

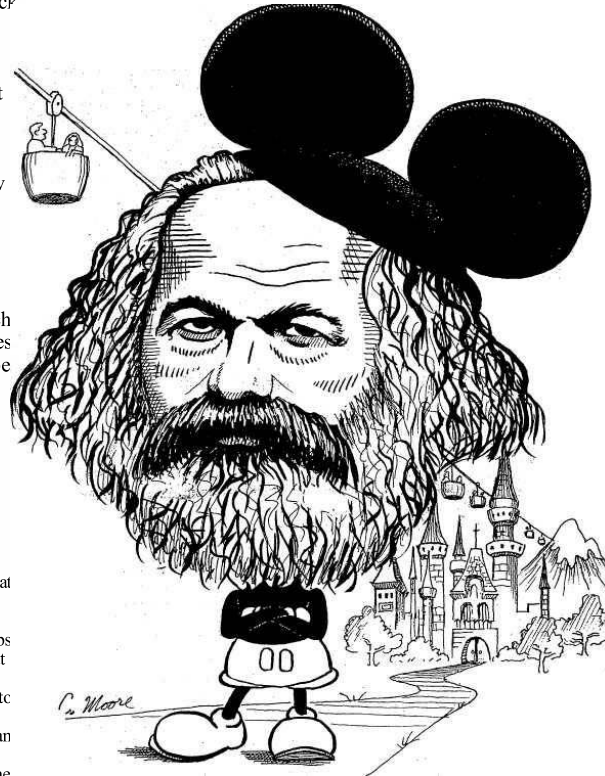
HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



Mickey Marxism

Poor Michael Eisner is as down on his luck as a man who earns more than \$200 million a year can be. He had heart problems. His break-up with Jeffrey Katzenberg, who brought in all the recent blockbusters for Walt Disney Studios (*The Lion King*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Aladdin*), might bode ill for the parent Disney company as well, particularly now that Katzenberg has joined fellow triumvirs Steven Spielberg and David Geffen in forming a new Hollywood mega-enterprise. Eisner is facing humiliating failure with the hemorrhaging French Euro Disney, which lost \$900 million last year and continues to lose—this following the disdain heaped on it in Europe by both intellectuals and investors. And for months he faced a titanic struggle over the Disney Company's decision to build the giant historical theme park "America" in northern Virginia on the great Civil War battlefields of Antietam and Bull Run. The residents of affluent, horsey Prince William County cringed at the projected vast influx of an estimated 10 million visitors a year that would clog their historic district with not only automobile traffic but a huge complex of cheap motels, fast-food outlets, parking lots, T-shirt shops low-cost housing, and "help wanted" signs. But Eisner faced pressure from other, more significant dissidents who were also opposed to the idea of doing heavy construction on Civil War battlefields. These were America's historians. In fact, at times it seemed that the entire intellectual class was ranged against the theme park. A specially formed association of American historians led by David McCullough and C. Vann Woodward opposed the very idea of building a Disney historical theme park on such holy ground. Celebrity adherents



included novelist William Styron, popular historian William Manchester, Stephen Ambrose, Arthur Schlesinger, and documentary filmmaker Ken Burns, author of PBS's Civil War series. Shelby Foote, the great Civil War specialist, said he feared that "the Disney people will do to American history what they've already done to the animal kingdom—sentimentalize it out of recognition." C. Vann Woodward, speaking for a large part of the group, said, "Most of us aren't worried that Disney will 'misinterpret the past.' With Disney, that's pretty much taken for granted. What troubles us most is the desecration of a particular region." Given the fierceness of the opposition, it was no surprise when the Walt Disney Company finally made one of those classic good news/bad news announcements last month. The good news was that it was abandoning the effort to build "America" on the sacred historical ground of Antietam and Bull Run. The bad news was that it would seek a new site in Virginia (or perhaps Maryland) and immediately "move the process forward." Although most of the intellectuals who had opposed the project were satisfied for the time being, some qualms remained. Murray Rothbard of the conservative Ludwig Von Mises Institute, for instance, spoke out against the very idea (as opposed to the locale) of the Disney project as an example of state-directed growth and asked why Virginia taxpayers should ever subsidize the Disney Corporation to the tune of \$160 million for the theme park's "infrastructure"—the whole network of roads, interstate highways, parking lots, utilities, and sewage disposal plants without which the project will be impossible. And there were still lingering doubts about the whole concept of history-as-entertainment—an issue that was never fully explored in the struggle over the park's first incarnation because of the dominating question of location.

Please turn to page 10

INSIDE

Sex, Lies, and Penile Cuffs at U. Michigan

New Jim Crow at Cornell

The Highjacking of C.S. Lewis

Rush Limbaugh Cries Foul

There Were Many Scoundrels During Scoundrel Time THE HOLLYWOOD TEN REVISITED

BY RONALD RADOSH

Remembering the martyrs of the 1950s blacklist has become an occasion for an annual reunion . by the survivors and sympathizers of those dramatic years in Hollywood. This year, the Lincoln Center Arts Museum held a panel discussion in conjunction with an exhibit about the Hollywood 10 and, as expected, the *New York Times* featured the panelists—Ring Lardner Jr. and assorted colleagues—in yet another episode of controlled hysteria (comprised of equal parts breast-beating and guilt-baiting) in which the occasion was mourned and we were warned yet again that *it could happen again*.

It is certainly true that the blacklist was an abomination. Artists should never have had their livelihoods taken from them because of their political views, however self-serving they might have been as spokesmen for communism, however ignorant or malicious their groveling apologies for totalitarianism, however duplicitous they were when they claimed that they were being persecuted for their defense of democracy.

But what was the reality of the blacklist and the record of those who were blacklisted, and how has Hollywood since dealt with those times? That is a question worth asking, a

question that is rarely posed because those closest to the issues are fearful of the possible answers.

Since the 1970s, when the New Left generation began to make its mark on Tinseltown, scores of films have used the atmospherics around the blacklist as a dramatic backdrop. *The Way We Were* is probably the most prominent of these films. But Hollywood's "troubles" also stood behind *The Front*, *Marathon Man*, *The House on Carroll Street*, and HBO's *Fellow Traveler*. Irwin Winkler directly grappled with the issue in his directorial debut effort *Gully By Suspicion*, a film which, in the typical style of these guilt-fests, portrays its innocent hero (Robert DiNiro) as being forced to become a friendly witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, as the character puts it, "just for going to a couple of meetings."

Of course, whether used as backdrop or central focus, the story about Hollywood during this era is always the same: Those persecuted had done no wrong; they were unadulterated heroes, victims of the McCarthyites and the despised red-baiters. They were pure as Ivory Snow—as Lillian Hellman depicted herself in her fraudulent memoir of the blacklist years *Scoundrel Time*, a political innocent who only wanted peace. She was not a Communist herself, and claims not even to have known whether her lover of years, Dashiell Hammett, was a Communist.

Please turn to page 12

C O M M U N I Q U E

Natural Pairings

Your front-page article "Man-Boy Love" (Sept.) first establishes that the leaders of the North American Man-Boy Love Association are neither very scholarly nor very thoughtful. Agreed! But then author Paul Mulshine appears to completely accept NAMBLA arguments as valid!

NAMBLA argument number one: The only "natural" gay pairings throughout history are those between a mature adult and a teenager. The truth is that even in the years before Jesus was born, gay love affairs were frequently between people of the same approximate age. John Boswell's *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, winner of the 1981 American Book Awards for History, established that. And everyone has heard of the Greek "armies of lovers," who, presumably, were of the same age. Don't forget David and Jonathan of the Old Testament, who appear to have been of the same age.

NAMBLA argument number two: Gay teenagers generally only want sex with older people. I know this isn't true from dozens, if not hundreds, of conversations I have had with other gay men about their first sexual experiences. Overwhelmingly, gay teenagers have sex with each other, more than with older men. And, yes, gay teenagers can be exposed to AIDS from each other, not just from older men. If Paul Mulshine is concerned about teenagers and AIDS, he should be a fan of Joycelyn Elders, who wants all 12-year-olds to be educated about how AIDS is spread and who also wants easy access by youth to condoms.

Richard Winger San Francisco, CA

Giggle, Giggle, Giggle

You have outdone yourself with the story on "Man-Boy Love." It is disgusting, racist, and homophobic. You guys do more gay-bashing than Jesse Helms and all the right-wing Christians put together. It is obsessive with you folks.

I read your sleazy publication, and I see a bunch of foul-mouthed little boys inventing libels about gays and then giggling uproariously at their own naughtiness. It is gross. You guys give me the creeps. I can't help wondering about the nature of your fixation with homosexuals. Are we dealing with in-the-closet types here? If so, why don't you just let it all hang out? Go out and Do It! You'll feel much better, and you won't have to spend all that time every month doing all this obnoxious writing.

Benjamin Dover Cambridge, MA

A Question of Taste

In the past, I have been uneasy about *Heterodoxy's* slap-happy, juvenile approach to personalities and issues. While I often found redeeming articles within its pages, its acerbic tone prevented me from recommending this most important publication to my more moderate friends. *Heterodoxy* was useless for persuading the fair-minded individual who is confused about the debate over political correctness.

Heterodoxy has a legitimate role in combating the attacks on free speech by those with authoritarian inclinations who desire to rid our society and culture of its liberal democratic underpinnings. Going out of our way to encourage rage and bitterness does little good for anybody. Civilized behavior is a mandatory requirement for those advocating a defense of civilization. There is indeed something to be said for polite satire, but outright nastiness serves no practical or

moral purpose. A more dispassionate, analytical perspective should be encouraged for *Heterodoxy's* future issues.

David Thomson Los Angeles, CA

Just a note to tell you how much I appreciate your magazine and your work. It cracks me up to see people's reaction whenever they pick up my copy to look at. The layout of the magazine alone makes them suspect that it must be "weird or something." Then they see the title and (being typically semi-literate) immediately think that it must be "gay or something!" So, naturally, September's issue with "Man-Boy Love" emblazoned across the front brought enough blank stares (and not a little concern) from fellow employees to last a lifetime!

Which brings me to my point: It's extremely lonely out here in La La Land (modern-day America). I am convinced that most Americans really could care less about the crumbling of their own civilization. One reason, not the least of which, is the fact that most citizens can't define "civilization." They think that because America is called *Land of the Free/ Home of the Brave*, we'll remain that, forever. Sure, they love "culture." Culture this, culture that! We hear so much about culture, and yet culture is just at the beginning of what our lives are about. Our problem is civilization and how we've become uncivilized. And how can an uncivilized people be expected to make wise decisions about education, leisure, art and law? They can't.

A good example (in my opinion) is why (in God's name!) are religious conservatives (of all people) so concerned with what's on television? Why are they even watching so much TV? I'm not anti-television, but, god, you'd think these people can't wait to get something "good" on TV so they can all veg-out together—morally!! I think they should spend more time analyzing why television has become so important to them/us.

Anyway, I'm starting to rant when all I intended to do was to say "keep up the good work." Your magazine keeps me great company in a community that is increasingly clueless about what is really happening to their world.

Bob Sale San Diego, CA

Out of the Dark Ages

Readers who want to read further about the point of view of Prof. Stephen Goldberg ("Stephen Goldberg, Iconoclast," Sept) might read the first four chapters of a book titled *Foundations of Sociology* by George Lundberg. Additional reading might include *Dimensions of Society* by Stuart C. Dodd and the writings of Allen L. Edwards, a professor of statistics.

Edwards suggests the use of a 10-point scale in making social evaluations for a more precise third stage of measurement. The 10-point scale may allow for the development of equal units with social measurements and the ability to repeat a measurement to get to the same point on a scale—very similar to the equal units and agreement on the repeat measurement of a distance or any other physical element that may be measured.

Goldberg's point of view has immediate application. For instance, each element of employee performance reports should always use the 10-point scale because it is much more meaningful. By comparison, the three-point or five-point evaluations usually used are

virtually worthless.

Goldberg may yet lead us out of the current Dark Ages of much of both the applied and theoretical social sciences.

Charles L. Smith Berkeley, CA

It's Called Satire...

Nothing appears anywhere in the September article by Judith Schuman Weizner to suggest it to be a spoof—as bad taste as that might be—so my question to you is: Where is this Northern New Jersey State College?

I will not go any further other than (for now) to ask for an immediate response. I live in northern New Jersey and am very much aware of the educational institutions in misstate.

If there is no such school, you've done a great injustice to your readers. I lived for 11 years in West Los Angeles, Santa Monica, and Sherman Oaks. My reason for saying this is to impress you with the reality that I do have occasion to visit and will do so in the not-too-distant future. Then I will confront you in person.

James Forges Haworth, NJ

On a challenge, I checked the Department of Higher Education of the state of New Jersey ("Student Expelled Because of Diversity Problems," Sept.). There is no accredited public or private college (four-year or two-year) in the state of New Jersey named Northern New Jersey State College. Consider me a future non-subscriber if this is a fabrication.

William Greenwald New York, NY

Paula Coughlin Memorial Award

As an avid fan of *Heterodoxy*, I look forward eagerly to each month's issue in my mailbox. Judith Schuman Weizner's hilarious spoofs on the state of the politically correct world today are what I turn to first. Then I look over the tidbits under the "Reductio Ad Absurdum" department—always good for a laugh.

I recently read about one story crazy enough for that department, and since I haven't seen you cover it, I thought I would give you and your readers the details. It's sort of a reverse Tailhook situation—of course, accompanied by much less outcry.

It seems that an air-traffic controller by the name of Douglas Hartman has filed a lawsuit claiming he was sexually harassed at the hands (literally) of his female coworkers at the Federal Aviation Administration. This alleged activity took place during a sensitivity training workshop for administration employees, to boot!

Hartman is seeking \$300,000 from the Department of Transportation, because he says he was forced to "walk the gamut" to see how it felt to be a sexual object. As he walked, the women conducting the session "groped everything: genitalia, buttocks, the inner thighs. You name it" (his lawyer's words). In addition, Hartman says that his female peers called him a "wimp," insinuated that he was impotent, and rated him and other men on a scale of 1-10 based on their "perceived sexual attributes."

I wonder if he'll win? Anyway, thanks again for putting out a great publication!

Shelley Benjamin Poughkeepsie, NY

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

HILLARY LYSENKO: Having been overwhelmingly rejected on the health care front, Hillary (perhaps to quash rumors that she was pouting in the White House) hit the campaign trail on behalf of her brother Hugh Rodham, who is running for office in Florida. Campaigning mere, the First Lady noted in a rambling speech to members of a synagogue that she had recently read Deboarah Tannen's *You Just Don't Understand* and that this book on gender linguistics had totally changed the way she related to her husband. "I thought I was the only woman in the world whose husband refused to ask directions," she said, but then noted that Tannen's book had taught her that this was a "sex-linked trait."

NIGHTMARE ON CASTRO STREET

First it was revealed that the gay community of San Francisco is currently in the grips of another epidemic of promiscuous, unsafe sex. Involving multiple partners, no condoms, and HIV-positive and AIDS-infected adventurers engaging in the sexual hunt without admitting their condition to their conquests. Now observers are worried about another, related problem that is reaching critical mass. It is the increasing popularity of "blood sports," a pathology involving cutting and piercing that was previously quarantined within the S&M community but is now spreading outward generally into the gay population as part of sexual experimentation. According to the San Francisco *Examiner*, participation in these blood sports has gone beyond the piercing of body parts. It might involve someone using a scalpel to cut an intricate design in a partner's skin or drawing blood through a whipping in the middle of an erotic exchange. One advocate of this sort of activity calls it "an exchange of energy—it has to do with trusting someone." Despite the risk of spreading AIDS and hepatitis, members of the gay and lesbian community defend the practice of blood sports, claiming that "education" will make it safe. Therefore, the AIDS Clearinghouse in Los Angeles has printed brochures with tips on the best places on the body to flog to avoid internal damage and how to provide first aid in case a cut goes too deep. Whips should be cleaned with alcohol in between uses, S&M technicians say, and gloves and antibacterial cleansing agents are a must. Mentors are available. Several groups offer demonstrations and courses.

NAMBLA REDUX: Regarding the story on NAMBLA in last month's *Heterodoxy*, our correspondent Stephen Schwartz has supplied a footnote that is bizarre even by the standards of that bizarre organization. It seems that NAMBLA and its constituency have become targets of the Spartacist League and other extreme Trotskyite groups. These groups, which have publicly allied with NAMBLA and, it is said, infiltrated it, hold the belief that the fight against age of consent and related laws is a major part of the "revolutionary battle against the bourgeois family." The connection may seem far-fetched, but it should be noted that one of the founders and longtime leaders of NAMBLA is David Thorstad, a former writer for the Trotskyite newspaper, *The Militant*. Support for NAMBLA by Trotskyites would be in the radical tradition of Bernadine Doherty, former Weatherwoman who once acclaimed the Manson family as revolutionary heroes.

STUPID COLLEGE COURSES: The University of California at Santa Cruz gets the prize this month for a pair of offerings in the art history department, both of them taught by someone named Kelly Dennis. The first one is "Sex Work: The Labor of Pomography," which is described

as follows in the course catalogue: "Examines pomography not only as are presentational genre but as the representation of class-based labor largely unaccounted for by contemporary pomography debates. Is pomography simply a gender issue?" (We can see it coming: "Havelock Ellis and Karl Marx, those wacky strange bedfellows, doing it again.") The other offering from Ms. Dennis is "State of the Art: Aesthetics of Government Patronage and Censorship in the 20th Century," described in the catalogue as follows: "While Hagel [sic] claimed that the State is founded on Art,

cheapest shot in *Baseball* was of Japanese American boys playing baseball in the internment camps of World War II. The strength of the sport of baseball is that it can survive not only the destructive greed of Bud Selig and the owners, but the ambivalent metaphor-mongering of demi-fans like Ken Burns.

WOMEN AT WORK: The Kentucky Commission on Women objected to South Central Bell's "Men Working" signs on the grounds that they are unlawful and perpetuate discrimination by sending the message that "only women work and men don't." South Central Bell president Margaret Green offered to "migrate" to more gender-neutral signs as the old ones were "retired," but the Commission on Women didn't find that response satisfactory. Staff lawyer Kathleen Jordan demanded prompt remedial action, arguing that "Men Working" signs are just as offensive as "Whites Working" signs. Even if the telephone company decided to abandon written signs in favor of a symbol of a person working, the commission still wouldn't be appeased. Kentucky Transportation Cabinet spokeswoman Laura White feels that the symbol would be gender-biased because "it looks like it has pants on."

OPERATION PHOENIX REVISIT-

ED: In Kern County, California, Vietnam refugee Taung Ming-Lin made a living growing alfalfa, bamboo, and bok choy on his 720-acre farm, unaware that his land is home to the endangered Tipton kangaroo rat. Earlier this year, two dozen state and federal agents invaded his farm by land and air in search of rodent body parts. They found five carcasses, and Lin now faces up to a year in prison and \$300,000 in criminal and civil fines for violating the Endangered Species Act. The court documents filed by the government state that Lin "did knowingly take and abet the taking of an endangered species of wildlife, to wit, Tipton kangaroo rats." As if that was not enough, the Endangered Species Act "authorizes the confiscation of instruments of crime," so the government seized Lin's machinery as the murder weapons. Through a translator, Lin told the Pacific Legal Foundation, "I wanted to make bamboo and bok choy part of the American diet. But the government showed me this dead rat and then they took my [\$50,000] tractor. Now my land is worthless."

Now my land is worthless."

HOT HOOTERS: The Los Angeles branch of the National Lawyers Guild, in conjunction with the Mexican American Bar Association, recently held an "Evening of Solidarity and Fun" in support of the Independent Organization of Indigenous Women of Chiapas, Mexico. One could either pay to get into this "FUN fundraiser" or donate one of the following: "Size 6 and 7 women's underwear, tampons, or size 34 braziers."

LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES: Last year, Martin F. Jones, University of Massachusetts student, went on a hunger strike and demanded that the school's Minuteman mascot be dropped, hit what became a national cause celebre, Jones demonstrated on the steps of the Student Union and attacked the mascot as being "little more than a white man with a gun" promoting sexism, racism, and violence. Now, a year later, Jones says he was wrong. "Now I am fully in support of the Minuteman and their legacy," he said in mid-October. Jones said his earlier criticism of the mascot was motivated primarily by negative feelings he harbored about the United States and that those feelings had disappeared in recent months. Why? Jones credits his change of heart to having seen *Forrest Gump*, which caused him "to believe once again in the American dream."

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



U.S. government policy locates the keystone of the nation state in the family, despite the latter's social and economic obsolescence since the nineteenth century. Course examines the moral and political substance and subtext of contemporary arts censorship up to and including recent NEA controversies." (Nice touch about the family being obsolete and the suggestion that we all would have been better off living in Hageland uber alles.)

PC BASEBALL: The ESPN gang counted several dozen errors of fact in the first few innings of Ken Burns's recent PBS series, but the real problem with the series was the way Burns spread-eagled it between sociology and sentimentality. The story of the heroic Jackie Robinson is powerful and worthy of respectful attention. And it is worth mentioning that great players like Satchel Paige languished in the Negro Leagues because of prejudice. The jackhammer insistence on making baseball a metaphor for racism is the gesture of someone who doesn't understand the sport. Burns showed that he was an expert in the art of bathos when he included several minutes about the "league of their own" women, culminating with the inane suggestion that but for sexism a woman might have played in the big leagues alongside men. He forgot all about significant matters like the development of Little League (although he could have shored up his multiculturalists credentials by showing how our boys lost control of the Little League World Series to the lads from Taiwan). The

Politically Correct Jim Crow At Cornell University

By Kenneth Lee

You don't know what you're talking about. Do you know what kind of damage you're doing to your school? Do not come here next time." These were the words Cornell Vice President Henrik Dullea used to several students during a private meeting about racial apartheid on the Ithaca campus. Dullea continued to harangue one particular student until she left with tears welling up in her eyes.

Why would a "top level" administration member rebuke a student in such harsh and caustic terms? On most campuses, such a confrontation would be taboo, but for Cornellians, incidents like this one have become quite too common as the university struggles with a growing racial polarization.

For the past few years, Cornell University has experienced a series of conflicts over the school's racially segregated dormitories. Under the guise of fostering an environment that is more multicultural and therefore theoretically more comfortable for minority students, the university has created several racial and ethnic living centers where these students can self-segregate. The first one was established in the wake of the infamous takeover of Cornell in 1969 by armed black students. The university erected a Latino Living Center this year after student protesters stormed the administration building. A Native American living center exists as well.

The dorms may not yet have balkanized the campus into ethnic enclaves, but they have already sparked racial rancor and ethnic conflict. A recent student referendum revealed that nearly 60 percent of the student body opposed ethnic dormitories. The situation has become so sticky that this past May, the New York Civil Liberties Union wamed Cornell that they would challenge the segregated facilities if changes were not made.

"[Cornell] must not and will not be allowed to either institute or perpetuate a system of Jim Crow facilities on the premise that students themselves say they prefer segregation," said Norman Siegel, executive director of the New York division of ACLU, in a letter to President Frank Rhodes. Michael Meyers of the New York Civil Rights Coalition said that if Cornell did not dismantle this voluntary apartheid, he would file complaints with the New York Board of Regents and the U.S. Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights.

When notified of the NYCRC's and NYCLU's possible challenge to the dormitories, Henrik Dullea, the vice president of university relations, at first welcomed an inspection. "We have absolutely nothing to hide," he coolly declared. But when Siegel and Michael Meyers visited Cornell, they sensed that something was rotten in the state of New York. Rather than being reassured, the two men became even more determined to do something about the Ithaca campus, especially after talking to students who opposed the politically correct Jim Crow situation created by the administration. It was during Siegel's and Meyers's visit to Cornell, in fact, that Vice President Dullea issued the stinging rebuke that left several students stunned and one of them teary-eyed.

The meeting with Siegel and Meyers had been fairly placid until several students showed the two men anti-Semitic flyers that had been circulated by some members of Ujaama, the all-black dormitory. That's when Dullea lost his cool and began to tongue-lash the students.

The episode was all the more surprising since Dullea is generally known as an affable and kind administrator. This has led observers to use the incident as a metaphor for the explosive atmosphere created on campus because of the debate over multiculturalism. When asked

later about his altercation with the students, Vice President Dullea tried to downplay the incident. "There's no question that the students who met with Mr. Meyers and Mr. Siegel expressed themselves strenuously, and there were indeed disagreements," he said. "But I wouldn't characterize the meeting as explosive."

Dullea instead tried to conjure a more rosy picture of the meetings. "We took them [Siegel and Meyers] around campus and had them meet with students and faculty and staff who are involved with a variety of [ethnic] programs," he said. "I think they were good meetings.... Students involved in the program houses had an opportunity to tell why they felt they were very beneficial."

In fact, both men were appalled at what they saw. The New York Civil Liberties Union's Siegel said, "I understand [ethnic dorms] are a sensitive issue for the Cornell community, but

Michael Meyers is black has flustered many campus activists who would like to dismiss any mention of racial apartheid as a plot by white conservatives. "It's hard to understand why they would do such a thing. I would have expected right-wingers [to have challenged the dormitories] instead," one radical student remarked.

Even more interesting has been the splintering of the campus conservatives. Some conservative students are elated at the prospect of ethnic houses being dismantled. Racial dormitories have long served as a haven for student radicals and a source of campus unrest. (Ujaama, the black dormitory, has invited virulent anti-Semitic speakers from the Nation of Islam on campus during Jewish holidays in the past). Furthermore, many minority students have been browbeaten into following the lead of the racial nomenklatura in Ujaama for fear of being ostracized as "traitors" to their race.

"For years, student radicals have demanded special ethnic dormitories, and the university has willingly complied to their demands" said Michael Pulizotto, one of the students involved in the altercation with Vice President Dullea and a staff member of the conservative *Cornell Review*.

"It is about time this type of segregation and special treatment ends."

But other conservatives have watched the developments with apprehension, fearing that a state-mandated decision to dismantle segregated housing will allow other mandates on behalf of "more benign" affirmative action and multicultural programs in the future. "This is yet another example of the Leviathan State assuming control of everything it touches," the *Cornell American* editorialized. "We neither want nor need the power of the State to support us in this fight because the right to private property is too important to compromise, even if doing so would seem to support our cause."

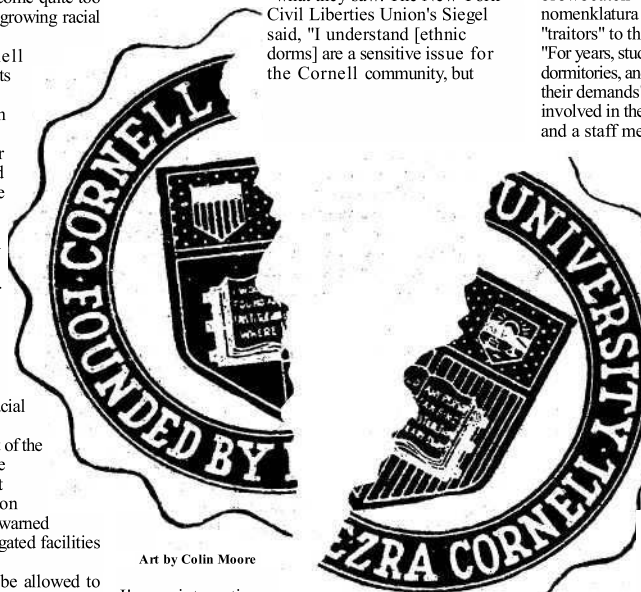
But campus radicals and conservatives alike are keeping their eyes on Michael Meyers, who has forthrightly expressed disgust over the new self-segregation that has insidiously crept into many universities. (The University of Michigan, for example, is home to "cultural lounges," which are restricted to use only by certain ethnic groups; and the University of California at Los Angeles offers separate commencement ceremonies for its minority students.) It is not surprising that Meyers, a life-long NAACP member, would crusade for racial integration despite its current unpopularity among many members of the minority community.

While the NAACP and other civil rights leaders have coddled Louis Farrakhan, Meyers denounced the controversial Nation of Islam leader as an "apostle of hate" on the *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour*. "The so-called self-segregation will not be tolerated in anyway," he said. "We have and will continue to challenge such segregation."

Meyers plans to challenge the segregated living facilities at Columbia University next. "As recipients of federal money, even [private schools are] under jurisdiction of the Civil Rights Office of the U.S. Dept. of Education," he says. "We have them [the schools] on the run, and we are very serious in ending the so-called self-segregation when the university has complicity in it."

It is ironic that this battle over the "new self-segregation" has occurred on the 40th anniversary of *Brown vs. Board of Education*. The landmark decision not only ruled that segregated public schools were unconstitutional but also challenged the racist ethos existing in America at the time. Ending this "new segregation" may be as painful and divisive as it was in Alabama 40 years ago.

Kenneth Lee is a student journalist at Cornell.



Art by Colin Moore

I'm an integration-ist, and [the racial segregation] I saw mat day bothered me." Meyers of the New York Civil Rights Coalition was more pointed in his reaction. "We went up [to Cornell] for an on-site inspection. There was no snow on the ground, but the university attempted to give us a snow job. It was not a convincing one. It's clear to me mat there are segregated facilities with the complicity of the university, and it will be challenged."

Meyers implied that he felt he had been given a Potemkin Village tour. "Those who spoke with me were exclusively the ones the university apparently wanted me to talk to. They were only those who were supportive of theme houses," he said. "Sifting through all their explanations and rationalizations, I get the view that we were getting double-talk." Siegel was disturbed by the uncooperativeness of the university: "We asked the school for information on the racial breakdown of Ujaama [the black dormitory] for the past 22 years, but we haven't gotten anything from the university."

Cornell has been embroiled in a long battle with the New York Board of Regents over these living arrangements. In 1978, the New York Board of Regents issued only a slap-on-the-wrist reprimand. But this time around, the board may not be as lenient. And that has worried many administration officials. (Although Cornell is known as a private Ivy League school, the university also has three state-supported colleges and is thus subject to many New York State regulations and compliances).

Reaction on the Cornell campus to this incident has been mixed. The generally leftist bent of the New York Civil Liberties Union and the fact that the outspoken

FAIR: The Media's Favorite Media Watchdogs

By Tim Graham

As part of a surprising summer convergence of attacks on liberalism's Public Enemy Number One—Rush Limbaugh—media outlets promoted a "study" by an organization calling itself Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, charging that the nation's most popular radio and talkshow host is guilty of "sloppiness, ignorance, or fabrication" and has a "finely honed ability to twist and distort reality."

By attacking Limbaugh soon after Bill Clinton did, FAIR made a Great Leap Forward in prominence, thanks to liberal media friends (which range from major newspapers to magazines, even to *Doonesbury*.) But many of Rush's "documented errors" are really differences of opinion. On women, for instance: "Women were doing quite well in this country before feminism came along." Or on the poverty line: "\$14,400 for a family of four. That's not so bad." On health care: "If you have any doubts about the status of American health care, just compare it with that in other industrialized nations." These may be provocative invitations to debate issues, but they are not factual errors.

As with the work of other left-wing groups doing "public interest research," FAIR's attack on Limbaugh was taken as nonpartisan. The quality and accuracy of FAIR's other work (especially on domestic violence) and the fact that the organization is the wolf of advocacy dressed in the sheep's clothing of objective research was never mentioned. FAIR was taken at face value by the media, which never bothered to note that FAIR is two-faced.

FAIR was founded in 1986 out of a handful of leftists in opposition to the ABC miniseries *America*, a rambling 14-hour story of a Soviet invasion of the United States. (The miniseries, they believed, was unfair to the communists and might toughen America's resolve to fight the Cold War.) It was an irony given the fact that FAIR would soon come to depend on Hollywood for cash. ("We've raised a lot of money from Hollywood, and we're proud of that," FAIR chief Jeff Cohen told the *American Journalism Review*.) Its \$750,000 annual budget—increased as a result of publicity generated by the attack on Limbaugh—is derived from friendly left-wing foundations like the Streisand Foundation, the J. Roderick MacArthur Foundation, and the New World Foundation (including a grant approved by, among others, board member Hillary Clinton).

The hidden agenda has been the organization's modus operandi. Since its beginning, The first edition of the FAIR newsletter, *Extra!*, proclaimed: "FAIR came into being to offer a different kind of media criticism—fully in keeping with the First Amendment. We do not work to prevent the airing of viewpoints with which we disagree. Our approach is to work for the inclusion of new viewpoints, not the exclusion of old ones." Despite FAIR's self-proclaimed mission as an "anti-censorship group," however, there has always been a whiff of authoritarianism in its actions. The group hinted that the best solution to Limbaugh's "reign of error," for instance, was to get the Federal Communications Commission involved. In a *New York Times* ad boosting its own tainted accusations, FAIR charged that the stations that carry Limbaugh "can be held accountable if they broadcast falsehood....It is, in fact, a condition of their licenses."

This isn't the first time FAIR let the mask drop in its charade as a First Amendment stalwart. Last year, FAIR chief Jeff Cohen also wrote a long letter to Richard Carlson, chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, attacking a program on crime on the documentary *Reverse Angle* before it even aired. Cohen argued that the fact that *Reverse Angle* hosts Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes also appear on *The*

McLaughlin Group canceled the need for the program: "FAIR would never question the right of these two men to be heard on TV; they are already heard—loudly."

Despite its rhetoric of being free speech-friendly, FAIR has always believed that censorship can be helpful against Western "cultural imperialism" and its self-serving ideology of a "free press." The November/December 1988 edition of the newsletter *Extra!* included two articles decrying the American media's alarm over the United Nation's proposed New World Information Order, which would have allowed Third World governments to inhibit the flow of information from "cultural imperialist" (read: Western) news outlets and reporters. (An article by C. Anthony Giffard even complained that American media organizations had formed the World Press Freedom Committee and "organized widely-publicized international conferences to endorse 'free press' ideology.") For FAIR, one of the beauties of this Orwellian New World Information Order was that it would have canceled the watchdog presence of American news outlets abroad and thus given left-wing authoritarian regimes more power to define themselves without the nagging presence of a dissenting view.

FAIR would like the country to believe it is "independent" from the media culture. Actually, it is alienated from the nation as a whole. FAIR marched against media coverage of the Gulf War, for instance, sent a memo to other left-wing activists stating "To Stop This War, We Must Become Media Activists," and attacked any "preference" shown by the media to the U.S. position as shown by such questions as "How are we doing?" asked by reporters of U.S. soldiers. FAIR exempted itself from that. Wrote *Extra!* editor Jim Naureckas: "The euphoria at the beginning and the end of the Persian Gulf War brackets one of the most disturbing efforts in U.S. journalistic history—a period when many reporters for national media abandoned any pretense of neutrality or reportorial distance in favor of boosterism for the war effort."

In their book *Unreliable Sources*, FAIR's Martin Lee and Norman Solomon even complained about a David Levine cartoon putting Saddam Hussein beneath apes and snakes on the evolutionary scale: "This grotesque caricature was reminiscent of Nazi propaganda that presented Jews as subhuman and Ku Klux Klan literature comparing African Americans to apes."

As its tendentious opposition to the Gulf War suggests, FAIR is not interested in criticizing the media but rather in reshaping it in the image of left-wing orthodoxies and PC pieties. One of the organization's most insistent concerns since its origin has been its "opposition to the overuse of white males on TV news." Studies in *Nightline* and *The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour* done for FAIR by a pair of graduate students, William Hoynes (now a professor at Vassar College) and David Croteau, focused much more on the race, gender, and occupation of the guests than on what they actually said.

Hoynes and Croteau theorized that the shows' pro-establishment tilt was obvious in the guests' racial and gender makeup: "By itself, the demographic makeup of these programs' guest lists does not guarantee a diversity of perspectives. However, demographic variety is one important sign of substantive diversity."

FAIR's maximum leader, Jeff Cohen, told a C-SPAN interviewer: "The argument I would make is that if white men had a lock on wisdom, our country wouldn't be in the shape that it's in. Clearly, we have a lot of problems, and it's been white males who have dominated in positions of power, and there's a lot of expertise in this great country of ours that comes from women and people of color."

Cohen's colleague Martin Lee was more blunt about the bias of the shows under consideration: "Ted Koppel's, Jim Lehrer and Robert MacNeil's TV news shows, along with other shows, by discriminating against women and people of color—in a subtle yet insidious manner—promote racist attitudes in society as a whole."

FAIR declared that MacNeil-Lehrer's guests were 90 percent white and 87 percent male. FAIR used a similar statistical methodology in its 1993 study upbraiding National Public Radio for being too "mainstream." FAIR complained that 26 of 27 regular commentators on NPR were white and only four were women. Ironically, FAIR boasts that its report caused PBS to hire as commentators Noam Chomsky, a voice from the fringe, and Erwin Knoll of *The Progressive*, a tiny and all-but-invisible left-wing magazine. Both men, of course, are white males.

This insistence on having fewer white males is also amusing when the makeup of the FAIR organization is considered. Of the 42 people listed on their advisory board, at least 26 are white and at least 26 are male. Another question begged by its supporters is this one: If FAIR is so committed to battling domestic violence, why is Jackson Browne, accused of but not charged with bearing Daryl Hannah, on its board of advisers? Doesn't FAIR believe the woman in this case?

Perhaps the most amazing fact about FAIR has been its success in positioning itself as a "public interest" organization despite its ideological bias. The FAIR "studies" of ABC, NPR, and PBS, like the attack on Limbaugh, were reported by liberal national media outlets with the same solemnity given to reports from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Despite the fact that the organization is such an obvious and inviting target, no reporter who publicized FAIR's attack on Limbaugh investigated FAIR's own previous record. And that record is not only one of ideological special pleading, but of sloppiness and outright fabrication. These qualities certainly characterized The Great Super Bowl Hoax of 1993, a matter in which FAIR was centrally involved.

In the week before Super Bowl XXVII, FAIR put on a Los Angeles press conference organized around the theme that Super Bowl Sunday coincides with the apex of domestic violence against women by football-watching men filled with pent up and vicarious violence. Associated Press reporter Jeffrey Meyer wrote: "Some women's shelters report as much as a 40 percent increase in calls for help on Super Bowl Sunday and the following Monday, [said] Linda Mitchell of Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, a media watchdog group." When *Washington Post* reporter Ken Ringle discovered that FAIR and other activists publicizing these claims had no scientific data to back them up, FAIR spokesman Steve Rendall admitted to *The Boston Globe* that the supposedly serious academic researchers at FAIR had actually taken the number out of a book of photographs. Said Rendall: "It was not quite accurate....It should not have gone out in FAIR materials."

In defending his recent story promoting FAIR's attack on Limbaugh, *Washington Post* reporter Howard Kurtz proclaimed on CNN: "Everyone makes mistakes, and obviously anybody who's on the air as much as Rush Limbaugh is going to make a few. The question is, Do you acknowledge your mistakes?" The irony, of course, is that FAIR is the one that now fails to acknowledge its mistakes on the "Day of Dread" campaign. Realizing the corrosive effect that being caught in a blatant inaccuracy can have on a group named Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, FAIR has pounced offensively on any suggestion that the campaign about domestic violence during the Superbowl was inaccurate. With the exception of Steve Rendall's admission (which in retrospect has the feel of a Freudian slip), FAIR's strategy has always been

to attack everyone else's accuracy with such hydrophobic aggression that hope no one notices its own inadequacies.

"Recently, FAIR jumped on professor Christina Hoff Sommers, whose book *Who Stole Feminism?* criticizes the hoaxes of FAIR and its feminist allies in proliferating bogus domestic violence statistics. FAIR chief Jeff Cohen attacked Sommers first in a letter in the August 29 *National Review*. "To say that we had 'no basis' for making our research [on the Superbowl] is a reckless attack on our integrity." But FAIR's idea of defending its integrity has been to claim that it only used anecdotal evidence from women's shelters in making its claims about the Superbowl. So why hold a press conference and kick off an episode of national hysteria?"

FAIR didn't gain much in its attack on Sommers. In fact, Sommers responded by pointing out that FAIR's February 1993 newsletter charged that the surgeon general found domestic violence is the "leading health hazard for women between the ages of 15 and 44." The co-author of that report, disturbed by FAIR's distortion of her findings, told Sommers, "I spend my life trying to get it unattributed to us."

FAIR, of course, was undaunted by this reproach. The organization is now using its "public interest" persona to summon reporters to attack Sommers themselves. In a July 14 fax (with the inscription "Storm the Bastille!"), FAIR "Women's Desk" coordinator Laura Flanders asks "Friends of the Facts" to write Sommers's publisher, Simon & Schuster, to complain that the book is riddled with errors and unsubstantiated accusations. If the bias that rules FAIR were well known, such pleas might go unheeded. But the organization's front as a watchdog agency devoted to the public good keeps people from inquiring about its hidden agendas. A couple of weeks after getting the memo about Sommers, law professor Linda Hirshman obediently attacked her in the *Los Angeles Times*.

FAIR has also been active on the electronic-mail circuit against Sommers. When *Eye to Eye* with Connie Chung planned a segment on Sommers's book, FAIR urged a preemptive strike against CBS: "Based on our contacts with Eye to Eye and with others the show has talked to, CBS is not planning to present a balanced report." FAIR urged its allies in an electronic mail message to "call Eye to Eye...and ask who will provide balance to Sommers on their program." FAIR was less professional when Steve Rendall sarcastically responded in e-mail to Sommers's defender Frank Beckwith:

"Your servile adherence to a really shoddy piece of work shows that you don't really have the temperament for rigorous scholarship. What's your field, physical education? Next time you want to play with the big kids bring your lunch and your EVIDENCE."

This, from the man who admitted using a book of photographs as the "rigorous scholarship" behind FAIR's fatuous claims about domestic violence on Superbowl Sunday.

The real question raised by FAIR's attacks on Limbaugh, X Sommers, and the men who watch the Super Bowl is clear: Why would a group whose stated interest is "fairness and accuracy in reporting" focus on talk shows and launch a sleazy campaign against a feminist they regard as politically incorrect? In fact, FAIR's criticisms of the news usually blame everyone but those who do the reporting, focusing on the owners, the executives, the talk show hosts, the booking agents, the talking heads. Why?

In an interview with Jeff Cohen published in *Unreliable Sources*, the FAIR chief was asked: "For a group set up to criticize the media, doesn't FAIR have a lot of friends in the media?" Cohen answered: "That was a conscious strategy of ours, in keeping with our view that the media are not monolithic and that many on the working press are FAIR's potential allies. Our common foe is media conglomeration and callous media owners."

This popular frontism seems to have worked. The fact that FAIR's secret agendas have remained secret shows that the organization's core assumption—that the working media are populated by leftists and fellow travelers—may be correct. How else to explain the media's failure to publicize FAIR's more embarrassing episodes? It is a pity that political correctness should be more important than factual correctness.

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When FAIR Is Foul: Anatomy of a Smear



Rush Limbaugh has issued a meticulously researched 34-page response to FAIR's charges against him, available from (among other sources) CompuServe. (Hit "Go RushDL.") One of the many charges of factual error FAIR leveled against Limbaugh had to do with a statement made on his radio programs: "You know the Clintons send Chelsea to Sidwell Friends private school...A recent eighth-grade class assignment required students to write a paper on 'Why I Feel Guilty Being White.' My source for this story is CBS News."

FAIR responded: "CBS denied running such a story and a Sidwell spokesman said it never happened." In its advertisement about Limbaugh's "Reign of Error" in the *New York Times* advertisement, FAIR calls this an example of a "groundless assertion."

In fact, CBS Morning Resource, a wire service for radio talk show hosts run by CBS Radio Networks, had reported the story on January 6, 1994. The operations director of an Ohio radio station faxed the CBS wire story to Limbaugh in his New York studios, and he read it on the air, citing his source. CBS Radio Networks had gotten the story from *Playboy* magazine (February 1994), which had gotten it from *Heterodoxy* magazine (September 1993).

On CNN's "Reliable Sources" (7/10/94), FAIR's Ellen Hume said: "I don't respect someone who is clearly telling myths and pretending that he's got facts behind him. Occasionally [Limbaugh will] do something like say that the Sidwell Friends School had some test for Chelsea—some essay Chelsea Clinton had to write about why I don't like being white, or why I'm embarrassed to be white, and then he cites a source like CBS News. That simply isn't true. None of that was true. So where is this coming from and where do you draw the line at a mistake, which we all make, and a deliberate distortion of the fact to pander to myths that people wish were true?"

Rush responded to this charge in a *USA Today* column (7/14/94) by documenting his information. "To suggest I pulled the story out of thin air or lied about CBS as its source is patently untrue."

The following week on CNN's "Reliable Sources," Ellen Hume back-pedaled. "[I]n deference to Rush, I would like to make a clarification, which is that there was a story that he put out on the radio, that Chelsea Clinton had to write some essay about how she hates being white. This was not a true story. Rush, as far as I know, never apologized for broadcasting it, but he did say he got it from CBS. It turns out that the bad guy here was CBS, not Rush. They had a tip sheet that actually put the story out, so I say, Rush, you're off the hook on that one" (7/17/94).

But it was a true story. As Limbaugh reports in his "Response to FAIR" (after being tipped off as the ultimate source by *Heterodoxy*), the charge first appeared in a July 16, 1993 article titled "Hillary's Friends" in the *Washington City Paper* (a D.C. newspaper with a circulation of 90,000). Reporter Bill Gifford wrote about Sidwell Friends: "Off the record, some parents will admit to discomfort with the school's multicultural excesses. The eighth-grade essay assignment on 'Why I Feel Guilty About Being White,' for example. Or the treatment accorded a sixth-grader who stood up, at a school-wide meeting held during the L.A. riots, to express his fear of the rioters (he was later forced to apologize to his black classmates). Other parents quietly fault the school for pandering to its black students, who nowadays are more likely to be the sons and daughters of blue-chip lawyers and entertainment moguls than [of] bus drivers or janitors. The world hasn't witnessed such aristocratic self-abnegation since Robespierre was lopping off heads. It's completely riven apart by a collection of neurotic individuals who are worried sick about being seen as politically incorrect," fumes a parent of one of Chelsea's classmates. But these same people seem possessed by the urge to mention, at the first opportunity, that their kids Got In."

After being tipped off by *Heterodoxy*, Limbaugh staffers did what no other journalist had done—they talked to the original reporter. He confirmed the story. The *Washington City Paper's* editor, Jack Shafer, who knew the sources reporter Gifford had used in compiling the original piece, said, "Yes, I stand by the story." Amazingly, Gifford says that FAIR never called him before they made the accusation about Limbaugh having fabricated the story out of whole cloth. They called him after they published the charge—at which time Gifford says he told FAIR the same thing he told Limbaugh staffers—that he stands by the story and it's true. Yet FAIR has never retracted its charge, corrected its record, or apologized for its error.

The Hijacking of C.S. Lewis

By K.L. Billingsley

When Clive Staples Lewis, who preferred to be called "Jack," died on November 22, 1963, notice of his passing was buried not only beneath news of the Kennedy assassination but also of the death of fellow writer Aldous Huxley. Once considered a visionary and an icon of the counterculture, Huxley is no longer much of an item. By contrast, C.S. Lewis has gained a worldwide following that is still increasing 30 years after his death. Lewis's books sold 1.5 million copies last year, and total sales now stand at more than 100 million. His *Chronicles of Narnia* continue to be read by children all over the world. The success of the film *Shadowlands*, with Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger, gave further impetus to the already thriving Lewis cult. There are numerous C.S. Lewis societies and newsletters put out by people who call themselves "Lewisians," a term their spiritual mentor would surely dislike.

Most of all, Lewis is at the center of the spiritual revival now brewing in America. (One southern California church even boasts a stained-glass window of Lewis.) His followers know that this century has been dominated by the secular gods of materialism—socialism, hedonism, and, the current incumbent, nihilism. But they know too that these gods don't deliver and that their failure has created a

vacuum for a figure like Lewis, whose *Mere Christianity* and other works represent a modern revival of the "muscular Christianity" of the 19th century, an active faith that does battle with its secular foes and does not require adherents to check their brains at the church door.

While the Lewis legacy continues to shine, however, an eclipse of sorts has become visible in recent years, giving the term "shadowlands" something of an unintended meaning. The millions of Lewis devotees might be disturbed to learn, for instance, that what they have been reading in some editions of *The Screwtape Letters*, a Lewis classic, is not what the author originally wrote: The location has been changed from Europe to America, television has been brought in, and a mention of French philosopher Jacques Maritain has been changed. Some Lewisians are angered by *They Stand Together*, the title of a book of Lewis's material released posthumously, because they see it as a homosexual code phrase. Others believe that *The Dark Tower*, a novel released under the Lewis name long after his death, is an outright forgery.

Has there been a posthumous hijacking of C.S. Lewis, as some now charge? The place to begin answering this question is the preface to *The Dark Tower*, which says that an intrepid rescuer saved this questionable work from destruction, along with other priceless titles by Lewis, in a fire set by people who had no idea of the treasures they were burning. The alleged heroic rescuer of this trove of Lewisiana, a man named Walter Hooper, has become the kingpin of a thriving industry of commentary and hitherto unknown works and head of what has come to be known as

the "Lewis Mafia."

Listening to his regal Oxford accent and professed ignorance of American geography and customs, many assume that the 64-year-old Hooper—literary adviser to the Lewis estate, for which he has also served as executor, trustee and manager—is English. In fact, he is an American who was born in North Carolina and lived stateside until his early thirties.

That the mysterious Hooper has insinuated himself into the C.S. Lewis persona is beyond doubt. How he did so is a question that exists in a kind of shadowlands all its own. Hooper claims to have been Lewis's live-in personal secretary whose handwriting was so much like Lewis's that he had the author's permission to sign his letters. He has told audiences that he flicks his cigarette ashes the way Lewis did. He claims that the writer wished that he had been his son. ("Meanwhile, Lewis and I became more intimate, and finally he asked me to become his companion-secretary and I moved into the house," Hooper writes in the introduction to *They Stand Together*.) In *C.S. Lewis: A Biography*, Hooper claims that Lewis called him "the son I should have had" and said, "Walter is part of my private life." Another Hooper anecdote places the two at church together in a crucial moment on Easter 1963.

Hooper spread the notion that he and Lewis were tightly bonded with such insistence and repetition over the last 20 years that its truth has been accepted by religious journalists who profile the man in articles with titles such as "Like Father, Like Son." So thoroughly has he identified with the master that Hooper even billed one of his U.S. speaking tours "A Visit With C.S. Lewis."

After Lewis died, Hooper moved to England to study literature at Oxford but was turned down for the graduate program. At this time he began to intrude himself into Lewis's affairs, marshaling what C.S.'s brother Warren Lewis later called his "astonishing talent for infiltration." Warren was trying to shepherd along his brother's affairs, but he was old and had an alcohol problem and, in any case, the Lewis industry of the future was little more than a corner store which offered far more supply in the mid '60s than there was demand. Hooper discovered that Warren Lewis's busy co-trustees, Owen Barfield and Cecil Harwood, were pleased to accept his help in dealing with literary matters. These two barristers were anthroposophist (a creed C.S. Lewis himself regarded as occult) and apparently accepted Hooper's credentials without question. Soon, with their help and Warren Lewis's neglect, Walter Hooper became C.S. Lewis's literary executor.

In this role, Hooper moved with alacrity to become the keeper of the C.S. Lewis flame and monopolist of his memory. (His introductions alone to Lewis's works tally 270 pages.) In a phone conversation from England, Hooper says that he is not responsible for claims made about his intimacy with Lewis on the jackets of books: "Everything in the introductions is absolutely accurate and correct, and there is no controversy over here." He claims that no one of any note has been interested in the "alleged inaccuracies" of his account of his relationship with Lewis.

Actually, they have. The picture given by many people who knew Lewis well is somewhat different from the Hooper version. For them, Hooper was only an acquaintance the writer made at the end of his life, an acquaintance that always remained rather casual. These people point out that according to public records there are only eight letters between the two men over a nine-year period, four of them written between September and October 1963. The longest of the letters is 333 words; the shortest 23.

"Hooper's introductions have amused me for some time," says Sheldon Vanauken, an old friend of Lewis's and author of *A Severe Mercy*. "There couldn't possibly have been that many special moments between the two men." Vanauken believes Hooper has "obviously blown up" his friendship with Lewis in England, which Vanauken says could not have lasted more than one month.

These views are echoed by Kathryn Lindskoog, a Californian who met Lewis in 1956 while studying at the University of London. The following year she sent Lewis the thesis she had written on his Narnia works, and he replied: "You are in the center of the target everywhere.... You know my work better than anyone else I've met.... I hope we shall have some really useful critical works from your hand." Lindskoog's thesis became a book and her C.S. Lewis: *Mere Christian* is now in its third edition.

During the 1970s, Lindskoog began learning things about the fate of the Lewis legacy that disturbed her. She



C.S. Lewis

began pointing out problems with Hooper's accounts of his special relationship with Lewis, and, when no clear answers emerged, she persisted and eventually found herself drummed out of official Lewisdom and even accused of "homophobia."

Lindskoog's investigations revealed that in the spring and fall semesters of 1963, a few years after he had applied for holy orders as a minister and been dropped as a candidate, the 32-year-old Hooper was teaching at the University of Kentucky at the very time when he claimed to have been serving as C.S. Lewis's secretary-companion. Hooper did attend a summer-school program in Oxford from July 1 to August 9 of 1963. During that time, particularly during August, he did visit Lewis at his home, the Kilns. But it seems clear that he was not functioning as his secretary because Lewis's letters from the time reveal that the author had no help with correspondence. That year Easter fell on April 14, when Hooper was still in Kentucky, so it remains to be seen how he could have attended church with the author on that day and had a summary moment, as he has frequently claimed.

"Lewis never mentioned him, and I never knew Hooper existed," says Vanauken, who spent time with Lewis at the Kilns in the summer and fall of 1963. Indeed, Lewis's letters to Vanauken contain no mention of Hooper.

HP he previously unknown Hooper first claimed that he JL was Lewis's companion-secretary in his introduction to the 1964 book *Poems*. ("When I was his secretary," he wrote, "he sometimes used to dictate poems.") This assertion created interest from Lewis devotees, and Hooper quickly made an international name for himself. When Warren Lewis returned from an extended trip to Ireland early that same year and encountered Hooper, he began to be afraid that Hooper would take over his brother's affairs. Already in his emeritus years, Warren was also afraid of what Hooper might say about the two of them after his own death. Warren willed his own papers to Wheaton College, where they are now part of the Marion Wade collection and available to the public. That is how we know that on May 12, 1969, Warren Lewis wrote to Hooper complaining about his claims of having served his brother. "At no time did Jack, you and I live together in this house." Warren's diary entry for the same day reads: "I've written to him [Hooper], of course, but he has a front of brass and will no doubt continue to present his false image to the public—and what can I do? I dread the statements he may make after my death in the book, which he will have the skill to make with seeming authority. I wish J. had never met him."

It soon became apparent that his fears were prophetic. In his later years, Warren suffered a stroke and other afflictions and did have a drinking problem. But he was also a lucid and literate man, the author of seven books on 17th-century France, and passionately devoted to compiling every scrap of information about his brother. After Warren's death in 1973 at the Kilns, Hooper began slowly to discredit him, claiming that he would sit in a chair for two weeks at a time, without eating or getting up for anything, and that he drank up to six bottles of whiskey a day. (Kathryn Lindskoog has suggested that if this is true Warren Lewis belongs in the Guinness Book of World Records.)

According to Hooper, the drunken, disconsolate Warren ransacked the Kilns for papers and, in 1964, gave them to Fred Paxford, the gardener, to be burned. Hooper happened to have felt compelled to visit the home that day and saved several suitcases full of material from the flames, so much in fact that he could hardly lug it away. His treasure trove included a notebook of poems and a manuscript of a science-fiction novel. It was this heroic rescue, in fact, that led him to be named Lewis's literary executor.

The trouble with this account is that Lewis devotees did not learn of fee story for several years, long after the demise of anyone who might cast doubt on it. Hooper first revealed the hoard of new material he'd saved from burning on August 16, 1975, at a literary conference at Scripps College in Claremont, California. He also repeated it in the introductions to *The Dark Tower*, *They Stand Together*, and several other places.

"I don't believe it," Vanauken says of the bonfire tale. The story also came as a shock to gardener Fred Paxford, the man who supposedly started the fire, and to Lewis's longtime neighbor and friend Len Miller. According to these two, in early 1964 Warren and his brother's lawyers had carefully sorted out some worthless papers from Lewis's files and given them to Paxford to be burned. That was all there was to it. None of the material was literature and nothing was rescued. (Asked about his account of the fire now, Hooper insists, "I remember it and Owen Barfield [who is 95] remembers it")

The story raises all the troubling questions about Hooper's relationship with Lewis. As Lindskoog pointed

out, a literary executor who can duplicate a famous author's writing is a potentially troublesome development, particularly when an alleged bonfire supposedly yield a bulging cache of unpublished materials that nobody else has seen. After talking to gardener Fred Paxford; Lindskoog wrote an article casting doubt on the bonfire story. It was at this point that things got spooky. She got a barrage of angry letters, including one from Owen Barfield, that had the feel of an engineered response. Even more peculiar was a "supportive" letter from a man named Anthony Marchington who worked at Oxford's physical chemistry lab and claimed that he could prove scientifically that there had not been a bonfire in the area around the Kilns for at least 800 years. Lindskoog, who had corresponded with Hooper, performed some scientific work of her own with a magnifying glass and discovered that Marchington's letter had been written on Hooper's typewriter. She believes Hooper and Marchington were trying to trick her into making a fool of herself by relying on this bogus report to prove her case about the bonfire.

Hooper now confirms that Marchington wrote the letter on his typewriter and asks innocently, "What's wrong with that?" In fact, at the same time he was trying to flimflam Lindskoog, Marchington, a baby boomer who entered Oxford in 1973, was living in Hooper's home. Hooper has acknowledged that Marchington was his helper, having the same sort of intimate relationship with him that Hooper himself claimed to have had with Lewis. ("I am fortunate beyond all covenant," Hooper writes, "in living in the same house and being helped so much by Anthony Marchington who is, as Lewis said of one of his contemporaries, 'the sole Horatio known to me in this age of Hamlets.*') As it turns out, Hooper had a number of other roles in mind for his companion besides that of Horatio. Marchington appears in the 1979 film *Through Joy and Beyond*, and the publicity materials name him as its co-author along with Hooper, who also makes an appearance as one of Lewis's friends.

Lindskoog saw the film at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium in 1979 and listened carefully as Hooper gave an accompanying speech in which he feigned ignorance of American customs and used terms such as "the wireless" and "you Americans." The film trashes Warren Lewis as a drunk and* more disturbingly, says that Lewis never consummated his marriage to Joy Davidman. (Much evidence exists to the contrary, including testimony from Joy's son David, who once caught them in the act.) The producer of this film was Bob O'Donnell, an American with whom Hooper collaborated on the 1976 version of *The Screwtape Letters* that moved the story to America and put Lewis himself in the tale. The introduction portrays Lewis up to his elbows in soap suds and joking with Hooper after a dinner that took place on August 7, 1963, a date on which Lewis was an invalid just released from the hospital.

Through Joy and Beyond was not the only project on which Hooper and his companion Marchington collaborated. Under the pseudonym Walter Churchington, they authored an article defending the practice of excluding females from all-male colleges. And Lindskoog believes that Marchington, a clever writer as well as a scientist, is the most likely author of *The Dark Tower*. Hooper has billed this book as part of Lewis's famous science-fiction trilogy, *Out of the Solent Plant*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*. But Warren Lewis had never heard of it and neither had other friends of his brothers. Neither the sexually lurid content nor the style is at all like Lewis. Lindskoog notes that parts of the book bear a strong resemblance to Madeleine L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time*, published after Lewis's death. Vanauken, who recently reread all of Lewis's works, remains unsure about the authorship of *The Dark Tower*. "If he did write it, I wish he'd burned it," he says.

They Stand Together, Hooper's collection of the letters of Lewis and his friend Arthur Greeves, came advertised as "ten years in preparation," although it is not explained why a collection of letters should take so long to assemble. More unusual is the cover design, which features Lewis and Greeves set in ovals with Oxford's Magdalen Tower thrusting



Walter Hooper

up phallically between them. (Greeves lived in Ireland and did not attend Oxford, so the tower has no significance in his life.) As for the title, some people have claimed that it is a gay code phrase, although Hooper, who chose it, says that it comes from Lewis's own work. In any case, seven years after its release, the publishers suddenly substituted another title, *The Letters of C.S. Lewis to Arthur Greeves*. Lindskoog has chronicled these and other difficulties she has with the Hooper version of the Lewis legacy in her 1988 work *The C.S. Lewis Hoax*, which Lewis's friends George Sayer and Sheldon Vanauken welcomed, as did Arthur C. Clarke, Lewis's favorite science-fiction writer. But Hooper and the C.S. Lewis estate were not amused. They sent a letter to the publisher demanding that the book be withdrawn. The publisher declined, and the estate took no further action, in spite of the seriousness of Lindskoog's charges. Why no lawsuit against Lindskoog? "That would be giving her self-advertisement, and that's just what she wants," says Hooper. Lindskoog is now working on an expanded version of this work to be called *Light on C.S. Lewis's Shadowlands*, which will be published with a foreword by University of Southern California religion professor Robert Ellwood.

Meanwhile, the C.S. Lewis industry continues apace. Contrary to what many suppose, his stepsons t y Joy Davidman, David and Douglas Gresham, have no say in his estate, having sold their share of it soon after it was settled. The estate is now called the C.S. Lewis PTE, owned by several anonymous investors in a holding company based in the Channel Islands and Hong Kong. Its president is Rudolph Sieber, who reportedly resides in Holland or Switzerland.

Though the estate remains shrouded in secrecy, it tenaciously guards its interests. A cloistered nun in New Jersey wrote an eighth Narnia chronicle called *The Centaur's Cavern* and found a willing publisher and endorsements from friends of Lewis himself. She made it clear that this work was not by Lewis and planned to donate all the profits to Mother Teresa. But the Lewis estate shut the project down, as they did a popular one-man show called "An Evening With C.S. Lewis" by actor Tom Key, even though Key paid royalties. But the estate did sell the rights for a Narnia video game that retailed for \$40, a development that is not exactly in the spirit of Lewis, who felt he should give most of his royalties to the needy and who often lectured free of charge.

What would C.S. Lewis think of what has happened since his death? "He would be slightly amused," says Vanauken, "but he would put things right" This is putting it mildly, in fact that muscular Christian would be appalled at the fate of his legacy and waste no time kicking some butt

Mickey Marxism, continued from page 1

It was taken as a bad omen that Eisner's model for "America" was not the hugely successful Disneyland in Anaheim, California, or Disney World in Orlando, Florida, which were deliberately located in places where tourists take fun-in-the-sun vacations, but rather Euro Disney. Part of the rationale for that dismal park, constructed in a locale an hour's drive from Paris, was that the hordes of tourists who come annually to Paris, after having their noses rubbed in Napoleon and Louis XIV and Richelieu and the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower for a couple of days, would be ready for something fun. The kids at least (like Eisner himself, who has admitted to hating history in school) would dream of waterlides and Pepsi and Big Macs and cry out for Disney.

It didn't work in France, but Eisner has decided to try out the same principle on Americans, whom he seems to think exist on a lower intellectual level than the Europeans. Washington, D.C., too, is flooded with tourists every year. And Eisner* who says he spent one of the worst weekends in his life when he was taken to visit Washington as a child, is betting that children-tourists to Washington, like the child Eisner, will be bored senseless by the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial and the Capitol building and the White House and will cry out to have history made fun for them by Disney.

What these tourists don't understand is that actually it would be history made fun for them by Eric Foner.

Eric Foner is not exactly a household name, but he may have become one when Virginia Gov. George Allen and that state's U.S. Sens. John Warner and Chuck Robb—all strong supporters of the historical theme park in their state—find out a little bit about the man Michael Eisner has chosen as chief historical consultant for his kindergarten course in U.S. history.

Eric Foner is not a name widely known outside academic circles, but in New York, "Foner" isn't just a name. It's an institution. One Foner was head of the Communist-run Fur Workers Union. A second Foner was head of the Communist-run Drug and Hospital Workers Union. A third Foner is author of a Communist-line history of American labor. Eric's father, a fourth Foner, was dismissed from the City College history department during a late-1940s (pre-McCarthy) anti-Communist purge. The fifth Foner is Eric himself.

Eric Foner is an American historian with a specialty in the 19th century, especially the Civil War and Reconstruction, who has done prize-winning work in his field, although, according to old friends, he entered the field of history in the first place to vindicate the worldview of his blacklisted father and uncle. The field of academic history is so politically correct that only future generations of historians will be able to sort out the real worth of Foner's work. But when Foner leaves his field in the 19th century and enters the 20th century we all acquire expertise. Not to mince words, Foner is a lifelong pro-Soviet Marxist who finally broke with the Soviet Union only when there was no more Soviet Union. In last summer's issue of *Dissent*, a journal of the Left, Eugene Genovese (the true father of 1960s Marxist historical "revisionism," who has since rejected both Marxism and the PC pieties that are its handmaidens in the contemporary academy) wrote a major article addressed to all fellow Leftists: "The Crimes of Communism: What Did You Know and When Did You Know It?" One of the principal pro-Soviet American intellectuals at which Genovese takes aim is none other than Eric Foner. Year after year, writes Genovese, his "old comrade" agreed with him every step of the way on both the Soviet Union and the world Communist movement, producing not one word of criticism of either. Neither in public nor in private did Foner ever criticize Moscow or Communism. Everything that came out of Moscow was pure gold. Foner was a contributor to *The Nation*, whose editor, Victor Navasky, has called Communists "moral exemplars." *The Nation* having for decades alternated between openly endorsing Stalin's murderous acts and suggesting that it was best even for those who found Soviet behavior dubious to remain silent for fear of endangering the goals of socialism.

Foner lamely replied to Genovese in the same issue of *Dissent*: "As one who grew up in an Old Left family," he assures Genovese that he did indeed hear criticism of Moscow—and "beginning not just with the collapse of the USSR." Calling on his "personal memory" (no sentence of his doubts were ever written down or published), Foner claims to remember family "discussions" of the Soviet Union as early as 1956. It would have been hard to avoid the subject—even in a family filled with Foners—at this time. For in 1956, of course, at the celebrated 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in Moscow, First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev himself criticized Stalin and Stalin's Soviet

Union in his famous "secret" speech, which soon circulated the globe. International Communism was in an uproar, with "de-Stalinisation" suddenly the order of the day.

Literally overnight, every good Communist vehemently condemned Stalin and his crimes, while attributing them to the "cult of the individual" (a conveniently bourgeois ideal) rather than to the socialist system itself. Communist Parties, not only in Eastern Europe but in Western Europe as well—where in France and Italy Communist parties and labor unions were powerful and influential—were eager to cleanse themselves of the Stalinist stain. Only in America was anti-Stalinism muted or, as in the case of Eric Foner, inaudible.

But memory is an elastic instrument. Now that the Soviet Union and the "Old Left" no longer exist (except for variants in North Korea and Cuba), Eric Foner, in his *Dissent* reply to Genovese, calls for a "balanced reassessment of the history of American Communism." This reassessment must take account—Foner now abruptly admits—of "silence in the face of unspeakable crimes," but then he recovers himself and says that it must also take account of the



Eric Foner

contribution made by American Communism "to some of this country's most important struggles for social betterment"

In fact it is Eric Foner's view of Communism's contributions to America's struggles for social betterment that may determine what he is likely to do as professor-in-charge of Disney's "America." Foner's arrival as Michael Eisner's expert on America is an intriguing story and perhaps a cautionary tale. He first came to the Disney Company's attention a few years ago when he made a trip to Disneyland and became annoyed by the speech that the Abraham Lincoln robot gave in the Hall of Presidents. This speech, Foner complained in a letter to the company, "presented a Cold War era's interpretation of Lincoln." Walt Disney Imagineering, the company's resident think tank which probably knew nothing of Foner's politics, promptly hired him as a consultant and put him to work.

Possibly because of Foner, the Hall of Presidents in Disneyland—a big hit when it opened in California in 1971 that was seen by 20 million spectators in its first 4 years—was closed in 1990 and replaced by the Muppets. After a public outcry, it was reopened, but on a good day its spacious, 744-seat theater was down to audiences of only 10 or 12 people. Meanwhile, Foner went to work helping redesign the Hall of Presidents at Disney World in Orlando. When this exhibit reopened last November, the left-wing *Nation* magazine described it as "impressive." Visitors, wrote *The Nation*, "will find a strikingly intelligent and remarkably progressive program. The Lincoln speech has shifted from a vaguely McCarthyite warning against the 'danger within' to an acknowledgment of the centrality of race in American history; and the Hall of Presidents program has shifted from a vaguely fascistic celebration of presidential leadership to a challenge to visitors to consider the incompleteness of freedom in America today."

Now no one has yet seen anything of Eric Foner's contribution to plans for Disney's "America." But whether

it winds up being built in Virginia or Maryland, Bob Weiss, a Disney senior vice president and a creative director of the park, says the park will tell "the environmental story" as well as that of "the exploitation of workers." This brings up a question: Can tens of millions of people be induced to have a good time while brooding about the exploitation of workers in America and considering the incompleteness of our freedom? Will Foner be able to work slave ships into a water ride? Or a ride through a forest decimated by Agent Orange? Or a tour of a fun house packed with tubercular workers doing piece work?

Foner, now DeWitt Clinton Professor of History at Columbia, has been Pitt Professor of American History at Cambridge in England and has won Guggenheims and history prizes galore, including both the Bancroft and Parkman awards. One might well assume that Foner was merely one of those intellectuals infatuated with the Soviet Union from afar and had never actually seen a full-blown socialist system in operation.

But no: His has been a hands-on infatuation. In 1990, as the Soviet Union was entering its last phase, somewhat less than a year before its final collapse, Eric Foner spent four months as a Fulbright Lecturer in American History at Moscow State University and was altogether horrified at what he found. Not horrified, unfortunately, by the malfunctioning of a miserably inefficient economic system, at the heavy tips patients had to pay medical staff at hospitals for surgery or to get their bed linen changed, or even at the highly stratified state structure and privileges of the Soviet ruling class, the celebrated Nomenklatura. No, what horrified him was that his students and other Soviet intellectuals were so critical of the Soviet system, and that when he told them what a rotten place the United States was, they wouldn't believe him. Foner was quite astonished, for instance, that almost every one of his students, who had enjoyed the exhilarating benefits of Soviet life, supported Estonia's right to leave the Soviet Union. Nor did his students express regret at the recent Soviet loss of Eastern Europe or the decline of the Soviet Union as a world power. He found himself pulling for Gorbachev—not because of the incidental liberations of *glasnost*, but rather because he was trying to keep the Soviet Union together, a fact that led Foner, eager for this to be accomplished* to compare the Soviet transitional leader to Abraham Lincoln.

Foner, who gave a humorless account of his USSR experiences in *Harper's* magazine, lectured the Moscow Institute of World History on his specialty, American mistreatment of blacks, and noted with chagrin that his talk was very ill received, listeners being puzzled by what they considered his "oppositional" attitude, viewing him at best as "hopelessly eccentric." Acutely distressed at what he called this strange Russian "love affair with America," Foner was almost completely demoralized by a new Russian view that the U.S. Constitution embodied both "universal human ideals" and the key concept of a "law-based state" that Russia would do well to emulate. Everywhere he found Russian scholars stressing their ties with Western Europe, which Foner considered appallingly "Eurocentric," with none of the exquisite multiculturalism so popular in the American academy. Even the Russian intellectual lexicon had changed, he observed bitterly. "Progress" and "class" were out, and during his four months there, he never once heard the word "imperialist."

But what shocked and disgusted Foner most was educated Russians' nostalgia for the era before the Bolshevik Revolution. Their "reluctance to confront the unpleasant aspects of czarist society" and their "painting the history of the Soviet era in the blackest of hues" he found perverse when not simply outrageous. (Soviet historians once considered dissident have estimated that in all the centuries of Czarist rule some 14,000 people were put to death for crimes against the state, whereas in its comparatively brief tenure the Soviet regime sent to their deaths over 50 million.) The peculiarity in all this, for anyone with even a smidgen of self-irony, is for a foreign intellectual to be in a country filled with people who had survived Lenin, Stalin, and the Gulag—to which almost every family lost at least one member—and yet to spend his time lecturing these people on their wrong-headedness in too severely judging the Soviet system. This much must be said: Foner certainly knows how to miss the boat with panache. At the end of his tour of duty in the crumbling USSR, he says, "Lenin is still widely revered as a kind of George Washington figure."

"Rarely has history been so malleable as in Gorbachev's Soviet Union," Foner wrote indignantly in *Harper's*. And what, one wonders, does Professor Foner think about "historical malleability" in Stalin's Soviet Union, where people were airbrushed out of history, disappeared into the Gulag, and liquidated in secret ceremonies of death? It was speaking of Stalinism, after all,

that a Soviet dissident once wrote that the future of all countries was unpredictable but only the Soviet Union had an unpredictable past.

Needless to say, although Foner piously claims to Eugene Genovese in *his Dissent* response that he criticized the Soviet Union well before its collapse, there is not one word to support this in the article he published in *Harper's* a mere eight months before the end of the USSR. On the contrary, he seems to have spent his four months in the Soviet Union chastising his students for their hostility to Communism and quarreling with them any time they spoke well of the United States and democracy.

Nor was the Harper's article some sort of anomaly, in his other non-academic writing, Foner has continued to fellow-travel long after the trip should have been over. He has continued to defend the sacred memory of the Rosenberg spies, most gushingly in an introduction to the book by their sons, the Meeropol brothers. And in a review of Martin Duberman's biography of Paul Robeson, Foner shows where his sympathies lie in a comment he makes about Robeson's 1949 trip to the Soviet Union, a country mat came to have some of the qualities of homeland for the black singer. During this trip Robeson got firsthand knowledge of Stalin's anti-Semitic purges, particularly the fate of Itzak Feffer, who was put to death as part of this campaign. Foner praises Robeson for singing a verse from a song of the Warsaw Ghetto in one of his concerts as a (somewhat dubious) way of "making his feelings known." But far more heroic than this was what came after. "Robeson refused to join the Cold War chorus on his return to the United States," in other words, the black singer remained silent about Stalin's grotesque crimes and thus deserves our admiration.

Foner's attitudes toward the former Soviet Union inescapably carry implications for his view of "America." And he is an activist in scholar's clothing.

Recently, as chairman of the history department

of Columbia, he secured an appointment for radical Manning Marable to head the Institute in African American Studies. And this month his protégé, in collaboration with Foner, convened a conference that honored Communist historian (starkest of oxymorons) Herbert Aptheker, who once wrote a book justifying the Soviet rape of Hungary, and featured Communist Angela Davis as a keynote speaker. Members of the non-Gus Hall of the Party calling itself Committees of Correspondence, Aptheker and Davis, according to one of Foner's colleagues, "were there as part of an old-style front group event that had the feel of a Party meeting in the '30s."

The word is that Eric Foner has recruited some of his friends from the Old Left to work for Disney. And so the question for Michael Eisner is this: Can such lopsided views and hidden agendas as Foner's be "sold" to the throngs for whom Disney's "America" is intended? Can the concept behind "Pirates of the Caribbean" be translated into "Genocidists of the American Plains?" Will there be an exhibit on the * 40s which implies that "Communism is 20th-century Americanism"? There are other questions of a more mundane nature. Is this all a giant error on the part of some Disney personnel officer who hired Eric Foner without bothering to check through *Reader's Guide* first? Will Eric Foner give Disney's "America" a try and find himself sacked as so many a screenwriter has been in Hollywood after an unacceptable first "treatment"?

Wilcomb E. Washburn, until recently director of the Office of American Studies at the Smithsonian Institution, says that since Marxism in recent years has been so overwhelmingly discredited, a man like Foner is reduced merely to a constant "disposition to view the United States and capitalism with a hypercritical eye while looking at Socialism through rose-colored glasses." But is a hypercritical eye the kind of eye a man should have when designing a mass historical extravaganza for millions of patriotic Americans? Called on to design a theme park

covering all of American history, Foner will doubtless work in the white man's cruelty to the Indian, the Asian, the Mexican, the Eskimo; sweated labor, the Homestead strike, Pullman strike, Triangle Shirtwaist fire; Big Stick diplomacy, Dollar diplomacy, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Palmer Raids, and the halcyon days of wartime cooperation with the Soviets. These are the most important facts about America in the view of the Left that is part of his genetic code.

But he would violate the core belief that has inspired almost his entire career if he found anything positive in American history comparable in significance to the oppression of blacks by whites. For Eric Foner, personally, that tends to swallow everything else up. No Plymouth Rock, no New Jerusalem, no Boston Massacre, no Valley Forge, no Founding Fathers, no *Federalist Papers*, no Age of Jackson, no Oregon Trail, no Conquest of the West, no Statue of Liberty, no Fair Deal, no Square Deal, no New Deal, no "I have not yet begun to fight," no Pearl Harbor, no D-Day, no landing on the moon.

Ron Radosh, co-author of *The Rosenberg File*, one of the important contemporary works on American communism (and someone whom Foner has attacked for having found the Sainted Couple of American Communism, in varying degrees, venal and treasonous), says that Foner reminds him of nothing so much as someone who flourished in the grand days of the late-1930s Popular Front, when Communists enjoyed considerable favor ("No enemies to the Left"). Walt Disney himself having been a fierce anti-Communist, Radosh adds, "The idea of a Popular Front version of American history being sponsored by the Disney Company now is a prodigious irony." Eugene Genovese summed up the primitive level to which he expects Eric Foner to reduce American history for Disney if he is given half a chance: "Black good. White bad." Or, pink good. Red, white, and blue bad.

—Richard Grenier is a writer based in Washington, D.C.

Imagineering Gay Disneyland

Having imagined a theme park called "America," based on the expert advice of an historian closely identified with Marxism and black liberation, the Disney Company might well want to continue its foray into cultural diversity. What if Disney's elite corps of "Imagineers" went on to imagine other such spin-offs. "Amazonia," a feminist park, might be a possibility, or "Hispanicland," a nod in the direction of America's fastest growing minority. What if Chairman Michael Eisner were to unveil plans to build "Disney's Gay America" at a site, say, in Marin County, California, north of San Francisco?

It is not difficult to imagine Eisner, whose company appears to be in robust financial health but actually shows disturbing signs of instability, making such a gesture to capture the interest of this well-heeled special interest group. In fact, Eisner's move might well come during Gay Pride Week, since it was on his same occasion last spring that thousands of gays and lesbians from around the nation descended on Disney World in Orlando.

Disney executives would no doubt at first fear that Gay America would damage the company's reputation as a promoter of "family values," but in the end they would probably decide that their themes had always emphasized love, friendship, and the struggle for freedom and independence against forces of evil, and that gay life should be included in this vision.

Disney's vision of Gay America, however, would have as much to do with money as idealism. The investment experts called in by Imagineers would certainly testify that gays have a higher per-capita income than any other group and that Gay Pride week was one of the most profitable in Disney World's history. It is easy to hear the statement of a company executive: "Sure, this is a high-growth piece of the market. We can't duck it. In fact, it's a market we'll bend over backwards to cater to."

Bend over backwards, indeed. Who would Disney hire to become the public liaison for the project? Perhaps someone like Broadway personality Harvey Fierstein, director, choreographer, and star of *Torch Song Trilogy*. "What we're doing here in Marin County," Fierstein would probably say as he unveiled mockups and story boards at an inaugural press conference, "is taking the old familiar Disney themes and characters known around the world and turning them on their ears."

"Every hour* Disney on Parade will have a salute to transvestites that promises to make our main boulevard look like a scene from *La Cage Aux Folles*. Visitors won't be surprised to see Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck stop and kiss as they walk down the park's main boulevard. Or Donald might even take a little nibble on one of Mickey's luscious lobes with his bill. After all, in their world they are 'lifetime companions.'"

Speaking of companions, to commemorate the projected opening of this park, Disney might plan to release its 32nd full-length feature cartoon, "Plutonic Relationships," featuring Goofy and his "domesticated partner" Pluto on a bi-coastal adventure that takes them from Fire Island to San Francisco. Disney's film division could make ambitious plans for other gay-oriented features including the first all male, X-rated animated cartoon, aptly called *The Loin King*, or a new version of classic Cinderella called *Cinderella*.

"This is the *Cinderella* for the '90s," the promotional literature for this

film might well read, "a *Cinderella* that honors the validity of alternative lifestyles. In this script, Cinderella is the teen-aged cross-dressing foster son of gay parents. When the state passes a law limiting child adoptions to only 'traditional' nuclear families, he is taken away from his gay foster parents, and placed with an evil Republican, heterosexual couple and their evil children. When his fairy godmother frees Cinderella to go to the Cross Dressers' Ball, it is not just any prince that meets there—it is Prince, the rock star! They fall in love and go off on Prince's latest tour, 'Yellow Rain.'"

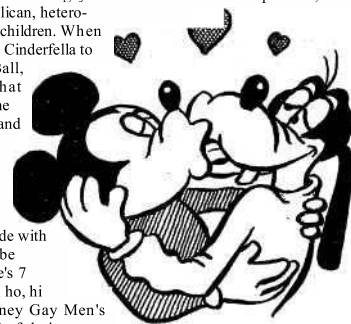
Moviegoers might also be treated to the release of a remake of *Snow White* timed to coincide with the park's opening: "Don't be surprised to find Ms. White's 7 diminutive pals singing 'hi ho, hi ho' as members of the Disney Gay Men's Chorus after 'coming out' of their diamond mine to open a Beverly Hills beauty salon. While entertainment is our primary goal, we hope those cartoons will give children and adults food for thought on how to view alternative lifestyles."

Food, as a matter of fact, would present planners with another way to remind visitors where they are. Disney's culinary division could use the dishes it creates to commemorate well known figures in the gay community throughout history. There would be main courses like Billie Jean King Crab, Veal Oscar Wilde, Liverace, or Cole Porterhouse steak. For those who want a fast-food snack, there would be a Gertrude SteinBurger or a 100% Kosher Barney Frankfurter. Diners might quench their thirst with a glass of Harvey Milk or a Perrier Ellis, and of course begin their food service with a range of cocktails, including a Martini Navratilova. Dessert choices might include a Truman Compote or a sampling of Walt Whitman's Chocolates.

Were Disney's "Gay America" to become reality, it is not hard to guess the central feature of the park—a ride that recapitulates the history of the AIDS epidemic. Parkgoers might enter through a 100 foot high red ribbon and get on a tram ride that would take them through a realistic panorama tracing the evolution of AIDS. The climax of the ride would come when visitors get off the tram and are confronted by a robot with the features of the man who personally bears the responsibility for the spread of AIDS in this country—Ronald Reagan. Speaking in a lifelike voice, the Reagan robot will admit to departing guests the full extent of his culpability while a line of dancing Pinnocchio place condoms on their tumescent noses and tell flamboyant tales.

Imagineering could make it so.

—Turk Richards





PAGE 12

OCTOBER 1994

Members of the Hollywood Ten with their lawyers

The Hollywood Ten, continued from page 1

Of course, we now know, thanks to the evidence left in the papers of Hellman's attorney Joe Rauh, that she was a card-carrying Party member, who lied easily for decades to the ranks of the gullible.

The Hollywood blacklist films follow the scenario outlined almost 20 years ago in a seminal *New York Times* article by Hilton Kramer. The stock figures are the "easily recognized villains, from Congressmen out to grab headlines at any cost to craven industry executives solely concerned to protect their careers and investments to former comrades out to save their own necks." On the other side are the blacklisted themselves, paragons of virtue who always are totally innocent. Missing from the films are the actual-Hollywood Communists, who either never existed or are seen as figments of J. Edgar Hoover's hypertrophied imagination.

But the communists did exist although it has become something like bad form to mention this fact, and virtually everyone on the blacklist came from their ranks. Yes, HUAC's Hollywood hearings in 1951 were punitive—the committee already knew who the Hollywood Reds were, and their sole purpose was to force recalcitrant witnesses to engage in a humiliating act of contrition by offering up the names of those friends the committee actually already knew about. To gain absolution, a witness had to confess one's sins and name names. A nasty business. But most of those summoned by HUAC were indeed ardent Stalinists, whose own sins exceeded those of their current tormentors.

Virtually all of them, as the Left-wing historians Larry Ceplair and Steven Englund explain in their surprisingly balanced study of the blacklist era, *The Inquisition in Hollywood*, "defended the Stalinist regime, accepted the Comintern's policies and about-faces, and criticized enemies and allies alike with an infuriating self-righteousness, superiority and selective memory which eventually alienated all but the staunchest fellow travelers."

These Hollywood Reds were hardly political innocents or outsiders suddenly trapped in industry politics. Indeed, the political infights of the '40s were over the tenuous alliance of liberals and Communists. In the '30s, the Party formed a broad anti-fascist coalition, which shared the support of actors like Melvyn Douglas. That creation splintered the moment the Nazi-Soviet Pact was signed in 1939. After the pact, when the Hollywood Reds insisted that their front group switch from opposing fascism to supporting neutrality, it was too much for Douglas. He resigned and introduced a resolution denouncing both "Nazi aggression" and "Soviet perfidy." The Communists refused to support it, and they allowed their group to collapse rather than have it turn against Stalin's policies. Douglas's resignation from the party was one of the first glimpses that Hollywood's liberal community got of the true face of Stalinism.

As World War II bled into the Cold War, the Reds insisted that their followers condemn the Marshall Plan and fight the Truman administration tooth and nail for its "anti-Soviet" policies. It was in this context that HUAC began its famous investigation of Hollywood. At first, Hollywood's liberal community came to the defense of the subpoenaed screenwriters who would become mythologized as the Hollywood Ten. But the Ten's insistence upon hiding their own beliefs, their belligerence before the committee, and

their spurious claim that the goal of their conspiracy of silence was simply to defend the right of privacy isolated them from mainstream liberals, who were also put off by the Ten's continued charge that America was going fascist. HUAC actually focused its attention on the small group of actual Communists and fellow travelers, and largely ignored their active liberal community. After the indictment of the Ten, the Reds invoked the Fifth Amendment. Instead of proudly proclaiming their Communist affiliations and insisting on their right to their own politics—and facing the consequences of doing so—some Reds denied they were Reds and argued that they were being persecuted because of their fight for peace and their defense of democracy. They avoided going to jail, but their mendacity was so obvious that they wound up suffering what was perhaps an even more serious political penalty.

Why did they lie? Lester Cole, a top Hollywood Red and one of the cherished Ten, explained in his autobiography that affirmation of his party membership would have harmed his public role as an officer of the Screen Writers' Guild. He admits that his own membership was obvious, and that silence about it weakened his credibility. But he argues that the "cloak of secrecy surrounding party affiliation" was demanded by the party, since "open identification would provide more ammunition for the enemy propaganda against us."

That sentence is worth thinking about. What Cole was saying was that he was a Communist, but was being called one by his political opponents. Therefore, he had to deny he was a Communist, lest they be proven correct. If a Communist was called a Red, he was to meet the charge by invoking the countercharge of red-baiting, a sin worse than anything. Cole, in reality, was hiding his Communist affiliation during the '30s and '40s, long before the HUAC hearings, when acknowledgment of his affiliation—during the war years, for example—would not have harmed him at all.

And, of course, one would not know from the heralding of the Reds in the recent Hollywood films that over the years, they had in fact introduced and practiced the blacklist solidly within their own ranks. Indeed, one of the Ten's own, the screenwriter and novelist Albert Maltz, had committed a serious indiscretion in the mid 1940s for which he almost suffered banishment from the world of his comrades. His offense was to have given a good review to a novel by James T. Farrell. Maltz was informed by his comrades that he had made a fearsome error: He was meant to have condemned the book since Farrell was a "Trotskyite." Called into an inquisition, Maltz was forced to grovel, and abandoning his own dignity, he condemned his own review, recanted, and readily issued the expected condemnation of Farrell. Maltz, of course, was lucky he had not committed such an indiscretion in his beloved Soviet Union or he would have suffered this humiliating ritual of self-abasement and then been put to death, to boot.

Others faced similar fates. Joseph Freeman, author of the acclaimed *An American Testament*, was forced by the party to buy up and literally burn all existing volumes of his own book, which evidently did not pay enough homage to Stalin in its pages. The book was supposed to have been optioned for a movie, but later Freeman claimed that the film was never made because of the opposition to it by the Hollywood Communists. And the screenwriter

Morrie Ryskind, who testified against the Ten before HUAC, wrote in his autobiography how, in the 12 years prior to his testifying, he was one of the 10 highest paid writers in Hollywood, turning down three assignments for each one that he accepted. But after his appearance before the committee, Ryskind found that he and three others who appeared were "never again to receive one single offer from any studio." Ryskind found himself, it appears, on the most stringently maintained blacklist of all—the one kept by the Left. And of course, there always is the case of the great director, Elia Kazan, who made some of the most memorable films of the '50s. There was always a canker on the rose of Kazan's success—the whispering campaign mounted against him by the Hollywood Reds who called him "the fink's fink" because of the truths Kazan told about the Communists. The blacklist, it seems, cut two ways.

And what can we say, then, about the reality of the blacklist? It is true many members of HUAC had little regard for liberty and failed to see any differences between loyalty and security, dissent and treason. Their investigations often violated America's democratic standards and were carried on more for the effect of publicity and grandstanding than for any serious purpose. But their antics did not mean that Americans had no good reason to worry about Communism in the age of Stalin's reign, and today, few are those who understand that it was possible to oppose both HUAC and the Communists. Rather than deal evenly with what really happened, Hollywood had made Communists a non-existent symbol for HUAC's unpardonable behavior—and, when mentioning them at all, treats them as defenders of American democracy, not as the vicious Stalinists they really were.

Perhaps it is fitting to quote the epitaph for the blacklist years given before his death by Dalton Trumbo, the most celebrated member of the Hollywood Ten, and the one Communist who ended his years in triumph, once again penning award-winning screenplays. Accepting a Screen Writers' Guild award in 1970, Trumbo magnanimously argued that "it, will do no good to search for villains or heroes or saints or devils, because there were none; there were only victims...none of us—right, left, or centers—emerged from that long nightmare without sin." Hollywood—true to its usual stance—has ignored Trumbo's mea culpa, and persists in giving us picture after picture of villainous devils pitted against unflawed heroes.

It is ironic that Hollywood, which made amends for the radical past of some of its leading citizens by giving us long forgotten comic opera portrayals of villainous Reds in the '50s, should have turned the tables on itself in an endless series of films in which there are no Reds at all, or some depicted only as innocents led astray by their guileless good nature. Isn't it time for a more balanced and accurate film about what really happened in Hollywood in the '50s? Such a work would not only educate the country about a complex moment in its past but heal the wounds that afflict Hollywood even today.

It is time to get real about Hollywood's Scoundrel Time—not only by telling who the real scoundrels were but also by putting the whole episode in perspective. As Abe Polonsky, one of the Ten, once said, "It was only a blacklist. It wasn't Auschwitz."

Ronald Radosh, co-author of *The Rosenberg File*, teaches at Adelphi University.

Bi-Coastal Pre-Election Coverage

Rollerbladers for Cuomo

By Jonathan Daniel

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14—I play the bass guitar in a New York City-based jazz trio called Beat Positive that cannot say no to a booking. Because of this, I often find myself at parties to which I would never otherwise be invited. Several weeks ago we played at a funeral home. Last night we played at a fundraiser that had some funeral qualities for the soon-to-be-former governor of New York* Mario Cuomo.

Like most Americans who grew up during the age of cable TV, my information comes via sound bites and fast cuts. I know, for instance, the protagonist in Nixon's famous Checkers Speech was his dog Checkers, yet I do not know what that speech was about. This type of knowledge is great if you're playing *Jeopardy* or Trivial Pursuit, but not, however, very helpful when choosing a worthy political candidate, or so I thought until last night.

I walked in a few minutes before the festivities were to start and had time to pick up some of the literature on display: a pamphlet on voting through the Internet and an invitation to a "Rollerbladers for Cuomo" gathering in Central Park. (Blades required, black tie optional). The idea of the rally seemed to be to attract Manhattan's youth vote. Unfortunately, only the elite of Gotham City's "young people" could afford the \$25 cover charge.

But this conundrum was lost when the lights dimmed and, as the drunk and stoned chanted, "We Want Cuomo," young Christopher Cuomo took the microphone. He briefly mumbled a few over-rehearsed lines about his father focusing on qualification versus sloganeering and then left the stage to those hopefully more eloquent. His point seemed reasonable enough, yet isn't "qualification over sloganeering" merely his own sloganeering? I don't have any idea what qualifications it takes to be governor—you don't have to pass a test or have formal schooling or training. As near as I can figure, what you need is a certain kind of inexplicable mass appeal, not unlike that of a rock star, because the same American public that loves Michael Bolton votes on election day. Maybe what you need is a good slogan—something that sounds important, like, say, qualification over sloganeering.

Karen Burstein, the lesbian who Democrats have put up for attorney general, bounded on stage next like someone's ditz spinster aunt. I couldn't help feeling embarrassed for her as she gushed on. Her platform seemed to be that she wanted to be a singer, but, since she had no talent, had decided to run for office. Her relentless reiteration of this throughout her 15 minutes made it impossible to focus on any other point she was trying to make. She did joke about the overcrowding of the filled-to-capacity club and the lack of a fire marshal present. Oh, those rebel Democrats! Breaking laws left and right and always living on the edge!

Burstein introduced the next act, William Baldwin. At first, I mistakenly thought she meant James Baldwin, the acclaimed author, perhaps a slightly more appropriate choice. When I saw that this Baldwin wasn't black (or dead), I realized my error. It was hack actor Alec Baldwin's hack actor younger brother. The rationale behind having him there eluded me. Is the idea that because his brother sleeps with Kim Basinger, I'm supposed to take his endorsement of Cuomo seriously?

The over-moussed Baldwin proceeded with an inane anecdote and some name dropping. He was overly impressed because Cuomo had accidentally called him back (rather than being solicited for the campaign, Baldwin had actually called Cuomo's son Chris). Also, he was awed by Cuomo's accessibility. I can vouch for this first hand since there were only two or three dozen incredibly hostile, pit-bull-like security guards surrounding him the entire evening.

How do you whip New Yorkers into an instant frenzy? Have one of their beloved sports franchises win the big one or, that failing, play Sinatra. The headline and his wife walked on to berserk cheering as Sinatra's "New York, New York" pumped the room full of the spirit and sounds of yesteryear. From the onset, Cuomo was like a rock star performing his greatest hits. Preaching to the converted in his articulate, didactic manner, he spoke of truth, justice, dreams, and the future. In short, he was pro all things good, anti all things evil: Crack and criminals are bad, children and Catholics are good. It struck me that in a perfect world, this would be all fine and well, but he's not running for governor of Utopia. We're talking about New York here—even Woody Allen wouldn't call it a Perfect World.

This seems to be the problem with Democrats. They're blind to the world we live in, and their ideas, while terrific in theory, simply don't work in the short term and have disastrous consequences over time. Cuomo's been governor of New York for quite a while now. I've lived here for six years, and it had been in a steady decline until this year when Rudolph Giuliani, a lispng Republican with a bad comb-over, won New York City's mayoral race. Giuliani's "Quality of Life" programs to clean up the streets with extra police caused considerable media flack because he made some budget cuts in New York's social programs. But the bottom line is, while New York still ain't Kansas, there's been a noticeable change for the better here. The guy cares about New York, and he's trying to fix the problems. Cuomo, on the other hand, has no speech impediment and a full head of hair. Yet, while he may care about New York, he's been completely ineffectual at trying to change things.

The buzz around the room was, "You've got to admit, he's a good speaker." Okay, I admit it. So let's give him a talk show. It's time to start holding people accountable for their actions, or inactions as the case may be. Cuomo is against the death penalty; he's says it doesn't work, it's degrading, and all the Republicans are offering is death. He cannot ideologically be for the death penalty given his public record, because the death penalty is the ultimate form of holding people responsible.

Cuomo brought up the World Trade Center bombing and how, by going back to work there, New Yorkers showed terrorists they're not going to be bullied. Isn't public execution of the guilty a better way of saying we're not gonna take it? Again, in a perfect world, death penalties and abortions may be morally reprehensible, but, again, this is New York, home of Son of Sam, Mark David Chapman, and Joel Rifkin, to name a few of the criminally insane who live here.

Aside from the fact that he's pro-death, New Yorkers know relatively little about George Pataki, Cuomo's opponent. Although Pataki's "recognition quotient" is considerably lower, he's slightly ahead in the polls. Perhaps this is New York's way of saying, "We need more leaders; we don't need any more stars."

After the speech that everyone agreed was pretty good, Cuomo left the building to the sounds of "New York, New York." This is the same song the Yankees always play while leaving the ballpark. Their season is finished. Maybe Cuomo's is as well.

Jonathan Daniel is a musician living in New York City.

Borderlines: California's Proposition 187

By Craig L. Hymowitz

LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 14—For many, the subject of immigration calls forth stirring images of Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty and the huddled masses who came to America yearning to be free. But for those in the Southwest United States and Florida, the images have been of piecemeal raids and moonlight dashes over barbed wire fences, overwhelmed border guards and venal politicians. And for Californians, the issue has gone from a matter of debate to a desperate desire for action.

Prop. 187, the most controversial initiative on the California state ballot this fall, would deny illegal aliens all government benefits, including public health-care services (except emergency care) and public education. It would enforce these laws by mandating that students, welfare recipients, and medical patients present proof of legal residency or U.S. citizenship as a condition for enrollment or benefits or face reporting to the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the state Attorney General.

"It was a two-by-four to Washington and Sacramento," Barbara Kiley, co-chair of the Prop. 187 Save Our State committee, says of the measure. "We said if you don't address [illegal immigration], we will, and we'll be real harsh about it." The problem to which Kiley refers has reached catastrophic proportions in recent years. Medical, education, and incarceration costs for California's 1.7 million illegals are estimated at more than \$3.4 billion annually.

As election day nears, the latest *Los Angeles Times* poll shows voters strongly supporting Prop. 187. This support will no doubt erode as opponents begin an extensive (and costly) media campaign. But for now the support is broad-based, and, surprisingly, it includes a majority of the Latinos surveyed. The secret behind this wide support has not been a coordinated network of established organizations or big money but a unanimity of frustration on the part of the state's residents.

The interesting thing about Proposition 187, though, is not so much who supports the measure but who's opposing it. Calling themselves Taxpayers Against 187, the opposition is not whom you'd expect. Absent are the ACLU, NAACP, La Raza, MEChA, and many of the other civil rights and victimization groups. Instead, Taxpayers Against 187 is comprised of California's special interest giants—the California Teachers Association, the California Medical Association, and the California Federation of Teachers. The Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund is there too, one of only two Hispanic groups out of more than 250 Taxpayers Against 187, and an elite organization obviously more in touch with its Ford Foundation funders than its own "grass roots membership."

The proponents of 187 have staged a campaign financed by donations of less than \$250, while nearly 70 percent of the funding for Taxpayers Against 187 has come from the CTA, the State Council of Service Employees, and Univision, the Spanish language television network. (It makes one wonder where all the "taxpayers" are who are supposedly against the measure.)

It's appropriate to talk about money, because that's all that 187's opponents really care about. Nearly half the money raised to oppose 187 has come from the CTA. And it's clear that the teachers' union has clearly ponied up less for reasons of principle than of pocketbook. With California's educational funding per school tied to average classroom daily attendance, the expulsion of approximately 300,000-400,000 illegal alien students puts at risk over \$1.5 billion in aid, as well as a sizable chunk of CTA's membership (and union dues) as fewer teachers are needed, particularly those in the growth industry of bilingualism. But CTA's losses might not end there, as currently 44 percent of the L.A. Unified School District students are classified as Limited English Proficient, a classification that generates greater per-student funding than for regular students. In the zero-sum game of state budgeting, the CTA has "a hell of a lot to lose" if Prop. 187 passes, admits Robert Almanzan of MALDEF.

In addition to education providers, medical providers are putting up big bucks to defeat 187. In 1993, 322,000 illegal aliens received free health care (Medi-Cal), costing \$899 million—an 1800 percent increase since 1989. With guaranteed payment in 30 days, Medi-Cal has become the "preferred payment plan" for California doctors and hospitals. How much of Medi-Cal's increase has to do with greed versus injury remains unknown, but it could be that "the proof is in the fraud" since close to 80 percent of Medi-Cal fraud referral cases involve illegal aliens, according to Larry Malm, San Diego Region Chief for Medi-Cal Client Fraud Investigations.

On the ethnic front, MALDEF and other "mainstream" Hispanic groups have been surprisingly subdued in their opposition to 187. MALDEF now finds itself caught between political correctness (which mandates opposition to the initiative) and reality (which acknowledges that Hispanics around the state support 187). MALDEF's Almanzan reluctantly acknowledges this fact by trying to straddle the issue, saying that Latinos "have the same concerns and have been sold the ideals of 187 because they are frustrated with the problems facing California."

Certainly 187's proponents are not all angels just out to "Save Our State." Just as there are fringe Hispanics advocating a Mexican reconquest of the Southwest, there are those among 187's supporters who are motivated by racist and nativist goals. Yet for the opposition to base their campaign against 187 on the tenuous fact that the Pioneer Foundation (which has been pilloried by the press because a fraction of its grants funded the taboo subject of racial and ethnic intelligence) once gave money not to Yes on 187, but to an immigration reform group that has nothing to do with this measure, is perhaps the most significant admission of the desperation of Taxpayers Against 187.

Attempts to persuade Californians to reject 187 because it violates both federal privacy law and a U.S. Supreme Court 1982 ruling in *InPher v. Doe* have fallen on deaf ears. Constrained by the ruling that public schools must admit and pay for illegal children, Californians have no other choice but to violate the law to change it, say 187's supporters. "That's what 187 is, a court challenge to the law," says Barbara Kiley.

For opponents of the measure, victory or defeat is a cash-register issue. For supporters, it is the last, indeed the only, chance to close the floodgate on uncontrolled illegal immigration. As one grassroots supporter of 187 put it, "It's the taxpayers and the truth, versus the special interests." California voter frustration has reached a level not seen in the Golden State since the infamous tax revolt of Proposition 13 in 1978. Proponents believe that the "white noise" being generated over the wording of 187 will not drown out its simple message: "Do something!"

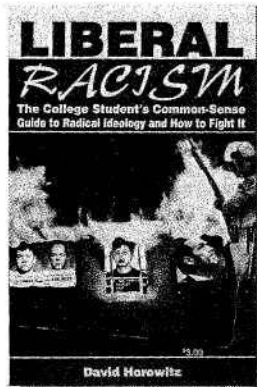
For many Californians, Prop. 187 is a way of cutting to the chase. They agree with the conclusions of former Democratic Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, chair of the Commission on Immigration Reform: "If a person is here unlawfully, he should be entitled to no benefits. Illegal aliens...broke the law to get here. They never intended to become a part of our social community and they are not entitled to benefits."

Craig L. Hymowitz works for the Investigative Journalism Project.

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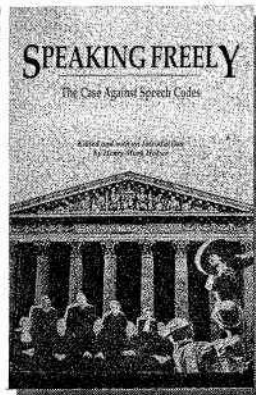
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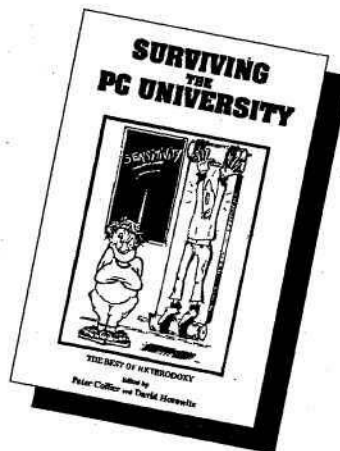
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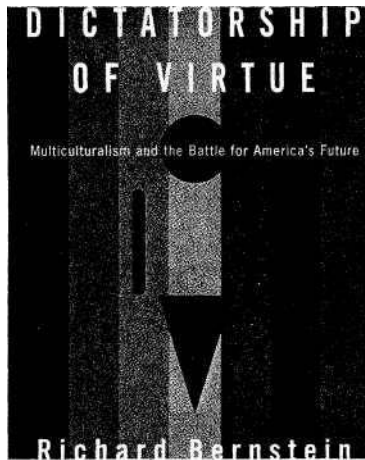


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Documenting *Derapage*

***Dictatorship of Virtue: Multiculturalism and the Battle for America's Future*, by Richard Bernstein, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1994, \$25.00**

REVIEWED BY STANLEY STEWART



Americans are cynical. At times it seems that the only thing they believe in anymore is getting even. Even before the big question is asked ("Is the U.S. on the right track?") Americans snarl, "No way!" * And yet the runaway film success of the summer of '94 was *Forrest Gump*, the story of a yea-sayer who, as the world careens from one calamity to another (Vietnam, Watergate, Civil Rights protests), remains confident and faithful, loving and innocent-proud to be an American. Cynics might say that I missed the point of the film. After all, *Forrest Gump* is stupid ("intellectually challenged," "differently gifted?"). He can't read. He fights in the Vietnam War! What upwardly mobile PC person with any smarts would do that? Only an idiot like *Forrest Gump* would believe that the American way makes sense. Why, the man's a Christian, for Christ's sake! And doesn't he go into business to make a profit and then compound the offense by getting rich? Maybe so. But the film has an engaging belief, and in the closing frames, as the camera backs away from *Forrest* waiting at the bus stop for his son, we hear the chirping of many birds who fly, not away, but into the tree where he and his childhood playmate found solace.

The question for the audience at this point is pretty much the one that Richard Bernstein takes up in his book about the reign of political correctness in our culture, *Dictatorship of Virtue*. Okay, the current generation has pretty much made a mess of things, but what about the next generation? Will they, with the help of parents and the educational system, learn the skills necessary to survive and flourish?

In *Dictatorship of Virtue*, Bernstein advances a new and promising diagnosis of the cause of this peculiarly American malaise of *derapage* (a "slippage" or "slide"). The classic instance of *derapage* was the slide during the French Revolution from the noble aims of the Declaration of the Rights of Man to the Draconian practices of the Reign of Terror. Although Bernstein assures his reader that Americans need not fear that PC revolutionaries will bring back the guillotine, he does show how their means and motives represent a slippage from the aim of the civil rights movement (inclusion and equality of opportunity) to the doctrinaire motives (raising consciousness and engineering equality of result) and tyrannical, methods (exclusion and character assassination) of the PC cadres on the battlefields of business,

government, and (especially) education.

Multiculturalism, purveyed as the cure for what ails the fractionated American workforce and student, is, Bernstein argues, a cause of the disease—this despite the fact that evidence seldom, if ever, supports the multiculturalist's underlying assumption that American society is rife with violent expressions of racism, sexism, and homophobia. Rather, continual brainwashing of reluctant students and workers aims at, and in many cases succeeds in, instilling an irrational self-doubt in Americans about the character—the values—of American society.

Lest Bernstein be dismissed at the outset as an unlearned academic kook, it should be stressed that he has made an honorable living as a reporter for *Time* magazine and the *New York Times*, having served as a foreign correspondent in Hong Kong and Paris. A native New Yorker, he has published several books that exhibit his first-hand knowledge of China and of immigration issues. The son of Hungarian Jews who immigrated through Ellis Island, Bernstein sees himself as a not extraordinary second-generation non-WASP outsider looking in at what the PC Left characterizes as an oppressive, hegemonic, "white male," racist, heterosexual, Judeo-Christian, capitalist, "system."

Bernstein reads widely, and he has a knack for exploding myths by careful acquisition of relevant evidence. This gives him an unfair advantage over his subjects in his fascinating, well-documented analysis of the motives and methods of the political correctness movement. He confronts the empty-headed pseudo-scholarship of so-called Afrocentrism, which holds that Aristotle stole his ideas from the library at Alexandria (centuries before that institution was erected). Bernstein traces the slide from the emphasis of the civil rights movement on equality of opportunity to the "racial set asides and quotas" that have become the centerpiece of the "multicultural" agenda. In a devastating analogy, he compares the multicultural movement to China's Great Cultural Revolution of the '60s and '70s, which was no more about culture than "multiculturalism" is.

One of the book's many rich examples of *derapage* concerns David Boldt, editorial page editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, who wrote an article on Norplant several years ago in which he used the word "welfare." Black members of his own newspaper staff tried to get Boldt fired as a "racist," despite the fact that not once in his article had he even mentioned race. In effect, three black members of the editorial board asked for, and on a de facto basis received, veto power over what the newspaper reporters would write and what the newspaper would publish. And then came an even deeper slide. The newspaper capitulated to demands not even remotely related to Boldt's article by agreeing to look into racial bias in hiring and into the dubiously related question of spousal benefits for homosexual staff members. In accordance with what Bernstein calls the "new consciousness," the hiring plan adopted was explicitly racist and sexist. Half of all new hires would be of racial minorities and half would be women. The agenda here, as Bernstein makes clear, had little to do with Boldt's perhaps carelessly worded, but surely not "racist," remark. Rather, it concerned a spoils system based not on an individual's merits, but on race, class, gender, or sexual interest.

Another of Bernstein's examples concerns Ronni and David Stillman, two New York liberals who had settled in the liberal town of Brookline, Massachusetts, and found that their oldest child had been shut out of the school's best class, an advanced placement course in European history. They went to the authorities only to learn that, as taxpayers, they were supporting a multicultural program that had students asking questions like, "Why do they teach us that white people suck?" and that the AP course in question was being tossed out of the curriculum as "incompatible with multiculturalism."

The problem was that the teacher of this highly rated, presumably elite course was a conservative ex-Marine, and his whole department had voted, with obvious political bias, to jettison the course. A parent's group formed, with lawyers on it they had to go to court to extract course descriptions and an examination of the kinds of courses that would take the place of European history in a tax-supported school. The teachers teamed up with the bureaucrats at the school, conducting their maneuvers to defend their suppression of this fine course as if it required more secrecy than the CIA. The Stillmans and their group were ridiculed by everyone, including the *Boston Globe*. Even a local rabbi (happily of a Reform synagogue that they did not attend) chimed in with PC clichés. As the PC cadres united to defend multiculturalism

from the consumers, whom they called "censors," the Stillmans and other parents learned that their children were being taught nothing about the Founding Fathers, nothing about the great figures in American or European history, but, instead, were being instructed on the evils of white men, Christians, Jews, and especially the United States. Bernstein finds that this sort of attitude is not quarantined within the world of education. Business too has taken up the cause of "diversity," which is the PC designation for such practices as racial and gender discrimination in hiring. Half of the *Fortune* 500 companies have "diversity" plans in place and have hired "diversity managers," people who contribute nothing to the economy, but who, at outrageous salaries given their usually tenuous grip on professional qualifications (anywhere from 75K-150K a year), merely jawbone productive workers on the subject of "valuing diversity."

But Bernstein directs most of his fire at the university, where "diversity" is the obligatory mantra of bureaucrats and militant feminists and Marxists alike. It would be wrong to think of the PCers as harmless because they decimate only curricula in the humanities and social sciences. Radical feminists want every discipline to have a sort of shadow discipline. Racial, ethnic, and sexual consideration should, insist the multiculturalists, intrude into every discussion, even mathematics. The documentation that Bernstein brings to bear on this aspect of his argument may seem ridiculous, and perhaps it is so, but when we consider who suffers as a result of such a surrender of common sense—the students—the matter cannot be brushed aside.

Albeit that some would impose a multiculturalist program of "whining across the curriculum," the main battleground of the war over multiculturalism has been and will continue to be fought over freshman English courses. Why? Simply because so many students are forced to take this course. Hundreds of graduate students on every university campus teach the required course, and the huge number of Ph.D.s in English correlates with nothing so much as the demand for required basic writing courses. At the University of Texas, one Linda Brodkey, an expert in "edubabble," was given charge of Freshman English. She completely revamped a course designed to teach composition into one with a multicultural agenda designed not to teach writing, but to increase race, class, and gender "differences." Indeed, Brodkey's own wooden prose (as Bernstein shows by the ungenerous device of quoting from it) indicates that she should be taking, not teaching, Freshman English. But Brodkey had, as the Foucauldians say, "been empowered." Out with the classics of English prose and in with the ephemera of victimization. Out with Orwell's "Shooting an Elephant" and in with Paula Rothenberg's odious *Racism and Sexism: An Integrated Study*. Bernstein, an admirer of Orwell, is particularly incensed by this example of *derapage*.

Opposition arose within the English department at Texas in the person of Professor Alan Gribben, who had taught writing for many years. Had the committees of which Brodkey was chair had their way, Professor Gribben would have been forced to teach from texts that he regarded as not only obviously inferior but obviously aimed at political indoctrination. Gribben resisted and was charged with sexual harassment and ostracized by his department. He appealed to the dean to intervene with some kind of arbitration. He relied on the system to work; he expected some kind of dialogue or compromise. But none of the academic stakeholders stepped forward to support Gribben's right to teach his course the way he wished. It is a true horror story but only one of hundreds in this fascinating book.

Dictatorship of Virtue is must reading for every one involved with the evangelicals of the PC movement, including corrupt administrators who recite the multicultural liturgy to keep their jobs. The PC moral crusade, Bernstein argues, has replaced mandatory chapel on campus, without the slightest loss of fervor or self-righteousness. There can be no variation from the PCers' virtuous agenda, not even in one's private thoughts, for that is where the greatest danger (of human variation) lies.

As the close of the book makes clear, *Dictatorship of Virtue* is a call to arms as well as a documentary. The value of Bernstein's book will soon be evident in at least one way: It won't be adopted as required reading for Freshman English on campuses beset by dreary boilerplate protestations of multiculturalism. It is too early to say whether any campuses not so beset remain.

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FINAL ANALYSIS

Freed Smoker Faces New Trial on Federal Charges

BY JUDITH SCHUMAN WEIZNER

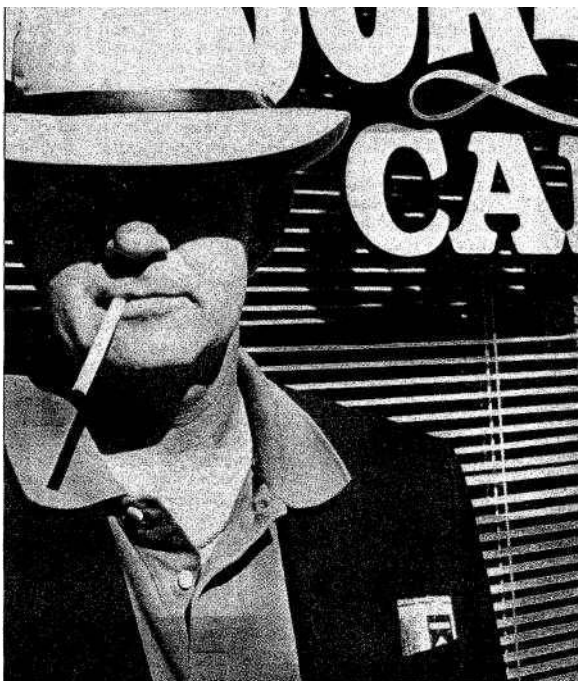
"Joseph Fumicante and his friends I were all set to celebrate at the low Dog Cafe yesterday. The owner had reserved the entire restaurant for a private party in Fumicante's honor to mark the end of a legal ordeal that began three months ago when he was arrested for smoking in the nonsmoking area of the Yellow Dog. There was a special souvenir ashtray at each place and the smoked salmon, smoked whitefish, smoked peppers, and smoky bean salad had been prepared in quantities sufficient to feed the 250 guests invited to help Fumicante celebrate. Unfortunately, a hearing by the federal grand jury rendered the festivities somewhat premature.

Mr. Fumicante's legal troubles, which the grand jury prolonged, began one evening when Hillary Backpflaume, a patron of the Yellow Dog, claimed that smoke from Mr. Fumicante's cigarette was blowing across her table.

In testimony taken later on, restaurant workers said that Mr. Fumicante and three friends had entered the Yellow Dog at 5:30 to have dinner and a few drinks. They were the first people in the restaurant. Since Mr. Fumicante is a smoker, they took a table in the smoking section. A few minutes later, Ms. Backpflaume arrived with several friends who had gathered to help her celebrate a promotion. They took seats in the non-smoking section.

Soon Ms. Backpflaume noticed that smoke from Mr. Fumicante's cigarette was drifting into the non-smoking area near her table. After several minutes of making large, noticeable gestures indicating that she was displeased with the air quality in her vicinity, Ms. Backpflaume walked to the edge of the smoking section and asked Mr. Fumicante to extinguish his cigarette. Mr. Fumicante could not hear what Ms. Backpflaume was saying and beckoned her to his table. Since Ms. Backpflaume did not wish to enter the smoking section she refused to cross the demarcation line and simply repeated her request. However, because of the din in the restaurant, Mr. Fumicante still could not make out what she was saying. He shrugged and turned back to his friends. "I figured she'd come to my table if she had anything really important to say," he later testified at his trial.

Ms. Backpflaume summoned the restaurant's Public Health Representative to her table and filled out a formal Request for Cessation of Indoor Pollution, which was then taken to Mr. Fumicante for his signature. Witnesses testified that Mr. Fumicante, who felt he was on solid ground because he was in the smoking section, dismissed



Joseph Fumicante

the Public Health Representative. "If she doesn't like it," Fumicante laughed, "tell her to change her table."

When Ms. Backpflaume heard this, she returned to the demarcation line and said to Mr. Fumicante, "You have refused to honor a legal request to cease polluting. If you persist in your refusal, I will have you arrested. What do you say to that?"

There is some question as to what occurred next. It is undisputed that the three non-smokers in Mr. Fumicante's party lit cigarettes in an act of solidarity with their friend and the Fumicante dismissed Ms. Backpflaume by exhaling a puff of smoke in her direction. But Ms. Backpflaume contended that Mr. Fumicante actually leaned across the demarcation line to blow the smoke at her, thereby physically entering the non-smoking area. (Fumicante's friends testified that at no time was any part of him actually present in the non-smoking section.) Ms. Backpflaume retreated to the safety of her table where she instructed the Public Health Representative to place Mr. Fumicante under arrest.

Mr. Fumicante was charged with "causing level three pollution and class F discomfort with callous disregard for the feelings of a woman in a public area." At the trial a

month later, the prosecution maintained in his opening argument that although Mr. Fumicante had been sitting in the non-smoking area, and that he was, if his friends' testimony could be believed, physically confined to the section of the restaurant where smoking is permitted, he had shown wanton insensitivity by his refusal to extinguish his cigarette. The defense pointed out that, on the contrary, Mr. Fumicante had exhibited great sensitivity by inviting Ms. Backpflaume to his table to discuss the problem. Prosecutors countered that that would have required Ms. Backpflaume to enter a zone of the restaurant in which someone was smoking, thereby possibly jeopardizing her medical insurance due to deliberate exposure to a known health hazard. Since Ms. Backpflaume was thereby constrained to stay in the non-smoking section, Mr. Fumicante should have extinguished his cigarette and approached Ms. Backpflaume's table to see what she wanted. When actual testimony began, the defense produced a surprise witness, a waiter who revealed that the Yellow Dog has an internal telephone system for use in settling exactly this type of dispute and that Ms. Backpflaume, a regular customer, knew of its existence but never asked to use it.

On this basis, Mr. Fumicante was acquitted.

His exhilaration was short-lived, however, because testimony elicited from the same waiter had revealed that as Ms. Backpflaume was retreating from the smoke blown in her face, Mr. Fumicante had remarked to his companions, "If she wasn't a broad, I'd put a fist in her face instead of a snootful of smoke."

This remark brought the case under federal jurisdiction, enabling federal prosecutors to seek an indictment of Mr. Fumicante under the Intimidation Clause of the Clinton administration's Universal Smoke Reduction Act. Since he will now be tried in federal court, he will also be charged under the recently passed Civil Rights Umbrella Law with attempting to deprive a woman of her right to clean air and to health coverage and for attempting to incite other members of his sex to do likewise. The indictment was handed up yesterday afternoon, and federal marshals were waiting at the Yellow Dog Cafe last evening to arrest Mr. Fumicante when he and his friends gathered to celebrate what they thought was a legal victory.

It is likely that the case will continue to expand in significance rather than fade away. Sources close to the case have hinted that federal prosecutors are looking into use of the RICO statute to bring racketeering charges against Fumicante's three smoking companions as well as against the owner of the Yellow Dog Cafe, whose restaurant will be confiscated if the statute is invoked.

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