

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



I struggled with part-time work for almost a year after Ronald Reagan had left Washington in 1988. I was a movement conservative and, while there had been great accomplishments made during the last eight years, there was now a sense of letdown. George Bush, as Lloyd Bentsen might have said, was no Ronald Reagan. But by 1990 my friends convinced me to come back into the arena. They wanted me to become a field director to recruit and develop activists in one of the largest states in the Union. They were excited, and so was I, about my full-time return to the conservative movement. Communism would soon collapse, and much of the world would turn to Reagan's vision of international democratic capitalism. We had set out to change the course of the nation; instead we had changed the world. It was so exhilarating—until my friend told me he was dying of AIDS.

His name was Joseph. He and I were very close. I had wanted him to be my lover, but he treated me like a brother. Still, there was a pleasure simply in being confidants.

"I won't abandon you," I told Joseph. "This is your Calvary Hill. I won't abandon you." For the next 18 months I took care of him and eased him into death. His passing came at about the same time as our victory in Desert Storm. Joseph was proud to be a veteran of the military, just as I was. He was glad to have lived to see the liberation of Kuwait and the exorcism of the ghost of Vietnam. He was appalled by the reflexive anti-Americanism of gay activists toward these events. AIDS is a horrible death, but I think in some respects Joseph died happy.

Since my days in college, I have known that I was sexually different. It is in my nature. When I prayed about my

THE CONSCIENCE GAY OF A CONSERVATIVE



sexuality, it was not to ask God to change me but to bless my relationships and to help me create new ones that were monogamous and exclusive.

My sexual orientation had never affected my politics. I was a young Reagan conservative: pro-life, anti-communist, Southern, a military veteran. For me, sexuality has always been what takes place in one's private moments, while politics is part of one's public identity. I never paid much attention to gay issues, because they seemed to arise out of a ghetto mentality; I was always put off by the self-appointed gay power structure's eager embrace of the victim mentality. And in time I came to be put off as well—frightened, to tell the truth—by the violence within the radical gay movement. And I should say right at the beginning that I have written this article anonymously (I flatter myself that many of you would recognize my real name) not to protect myself from my straight conservative colleagues, many of whom I consulted while writing this piece, but from members of the Gay Left, I know by experience that when they are confronted with a bothersome truth, they react with threats, intimidation, and terror. Despite their at-tempts to cloak themselves in the mantle of human-rights advocacy and an opposition to hate, I have observed how vicious and unprincipled they can be toward those who break ranks with them (although this, of course, reveals to the larger world exactly what that part of the culture wars centering on gays is all about).

Like environmentalism, the gay-rights cause began as a legitimate movement, but in my estimation, it was hijacked by the radical Left almost at the beginning. Its vanguard, unlike most gays, was anti-Western, Christian-bashing, and, in the age of AIDS, still more concerned with exercising sexual freedom and blaming others for their troubles than in creating protective and self-imposed restrictions on their behavior.

This gay movement argued that life would be better for homosexuals somewhere in the Third World (perhaps

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From the New Masses to the New University WHO INVENTED POLITICAL CORRECTNESS?

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

As a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the country's tenth largest daily newspaper, I must regularly deal with clichés, fantasies, and urban legends. I have encountered them far more frequently than I care to recall, from the mouths of interviewees, as well as in other reporters' copy.

Clichés especially are part of the landscape of every newsroom. You get used to them. Even so, the appearance of a new cliché, if it is silly enough, still has the power to surprise, even to stun.

One example would be the notion, circulating widely among the lumpen intelligentsia that infest media and academia, which holds that "political

heard this one from an otherwise intelligent colleague at the *Chronicle* a couple of years ago. I have since found it repeated in many places. The argument is simple: that the hue and cry over an alleged "political correctness" (understood as a rigid standard of virtue based on a prescribed opposition to sexual, racial, and related forms of injustice and enforced by coercive sanctions) is based on a fiction created out of whole cloth by white, male, heterosexual conservatives desperate to maintain their purported monopoly over cultural dialogue.

This cliché is more ludicrous than most. But it does raise an interesting question. Who did invent political correctness?

The social historian Tony Judt recently recalled in *The New Republic* that, coming from a family of old-line,

1960s and the decades after.

I am in a similar situation. My first experience with the Marxist left dates back 31 years, to 1963. I was 14; I had joined the youth wing of the Communist Party, USA, in San Francisco. It was the only place in the country where old-line communism remained a respectable political position. Indeed, the West Coast party organization published a weekly, the *People's World*, that was rather lively and open in those days, with passably fresh coverage of cultural and related affairs.

I remember, however, that about the time I joined, the paper's letters pages were occupied for some months by an inexplicably nasty debate between the paper's political editor, Steve Maxwell, and a bad-tempered party supporter named Harold Hamburg. Week after week,

COMMUNIQUE

IT'S OCR PARTY, YOU CAN CRY IF YOU WANT TO

Your ignorance saddens me.

You are *clueless* as to the larger ways in which oppression works within our society—it's not about "political correctness"—it's about fighting to end woman-hating, racist, homophobic zealotry like your journal.

Julie E. Plante

I WANT TO EAT YOUR CANCER

Thank you for *The Stupid Club* (April 1994). Living so close to Grungeland and being the recipient of more than I care to see of "alternative" rock effluvia, I particularly enjoyed your piece. Our own *Oregonian* newspaper wasted three front-page major articles on this perverse junkie. (My favorite lyric of Cobain's: "I want to eat your cancer, when you turn black.")

I have enclosed a local "zine" with its own tripe regarding Mr. Cobain that I thought you might find amusing. In the first paragraph (p. 14) the progenitors of this tripe not only display their vapid and inane attempts to wring philosophy out of the wasted life called Kurt Cobain and their desperate attempt to compare his joining the Stupid Club with the death of my Lord, but they highlight their own appalling ignorance by their apparent misbegotten belief that Jesus died in Rome!

So much for the inherent wisdom of the young and the rebellious.

Paul deParrie
Portland, OR

ARE YOU TWO RELATED?

Mega kudos to Judith Schumann Weizner for the article "Law Firm Head Faces Ouster; Associate Charges Sex Harassment!" The author has a wonderful wit and great writing style.

I also enjoyed the author's article in the March 1994 issue, concerning the outstanding cellist award to a person who couldn't play the instrument. Judith Schumann Weizner is my choice for the recipient for the Center's Andy Rooney Award.

Donald C. Smaltz
Los Angeles, CA

GIVE ANTI-WAR A CHANCE

Much as I am often unimpressed by the general *attitude* taken by *Heterodoxy*, I am in profound agreement with your active efforts to support the Bill of Rights against the PC crowd and the state. Please accept my donation of \$25.00. Having proven my support by putting my money where my mouth is, I want now to make a critical point about how *Heterodoxy* deals with these issues.

Your justifiable attacks on the vicious actions of these people should also show some awareness that they did not emerge from a vacuum. Some abuses they use to justify their nastiness are genuine. A truly constructive approach would also attend to how they might be better addressed.

For example, when I was a graduate student at Berkeley, there were those in the political science department who refused to take women students seriously. Cultural evolution is usually preferable to legal action, but

that evolution can be speeded up by admitting problems exist. In short, you too often mix up attacks against bad actions with a denial of the reality of the problems they oppose. I believe a more balanced approach would make you much more effective.

I also see a continuing problem with Collier and Horowitz's work. Good analysis requires context, and context is repeatedly neglected. When reading *Destructive Generation*, I noticed their neglect of the fact that the anti-war movement (of which they and I were a part) was provoked by genuine and severe abuses of political power. For example, where in the Constitution will you find authority to fight such a conflict without a declaration of war? And where will you find justification for Lyndon Johnson's deceit with his Gulf of Tonkin Resolution? Or the fact that he was elected on a promise of peace, painting Goldwater as the warrior?

Might these breaches of faith have contributed to the disillusionment and anger of the day? I do not justify everything done by the anti-War movement—but this makes it comprehensible. Destructiveness was hardly confined to some members of one generation. If only all virtue were on one side, all vice on the other, history and politics would be so simple.

Even so, I applaud your work defending the Bill of Rights, and wish you complete success in that important task.

Gus deZerega, Ph.D.
Seattle, WA

JUST DOESN'T ADD UP

Your article "Why Joanie Can't Add" (March) makes some important points about innumeracy in our society and the ludicrous attempts to justify it.

However, you focus on the Left as a center of this problem. Neither Left nor Right have a sole claim to irrationality, anti-intellectualism, or mysticism.

It was Ronald Reagan who said of funding for science, "It is not the business of Government to subsidize idle curiosity." It was George Bush who visited math classes and told students not to worry if they didn't do well in math, because he never did either.

It was Hitler, no leftist, who promoted astrology and fringe medicine, dismissed quantum physics and relativity as "Jewish Science" and hence false, and then made all his scientists swear that the stars were all made of snow.

It was Nancy Reagan who brought astrology into the White House. And Richard Nixon's right-wing friend Jeane Dixon who made psychic forecasting respectable among middle America.

I have a physics degree from MIT and have been doing engineering in private industry for 12 years. I am, by the standards of your magazine, a leftist in every way (although I consider myself very moderate). In my studies in physics I would say that of those students who had political tendencies far more were liberal than conservative.

Many of the most outstanding physicists of this century are or were liberal. In fact, some of the Manhattan Project physicists were even suspected of being communists!

I enjoy the journal *The Skeptical Inquirer* because it deals with irrationality, pseudoscience, and anti-intellectualism without resorting to the unsupported assertions that you resort to. You offer anecdotes but no statistics to support your claim that leftists are more irrational or less mathematical than rightists or libertarians.

Math is hard. Understanding the real solutions to social problems is far harder. Simplistic solutions

are advanced by ignorant people on both the Left and the Right. Insults are easy. Constructive ideas are hard.

Robert Bernstein
Goleta, CA

LESBIANS DON'T GET PREGNANT

I agree that the "Tailhook" affair was a witchhunt, blown out of proportion. Nevertheless, your April article was substandard.

1. Where was the author's name? This is especially pertinent in an article offered for reprint that makes personal attacks on an individual.

2. The two skin photographs were the lowest in political sleaze. If they came from an officer, he should be court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

3. Motives were oversimplified. We are asked to believe the entire "Navy" was out to frame the Tailhook defendants. In fact, many Navy officials originally treated the affair with the moderation it deserved. A chronology of the feminist firestorm in Congress and the Bush administration would have been useful.

Someone else's article suggested that feminists, including one of the principal accusers, used Tailhook as leverage to open combat jobs to female officers. Once that reform was achieved, this accuser muddled her testimony, and some defendants were acquitted. Supposedly, she must have been lying from the start; another interpretation, however, is that, having won her struggle with the Department of the Navy, she intentionally let individuals escape.

Some of the Tailhook witch hunters may have been taking vengeance for earlier anti-lesbian witch hunts. There is no evidence that lesbians make bad soldiers; on the contrary, they do not get pregnant.

Hugo S. Cunningham
Boston, MA

WHY KARL INSTEAD OF GROUCHO?

Professor Comerchero's tale of his gradual awakening to the nihilism of the anti-American socialist beliefs that have gripped our nation's intellectual class for the past 30-some years was fascinating ("Lost Horizons").

He could do much to help the rest of us understand and fight this socialist/PC phenomenon by doing a follow-up piece to try to explain just what there was about Marxism-Leninism that attracted him in the first place!

John R. Smith
Tallahassee, FL



WITH THIS DOUBLE ISSUE

Heterodoxy

goes on its annual summer break.

Expect to hear from us again around LABOR DAY, when we will be tan, rested, and ready to do battle with the commissars of correctness once again.

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

THE AAUW HAS PMS: The American Association of University Women, as Barbara Rhoades Ellis documented rather forcefully in our October 1993 issue, has been captured by the most vulgar and trivial elements of the PC culture. A once noble organization that has become devoted to cruel self-parody, the AAUW has now released a publication called "Unmasking Religious Right Extremism." In a tone alternating between fatuousness and an hysteria that is unintentionally hilarious and reads like a satire of Herbert Philbrick, the AAUW attempts to stigmatize school choice as a right-wing plot. In so doing, it lists a few words and phrases it claims are "tipoffs to possible Religious extremist affiliation. While use of these buzzwords does not prove the speaker is an extremist, it does warrant further investigation and questioning."

Some of the words and phrases that the AAUW has identified as dangerous are as follows: *back to basics in education, media elite, excellence in education, decency, choice in education, pro-family, school choice, moral rebirth, traditional family values, and parental control.*

This organization is dotty!

A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT IN MINNESOTA: In late May, a Christian fundamentalist preacher named Paul Stamm was delivering an impromptu sermon on the campus of the University of Minnesota. He happened to be referring to the National Organization of Women as the National Organization of Witches when Andrea Jepsen, a junior at the university, came by. Deciding that the preacher had interfered with her "ability to use University facilities comfortably," she called in the university police. Knowing a hostile environment when they saw one, officers arrested Stamm. Jepsen later said that she knew the preacher's First Amendment rights might have been violated, but she insisted that Stamm had "stepped over the line." The rest, as Hamlet once said, was silence.

HOW DO YOU SPELL C-O-R-R-E-C-T-N-E-S-S?: Remember the good old days when one could avoid toxic political developments simply by barricading one-self inside the house and playing a board game instead of watching television? Kiss those days goodbye. The long arm of PC is rummaging through your game closet. The makers of Scrabble have decided to purge up to 100 offensive words from the next edition of the Official Scrabble Players Dictionary, according to Wayne Charness, spokesman for Hasbro Inc., which owns Milton Bradley. "We're just trying to be sensitive," Charness explains. But John Williams Jr., executive director of the National Scrabble Association, says that many Scrabble experts are outraged. "They are able to separate the word from the meaning. To a Scrabble player you're taking away 100 and 75 potential scores." Scrabble expert William McGowen agrees: "This smacks of fascism. It's McCarthyism at the Scrabble board. This is worse than getting stuck with the Q at the end of the game."

LOONY LEXICON: Political correctness is decoding the insidious language of the real-estate industry, as agents at Duffy Real Estate in Narbeth, Pennsylvania, and other agencies—as well as in newspaper classifieds departments—are finding out. Advertising a home in a *quiet neighborhood* is simply a code for *no children allowed*—and being toddler-insensitive is a big PC no-no. Pointing out to prospective buyers that a given piece of property enjoys access to nearby hiking trails or a local park and would therefore appeal to *sports enthusiasts* really means you're trying to discourage the *disabled* from buying that home. *Master*

bedroom obviously refers to slavery, according to the PC lexicographers, and we should all be able to tell that *walk-in closet* and *ocean view* are simply code-words designed to alienate those who cannot walk or see.

PELTIER OUT ON FURLOUGH?: It's a sign of the times. The Native American program' at Dartmouth College recently issued a bulletin urging students to write letters to President Clinton asking that he grant clemency to Leonard Peltier, whose 1975

ago. The Post Office now has more women and men in uniform than the U.S. Marine Corps and U.S. Coast Guard combined. And so it was one of those ironies that frequently occur in a bureaucracy when it was revealed that postal-service executive Celestine Green had spent more than \$200,000 to build herself a palatial four-room office suite, complete with a \$4,000 toilet, a whirlpool bath, and a full kitchen with an automatic dishwasher—all this in a building scheduled to be vacated in year and a half. When the larceny was discovered, Ms. Green didn't lose her job. Instead, she was transferred with full pay and benefits to Columbia, South Carolina—much warmer and safer than her native Chicago. *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko says it all: "If Jeffery Dahmer had been a postal worker, he'd probably still be snacking on his fellow workers because it would be too great a bother to fire him."

CHICKEN HOOTERS: Popeyes Chicken and Biscuits removed two dozen Southern California billboards after a complaint about the message: "The best breasts in Southern California without plastic surgery." Carol Foran, a member of Ladies of Courage, a support group for woman with breast cancer, wasn't amused. "It was very sexist, very insensitive, being that they are comparing breasts with chicken and plastic surgery. Especially with all the things going on today with breast implants."

THE COSTS OF RISK AVERSITY: Consumer reporter John Stossel of ABC's *20/20* recently examined the asbestos scare which paralyzed the New York City schools last fall and cost taxpayers almost \$100 million. Stossel reported that "most scientists who research asbestos and the dangers say closing the schools made no sense...what the kids were exposed to wasn't a real risk." He cited Dr. Steven Levin, who believes that New York's attempt to remove the asbestos will "probably spread more into the air."

THE SOULS OF WHITE FOLK: Found in *Final Call*, Louis Farrakhan's newspaper "The Honorable Elijah Muhammad stated and taught that the white race began through the separation of a brown germ in the original black man through a 600-year process of birth control. Minister Louis Farrakhan has asked the United States Congress for the opportunity to defend and prove the truth of this teaching through scholarly medical and scientific evidence." This is a new take on the anthropologists' notion that all races rise from an African ancestor.

HONEYMOONERS: England too has its PC woes, as a recent flap at the BBC shows. Under pressure from the Gay and Lesbian Group, the broadcasting monolith had decided to extend its time honored gift of £75 and a week's paid honeymoon to Iain Davidson, a lighting director, and his partner, Scot Love, after the couple went through a "confirmation of love" ceremony. The decision occasioned an equal and opposite reaction. Some critics were bitter in their condemnation of the decision. Sir Nicholas Fairhair, former Scottish Solicitor General said, "Pensioners have to pay their license fee [for BBC services] and for that to be used to pay buggers and lesbians to indulge in their perversions on holiday is an absolute outrage." But most government officials were somewhat calmer, seeing the controversy as an opportunity to reign in what they regarded as a complex and abusive system of allowances, which include "soft-soled shoe" payments enabling those who work on studio floors to buy rubber-soled footwear and the "evening dress allowance" of £233 every three years. In the case at hand, after news of its paying for homosexual marriages caused an avalanche of criticism in Parliament, the BBC said it would discontinue all such payments and extra holidays. Iain Davidson, one of the honeymooners, criticized the BBC for "giving in to bigoted Tory attitudes toward gay people."

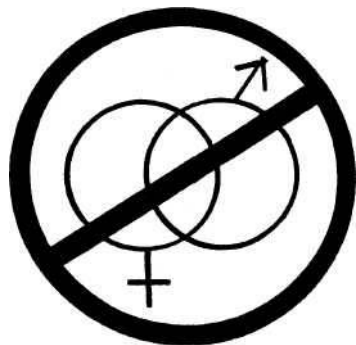
LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



armed confrontation with federal agents at Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation left two men dead and marked the high point in the career of the American Indian Movement. Peltier's actions (and the way that novelist Peter Matthiessen and other writers took up his cause) echoed Black Panther Huey Newton's murder of Oakland police officer John Frey in 1968. Peltier had wounded two FBI agents in an exchange of gunfire. As the agents lay helpless and bleeding, several AIM members witnessed Peltier shoot the agents at point-blank range using the civilian version of an M-16. Peltier had set up an ambush; ballistics experts testified that the agents managed to get off a total of five shots, compared with the more than 125 bullet holes counted in the agents' cars. Peltier was convicted by a jury and has lost numerous appeals. But efforts continue to make him a cause celebre. (The Soviets charged that he was a "political prisoner" in a fracas at the United Nations in the 1980s.) Pressure is now mounting for Clinton to pardon Peltier. Who would come next? Sirhan Sirhan? James Earl Ray? Charles Manson?

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS SPENDS TWICE: Neither wind, rain, sleet, nor gloom of night will slow postal bureaucrats from feathering their nests. The price of a stamp has risen more than twice as fast as inflation since 1970, and first-class mail (called "snail mail" by critics) is delivered more slowly than it was 50 years

Four Chapters in the Decline and



Married Women Need Not Apply

By Richard Minter

Cynthia Fisher had all of the qualifications to win tenure at Vassar College, except one—she was married. A developmental biologist, Fisher had won several competitive research grants from the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health and had solid credentials in the world of scientific research. Her writing, often a key factor in tenure decisions, was published in well-regarded academic journals in her field. She had won high marks from her students and colleagues during her seven years teaching at Vassar.

When she came up for tenure in 1985, Fisher was shocked that she was voted down by the biology department. Even more stunning was the reasoning behind the decision: Women who are married with children just can't be good scientists. The time Fisher "had taken off in order to raise a family [prior to teaching at Vassar] was a principle factor in the Department's recommendation to deny her tenure," admitted Leathan Mehaffey, then chairman of the biology department, in the course of a federal trial last year.

It was a bizarre outcome for a college whose name has long been synonymous with women's rights. And in the minds of some close to the campus, it showed that Vassar's traditional commitment to women had narrowed in the last 10 years to a support for some women. "What this case proves," said an instructor who prefers to remain anonymous until his own tenure is decided, "is what many of us have suspected all along...that Vassar is run by a lesbian mafia that just can't stand straight, normal women, especially ones with children."

Elsewhere on campus, Vassar goes to great lengths to protect the rights of women. The term "date rape" is used so broadly at Vassar that a suggestive glance or gesture is often enough for a woman to bring charges in college court. Speaking of men who have been *falsely* accused of date rape at Vassar, Catherine Comins, assistant dean of student life at the time, told *Time* magazine not long ago, "They have a lot of pain, but it is not necessarily pain that I would have spared them. I think it ideally initiates a process of self-exploration. 'How do I see women?' 'If I didn't violate her, could I have?' 'Do I have the power to do what they say I did?' Those are good questions."

Certainly there is no lack of feminist zeal at the Poughkeepsie, New York, campus—though little of it is used to defend married women. The College provides funding and space in its Main Building for a "womyn's center," a feminist meeting place which unofficially bars male students. Most of the bathrooms on campus are officially co-ed, although some of the older academic buildings still reserve bathrooms for one sex or the other. (One "ladies" room in Rockefeller Hall is periodically defaced by outraged feminists who consider the term "lady" to be elitist.) "Take Back The Night" marches, designed to forge female solidarity and vent "all men are rapists" rhetoric, parade across campus. And the quadrangle has seen its share of demonstrations, including a notorious 1991 "bleed in," in which angry feminists littered the ground with dirty tampons.

The policy of refusing tenure to married women seems out of step with the current feminist mood and with the traditions of Vassar, one of the nation's first colleges for women. Matthew Vassar, a Poughkeepsie brewer, founded the school to give women the same educational opportunities that their brothers had at Harvard or Yale. The college largely succeeded at that, graduating poets

such as Edna St. Vincent Millay and writers such as Mary McCarthy, both of whom had a decidedly progressive bent. Other illustrious alumnae include Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, and Dr. Bernadine Healy, the first woman director of the National Institutes of Health.

Cynthia Fisher was an ideal target for professorial prejudice. When she signed on as an assistant biology professor at Vassar in 1977, she was already 45 years old—much older than her untenured peers. And she had made different career choices than they had, having worked as a part-time professor at a nearby college so she could raise her two adopted daughters. Many Vassar professors are childless and view a woman's decision to slow her career for the sake of her children as tragic rather than heroic. Nonetheless, after being denied tenure, Fisher found it hard to believe that her choices of marriage and family had tipped the scales against her. Then she began an investigation that led her to some surprising conclusions. Vassar had not tenured a married woman in any of the "hard sciences" (biology, chemistry, mathematics, physics, geology, and computer science) in more than 30 years. Fisher began to suspect that she and other married women were victims of systematic discrimination.

Fisher protested to then-President of Vassar Virginia B. Smith, but Smith refused to overturn the biology department's recommendation that Fisher not be granted tenure. Fisher decided to have her day in court and filed suit. She figured she was on solid ground. Since the 1971 U.S. Supreme Court case in which the high court found that United Airlines' policy of hiring only single women as stewardesses was unconstitutional discrimination, courts have prohibited hiring and promotional decisions based solely on a woman's marital status. Such discrimination has virtually vanished from the profit sector but lingers in nonprofit backwaters like Vassar, which considered itself immune from the high court's ruling.

After much maneuvering behind the scenes, Fisher's bench trial finally began almost a year ago. For feminists who pay attention to such things, the lineup in the case must have had a certain gender irony. Fisher, her lawyer, Eleanor Jackson Piel, and the judge, Constance Baker Motley, were women. Strangely enough, Vassar was represented by a man, John Donoghue.

Like most job-discrimination cases, this one turned on the interpretation of statistics. Fisher's attorney Piel pointed out the stark fact that no married woman had been granted tenure in any of the hard sciences in the past generation prior to 1985. Arguing for the college, Donoghue pointed out that a married woman was given tenure in the psychology department in 1983 and that since 1985 four married women have been granted tenure in the sciences: two in psychology, one in physics, and one in computer science. To date, Donoghue conceded, the biology department has yet to tenure a married woman.

Piel countered that psychology is usually not considered a hard science, because it generally shies away from theories that are verifiable by experiment or observation, the criteria that distinguish the hard sciences. The court agreed, finding that Vassar's designation of psychology as a hard science was baseless.

As part of the trial, Fisher's legal team brought forth two other highly qualified married women who had been denied tenure. (One of them confided that she'd

undergone an abortion to preserve her tenure prospects; she was denied tenure anyway and left teaching.)

One year after the trial ended, Judge Constance Baker Motley ruled in favor of Fisher. The court found that Vassar, despite its protests that it advances the cause of women "has consistently shown prejudice toward its married female faculty in the hard sciences." In her 102-page decision, Judge Motley found that "the persistent fixation of the biology department's senior faculty on a married woman's pre-Vassar family choices reflects the acceptance of a stereotype and bias: that a woman with an active and ongoing family life cannot be a productive scientist and, therefore, is not one despite much evidence to the contrary." Motley ordered the college to pay Fisher some \$500,000 in back pay and reinstate her immediately.

The court also ordered Vassar to immediately grant Fisher tenure, a highly unusual move. Current Vassar President Frances Ferguson and Dean of the Faculty Nancy Dye promptly issued a two-and-a-half-page single-spaced letter to the faculty arguing that this aspect of the decision smacked of judicial activism. (This letter was not made available to the press; *Heterodoxy* received a copy from a concerned faculty member.) Ferguson and Dye wrote, "The Vassar community has reacted with great astonishment and distress to Judge Motley's decision, for it paints a picture of the college that we believe to be profoundly distorted and inaccurate. We are also distressed by the major departure *Fisher v. Vassar College* represents with respect to judicial involvement in the tenure process: To the best of our knowledge, no judge has ever made such definitive pronouncements on either a plaintiff's qualifications for tenure or the worthiness of other members of a plaintiff's department for promotion."

In fact, a careful reading of Judge Motley's decision, which exposes to public view the dark side of academic politics, tells quite a different story. The court record yielded a mountain of evidence showing that by every objective measure, Fisher was not only qualified for tenure but perhaps the best candidate the biology department had seen in almost two decades.

In weighing a candidate's tenure prospects, most science departments examine the quantity and the quality of articles published in academic journals, the importance of that research to other scientists, the use of sabbatical leave, the number of research grants won, the number of consultancies won, and the recommendations of outside reviewers. By these criteria, Fisher was a shoo-in.

Seven of the eight papers Fisher published appeared in the top 5 percent of the more than 4,000 scientific journals published each year, according to the grading system established by *The Science Citation Index*. Her seven papers were cited by other scientists 50 times. (By contrast, Dr. Pinina Norrod, a single woman granted tenure the same year Fisher was turned down, had only two articles published in journals ranked in the top five percent by the SCI and only 39 citations in that category.) Additionally, the court found that Fisher's publication record "was superior to that of the three males who received tenure prior to the consideration of Dr. Fisher for tenure." Dr. Mehaffey, the department chairman at the time Fisher was denied tenure, published only one article between 1980, when he was awarded tenure, and 1985, when Fisher asked for tenure, and Mehaffey wasn't even the principal author of this one article. (Another favored professor, who was lacking actual publications, was credited by the department for writing an unfunded grant request because "the creative process" was similar to writing an academic article.)

In terms of the importance of the research done, the court found that the biology department had lied in claiming that Fisher's work was "fairly narrow and highly specialized," a phrase which it suggested more accurately describes the work of other scientists to whom they had awarded tenure in the past, in fact, outside reviewers of the value of Fisher's research said she "has made an important contribution to the study of the development of the skin," which "may have important implications in other areas such as cancer research."

During her one-year sabbatical prior to tenure consideration, Fisher spent nine months in the lab, wrote eight grant proposals, published one manuscript and wrote another, and served as a consultant for both the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health. By contrast, three of the four men tenured during Fisher's

Fall of the American University

time at Vassar had no consultancies, and the fourth (Mehaffey) had only one.

The court found that the department "minimized the importance of Dr. Fisher's many grant successes," including several from the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation. The judge cited evidence that the biology department had led the college to believe that the federal government's expert-review panels missed "defects" in Fisher's proposals.

In short, the court found that no reasonable person could deny Fisher tenure, especially when all of those who received tenure between 1977 and 1987 were clearly less qualified. Her case seemed especially invidious given the fact that the biology department went to bat for Dr. Norrod, a single woman, when another faculty committee recommended that she be denied tenure because she had published no articles or secured any grants during a brief time at Vassar. What's more, Norrod was awarded tenure after teaching at Vassar only three semesters, not the customary six years before tenure is considered.

Why would Vassar risk embarrassing itself and its feminist ideals by discriminating against married women? The answer leads into the dark side of academic politics at former women's colleges. Retired Vassar History professor Donald Gillin relates the experiences of Jessica Griffen, the wife of an assistant dean at the time Gillin joined the faculty in 1968. Griffen told him she was "made to feel completely inferior because I had married and had children. The inference I drew from that was that most of these women [tormenting Griffen] were lesbians."

Female professors treated Griffen "like she was sub-human," says Gillin, who adds that his own wife "remained aloof from the faculty and concentrated on teaching in Poughkeepsie's inner-city schools. There is a long-running prejudice against married women at Vassar. It goes back to the 1960s at least," says Gillin.

In a sense, Fisher's lawsuit began in 1969. Vassar turned down an offer to merge with Yale University, the

way Radcliffe had merged with Harvard and, instead, took a radical step: admitting men. It was a turning point in the 108-year history of the institution, one that is still bitterly resented by legions of older alumnae. The year Vassar cut itself loose of its traditional moorings was the year of Woodstock, and the counterculture on campus was at a fever pitch. Admission of men seemed to portend that anything was possible. One by one college traditions were eliminated. Some of the bypassed traditions were innocuous. ("Sporting the oak," in which studying students placed a bough on their door to discourage interruptions; women wearing all white to college assemblies.) Class rankings and honor societies were among the first casualties. New, more "relevant" majors such as women's studies emerged. Other traditions, such as convocation, remained in name but in spirit were turned into street theater for causes ranging from divesting from South Africa to rooting out vestigial sexism at Vassar.

Gradually the radicals seized power and tenure. Much was made of their style (which was an unkempt appearance mixed with a confrontational manner), their abrupt changes in course curriculum (replacing the classics with best-sellers), and their use of class lectures as explorations of their wounded psyches. But unnoticed amid all the Sturm und drang was the fact that the radicals were leaving their mark on professional life. For them the personal was political and, therefore, marital status was a political statement.

Cynthia Fisher was a victim of all these cultural changes. But now, thanks to a federal court, Fisher and other married women may have a fair shot at securing tenure at Vassar and other former women's colleges. Fisher's accomplishment was not winning tenure, but striking a blow for genuine diversity—not the nightclub imitation of diversity the tenured radicals at Vassar have been performing before cowed audiences for the last decade.

Richard Minter has a degree in philosophy from Vassar College and has written for The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times, The Washington Post, and other publications.

ed that Swain comes out. A group of them remained in the lobby, reading poetry prepared for the occasion and making impromptu speeches with megaphones. One well-prepared trespasser had even brought along a Bob Marley tape and boom box to provide ambiance. They swore they were prepared to stay for as long as it took to win their "voices" back, by which they meant until they got the new diversity requirement.

There was an irony available to those who had watched the unfolding of events at Binghamton over the years. The campus had long been in the front seat of the PC bandwagon. The administration had instituted strenuous programs of equal opportunity and affirmative action at Binghamton. And some observers had been appalled at the way in which increasing numbers of "multicultural" courses displaced traditional ones. The crowning irony was the fact that before the trouble began, Harpur College students were already required to take two diversity classes. In the fall of 1993, Binghamton University instituted a diversity requirement. It specified:

To ensure that students encounter and understand the cultural, sociopolitical, psychological, and philosophical questions posed by human differences, Harpur College requires that all students take two diversity courses. These courses devote a significant portion of their content and syllabus to an explicit consideration of the question of how our understanding of the nature and meaning of human variation engages ideas of race, ethnicity, culture, religion, gender, life styles, languages, and class.

But radicals were upset that the requirement could be satisfied by courses that most students take to complete their majors and they were thus allowed to avoid the courses that were heavily propagandistic. As the fall 1993 semester progressed, and it became obvious that more students were choosing to satisfy the diversity requirement with classes like "Nordic Mythology" than with "Women of Color in Latin America," the first murmuring was heard in the radical congregation.

The diversity requirement was a "joke, a farce, a sham," according to those professors who represent cultural programs and interdisciplinary studies, because students were not being forced to learn about "oppression," "hierarchies," and "dominance." This was undoubtedly a result of the fact that the committee that had written the requirement was comprised entirely of straight white men and women.



Terrorism at Binghamton

By Bernadette Malone

On May 4, 1994, approximately 40 students invaded Academic Provost Maryann Swain's seventh-floor office in the Cooper Administration Building at New York's Binghamton University and declared a take-over. Another 40 supporters, including a few faculty members, camped out in the lobby of the building. They were protesting the democratic proceedings of the Harpur College Council, which had voted 22 to 21 to amend a proposal submitted by Maria Lagones, professor of Latin American and Caribbean studies, which would have politicized Harpur's current requirement by insisting that diversity courses focus on "structures of oppression, asymmetries of power, and resistance to the center/margin relation." By the time their occupation was dispersed 32 hours later, the school was in chaos, the racial, ethnic, and gender groups were at each others' throats, and the administration was in hiding.

The words that marked the beginning of what Binghamton students would later refer to as "people of color terrorism" were "Let's get the fuck out of here." They were spoken by Maria Lagones to her clique of supporters after the April 27th vote on harsher diversity requirements didn't go her way. Lagones and the small group of radicals who constantly accompany her (allegedly

for moral support, but more likely, according to many students, for purposes of physical intimidation) declared this "silencing" of her "expertise" an act of war.

Several days later, Lagones and her "Diversity Task Force," along with about 80 of its supporters, burst into the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Harpur College Council, chanting the battle cry from the Los Angeles riots, "No justice, no peace!" Armed with megaphones, bongo drums, and other noise-making devices, the mob piled into the room and began to circle the table where administrators were seated. Within minutes, Dean Brehm and other officials who were part of the college's council fled in fear.

"To the administration building!" one of the demonstrators cried. Then they began a march toward the eight story tower of administrative offices. Across the Peace Quad trooped the protesters of democracy, with professors like Carol Boyce-Davies, Kelvin Santiago, and Randall McGuire among their ranks. After entering Cooper Administration Building, the throng packed themselves into elevators and forged up the staircase, heading for Provost Maryann Swain's seventh-floor office.

It was an unusually warm May afternoon and heat generated by the bodies of the demonstrators permeated the hallways of the building. Jumping up and down, stomping on the floor, and banging on walls, they demand-

Last November, the student supporters of radical feminist professors Carol Boyce-Davies and Juanita Diaz invited members of the Trotskyist group, the National Women's Right Organizing Committee, to the Binghamton campus for a professional disruption. Although the administration building wasn't invaded during this action, the mixture of Binghamton students and Trotskyists that burst into two HCC meetings and stood on top of the dean's desk while intimidating and cursing the council was potent enough to elicit the demons of liberal white guilt.

HCC granted the demand of Boyce-Davies and Diaz that the diversity requirement be redesigned by "people of color" and homosexuals. Maria Lagones, director of the Latin American and Caribbean Area Studies program, was deputized to head the new Ad Hoc Diversity Task Force. Lagones' proposal read:

Harpur College requires that all students take two diversity courses to ensure that students encounter and understand the social construction of human diversity and the consequences of that construction. "Human diversity" refers to the differences which have hitherto been underrepresented in the traditional U. S. curriculum: that is, differences conventionally expressed by such categories as race, gender, religion, nationality, sexuality, class, and culture as well as their interrelations and intersections. Not only do these courses consider as central to the social construction of human diversity the asymmetries of power in structures of oppression, but also resistances to the hierarchical relations of dominance.

Opaque, academic jargon, and post-Marxist garble were the words HCC faculty used to describe the Lagones proposal. Even professors sympathetic to the theories Lagones and her crew supported conceded that mandating such politically slanted courses at a

state institution of higher education was probably unconstitutional.

The diversity task force was enraged by this skeptical response from HCC, and fired back that all course material in mainstream academia is biased in that it embodies Western patriarchal culture. The Lagoon proposal should be viewed as an attempt at "equal time," not a coup d'état, her supporters insisted.

So then why did they capture the administration building when they failed to get their way by argument and observance of parliamentary procedure? Because such aggression is the easiest way to get the administration's attention at Binghamton University. And the most effective way to ensure a concession, provided the demands are made by oppressed students, like blacks, latinos, and gays.

Mass disruption and threats of forced occupation have caused President Lois B. DeFleur to give in to outrageous demands in the past. In 1992, for instance, DeFleur banned the American Red Cross from campus under pressure from a group of militant blacks. At that time, the Red Cross had not yet developed a test for a strain of the HIV virus found only in sub-Saharan Africans, and so blood donations from people from this region were not being accepted. Regardless of the fact that white sub-Saharans could not donate but black Americans could, the campus radicals charged the Red Cross with racism, and DeFleur caved in to their arguments.

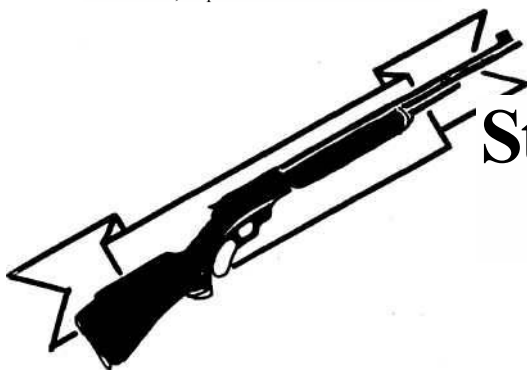
And in 1993, despite recommendations from the

central office of the State University of New York, President DeFleur reversed her decision to arm the University Law Enforcement Department when some rowdies of color predicted the slaughter of innocent minorities by inherently racist white cops. Four months after this capitulation, an off-duty policeman was brutally stabbed while trying to break up a fight at a cultural union's party. An unarmed, on-duty officer watched the incident, helplessly waiting for back-up from the town police.

Groups with race- and gender-related agenda at Binghamton University continue to manipulate administrators and faculty by claims of victimization. The occupants of Provost Mary arm Swain's office presented her with a list unconditional demands that included immediate passage of the Lagoon proposal, an increase in the number of people of color on HCC and other academic bodies, and more money and respect given to programs like African American, Women's, and Gay and Lesbian studies.

The trespassers vacated the administration building after they felt that the local media was sufficiently convinced that Binghamton University "silenced" and "disrespected" minorities by denying them a benign request for diversity. That took only a day and a half. As Binghamton's latest Munich ended, Provost Swain promised to look into things next semester, Dean Brehm promised to investigate the bylaws of the "anachronistic" HCC, and President DeFleur remained her usual invisible self.

Bernadette Malone is a student journalist at Binghamton.



Still Under Seige

By Ken Lee

That brisk morning of April 19, 1969, is part of legend now at Cornell University. It was the day that several dozen black students stormed Willard Straight Hall, the student-union building, and proceeded to expel dozens of parents who were visiting for Parents' Weekend. Unset by the university's supposed mistreatment of black students, the malcontents refused to evacuate the building and declared, "Cornell has three hours to live... In the past it has been all the black people who have done all the dying. Now the time has come when the pigs are going to die, too."

Forty hours later, the coterie of black radicals exited the building, brandishing rifles and shotguns as eager photographers snapped indelible images. To the shock of many observers, the university had capitulated to the militants' demands: not only would the radicals be granted amnesty, but the Africana Research Center and an all-black dormitory would be established within a few years.

Exactly 25 years later, Willard Straight Hall, where approximately 10,000 students pass through daily, was once again closed. But gun-toting black radicals were not the ones responsible for the shutdown this time. Instead, the administration had decided to close the building for an entire day to commemorate the silver anniversary of its shame.

In front of Willard Straight Hall, the university hung a banner that read, "On April 19, 1969 the Black community of Cornell University, after many attempts to secure their human, civil and political rights, found it necessary to seize control of Willard Straight Hall. On this day, the anniversary of that event, Willard Straight Hall is closed in commemoration of those students' courageous struggle and sacrifice."

Many observers were confounded by the university's revisionism—*courageous sacrifice!*—and by the decision to celebrate an event such as the takeover, which had scarred the Cornell campus for years to come. When asked about the celebration, Dean of Students John

I. Ford equivocated: "The Student Assembly voted to close [Willard Straight Hall] and that was one factor in our decision to close it," he said, in standard administrationese. "There were also a number of administrative groups that felt it should be closed.... and it was closed for the 20th anniversary and so there was a precedent."

Many observers believed that there were ulterior motives for the commemorative closing. As L. Pearce Williams, an outspoken professor of history, said: "[The administration] is scared to death of black students and they feared another takeover." Even Dean Ford himself hinted that this reasoning did indeed play a large role in the university's decision. As he said, "Lots of people in the building with different agendas [would not be] the best climate in the building." He added, "I don't know if it was the right decision, but I think it was."

The closing of Straight Hall not only caused inconvenience for students, it cost them money as well. Dean Ford said he was unaware of how much the commemoration cost, but admitted that it was a significant sum, since the building houses two dining halls, a bank, a movie theater, and numerous offices.

In addition to the closing of Straight Hall, the university planned a roster of other events. Numerous individuals involved in the 1969 takeover were invited to speak. (Incredibly, one of the radicals responsible for the takeover now serves as a member of Cornell's board of trustees.) Numerous discussions on racism were also held. And a gallery of photos depicting radicals with guns adorned the walls of the building as if these were honored

During a university-sponsored lecture, Andree McClaughlin, one of the participants in the 1969 event, lauded the black students' actions. "Our rebellion in part was an act of self-preservation, a resounding 'no' to the act of assimilation which Cornell offered. Students demanded that Cornell be educationally responsible."

But not all the speakers agreed with her. Tom

Jones, one of the 1969 leaders and now the president of the world's largest pension-fund company, expressed remorse over his actions and called for racial reconciliation. "[Students] should build a society that respects and celebrates diversity but also affirms a greater sense of community, transcends our diversity, and unites us as one people despite our various colors and cultures and creeds," he said. "People are retreating into racial and ethnic enclaves all around the world. It is a virulent disease reminiscent of the era of tribalism which preceded the formation of nation states. But tribalism will not create a better future for our children."

These words might have been seen as stirring in another context. But at Cornell, many blacks accused Jones of being a traitor to his race. "Yeah, he's a sell-out," said Edward L. Whitfield, a fellow participant in the takeover. After witnessing the treatment of Jones, very few black students dared to oppose the orthodox interpretation of events 25 years ago and today, lest they too be ostracized.

The most controversial aspect of the anniversary celebration was a university-sponsored rally where contemporary Cornell student speakers used the occasion to unleash a fury of virulent anti-white speeches. Hakhi Alakhun, a student from nearby Syracuse University, spouted a profanity and hate-filled speech reminiscent of Khalid Muhammed. "The filthy, diseased white man is [responsible] for the way we're treated," he said, continuing the harangue by telling white students to "take a look at the mirror and see your ugly face." Alakhun then chastised blacks who associated with other races and lambasted interracial dating, goading black males to "return to your black women."

Predictably, the Cornell *Daily Sun*, the school paper, neglected to mention Alakhun's speech in the next day's edition and only reported on the milder speeches. And although administration officials were present at the rally, none bothered to condemn his hateful speech. "I would rather not characterize that speech one way or another," said Dean Ford. He instead said the true meaning of the speech depended on the "eye of the beholder."

Another speaker then demanded more funding for ethnic studies and racial living centers. She asked the crowd of 250 students, "Are you ready to learn about your own history?" At one point, the rally turned nasty when Steven Wulf, former editor of the conservative Cornell *Review*, dissented from one of the speeches that followed. A throng of students proceeded to grab Wulf and forcefully shove him out of the rally. No actions have been taken against the students who manhandled Wulf. (The *Daily Sun* described this altercation euphemistically: "He was escorted away from the podium when his comments became disruptive.") University officials refused to comment on this incident.

Many Cornellians expressed disapproval at the celebration of the takeover. Hours before the university-sponsored rally, members of the Cornell *Review* held their own rally to protest the celebration of the infamous 1969 event. And they did not mince their words in condemning this debacle. "We are celebrating 25 years of thuggery, appeasement, and pusillanimity today," the combative Steven Wulf said. "The [radicals'] actions were not an assault on white privileged males, but an assault on the entire student body."

Michael Pulizotto, organizer of the counter-rally, said, "In 1969, 1978, 1991, 1992, 1993, and now 1994, these radical thugs have been rewarded for their terrorism. The Campus Code of Conduct doesn't mean a damn thing. Ujaama [the all-black dorm] and the Africana Center are the fruits of coercive action and terrorism." For his speech, Pulizotto has received death threats.

The next day, the *Daily Sun*, which had given the racism of radicals a kid-glove treatment, censured the *Review* rally. "No group of students should be allowed to denigrate or insult another group. Their words can be considered racist at worst and insensitive at best... [They] do not even have the sensitivity to open dialogue," the editorial stated. "Administrators should move [to] condemn the actions of these students."

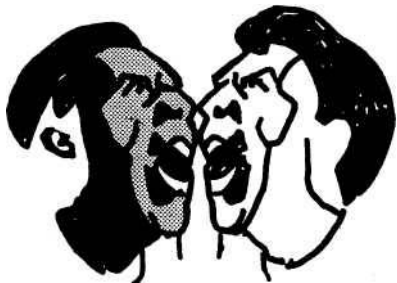
Back in 1969, during the event which has been veiled during the intervening years in Sixties' nostalgia, outspoken professors received death threats, and accordingly most faculty members remained silent this time around. However, Professor L. Pearce Williams was one of the few faculty members willing to openly discuss the event. "People who celebrate this event are fools because it was a tragedy," he said of the

black takeover 25 years ago. "No one won and Cornell lost. It was an abomination... It destroyed Cornell University. After this event, the faculty lost all moral authority as a governing body."

But Williams and others agreed that the celebration of the Willard Straight Hall takeover did have a perverse educational value in that it demonstrated dramatically the Cornell administration's penchant for

appeasement. And this appeasement, predictably, had serious consequences in that it further divided the campus into antagonistic racial camps. What this year's shutdown of Straight Hall showed was that the malice of the '60s has become the political correctness of the '90s.

KEN LEE is a student journalist at Cornell.



Mr. Duderstadt Builds a Dream House

By Jeff Muir

For James Duderstadt, president of the University "of Michigan, going to Yale on a football scholarship was not only a life-altering experience but an oppressive one as well. "I understand what it's like," he told the *Ann Arbor Observer*, "to come to an environment in which you believe that everybody else should have been admitted and you shouldn't have, and that they're all much smarter than you, and they're all much richer than you."

It is this devastating experience of being a gangly red-headed hick from Missouri awash in a sea of preppy blond Eastern-types, Duderstadt has said, that enables him to empathize with the oppressed peoples of the world. It is presumably also the motivation for inflicting two monstrous affirmative action and diversification programs on the Ann Arbor campus—the Michigan Mandate, enacted immediately after he took office in 1989, and the Agenda for Women, launched just a couple of weeks ago.

The Michigan Mandate is a nebulous, hard-to-define, amalgam of programs and initiatives meant to transform the three-campus, 24-school, \$2.25 billion per year University of Michigan from a "culture designed by white men to benefit white men" into a "pluralistic," "dynamic," and "multicultural" institution.

The problem is that the idyllic Utopia of racial harmony has never emerged. Six years into the project, the University has little to show for all of Duderstadt's efforts, save the slick public-relations pronouncements and press releases. One could argue that the U-M today is more pluralistic, dynamic, and multicultural, if by these words one means the campus is more racially segregated, with more and more groups entering the foray of identity-victim politics.

This situation is very much Duderstadt's achievement, but it is also part of a malignant history of racial engineering that is larger than any one man. Duderstadt was promoted to the President's office in 1989 after the publicly elected regents made it clear to outgoing President Harold Shapiro that he was no longer welcome on campus. In six years on the job, Shapiro had presided over a dropping black enrollment rate (from 8 percent in 1976 to 5 percent in 1983) and a series of bungled racial clashes which seem somewhat trivial in retrospect. In 1987, for instance, black students claimed to have found a flyer declaring "open season" on blacks. Shortly thereafter, a student disc jockey working the graveyard shift on the college radio station invited listeners to call in with their favorite racial jokes.

In response to these events, black students reformed the Black Action Movement (BAM), a group originally founded in 1970 to protest the low black enrollment figure. At that time, all minority students accounted for less than 10 percent of the student body, with blacks comprising perhaps 3 or 4 percent (exact figures were not kept at the time). BAM's '70s-era activism ushered in the era of affirmative action at the University of Michigan. Four minority groups received official affirmative-action status—blacks, Hispanics, Native Americans, and Asians. After eight years of aggressive recruiting and reformed admissions policies, black enrollment reached 8 percent in 1978 before the slip-slide that ultimately led to President Shapiro's replacement by Duderstadt.

The newly reinstituted BAM seized on these figures as evidence of an institutional racism, and launched a campaign that sought not only to increase black enrollment, but also to increase the funding for black student groups, the number of black faculty members, as well as the number of blacks in the administration. During a furious two-week period of activity in 1987, BAM organized marches, staged protests, held sit-ins, and took over offices. Several clashes with campus security turned violent, which resulted in nationwide press attention. Jesse Jackson flew in to "negotiate" on behalf of the "oppressed" minority students.

In a near panic state, Shapiro capitulated to virtually all of the students' demands. He announced the creation of financial aid set-aside programs for black students. He promised to create and fill several full-time "diversity coordinator" positions. He pledged to hire more black faculty members. Most importantly, he made a commitment to increase black enrollment to a level equivalent to the statewide population (about 10 percent).

All this notwithstanding, at the end of that school year, Shapiro was out and Duderstadt was in. He presented his plan for the Michigan Mandate to the regents, who gave him their full backing. Now, five years later, Duderstadt proudly points to the fact that during his tenure black enrollment has risen back to its 1976 level of 8 percent. Perhaps he is also proud of the fact that the Michigan Mandate led to the institution of two speech codes (both of which were struck down by federal courts for violating the First Amendment); to several new administrative units charged with "enforcing" the new order (like the Office of the Vice President for Multicultural Affairs, the Ella Baker-Nelson Mandela Center for Anti-Racist Education, a handful of Associate Deans for Minority Affairs, and so on); to a blacks-only Angela Davis "cultural lounge"; and to a yearly, no-questions-asked \$30,000 blackmail payment to the Black Student Union (the only student group to receive such funding).

While Duderstadt and his minions glory in their status as "progressive" administrators, however, they rarely mention other facts about the Michigan Mandate. While nearly 95 percent of white students graduate, for instance, only 60 percent of black students complete their studies. This has led to the charge that the University cynically admits unqualified and unprepared black students merely to be able to claim rising black enrollment, without caring about the number of blacks that succeed after enrollment. Another interesting statistic crops up from Duderstadt's tenure: the school has slipped from its perennial top 10 to its current 24th in the influential *U.S. News and World Report* ranking of the best undergraduate institutions in the country.

Nor does the flood of press releases from Duderstadt's office mention the racial problems that have cropped up during his presidency. In 1992, black student groups brought to campus two speakers widely viewed as anti-Semitic: the Rev. Al Sharpton and Professor Leonard Jeffries. Jewish students protested and asked why the university should pay to bring to campus speakers whose past speeches would be actionable under Duderstadt's own

speech code. Faced with pressure from black students, however, Duderstadt was silent.

In 1989, a black student, Aaron Williams, ran for the office of president of the student assembly. The only problem was that he was a conservative running on the Conservative Coalition ticket. Both black and radical students from other parties engaged in a vicious campaign to discredit Williams, calling him, among other things, a supporter of South African apartheid, a racist, and an incompetent. Williams went on to win the election nonetheless. Afterward, many on campus wondered why Duderstadt or his subordinates failed to put into action the speech code on behalf of Williams, as his detractors were clearly motivated by his race, which was prohibited under the code. Once again, Duderstadt was silent while racial problems his regime had created came to a boil.

Then, in 1990, the Palestinian Solidarity Committee erected a shanty, a small wooden structure that was a popular form of protest at the time, in the middle of Regent's Plaza in the heart of campus. The shanty was painted with anti-Israeli and anti-Jewish slogans. A Jewish student group responded by erecting its own shanty—in the shape of a school bus—with flames painted on the side and emblazoned with the words Stop Palestinian Terrorism. The Palestinian Solidarity Committee filed a complaint with the liberal-dominated student assembly, and the Jewish student group was promptly defunded and ordered to tear down its shanty. Again, nobody from the president's office stepped in to mediate or clarify the situation.

Another administrator might have been daunted by the problems his blueprint for Utopia had created. But now that he has made Ann Arbor a mad laboratory for the manufacture of racism, James Duderstadt says he wants to do for women what he has done for minorities. A few weeks ago he announced, amid much fanfare and flanked by several female subordinates, the Michigan Agenda for Women, introduced as an approach that would "build on the success of the Michigan Mandate." Under the Agenda, which itself has no fixed budget and no expiration date, Duderstadt seeks to bring about absolute gender parity at all levels of the university by the year 2000.

To accomplish this feat, he will have to replace 1000 male professors with female ones in less than six years. In addition to its rigorous affirmative-action program, however (complete with numerical targets and quotas), the Agenda for Women contains a panoply of politically correct programs. One is a campus-wide education program aimed at eliminating violence against women (even though the University now has a Sexual Assault Prevention and Awareness Center). Another calls for the development of a plan to make the university the national leader in the study of women and gender issues (even though the University already has the nation's oldest, and one of the largest, women's studies departments). And, in what ought to strike fear in the hearts of faculty and students alike, the Agenda also envisions establishment of a presidential commission to restructure faculty tenure policies.

The inaugural press conference was accompanied by the Orwellian administrationspeak that is the *lingua franca* of the politically correct university. Apparently oblivious to the irony of the situation, Duderstadt, flanked by several women deans and department heads, said, "This is a white male world. There is a need for reallocation. And there are some who will feel threatened. But... In the long run, white males will benefit just as much as women." By "benefit" he presumably means moral improvement, as few men will equate losing a job or being denied a promotion with anything positive.

The press conference also brought us this stellar example of the logic of diversity. The statement, "Simply opening the doors and providing access is not enough," was followed by, "Some of us believe that if women are given the room to compete equally, they'll earn 50 percent [of faculty positions]—if not more."

The University of Michigan spawned John Sinclair and Tom Hayden, as well as the White Panther Party, the Rainbow People's Party, Students for a Democratic Society, and Earth Day. Now it has spawned James Duderstadt and his Michigan Mandate and Agenda for Women. Thus do the '90s make the '60s look good by comparison.

Jeff Muir, a 1992 graduate of the University of Michigan, is a program officer for the Madison Center for Educational Affairs in Washington, D.C.

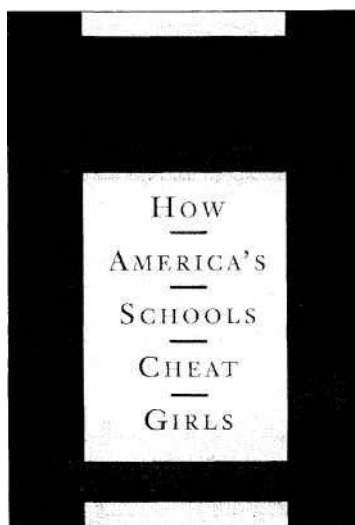
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Sadker-Masochism

Adventures in the Sexism Industry

By BARBARA RHOADES ELLIS

The scene is a congressional hearing on an April morning in 1993, and euphoria is in the air. A triumph is building for the House Women's Caucus. Members of the Elementary, Secondary, and Vocational Education Subcommittee have just arrived from a "very excellent" show-and-tell press conference that demonstrated how schools are biased against girls. The subject of the day is the Gender Equity in Education Act, and everyone is quoting from a report issued by the American Association of University Women:

"How Schools Shortchange Girls."

Rep. Pat Schroeder repeats its claim that, in America's classrooms, boys call out answers eight times more often than girls, and those rare girls who try it usually get reprimanded and are told to raise their hand. Rep. Olympia Snowe says that the AAUW report was the impetus for this legislation, and speaks of systematic discrimination in the classroom. Rep. Patsy Mink praises the report for bringing to light things "unbeknownst to many... teachers," including the way we denigrate girls at an early age in our classrooms.

According to Schroeder, we've all been saying to 51 percent of our nation's brain power, "Now, now, don't aim too high; don't think too much, and be sure to be pretty." She reassures everyone that this legislation will cost less than a third of a B-2 bomber. Others pile on. Rep. Lynn Woolsey also declares that boys call out eight times more than girls. Rep. Thomas Sawyer sums it all up: girls are not receiving the same quality, or even quantity, of education as boys. Nearly everyone agrees: girls need federal help.

But the glum picture painted by Schroeder and her colleagues bears little relation to the real world, where there is no sign of a crisis in women's education. In fact, judging by the number going on to college, schools are serving girls very well. There women outnumber men by a startling 55 percent to 45 percent! There is still some catching up to be done for women in the professional schools, but already about 40 percent of law and medical school students are women, and change is coming fast. According to a new survey released by the Higher Education Research Institute at UCLA, in 1993 for the first time more female than male undergraduates (66.3 percent to 63.1 percent) intend to seek advanced degrees. Presumably these women have more on their minds than looking pretty.

Anyone looking for a genuine crisis need only look past gender differences to compare the performance of America's children to those of most other developed countries, especially in math and science. Although our boys do slightly better than our girls do, both fall behind girls not only in Japan, Korea, and Taiwan but in many European countries as well. Just as alarming are the guns, drugs, and gangs which make our schools more dangerous and dysfunctional by the day. Why then was the congressional committee so impressed by a crisis that seemed almost invisible?

The major factor in the progress of this improbable

legislation is the prestige of the venerable AAUW. Its imprimatur ensured an enthusiastic media reception for the 1992 Report, and only a few looked hard enough to see that its authors were not in fact the AAUW but instead the radical feminists of the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women, and that it was a pastiche of dubious research carefully selected and pieced together to support their agenda. (See *Heterodoxy*, December 1992). The AAUW leadership itself had recently become radicalized, moreover, but it was still living off the prestige of its staid, nonpartisan past, and so in many circles "How Schools Shortchange Girls" became received truth.

The Congress was relying on the AAUW without realizing how narrow this organization's base of support had become. And, taking the process a step farther, the AAUW itself was relying on an even more slender reed—the research on gender bias of Myra and David Sadker, professors of education at American University, whose new book *Failing at Fairness: How America's Schools Cheat Girls* proudly (and correctly) claims that their work is the backbone of the AAUW Report.

No one is more identified with the trendy sub-field of gender bias in education than the Sadkers—they practically invented it. For years they have worked the conference and workshop circuits, delivering polished and entertaining presentations to educators and business groups. They have appeared on *Today*, *Donahue*, *Oprah*, and *Larry King Live*, and Jane Pauley devoted a segment of "Dateline" to them and their work. So impressed was Pauley's husband Gary Trudeau with their findings that he popularized them in a *Dooniesbury* cartoon strip (which the Sadkers include in their book).

They have been telling the same story since the early Eighties, and in spite of all the change we have seen in girls' academic progress in that time, their message has never varied: Teachers devote more time, attention, and effort to boys, and systematically shortchange girls. They claim to have found irrefutable evidence of "shocking patterns" of sexism in schools.

At the outset, there is much here to make the reader uneasy. Most teachers are women. There may be a few male chauvinists among them, but according to the Sadkers' findings, a great majority of these women teachers are biased, all of them waging an unconscious war against girls in the same way regardless of their individual differences. Another question that crops up almost immediately in their book is this eight-to-one discrepancy between boys and girls in terms of classroom response. Surely a huge disparity like this should be unmistakable. Why have we never noticed it before the Sadkers found it? They find the pattern of silencing girls in pre-school too, and there the prevalence of female teachers is overwhelming. "[I]f you are a young male, you are entitled to talk; and if you are female, no matter your age [even if you are the teacher], your words are worth less and can be cut short." How can this be? Small girls are at least as insistently verbal as small boys—is it even possible to shut them up to this extent?

The plot thickens as the Sadkers tell us that this is all very subtle, a case of "secret mind games" against female children. Fortunately, they have a unique system of observing classroom interactions which enables them to "tease out the gender bias embedded in them." Observation sheets coded by their "trained raters" prove their point. But so subtle, so elusive is this bias that most teachers and students are unaware that it is happening. When NBC's *Dateline* featured the Sadkers' work, a fifth-grade classroom was filmed for two days to illustrate their thesis. The

staffers at NBC editing the tape phoned the Sadkers in a panic because they couldn't find any evidence of bias: "We've been playing this over and over. The teacher is terrific." The Sadkers patiently explained it all to them: "It was as if the *Dateline* staff members were wearing blinders. We halted the tape, pointed out the sexist behaviors... and played the tape again. There is a classic 'aha' effect in education when people finally 'get it.'" One has to wonder whether the "aha" effect is easier to get if you have a deadline and your projected TV program is just about to go up in smoke.

Especially given the fact that it now appears to be driving Congressional policy, it would be gratifying to be able to get some details of the Sadkers' research, so that we could judge for ourselves whether their studies were reliable. It would not be necessary for them to give the full paraphernalia of a research paper perhaps, but it would be good to know at least some of the details of the study's design, the size of all the statistical discrepancies, the number of raters and how they were trained, the safeguards used to prevent observers from seeing what they might want to see, the attempts to test possible alternative explanations of the data.

In fact, the book *Failing at Fairness* was a golden opportunity for the Sadkers to lay to rest critics' doubts about this research, which surfaced when the AAUW Report first appeared. But instead of nailing down exactly what they found and how they found it, the Sadkers give only a vague general summary of their findings, and most of the book is in fact not about their own research at all, but rather a cut-and-paste assemblage of "women's and girls' stories" and snippets from secondary sources on feminist themes—bias in text books and testing, sexual harassment, date rape, anorexia and bulimia, male-domination of classes in math and science. The point of it all seems less to illustrate their research than to create a general mood of outrage about sexism.

With no real chance to evaluate the original research, the reader must rely for clues in the book as to how reliable the Sadkers were as investigators. At this more or less subliminal level, the signs are not at all promising. To begin with, there is a relentless anti-boy bias. When a principal puts boys down, the Sadkers cite her approvingly: "Many boys come to school the center of attention, the pride and joy of the family. Then the shock hits... As one of many, they must wait, learn to take their turn, and follow the rules. They come to school the Prince of Everything, and here they lose their royal standing." Boys, add the Sadkers, arrive at school the "entitled gender," decide which is the best lunchroom table, and claim the schoolyard as their own. When they don't have an anecdote of these boys grown into men and acting in a beastly fashion toward women, the authors imagine one—a scenario in which men speak with confidence, interrupting others, especially women: "The videotape of this hypothetical meeting would likely show men, with their papers spread across the table, sprawled into women's space. By taking over territory, they make nonverbal statements about power." It's ironic that a book about gender bias should be so permeated by it.

When not bashing boys, the Sadkers relate one dismal tale after another showing girls as victims. Girls start out plucky and strong, but soon sexism joins nature in conspiring against them. By adolescence, "girls are... smaller, weaker, slower, not as good in sports, no longer in control. In a society where thin is beautiful, suddenly they grow fat on their chest, waist, buttocks,

thighs. They move from 'self-confidence to self-consciousness.' " Growing "fat on their chests" is just another catastrophe visited on girls? Isn't that casting the victimology net a bit wide?

The slide continues: "Denied their history, discouraged from taking crucial courses that lead to key careers, concluding that the appearance of their bodies may be worth more than the quality of their minds, realizing they are not the gender of choice, and doubting their intelligence and ability, high school girls make the journey from adolescence to womanhood. They pay a steep price for their passage."

Pass the kleenex.

The Sadkers seem not to notice that they slip into very unflattering images of girls as wimps, quitters, complainers, losers, lacking all resilience and resourcefulness. A case in point is the story of a group of women who find Yale Law School intimidating. They carp about the masculinity of the dimly lit law library, its dark leather upholstery and books, its somber-looking male portraits staring down, and about students in competition with each other, trying to make points at one another's expense. Imagine: budding lawyers intimidated by law libraries and the cut and thrust of lawyerly exchanges!

Another reason for skepticism about this research is that even though they have spent their careers observing children, the Sadkers seem clueless about the culture of kids. Many readers will be gratified to learn that the ancient paper-folding art of the "cootie catcher" is still practiced by school children. They chase and touch each other, giving, getting, and sometimes "collecting" cooties in their paper catchers. The Sadkers call this a "pollution ritual." Sometimes the game can be cruel, but anyone who has played it knows that it is also a socially sanctioned if rowdy way for pre-pubescent boys and girls to mingle and flirt. Our authors are not amused: they see only GENDER BIAS in this rite, because more often girls are the givers of cooties and thus the polluting gender. Does it never occur to them why young boys and girls chase one another?

The Sadkers' compulsive tendency to see misogyny in boys was further satisfied when they asked hundreds of kids across the country to write about how they would feel if they woke up and found they were now a member of the opposite sex. Girls often saw advantages in being boys, but boys professed horror at the thought of being a girl: "I'd wet the bed, then I'd throw up. I'd probably go crazy and kill my self.... To have my boy body back I would walk off a cliff. I would bungee jump without a bungee cord off the tallest mountain." One said he would jump out of a plane into a glass of milk to get his boy body back.

The Sadkers are "shocked" at the degree of contempt for girls expressed by so many of these boys. But shouldn't the extravagant humor of the boys' responses caution us against taking them too seriously? If boys don't want to be girls, must we conclude that they have contempt for them? Is it possible that some want to be boys partly because they like girls, and could not like them in that way if they were girls? Would they admit this, even to themselves? Such subtleties are lost on the Sadkers. They can only ask us grimly to pity poor adolescent girls, so desperate for the approval of boys for their self-esteem, when that is like "seeking comfort in a carnival mirror, one sending back an image so grotesque and misshapen that its distortion is startling." Adolescent boys don't like girls? They find them grotesque? These people are experts on kids?

One interesting factor in this case is that the responses were written by ten, 11, and 12 year olds, precisely the age when girls and boys are out of sync, one reaching puberty, the other not. Could that mismatch have anything to do with the discrepant responses? One can immediately think of ways in which it could: maybe girls are somewhat threatening to boys at this age. Or perhaps girls are already more grown up and practical.

But such thoughts take us to the heart of what is wrong with the Sadkers as researchers. They lack the curiosity and mental flexibility that it takes to conceive of alternative ways of interpreting data. Nor do they possess the open-mindedness needed to consider a case for or



Psychologists Myra and David Sadker that allege American teachers play "secret mind games" with female children.

against those alternatives. They want to find gender bias, and find it they will. And so, for example, they miss the point of the rising incidence of sexual crudeness in schools of which they make so much—the verbal assaults, pinching and groping in the hallways, bra-snapping, flipping up skirts, obscene graffiti, and so on. In their zeal to force everything into the category of gender bias, the Sadkers miss the broader and more daunting fact of the general decline of civility and discipline in schools, and are blind to the development of a popular youth culture awash in sex, cynicism, and violence.

Far from making their case, then, the Sadkers' book gives us plenty of reasons to doubt that their research could stand up to the closer look that they withhold from us. Any remaining uncertainty on this score is resolved by another recent book, Christina Hoff Sommers's *Who Stole Feminism?* which chronicles the strange results of the author's attempt to get a firsthand look at the Sadkers' research.

Even finding their research papers turned out to be far from easy. For technical details on the Sadkers' findings, the AAUW Report directs readers to articles in the *Phi Delta Kappan*, but those articles are only a few pages long including illustrations and cartoons, and they only restate the Sadkers' claims with no details of the supporting research. But what Sommers hoped to find was articles in research journals (which the *Phi Delta Kappan* was not) where articles are peer-reviewed by experts in the field. She writes: "In two exhaustive searches in the education data base (ERIC), I was unable to find any peer-reviewed, scholarly articles by the Sadkers in which their data and their claims on classroom interactions are laid out." Even *Failing at Fairness* cites no such papers.

Sommers next turned her attention to two final reports filed by the Sadkers in 1984 and 1985 with the federal agencies that funded their research. The AAUW report had referred readers to these reports, even though they were unpublished and therefore had never been peer-reviewed. An exhaustive library and computer search failed to find any copy of the 1985 report, and the federal agency said that it no longer had a copy. When a research assistant of Sommers' called Sadker himself to ask how to find it, he told her that he

did not have a copy and urged her to look at the *Phi Delta Kappan* articles.

The 1984 report was eventually located on microfilm in the Harvard library. Here at last was the record of this seminal research, unpublished and practically unavailable, yet relied on as a basis for national policy by all kinds of people who had almost certainly never seen it. What had the Sadkers found? "They and their assistants visited hundreds of elementary classrooms and observed teachers' interactions with students. They identified four types of teacher comments: Praise ('Good answer'), acceptance ('Okay'), remediation ('Give it another try; think a little harder this time'), and criticism ('Wrong')." The overall percentage number for all students were 5 for criticism, 11 for praise, 33 for remediation and 51 -56 for bland acceptance.

Boys and girls got close to the same amount of bland acceptance, with boys getting a larger share of the other categories, but exactly how much was difficult to determine from the data presented. In their published articles, the Sadkers have avoided giving specific figures, preferring to make statements like, "Girls receive less than their share in all categories." But in the study there was no sign of the huge statistical discrepancies between boys and girls that were being bandied about in the AAUW and the Congress.

Now Sommers began to wonder about the widely quoted eight-to-one classroom "call-out" figure—shocking evidence of male aggression and domination of the classroom. The AAUW Report cites as the source of the call-out claim a 1981 article by the Sadkers in a defunct journal called *The Pointer*. The Sadkers themselves, in a 1991 article, repeated the eight-to-one figure and cited *The Pointer* article as the original source.

But what Sommers found there was quite different. The 1981 essay said nothing about call-outs, or girls being reprimanded and told to raise their hands. There was an eight-to-one claim there, but a very different one: boys, the article said, "receive eight to ten times as many reprimands as do their female classmates.... When both boys and girls are misbehaving equally, boys still receive more frequent discipline." Teachers are "over three times as likely to reprimand the boys than [sic] the girls.... Boys are more likely to get reprimanded in a harsh and public manner and to receive heavy penalties."

The Sadkers had misquoted their own article so badly that they had got things backwards: it was the boys who were getting the reprimands for behavior that girls were getting away with, not the other way around! Yet this is the showpiece statistic being used to pass federal gender equity legislation. Sommers found other instances where the AAUW Report cites studies as supportive of its findings when they were not. One government study found that "despite findings that boys are more disruptive (and thus receive more teacher attention) data suggest that teachers respond to the nature of the student behavior rather than to student gender," but it was nonetheless cited among studies allegedly finding gender bias in the classroom.

If the Sadkers can't even report their own research without reversing it—not just in details, but in its central thrust—what confidence can we have in their reports of what kids and teachers say and do? But then it is obvious that the Sadkers have little confidence in their own research. They shrink from publication in professional journals in their field, and thus from peer review, and indeed hide from any serious scrutiny of their work. The venues of choice for their one-note message are TV talk shows and education workshops, where they can pursue their monologue without facing real debate.

How protective are they of their aversion to dialogue? An embarrassed producer of *Oprah* had to withdraw an invitation to Christina Sommers when the Sadkers refused to appear with her. A substitute for Sommers was in a limousine headed for the broadcast when he too was "dis-invited" on the Sadkers' insistence. On one

occasion they did appear on a radio debate with Sommers together with an additional, supposedly neutral person who mysteriously turned out to be an enthusiastic supporter of the Sadkers' work. Later on it developed that this individual had written her dissertation with the Sadkers and co-authored an article with them—on (surprise) gender bias.

But this pair makes up in self-promotion what it lacks in scholarly verifiability, and they have 'skillfully marketed themselves to the AAUW and the Congress. Some senators have signed up along with members of the House. Introducing the legislation on the Senate floor last September, Sen. Ted Kennedy spoke of the "landmark 1992 study of the AAUW" and opined that "the glass ceiling is put in place in the school room, and that is the place where we must dismantle it." Sen. Tom Harkin echoed Kennedy: "Early in life, it isn't

the glass ceiling of the corporate suite but the plaster walls of the classroom that keep female students from realizing their potential."

Parroting the Sadkers, Sen. Paul Simon declared that teachers are still more likely to call on boys and give them constructive feedback. He quoted an unnamed study which found that teachers direct 80 percent of their questions to boys. (Even the AAUW Report doesn't make so extravagant a claim.) Also sponsoring the bill are Senators Mikulski, Moseley-Braun, Sarbanes, Inouye, Boxer, and Murray.

The Senate version of this AAUW-inspired legislation is called the Gender Equity in Education Package, and it will amend the reauthorized Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. The House version has already passed largely intact, and to judge from the minimal hearing time planned for the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, its future looks promising in the Senate too. This dream-

come-true for radical feminists will create a special Assistant to the Secretary [of Education] for Gender Equity—in other words, a gender-equity commissar to breathe down everyone's neck at the DOE. Funding for gender equity development and teacher training (more workshops!) will flow to school districts, community organizations, and a host of other groups. Some advice to anyone seeking a DOE grant: favored topics in this legislation are sexual harassment in schools, bias in testing, and sexism in textbooks.

So the Sadkers' research, by way of the AAUW Report, is on the way to establishing a federal jobs and grant program for... the Sadkers and people like them. Maybe we should propose a modest federal program in remedial education: training Congress to separate sense from nonsense.

BARBARA RHOADES ELLIS is a Santa Cruz housewife.

A Dissenting



VOICE

Anorexia is a life-threatening epidemic among young women. Over six million, women are brutalized by their spouses each year. Every five seconds, a woman in the country is beaten, raped, or abused by her lover or husband. One in four women will be raped sometime during their lifetime. Forty percent of women suffer from severe depression, American schools, from the elementary to the university level, shortchange female students. Teenage girls suffer from crippling low levels of self-esteem. Standardized tests are gender biased.

These statistics have been paraded about so often and so aggressively for the last decade that many Americans now regard them as unquestionable truths. Prominent feminists from Gloria Steinem to Naomi Wolf trot out these factoids whenever discussing the plight of the American woman. Politicians cite them to support new legislation such as the Violence Against Women Act and the Gender Equity in Education Act. Secondary school administrators use them to justify gender segregated math and science courses and teacher "sensitivity training."

But what if these statistics and soundbites are false? Moreover, what if these "facts" are the product of politically motivated advocacy research? Christina Hoff Sommers' new book, *Who Stole Feminism?*, proves just that. A professor of philosophy at Clark College, Sommers carefully reviews the numerous popular "studies" done by women's advocacy groups on domestic violence, female self-esteem, depression, and gender bias, and finds that not even one is based upon credible evidence. Instead, these studies are the fanciful creations of "gender feminists" who are engaged in divisive gender war.

Sommers first became aware of this confabulated feminist academic research in 1988. As a

specialist in contemporary moral philosophy, she had begun looking into feminist writings on family ethics. "I am a trained philosopher," she says, "concerned with rules of evidence and getting the facts right. It just looked to me as if there were a lot of shoddy arguments." So, she presented a paper at the American Philosophical Association criticizing some of this feminist work. Then all hell broke loose.

"I have presented papers before on controversial topics," says Sommers. "Typically you have a lively debate, sometimes bitter, but you end as friends. This was different. The women in the audience had clearly never been criticized before. They reacted hysterically. There were women weeping, calling names... there were four-letter words, in short they had a temper tantrum. At that moment I realized that this was not your run-of-the-mill academic debate but that I was facing basically a religious movement."

Sommers did a subsequent article for *The Chronicle of Higher Education* on academic feminism and received an even more hostile reaction from her sisters in the academy. ("Feminists are one of the only groups of academics who say you misstate their positions merely by quoting them.") She experienced first hand on her own campus the power of the new radical feminism when she was sent a memo asking her how she intended to incorporate "the feminist perspective" into her syllabus. Sommers refused to comply with the coercive request and sent a questionnaire to all of her colleagues asking their opinion of the memo. She received an overwhelming response from faculty members across the political spectrum who had also found the memo intrusive. A group of students from the women's studies department organized a rally protesting Sommers' actions and demanding a recantation. At this point, Sommers realized that she had been conscripted into the culture wars sweeping through the American university.

Sommers began her extensive research on what she now thought of as "gender feminism" (as opposed to "equity feminism," which she supports) during the winter of 1991 after *The Atlantic Monthly* asked her to write an article on women's studies. She attended many women's studies conferences and events. Given the tone of the discipline, she expected to find hard-core Marxist intellectuals. To her surprise, she discovered only "new-agers, goddess worshipers, psycho-babblers, twelve steppers, and Tm-dysfunctional-you're-dysfunctional" types. "When the radical feminists heard about her assignment from *The Atlantic Monthly*, they launched a nasty campaign against her with the magazine's editors. *The Atlantic Monthly* never ran the piece."

"I kept waiting for the adults to arrive," Sommers says of her early experiences in the trenches. "I was astonished that no one was blowing the whistle on the horrible outbreaks of intolerance, the violations of academic freedom, and the miseducation of a whole generation of young women." Finally, after years of skirmishing with her opponents, Sommers decided to write a book to expose the hostile and irrational nature of the radical feminist movement that has gained such power in the university.

in *Who Stole Feminism?* Sommers not only deconstructs feminist research but documents the attempted colonization of American educational institutions—from the primary school to the university, from the National Education Association to the American Association of University Women—by radical gender feminists. Sommers forcefully demonstrates that their success in spreading their propaganda is the result of the collaboration between America's feminist *nomenklatura* and sympathizers in the media. It is a collaboration that succeeds not on the merits of its arguments but on coercion and the transformation of rumor into "fact."

One particularly stunning example of this process Sommers offers is the mysterious March of Dimes study on birth defects. *The Boston Globe*, *Time* magazine, the *Dallas Morning News*, the *Arizona Republic*, and the *Chicago Tribune* all reported that the leading cause of birth defects is domestic violence. Al! cited a "March of Dimes study." Sommers contacted the March of Dimes to get a copy of the study and learned that no such study existed.

Sommers called the author of the *Time* article, who told her that the fact was actually an "error." Sommers then called the *Time* reporter's source, the San Francisco Family Violence Prevention Fund, who referred her to Sarah Buel, the head of a domestic abuse project in Massachusetts. Buel, it seems, had misunderstood a March of Dimes researcher who had said the March of Dimes screens for battery far less often than it screens for birth defects. Thus was a "fact*" about the prevalence of domestic violence born. Sommers wonders, "Why was everybody so credulous?" One must also ask, she emphasizes, "Why are certain feminists so eager to put men in a bad light?"

Although much of what Sommers documents in *A Who Stole Feminism?* is deeply disturbing, the gender feminists are often rather amusing, in a pathetic sort of way. The comic highlight of Sommers' book is the section in which she discusses her experiences at women's studies conferences. Members of the sisterhood form "healing circles" to share their "ouch experiences." Adult women "assume the postures of trees experiencing rootedness and tranquillity." At one conference, Sommers was called back from a coffee break by a panelist with two puppets, a dog, and a bear. The panelist told Sommers, "Teddy and his friend say its time to go back inside."

All this becomes less amusing, of course, when one realizes that the women engaged in this play therapy are professors, deans, counselors, and administrators at America's best universities and colleges and that they have a political agenda they push relentlessly.

"The new gender feminism is badly in need of scrutiny," Sommers writes. Only forthright appraisals can diminish its inordinate and divisive influence. If others join in a frank and honest critique, before long a more representative and less doctrinaire feminism will again pick up the reins. But it is not likely to happen without a fight."

Thanks to Christina Sommers, the fight has at last been joined.

—ALYSON TODD

"Strange Times at the Black Caucus

By Cameron Humphreys

We want the word to go forward today to friend and foe alike that the Congressional Black Caucus," Kweisi Mfume, Democratic representative from Maryland and chairman of the caucus told the assembled press last fall, "after having entered into a sacred covenant with the NAACP to work for real and meaningful change, will enter into that same covenant with the Nation of Islam..." Furthermore, Mfume asserted, the caucus would "bear any burden" to keep this covenant embracing the two wings of the black political movement intact.

There was an irony in the pronouncement that went unnoted at the time, although it would soon begin to haunt Mfume in his colleagues. This irony had nothing to do with the borrowing of a phrase from the Kennedy inaugural but with the very concept of a "covenant," which stems from the same Hebraic tradition that Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan often termed a "gutter religion." The difficulty of Mfume's commitment, as events quickly revealed, rested not simply in its imagery, but in its application. Would the Black Caucus and the NAACP really bear any burden to keep Farrakhan in the fold?

Farrakhan, seizing this largely unforeseen opportunity to sit at the head of the table with mainstream black leaders, sought additional meetings and opportunities to cement the covenant. Caucus members, none of whom had formally approved the covenant, both publicly and privately assured worried Jews that the caucus had not softened its condemnation of anti-Semitism. And Mfume, whose announcement of a covenant was intended primarily to placate Farrakhan for his exclusion from the 30th Anniversary March on Washington the month before, was forced to admit that though his situation was "pregnant with opportunity," it was also "fraught with risk." And when Khalid Abdul Muhammad delivered his Kean College address, he discovered that the latter entirely overwhelmed the former.

Farrakhan's failure to distance himself and the Nation of Islam sufficiently from Muhammad's speech forced Mfume to renounce the covenant, but not before the entire episode had damaged Black Caucus relations with Jewish civil-rights leaders. In confrontations with Abraham Foxman, National Director of the Anti-Defamation League, Mfume and Rep. Charles B. Rangel (D-N.Y.) each implied that the nation's oldest and most respected Jewish group had conspired against certain black leaders or were trumping up the incident in order to fill their coffers. Furthermore, when Rep. Tom Lantos (D-Calif.) presented a House Resolution condemning the Muhammad speech, Mfume attempted to kill the measure.

Adding to the significance of Mfume and the caucus' dalliance with Farrakhan was their near exclusion from their ranks of Rep. Gary Franks, a black Republican elected from Connecticut. When Franks refused to resign his membership, black Reps. Mel Reynolds (D-Ill.) and Alcee Hastings (D-Fla) moved to boot him from the caucus. Joining the fight was Rep. William Clay (D-Mo.), who distributed a letter attacking Franks for his conservative views: "It is incumbent upon me to reiterate my opposition to your insensitivity to and callous disregard for the basic rights and freedoms of 35-million black Americans." In an interview with *Roll Call*, the Capitol Hill newspaper, Clay said, "That is the crux of our problem here. Who should be in the Black Caucus?"

Clay's observation was merely part a larger question concerning the caucus. Without Cold War defense

budgets and Republican administrations to oppose, without Rodney King verdicts and inner city riots upon which pontificate, without South Africa and apartheid to execrate—without, in other words, the bread-and-butter left-wing social and foreign policy agenda upon which it long relied for its credibility, the Congressional Black Caucus of 1994 faced its own crisis of character revealed in the very question with which it was faced: Include Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam but not elected Congressman Gary Franks? Had the black civil rights movement, represented by the black members in Congress, become this extreme?

"All of us are children of the Voting Rights Act," said Rep. Cynthia McKinney (D-Ga.) of herself and the 15 other new black members elected to Congress in 1992. The Voting Rights Act, as amended a decade earlier, mandated gerrymandering to maximize black voting strength throughout much of the South. Consequently, most of the districts represented by the freshmen were as new as their representatives. Only three of these newly elected members represented existing districts; the remaining 13 seats were created because of the Act. And for the first time since Reconstruction, blacks represented districts in Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. This influx of new membership, *Congressional Quarterly* predicted in 1992, would "ensure that it [Black Caucus] could no longer be described as a small cadre of liberal activists, identified with big cities and an urban perspective."

Now, near the end of the 103rd Congress, it is evident that the extent of this "move to the center" is a marginal at best. According to *Roll Call*'s most recent ideological ranking of representatives, 24 Black Caucus members (three-fifths of the caucus) qualify as "Ultra Liberal"—five of whom were first elected in 1992. Nearly 85 percent of the caucus was classified as "Certifiably Liberal," and eleven of the freshmen members were either "Certifiably" or "Ultra Liberal." Though the new membership supplied the caucus with five "Mostly Liberal" and "Liberal Lite" representatives, none of the black Democrats fell within the moderate range, and all but four (Republican Gary Franks included) were grouped among the top quarter of the House's most liberal members. Black representatives comprise less than 9 percent of the House, yet they constitute nearly half of the House's extreme left—the top 10 percent.

And in the 103rd Congress, few initiatives the Black Caucus has put forth or actions it has taken reflect any inclination toward moderation. In its first action, the caucus selected Kweisi Mfume to replace the outgoing chairman, Rep. Edolphus Towns (D-N.Y.). Mfume's background made good copy and to some degree suggested the divergent tendencies the caucus tried to contain.

Born Frizzell Gray, Mfume cared for himself and his younger sister from the time he was 16 when his mother died and he was forced to drop out of high school. He grew tired of working seven days a week while "his friends were enjoying proms and having fun" and soon joined a street gang. By the time he was 20, he had fathered five children by four different women, all the while spending evenings boozing heavily and gambling on street corners. An encounter with his father, then just released from prison, prodded him to change his life. He completed his GED, enrolled in a community college, then transferred to Morgan State University. Enamored with the wave of Afrocentrism sweeping through the black academic community during the late 1960s and early 1970s, Gray became Mfume, a Swahili name meaning "conquering son of kings." A talented disc jockey, he developed a large following among Baltimore blacks, often advocating the most radical of

positions. In 1978, he successfully ran for the Baltimore City Council, where he specialized in inflammatory rhetoric but also learned the importance of building coalitions. He was elected to Congress in 1986.

Mfume assumed the Black Caucus helm when for the first time it possessed a sufficient legislative block of votes to demand the House leadership's consideration. This was especially true given the Clinton strategy of going it alone in Congress and not seeking Republican support on some major initiatives. "Some members of the leadership," Mfume said, "thought it was the same Black Caucus. This was a mistake that proved embarrassing." Mfume here refers to the line-item veto vote, where the caucus, feeling it had not been wooed with sufficient ardor by the White House, aligned itself with Republicans opposing the measure. It was Mfume hardball: the Democrats were required to take the embarrassing measure of pulling the bill from the floor and renegotiating with the Black Caucus.

But if Mfume thought such tactics would make the caucus more powerful, he was wrong. When Clinton withdrew the nomination of Lani Guinier for Assistant Attorney General, caucus leaders made it clear they felt betrayed. It was a preview of setbacks yet to come. On health care, the Black Caucus' push for a single-payer health coverage has been ignored or abandoned by both the Clinton administration and House leadership. On NAFTA, caucus opposition to the trade agreement got some members a handful of concessions for their districts, but NAFTA's passage as a whole was a defeat. On the federal budget, the caucus lost its struggle for the BTU tax and the "economic stimulus package," as well as preventing many Medicare and Medicaid cuts. For the first year and a half of his administration, Clinton ignored the Black Caucus's disgust over his Haitian policy.

While Mfume successfully brokered small legislative gains—limited job-training initiatives, aid to Africa—the "new" Black Caucus, for all its supposed clout, wasn't delivering.

The first black members of Congress, elected in the aftermath of the Civil War, often struggled with contested elections at home and pronounced hostility in Washington. Nevertheless, unlike its present-day successor caucus, which, because of the civil-rights struggle maintains that there is a singular agenda for black America, this first black "caucus" boasted an array of political initiatives and ideological beliefs.

Were Hiram Revels, the first black elected to Congress, to take his seat today, he would likely encounter as much resistance from the Congressional Black Caucus as Republican Gary Franks did last summer. Representing Mississippi as her Senator, Revels (chosen to fill the unexpired term of former Confederate President Jefferson Davis) took the oath of office on February 25, 1870. He argued for personal responsibility rather than group entitlement, maintaining "generally... that Christian education, high morals and abstinence from alcohol, rather than agitation for political and civil rights, were the best ways for blacks to improve their condition."

Several of Revels' black colleagues, however, anticipated the redistributionist policies of that characterize the present-day Black Caucus. Sen. Blanche K. Bruce (R-Miss.), the first black Senator to serve a full term, urged for black land grants in the Western territories and distribution of duty-free clothing from England to blacks emigrating from the South to Kansas. Rep. John Adams Hyman (R-N.C.) sought financial relief for the Cherokee Indians. Other black members' offerings included various Congressional land grants or auctions to landless freedmen. These initiatives, most of them moderate, even progressively conservative, by current standards, were soundly defeated by the Congress of the day.

By the 1878 election, the Democrats regained most of its antebellum control of the South. And through amendments to the various state constitutions, they abolished several congressional districts in which they did not possess a majority. Consequently, no blacks were elected in 1878. A handful of blacks enjoyed a brief return to Congress in the 1880s, successfully contesting fraudulent elections in tight districts and regaining GOP nominations in safer ones. But in the 1890s, state constitutions and election codes were further revised, disenfranchising blacks entirely. The last black to serve in the 19th century, George H. White (R-NC), was elected in 1898. In his final speech on the House floor, he predicted that blacks would return to Congress. Over a quarter century would elapse before that would come to pass.

Black migration to northern urban areas in the opening decades of the 20th century established what would become the electoral foundation of the modern Congressional Black Caucus. Oscar DePriest's election in 1928 as a representative from Chicago initiated a succession

of black congress-men from northern cities: New York, Detroit, and Philadelphia, as well as Chicago. This shift from South to North also coincided with a party shift from the Republican to Democratic party. The first black elected from a Northern city, DePriest was also the last black Republican elected to the House until the 102nd Congress welcomed Gary Franks. And since the New Deal, only one black Republican other than Franks has been elected to either body, Sen. Edward Brooke from Massachusetts (1967-1979).

Adam Clayton Powell, the most famous and notorious black member in the half century between DePriest's election and the creation of the Black Caucus, took office in 1945, representing New York's newly created Harlem district. Known for attaching an anti-discrimination clause to so many pieces of legislation that the rider was called the Powell Amendment, he also prodded President Eisenhower to make anti-colonialism an administration foreign-policy position.

The flamboyant Powell would be most remembered for his sexual escapades, his tax evasion, and the scent of corruption that emanated from his office. He often gave the impression that he was pursuing interests that had little to do with those of the United States as a whole. That seems to be part of his legacy which has most influenced his successors in the Black Caucus.

On November 16, 1993, caucus member Donald Payne (D-N.J.) offered a nonbinding resolution before the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Africa in support of political leader Moshood K.O. Abiola, a Nigerian businessman who was duly elected president only to have the results voided by the ruling military. The measure passed, five to three, along party lines. During the hearing, Rep. Dan Burton (R-Ind), ranking member of the Africa subcommittee, challenged the Black Caucus Foundation to reveal the amount of Abiola's contribution—reported at \$250,000—and in so doing, highlighted the caucus' lucrative affiliation with business leaders at home and world figures abroad.

Legislative Service Organizations, such as the Black Caucus, began developing in the 1970s. Designed to serve both as research organizations for congressional coalitions and interest caucuses for whipping legislation, House Administration began regulating them in 1981. Under House rules, LSOs may not accept money other than the Congressional dues paid by joining members. To circumvent these regulations, many LSOs established sister foundations, placing caucus members as chairmen and board members of them. Thus, a group or individual wishing to donate to the Black Caucus could instead write a check to the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation. And because the Foundation is tax-exempt under 501 (c)3, amount of donations—and their sources—disclosure is not required.

The cornerstone of its fundraising effort, the foundation's annual legislative "weekend," last year kicked off September 15 in the Washington Convention Center. Attracting over 100 scholars, activists, and political and business leaders, the event typically grosses more than \$2 million. Figures for 1992 and 1993 were not available. The weekend included the Town Hall meeting in which Mfume announced his "sacred covenant." It also hosted a workshop presented by junk-bond king Michael Milken. Milken's charitable organization, the Foundations of the Milken Families, had donated at least \$50,000 to the Black Caucus Foundation, as IRS records reveal.

Milken, once a favorite Black Caucus metaphor in their indictment of "greed" and the Reagan Eighties, was now a guest of Maxine Waters. "I know talent and brilliance when I see it," Waters said during the hearing, though she denied any connection between Milken's donation and his invitation. If that was her official line, she slipped during the Town Hall meeting: While explaining her "each of us have power, you were born with power" theory, she told the audience that money was power, and, accordingly, she



Rep. Kweisi Mfume

would take it from whomever offered it to her, even Michael Milken.

However hypocritical, though, the Milken money was innocuous. Leaking his donation to the media may have constituted sound public relations, but because he had no business before Congress, there was no potential conflict of interest. Abiola's bid to regain control of Nigeria's presidency was another matter.

"I am not trying to impugn the integrity of the Black Caucus or accuse mem of anything," Burton said as the controversy over the donation deepened. "But Abiola is a very visible figure, and before we pass a resolution involving [the United States] in the Nigerian political process, we ought to make sure there are no clouds hanging over this."

In August, caucus member Rep. Bill Jefferson (D-La.) had circulated a "Dear Colleague" letter asking members to support recognition of the African leader's government. The problem was, the *Washington Post* reported, Jefferson was a former partner in the New Orleans law firm that allegedly represented Abiola, and there were strong indications that Abiola was himself a Jefferson client during the 1980s. Worse still, the *Post* story revealed that Jefferson maintained substantial ties to his former firm, intervening on their behalf to arrange a meeting between its partners and top officials of the Treasury Department to discuss a Resolution Trust Corporation decision to restrict the firm from receiving contracts for legal work. The restriction, it turned out, resulted from Jefferson's failure to disclose his defaulting on over \$700,000 in loans. And further indicating possible conflict of interest and misuse of power, though Jefferson sold his shares in the firm after election to Congress, the Louisiana Congressman continued to collect \$100,000 a year in payments.

While Abiola's friends in Congress were gathering commitments, his rivals were working just as diligently to block them—and, as sitting government officials, their coffers were deeper. Burton continued explore the Abiola donation to the Black Caucus, disclosing that the Nigerian government, then headed by Gen. Ibrahim Babangida, in 1992 donated \$120,000 to the Black Caucus Foundation.

The foundation maintained that there were no ethical dilemmas in accepting significant sums of money from two competing factions of Nigeria. The two men, who control a combined \$1 billion in personal -wealth, were vying for control of one of the world's poorest—and most corrupt—nations, one where the per-capita income is less than \$700, despite Nigeria's substantial oil reserves.

If some found the caucus' dalliance with a brutal, anti-Democratic, and authoritarian regime, to be contradictory, others regarded it as business as usual for Black Caucus heavyweights. When Rep. Ronald V. Dellums (D-Calif.) returned from a fact-finding trip to Grenada in the early 1980s, for instance, he not only defended the Maurice Bishop regime that was then hosting

large numbers of Soviet-Cuban military advisors, but he also informed Congress that the airport the island-state was constructing had no military application. That airport, as the invasion of October 1983 would reveal, was being developed primarily for Cuban and Soviet military use. And documents seized during the invasion indicated that not only did Dellums know the airport would be used for military purposes, but that he suggested to the Grenadan government that it should edit and approve the report he would deliver to Congress.

Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.) joined Dellums in the effort to hide the true purpose of the airport, reading a Bishop speech on the House floor in which the dictator said, "We repeat that the new International Airport is a civilian project vital to the economic development of our country." Over two weeks after the invasion, when the extent of Soviet-Cuban military activity on the island became public, Conyers nonetheless introduced impeachment proceedings against Reagan for liberating Grenada.

This effort to uphold Socialist-Marxist governments,

sometime covertly, other times overtly, was part of the Black Caucus' political repertory in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Caucus members supported the Sandinista government. And in spring 1980, when the Soviets were supporting guerrilla efforts against the Duarte government of El Salvador, Farid Handal, the Salvadorean rebel who had organized the "International Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador," an international network between the guerrilla forces and their supporters, arrived in Washington and Dellums arranged for him to meet with the Black Caucus. Handal funneled through the caucus an assortment of papers to corroborate a falsified campaign of human-rights violations against the Duarte government.

The Black Caucus, of course, denies that its agenda is to undermine U.S. policy interests, but rather to oppose U.S. military adventurism. The caucus submits its own budget alternative annually, cutting hundreds of billions from defense budgets, in addition to increasing taxes by hundreds of billions more, and spending the lion's share of the bounty on a potpourri on domestic programs. But when United States forces are placed under United Nations control, the caucus' antipathy to military activity diminishes.

The Black Caucus members, for example, who had opposed the liberation of Kuwait, supported U.S. intervention in Somalia and opposed withdrawal. When the House debated a Sense of the House Resolution calling for withdrawal on October 19, 1993, Dellums took the floor, "We are now talking about peacekeeping, peacekeeping plus, peacemaking, and peace enforcement. These were terms not in our lexicon in the context of the cold war...I believe that the Somalias of the world, the Bosnias of the world, the Haitis of the world, are the new realities."

Rep. Craig Washington (D-Tex.), another caucus member, closed the debate: "Pontius Pilate was not guilty of the death of Jesus Christ, but he was not innocent. And we are not guilty of what is going on in Somalia but we damned sure as hell are not innocent...We are responsible because every colonialist is responsible for neo-colonialism [sic]."

If neocolonialism in Somalia concerned Black Caucus members, it certainly didn't with Haiti, where many members are calling for an all-out invasion of the island that earlier this century U.S. forces occupied for 20 years. "The Congressional Black Caucus bit our lips and held our tongues for one year," Mfume said. "We're employing legislation, arrests in front of the White House, stronger and stronger language, and a number of quiet meetings indicative of taking the issue to a higher level, even if it means killing White House initiatives."

After a battery of legislative losses and setbacks, obtaining a turnaround on Haiti constituted a face-saving measure for Mfume and the Black Caucus. The policy change the caucus sought (and obtained) was the processing of all captured Haitian refugees before returning them to Haiti. By processing the refugees, Mfume hoped, persons fleeing Haiti seeking political asylum would be allowed

into the United States.

Mfume first publicly took Haiti to a higher level when he and five other Congressmen submitted to arrest in front of the White House late in April. This act, combined with the hunger strike by Randall Robinson of Trans Africa, led Clinton to change the policy on May 8. But unlike the response to Iraq, in which the Black Caucus maintained that sanctions (still in effect) would be sufficient to topple Saddam Hussein, many caucus members maintain that sanctions alone in Haiti were an insufficient response.

Haiti provided a face-saving exercise for the caucus in terms of its erratic and often anti-American foreign policy. But members of the groups know that the success of the caucus will always rise and fall on its success in domestic policy matters.

The problem is that in this arena, the liberal social agenda of the Black Caucus has all but run out of steam. It has always counted on the perception of America as a racist country to give it clout. But that perception has deserted the caucus. Asked what the top two or three problems facing the country today were, only two percent of respondents in a January 1994 *NBC/Wall St. Journal* poll listed racism.

Perhaps because it has bet so heavily on racial

divisiveness to give it credibility, the Black Caucus has failed to achieve its much heralded coming of age during the 103rd Congress. This is perhaps why the caucus' actions have taken on a quality of flailing that bespeaks a political and moral chaos at the heart of the organization, which was seen in the "sacred covenant" with Farrakhan and the attempted exclusion of Gary Franks. And the fights before it don't hold much reason for optimism.

The caucus is fighting campaign finance reform which, if passed, would abolish PACs, thus eliminating a disproportionately significant amount of campaign funds available to candidates in minority districts. Secondly, it continues to back the gerrymandered districts that provided the influx of new members and that are now under assault in the courts. (Last summer, the Supreme Court handed down *Shaw v. Reno* in which Justice O'Connor ruled that district boundaries needed justifications other than providing minority representation to be legitimate.) Even if all the gerrymandered districts remain intact, there won't be any new ones. Thirdly, welfare reform, which appears to be an idea whose time has come (however slowly), threatens to reduce entitlements that the Black Caucus traditionally has sought and protected. Finally, Republican

gains in the House dictate that future White House legislation will have to seek accommodation with moderates and conservatives instead of liberals, a shift that would render caucus leftists less important than ever.

Placed in this context, the Black Caucus' attempt to embrace Louis Farrakhan seems politically comprehensible, if morally alarming. Extremism is gripping much of the black civil rights community, from an ever more rabid Nation of Islam, to a more militant Afrocentrism, down to the once-integrationist NAACP, which is now flirting with pan-nationalism.

Gary Franks has drawn the bottom line. "It is ironic that the Congressional Black Caucus could not tolerate me, a Black Republican, because of my conservative views," he said, "but would have such a difficult time divorcing themselves from Mr. Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam."

The places where the Black Caucus has been must give any observer of black politics pause. But indications of where it is headed are even more ominous.

CAMERON HUMPHREYS is an editor at Roll Call.

When Louis Met Tom

Give Louis Farrakhan five minutes and he'll introduce you to his enemies. "Practically everywhere I have gone, the Jews have gone in front of me stirring people against me," the Nation of Islam leader wrote in its newspaper *The Final Call* on May 9, 1988. "Listen, Jews," *New York* magazine reports he said on October 7, 1985, "you cannot say 'never again' to God, because when He puts you in the oven, 'never again' don't mean a thing." And, as the *New York Post* revealed on May 23, 1988, Farrakhan declared in Flushing, New York; "The Jews Cannot defeat me. I will grind them and crush them into little bits."

Louis Farrakhan should be judged not just by those he calls his foes but, more importantly, by his friends. Farrakhan fails this test too. Amazingly, Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam have accepted money from and cooperated with members of white supremacy groups, including veterans of the Ku Klux Klan.

"I was a guest of Louis Farrakhan's organization in Los Angeles," Tom Metzger told me by telephone, confirming reports published in *The Washington Times* and *The Washington Post* in the fall of 1985. Metzger, the former Grand Dragon of the CaliforniaKKK and the current head of the White Aryan Resistance, attended a Farrakhan rally at the Fabulous Forum on September 14, 1985, along with a half-dozen of his racist cronies.

"It's not true," Leonard Muhammad, Farrakhan's chief of staff, says of Metzger's story. "Our meetings are open to whomever wants to come." Yet Metzger insists that he and his associates were invited to the affair by Farrakhan's staff. "I'm sure it had his authorization," Metzger explains. "They roped off a small section towards the back of the auditorium just for us."

"We were treated quite well," Metzger recalls. He notes that he and his guests gave \$100 to Farrakhan and the Black Muslim organization as a "gesture of understanding." He adds that the contribution was acknowledged by the onstage announcer. Asked about this donation, Mr. Muhammad replied, "I have no comment on that."

Farrakhan apparently impressed Metz-

ger. "I like what I hear," Metzger said in the September 30, 1985, *Washington Times*. "They speak out against the Jews and the oppressors in Washington," he added. "Louis Farrakhan is an honest black man who is not embarrassed or ashamed to stand up and say what he feels."

Metzger's fondness of Farrakhan is more than just a schoolboy crush. A convergence of interests unites white supremacists and the Nation of Islam. "They want their Own government and their own territory and that's exactly what we want for them and for ourselves," Metzger has said. They share a "concern about the survival of two separate and distinct races," Metzger said, later adding, "They are the black counterpart of us."

Hold up a mirror to Metzger's **Birds of A Feather: Black anti-Semite Louis Farrakhan** remarks and you will see the words Farrakhan uttered on March 11, 1984, which appeared in *Insight* magazine on November 11, 1985: "Some white people are going to live...but [God] don't want them living with us. He doesn't want us mixing ourselves up with the slavemaster's children, whose time of doom has arrived."

Farrakhan threatened that if then-presidential aspirant Jesse Jackson were denied a role in the 1984 Democratic Convention, Farrakhan would "lead an army of black men and women to Washington, D.C., and negotiate...for a separate state or territory of our own."

Tom Metzger also remembers the Jackson campaign. He says he "gave the Nation of Islam information about the movement of Jewish extremists we thought might be a threat to Jackson." No fan of Jackson, Metzger wanted to keep white separatists from being blamed for attacks he says they did not

Last summer, Metzger told me, "The Anti-Defamation League was under fire in San Francisco for collecting files on people. A stack of files [on the Nation of Islam] came into my hands. I called the Nation of Islam. They came to my home, and I turned the files over to them as a goodwill gesture."

Farrakhan's obsession with Jews unites him



Birds of A Feather: Black anti-Semite Louis Farrakhan (top) and white supremacist Tom Metzger (bottom).

with other white extremists. At the October 1985 Christian Patriots Annual Conference in Michigan, Chicago-area white supremacist Art Jones told a gathering of 200 cross-burning, Nazi uniform-clad racists: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. I salute Louis Farrakhan and anyone else who stands up against the Jews."

Farrakhan and Metzger are birds of a feather. Their flights of paranoia have led them along separate but equal paths to the same hate-filled fantasyland. It's important to add that this sad symbiosis between Farrakhan and white bigots should not diminish the valuable work of many black Muslims who peacefully call for self-reliance, strong families, and an ethical renaissance among black Americans.

Like him or not, Farrakhan does have the Constitutionally protected right to spew 150-proof anti-Semitic venom at the disturbingly large crowds that gather before him. Perhaps someone will use that same right to ask Louis Farrakhan a very simple question: How can a man in cahoots with crossburners call himself a black leader?

—DEROY MURDOCH

The Unbearable Lightness of Being in Cuba

By Paul Mulshine

When I was in Nicaragua in 1987, rented a room in a house across from a school. All day, I'd hear a constant sound coming from an infernal toy called "clackers." Clackers—two hard plastic balls on a string, clackers had been a fad in the United States many years before, but only briefly, because this toy is so boring. (All the balls did was smash into each other over and over again as the kid moved arm up and down.) But for the Nicaraguan is, clackers were the only game in town. Their clacking became, for me, the soundtrack of the Sandinista Revolution. Clack-clack...how long » I have to stand here?...clack-clack...playing with this stupid Chinese piece of trash?...clack-ack...until this damn revolution ends and I can get a real toy?...clack-clack....

In Cuba, the waiting has become a narcotic all its own. Havana has become a living museum, sort of a holocaust Museum of Marxism. Yet the end finally seems to be in sight, and I decided to go to Cuba before of clacking was over forever. The first step in this process tailed getting a journalism visa from the Cuban Interests action in Washington. Given the conditions in their country, Cuban officials would be wise to issue journalism as only to reporters who have no eyes. But since that's not possible, they do the next best thing by trying to limit as only to those who have no brains.

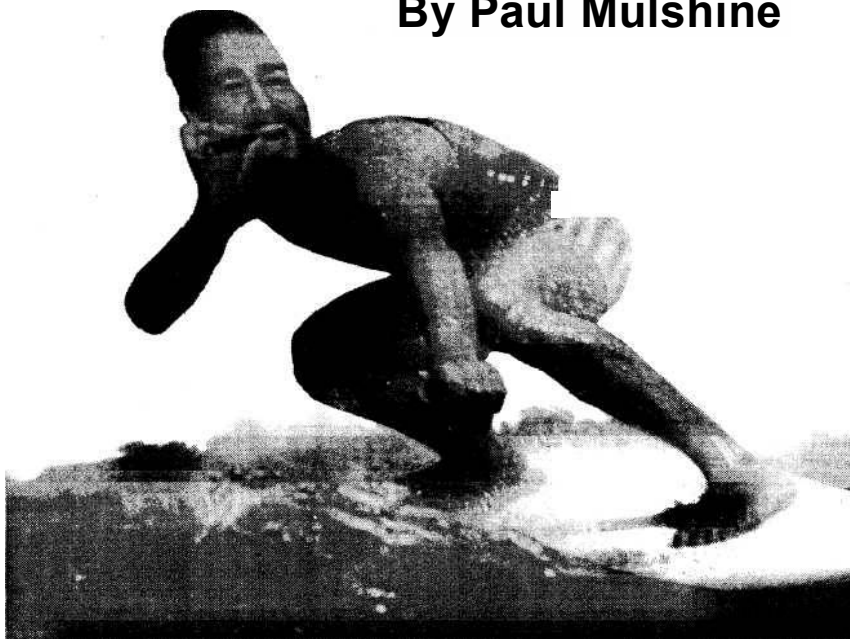
A case in point is a writer for *The Nation* named Carol Brightman, who recently returned from Cuba and ad a hand-wringing article, even at this late date, about Castro's efforts to devise "a different kind of socialism." he also boasted about getting Castro to autograph a baseball cap for her 14-year-old son.

The only thing I would like to get Castro's photograph on would be a pledge to end censorship and hold elections. But such an opinion would have disqualified me from getting a visa to enter Cuba, so I kept it to myself. I had an odd hook for my request to check out Castroland. One of my hobbies is surfing, and I had hooked up with a surfing magazine to do an article on the unexplored surf potential of Cuban beaches. This got me in the door.

I flew to Havana with a California surfer/potographer who knew nothing about communism but plenty about surfing, photography, and women. The potographer (we'll call him Joey; he's nervous about matters of identity as a result of our trip) and I took a cab to the Havana Airport and checked into a hotel near the waterfront. Joey hit the streets with his camera. I followed, ping to keep him out of trouble. As we walked, I began fear that we'd chosen a hotel in a bad part of town. Every building around us was in ruins. But after a few blocks, I realized that all of Havana is the bad part of town. It's as if Castro, upon taking power in 1959, had outlawed not only capitalism but home repair.

In addition to the decaying buildings, the cars, such as they were, were Fords and Chevrolets from the '50s. It were the people grim, depressed? Not a chance. They're grinning like idiots. I got the impression we were walking through an open-air asylum.

Joey soon fell in with some of the locals, two young girls and a guy. They invited us to their house, ere, they offered us rum and food, and we listened to salsa on an ancient vacuum tube radio. We had a wonderful talk. Diego told us about his work as a veterinarian. The two young women were teachers. One told me how much she made in a month—the equivalent of about \$1.60. She scribed to me how tough it was to make a living, all the black-market dealing necessary to get by in Cuba. *La lucha*, she called it—the struggle. It was a neat irony: *Luchais* the same word that Latin-American Marxists have



traditionally used to describe their efforts to fight capitalism.

At this point, I had been in Cuba for all of three

hours, and I was congratulating myself on having so quickly circumvented the tourist traps. Most foreigners were stuck in some sterile hotel; here we were discussing politics in the home of some honest-to-God, salt-of-the-earth citizens of Havana. I felt privileged to experience the hospitality of such fine examples of Cuban youth.

Amid my orgy of self-congratulation, our new friend Diego asked Joey and me to step into the kitchen. "I'm not their boyfriend," he told me in Spanish. "You can spend the night with them for just thirty dollars each." This was a different take on the concept of *la lucha*.

We tried to make a polite exit (I'm married, and the girls were not up to Joey's exacting standards), but Diego was having none of it. He and the hookers followed us back to our hotel, the price for a night's recreation dropping as we got nearer to home. Cubans are not allowed in the hotels. I had to physically break loose from our newfound friends to make my escape.

I didn't feel sorry for the hookers so much as for Diego. In Cuba, a veterinarian does not take care of poodles. No, Diego had to take a bus out of Havana every morning to the countryside, where he ministered to cows and pigs on a state-run farm. That earned him his \$ 1.60. To get any more, he had to deal with human bodies, as in the case of the two girls. In prostitution, at least, there was something like a free market.

Joey and I found no surf in Havana. We flew to the Atlantic Coast and wound up in a beach town called Guardalavaca. Palm-fringed coral cove, white-sand beach, hotels with pools and volleyball nets. There were even cute little restaurants with nautical themes. Each of these restaurants was made up to look like the sort of place an enterprising young chef might run. In fact, they were all part of the government resort compound.

The European and Canadian tourists accepted it at face value, but Guardalavaca was an awful place, made worse by its great natural beauty. The longer I was there, the more I felt it was like one of those scenes from a space-horror movie in which the beautiful woman retreats to her boudoir and removes the mask that covers her horrible extraterrestrial features.

Most of the tourists never left the compound, but the search for surf took me and Joey out of its limits. We quickly fell in with the locals at the beach where we went

to surf. The Cuban government may be awful, but the people are great, the nicest I've met in all Latin America. Poor as they were, they didn't seem to want anything from us but our company. Total strangers would offer rum from the communal bottle. An old guy who helped us carry our equipment refused my offer of a t-shirt in payment. It wasn't until I showed him the next day that I had plenty of shirts that he agreed to take the freebie.

Nice as the locals were, however, someone rattled on us. We found that out one afternoon when we were having lunch at one of the faux private restaurants overlooking the beach. The restaurant was a mile or so from our hotel, and we hadn't told anyone we were going there. In fact, we'd made the decision on the spur of the moment. Nevertheless, an unsmiling little bastard in fatigues tracked us down. He came up and told me that we would be having an interview with the Ministry of the Interior.

He marched us through the pack of sunbathing Euro-morons and took us to an office. The gist of his diatribe was that we had no business traveling around Cuba without a tour group, and that we certainly had no business taking photos for publication without all kinds of permits that we didn't have. I told him the truth: I'd spent six months in the States doing everything possible to go through the proper channels, but the Cuban State Department had screwed up at every pass. They'd failed to get us our journalism visas by the promised date. Then they'd failed to have someone meet us at the airport as promised. So we'd been traveling around on a simple tourist card.

I asked the officer a simple question: How could some photos of beautiful beaches in a surfing magazine harm the Cuban government? He had no idea, but he took all our film anyway. Clerks are not supposed to think.

Joey was distraught, as were our newfound Cuban friends. But they weren't surprised. As one said to me, "These guys make the East Germans look like little children."

The collapse of the Soviet Union left American liberals out on a limb. With a nice, comfortable Red Menace covering their flank, leftists could pose as moderates. It was the old good cop/bad cop routine. The commies wanted all your money; the liberals would settle for taxes that ran no more than two-thirds of your net worth. The commies had state control of all media; the liberals had National Public Radio. The commies had missiles with nuclear warheads; the liberals had self-help books by Gloria Steinem.

But now the American liberal is for the first time leading what Czech author Milan Kundera calls "the Grand March." The Grand March, he wrote in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, "is the splendid march on the road to brotherhood, equality Justice, happiness; it goes on and on, obstacles notwithstanding, for obstacles there must be if the march is to be the Grand March...What makes a leftist a leftist is not this theory or that theory, but his ability to integrate any theory into the kitsch called the Grand March."

The term *kitsch* is central to Kundera's writing about communism in his native Czechoslovakia. Kundera was making a point that was a bit subtle for its time. During the Cold War, the critique of communism centered on repression. But overt repression quickly faded in importance for most people actually living in communist countries. It was like an electric cattle fence. Once enough cows have been shocked into submission, the electricity can be turned off. What Kundera found most repugnant about communism was not the repression, but the imposition of a public culture based on kitsch—the stupid, cheery images of socialist art, "the Communist ideal made real... that world of grinning idiots."

Grinning idiots—exactly the words that came to mind on my first day in Havana. With no chance to organize an opposition to Castro, the people simply grin and bear it. An idiot like *The Nation's* Carol Brightman takes this to mean they are happy. ("But the real reason for the patience Cubans display in the face of blackouts, fuel and food shortages, factory shutdowns and layoffs—conditions that might spark a full-scale riot in any American city—is that on a basic, nearly invisible level of consciousness, Cubans seem largely at peace with their government and the society it has helped create.") Brightman makes the same mistake that so many other clueless American liberals made when they visited Nicaragua during the '80s. They start with a comic-book view of communism, a Stalinist state in which the people walk around staring at the ground, afraid to look up. When they get to Nicaragua, or Cuba, or wherever, they find it's not like that. The people are smiling. Life seems to be going on just fine, except for the dearth of consumer goods. Therefore, the Sandinistas, or Castro, or whoever, isn't really all that bad. But for the lack of a few VCRs and a Nissan or two, life would be perfect.

This leads to the party line on the collapse of communism: It failed simply, because it didn't achieve its goals, particularly the economic ones. Leftists love this idea because it leaves the door open for new socialist experiments where the dictators actually will deliver.

The sad truth, though, is that the Marxist-Leninists succeeded at everything they tried. The Grand March went where it was supposed to go—to the heart of kitsch. Leftists like Brightman love Cuba, because Castro has succeeded in stripping away everything that makes up culture: religion, class, race, clothing styles...you name it. The ultimate goal of the left has been achieved—a cultural vacuum.

La lucha is not the struggle to survive. It's the struggle to live. Cubans have the basics, if just barely. But Cuba has been stripped of everything that adds color to life. In any other Latin country, a traveler finds all sorts of little stores, cafes and beach shacks where it's possible to sit for a while and meet the locals, joke with the hard-working proprietor, and fend off the local drunk. Buy sodas for the kids. But in Cuba, nothing.

The left is wedded to the idea of progress, but their ideas produce only stagnation. Once they've grabbed power, they argue constantly about what is required to find that "different kind of socialism" people like Brightman still think possible. They argue not because anyone has any real idea of how to improve life. They argue just to pass the time. A game of bridge would do as well.

No difference exists between the endless arguments over ways to save state control in Cuba and the debate over the ways to save other state-controlled institutions of roughly equal size—the American public school system and the American welfare system. In either case, no proposal offers real reform. Abolition is the only solution. In both cases, the leftists talk of ideas, but the only idea that would really matter is unthinkable—freedom.

On my last day in Havana, I wandered around checking out the icons of the revolution. The most common such icon is Che Guevara. I'll say this about Guevara: He was one hell of a good-looking guerrilla. His ubiquitous image reminded me of another dead hero from the '60s, Jim Morrison. The two had a lot in common: long hair, chiseled features, penetrating eyes, and a line of snappy patter about love and fire. Most important was the good sense to die young. A fat, balding Jim Morrison tottering to the stage for the 25th anniversary of the unzipping of his pants—now there's a frightening image. Same thing with Che. His image would lose a lot of impact if its owner were pushing papers in a Havana office and babbling to youngsters about the good old days in the Bolivian bush.

Small wonder Castro wants to keep attention centered on that glorious day in 1959, the once and future assumption of power, the so-called "Triumph of the Revolution." Cuba is frozen in the '50s. In Havana, I kept expecting to turn a corner and run into Ricky Ricardo. Instead, I ran into the Museum of the Revolution. In a park behind the museum one of the strangest icons I've seen is

preserved under glass: the Granma, the yacht on which Castro sailed from Mexico in 1956 with 81 men to begin his revolution. Half of Cuba seems to be named after this boat, including a province and a newspaper. It's totally unexceptional, just a cabin cruiser. At first glance the display looks more like a Chris-Craft showroom than a monument to revolution.

But it means a lot to Cubans, and it could soon mean a whole lot more. The statue of Lenin means one thing when it looks down over a Russian city; quite another when it topples. When Cuba goes, it will go in accord with the Spanish tradition—bloody as all hell. Here's the script: A crowd has gathered for a fiesta, or perhaps a baseball game. Something sets them off, maybe the police abusing some wiseass kid, or the Ministry of the Interior hauling off an illegal petty bourgeois vendor of tomatoes. The people, prohibited from acting as individuals, begin to act collectively. The cops don't have the heart to fight it; they're as tired of this nonsense as everyone else. The hookers begin throwing rocks through windows. The black-market cigar sellers overtake a police car. The crowd takes over the streets. All the poor bastards who've been huddling in their decaying apartments for years come streaming out. The crowd reaches the Museum of the Revolution and streams past the guards and past the airplanes that gunned down anti-Castro Cubans at the Bay of Pigs. An out-of-work economist builds a pile of newspapers under the propellers. A cigar seller lights a match. The whores cheer. Castro calls the Air Force to tell them to warm up his Ilyushin. He's heading for Chile, the last place on earth where anyone will listen to his five-hour speeches. They haul the Granma out to sea and sink it.

In the meantime, the most exciting option for half the population of Havana is to stand on a street corner in the hopes of meeting a horny German. After I got back from Cuba, people asked me what was the oddest thing that happened on my trip. I thought about it a while. Here's the answer: Joey never got laid. Strange but true. He was one of the most sex-obsessed characters I've ever met, and he had a new girlfriend every day we were in Cuba. But he didn't have sex with any of them.

Some conservatives might take this as a positive sign. I view it differently. It's as if Castro has succeeded in something Andrea Dworkin can only dream of—making sex uninteresting. This is the final Triumph of the Revolution: boredom.

PAUL MULSHINE's last contribution to *Heterodoxy* was "Why Joanie Can't Read" in the March issue

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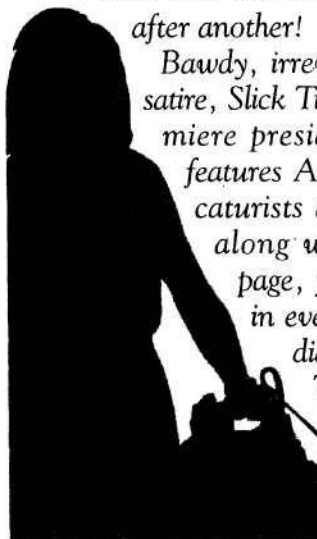
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GAY CONSERVATIVE, Continued from page 1

under Castro), condemned American society as violently homophobic and intolerant, and secretly delighted that gays were dying of AIDS. The leftist gay political culture has blamed Ronald Reagan, Jesse Helms, and Jerry Falwell for AIDS. It has viciously ridiculed traditional Christian values of self-restraint and continues to promote the free-sex agenda of the '60s and '70s. It has never made a secret of its loathing for the concept of "abstinence."

While I only gave peripheral attention to radical gays in my professional life, I was painfully aware that they were intellectually dishonest and not only bad for the nation but bad for the gay movement they purported to represent. As I became involved once again in conservative politics in 1990, I wondered if I could ever speak out as a gay conservative, how I would be received. But I was too busy running around the country holding news conferences, attacking George Bush for raising taxes in the middle of a recession, training a new generation of activists, and rushing to the hospital at regular intervals to comfort my friend Joseph as exhausting fevers, terrifying chills, headaches, weight loss, rashes, insomnia, blindness, and paralysis overtook him.

I never hid Joseph from my professional and social life in the conservative Republican soirees to which I was often invited. My office and photo album are full of photographs of him with luminaries from the Reagan Revolution—Ed Meese, Caspar Weinberger, Elizabeth Dole, Lee Atwater. He was with me at private events for the Bush Inaugural, at receptions for Oliver North, Dan Quayle, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Pat Robertson, and the Nicaraguan Contras, and at *The Washington Times* Christmas parties.



Gay Conservatives and the Homintern

Now that Joseph's death is behind me and the grief has somewhat subsided, I feel it is time to confront the intolerance, lies, and nihilism of those who have assumed command of the gay movement, for their values do not represent the great majority of people who are gay. They are extremists who only reinforce negative and frightening stereotypes of gays when they physically and verbally attack people in churches, demand the right to teach first graders sexual acts, trespass on public-school grounds to hand out flyers promoting homosexuality to junior high schoolers, and accuse every person who is uncomfortable with their deliberately antisocial behavior of being hateful bigots, homophobes, and victims of sexual repression.

Not only do they advance an insidious sex-obsessed agenda that includes job quotas for people based on sexual orientation, they are linked to every radical leftist issue on the national political agenda.

Washington, D.C., is a city where televised political demonstrations are common. Nearly every group under the sun will at some time march on the steps of Capitol Hill or outside the White House. I have never participated in many, but I have walked through at least one a week during the last eight years. It amazes me when I see the gay activists. These demonstrators don't limit themselves to gay politics; they are part of the street theater of past and present grievance that garners so much attention from network television cameras. It is tragic that their angry, epicene, and shockingly profane behavior defines us in the eyes of viewers. That image is not who we are.

Easily identifiable with their t-shirts emblazoned with bright pink triangles or black leather suggestions of sadomasochistic proclivities, they have supported abortion on demand and the repressive communist Nicaraguan regime under Daniel Ortega. Just as reflexively, they opposed the war against Saddam Hussein, when he could have crippled the advanced industrial world by seizing 40 percent of the world's oil supply; supported unilateral disarmament; opposed the Reagan military buildup that led to the collapse of communism; and deviously recruited the homeless to harass churches. I often wondered, What does all this have to do with helping our parents and friends understand and sympathize with homosexuality?

During the '80s, they were painfully visible in public demonstrations against the domestic Reagan agenda. Their infantile and vulgar behavior was televised routinely for mass consumption by every household in America to consider. One couldn't help noticing in the *Washington Blade*, the gay publication of record in the nation's capital, just how devoted and productive gay activists and their networks were toward the politics of

Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition. They championed the cause of the substance-abusing homeless, glorified Anita Hill in her discredited testimony against Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas, and defended taxpayer subsidies for blasphemous and pornographic art designed to offend the very people who pay for it. I find myself wondering why we are paying people to urinate and leave their feces on a stage. Why are we insisting that taxpayers fund naked artists who rant and rave about white men and ridicule religious people while fondling their genitals before an audience? Where is the political will in the gay community to stop this? Are we so insecure and so easily manipulated by a few professional gay radicals that we must accept this sick behavior? Do we really want to be seen as anti-family and anti-American?

The gay ruling class has almost perversely set itself up in opposition to the values of this country. How many times have I seen Washington's newspaper stands, mail boxes, and abandoned store fronts plastered with artwork showing a nude Reagan and Meese, or Bush and Quayle, or John Sununu and Jesse Helms, in graphic homosexual acts that include fisting, anal intercourse, fondling, and spanking? The message is clear: Anyone who questions the lunatic fringe of the gay movement is probably a repressed homosexual. Come out of the closet! Get in everybody's face! Accuse everybody of hateful bigotry! Call yourself a victim and embrace the entire radical leftist agenda. Or else!

I didn't buy it. And I knew many other gay men didn't either. Most gay men just do not behave like gay radicals, nor do they share the radicals' world view. But even though the radicals are a minority among gays, they have managed to call the tune and make most of the rest of their brothers do the dance. For the most part, those who dissent from the gay political establishment say nothing; they just suffer in silence. This must cease.

By 1988, I had met an amazing number of gay men who



Gays' Contribution to the Conservative Movement

were part of Washington's conservative movement. These men were scholars, project directors, and columnists. They wrote position papers that defended and advanced the Reagan domestic- and foreign-policy agendas. They were part of the intellectual spearpoint of the Reagan Revolution. If you sat down with them, you could never tell they were gay. On and off the job they dressed and acted no differently from a character on *Seinfeld* or an attorney on *L.A. Law*.

They were men with advanced degrees; they went to mainstream churches; they were staff directors for Attorney General Ed Meese and conservative think tanks such as the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, and the American Enterprise Institute. They were leaders in Jewish, Asian, and Hispanic ethnic groups within the conservative movement. They helped hammer out the conservative agenda as staffers for senators from the New Right. Many supported the Religious Right's drive to reinvigorate values in our culture. Bill Bennett inspired them. They knew that his eloquently expressed doubts about the gay movement came from opposition to the politics of radicalism, not from doubts about them personally. Along with the Gipper and Bennett himself, their heroes were Barry Goldwater, Caspar Weinberger, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Linda Chavez, Alan Keyes, Pope John Paul, Margaret Thatcher, Tom Selleck, William F. Buckley, Rush Limbaugh, Paul Harvey, and Richard Nixon.

And I don't believe these people were an aberration within the gay community. Too often the media equates noisiness with a constituency. Gay radicals are loud, but their following is much smaller than the media's slavish coverage of their doings and undoings would lead us to believe. There are many more gay conservatives than are dreamt of in the media's unending search for the bizarre. If gays were more visible, America would be less afraid of homosexuality. The conservative gays I've worked with for the last decade and a half do not run around exhibiting pierced nipples, spitting on people in prayer, hurling profanity at the public, burning the flag, or sucking face in a Gay Pride Parade. They are intrinsic to our society and proud of it; sadly they are hardly, if ever, noticed, and their strong contributions go unpraised.

Many of their straight friends know they are gay, but they also know something far more important. They know these gay people are productive and responsible members of society. And unlike their counterparts on the

Left, these assimilationists are not obsessed with sex or their sexual orientation. They conduct lives that add up to far more than the contortions to which genitalia can be subjected. In a word, they are mainstream.

In my work in developing the conservative movement, many friends and colleagues know me personally as an outspoken conservative and a quiet gay person who also happens to be, in the PC cliché, a "person of color." These straight friends were enormously supportive of me during my long months of grieving after Joseph died. Syndicated columnists, talk-show hosts, and political operatives who were close to Reagan, General Alexander Haig, Jack Kemp, Paul Laxalt, Howard Phillips, Ralph Reed of Christian Coalition, and Sen. Robert Dole all knew—and cared. They urged me to stay in the movement. Conservative talk-show hosts even called me at my home for remote interviews to try to keep me in the movement and pull me out of my grief.

They knew I was a conservative who had worked at generating grassroots support for the Nicaraguan Contras. We had celebrated together the electoral defeat of Daniel Ortega, candidate of the *nomenklatura* of Managua and the Hollywood Left. They knew I had supported Reagan and his grassroots revolution and had always opposed George Bush because he was not a movement-oriented conservative. (There would never be a Bush Revolution from Kennebunkport's inarticulate gentleman.) Even in 1992, I urged my activist network to support Patrick Buchanan. I knew that Pat's statements about homosexuality at the GOP convention were deliberately taken out of context. Buchanan's reference to "cross dressing" was making the same point that Terry Dolan, chairman of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, had made during the 1980 campaign when the Right first began to inform the public how many elected members of Congress would espouse conservative values during campaign speeches at home—and then go back to Washington and support a decidedly liberal agenda.

They knew of my vocal support for Judge Clarence Thomas and the successful documentary about him I had produced for African-American owned stations. They knew that I had placed numerous minority figures on talk shows to demonstrate how much of the younger generation in the civil-rights community was breaking with traditional liberals to support Thomas.

But my contributions are no more significant than those of so many other gay men who are leaders and fellow travellers in the conservative movement. Since the days of Eisenhower, at least 25 percent of the gay vote has consistently gone Republican. In very good Republican years—and there have been many—up to 30-35 percent of the gay vote has been reliably Republican, particularly during the Nixon/Reagan/Bush years. In Southern California, up to 40 percent of gay voters support conservative Republicans.

More recently we have seen these figures hold up, despite institutionalization of gay radicalism in U.S. politics. Despite the general public's loss of faith in George Bush in 1992, 23 percent of the gay vote stayed with him in his defeat. And in 1993—a year when conservatives made a sweeping comeback due in large part to Bill Clinton's weak mandate and perceived character problems and the dissatisfaction many people felt toward traditional big-city liberal mayors—gay voters were still going Republican, as was evident in the mayoral victories of Rudy Giuliani in New York and Richard Riordan in riot-torn Los Angeles. Both Republicans took a quarter of the gay vote in the Big Apple and the City of Angels, respectively.

Proportionately, a larger number of gays are conservative than are blacks. The same proportion of gays as Jews and Hispanics vote Republican. Why do we not hear more of this conservative perspective within the gay community itself? When one out of three gays votes conservative, something has to be said about the gay press deliberately suppressing the expression of this diversity—apparently a "bad" diversity within the PC scheme of things.



Gays and Economic Liberty

The leading tenet of conservatism is economic liberty. Conservatives believe in the supremacy of the individual to master his or her own destiny, a self-mastery cultivated through certain economic and spiritual values, including deferring short-term gratification for long-term gain, private initiative, hard work, self-sacrifice, discipline, and preparing to perform beyond your immediate circumstances. It is a visionary and self-propelled, fiercely individualistic

philosophy, and it takes a dim view of government involvement in the economic decisions of free people.

Gay conservatives believe in Main Street and Wall Street capitalism. We believe that democratic capitalism has created the most progressive and tolerant anxiety of minorities, including the gay community, in the history of the world. Although oppressed and ridiculed by some quarters in America, we know that this country provides us with freedoms that have resulted in an exceptionally prosperous gay entrepreneurial class in every major metropolis and hundreds of densely populated suburbs in this nation.

I have traveled through every major city in this country, and everywhere I have gone I have found a resilient and fiercely competitive gay entrepreneurial piety. It is a society that has driven up property values in ice-dilapidated areas, dramatically improved the appearance of once-blighted and abandoned sections of the inner city, and certainly expanded the revenue base for metropolitan, state, and federal governments to prey on.

Successful entrepreneurial development was not just evident in many of the professions one usually associated with gayness—hair-styling salons, fashion designers, florists, culinary arts and catering, theater and symphony rectors, and left-wing book stores. I consistently found only entrepreneurs involved in developing construction businesses, landscape architectural firms, law firms, counting and medical practices, income-generating rental properties, public relations, and oil and gas exploration.

Along with this successful participation in the *yen* market is the fact that most monogamous gay couples) not have to defer their prosperity for twenty years by raising children and getting them into college. Many gay people enjoy solid upward mobility and above-average disposable incomes earlier in life than do their heterosexual counterparts. But just like their straight brothers and sisters, they resent a government that every year finds disin-genuous reasons to take more of their earnings through higher taxes and wastes their money on discredited government giveaway programs.

Gay people are naturally drawn to conservatism because they create jobs, payrolls, and upward mobility in society. They are mostly law-abiding and trustworthy business people. They pay a great deal in taxes because of their entrepreneurial drive. Just like their straight counter-parts, these gay entrepreneurs, large and small, are very receptive to the conservative rallying cry that individuals can better manage their hard earned money than any government bureaucracy can. Gay entrepreneurs are officers and members of local chambers of commerce and the National Federation of Independent Businessmen; economic-development advisors to mayors and governors; and generous contributors to private sector initiatives such as the Salvation Army, the United Way, the Optimist club, and the Rotary Club. Most of their business associates do not know they are gay—nor do they need to, it their associates know that they are a force of economic progress and leadership in their local community.

And during the Goldwater and Reagan years, they cheered the voices that defended local entrepreneurial capitalism, propounding supply-side economics that—at least for a brief, shining, and glorious decade—liberated the achievers and job producers from the overbearing presence of tax collectors and government regulators. We echo the Grace Commission and General Accounting Office ports that found at least \$400 billion in annual waste, fraud, and abuse of taxpayer money. We have fought for the Balanced Budget Amendment and for many successful tax limitation amendments in state constitutions. We want to defund the Left's control of government programs as much as Joseph Coors and Reagan's Kitchen Cabinet did.

We believe that, regardless of their sexual orientation, people must ultimately take command of their lives and not present themselves as victims of society entitled to special privileges as a minority group. That means, in a rare that radicals have derided to the detriment not just gays but of the whole society, "pulling ourselves up by our own bootstraps," and many of us have done just that, en if we didn't have any bootstraps when we got started.



Gays and Class Warfare

And we deeply abhor the Left's use of class-warfare rhetoric that imbues many Americans, gay and straight, with anger, frustration, hate, and a false sense of entitlement other people's money. In fact, we consider the Left's

unethical use of inflammatory rhetoric even more dangerous to a democratic society than the rhetoric we hear from some members of the Religious Right who proclaim that we are inherently destined to damnation.

Strangely, when we conservatives try to promulgate this point of view in the gay political community, we are immediately silenced and intimidated by the gay thought police. Those who have set themselves up as the arbiters of gay orthodoxy damn our ideas as politically incorrect. We are stereotyped as paranoid, closeted mental cases who are hemmed in by self-loathing. This, of course, is the Big Lie of the Gay Left. Gay conservatives have their fair share of problems; human sexuality is a complicated affair. But the conservative gays and lesbians I have met over the last decade and a half in the conservative movement are a largely confident, self-assured, and industrious people. They have little problem interacting with straight people or gays (at least those who do not bait and defame them). And they are outstanding role models for those young gays who know they are sexually different but do not want to identify themselves as hostile aliens in their own society.

Conservative gays simply believe in their own life experiences, which tell them that America has generally lived up to its promise to provide economic opportunity and personal freedom. For that reason, we defend democratic capitalism as the most revolutionary, fair-minded, and opportunity-driven society there is.

No gay person likes to hear from preachers that they are going to hell or be called *faggot* or *perv*. No one wants to be blackmailed either. And while these practices do occur in America, they are not the dominant experience of gay people. Gay conservatives have always recognized that America is an evolving, reform-minded, and tolerant society. While most Americans recognize the inevitability as well as the legitimacy of homosexuality, those who do not understand it have fears that are exasperated far less by the Religious Right than by groups such as Queer Nation and ACT-UP, which exhibit nihilistic and barbaric behavior in the nation's churches and governmental institutions.

Gay conservatives are wary about these radical groups because they know it was radicals in leftist regimes during this century who used the rhetoric of egalitarianism, inclusiveness, and compassion to rise to power and then subject homosexuals and other undesirables to terrible torment. Gay conservatives supported Reagan's foreign policy because they recognized that the record of communism was a record defaced with millions of corpses and with misery, hunger, and poverty. They knew that communism jailed artists and journalists, many of whom were gay, and subjected them to unspeakable torture.

I learned most of this by observing gays in the conservative movement, but also during two years attending gay discussion groups in Washington and New York City at a time when ACT-UP politics were becoming increasingly acceptable among the gay rank and file. Discussion groups are very popular in the gay community as a vehicle for the transmission of political thought. What I heard when I attended them was a homophobia that was every bit as shocking as the black racism of Farrakhan.

A frequent topic of discussion was whether or not gays were more intelligent, more artistic, more compassionate, more insightful, more progressive, and more sensitive than straight people. For two hours one night I listened as a largely professional and well-educated group of gay men viciously and graphically ridiculed heterosexuality in the most dehumanizing terms. They referred to women as smelling like "fish" and disparaged the roles women play as mothers and men as family providers as backward and repressive. The tone of the discussion was totalitarian: If you did not agree that homosexual orientation made you superior to others, you were afflicted with self-loathing and in need of therapy.

Gay leaders often argue that heterosexuality is socially "constructed" by a dominant elite that imposes its behavior code on the rest of society. The gay vanguard asserts that they must "deconstruct" such repressiveness to allow for free expression of alternative sexual behavior. Yet they, too, seem to impose their own rigid codes on the rest of the gay world. Bisexuality is often viciously ridiculed because of its heterosexual component. Even masculine behavior is mocked. Anything associated with traditional roles is fair game for their political reeducation sessions.

One of my discussion groups, under the influence of ACT-UP sympathizers, seemed to blatantly advance the notion of a master subculture based on how one manipulates their genitals in a sexual ritual. Such presumptions are not uncommon in the gay culture, where leadership has been assumed by anti-social, angry, and militant misanthropes who are not misguided patriotic liberals, but leftists who hate everything about the American way of life. They are

so full of hatred and sexual obsessions that they are dysfunctional. Sometimes it seems that they are driven to greater extremes precisely because American life provides them the greatest tolerance they would ever find—the tolerance that allows them even to make themselves into hydrophobic demagogues.

It is this understanding of what totalitarianism has done to their fellow travelers and the societies they have controlled that has compelled gay conservatives to side with anti-communists. It is our belief in liberty that had us supporting John Kennedy in his confrontation with Castro (he was the last competent anti-communist Democrat to hold the White House), Ayn Rand's writings on the individual, Jeane Kirkpatrick's stand against the Soviet bloc in the United Nations, and Reagan's campaign to work with the Vatican to defeat international communism.

I believe the gut instinct for most gay people is patriotism. Gays would generally be far more comfortable with new leadership that can convince Americans to embrace us once they understand we embrace the basic American values that compelled and sustained this country in her defeat of Nazism and communism. We feel the military is wrong to conduct witch hunts and destroy professional patriots who served in World War II, the Korean and Vietnam conflicts, and Operations Just Cause in Panama and Desert Storm in Kuwait. But we feel it is even more wrong to side with our nation's adversaries.

As a former U.S. military officer who served during the Reagan defense build-up, I chose to serve my country when many people didn't know if the Kremlin would launch a nuclear first strike against us. Years later, as an inactive reserve officer with the rank of captain, I marched in support of our troops before George Bush launched the ground war against Saddam Hussein's Elite Republican Guard. I wanted to be there with my fellow soldiers. I sat in the back of an open truck carrying an American flag and briefed foreign correspondents as we led the parade from Capitol Hill past the White House. I was dismayed to see so many gay activists with their pink triangle t-shirts and placards cheering for Hussein and calling Bush a war criminal. We don't need this kind of treasonous leadership.



Gays, Family Values, and the Sexual Revolution

Finally, gays must move away from the nihilistic, value-neutral agenda of the Gay Left. One cannot attend a gathering of gay people in Washington and New York without hearing a Christian-bashing that is second only to their breeder-bashing. Viewers across the country have seen gay activists portraying Catholic nuns in drag during Gay Pride Parades. Of course, many would ask how can we embrace the church when many in the church reject us. I can only answer from my own experience: I still attend church every Sunday, and many of my friends, some of whom know I am gay, are devout Christians who support me. We gay Christians don't need to remake Christianity in our image. We know we must maintain our faith, whatever the attitude of various church groups might be toward us. We would agree with the liberal Brookings Institution, which wrote in the early 1980s, "In order for a free, open and democratic society to survive, it must have certain values. These values cannot be guaranteed by government; they can only be insured by religion."

We are appalled by the profligacy of radical gays. They live in a time warp, as if our society were still at the apex of the sexual revolution in the Sixties and Seventies and not trapped in the Plague Years. In fact, the New Morality of the 1960s and 1970s ruined the lives of many Americans regardless of sexual orientation. It was the most destructive generation in American history. Because of the breakdown of traditional values by our popular culture, nearly half of heterosexual marriages result in divorces that traumatize children and spouses. Venereal diseases such as herpes continue to haunt many people who went full throttle during those times. All the sex and drugs did not make us more civilized people, as the publishers of *Playboy* and *Hustler* promised us. It devastated us. It made so many of the poor poorer through illegitimate children, fatherless families, and welfare and drug dependency.

But the greatest victims of the sexual revolution were the gay people. More people have now died of AIDS than died during the Vietnam War. Talented, gifted, and otherwise model citizens literally waste away in a horrible emotionally, socially, and physically tortuous death. What do they hear from the gay Left? That they are the victims

of conspiracy; that Ronald Reagan did this to them. This must rank as one of the greatest lies of our century.

The obsession with sex in the gay world has made many people feel just as used and miserable as it does in the straight world. Gays are conditioned to believe that sex is the ultimate self-expression. Self-restraint is ridiculed. Promiscuity—even the mere appearance of promiscuity—is glamorized in nearly every medium of expression in the gay world. T-shirts, greeting cards, calendars, verbal bantering, and publications of the subculture all focus on sexual acts, not on the cultivation of long-term, substantive relationships. The dominant gay subculture, from which many of our gay political leaders have emerged, is so obsessed with sex that gays entertain themselves with vicious, speculative slander about each other's sexual behavior. For me, this is nothing more than an enduring, institutionalized form of self-hate.

There is no confidentiality, no respect for privacy or dignity. Everything related to a person's sexual behavior, real or perceived, is "out" and augmented with speculative fiction. This subcultural obsession leaves in its chaotic wake scarred self-images and battered self-esteem just as debilitating as anything the most homophobic antagonists of gay people might utter. These self-inflicted wounds have contributed to the bitterness of millions of gay people.

For all the eyewash about "safe sex" coming from gay leaders, multiple partners are still considered part of progressive and enlightened sexual behavior in the gay community. And the tragedy is that nobody speaks up and asks why, during the age of AIDS, we allow our opinion and cultural leaders to continue to promote the discredited, hedonistic values of 20 and 30 years ago. My friend Joseph once raised this question in a published letter to the editor in the *Washington Blade*. Congressman Barney Frank was just then in trouble for keeping a former drug-dealing, male prostitute, who was running an escort service out of his home and getting the congressman to fix traffic tickets for him. Joseph strongly suggested that Frank resign and that the gay community didn't need such a lousy role model. He was contemptuously and loudly denounced by gay civil-rights activists who screamed *faggot* at him repeatedly in front of people in his own living room. They didn't know he was dying. I'm not sure it would have made any difference to them.

It is crucial that a new cultural and political leadership class emerge within the gay community. The Republican Log Cabin group should place this at the top of their agenda. They need to come out with positions that underscore those gay values that are compatible with the mainstream norms that sustain America. Encouraging multiple partners should no longer be an acceptable political goal of sexual liberation. Nor should engaging in risky behavior. We are well beyond the days of Stonewall. How many more of our friends must die before this sinks into the conscience of the Gay Left?



Bourne Hate Crimes and AIDS Hysteria

The current gay leadership contends that we cannot trust law-and-order conservatives. Once in office, conservatives will send police teams to knock down the doors of private homes and raid gay bars. This is a malicious fantasy. Gays have had problems with some misguided law enforcement organizations in this country, but the law is generally on our side. Nonetheless, the gay nomenclature continues to raise millions of dollars convincing thoughtful and civic-minded gay people that a hostile, anti-gay police state exists to violently suppress them, that police look the other way when gays are physically attacked.

Normally, only the most marginal elements, such as the skinheads, become violent toward gays. I was once told by a conservative Christian lawyer, who worked very closely with Attorney General Ed Meese, that if his son were gay he would punch anybody who attacked him and that he would do the same for me. The notion that gays must constantly walk in physical fear because they live in a society eagerly predisposed toward mugging homosexuals is a blatant and destructive falsehood.

So is much of the AIDS propaganda spewn out by gay leaders. If you believed the gay opinion makers who write the newsletters and organize the support groups, you would have to conclude that if you got sick with the AIDS virus and ended up in a hospital, you would die in your own filth while uncaring doctors and nurses snickered in the background that you were just a useless faggot. Such slander is designed to eucher millions of dollars in donations

to support the radical gay power structure from the rank-and-file gay community.

I expected to find a coldness and distance from health-care professionals when my friend Joseph got sick. There were indeed a few isolated incidents of paranoia, but the experience was otherwise actually uplifting. The men and women I met in the hospitals where Joseph went over the two years of his decline were among the kindest I have ever encountered. And I have spent much time in hospitals as a volunteer over the years.



The Need for Church Reform

I cannot conclude without addressing the traditional church's position on homosexuality. Many, if not most, gay people are traumatized by the fact that they are considered destined for damnation as a result of their sexual orientation. It is perhaps the most demoralizing fact of life for millions of gay Christians, yet most of them continue to participate in organized religion. They are charitable, strive to tell the truth, visit the sick, care for their elderly parents, and help babysit their nephews and nieces. If they have children from a former marriage, most gays go out of their way to stay in touch and to express love for them. They sing in church choirs, organize church dinners, read the liturgy, and help with the spring cleaning.

They probably don't run personal sex ads in the *Washington Blade* or the *Advocate*, go to bath houses, or attend gay strip bars. They have their gay friends; they also have many straight friends. Jesus is their ultimate role model despite what the church says about their homosexuality. Like other Christians, they reject the moral relativism of secular society; they try to live virtuous lives.

Over the centuries, the church has taught the virtues of leadership, sacrifice, and charity. It has celebrated hope through the life of Jesus. But it has also assumed that certain people were cursed by God or destined to final damnation. Such groups included innocent women who were burned at the stake as witches and African Americans who were "cursed by God" because they had black skin. People born with cerebral palsy and mental retardation were considered cursed by evil spirits and were hidden in attics and basements. Gays have also been stigmatized.

Homosexuals do not choose their orientation. Nor do they hate Christianity, as the outpourings of radical gays might suggest. Many gays read Christian authors like C.S. Lewis and listen to Billy Graham. And many Christian gays, like conservative Christians, are against abortion and condemn situational ethics. During the last two years, embryonic gay organizations in the Washington, D.C., area have marched in the massive pro-life rallies and have formed chapters in every region of the country. Of course, the mainstream media and gay press choose to ignore their presence because they are not politically correct.

I actually entered the conservative movement out of concern over the secularization of American society: the excesses of abortion on demand, the removal of school prayer, the rejection of the moral absolutes, and the glamorization of all human weakness instead of the celebration of virtue and struggle. In my talk-show appearances I have always defended and praised the presence of Christians in the political arena. I have helped to recruit them, train them, and make them more effective. I have prayed with them and confided in them. And I am not alone. There are hundreds of other gay conservatives, many of them Christian, who never fire back when those elements in the Religious Right use us as whipping boys in their fund-raising schemes. We deserve better at the hands of our brothers.

Having said this, I must add that it is imperative that more right-of-center gays come forward and show what the gay community is really made of. We can make allies if we break with the Left and present a more wholesome and embraceable image to the public. The Gay Left cannot and does not really want to unite with mainstream society. They want to keep society polarized as much as Jerry Falwell does.

During my two years of participation in a popular discussion group called "Reflections," which is held monthly in the Washington, D.C., gay district known as Du Pont Circle, I frequently voiced this concern. I criticized gay popular culture for failing to emphasize time-tested internal values that lead to self-respect and self-development. I consistently criticized the culture's glorification of promiscuity and its contempt for Christianity. Not surprisingly, I was regularly shouted

down by the so-called AIDS educators and the Gay Pride Parade organizers and condemned as a homophobe filled with self-loathing. But almost always at least 40 percent of the group would quietly come to me after the meeting and say they found my analysis and message both correct and inspiring. Such divergence from the radical, sex-obsessed gay orthodoxy told me that many people in the community longed for a different message than the one being advanced by the ACT-UP, Queer Nation, the North American Man-Boy Love Association, Gay Avengers, and other groups. We must challenge the stranglehold the gay Left has on our world: its publications, its theater, its support groups, its press releases, its news conferences, and its public image.



Goodbye to All That

When I stood behind the podium in the Arlington National Cemetery Chapel to give my eulogy for Joseph, many of the thoughts conveyed in this article swirled into my mind. Before me stood Joseph's 16-member Mexican-Navajo family from New Mexico. Also in attendance were scores of his colleagues—from clerks to senior managers, hetero and homo—from the John F. Kennedy Center of Performing Arts. And there were members of the gay civil-rights movement here in Washington who came out of macabre curiosity. They had spent the previous 18 months publicly and privately condemning me as an insensitive, homophobic bigot because I would not conform to their anti-Western, anti-American, and anti-Christian agenda. Until now, they never knew that the little person standing next to me in public and private was someone I was taking care of to ensure that he would live and die in dignity.

As I looked over the congregation halfway through the eulogy that was describing my life with Joseph, I was surprised by the large turnout for the funeral. I wanted to make clear that Joseph had a *life* that should be honored, one that all Americans—gay or straight, conservative or liberal—could be proud of. People needed to know how well he was treated by everyone, with the exception of local political gays who resented his allegiance to the Reagan-Bush crowd; that his life was a story in which America could also take pride, one that people like Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell should learn to appreciate.

As I looked out into the crowd at that chapel, I felt that Joseph and I myself were part of them, not separate and unequal. He had enjoyed the multiplicity of his contacts in a broad and pluralistic world. I thanked Joseph's coworkers at the Kennedy Center, who had kept him going during his illness, and the doctors and nurses who took care of him and were part of our anguish.

"Finally," I ended my remarks, "I want to say something to all the men and women buried in Arlington National Cemetery, to all the warriors and veterans of past generations, to the U.S. Navy Honor Guard who is with us today, to the members of Joseph's family who serve in the Armed Services—one of whom served with the victorious men and women of Operation Desert Storm: Joseph was one of you. He was a Vietnam veteran. His task in Southeast Asia was simple, but critical. He made and repaired the parachutes that our combat fighter pilots turned to in desperation after their aircraft had been hit by enemy fire and they were forced to eject. On many days in Southeast Asia, Joseph helped save many lives. We only wish we could have saved him."

"I know that in the last two weeks of his life, while he lay on his death bed—his body paralyzed and every gasp of breath an anxious task—he, like millions of Americans across the nation, had a deep respect for Desert Storm's men and women. He watched and listened to the reports day and night on CNN, and I saw him lift his weakened arm and clench his fist to cheer those troops as they succeeded in their mission against Saddam Hussein. He cared about those troops. He didn't want to see them abandoned by their country like some of this nation abandoned the veterans of Vietnam."

"What happened to Joseph does nothing to diminish him, his service to his country, or his family and friends. We do not have secrets, we do not hide the facts, we do not cover things up. One of our patriots has died of AIDS."

As I left the chapel with Joseph's family en route to his burial site, a gay civil-rights activist pushed his way past Joseph's weeping mother to confront me. He told me he didn't like the "political message in my eulogy."

These people don't represent us.
We don't need to take this anymore.

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS, continued from page 1
belli had nothing to do with the many challenges that faced Marxists at this historic moment: the heritage of Stalinism, the split between Russia and China, et cetera, Hamburg was obsessed with something else. Maxwell had expressed an enthusiasm for *boxing*, and this drove Hamburg wild. In letter upon letter, he denounced Maxwell for promoting a "reactionary blood sport" that, in the words of another old Stalinist of my acquaintance, "was vented to keep the workers from looking at their paychecks."

The Hamburg-Maxwell affair went on for what seemed an eternity. Maxwell manfully defended his love the "sweet science," but his arguments were ineffectual. He pointed out that the London *Daily Worker*, organ of the British communists, included a racing handicapper's column on its sports page, but Hamburg regarded this as an sufficient justification for Maxwell's decadence. He continued to pour out his anathemas, decrying boxing and everyone involved with it for pitting poor proletarians, lured by filthy lucre, to beat up on one another.

This "boxing debate," which raged for months long new my communist comrades, was my first experience with political correctness and bore all the characteristics of the phenomenon as we have lately come know it: gratuitous venom, magnification of the trivial, : urge to humiliate overtaking the desire to convince. All this in the name of victims—boxers and their presumably immiserated fans—almost none of whom knew about or would have appreciated the grandiosity of such debates long their self-styled defenders.

I knew Harold Hamburg and his family; his children were my schoolmates. As I became more active the communist youth, we were often thrown together, earned that in that household, heresy hunting was a favorite hobby.

From the battle against boxing, Hamburg repaired to a vendetta over *The Merchant of Venice*. He was supporter of the then-communist monthly, *Jewish Current*, whose editor, Morris U. Schappes, conducted an extended campaign to ban any performance of *Merchant* from college drama classes, lest the feelings of Jewish residents be hurt by the portrayal of Shylock, the money-lender. Schappes issued an anti-Shakespeare pamphlet that Hamburg would press on strangers during his daily as on the bus. Other works were also declared anti-Semitic and slated (ideally, at least) for suppression, ranging

from writings by Chaucer to the then-popular song, "Dominique," by *The Singing Nun*.

Targets of Hamburg's rage even included Allan Sherman's satirical recording, "My Son, the Folksinger," which he stigmatized as an anti-Semitic slander, although the performer and most of his audience were Jewish.

It was at about this same time that I also first heard claims that *Huckleberry Finn* should be purged from public schools, lest a black child somewhere have his or her feelings hurt by Mark Twain's use of *nigger*.

Exposure to this frenzy only made me curious about the works in question, all of which I examined. I had already been through *Huck Finn* several times and it was obvious to me that Nigger Jim was not only a positive character, but the moral touchstone of the novel, and that Twain had intended the book to stand against racial stereotypes. *The Merchant of Venice* seemed to me, in the end, a plea in favor of its Jewish protagonist. Chaucer's Jew-baiting I found less ambiguous but also unthreatening. "Dominique" was in French, which I did not understand very well, but I suspected that the attack on *The Singing Nun* was loony.

I myself first fell afoul of this variety of political correctness when I submitted a book review to *the People's World* with a single reference to the poetry of Ezra Pound. Pound had been defended, nay, idolized, by the eminent Scots communist poet Hugh MacDiarmid, whom I would quote in Pound's favor. But MacDiarmid's opinion—that of a real poet—counted for very little among the local communist faithful, who reviled Pound as a sympathizer of Mussolini and a Jew-baiter whose writing should simply not be read.

Another episode of the same sort involved William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner*, which I also defended. The assault on Styron by a group of black writers led by Michael Thelwell and spurred on by my communist friends was, as I recall, the first such ignominy to gain wide attention in the 1960s.

Saul Bellow accurately described "this fanatical style," in a *New York Times* op-ed on March 10, 1994, as "a sort of Stalinism—the Stalinist seriousness and fidelity to the party line that senior citizens like me remember all too well." While my recollections are fairly recent, located in the Sixties, Bellow traces the phenomenon to the 1930s.

Actually one could go back even further.

This apocalyptic narrowmindedness, which is now a general characteristic of leftists, as well as of many liberals, appears always to have been part of the subculture of socialism since the advent of Bolshevism. Certainly the Jewish Socialists of the pre-Bolshevik era argued passionately. But notwithstanding their legendary addiction to public speaking and the occasional outburst of personal irritability, they seemed most of the time to have argued such topics as Zionism and the revival of the Hebrew language (to say nothing of vegetarianism, nudism, sexual freedom, and other matters made to carry one away) without the tone of intolerance so prevalent among the leftist generations that came after.

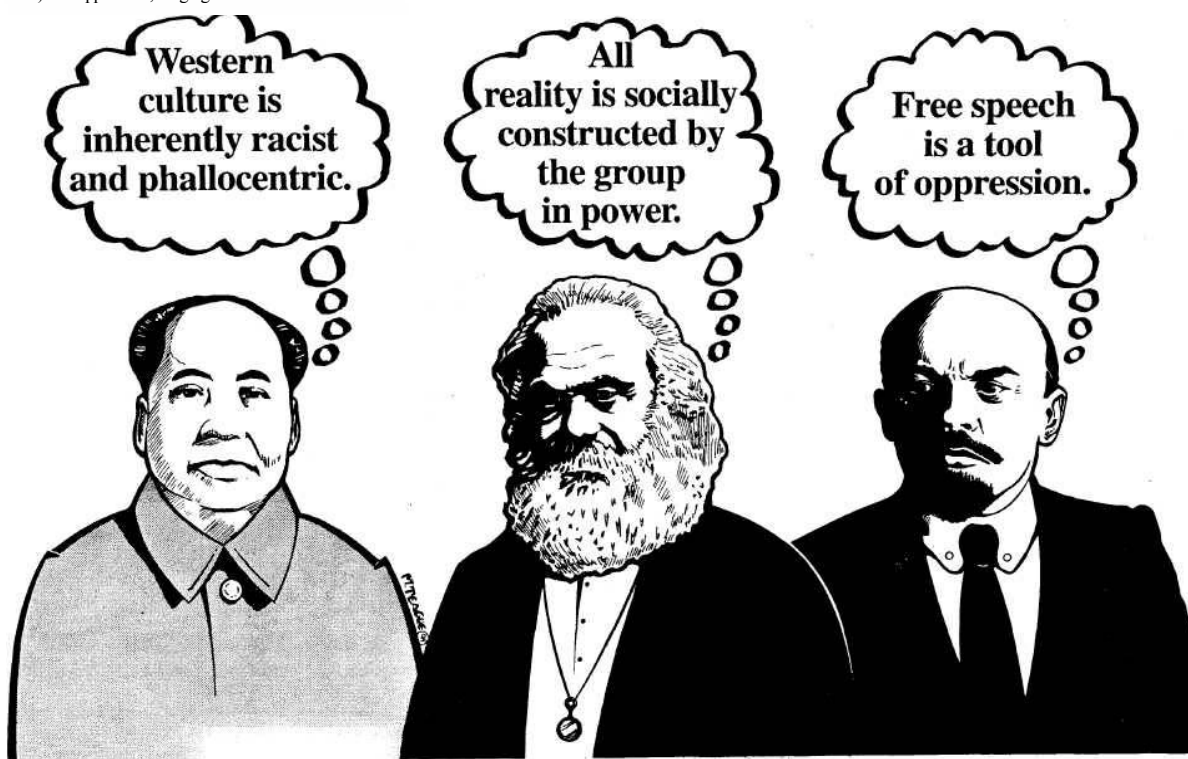
As a historian of labor and radical movements in this country, I believe I may say with authority that most of the American radicals, Wobblies and Socialists who, 80 years ago, dedicated their lives to organizing the workers of factory and field, would have laughed out loud at the suggestion they should not read Shakespeare or Twain, or anything else, for that matter.

Furthermore, not only were the non-Stalinist leftist debates of the 1930s and 1940s, among Social Democrats, Lovestoneites, Trotskyists, anarchists, and other radicals, conducted with what in retrospect appears a remarkable degree of civility—however they might lapse into occasional rhetorical excess—they also dealt with a genuinely urgent issue: the character of the Russian revolution.

By contrast, a great deal of time in the isolated American communist milieu was occupied with exercises like the "boxing" controversy. And the 1960s radicals, who adopted much more of the communist style than was widely recognized at the time, evinced neither the relative calm of the old socialists nor the sense of moral responsibility of the '30s-era anti-Stalinist intellectuals.

Political correctness emerged from the '60s radical milieu as a means to avoid debate rather than promote it; to evade discussion of *such issues as communist totalitarianism*. It functions today to prevent dialogue over such matters as choice as a factor in homosexuality, male youth criminality in African American society, and the social, ecological, and political achievements of Israel.

Returning to Saul Bellow's comments, the miasma of left-liberal proscription and censorship—of what would best be called "radical intolerance"—clearly originated



with the Stalinist disease that plagued American intellectual life in the 1930s and 1940s, went into remission in the 1950s, and reappeared in a yet more virulent strain in the 1960s. Interestingly enough, I have yet to locate any polemic against either *The Merchant of Venice* or *Huckleberry Finn* dating prior to the Stalinist-influenced 1940s. But the malady of which such bizarre behavior was symptomatic became truly acute among the 1960s radicals. That the present caste of academic leftists would claim otherwise is nothing less than an attempt to falsify history—a revisionism that, in claiming "political correctness" was hatched by the right in the waning years of the Reagan and Bush administrations, descends to an unparalleled level of dishonesty.

I recall a number of issues of what might be called "premature" political correctness in the 1960s and 1970s, which show that this was a disease waiting for the right circumstances—the leftist takeover of the university—to arise.

To name only three such cases: With regard to Fidel Castro's dictatorship in Cuba, how many in the (broadly-defined) left spoke out at that time against the internment of homosexuals in labor camps and the suppression of the non-Soviet left (anarchists and Trotskyists), both of which occurred quite early on? Doubts about Cuba were inadmissible among most American liberals and all leftists, long after the infamous "Padilla affair" in 1971, when the imprisonment of a leading poet provoked a worldwide uproar.

Who, in the '60s, addressed the brutality of the North Vietnamese regime, which had attained power in 1945-46 by slaughtering its critics on the left and maintained its rule by massacring rebellious peasants in 1956? The topic was ignored, as far as I know, by nearly all American intellectuals.

Who in those days confronted the truth about the cultural genocide suffered by Tibet, a martyrdom overlooked for years by China worshipping American

Paradoxically, in the '60s, a positive evaluation of Israel and Zionism was not yet judged completely "politically incorrect"—not until a long struggle, led by the pro-Arab sector of American leftist opinion, had taken place. In that era, Israel, Zionism, the New York teachers' strike of 1968, the "hard-hat" movement against anti-war protesters, the disintegration of the black family, and urban crime could still, at least, be discussed, if acrimoniously and occasionally even hysterically. But on Cuban, North Vietnamese, and Chinese totalitarianism, the silence in the liberal-left was absolute and enforced with heavy-handed insistence.

The ideological controversies of the '60s, such as they were, even featured sparks of humor that are impossible to imagine today. The funniest experience I ever had with "political correctness," long before most conservatives had ever heard of such a thing, came when I was in college in 1971. My studies were focused on Latin America and the

Spanish language, and during one semester, I took a course in Latin American political science that began at 11:00 in the morning, three days a week. Before that class, anxious as other of my fellow radicals to prove I was no racist, I signed up for a black-studies course, beginning at 10:00 a.m. I was the only white to do so.

In April 1971, Haitian dictator Francois Duvalier, universally execrated as "Papa Doc," drew his last breath. I read the news cheerfully, on the way to my black studies class. But once in class, I was amazed to find that when I reported with satisfaction that Duvalier had died, I was subjected to diatribes, both from the teacher and my fellow students, of a kind that are only too familiar to university students today.

I was accused not just of "insensitivity," today's baseline charge, but of racism, pure and simple. I was informed that "Papa Doc" was "a righteous Black brother," a hero of all conscious Afro-Americans. (*Afro, not African*, was correct back then.) "Papa Doc," I was told, had been maligned by world media because he struck terror in the hearts of the white oppressors.

Chastened, I went to my next class, in Latin American politics. My brain newly washed by my black colleagues, I repeated their arguments in Duvalier's favor. But the reaction I got was just as negative as the one an hour earlier, although in the opposite direction. The professor was shocked, upbraiding me in front of the class as someone who previously had shown high political consciousness, but who now, incredibly and hideously, defended one of the hemisphere's worst tyrants. The students were almost dancing with joy in the aisles of the classroom over the death of the dictator.

The whole experience left me dizzy. I ended up dropping the black-studies class, and was rewarded in the Latin American politics class with a B; the professor said candidly that I would have gotten a A had I not spouted off about Duvalier. But at the time I considered all this to be an eccentric experience; never did I suspect it would become the norm in academic life.

Which position, for or against Duvalier, would be considered "politically correct" today? I hesitate to speculate, although I suspect that for a white student to even mention such a discontinuity these days might lead to unpleasant moments in class and perhaps even a starring role in a campus melodrama about insensitivity.

Radical intolerance originated with the Stalin era, and it is probably best analyzed as an effect of the introduction of Stalinist police methods into Western political life, with the leftist heroes of a given moment susceptible to "unmasking" as enemies according to convulsions in the party line.

But the '60s generation differed from even the most truculent Stalinist radicals of the '30s, in that the latter embraced an inquisitorial attitude somewhat shamefacedly, trying to explain away such habits as a matter of immediate but limited necessity or as a justifiable response to "fascist" aggression. (That is how phrases such as "No free speech

for fascists" first saw print.) Twenty years after Hitler's death, however, with few if any genuine fascists on the political horizon, the '60s radicals made intolerance a central principle of their activity.

Increased intolerance by "politically correct" leftist-liberals, as the years passed, was particularly visible in the 1980s debate over U.S. policy in Nicaragua. Leftists in 1964 had denied or refused to discuss Castro's depredations against the Cuban press. Twenty years later, the partisans of the Sandinista regime north of the Rio Grande publicly advocated the outright suppression of the independent Managua daily, *La Prensa*, in a style noticeably more extreme than that typically employed by the Nicaraguan Sandinistas themselves. (I remember more than one public event in the Bay Area at which official Nicaraguan representatives soft-pedaled Sandinista censorship, while Sandinophilic *gringos* chastised them for not favoring total repression.)

Similarly, in the Nicaragua debate, admirers of Sandinismo in such locations as Cambridge and Berkeley cited the massacre and flight of the anti-communist hill peoples from Southeast Asia, after the Vietnam war ended, as an unanswerable precedent for the Sandinista attempt to wipe out the autonomy of—and, in many cases, to physically exterminate—the indigenous Miskitu, Sumu, and Rama communities on the Nicaraguan Atlantic coast. Such would be appropriate treatment, the Sandinista groupies argued, for anybody who sided with Washington in a revolutionary conflict. The Hmong and other indigenous peoples of Southeast Asia were incorrect in fighting against the communists, and so were the Miskitu in Nicaragua.

The Stalinism of the 1930s and the neo-Stalinism of the 1960s found more than a few critics in liberal ranks, while the quantity of intellectuals willing to actively combat "political correctness" today appears to be minuscule.

Faced with the ominous advance of radical intolerance throughout our culture, one might actually wish that the liberal-leftists were right and that "political correctness" were nothing more than an ideological garment fashioned out of whole cloth by conservatives seeking to scapegoat their way to continued cultural dominance.

In reality, however, as anybody who goes near a campus or newsroom today well knows, the entrenched white, male, heterosexual "power structure"—department chairs, editors, college administrators, and managers—have fully surrendered to "political correctness" to guard their own careers. The fight against "political correctness" is being waged by the sort of people liberals and leftists once honored, or pretended to: individuals with integrity and a free spirit who have little to win and much to lose from such a struggle.

What we call political correctness is what Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and other Great Helmsmen would have called, without batting an eye, business as usual.

STEPHEN SCHWARTZ is a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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DECONSTRUCTING Jesus

us: *A Revolutionary Biography*, John Dominic Crossan, San Francisco: Harper Collins, 1994, 208 pages, \$18.00

VIEWED BY J. BARRETT MILLER

Let me begin with two confessions. First, the movement to locate the "historical" Jesus did indeed intrigue me for a while in the late '60s during my days as a religious studies major, me, as for most people, the initial attraction of the historical Jesus movement came from the desire really to know this most pivotal person in the history of western Civilization, fueled on the one *i* by my passion as a Christian believer on the other by the anti-establishment passion (and burden) of my generation.

Secondly, however, I must also say I paid little attention to this movement since graduate work at the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in Virginia. My rejection of the "quest for the historical Jesus," as its proponents named it, came a thorough reading of the works of its advocates. Their efforts, if not a cruel hoax, I felt, were certainly an egregious smokescreen sent up to hide personal and professional agendas. From Ernest Renan, David Fried-Strauss, and Ferdinand Christian Baur in the early century to Albrecht Ritschl, Walter Rauschenbusch, Adolph von Hamack at the turn of the century and on Rudolph Bultmann and lesser figures in this century, had their own discernible bent driving their work toward predictable conclusions. Their hidden agendas ranged from anger over a personal loss of faith or rejection of the church establishment to an "enlightenment" rejection of the categories of revelation and the miraculous. What the differences in personal motivation, the consequences in terms of their work were similar. They all wanted to recast Jesus in their own image.

The quest for the historical Jesus has become such a tired act (the very premise calls up one of those Leonard Nimoy "In Search Of shows on TV) that under ordinary circumstances I might not have picked up John Dominic Crossan's latest book, *Jesus: A Revolutionary Biography*. But I recognized that what was once an eccentric movement has now become an assault—and Crossan is of that assault. In the last two decades, the historical Jesus crowd has formed a sort of corporation of apostasy called the Jesus Seminar, a meeting of several *soi disant* biblical scholars and interested amateurs who meet occasionally, allegedly to winnow the "actual words" of Jesus from what they see as the inauthentic verbiage of the Gospels. Actually, this group is largely comprised of church men and women who have lost their faith somewhere along the way but who cannot stand the idea of walking away from the church and leaving belief intact for others. They have remained standing with one foot in the religious enterprise, preserving the hint of credibility that allow them to launch subversive attacks under the veil scholarly truth.

Earlier, this group might have been dismissed, as expeditions looking for the historical Jesus have. But in the current atmosphere of random trashing of authority, the Jesus Seminar has been given a hint of legitimacy. Newspapers such as the *Los Angeles Times* written articles about them, as have newsmagazines as *Newsweek*. The fact that books with theses such as the assertion that Jesus was simply a talented political revolutionary whose body, far from rising from the dead, devoured by dogs are appearing at the same time as warning signs of a widespread spiritual rebirth in this try make it clear something is afoot. Jesus is being dragged into the culture wars that are being fought in our try's universities as well as in our pulpits and synods. The jacket of Crossan's book says it contains "eloquent prose," which is an accurate assessment. Because Crossan writes well, however, the reader might wrongly assume that what has been written is true. This is not the case. Not unless you believe—without convincing argumentation—that the Jesus of history has no resemblance to



Christ of the Church. Or that the Christ of the Church (and the New Testament) is a purposeful fabrication on the part of a handful of male apostles to perpetuate their power. Or that the resurrection narrative is nothing more than the ideological manifesto of this clique.

Crossan clearly has an itch about the solely masculine, priestly, and hierarchical power structure of the Roman Catholic Church, and he scratches it by trying to discredit the orthodox biblical and credal proclamation of who Jesus was and is and by attributing that portrayal to a plot by the male disciples of Jesus to gain power and prestige. In addition, Crossan clearly comes from the Robert Van de Weyer school of thought, where issues of orthodoxy and heresy are solely a matter of "the victors writing history." This sort of relativism makes orthodoxy simply the version of the truth with the most muscle behind it—not the truth itself. Let me cite a couple of examples where these prejudices surface.

The first comes, ironically, from the prologue, where Crossan seeks to describe his methodology. On the one hand, he is willing to accept the findings of cross-cultural anthropology and Greco-Roman (especially Jewish) history as givens and two of the three vectors that lead to the truth about the "historical" Jesus. On the other, however, he rejects the preeminence of the canonical gospels as sources of truth about Jesus, claiming they are tainted by the "opinion and interpretation" of the Christian community—that is, by the male hierarchy of the early Church. He argues that the existence of other gospels (The Gospel of Thomas and the hypothetical reconstructed Q or "quelle" document, allegedly a proto-source for Matthew, Mark and Luke) "means that the canonical foursome is a spectrum of approved interpretation" that was able, because of the power its proponents acquired in the early church, to render other points of view inaccurate or unacceptable.

Crossan is clearly swimming in the PC mainstream in this attempt to delegitimize the canonical gospels. For him, the gospels are questionable because they represent authority and were written and canonized by dead white males. They are simply the version of the truth of Jesus with the most muscle (male muscle, naturally) behind them. The alternative viewpoint—that they represented the truth the Church accepted with difficulty as it struggled to render accurately and faithfully the Good News of God in Jesus Christ—is not something Crossan is interested in.

Another place where Crossan's dispositions are clearly displayed is his treatment of such episodes as the resurrection appearance on the road to Emmaus from Jerusalem (Luke 24:13-46). Almost all biblical scholars, liberal and conservative alike, note the stamp of genuineness found in these verses. Not Crossan. For him, these verses are a deliberate dramatization by the early disciples to establish their hegemony. This portion of scripture and others (Mark 6:35-44 and John 18:17-18, 25-27, and 21:9-17) are simply fictional narratives created to confirm certain disciples' power and authority in the early Christian community. If the liberation theologians of the early '80s were vulgar Marxists of the deed, Crossan and the others who pursue his deconstructive line must be seen as vulgar Marxists of the word. The book has other troubling aspects. Crossan stretches and distorts the facts so much

and so often that one finishes the book feeling like he has been at the intellectual equivalent of an aerobics workout. In his prologue, for instance, Crossan draws some general conclusions about scriptural scholarship that he says are accepted by most critical scholars. Among these is the assertion that the gospel writers actually fictionalized material about Jesus. This is simply not the case. Other than the other members of the Jesus Seminar, I don't know of one scholar who would accept this assertion.

Crossan's hidden ideology is apparent in certain passages, as in his portrayal of the tone and purpose of the Council of Nicea. He characterizes this fourth-century meeting, called by the Emperor Constantine, as a chummy get-together by a bunch of early church bureaucrats anxious to perpetuate their power. There was indeed a mood of intensity and intrigue at the council. The stakes were high, and no wonder: It was necessary to deal with guys like Crossan himself who were then (as now) merchandising heresy under the guise of concerned piety.

There is also the fact that although Crossan says he wants cross-cultural anthropology and Jewish history to be primary vectors of his search for the historical Jesus, he is selective in his use of them. He completely ignores one aspect of the peasant culture he claims as Jesus' true background: its oral nature, in which the passing on and accurate retelling of stories, not just sayings, is a way of life. And his reading of first-century Judaism is too simplistic: It cannot be reduced to the retainer class's elitist aspirations and the peasantry's violent dreams. This is his own fantasy, comprised equally of Marxism and Manicheanism.

There is a bottom line that puts this all into perspective: the resurrection. Crossan misses the point that an early Christianity with no resurrection of Jesus is an inherently contradictory idea. There were several Jewish movements of revolt in the first century, several revolutionary episodes of messianism. Most ended with the death of their leader; all ended in oblivion. This was not the case with Jesus or his followers; their movement lasted. Was it only because the apostles of Jesus were more devious and canny about power arrangements than the apostles of other revolutionary figures? Far more plausible than any of Crossan's trivial and mundane arguments in explaining this outcome is the argument that Jesus was different from the plethora of other wanna-be messiahs because He was not just Jesus of Nazareth but also the Christ.

After finishing Crossan, I found myself back where I started. The current search for the historical Jesus is no different and should demand no more attention than any of the other searches since they began at the turn of the 19th century—except for one thing. Today's expeditions are decked out in the trendy garb of political correctness, with the requisite blather about power and the obligatory trashing of male authority figures. What we are dealing with here is simply autobiography masquerading as biography and history.

Readers who want to explore these issues would be far better off reading C. FitzSimons Allison's new book, *The Cruelty of Heresy*, than Crossan and his fellow deconstructionists. Writing about the Four Great Church Councils, Allison says: "One cannot give one's own experience of redemption to another person, much less to another generation. One can only witness to it, describe it, and tell the story of that experience and live in a way that makes the witness believable and attractive. In telling the story, it was then and is now crucial to get the story right."

The cruelty of heresy, Allison points out, is that it distorts the gospel truths and thus the truths about matters of life and death. Which is why it is so important, when dealing with writers like Crossan, to make it clear that the historical Jesus crowd does not have the story right. Most of all, these writers should not be allowed to continue to cozy up to the Church as if their work only had to do with minor intellectual differences. The Church is and always will be about forgiveness and spiritual generosity. But it also is and must always be about drawing lines in the sand.

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Court Rules Paraplegic Can Keep Athletic Scholarship

BY JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER

Federal Judge Frank Sensabrio ruled today in favor of high-school athlete Louis Geronimo, thus paving the way for the young man, paralyzed from the waist down in a car crash last spring, to fulfill his dream of attending Southern New York State College on an athletic scholarship.

Mr. Geronimo, whose friends call him Gimo, was the star quarterback of the West Bedford High School Travelers (formerly the Indians), a team renowned for its record of 94 consecutive victories. He was also a star forward on the school's basketball team and a pitcher known for his 85-mile-an-hour fast ball.

Last May, Mr. Geronimo was injured when the sports car he had "borrowed" from a parking lot crashed into a pick-up truck during a high-speed chase conducted by the police. The owner of the stolen car, upon learning the extent of young Geronimo's injuries, declined to press charges, and, in a moving televised interview, announced his intention to dedicate the rest of his life to helping young people.

Prior to the accident, Mr. Geronimo had been awarded the prestigious Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to attend Southern New York State. Informed of Mr. Geronimo's injuries, the college withdrew the scholarship, which is awarded annually to an outstanding high-school quarterback under the age of 23 on condition that he play football for the college for a minimum of four years. Mr. Geronimo unable to afford the cost of four-years at SoNYSC, sued to retain the scholarship.

In a non-jury trial before Judge Martin Volsinn, Mr. Geronimo's attorney argued that depriving his client of a scholarship on account of a physical disability was a clear violation of the Americans with Disabilities Act.

SoNYSC officials were extremely sympathetic but insisted that in his present condition Mr. Geronimo could not fulfill the conditions of an athletic scholarship, and that his academic record did not qualify him for any other award. They also pointed out that by taking a stolen car on a joy ride he was largely responsible for his own unpleasant circumstances. The college promised to reinstate the scholarship in the event that Mr. Geronimo regained his ability to play football before reaching the age of 23.

Judge Volsinn ruled in favor of SoNYSC.

Mr. Geronimo's lawyer appealed, citing the precedent set in *Zahn v. New England Dental College*. There, the New England Dental College was ordered to retain scholarship student Thomas Zahn after Zahn was blinded when a filling into which he had inadvertently mixed some ether exploded as he was attempting to dry it. Zahn was allowed to keep the scholarship and continue his dental studies with the aid of a sighted guide.



Lawyers for SoNYSC argued that had young Geronimo already been enrolled at SoNYSC and been injured in a football game, the Zahn case might have applied. (Zahn had become disabled while in college and engaged in the very activity for which he had received the scholarship.) But Geronimo was not injured in the course of any college- or sports-related activity.

The Appellate Court judge expressed frustration that he could not rule in favor of Geronimo on the basis of the Zahn case. While the New England Dental College had been forbidden to dismiss Zahn when it was feared that he might become suicidal over having caused the death of his patient, there was no basis in law for requiring SoNYSC to give Geronimo moral support since Geronimo had not injured anyone but himself.

Depressed over the possibility that his athletic life might be finished before it had begun, Geronimo replaced his first lawyer with Leonard Hirschowitz. His fortunes immediately began to improve. Ignoring the Americans with Disabilities Act, Hirschowitz filed suit in federal court alleging that by rescinding his client's scholarship, SoNYSC had violated the Family Togeth-

erness Act of 1994. In an argument already being held up to the nation's law students as a model of breathtaking creativity, Hirschowitz, presenting his case before Judge Frank Sensabrio, reasoned that by granting the Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to Louis Geronimo, SoNYSC had, in effect, welcomed him into its family. "In most families," he said, "when one member is in need, the others pitch in to help in whatever way they can. If they don't, the member in need can pursue a remedy under Title One of the Family Togetherness Act of 1994. Mr. Geronimo seeks the restoration of his scholarship based on the protection afforded a family member under Title One of the Family Togetherness Act of 1994."

The college's attorney argued that Hirschowitz's use of the word *family* was, in this case, purely figurative so Title One could not apply. But Hirschowitz, brandishing a copy of a letter to parents in which SoNYSC referred to its community as "the SoNYSC family," made an impassioned rebuttal. "We no longer expect the college to act in loco parentis, but we certainly recognize the importance of family relationships other than parent-child. Our society has largely turned its back on the extended family of earlier times, but SoNYSC demonstrates in this letter an obvious desire to remedy that situation for the members of its community. It owes Louis Geronimo all the rights and privileges accorded to its other family members."

In his first decision following his appointment to the federal bench by President Clinton, Judge Sensabrio ruled that the college could not be allowed to shirk its familial responsibility. "Institutions can no longer be permitted to slide out from under their obligations to those who are part of their communities. SoNYSC is hereby directed to restore the Lawrence Taylor Scholarship to Mr. Geronimo."

Noting that sports is an area of endeavor that has remained resistant to the changes being made in the larger society, Judge Sensabrio also directed that within the next 60 days SoNYSC must come up with a plan for adapting the rules of any and all sports in which Mr. Geronimo wishes to participate to accommodate him and any other athletes who may be similarly differently abled.

Asked to comment on his good fortune, Mr. Geronimo said, "I'm real glad the decision went my way. Without the scholarship I wouldn't be able to go to college and, believe me, you really gotta have that degree if you want to join the FBI."

JUDITH SCHUMANN WEIZNER's last article appeared in the April issue.

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