an imprimatur of political correctness, Vice President Al Gore's foreword calls it the sequel to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and says that the book "forces us to ask new questions about the synthetic chemicals that we have spread across this earth."

But before we follow the book's recommendations, however, and ban thousands of chemicals that have greatly improved our health and well-being, we should also ask questions about the evidence for the dire claims being put forward. And it might help to keep in mind the track record of the environmental movement, which, for the last three decades, after all, has constantly warned that one chemical after another—from fluoride in water to Alar on apples—is causing cancer. Yet the National Academy of Sciences recently issued a report that concluded that the levels of pesticides humans consume in food pose little risk for cancer, and that synthetic pesticides are greatly outnumbered by natural pesticides plants make themselves.

But just as cancer claims are being refuted, synthetic chemicals have become the culprits in a new scare. Not surprisingly, the publicity for *Our Stolen Future* is being handled in part by Fenton Communications, the same public relations firm that masterminded the Alar scare of 1989. Now, women who want to have children are being told that if they bite into an apple sprayed with pesticides, they may be reducing the sperm counts of their future sons or causing their future daughters to be unable to conceive. Eventually, the book's authors say, sterility could reach epidemic proportions and the human race could become the next endangered species.

The authors seem almost disappointed that so many synthetic chemicals have been found not to increase cancer rates and seem determined to find that chemicals must be causing some other problem. The book describes the reaction of one of the authors, World Wildlife Foundation zoologist Theo Colborn, when she actually found lower cancer rates among populations exposed to chemicals from the Great Lakes than in the rest of the country. "After months of chasing the specter of cancer," the author writes in the third person, "she [Colborn] found herself at a dead end. Faced with this major setback, she turned her mind again to the wildlife literature and tried to think clearly where she should go next."

Stating that "we must move beyond the cancer paradigm," Dr. Colborn,

along with co-authors John Peterson Myers, director of the Jones Foundation, and journalist Dianne Dumanoski, advances the "environmental estrogen" hypothesis. The authors claim that synthetic chemicals that mimic the sex hormone estrogen may cause reproductive disorders as well as intelligence problems by disrupting the endocrine systems of fetuses in the womb and breast-fed newborns who are exposed to the chemicals stored in their mothers' body fat.

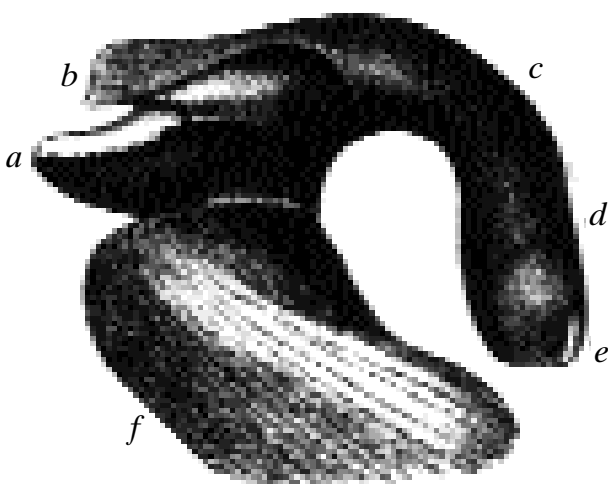


FIG. 56 MALE ORGAN OF ALLIGATOR LUCIUS, XI.

(From Bronn, after Rathke.)

*a*, the right crus penis; *b*, the mucous membrane of the cloaca that covers the organ; *c*, shaft of the penis; *d*, base of glans; *e*, point of glans; *f*, part of the ring muscle of the cloaca.

But like the cancer claims, the assertions about estrogens rest on shaky evidence and great exaggeration of risk. To partly make their case, the authors point to animal studies and isolated wildlife incidents such as the reduced sizes of alligator penises in a Florida lake where a pesticide spill occurred. But alligator penises don't quite make the case. In a quest for bigger game, the authors go after *Homo sapiens* itself. What they call the "most dramatic and troubling sign that hormone disrupters may have already taken a major toll" is the the study purporting to show a 50% global decline in sperm counts in human males. This study, like many of the environmental movement's other scare stories has become fertile ground for criticism of its dramatic and troubling flaws.

Danish endocrinologist Niels

Skakkebaek brought the issue to the forefront in 1992 with his study in the *British Medical Journal* (*BMJ*) that concluded that sperm counts across the world declined by almost 50% from 1940 to 1990. Dr. Skakkebaek later attracted much media attention by suggesting in *The Lancet* that the purported drop may be due to estrogen-mimicking chemicals such as the U.S.-banned DDT and PCBs, dioxin, and many pesticides.

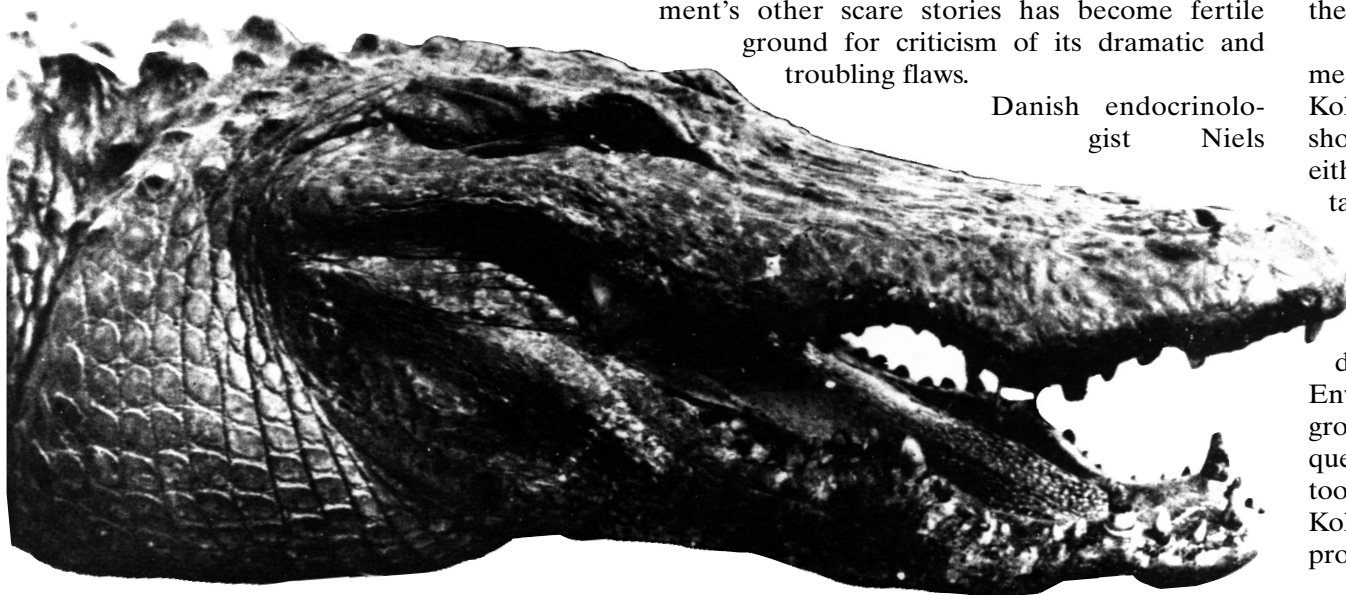
Some of the first media coverage of the environmental estrogen hypothesis came from the 1993 BBC documentary *Assault on the Male*, which was aired in the U.S. on the Discovery Channel the next year. Despite its sensational title and one-sided perspective (no contrary scientific views were presented), the documentary garnered Discovery an Emmy in 1995 for "Outstanding Informational or Cultural Program." *Assault on the Male* set the tone for articles and television segments that portrayed man-made chemicals as a synthetic Lorena Bobbitt attacking and "feminizing" the male species. The media often quoted the alarming statement of Louis Guillette, the biologist who measured and publicized the smaller alligator penises, that every man today is literally "half the man his grandfather was," a statement that transforms penis envy into penis hysteria. Many of the news stories presented declining sperm counts as an established fact and made it look as if the only debate was over whether chemicals were causing them to fall.

But many prominent scientists have noticed that when Skakkebaek's study is examined closely, it is the evidence, more than the sperm counts, that appears to diminish. Since the study's publication, it has been criticized in an editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the pre-eminent reproductive medicine journal *Fertility and Sterility*, and even in an editorial in *BMJ*, the very journal that published the original study. Critics have noted that Skakkebaek's study, which is actually a meta-analysis that surveys 61 studies, may have seriously skewed its results by including many studies that did not adjust for patients' ages and duration of abstinence and that used different sperm-counting techniques. Furthermore, two studies published in *BMJ* and *Fertility and Sterility* that analyzed Skakkebaek's data of men examined in the last two decades found a slight increase in sperm counts since 1970, when synthetic chemical use was at its peak—a finding that undermines his hypothesis that man-made chemicals may be the culprits.

A glimpse at some recent headlines and articles, however, would still give a reader the impression that the sperm count decline was beyond dispute. Stories about *Our Stolen Future* that appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and *Time* were entitled, respectively, "Silent Sperm," "Downward Motility," and "What's Wrong with Our Sperm." Articles in *Business Week* and *U.S. News & World Report* didn't even mention that there is criticism of the sperm count study.

(A notable exception to the prevailing media coverage was a pair of articles by Gina Kolata in the March 19 *New York Times* that showed that there is no scientific consensus on either the sperm count decline or the environmental estrogen hypothesis. To reward her balanced work, Kolata was immediately attacked in Rachel's *Environment & Health Weekly Newsletter*, which asked, "who in the chemical industry 'got to' Ms. Kolata and how did they do it?" So shocked were the flacks at the Environmental Information Center, one of the groups promoting the book, that a reporter would question the claims in their press releases that they took out a quarter-page ad in the *Times* chastising Kolata for citing "academics whose views are being promoted by industry.")

A study published this summer, however,





struck a major blow to Skakkebaek’s finding of a global decrease in sperm counts, and the media has even given this study some attention. In the May issue of *Fertility and Sterility*, a study of three U.S. cities by Dr. Harry Fisch of Columbia University’s College of Physicians and Surgeons found that over the past 25 years, sperm counts have not declined in Los Angeles and have significantly increased in New York and Minneapolis. Another study published in the same issue found that sperm counts have also not declined in Seattle. Both of these studies avoided the biases of previous sperm count research by using standardized sperm counting techniques to analyze men of the same age range whose abstinence had been recorded.

But perhaps more important than its finding that there was no drop in sperm counts in the U.S is that Fisch’s study casts more doubt on Skakkebaek’s finding of a worldwide decline by highlighting huge differences in sperm counts among geographic regions. Researchers have begun to notice that Skakkebaek based his conclusion of a “global” sperm count drop on a comparison of two different populations of men in different time periods, ignoring the possibility that the difference in sperm counts could be due simply to geographic variations. For the first three decades the study covers—1940 to 1970—Skakkebaek surveyed only 13 studies and all but two were conducted in the United States. In addition, more than half the men studied in this time period gave semen samples in New York City. He then mixed in 48 studies conducted after 1970 from all over the

globe. “By drawing a line through New York studies, and then down through a lot of Western European and Third World countries, you’re getting a downward regression, but you’re also seeing a very different population of patients because of geographic selection,” says Dr. Larry Lipshultz, a urologist at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston who recently chaired an international panel on male fertility.

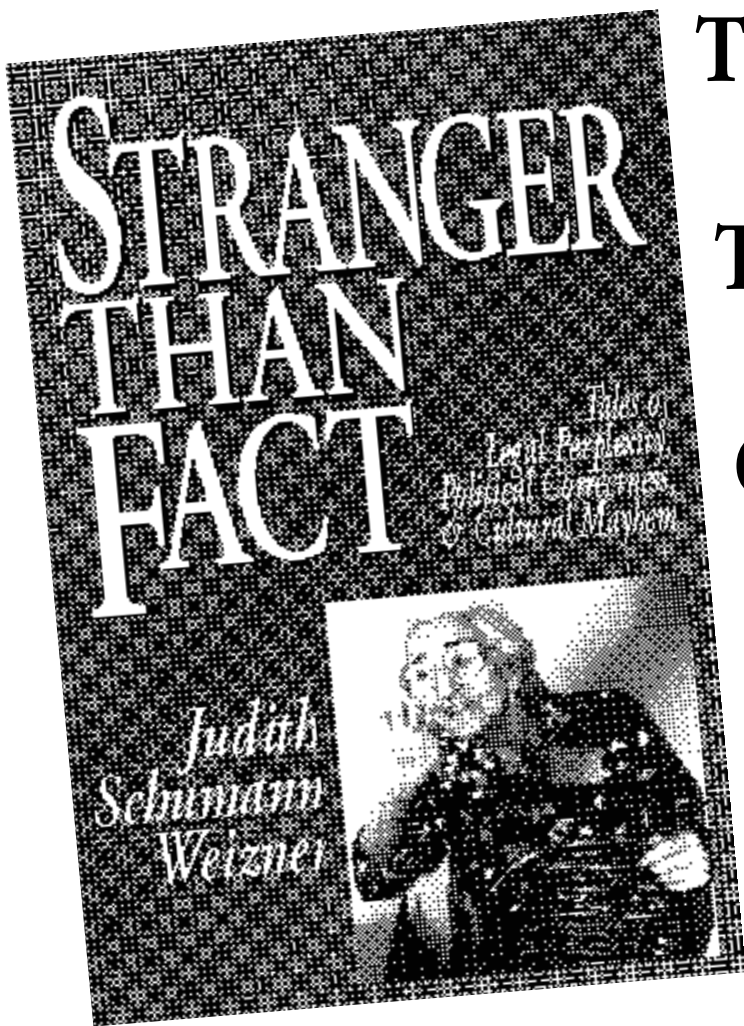
Fisch found in his study that sperm counts in New York are, for unknown reasons, almost 50% higher than those of men in Los Angeles. Because sperm counts vary so greatly among regions, Skakkebaek’s finding of a 50% drop may not represent a decline at all but simply a difference among the geographic areas that Skakkebaek looked at. “I thought there was a decline. Now I think differently because of the data we’ve collected in the U.S. and because of the geographic variabilities not accounted for in other studies,” Fisch said in an interview. Baylor’s Lipshultz says that if the early data from New York are removed from Skakkebaek’s study, the remaining data show sperm counts remaining constant for 50 years.

*Our Stolen Future* fails to make its case about synthetic chemical use causing infertility and other problems the authors associate with hormone disruption. Man-made chemicals are only a fraction of the estrogens humans are exposed to. Just as plants produce far more carcinogenic substances than industry does, they also have a great lead in the manufacture of estrogenic chemicals.

According to Texas A&M toxicologist Stephen Safe, humans receive 40 million times as much estrogen exposure in their diets from natural chemicals in plants as they do from man-made chemicals. A new study by Jonathan Tolman of the Competitive Enterprise Institute points out that some estrogens in plants are 1000 times as potent as DDT and other synthetic chemicals. Many of these plant estrogens, such as the soy ingredient genistein, have been found to impair fertility and cause reproductive disorders in mice. Since the human race has survived what Tolman calls “Nature’s Hormone Factory” for thousands of years, he writes, “the concern over human exposure to synthetic estrogen-mimicking compounds may be somewhat overstated.”

It is not an overstatement, however, to point out the real risks of a ban or sharp curtailment of synthetic chemicals to avoid their unproven risks. If Greenpeace gets its wish and municipalities stop disinfecting drinking water with chlorine, thousands may die of waterborne diseases such as the cholera that killed 3,500 in Peru after chlorination was stopped. Phasing out pesticides would double or triple the price of fruits and vegetables, some of the most effective agents against cancer. If we forgo the benefits of modern technology because of doomsaying claims and predictions based on faulty evidence, then our future really will be stolen.

Mr. Berlau is a policy analyst at Consumer Alert, a Washington-based, free-market consumer group.



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# Symphony Violinist in Fight to Regain Job

By Judith Schumann Weizner

Scott Profumo, Principal Violinist of the Newark Philharmonia, has filed suit to regain his job after being fired last week. In papers filed today in State Supreme Court, Mr. Profumo claims that he has been illegally discriminated against by management on the basis of his personal habits and that he is the victim of a conspiracy by several members of the viola section to drive him out of the orchestra.

Newark Philharmonia Personnel Manager Gerald Geruch told reporters that he personally regrets the firing which occurred only after strenuous efforts on behalf of management to avoid imposing the ultimate penalty on Mr. Profumo.

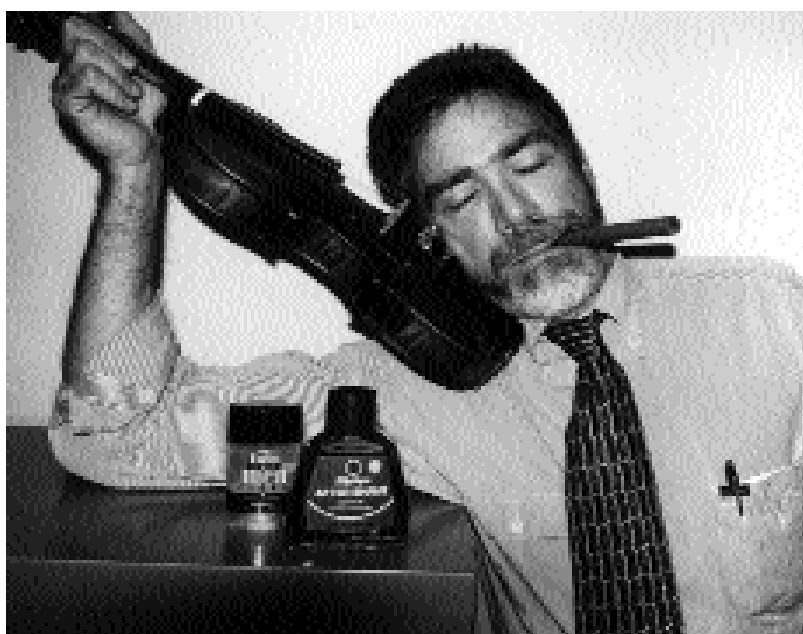
Mr. Profumo joined the orchestra in 1981, the year of its founding, when he was hired to play in the violin section. Last year, when the principal violinist retired, he auditioned for the chair and won it. Shortly after his accession to that position, he was approached by Mr. Geruch, who informed him that one of his colleagues had complained that his breath smelled like cigar smoke. Mr. Profumo admitted that he liked to smoke a cigar now and then, especially if it was an unusually good one, and he agreed not to smoke before coming to work. The complaints persisted, however, due to the scent of cigar smoke that clung to his clothes. Not willing to incur the ill will of his colleagues over such a trivial matter, he hired a contractor to install air-tight seals on all his closet doors and had his entire wardrobe cleaned.

The complaints ceased for several months until Jessica Duft, the Assistant Principal Violinist, who occupies the chair next to Profumo and shares a music stand with him, became pregnant. She explained to Mr. Geruch that pregnancy had rendered her sense of smell particularly acute and the odor of cigar smoke emanating from Mr. Profumo's hair was nauseating her. Mr. Profumo was directed to shampoo his hair half an hour before coming to work or face charges of environmental harassment.

After a week, Ms. Duft informed Mr. Geruch that her nausea had abated, but three days later she was back in his office, complaining that she could not catch her breath. Summoned once more, Mr. Profumo was asked to supply a list of all the ingredients in his after-shave and shampoo. This he did, but with some difficulty, as he had to write the manufacturer for the chemical content of the scented ingredients. In the meantime, he agreed to use an unscented shampoo and to cease wearing after-shave.

Even with these alterations in Mr. Profumo's scent, Ms. Duft found that she still had trouble breathing in his presence, and requested permission to wear a mask. Permission was given on condition that she wear a flesh-colored mask.

However, when several audience members complained about her appearance, Mr. Geruch told her she'd have to take off the mask and move to the back of the violin section where she could sit by herself. Ms. Duft balked, explaining that giving up her titled position, even temporarily, would not be acceptable, especially as the cause of her having to wear the mask was covered by the Americans with Disabilities Act. She threatened to go to the law if



Scott Profumo

the management forced her to relinquish her chair. Due to the compelling nature of her remarks Mr. Profumo was ordered to the back of the section and Ms. Duft allowed to occupy the Principal Chair pending resolution of the problem.

With the assurance that his bonus as Principal Violinist would not be compromised, he moved, but three days later another violinist was placed on disability, having fallen under a city bus, and Mr. Profumo had to be moved up. Within a week, his new partner was complaining of severe headaches that abated only when she was not at work. Suspecting a workplace-related ailment, she asked the management to determine whether her new music-stand partner wore a deodorant. Mr. Profumo admitted that he did. Delighted to have found the probable cause of the player's headaches so easily, Mr. Geruch ordered Mr. Profumo to cease wearing a deodorant.

Now quite certain that that last vestige of offensive scent was gone and that he would no longer be the chemical cause of Ms. Duft's shortness of breath, Mr. Profumo asked to return to first stand and resume his duties as Principal Violinist. His request was granted.

For several weeks it seemed that everyone was satisfied, but then Ms. Duft once again began complaining of nausea and soon her complaints were echoed by several colleagues and some members of the audience who sat in the front rows. Fearful of alienating any potential contributors, the

management called the EPA and the auditorium was sealed so that extensive air samples could be taken. To head off the possibility that it would have to cancel the rest of the season and refund patrons' receipts, the management scrambled to find an alternate venue. Fortunately, a nearby private school agreed to allow the orchestra to use its large auditorium to complete its season.

After three days in the new hall, however, players and audience alike began complaining of a stifling, disgusting odor. The EPA was summoned once again, the school was closed, the auditorium sealed.

While the management frantically tried to locate another site, the preliminary results of the tests on Orchestra Hall came back, indicating a problem in the backstage area by the dressing rooms that seemed to originate in Mr. Profumo's locker. Mr. Profumo was asked to submit his tuxedo for testing. After receiving a guarantee that the management would pay for rental of a replacement tux while the tests were being conducted, he surrendered his jacket.

The orchestra was once more homeless while the EPA conducted tests in the school auditorium, and the management grappled with the likely consequences of refunding its box office receipts for the balance of the season. During this time, a stage-hand observed that the odor on stage at Orchestra Hall had disappeared and that the smell in the back stage area also seemed to be dissipating. Once his observations had been confirmed, the EPA granted a Certificate of Provisional Re-Occupancy, enabling the season to resume in Orchestra Hall.

Life in the Newark Philharmonia returned to something remarkably like the old days, but after a few weeks, players began to notice that the heavy odor was returning, albeit not yet with its former ferocity. The EPA was summoned again, but before the hall could be sealed once again, the results on the test on Mr. Profumo's tuxedo jacket came back. They pointed conclusively to his failure to wear deodorant.

Citing Mr. Profumo's olfactory unacceptability either with or without a deodorant, Mr. Geruch dismissed him.

Legal experts familiar with Mr. Profumo's complaint say that he faces an uphill battle to regain his job because of the wording of the dismissal notice, which charges him with "inability to conform to accepted olfactory ensemble standards." Refusal or inability to meet accepted ensemble standards is grounds for dismissal from a symphony orchestra.

Several legal experts expect the Newark Philharmonia to counter-sue Mr. Profumo, seeking to recover from him the cost of renting the school gymnasium as well as the costs of the sophisticated air quality tests.

The case is expected to attract a widespread audience when it is televised next month on *Justice TV*.

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