

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

AND OTHER FOLLIES



MENENDEZMANIA

"Today I got a speeding ticket. Actually, I got out of it. I told the cops I was on my rushing home to kill my parents. So they said, 'OK, go ahead.'" So says Jay Leno, basing yet another joke on the Menendez brothers.

Let me plead guilty at the onset. Like millions of others, I was addicted to the Menendez murder trial. I had an excuse, though, in that I had assignments from several magazines to cover the case. Yet it is also true that I found myself glued to my TV set far beyond what was necessary to write the articles. In the course of indulging my fixation, I became a prosecutor, a defense attorney, a juror, a detective, a therapist, a judge and occasionally, simply an observer.

One afternoon, while in my private investigator mode, I traveled the route the brothers claimed to have taken after the murders to see if they actually could have made the trip to dispose of the guns, buy movie tickets (*License to Kill* was sold out so they bought tickets to *Batman*), meet a friend at a West LA food fair, and get back home in time to make the famed 911 call ("Someone shot my mom and dad!") in the 67 minutes that it actually took them. I tried at various times, employing various routes. My fastest time: 1 hour and 28 minutes.

I was not alone in my obsession. For nearly six months, the Menendez trial was the hottest ticket in LA, a city of hot tickets. And why not? Chock full of violence, greed, lust and weird sex, it had everything. Every day, the tiny Van Nuys, California courtroom where the trial was held was besieged by scores of

proper credentials. Up in Department N, where the trial was being held hysterical reporters squabbled over who would sit in the twelve allotted press seats.

They all debated the minutiae of the case endlessly, as if they were baseball statistics. The number of perforations in the Menendez parents' bodies from shotgun pellets; - the exact number of inches away—actually, point blank—the guns were held to the face. (A particularly disturbing characteristic of homicides in which children kill parents is what police refer to as the overkill factor. Rarely is the parent killed with one clean shot. Most often the child will shoot, club or stab the parent numerous times. Usually they make a hell of a mess.)



reporters, screenwriters, true-crime chroniclers, voyeurs and Menendez groupies, who often began camping out at 2:00 a.m. in the hopes of getting one of the few seats available to the public. Only 12 members of the press were given assigned seats in the courtroom; the rest of the media had to pay (\$6,000 for TV, \$1,000 for print) for admittance to the made-over children's playroom outside the courthouse which served as a press room. On opening day of the trial, July 20, things got ugly but in the pressroom shack. When veteran ABC newsman George Lewis refused to give up the table he was sitting on, a group of ABC staffers simply dumped the red-faced reporter onto the floor. Later, a brawl nearly erupted when a writer tried to have a staffer from a rival magazine kicked out for not having the

THE ATTACK OF THE MEDIA PIGS

Still, for all the dime store forensics and instant expertise, when all is said and done, the Menendez trial was—by and large—entertainment. Kind of a *Deathstyles of the Rich and Famous*. You could almost hear Robin Leach doing the narration. Yet while it was entertainment, it was unfortunately not

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Déjà Vu All Over Again At Cornell: THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE

by KENNETH LEE

For the entire month of November, the grassy school quad in the middle of the bucolic campus of Cornell University was defaced by a black, maze-like fence drenched with tar. Stretching over a hundred feet, the structure contained seemingly nonsensical phrases such as, "In the rich man's house, he has no place to spit but his own face." At first just an eyesore, the fence eventually became the center of a volatile racial quarrel at Cornell.

The fence was unlike the shanties that sprang up in the 80s to protest apartheid and homelessness on other eastern campuses. This structure was not a spontaneous protest on the part of the students. It was actually commissioned by the university, in a fit of

multicultural aesthetics, when administrators hired Latino artist Daniel J. Martinez to create this "artwork" with the sponsorship of Cornell's Herbert F. Johnson Museum and the Hispanic-American Studies Program (HASP). In an ongoing effort to increase the "cultural awareness" of the student body, university administrators hoped that this artwork would engender interaction between the ethnic communities at Cornell. These kind of good intentions could only result in the unpredictable.

Soon after the erection of the artwork, many students of different ethnicities expressed their discontent. It was not so much that it was politically objectionable but that it was simply ugly. A majority of the letters sent

to the *Daily Sun*, the school paper, were negative. The students were not shy about expressing an opinion: they resented their tuition money being used to fund this public offense against aesthetics.

Soon, unknown individuals operating under the cover of night scribbled some profanity on the wall of the fence. In another incident, a feminist activist spray-painted on a political message concerning breast cancer funding during Hillary Clinton's visit to Cornell.

There were no ethnic slurs among the graffiti, but the politically correct extremists erupted in protest anyway. They charged that any criticism of the artwork

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C O M M U N I Q U E S

David Gentry responds to Craig Simons' January '94 letter to the editors:

I had to chuckle reading Craig Simon's response to my article, "PC Meets the Cold War." Apparently, the mere mention of Valenta's name sends him into a conniption. He may want to collect himself next time, and check his own facts before he rushes off a response. His vertical line of reasoning leads him into error. The only mistake concerning Mr. Simon was my stating he graduated from UC Berkeley. Indeed it was UC Santa Cruz. As for the rest of his tirade, Mr. Simon would do well to remember that I had access to the transcripts of the hearings. Thus, I was able to corroborate what I was told through a rigorous review of pertinent sections of the transcripts.

FACT #1: Whether Mr. Simon wants to admit it or not, he began a graduate program at GSIS in 1984 and after eight years has not earned his doctorate.

FACT #2: Contrary to what Mr. Simon said, I never said in my article that he, Simon, sent out letters to students in 1991. FACT #3: The record shows, again contrary to Simon's assertion, that he did not act completely on his own against Valenta. Though it is true that it was the perception of some that he held a personal vendetta against Valenta, he stated in the hearing that he was talking to witnesses both before and after they testified. More, he told me in a phone conversation that he had met with Kubalkova and Baloyra and discussed his concerns about Valenta. Indeed, Mr. Simon's agitation against Valenta amounted to a "public bloodletting," according to former student Charlotte Kassab. And Gregg Rickman wrote in a letter to Valenta that he "objected to being asked for information in his [Simon's] ridiculous and pointless effort." A letter from John Malcom, a former student who also testified in Valenta's behalf, writing on December 18, 1990 to Dean Ambler Moss, said: "I'm not sure how Mr. Simon obtained my name and address, but apparently someone at GSIS has violated my privacy by providing these to him."

FACT #4: Simon did complain that Valenta would not support a debate involving pro-Sandinista supporters. In fact, Simon told me that Valenta's denial of the debate "precipitated a lot of things," including "a joke" that he started telling about Valenta.

FACT #5: Simon states that there were "several" professors far more to the "right" than Valenta that testified against him. The record shows that there were no conservative GSIS professors who testified against him. June Dryer, allegedly conservative, was a former professor who left GSIS in 1986.

FACT #6: Simon states that I disregarded the "pain" Valenta caused students and that I failed to mention charges of financial abuse. Wrong again. I mentioned three of the women who testified against him and gave a rather lengthy description of the financial allegations.

FACT #7: A large number of students and others close to Valenta felt far differently about him than did Simon. I have in front of me now twelve letters of support and several pages of testimony that prove many students did not share Simon's concerns. Several students echoed the sentiments of Dae-Ho Byun, who wrote to Valenta on June 19, 1990 that "those days spent studying with you will be remembered as one of the best days of my life."

Up until recently, Simon and company had been very successful in setting up their perception of Valenta as the final truth and making it appear that everything they said about him was shared by others. But life is more complex than Simon's simple dichotomy.

Former student Louis Rodi III's letter of February 14, 1991 to Dr. Valenta sums up the matter well: "I can see that a malicious campaign has been initiated against both the Soviet Studies program at UM and you personally. I believe this is more of a personal vendetta by Mr. Simon, for given the support you have provided me with I personally do not feel the same as Mr. Simon, nor do, I'm sure, most of your other students

who received equal amounts of assistance." Later in the letter he said, "If it were in my powers I would have Mr. Simon hanging from the flagpole at GSIS for his attempt to crucify you."

David Gentry

As best I can tell from reading the letters in "Communiques," you boys get your kicks from sending your publication to folks like me, who find what you write best suited for paper training the dog. Like many of the people who write to you, I also plead with you to remove my name from your mailing list. The dog's been house trained. I have no further need for your services.

On a more supportive note, please don't think I'm unsympathetic to your condition. The emotional trauma wrought by "Little Weenie Syndrome" is, happily, easy to treat. I suggest purchasing some of those pumps which can be purchased at your favorite bookstore.

Robert Steffes

Glenwillard, PA

I recently received a copy of *Heterodoxy*. Hitherto I had no knowledge of the existence of this engaging publication. I was thoroughly entertained by the frenetic ravings of exasperated political lobotomites which you printed in your column, "Communiques." Furthermore, the articles served as testimonials to my thoughts on many subjects. Reading *Heterodoxy*, it became increasingly perspicacious that I'm not the only one who is tired of the insipid pleonasmic drivels belched from the vacuous craniums of left-wing purveyors of multi-grain ideology.

I salute your quest for lucidity in matters too frequently clouded by Clintonistic psychobabble/Continue to apply this cognition therapy; perhaps you will rescue the atrophied minds of a few intellectual suicide cases.

Joseph W. Phillips

Killeen, TX

I swear to God you must have had my history teacher in mind when you printed your article about postmodernist critics in your December issue; it describes him perfectly. I get so tired of his 60s rhetoric and retro-drug era dogma, I think I'll type my upcoming Civil War paper on the back of a copy of the

"I want to thank the people from very different points on the current ideological spectrum who expressed their disgust and dismay at *Heterodoxy's* treatment of me in Spring, 1993. This treatment, an obscene and dangerous invasion of privacy, did harm me. Perhaps more important, *Heterodoxy* sullied our public discourse. It replaced robust satire with puerile sniggering, sharp critique with defamation. Inadvertently, however, *Heterodoxy* compelled good people of diverse beliefs to unite in the defense of both an individual and the principle of free, civil public/speech. For this defense, I am grateful."

—Catharine R. Stimpson

It was certainly not our intention that anyone—even those of our readers who reject the concept of cognitive dissonance and are wary of the mind-body dichotomy—believe that the doctored photograph that appeared in the April issue was Catharine Stimpson. It was a doctored photograph, a pun on Ms. Stimpson's statement in The Chronicle of Higher Education that her name had been mentioned in Heterodoxy and that she had become our "pin up." If there is someone, somewhere, who believes that Ms. Stimpson posed for or authorized the spliced photo or its publication, please be disabused of these false notions. However, we understand Ms. Stimpson's chagrin. —The Editors

article! Keep up the great work!

Pat Cierpiot

Truman High School

Independence, MO

Please do not ever send me another one of your right wing propaganda trash rags. It is intellectually dishonest of you—cheap, low, base.

Keith A. Law

Merced College

Regarding the lunacy of Paul Mulshine's article, "The Lunacy of Safe Sex," it is obvious Mr. Mulshine should expand his horizons and start thinking ahead, or at least start thinking. The fact that AIDS has not been prevalent among the heterosexual male population in the United States, which is the only group about which he seems to be concerned, is because it is still a relatively new phenomenon among that group. Researchers believe the disease has been in parts of Africa for generations, which accounts for the fact that 10% of the adult population in certain urban areas there is HIV positive. Almost all of those cases have been spread through heterosexual sex. Surely, Mulshine doesn't believe that those heterosexuals became HIV positive because they were African or residents in "Third World" countries. In the United States and other developed nations, the unfortunate reality of teenagers and young adults having multiple sexual partners makes those groups particularly vulnerable to future contagion, and articles such as Mr. Mulshine's only serve as a deterrent to protecting them. No one can truly know how many in those groups are HIV positive, as symptoms may not appear for up to ten years; and how many apparently healthy teenagers have opted for HIV testing just to "make sure?" So until two individuals have a committed, and hopefully married, relationship, unprotected sex should not be encouraged, as Mr. Mulshine seemed to do. If Mr. Mulshine wants an excuse to enjoy unprotected sex with a myriad of women, by all means, it's his prerogative, although I would hope he informs his partners of his sexual history.

Contrary to what Mulshine believes, AIDS is not political, it's death; and as a mother of teenage children, I hope that young people reading this folly are not persuaded to follow Mulshine's myopic musings. As you have printed his article, I believe it is *Heterodoxy's* responsibility to print a more informed rebuttal. If you can't find more rational articles, please stop sending me your publication, which was unsolicited in the first place.

Noelle Donfeld

Pacific Palisades, CA

I have just received a copy of *Heterodoxy* and I am writing to say thank you. Rest assured that any subsequent issues you send me will not only be read and savored but passed on. If given permission, I would gladly photocopy them and litter my college campus with them. The smell of liberalism at Florida universities is like leaming in a landfill. Your newsletter is like air freshener. I regularly read the *Conservative Chronicles* my dad gives me, but *Heterodoxy* is more geared to college folks like myself. I really wish I'd had a copy when I wrote a paper (anti PC) for a course in informal logic I took over the summer (I got an "A" anyway). I could have used more material for PC bashing—not that it's that difficult. I have found a great way to shut up liberals who espouse PC as law—tell them to look up the word liberal in the dictionary—it means tolerant of ALL views. That really gets them upset. I guess the truth hurts.

Joy Wendell

Florida Atlantic University

Davie, Florida

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HETERODOXY

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

TUPACALYPSE NOW: Rap and movie star Tupac Shakur has an impeccable radical bloodline. The son of Black Liberation Army's Asada Shakur and the godson of former Black Panther leader Geronimo Pratt, has recently made the headlines with behavior that brought charges of criminal sodomy and sexual abuse for activities that took place while he was out on bail for shooting two off duty police officers. Where others might see someone afflicted with the criminal gene, however, the NAACP sees a role model. The organization has nominated Shakur for their Image Award.

CAN'T CATCH ME I'M THE GINGERBREAD PERSON: In London, PC has gelded the 300 year old Gingerbread Man, mythical figure of rhyme and verse. Members of the British National Association of Master Bakers were shocked to learn that the local Gateway Grocery Store chain, yielding to pressures for gender neutrality, had labeled the famed Christmas cookies as Gingerbread People. When this story hit the press, there was such an outpouring of ridicule that despite demands from Britain's media, the individuals responsible for Bobbiting the Gingerbread Man have refused to identify themselves.

MORE ANTI-SEMITISM AT WELLESLEY: At Wellesley College, president Diana Chapman Walsh has sent out 40,000 letters to parents and alumnae condemning Wellesley Professor Tony Martin's new book *The Jewish Onslaught: Despatches from the Wellesley Battlefield*. In his book, Martin (one of the academics praised by rabid anti-Semite Khalid Mohammad) accuses the college of trying to silence his claims that the Jews were chiefly responsible for the African slave trade. Martin has had a long history of controversy with both students and faculty members at Wellesley, including his assigning the Nation of Islam's hysterical tract *The Secret Relationship Between the Blacks and the Jews* as required reading for his students. One of Martin's colleagues accuses him of promoting "Gangsta History" and perpetuating "all of the worst traditions."

THE TRUTH HURTS: The *Sacramento Bee* is currently under fire from the local area black community for a cartoon printed on the editorial page. The cartoon depicts two men dressed in Ku Klux Klan robes holding up a copy of a Farrakhan speech with the words highlighted: "You can't be a racist by talking, only by acting." Underneath the graphic was a caption that read: "That nigger makes a lot of sense."

GENDER BENDER: At Northern Arizona University students enrolled in "Transsexualism and Society" were shocked to find out that one of their mandatory assignments was having to cross dress for one class session. Ex-female instructor, Thurin Schminke, who has been married twice as a female and has had three operations to become a man, has designed the class to deal with a number of sex variations, including homosexuality, transvestism and transsexuals. One student could not understand all of the hoopla surrounding the course saying, "It seems like any other class. I don't understand why people are treating it differently. I have a lot of friends who are gender-benders, and I'm a gender-bender. I would like to become more sensitive to the issues."

ATOMIC CORRECTNESS: "The Air Force is reacting to the EPA ban on CFCs by replacing them in the cooling systems of intercontinental missiles with 3 to 10 warheads on board. If ever they're fired, it will be an environmentally friendly nuclear holocaust, not threatening the ozone layer."—*Access to Energy*, July 1993, as seen in the *Oregon Commentator*.

STALIN-HITLER REVISED: Those who read John Ellis's recent article in *Heterodoxy* about *The New York Times Book Review* will be interested in the fate of Steven

THE MEANING OF POLITICS: The politics of meaning, that peculiar vaudeville act which at one point featured the oddest of couples, Michael Lerner and Hillary Clinton (before Hillary wised up) has revealed its philosophical underpinnings yet again in the new issue of Lerner's *Tikkun* where Markus Wolf, the head of the Stasi (East Germany's brutal secret police) is celebrated "Because of his absolute refusal to repudiate socialist ideas." The editors also portray him as a victim of the Cold War and an antifascist idealist who was ignorant of the Stasi's activities against all who dissented from the totalitarian East German regime. In a letter to *Tikkun* that will probably never be published, Jefferey Herf challenges the magazine's soft interview tactics with Wolf, "For a journal devoted to Jewish concerns, your interviewers display a distressing lack of knowledge of the anti-Semitic purges within East Germany in the 1950s, and the suppression of Communists, Jews and non-Jews, who thought East Germany should be a friend to Israel and extend its emotional, and financial support to Jewish survivors of the Holocaust." Herf criticizes *Tikkun* for catering to Wolf, saying that they let Wolf off by virtually ignoring the political trials and interrogations that "defined the regime from the outset." Tear down that intellectual wall, Mr. Lerner! Print this letter and make amends!

THE GAY PAGES: This past month, New York University Press released *The Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Students' Guide to Colleges, Universities and Graduate Schools*. This 288 page handbook written by Jan-Mitchell Sherrill and Craig Hardesty of George Washington University, serves as a roadmap for university bound homosexuals interested in finding out "a college's overall position on gay, lesbian and bisexual students, the availability of counseling services, the way the school deals with hate crimes and anti-gay harassment, the issue of 'coming out' at the school, health services, and social life." The authors of this book surveyed 6,000 gay and lesbians at over 600 colleges and universities throughout the United States. As one reviewer put it: "No longer will gay, lesbian, and bisexual students have to trust to chance

or the local grapevine for information about the sexual atmospheres of colleges. Now they can finally vote with their pocketbooks on what kind of school they wish to attend." Rush out and buy your copy today and see who ranks higher, Barnard or Colorado College.

PC GUN SLINGERS: In a recent performance art piece at Ohio State University, three of the school's art students distributed a press release to the Columbus area media, claiming to be a covert organization called "Arm The Homeless." According to the group's statement, it was their intention to assist homeless people to "regain their Second Amendment birthrights." After a week of media attention, the students let the school administration and press in on the joke saying that they wanted to demonstrate how easy it was to manipulate the media as well as provoke discussion about gun control. Does this show anything more than the impoverished state of agitprop in our time?

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



Koch's book *Double Lives* (about the "progressive" left and its service to Stalin). It was given for review to Maurice Isserman, an historian with a pronounced sympathy for the New Left and, it now seems, the Old Left as well. How would Isserman deal with Koch's detailed description of the arrangement between German Communists and Nazis that allowed Hitler to come to power and then to consolidate his Reich? Simple. By dismissing it out of hand. According to Isserman, Koch must have made it all up because no historian had "ever stumbled across evidence of the Hitler-Stalin partnership of 1933." Actually, it is Isserman who is making things up. In the first place, memoirs of the participants in these events including German Communists who were ordered to collaborate with the Nazis in their climb to power (See Valentin's *Into the Night*) have long made this obvious to everyone not still addicted to the fantasy of "real socialism." In the second place, as historian Ronald Radosh pointed out in his review of Koch's book (which did not appear in the *New York Times*), Robert Tucker's biography of Stalin notes that in 1933 "Stalin signaled his interest in doing business with Berlin" and then "abetted the Nazi victory," i.e., Hitler's accession to power, by ordering the German Communists to help the Nazis destroy the other democratic parties.

JANET RENO'S FAMILY VALUES

by STEVE ALMOND

It's hard not to chuckle at Bill Clinton's frantic efforts to stock, and restock, his cabinet. While much of the reluctance to serve him in Washington can be attributed to a highly politicized and invasive nominating process, the net result has been an erosion in public faith when it comes to Clinton's leadership.

Amid the President's routine humiliations on matters of personnel, however, one nominee has stood tall: Janet Reno, the first female Attorney General in U.S. history. While Clinton chose Reno only as a last resort, after his two top choices, Zoe Baird and Kimba Wood, were pilloried for employing undocumented and untaxed housekeepers, she has proved the darling of his cabinet. Almost since the day she took office the former state prosecutor from Miami has been heralded as a folk hero. The *New York Times* dubbed her a "prized asset," while *Time* hailed her as "The Real Thing" in a slobbering July cover story.

Most of the glowing press, oddly, came on the heels of her biggest blunder to date. On April 19, 1993, Reno gave the FBI the go-ahead to storm the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, where self-proclaimed messiah David Koresh and 90 of his followers had been ensconced for 51 days, holding a legion of federal agents at bay. As heavily armed agents and tanks smashed through walls and shot tear gas inside the wooden structure, Koresh was given the ideal stage upon which to act out his apocalyptic vision. With millions watching the satellite feeds, he ordered his followers to set fire to the complex. More than 80 of his cult members perished in the flames, including 17 children.

Reno immediately took full responsibility for the disaster. In fact, she appeared on *Larry King Live* and several other television shows specifically to assure viewers, in her inimitable South Florida twang, that "I made the decision, the buck stops with me." The American public, long accustomed to politicians who lie and waffle and construct cover-ups, hailed her anew for so bluntly acknowledging her fatal idiocy. They forgot about the deaths in their rush to embrace the killer's candor.

There was little talk of the numerous criminologists and psychologists who had warned against provoking a character as obviously volatile and self-aggrandizing as Koresh. Nor of the FBI's own behavioral experts, at least two of whom drafted memos warning that an attack might drive Koresh over the edge. Most overlooked of all was a comment Reno made during the first press conference held after the conflagration. Asked point blank why she ordered the onslaught, she cited reports that children were being beaten inside the compound, telling reporters, "I heard they were slapping the babies!"

A few days later Reno would concede that she had in fact heard this allegation in a briefing, not read it in a formal report, and that it was not based on solid evidence. In other words, her motivation for triggering the most horrific mass suicide since Jonestown was in essence an unsubstantiated allegation of child abuse.

To most Americans the comment was a throwaway, lost amid the din of damage control and CNN updates. But to anyone who has followed Reno's career, her words were a chilling reminder that America's top cop will stop at nothing to protect children.

And both, most significantly, were fueled not by solely Reno's sober sense of justice, but also by her deluded brand of opportunism.

The first case began in the spring of 1984, in an upper-class housing development in South Dade known as Country Walk. A mother began to worry that her child had been abused while in the care of Ileana Fuster, who ran a baby-sitting service in Country Walk. She based this suspicion one comment her son made one night after his bath. "Kiss my body," the child commanded, referring to his genital area. "Ileana kiss all the babies' bodies." Rumors about Ileana spread quickly. A few months later another mother noticed that her son seemed disoriented and irritable upon returning from day care. The mother became convinced her child had been drugged.

Reno's office interviewed several children. None had anything to say about abuse until investigators questioned a five-year-old. After several hours of hesitant, contradictory testimony, the boy began providing vivid descriptions of the Fusters fondling his baby brother and frolicking naked with other children. As more children were questioned over the ensuing months, the stories they related became more and more bizarre. They told of Frank Fuster's sodomizing children, giving them mind-altering drugs, killing animals, in front of them and making kiddie porn, all while he and Ileana chanted prayers to Satan. The bizarre allegations of "ritual abuse" were chillingly similar to those of children in Long Beach, California, who had accused their teachers at the McMartin Preschool just months before.

In exhuming Fuster's background, Reno's office discovered that the 36-year-old Cuban immigrant had served time in prison for manslaughter. In 1981 he was found guilty of fondling a nine-year-old girl. A stranger had also shot Fuster in the head in 1980, causing partial paralysis of one side of his face and leaving him with what appeared a permanent and sinister smirk. Relatives noted that the injury also affected Fuster's mood. He became more emotionally volatile than before. Further investigation of Ileana Fuster revealed that she was in fact an undocumented worker from Honduras who was just seventeen years old. Not exactly the most lovable couple in America.

As media coverage of the case intensified, Reno, who was facing reelection against a feisty challenger, soon realized that her handling of the Country Walk case would be a make-or-break issue in the campaign. She assigned Dan Casey and John Hogan, two of her top prosecutors, to the case and promised them as much money and manpower as necessary. As public outrage escalated over the allegations, Reno stood before a bank of TV cameras vowing to "do everything humanly possible to see that justice is done on Country Walk."

Her message couldn't have been more obvious. By "justice" Reno didn't mean a fair and exhaustive assessment of the evidence. She meant a conviction.

But there were problems with the case. Big problems. For one thing, with the exception of that first five-year-old boy, the other alleged victims initially denied any abuse at the Fuster's daycare center. Only after weeks and in some cases months of grilling by interviewers and anxious parents did the children begin to disclose abuse. To ensure the state's questioning of the alleged victims would be handled properly, Reno recruited Joseph and Laurie Braga, a mysterious pair of self-proclaimed "child experts" who were often erroneously identified as "psychologists" in press reports.

There is no doubt that the Bragas were talented at eliciting disclosures from children. What is less clear is whether these confessions were spontaneous accounts of abuse, or fantasies concocted in response to their suggestive and at times leading questioning. Over the past decade a handful of academics, such as Steve Ceci, a

extreme example, Joseph Braga explains to Fuster's six-year-old son that he must have been abused by his father because he has tested positive for gonorrhea. When the child denies having any memory of abuse, Braga tells him he is lying. To this day the child, who lived with his father and Ileana at the time of the alleged abuse, denies his father abused him or any other children.

The gonorrhea test to which Braga refers was, in fact, the only hard physical evidence Reno's office produced against Fuster and his wife. Despite hundreds of accusations lodged by children, many involving anal and vaginal penetration, doctors who examined the alleged victims at Jackson Memorial Hospital Rape Treatment Center in Miami could find no other evidence of sexual abuse. Nor did state investigators find any evidence of ritual abuse inside the Fuster home, which was meticulously combed following the couple's arrest.

The finding of gonorrhea thus became a key piece of evidence in the case. Three years after the trial, however, researchers at the Center for Disease Control would label the test employed on Fuster's son "highly unreliable." When CDC lab workers used a superior method to reevaluate thousands of samples that had originally tested positive, more than one-third of the samples proved to be negative. (Both Frank and Ileana Fuster, incidentally, tested negative for gonorrhea before the trial.)

As the months dragged on and the Fusters stuck to their claims of innocence, it became obvious that Reno would need more evidence if she wanted to win a conviction. Out in Los Angeles the McMartin Preschool case, also based almost exclusively on children's testimony, had fallen apart at trial.

With an election fast approaching and voters riveted by the Country Walk saga, the ambitious State Attorney fixed her sights on recruiting an adult witness: Ileana Fuster. In October 1984, Reno's chief deputy offered to recommend a drastically reduced sentence for the teenager if she would plead guilty and turn state's evidence. Another Reno underling, Dan Casey, formalized the offer in March 1985. The next month Reno herself repeated the plea offer in letter form. But Ileana refused.

In April 1985, Ileana's own lawyer, Michael Von Zamft, began encouraging his client to testify against her husband, to whom she was still writing ardent love letters on a daily basis. Ileana shared her concerns about being pressured with Shirley Blando, a chaplain at the Women's Detention Center, where she was jailed. "She would say: 'They want me to say some things that are not true.' She thought that about the District Attorney [Reno]."

Around this time Ileana was also placed in an isolation cell at the detention center, a move that hastened the teenager's psychic breakdown. "She was denied food and teased by the guards. She had no idea what was going on with the case because her lawyer wouldn't talk to her," recalls Steve Dinerstein, a private investigator who visited Ileana throughout her incarceration. "One of the things that really got to her was when she had her period. The way she described it to me, they washed her down with a hose, like she was an animal."

As the trial neared, Reno enlisted the aide of Michael Rappaport, a psychologist who ran a business called Behavior Changers. By his own account, Rappaport

Ileana has ever provided a detailed description of what they discussed during these *tete-a-tetes*.

In August, Ileana finally pleaded guilty to twelve of fourteen counts of sex abuse. But in taking her plea, she hardly sounded convincing. "I would like you to know that I Jim pleading guilty not because I feel guilty, but...for my own interest and for the children." Ileana told the judge in court. "I am innocent of all those charges. I wouldn't have done anything to harm any children." Ileana's subsequent descriptions of abuse scenarios, offered during three September depositions, are just as vague and contradictory. Throughout the sworn statements, Rappaport calls for breaks so that he can help his distraught patient "recall" the abuse. Reno herself is on hand at one session to offer Ileana moral support.

Nonetheless, must observers felt her testimony at Frank Fuster's trial was the key to his conviction. Fuster was found guilty on all counts and sentenced to six life sentences. Fuster, now in his fifties, has been attacked at least eight times while in prison. This past January, he filed a motion for a new trial, which has yet to be ruled on by a judge. Soon after being sentenced to ten years in state prison, Ileana divorced Fuster. In 1989 she was released and deported to Honduras, where she is a college student. Her family maintains that Ileana would like to recant her confession but is fearful of the consequences, especially now that Jamil Reno is the U.S. Attorney General.

In the end Reno got her conviction, and with it national acclaim as an advocate for children's rights. Her stock rocketed with the publication in 1986 of *Unspeakable Acts*, a melodramatic retelling of the Country Walk case which was later made into a TV movie of the same name. Her aggressive pursuit of a conviction became the model for other prosecutors, who faced a nationwide epidemic of ritual abuse cases during the late '80s.

If Country Walk taught Janet Reno one thing, it's that the public loves a prosecutor who goes after accused child sex abusers. In fact, while conviction rates suggest that Reno's overall record as State Attorney was albeit average during her decade and a half in Dade, she is most frequently remembered as the woman who put the bogeyman of Country Walk behind bars.

Very few people remember the trial of Bobby Fijnje, especially outside Miami. But the Fijnje case speaks volumes about Reno's willingness to abandon common sense (and rational thought) when faced with the spectre of child abuse. The case began in August 1988, when a four-year-old girl told her mother she was afraid of Fijnje, a 14-year-old babysitter at Old Cutler Presbyterian Church, south of Miami. Her mother brought her to a therapist, who contacted a child abuse hotline. The girl was interviewed by Reno's office but denied having been abused. She said she was afraid of Fijnje (pronounced *feen-yea*) because he played too roughly with her.

But the therapist, Susan Keeley, was convinced that her tiny patient had been abused by Fijnje, a lanky teen whose Dutch-born parents were elders at the church. In June 1989, she reported that the girl had begun milking "disclosures." A month later, with the aid of Keeley's coaching, the girl told a counselor at the State Attorney's Children's Assessment Center that Fijnje had "touched my pee-pee." By this time Fijnje's suspected abuse was being discussed weekly by nervous parents at a prayer group. A psychologist had visited the church to point out signs of child sex abuse. And a second mother had come forward claiming her child had disclosed abuse six months earlier. On August 28, Metro Dade police officer Mark Martinez arrested Fijnje, who suffers from juvenile diabetes. After several hours of grilling, Fijnje, woozy from hypoglycemia, told Martinez that his fingers "had slipped" mistakenly into a girl's vagina two or three times while he was wiping her in the bathroom. Fijnje would later testify in court that Martinez had promised to release him if he made the "confession." When it became clear that wasn't the case, Fijnje denied the claim. He was sent to a juvenile detention center, where he would spend the next 20 months.

The arrest kicked up a squall of terror at Old Cutler, an affluent congregation just a few miles from Country Walk in south Dade County. Many of the concerned parents were in fact residents of the housing development. Some were friends of the Country Walk parents. In the wake of that case, south Dade had become a hothouse for accusations, with paranoia running at an all-time high. Parents who had once regarded Fijnje as the nursery school's best babysitter now began asking their children about his alleged abuse. Keeley served as the nerve center for worried parents,

referring a growing number of children to private therapists. What began with one girl's murky remark quickly mushroomed.

Children began telling therapists stories of feces-eating, urine-drinking orgies orchestrated by Fijnje. One four-year-old detailed his mutilation of live animals. Another described being stabbed by Fijnje and dancing naked on a roof. Two brothers eventually accused Fijnje, who had never had a brush with the law previously, of decapitating and eating newborn babies. The curly haired teen reportedly also led

As Reno's prosecutors prepared for trial, however, they were forced to sharpen the line between criminal reality and a child's make-believe. Their solution was not to question the credibility of their witnesses, but to severely limit the case. In essence they simply threw out 90 percent of the children's claims. Even so, it was clear that Reno was in trouble.

Thus, she made a concerted effort to strike a plea bargain with Fijnje. While he faced multiple life sentences in prison if found guilty at trial, Reno dangled before him the possibility of just three years in a state mental facility, with *no criminal record*. The defendant declined. After fourteen months of hearings, Fijnje went to trial in January 1991.

"We were hands-down losers walking into that courtroom," recalls Mel Black, Fijnje's defense attorney. "Everyone was calling us 'Dead on Arrival.'" The local media described the state's case as strong. But as the trial dragged on, it became clear that the state *had* no case, aside from its two preschool witnesses. Black, on the other hand, argued convincingly that Fijnje's alleged victims were merely saying what they thought their anxious parents and counselors wanted to hear.

He brought in experts, like Ceci, who further detailed how coercive therapists and hysterical parents could inadvertently spur children to make false allegations. He also solicited testimony from Dr. David Muram, an expert on forensic evidence who had never before testified for the defense in a case of child sex abuse. Muram spent an entire day on the stand, during which he blew away the state's paltry forensic evidence. Had Fijnje penetrated any of his alleged victims—as he was accused—the evidence would have been dramatic. Fijnje himself took the stand to plead his innocence.

After four months of testimony, the jury acquitted Fijnje of all charges. The defeat came as a stunning blow to Janet Reno, who at one juncture had half a dozen of her top aides working on the case. Though she never involved herself in the Fijnje prosecution to the extent she had in Country Walk, Reno did meet with the parents of several alleged victims after the trial and briefly considered filing new charges based on the testimony of other children.

Fijnje, meanwhile, has returned to Holland with his family. At 18, he has graduated from high school, and Outgrown the awkwardness of adolescence. With the help of a psychologist he has exorcised most of the painful memories of his case. There's one, however, he can't shake—the excruciating wait that ensued after the jury filed into their wooden box with a verdict. "I just kept thinking about what my life would be like if the jury said 'Guilty,'" he recalls. "I couldn't figure out what the jury was waiting for." Finally, after 90 minutes, the source of the delay entered the courtroom: a tall, gangly woman with bottle-bottom glasses and sensible shoes. Janet Reno had requested that the verdicts not be read until she arrived.

Florida might have known Janet Reno, but most of America did not meet her until March 1993, when Bill Clinton formally nominated her. In introducing her to the nation, Clinton proudly touted Reno as a champion of children's rights and cited her previous record as a prosecutor. Had the president bothered to inspect that record more carefully, a record comprising equal parts aggressiveness and opportunism, he might have paused to consider a few questions. Such as: How did a self-described "awkward old maid" with no kids of her own become so fixated on child abuse? Did this concern lead her to disregard normal standards of evidence (and ethics) in the Country Walk and Fijnje cases? Most of all, what liabilities as the nation's top law enforcer might this peculiar obsession with child abuse forecast?

Had he considered Reno's record, itself as murky as a Florida swamp. Clinton might not have been surprised, just a few months after her nomination, when Reno justified the disastrous attack in Waco by telling people that David Korsh and his followers had to be stopped because they "were slapping the babies."



an expedition to a cemetery near Old Cutler to unearth dead bodies and led naked dances around a campfire. His alleged victims said he shoved everything from swords to teapot handles to his own penis up children's anuses and vaginas. More perpetrators soon emerged. Children named other teenagers, respected daycare teachers, even a member of the Old Cutler clergy. One child alleged that he had watched the father of another victim murder a man.

Janet Reno, realizing she had another Country Walk on her hands, quickly assigned several staffers to work with police gathering evidence. She would later deploy three of her highest-ranking prosecutors to prepare the case. Sensing public outrage, Reno also moved swiftly to file charges. Fijnje's indictment, made public in November 1989, accused him of 108 separate acts of ritual abuse against 17 children. He was formally charged with just eight counts of sexual battery. But because Reno had decided to indict the fifteen-year-old as an adult, he faced a maximum of life in prison for each count.

Given the atrocities described, one would assume the evidence of abuse would be considerable. Blood stains. Ruptured tissue. Witnesses galore. Cut the sum total of Reno's evidence this time around consisted of exams indicating that three alleged victims had "healed tears" on their hymens. More curiously, no adult witnesses ever came forward, despite the fact that virtually every member of Old Cutler's 2,500-person congregation was questioned. No one had ever seen Fijnje rape his charges. Or dig up graves. Or rip apart a baby with his bare hands. Except his alleged victims.

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Heaven and Earth: Between the Bullet and the Lie

by K.L. BILLINGSLEY

At the beginning of Oliver Stone's *Heaven and Earth*, the camera pans a serene Asian countryside, backdropped by a majestic score, heavy on violins. It is the Eden of Vietnam, and the peasants there are living as they have for thousands of years, in simple harmony with the Mother Earth and Lord Buddha. Then comes the voiceover. "Then the French came," says the narrator, a young girl named Le Ly; then it was "the Americans."

Like her innocent nation, Le Ly is unsullied, the victim of malevolent foreign intruders. The audience soon learns that she is caught between soldiers of the South Vietnamese Army, who torture her, and the Viet Cong, who rape her. The conflict breaks up her family and catapults her into the sinful world of Da Nang and Saigon, where she is forced to live by her wits. Still childlike, she turns to an admirable American for help, only to watch in horror as he becomes a monster. She must then emigrate and adapt to a crass, materialistic American culture directly at odds with the simple spirituality of her youth.

At long last, having achieved success in America in spite of heavy odds, the innocent and now multicultural victim of militarism, racism, sexism, imperialism and capitalism finally returns to the native land she left in 1972 and which still suffers from what the Americans did. She is there to help heal the wounded country of her birth. Thus the victim triumphs over war, imperialism, communism, racism and politics. Beyond the tale of victimhood, *Heaven and Earth* is a Success Story.

One always expects disparities between the source material and the movie, especially when Oliver Stone is the director. But what in Hollywood is called the "back story" is particularly interesting in the case of *Heaven and Earth*. Unlike *J.F.K.*, for example, in this film Stone is not falsifying what is true; he is further falsifying what is already false. Ironically, the best evidence for that judgment comes from Le Ly Hayslip's two books on which the film is based—*When Heaven and Earth Changed Places* (with Jay Wurts) and *Child of War, Woman of Peace* (with James Hayslip, her son).

The first of these two works is a confusing, over-written and ultimately mendacious volume that saloms back and forth between the 60s and 1986. Le Ly Hayslip seems almost to admit as much. "One beauty of America," she writes, "is that, among its many other qualities, nobody asks." And indeed she holds a rather curious view of how the truth relates to the Vietnam conflict, although this did not seem to bother Frances Fitzgerald ("This is the book for those who want to know what the war in Vietnam was really like") and the others who helped praise on the work. "The same 'facts' were there for everyone to see," Le Ly says, "and truth, in this war, was whatever you wanted to make it." This sentence alone should have set off the critical smoke detectors of the *New York Times* and the other publications which gave *When Heaven and Earth Changed Places* rave reviews.

Moviegoers have seen how Le Ly Hayslip is portrayed through the gauzy lens of Stone's anti-Americanism, but what about the way she sees herself? More than anything else, she is a young woman on the make, a sort of Southeast Asian version of Becky Sharp.

She was born (nee Phung Trong Le Ly) on December 19, 1949, and brought up in the village of Ky La in central Vietnam, one of the most primitive parts of the country. Uneducated beyond the third grade, she demonstrates no knowledge about previous conflicts that comprised the history of her nation.

In Hayslip's account, as in the movie, Vietnam is not the warlike nation of Tonkinese warriors who destroyed the Khmer empire and invaded China and were always on the move. Vietnam is rather a pristine land of

peace which changed only with the arrival of the murderous French. Hayslip describes "Moroccans," who rape a woman and dismember both the victim and her husband. Then come the American "invaders," and even though she ultimately sought refuge in this country, Hayslip makes clear her low opinion of her new home.

In Le Ly's village, as in many others, the South Vietnamese rule by day and the VC hold sway during the night, with the peasants trying to survive as best they might between the two sides. But Hayslip is clear as to her sympathies. Not just a naive peasant caught up in a conflict that was beyond her, from age 12 to 15, she writes, she "loved, labored, and fought steadfastly for the Viet Cong against American and South Vietnamese soldiers." In addition, she says, "everything I knew about the war I learned as a teenager girl from the North Vietnamese cadre leaders... We peasants assumed everything we heard was true because what the Viet Cong said matched, in one way or another, the beliefs we already had."

Hayslip knew that the reason the Viet Cong were fighting was to "preserve our ancient rights and independence." Her brother Bon is "even more patriotic than my mother" and joins the North Vietnamese Army. Tung, Le Ly's first fiancé, joins the Viet Cong in 1963. The reader does, however, get some idea that the NLF and its northern allies are not exactly Robin Hood and his merry band. "The Viet Cong also wanted us to keep a record of every animal we slaughtered," Hayslip concedes, "so that our tithe of rations could be computed."

After being captured by the South Vietnamese, Le Ly gains an early release from My Thi prison camp, which leads her former comrades to regard her as a collaborator. They drag her into the bush, make her dig a grave, then put a gun to her head, but instead of executing her they rape and then release her. She says in the book she broke with them at the time, but a 1986 interview Hayslip gave to the San Diego *Union-Tribune* indicates that there was a *quid pro quo*. In that account she says that some time later, after she had moved from the village, the VC sent word that they wanted her to sabotage some American installations in Da Nang. When she refused, the Viet Cong took her father prisoner. He had supposedly advised her against rejoining the guerrillas. What happened to Le Ly's father in VC custody is uncertain, but Hayslip indicates that her father killed himself soon after coming back.

She is similarly vague when discussing the fate of the city of Hue, where during the war the Vietnamese communists butchered thousands of innocents. She is listening to a government official, a Big Star. "We almost fell over," she writes with obvious excitement, "when we learned he was Phung-Van, the VC leader who organized the Communist uprising. He was a hero revered all over the new Vietnam; by their own reckoning, the Viet Cong John Wayne."

In fact, Hayslip had to know about the communists' atrocities at Hue, because she lets slip that "one of my foster children's best friends, in fact, had lost his parents in this massacre." Asked about the massacre, she says, "Some say it was set up by the South Vietnamese or the Americans. I still don't know."

Le Ly Hayslip may suffer memory losses about her onetime Viet Cong comrades, but she is filled with dramatic flair when it comes to describing the acts of America's South Vietnamese allies, whom she calls "Republicans." They tie her up, stuff snakes down her clothes, and cover her with ants. They threaten to cut off her nipples or make sandals out of skin "from your ass."

After supposedly breaking with the VC, Le Ly moves to Saigon. There, while working as a domestic, she has an affair with her employer, a man named Anh,

and bears a child by him. Anh's wife is not amused. Expelled from the house, Le Ly must fend for herself as a street hustler. She says, "I didn't want to become a hooker," and portrays what she did as a way to survive in war, although most Vietnamese women, like women in other wars, did not take this path. Hayslip writes of "the difference between real prostitutes and women who simply looked like prostitutes to please their men," implicitly suggesting that she was of the second group. Yet her account brims with details about how the prostitution trade worked.

"For an amateur hooker," says Hayslip, "I don't think I was very sexy." And yet throughout the book, which often slips into auto-hagiography, people are constantly complimenting the humble Hayslip on her beauty and men want her for her mind even more than her body. "I felt so much luckier than Lan," she says at one point, "who seemed to meet only greedy, horny, dangerous Americans, whereas I had the good fortune of meeting a kind and decent man—someone even a Vietnamese parent would be proud to call an in-law." Yet it is also true that when she is offered \$400 to get down with three Marines, she says, "I couldn't take my eyes off the roll of cash—big as a cabbage." Soon after, Hayslip confesses: "I never minded the flesh peddling as long as the women were of age, did it voluntarily, and understood the risks they were taking."

Whether she did or didn't fit some technical definition of prostitute, Hayslip is clear that the American devil made her do whatever she did. In Saigon, Hayslip embarks a series of affairs with Americans, always portraying herself as a victimized *ingénue*, with an occasional betrayal. For example, "I could not take my eyes off this young man—this American, this invader, this pink beast who had come with his ravenous pack to devour my country." After a number of sexual entanglements, Hayslip meets a soldier named Red, whose "buck teeth made him look like a field mouse," and who "had to teach me how to kiss a man correctly and how to use my hands to stimulate him." Offered work as a go-go dancer with some extra duties, she says, "I don't remember saying yes, but the sound of all that money—a month's wages for a week of doing what Red and I did anyway—prevented me from saying no." It is only at Red's request that she uses makeup and learns dances, and Red quickly turns evil. "Damn you, woman!" he yells, "you aren't the only gook girl in the world!"

Then there was Jim, a helicopter mechanic who "had learned to shun the hookers and con artists in a new town and looked instead for sweet, attractive local girls as his companions. I replied that I didn't know how sweet or attractive I was, but I certainly knew the local scene!" But Jim quickly reveals his violent, horny American nature and tries to strangle her. Hayslip then discovers Paul, a second lieutenant. "I was very flattered by his flowery talk and teasing attention," she writes, "and amazed that an American officer could be interested in a little ignorant peasant girl from the country." The two live together briefly, with Paul acting "like a regular husband" before abandoning her and returning stateside.

In addition to whoring, young Le Ly also peddles booze and drugs, although she again portrays herself as an innocent. ("I started to wonder," she says in an unintentionally hilarious sentence, "if selling Mary Jane was something more serious than my partner had let on.") In one scene she runs through the streets "nimble as the thief I had become," but does not explain what she stole.

Having gone through Anh, Red, Jim, Paul and others not named, Le Ly meets Ed Munro, an American civilian working for a construction company and variously described as 55 or 60 years old. At first she tries to take his money and run, but Ed is different from the others. His old eyes, "far from containing lust...they

showed only loneliness: and endless yearning for something—for companionship, for understanding, for peace of mind." It seems that Ed, who tells Le Ly how beautiful she is, had some postured pleasures in mind, too. During sex, "his old bones creaked almost as loud as the bed frame," writes Hayslip. "It was only then I remembered that I myself was half naked."

In the second book, *Child of War, Woman of Peace*, Hayslip compassionately says that "to make matters worse, the false teeth Ed wore came out with the stars, contributing nothing to the appeal of this wheezing old giant who loomed over me like a rain squall twice a day." In spite of the vast age disparity—he was easily old enough to be her father—Ed proposed and Le Ly accepted. She was soon pregnant. Ed proved to be her ticket out of the country, to the faraway home of those ravenous pink invaders who came to devour her country.

They quickly return to Vietnam from her first tour in America when Ed gets a two-year construction job near the An Khe base, where an unnamed man says, "You know, the real problem isn't the Commies. It's the damn American patrols. They blast anything that moves. Shoot first, let God sort 'em out, that's what they say." Here Le Ly meets military adviser Dante De Parma, a man "more charming than anyone I'd met in a soldier's uniform." She falls for him and explains: "Ed had not taken advantage of me; I had taken advantage of him...I had rewarded him with infidelity and deception. Dan had stolen another man's wife...Each of us did what we had to do, all in the name of love." They went on with their lives "but continued our chaste little affair."

Le Ly, now with two children, returns with her husband to San Diego in 1972. The following winter Ed Munro, the "wheezing old giant" with the removable teeth, dies of emphysema. Dan quickly shows up. "His kisses were like water on desert sand," Hayslip writes in a romance novel vein. "I drank them in and begged for more." But when Dan leaves to settle his divorce, friends tell Le Ly to "boogie while you are young," and she starts to discover San Diego's singles scene.

She meets Floyd, a man in his mid-40s who tries unsuccessfully to marry her. Le Ly then encounters Dennis Hayslip at a country-western bar. He becomes her second husband in 1976, and the relationship is special. "As it had been with Ed," she writes, "a sexual relationship with Dennis—in or out of marriage—just seemed sacrilegious." Even so, she was soon pregnant again.

Dennis' Christianity clashed with Le Ly's Buddhism and the relationship proved stormy, but the peasant girl would again find liberation. In a 1986 interview, Le Ly described Dennis's 1982 death as a car accident. But it seems clear it was a suicide following on the heels of an argument and eviction notice. "The police report says it was an accident," Hayslip insists. Her coauthor Jay Wurts reveals that this allowed her to conveniently file an insurance claim.

In America, Hayslip finds the den of the devil who had made her do it in Saigon. Normal housewives and schoolgirls are "more provocative than anything I had seen outside the sleaziest nightclubs in Da Nang." Moreover, in America, "as nowhere else in the world, money is life; so making and spending it quickly takes on the colors of a religion." Hayslip becomes an upwardly mobile convert to American greed. "I became a stock junkie," she says, "I bought shares in entertainment companies that made glamorous American movies." She also "fell in love with a two-story five-bedroom house with a sunken living room, a family room, and a big kitchen."

Freed by death from Dennis Hayslip, she "wrote to the Defense Department saying that I was Colonel [Dan] DeParma's lost Vietnamese wife, which, in a sense, was true." Actually, it isn't. Dan eventually shows up and finds Hayslip "a millionaire." He wants

to marry her but it doesn't work out. One reason is that he has become a merchant of death. "This is confidential—just between you and me, O.K.?" Dan tells her. "I go into countries the U.S. is helping and teach them how to use the American-made weapons our corporations sell them." Le Ly professes shock that these weapons could hurt women and children and tells Dan: "I just could not live on blood money that came from selling death to others." Likewise, while working at National Semiconductor, she tells a colleague, "You mean we're

ear to ear, can you believe it?...All I knew was to keep on killing and the more I killed the better I got at it and the more targets they gave me.

But the killer is repentant. After the above confession, Hayslip says, "he wept for several minutes and I just held him...He was, in one person, the whole war—the whole experience, killer and victim."

Then, amazingly, we learn that Cliff Parry is "a professional swindler, a pathological liar and con man," and that she doesn't know if he was ever in Vietnam.

Asked now why she chose to include the confession, she says, "you ask Vietnam veterans" what happened there, as though Cliff was the typical grunt.



LE LY HAYSLIP: THE PERSON

making parts for bombers that fly off and kill people?" (She adds in an aside that proves to be a howler, "I almost choked on my noodles.")

Dan departs and the soap opera grinds on. Hayslip now makes a San Diego New-Age bookstore her "second home" and consults a swami named Paul. She starts telling fortunes and "eventually word got around that 'Miss Ly' was, at the very least, an entertaining psychic."

Le Ly next takes up with high-roller Cliff Parry, who claims to have been involved in Operation Phoenix, the Americans' premier counterinsurgency undertaking in Vietnam. Parry delivers the following speech, which as a matter of fact sounds like a monologue from an Oliver Stone movie:

I wound up killing a lot of people, Ly...Sometimes three or four a night, and occasionally as many as twenty. Mostly we used knives, because we didn't want to make noise. We'd slit their throats like chickens and leave them to die in the jungle. But that wasn't the worst of it. Sometimes we'd torture the target first—not to get information, but just because we hated those bastards so much. We'd cut off their ears or gouge out their eyes and take them back as evidence of the hit. If a guy really pissed us off, we'd cut off his dick and shove it in his mouth before we killed him...Anyway, I got so good at my job I was reassigned to the CIA. Their hits were more selective...The CIA was into a lot of bad shit in those days—drugs, gun-running, white slavery, you name it. Hell, one time another agent waxed the Vietnamese girl I was shackled up with. We were supposed to avoid close contact with any Vietnamese nationals outside channels, so they killed her—slashed her pretty little throat from

Le Ly Hayslip must have been overjoyed when Bill Clinton announced the end of embargo against Vietnam. When interviewed, Hayslip insists that she is not political and that she stands only for human rights. Certain elements of her self-presentation call this assertion into question. She is a woman who remembers the most minute details of filching grenades from the Americans and flashing secret signals to the VC in 1963, but claimed in 1985—long after the fall of Saigon, the reeducation camps, the mass exodus of the boat people, the Cambodian genocide and the 1979 Vietnamese invasion and occupation of that country—that she "still knew virtually nothing about communism." Asked about this now, she says, "I don't know what it means. Communist is somewhere in Russia. We referred to Uncle Ho."

When in the mid-1980s she starts planning to visit Vietnam to see her family, she enlists the services of a Mr. Tan at Vietnam's United Nations mission. When the *Los Angeles Times* runs a cover story on Hayslip in its Sunday magazine, Hayslip says that Mr. Tan "called to discuss the article," explaining that he offered congratulations and made no attempt to influence her. She finds help from Per, a Norwegian "technical adviser."

Hayslip finally makes her first pilgrimage home in 1986, the year in which Amnesty International's annual report noted widespread "detention without trial" and estimated that the regime still held 7,000 people taken into custody in 1975-76. The time many of these had spent in "reeducation camps," Al wrote, "already exceeded the prison sentences that might have been imposed." A number of writers, journalists, artists and independent politicians had been arrested for "expressing opinions deemed contrary to the policies of the Provisional Revolutionary Government." Among those held without trial, according to Al, Were "Buddhist religious figures" apparently uneager to cooperate with "the government-sponsored Buddhist Church of Viet Nam." Further, Vietnam's new Code of Criminal Law defined at least 24 different types of offenses as punishable by death.

The country that acquired this dreary and violent profile is not the country Le Ly Hayslip finds on returning to her homeland. Instead Hayslip treats the reader to statements such as this, from an Australian woman who denies the country is repressive and says: "Hanoi's as safe as Sydney. Safer, I think, since they don't have our drunks and pickpockets. And they treat us like royalty."

"A lot of GIs and their families, and some politicians, say the war won't be over until the MIA—America's missing-in-action—are accounted for," Hayslip says to Xa, a Vietnamese official. "They think your government is holding onto them, or at least information about them, as a bargaining chip to get American aid that was promised to you in the peace treaty. I don't know about such things myself."

The sagacious Xa replies: "If the government could magically produce every American MIA—or their dogtags or burial records or remains of anything—and make them appear on the White House steps

tomorrow, they'd do it. The problem is, there is nothing more they can do...As far as I can see, many missing Americans will never be found."

That's the end of the issue for Hayslip, who, in her second book, while studying for American citizenship says that: "Lincoln reminded me of Ho Chi Minh. The highest goal for both men had been to hold their country together, even if part of it wanted to break away." Elsewhere she calls Uncle Ho "the Communist's own special 'Buddha.'"

Asked why she indulges no "criticism of the current Vietnamese regime anywhere in her books, Hayslip says, "I don't know what they do. I don't stick my nose where it doesn't belong." She says she hasn't heard of Amnesty International, adding "the human rights people do their thing and I do my thing." Asked if the Vietnamese regime has done anything since 1975 with which she disagrees, Hayslip responds: "I disagree with many hotels, many new cars, many big buildings. I want to see a school, health care. I care about the people of Vietnam."

Asked about Vietnam's 1979 invasion and occupation of Cambodia, she says "some people say they went to support Cambodia. Some say they went to invade. I don't know." Hayslip's books reveal that her brother Bon Nghe "had an estimable war record with the North, and was now a responsible Communist official in Da Nang." So her reluctance to speak out may be a personal problem. In Hollywood terms, the regime has "leverage."

Although holding fast to professions of ignorance about communism, Hayslip brings the Soviet Union into her tale. In the early 80s, she becomes "intrigued" by a group called Youth Ambassadors of America (YAA) that specializes in "citizen diplomacy"—improving relations between the United States and the Soviet Union through direct "people-to-people contact." As she explains, "If I were forced by circumstances to do my Vietnam relief work in cooperation with (or at least without the obstruction of) a Communist government, I felt I should know a little more about it. What better classroom could there be than one-to-one contact with the people who invented that system?"

Hayslip's people-to-people contact yields no detailed criticism of the Soviet regime, which just then is "pacifying" Afghanistan. But her trip to Moscow does produce this statement: "The Soviets [sacrificed] a whole generation to stop Hitler's war machine. Few countries could have endured the terrible losses and privation caused by the Great Patriotic War (as the Soviets called World War II)—which were not unlike the sacrifices and hardships demanded of the Vietnamese in the France and American conflicts."

Note the politically correct phrasing and the equation of the U.S.A. with Nazi Germany in the last sentence. Then a Soviet official tells Hayslip: "We are doing the best we can [for Vietnam]—we still send aid and advisors—but as you can see, we have problems of our own. Your adoptive country, on the other hand, not only refuses to help, it actively stands in the way of nations who want to try. It prevents the World Bank from making loans to the Vietnamese and discourages allied nations from trading with their old enemy. Perhaps you can do something as an American citizen to get your government to reconsider its policy."

Hayslip explains she volunteered for the delegation to "break down the Cold War," so it was all for World Peace. The Soviet briefing draws no questions from her and while in the Soviet Union she also becomes a fan of Benjamin Spock, a man who "put into words many things I had felt for twenty years."

Hayslip is sometimes asked why she didn't write about the boat people, stark victims of oppression and among the most destitute refugees of our time. In the second book she glibly replies: "I didn't write about the boat people because I didn't come over on a boat." Hayslip's vaunted solidarity with her people and

advancement of "the Vietnamese point of view" seem to desert her in the face of these victims, compared to whom she traveled first class. The whole world revolves around the beautiful Le Ly, with superior karma.

For obvious reasons, many Vietnamese in America will have nothing to do with this woman and sometimes take to the streets in protest of her appearance. They believe that Hayslip has cut a deal with the Vietnamese dictatorship in which they let her visit (she has made 16 trips to Vietnam since 1986) and establish her medical clinics. Many also believe that, in return for cooperation and access, she

LE LY HAYSLIP: THE MOVIE



downplays Vietnamese human rights violations and lobbies for the lifting of the U.S. embargo, a service that Hayslip's newsletter has faithfully performed for years.

The acknowledgments in her first book include the names of a number of Vietnamese officials, but she insists, "I do not work for government. They don't tell me to do things." Neither does the U.S. government, though it does give her money. Hayslip says that the 1993 budget of her East Meets West Foundation was \$250,000, including US AID grants. She adds: "if the embargo is lifted it will be easier to raise funds."

Arrmed with glowing reviews for her books and a movie which portrays her as a romantic heroine, Le Ly Hayslip has become a Big Star and something of a cottage industry.

After Anh, Red, Jim, Paul, Ed, Dan, Floyd, Dennis and Cliff and all the others—while living free and comfortably in America—Hayslip has found another man who fits her karma. He also has cameras and money at his disposal and Oscars in his closet. As it turns out, they may have met before.

"I may have served him a drink," says Hayslip of the possibility she met Oliver Stone in Vietnam. "I may have served him marijuana. I may have been in bed with him." Or, she may have met him "on a spiritual plane." Stone, she says, had "the god-given soul of an artist, which allowed him to appreciate his feelings and transform them into

compelling, and ultimately healing, images on film." Hayslip sees in Stone "a kindred spirit who could help my story touch a much bigger world audience that only movies can reach." He has become her ultimate john. For his part, Stone calls Hayslip a "prostitute, single mother, and hustler." But he claims he was moving toward Buddhism when he met her and she has apparently completed the conversion. Hayslip took the wealthy and famous director to her monk, who put Stone through a soul-cleansing ritual called Quy Y and gave him the Buddhist name Minh Due, which means "virtue and brilliance."

During the filming of *Heaven and Earth*, Hayslip hung around for nearly five months, and there are rumors she and Stone had an affair. "He wouldn't start the day without seeing my face," Hayslip says, adding: "Oliver captured the woman's point of view and put it together with the spiritual aspect of the Vietnamese people."

Producer Robert Kline calls *Heaven and Earth* a "fair portrayal" and the "most balanced" of all Stone's Vietnam movies. But Stone is a man with his own agenda, and he decided, says the publicity packet the studio hands out—with Hayslip's blessing—"to employ creative license, condensing and broadening her story to create a film with a visual and dramatic life of its own." This license, as always, allows Stone to pursue his relentless anti-Americanism.

In Stone's version, an American officer supervises Hayslip's torture. When South Vietnamese soldiers pour honey on the bound women prisoners and leave them to the ants, the honey comes from a can that says "A Gift From the People of the United States."

Stone is on record that a film about all Hayslip's lovers would "take seven hours." He solves this by taking the worst faults of all Hayslip's men and shoeorning them into a fake composite named "Steve Butler." He then proceeds to squeeze atrocity stories out of him like pus, drawing heavily on the speech in her book by fraudulent CIA man Cliff Parry, whom Stone, like Hayslip, surely sees as the Embodiment of the War. As for the other Americans, they are all fat pigs, racists, warmongers, gun nuts and religious hypocrites.

As for Stone capturing, as Hayslip puts it, "the woman's point of view," consider former boat person Hiep Thi Le, who played Hayslip, on the shooting of the rape scene. "It was at night in the middle of the woods and it was raining, and Oliver made me do it over and over again for 14 hours. By the end of the night, I hated Oliver and everything and everyone connected with this movie."

As a comparison of *Salvador*, *Wall Street*, *JFK*, *Platoon*, *Born on the Fourth of July* and now *Heaven and Earth* will confirm, Oliver Stone likes doing the same thing over and over again. *Heaven and Earth* did not do well, which may indicate that both audiences and critics are tired of Stone's dreary demonology. Let this judgment from the *San Diego Union-Tribune's* David Elliot close the book on Stone's interpretation of Le Ly Hayslip, and for that matter his entire body of work:

"Oliver Stone runs after us like a man casing swine. Crazy, he thinks he's casting pearls," writes Elliot. And in the final analysis: "What Stone really wants is to reach out to the presumptively guilty American audience, slap the popcorn from our piggy mouths and make us suck that rag. Stone is a crank crusader on a self-scripted mission for History. He needs a wooden soapbox in a park, surrounded by drunks—not a huge multiplex podium, propped by pious reviews."

Now that his Vietnamese "trilogy" is finished, Stone is no doubt looking for other targets of opportunity. Le Ly Hayslip is now writing a third book, about the making of the movie *Heaven and Earth*, which she says is "95 percent true."

DEJA VU continued from page 1

amounted to thinly veiled racism. According to them, the vandalism of the fence was a metaphor for Cornell's oppression of minority students. Eduardo Penalver, self-appointed spokesperson for the disgruntled Latinos, said, "I think the situation is one of intolerance towards Latino students, towards Latino culture—I would say racial hatred in a lot of the cases."

In retaliation for assaults on the fence, a group of extremist Latino students defaced the statue of Ezra Cornell, the founder of the University. (Ironically, a memorandum revealed that artist Martinez had originally wanted to box up the Ezra Cornell statue as part of his fence, but Cornell administrators had refused to give him permission.) The same students had previously started afire in one of the dormitories to protest the lack of Hispanic professors in the English department. For two solid days, rallies erupted and boisterous chants reverberated throughout this campus, which had been tranquil since the takeover of buildings by gun toting black radicals in the 60s.

In addition to these agitprop actions, the group formed a human blockade around the main quad of the school. Chanting "No pasera," the protesters refused to let anyone pass. When one student attempted to cross the human chain, the group hurled epithets at him and some "peaceful" protesters shoved him against the wall.

In one of his tirades, Penalver railed against the University, calling it institutionally racist. "[Cornell] is a conservative institution that is passively racist, because Latinos are underrepresented, and the school perpetuates itself and does not create pressure for change," he said. "It is a mechanism for racism."

With radicals constantly pumping up the volume of the protest, the situation finally exploded. Approximately one hundred protesters stormed Day Hall, the main administration building. During the takeover of the building, the protesters injured two Cornell police officers. Captain William Boice, the second-in-command of the Cornell police, suffered torn ligaments in his knee. Officer Phillip Mospan suffered some minor injuries during the mad rush into the building. ("I was working the front doors and I was pushing [the protesters] back," Mospan said. "Suddenly, someone hit me from behind, grabbed my collar and jacket and then shoved me against the [side of the wall], injuring my elbow.") Another officer reported that during the skirmish, one of the demonstrators attempted to grab his pistol.

Inside Day Hall, Penalver and the rest of the protesters produced a list of demands to the University. The list contained the usual demands: more Latino faculty, more vigorous affirmative action programs, more funding for Latino organizations, etc. They demanded a meeting with President Frank Rhodes, but he was in Philadelphia on University business. Vice President Larry Palmer called Philadelphia and notified Rhodes of the situation. When Rhodes arrived, the students refused to listen to him, covering their ears and chanting when he tried to speak.

Eager to end the protest, which the university had actually helped begin by gratuitously commissioning the inflammatory artifact in the first place, Rhodes offered to meet radicals in private to discuss their list of demands. Fearing the chaos and confusion of a public meeting, he thought a private meeting would be more conducive to compromise. The protesters refused the offer.

For the next four days, the protesters remained in the building, while a cadre of outside supporters transported food inside and provided moral support.

The University at first temporarily suspended the students, but later backed down when the demonstrators agreed to evacuate the building in return for amnesty. Not one student faced any disciplinary action for violating the campus code of conduct or injuring the police officers, although the Cornell University Code of Conduct requires the administration to hold hearings in order to pursue any meaningful disciplinary action.

In addition, the University promised to keep a Puerto Rican flag flying outside the administration building for one week. The compromise also secured a meeting for radicals with Rhodes to discuss their demands.

Christopher Valdina, the editor of the conservative *Cornell Review* and a vocal critic of the administration's handling of the situation, said: "This campus has been paralyzed by the criminal violence of those who think their views are so compelling that they have the right to violate laws to promote them. We demand that the ringleaders of this assault on order be expelled from this university."

Administrators obviously disagree with Valdina. "We made some judgments and we thought it would be better to get

on with the business of the University instead of spending time, energy, and emotion in a hearing," Vice President of University Relations Henrik Dulles said. He also denied that race played a factor in the decision not to punish the protesters, calling it "irrelevant." Dulles claimed that, "a miscommunication between us and the students" was partly responsible for the takeover.

During one of the meetings with Rhodes, the Latino students demanded their own exclusive dormitory residence. Afraid that the protesters might return to their radical tactics, Rhodes reluctantly agreed to a separatist Latino Living Center. There is a precedent for the Latino Living Center under



CHAIN OF FOOLS AT CORNELL

discussion: separatist African American and Native American dormitories are already established at Cornell.

During an open meeting discussing the Latino dorm, Andres Roman, a member of the Living Center Committee, conceded that the dorm is "definitely not to integrate the Latino community with the rest of the campus. It is to provide a center for the Latino community." Radical spokesman Penalver, however, denied that the Living Center grants Latinos special treatment "We have received special treatment in the negative sense in the past," he said. "We should be able to study our own culture and history."

In addition to the Living Center, the University has already blandished the protesters by hiring a Latino professor in the English Department. "The administration's actions have been as good as we could expect," says Cliff Albright, one of the demonstrators. "We can't complain right now."

Throughout this ordeal, the support given the protesters by the academic establishment has surprised many observers. Professor Jose Piedra, the director of the Hispanic American Studies Program [HASP] announced his full support for the demonstrators. He said, "If any student is punished, we promise, all of us [in HASP], to resign."

Besides the faculty, many members of the administration remained sympathetic. During an open meeting the Dean of Students remarked that Day Hall had not been damaged during the takeover. The comparative civility of the takeover seemed to suggest the comparative purity of the students' motivation.

This sentiment was also shared by one of the assistant vice presidents. During the middle of the crisis, he said, "The students are being very responsible. They're not trashing the place."

The Student Assembly, dominated by leftists, also refused to condemn the takeover and instead issued a resolution asking for lenience. The resolution stated: "The Student Assembly recognizes the unfulfilled needs of the Latino community" and demanded more funding for Latino-related activities. The Assembly also euphemistically described the takeover and the injuring of police officers as "various forms of protests." (This is the same Student Assembly that garnered national attention last year for passing a proposal to create a gay dorm.) The list of organizations that endorsed this resolution includes: *La Asociacion Latina*, Black Student Union, Mexican-American Student Association, *La Unidad Latina*, Lambda Upsilon Lambda, Lambda Pi Chi, *Latinas Promoviendo Comunidad*, *Simba Wachanga*, Black Women Support Network, Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual Coalition, *Senoritas Latinas Unidas*, Sigma Lambda Upsilon, Ujamaa Residential Community, *Sabor Latino*, Association for Students of Color and the Gays, Lesbians, and Bisexuals of Color. As someone remarked, "This was like a general assembly of the Balkans."

There is a reason for the homosexual groups' eager support of the Latino Living Center that is not immediately obvious from the popular frontism of their rhetoric. (In an open letter, the Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual Coalition declared, "We share many of [the Latinos'] goals and realize that this is a common struggle.") Although the Student Assembly passed the gay dorm proposal last year, Rhodes vetoed the resolution. The homosexual groups see the Latino Living Center as a stepping stone to a dorm of their own. As president of *La Asociacion Latina* and the head of the protesters, Penalver has been a key figure in this controversy. But instead of being condemned for his actions, he has been aggrandized into a cult hero—the *Daily Sun* described him as "charismatic" and has generally sympathized with the cause.

Unfortunately, his incendiary rhetoric has divided the campus racially. Writing in a university-funded Latino newspaper, *La Lucha*, he declared, "Cornell's primary goal in educating Latinos is to inculturate you with *Gringo* values: individualism, selfishness, and social climbing." He described the white student body as "imbecils" [sic] and insinuated that Rhodes was racist. "I don't know Rhodes, but based on the treatment we received when we were sitting in Day Hall...and the fact that Rhodes pandered to the trustees, whom I consider racists, his actions show a lack of concern for Latino students."

Like Penalver, the artist Martinez has done his share to exacerbate racial tensions. Instead of calling for racial reconciliation, he urged the protesters to "take the enemy by surprise."

Looking back at the events, Vice President Larry Palmer conceded, "We made some mistakes [in handling the pro tests]...but it was a confused situation."

Palmer also acknowledged that conferring amnesty on the protesters may encourage more factious behavior from other disgruntled groups in the future. "I can't predict what will happen next, but there is always the danger that young students look at our [the administrators'] actions and behavior, instead of our words," Palmer said.

Not everyone in the minority community agreed with what had happened, although most realized that it would be foolhardy for them to criticize it openly. One Latino student, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, described the incident as "stupid and ridiculous." Many minority students conceded that they feared being ostracized—or worse—if they openly disapproved of the protests.

Another minority student said, "I'm considered a minority because I'm Asian. But I'm not oppressed by anybody. They [the protesters] are making mountains out of molehills." And many Caucasian students expressed resentment for being labeled as insensitive oppressors. One white student wrote to the *Daily Sun* that she had initially supported the protests, but later rescinded her support because of virulent anti-white speeches.

After the furor had died down, Cornell sifted through a number of possible explanations for what had happened. Most observers were aware of the irony that the whole episode had been triggered by the administration's naive effort to curry favor with the multiculturalists on campus. If the road to hell is paved with good intentions, at Cornell it is also marked by an ugly fence that nobody wanted in the first place. Instead of opening a meaningful dialogue between the different ethnic communities at Cornell, the artwork segregated the racial populations. It became the Berlin Wall of separatists' fantasies, and they didn't even have to erect it themselves.

Although administration members deny that an effort to jump on the bandwagon of political correctness had any effect on their decisions, it is obvious that it did indeed have an influence. Once having opened Pandora's Box by commissioning the "artwork," Rhodes and the rest of the administration blew the lid off altogether by not pursuing disciplinary action against protesters. Those who watched the evolution of this campus donnybrook believe that it will someday be regarded as a dry run for militant gay activists who now have no reason not to make their move.

After nearly a week of protesting, two injured police officers and countless heated debates, the University finally removed the artwork in December. Unfortunately the deep scars and the exacerbated racial tensions won't likely disappear as quickly. The fence is gone, but the divisions it helped create at Cornell remain.

KENNETH LEE is a freshman at Cornell.

HATE SPEECH DEFINED: THE RAVINGS OF DR. KHALID MOHAMMAD



By now, everybody knows about Khalid Mohammad's speech to an audience of faculty and students at Kean College in New Jersey on November 29, 1993. Mohammad's speech was so hateful and venomous that even Louis Farrakhan found it politic to dissociate himself from him. Despite massive media attention, very few people have had a chance to see the undistilled hatred that drives this radical ideology. The following extended excerpts from Khalid Mohammad's speech show the Nation of Islam and its leaders for what they are:

In the name of our Lord, the Beneficent, the Merciful, all praise is due to our Lord, the Lord of all the world. I bear witness that regardless to land or label or language, there is but one God. And so in the name of that one God who came as it was written and prophesied and He would come to seek and to save that which was lost. And we can find no other people fitting the description of the Bible prophesies of the lost brother, the lost sister, or the lost sheep, except we, the 50 million or more mentally and spiritually dead black men and women here in the hells of North America. And so we thank Him for coming and raising up His messiah and His messenger, the most Honorable Elijah Muhammad, and we thank the two of them for the man who we believe is the champion for the liberation and salvation of the black nation, that man who we believe is anointed and appointed for this hour of our resurrection and rise. I speak of none other than the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, and so in the name of Master Fahrad Muhammad, the most Honorable Elijah Muhammad and the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, I greet you my beloved and beautiful black sisters and brothers and others with the greeting words of peace, [inaudible], free the land and black laws for all black people. It is indeed my honor to be invited here on the Kean College campus and to speak to you on this very important topic and title. I did not choose it myself, but I welcome the opportunity to speak on this topic. The topic that has been given to me is the secret relationship between blacks and Jews. Now let's not get it confused. Let's act like we know. Hear what I'm saying? (laughs.) The subject, the secret relationship between blacks and Jews. I bring you greetings here at Kean College in Jersey from the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, who sends his greetings of love and unity and solidarity...[as well as from] Minister Khadir Muhammad. Please, let us give him a black hand.

...Let me say to you before we even get started. If your seats get too hot for you, don't leave, just raise up and fan it a little bit and sit back down. Everything will be all right. And to the whites who are in the audience. Let me say to you before we even get started. It's going to be a rough ride, buddy. It's gonna be a rough ride. You better buckle in, buckle up guys, buckle your seat belts. If for any reason this auditorium becomes depressurized, automatically, oxygen masks will fall from the ceiling. Please make sure to fix the elastic band around your head firmly, and put the mask over your mouth and nose first. And then help the white person next to you. I didn't come to Kean College to tiptoe through the tulips. I didn't come to Kean College to pussyfoot.

Didn't come to Kean College to dilly-dally or beat around the bush. I didn't come to pin the tail on the donkey. I came to pin the tail on the honky. I came to speak the truth, whether you like that truth or not. I couldn't give a damn if you stood thousands on the sidewalk, passing out leaflets before my people come in here this evening, we have a right to evaluate and examine the secret relationship between blacks and Jews. Good evening. This is the truth hour, and don't you touch that dial. You stay tuned in...

...Now let's get started. Throughout the history of the practice, Jews and the African slave trade, Jews have been involved in the purchase and sale of human beings. This fact is confirmed by their own scholars and historians. Whose scholars and historians? (Jews.)...Brothers and sisters, the so-called Jew, and I must say so-called Jew, because you're not the true Jew. You are Johnny-come-lately-Jew who just crawled out of the caves and hills of Europe just a little over 4,000 years ago. You're not from the original people. You are a European strain of people who crawled around on your all fours in the caves and hills of Europe, eatin' juniper roots and eatin' each other. You know nothing about fire. You know nothing about funeral science or nothing about embalming. You left your dead right in the caves with you and you slept with your dead for 2,000 years, smelling the stench coming up from the decomposing body. You know nothing about bathrooms and toilets and restrooms and sanitation systems. You did your No. 1 and your No. 2, your pee-pee and your doo-doo, which should be a don't-don't, right in the caves and hills of Europe. You slept in your urination and your defecation, generation after generation, for 2,000 years. You know nothing about fire. You knocked your animals in the head with clubs and boulders and bricks, or whatever you had at that time, you made or chiseled, or found already that way. And drug them back to the cave... dragged them back to the cave. And all of you would just gum them and eat the fur, the dirt, the filth, and suck the blood from the raw meat, and you still eat your meat raw, to this very day. While you live like this, this black man and black woman that you, in a condescending way, look down your nose at, on the Kean College campus. You're looking at the sons and daughters of your very mothers and fathers. To the whites who are in this audience, why you wouldn't even be here if it were not for the original black man and the original black woman. We are your mother and we are your father. Not only are we your mother and father biologically and genetically and historically, but we are the father and mother of all the disciplines, all of the sciences, everything that you have built your so-called civilization on...

Then said Jesus, who's talking, who's talking, let me stop right now. When I say Jesus up here, I'm not talking about no blond haired, blue eyed, pale skinned, buttermilk complexion, peckerwood, cracker Christ. When I say Jesus up here, I'm talking about the

Jesus that the Bible says his body would be like Jaspar. Another scripture says his body would be like burnt brass, as though it had been burnt in an oven. It says he would have hair like lamb's wool. I'm talking about that nappy hair. I'm talking

about that good hair, before you fried it and dyed it and laid it to the side. Before you got your scary curl. Before you got your temporary permanent. Before you got your blond wig running around Kean College, talking about blonds have more fun. You not having no more fun. The Bible said Jesus would have nappy hair. So where did these pictures come from with this stringy hair, straight hair, blond haired blue eyed, pale skin, buttermilk complexion, peckerwood Jesus. It's the white man. The white man's got a God complex. Pope Julius II, who...commissioned Michelangelo, and I ain't talking about no Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle either. Pope Julius II commissioned Michelangelo to change Jesus from black to white. His hair from nappy and kinky to straight, weak and stringy. And so now we have a white Jesus, but the Bible says I beheld until the thrones were cast down. And the ancient of days did sit, and it goes on to tell you that he would have hair like lamb's wool and his body would be like fine brass, burnt in an oven. There are white people throughout different sections of Europe, to this very day, who make their prayers in front of a black Mary, and a black Jesus. Go to the Vatican in Rome, when the old, no good Pope, you know that cracker. Somebody need to raise that dress up and see what's really under there. When old Pope was shot, he didn't pray in front of no white Mary. *Life Magazine*, one of the big magazines, showed him kneeling down, making his prayers in front of a black Mary and black baby Jesus. And he wasn't in no hurry to get check out of here either. Talking about he's the vicar of Christ. The right hand of God. That he's going instantly to heaven, to paradise. Well how come when they shot that cracker, he didn't say, "Ooh, no, no, duh." [inaudible]. He didn't say that. They called in the best doctors they could get, because he wasn't anxious to go anywhere. Let's look at it. You with me? Let's look at it for a moment. Look at it. Brothers and sisters, as I move beyond that point back to John, the 8th chapter, the 31st verse, then said Jesus to those Jews who believed on Him. He said you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. The Jews answered Jesus and said how sayeth Thou that we shall be made free? We have never been in bondage to any man. Jesus goes on to say to them, and they said to Him, we be Abraham's seed, and we have never been in bondage to any man. Jesus answered the Jews and said...but you seek to kill me...Jesus said unto them, if God were your Father,

you would love me. Now that preposition is a strong preposition. If God were your Father, you would love Me, for I proceeded forth and came from God. Neither came out of myself, but he sent me. Why do you not understand my speech, Jew? Even because you cannot hear my word. You are of your father, the Devil. What did Jesus say? (the Devil.) You are of your father, the Devil. And the lust of your father, you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth because there is no truth in him when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own. For he's a liar and the father of the lie...

Revelations 3 and 9. Revelations what? (3 and 9.) Write these scriptures down. We also had John 8th chapter, starting with the 31st verse, going, going, going on down to the 44th verse. Well, now we'll go to John, uh, to Revelations by John the Revelator. But Jesus in here too. Three and nine, you ready? Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan. What does it say? I will make them of the synagogue of Satan which say they are Jews and are not Jews. What does it say? Behold, don't get hung up on behold. All it means is... look-it here, yo. The writer say yo, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, but are not Jews. But do He. Behold, I will make them to come and worship and bow down at your feet. And to know that I have loved you. Revelation 3 and 9 speaks of a people who would call themselves Jews, but who are not Jews, but who are of, according to Revelations, not Elijah Muhammad, not Louis Farrakhan, not Khadir, not Khalid, but according to Revelations, they do lie, they are not Jews, but they are impostor Jews. And according to Revelations, they are the synagogue of Satan the Devil. That's according to the Book. I'm saying, what am I gonna do, if the Book say it? And then Jesus just got through saying that these guys' daddy was the Devil. Jesus started pullin' limbs off the family tree. This thing is serious. No wonder they hate Jesus. No wonder they don't believe in Jesus. No wonder they crucified Jesus. It was the Jews who crucified Jesus. The so-called Jews of his day. They contended with Jesus on a daily basis...

These people are not the chosen people of God. They say that we are anti-Semites. How arrogant you are? No good bastard. A bastard is an illegitimate child of the father. You call us anti-Semites. How arrogant are you? There are some Semites in Africa. There are Semites, that are Arabs. Are you trying to make the world think that you're the only Semites in the world? You're anti-Semitic. Look at what you're doing to the Arab people. To the Palestinian people. You have dispossessed them. Disinherited them. They are now disenfranchised. Disheartened. Just dissed by you. You've driven them like vagabonds from their home. They are Semitic people. And you are anti-Semitic. The true name for Egypt is Kimit. What is the true name for Egypt? (Kimit.) Kimit. But the Greek, the freak, gave it the name Egypt. The root ethymologically of Egypt coming out of the Greek is Hiuptus, which means the land of the black and the burnt skin people. So don't you give me no Cleopatra Queen and get Elizabeth Taylor, some whore from Hollywood, screwing everything that ain't screwed down. Elizabeth Taylor is nothing but a white whore from Hollywood. I say she screws everything that ain't screwed down. You gonna get this white whore? And disgrace us? Insult us before the world. And portray an African queen in the image of Cleopatra using this woman, Elizabeth Taylor. What a shame. What lie...Jesus was right. You're nothing but liars. The book of Revelations is right. You're from the synagogue of Satan. You didn't wanna deal with my leader in a respectful way. You disrespected my leader, and so now, God unleashes on you his wrath and his judgment because you won't adhere to the torch light that is shining in your midst. And I'm one of his flame throwers, and I came here to burn your behind up. You say I'm anti-Semitic? If you are a Semite, I'm goddamit, whatever, I'm against whatever you are. Whatever you are, I'm anti. I'm saying, and I feel like that's kosher, buddy... Even Jesus met with the Devil. They went up on a mountain. Even God met with the Devil. They talked

about Job, the servant of God... You just a damn lie. You never been in bondage in Egypt for 400 years. That's why they call us Kimitic. That's why they call us the Kimites. That's why you named us Egyptians. Black, burnt skinned. We're dominant, strong, you are recessive, weak. If you spent 400 years among us, we wouldn't even be able to recognize you now. We would've swallowed you up and annihilated you...

Many of you control the libraries. Liebraries. NBC, ABC, CBS, you don't see nothin', or makes sure we don't see. Warner Brothers, Paramount, huh? Hollywood, period. Some of your own Jewish historians have written books on the inordinate influence of the so-called Jews in Hollywood. Some of your own Jewish writers have written on it. You put these negative stereotypes out on black people. We always clowns on

"Grand Master Historians and Esteemed and Venerable Elders and Masters of History,"

according to Khalid Mohammad:

Frances Cress Welsing

Yusef Bin Yokenem

John Henrik Clarke

(City University of New York, Hunter College)

Maulana Karenga

(California State University, Long Beach)

Ivan Van Cerdu

Sheikh Antidiop

James Small

(City College of New York)

Leonard Jefferies

(City College of New York)

Rosalind Jefferies

Nathan Hare

Julia Hare

Asa Hilliard Atavidlana

Jake Corretthers

Tony Martin

(Wellesley College)

TV. I love Martin, but I'm tired of us being fools for white folks. The only way we can get on is if we cuttin' the fool for the white man, and we always got to be a sissy before it's over. We gotta dress up in drag, so the white man can laugh at us. "Mens in Films," *In Living Color*. Look at it brothers and sisters. Dr. Jeffries was right, 100 percent right, when he talked about your influence in television, in radio, I'm adding that. But in the movie industry, in particular in Hollywood. But also are most influential in newspaper, magazine, print media and electronic media... They have our athletes in the palm of their hand. If you are an athlete, a star athlete, it is required of you that you be apolitical. You can't be black. You can't stand up for your people. You must be apolitical. And normally, they will give you a white woman. All of them with the exception of just a few of the big names, got a white woman. Susie, Kathy, Cindy, Dana, and Heather. It's true. Very few don't. Amy. They have them in the palm of their hand. Many of our politicians are in the palm of the white man's hand, but in particular, in the palm of the Jewish white man's hand. When stinkin' David Dinkins ran for mayor, when he ran the first time, he would come on television with his yarmulke on. Nigger didn't wear no African

booba on. He didn't wear his African clothes. He didn't wear Kinte crown. He didn't wear a red, black and green crown. He didn't wear mud cloth crown. He wore a yarmulke on his head. Boot lickin' for the so-called Jew. He said I...I, David Stinkins, I's the first, F's the first to repudiate Louis Farrakhan, the anti-Semite. He came on television, that's how he ran his political campaign. How many saw it? Hold your hands up if you saw it. You know I'm not lyin'. He wore his yarmulke and he said I was the first to repudiate Louis Farrakhan. Who you catering to Dinkins? Butt-dancin' for the white Jew, impostor Jew, vote. But this time, they let our boy down. This time, white Jewish Democrats, white Democrats in general, crossed party lines and voted strictly white. They said we believe that Giuliani will be a better nigger than Dinkins has been. And so he...he's so happy to get in office, we believe that he will be better. What about what came up out of New Jersey here...

Look brothers and sisters, don't let the propaganda machine of the white man turn you away from your salvation. Louis Farrakhan has the key to your salvation today and to our liberation. The counterintelligence program of the F.B.I. set up by Gay Edgar Hoover. You know Gay Edgar Hoover. Gay Edgar Hoover, don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about. Him and his boy, one of his top aides, one of his top aides, Clyde Tolson, talks about how they used to get naked and do Flamenco dances and stuff. How they would ride in the limousine, holding hands. And how they would always freak out with each other. And they had other boyfriends and would get angry with each other over the other boyfriends...

The Jews have told us the so-called Jews have told us ve, ve, ve suffer like you. Ve, ve, ve, ve marched with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Ve, ve, ve were in Selma, Alabama. Ve, ve were in Montgomery, Alabama. Ve, ve, were on the front lines of the civil rights marches. Ve have always supported you. But let's take a look at it. The Jews, the so-called Jews, what they have actually done, brothers and sisters, is used us as cannon fire. They wanted to get certain laws struck from the books. And so they put us out front as the cannon fodder. And they founded Negro organizations. I didn't say black organizations. They founded Negro organizations. Let's look at it. You ready? The NAACP was founded by the white Jew. For much of this century, Jews have been a prominent element in the liberal wing of white North American...

They always tell us ve suffered like you. We, down South, one of us was killed right along with your civil rights workers down there. Please, give me a break with this. As it says here from "Broken Alliance," from the Jewish writer himself, who talks with them, who eats bagels with them, lox with them, who goes to the synagogue with them, who plays golf with them, who sits with them out and out of, and beyond our earshot, that they had a self-interest. That they were doing these things to use us as cannon fodder to get these laws cleared from the books, and as soon as they were cleared, to whatever degree, then they started moving against us and attacking us and taking the opposite position every time a issue came up that was in our best interests. And they pooled their money, for the most part, out of the civil rights organizations, when the civil rights organizations started standing up to them. This is the case, brothers and sisters. Who are the slumlords in the black community? The so-called Jew. Rundown, dilapidated buildings', huh? Water not working properly. Toilets not working properly. The plumbing is terrible. The heating is terrible. Big rats and roaches playing hopscotch all in the hall and stuff. Mosquitoes carrying ice picks. One of 'em sting you, you in serious trouble. The white slumlords, the white so-called Jew slumlords, and the other white slumlords. Who is it sucking our blood in the black community? A white impostor Arab and a white impostor Jew. Right in the black community, sucking our blood on a daily and consistent basis. They sell us pork and they don't even eat it themselves. A meatcase full of rotten pork meat, and the impostor Arab and the impostor white Jew, neither of them eat it themselves. A wall full of liquor keeping our people drunk and out of their head, and

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MENENDEZMANIA continued from page 1 a class act. From the get-go, the trial had the look of a bad TV movie. The cast of players seemed somehow like cheap caricatures of real people. Their performances were hollow. The brothers themselves were straight out of *Beverly Hills 90210* (or perhaps *The Billionaire Boys Club*). The lawyers' rhetoric often sounded like outtakes from *LA Law*.

Everybody in the trial seemed to be vying for his 15 minutes of fame. Over the course of six months, the witness stand was visited by a parade of people who seemed straight out of a modern morality play: Rich Fool, Spoiled College Brat, Gossipy Neighbor, Back Stabbing Relative, Smarmy Therapist, Shifty Cop, Cretinous Coroner. There was also the weirdest assortment of bit players this side of *Broadway Danny Rose*. Even veteran media shill Skip E. Lowe managed to find his way to the stand. Lowe recited an anecdote in which he and his date, Mamie Van Doren, had across from the Menendez brothers and their father Jose at a black tie affair. At some point during dinner, Lowe recalled breathlessly, Mr. Menendez pinched Eric and called him "dummy."

When the prosecutor Pamela Bozanic asked whether Lowe (who referred to himself numerous times as an "entertainer") had offered to appear as a defense witness because he wanted to be on TV, the pint-sized, peroxided cable TV host turned red and sputtered, "I'm on TV everyday! I don't need this. I felt I had something to say!"

The lawyers also got in on the theatricality. Early on in the proceedings, tiny, pug-faced defense attorney Leslie Abramson showed her mastery at working the media, in the by-now-famous moment when she strode down the entire length of the courthouse hallway giving the finger to the news cameras. From day one, the constantly gesticulating Abramson made a valiant effort to direct, produce and star in her own movie, much to the dismay of poor Judge Stanley Weisberg, who on several occasions attempted to call a halt to Abramson's nonstop demagoguery by threatening to find her in contempt. (The only other attorney in town who is in Abramson's league as a shameless media hustler is high-priced ambulance chaser Gloria Allred.)

In addition to providing a venue for a Darwinian struggle for fame, the Menendez trial emerged as a kind of massive group therapy session, with participants all over the country calling into Court TV's phone lines—not simply to render their opinions on guilt or innocence, but in order to reveal the intimate details of their own lives, and in many cases their own abuse at the hands of a tyrannical parent. (This use of national TV as a confessional was no doubt due in part to the popularity of Oprah, Donahue and other daytime talk shows, where on any given afternoon you can see people giddily shoring out the most sordid details of their lives, sexual and otherwise. Discussions about this phenomenon dominated the aftermath of the trial as much as revelations of sodomy and oral copulation had the courtroom proceedings themselves.)

The Menendez trial brought out the worst in all of us—in particular in the media. From the outset (the murderers were committed on August 20, 1989) the press went after the story with the comportment of a pack of rabid weasels. The initial reporting was led by the charge of *Hard Copy* senior producer Doug Bruckner, a man fond of wearing trenchcoats, whose over-enunciated, pseudo-dramatic style of reportage often catapults gobs of spittle out of his mouth. The pieces that graced the air in those first days—which bore titles like "Secret Tales of The Menendez Family"—were for the most part full of misinformation, uncorroborated facts and just plain horseshit, and they set the tone for what was to come. There were ten shots. There were twenty shots. Lyle was on drugs, Jose paid off Lyle's pregnant girlfriend to take a hike. Kitty was shot in the vagina...

Even the so-called "straight press" came off look-

ing and behaving just like their tabloid brethren. On August 1, 1991, ABC's *Prime Time Live*—which had done a number of previous segments on the Menendez case—aired what can only be described as the consummate hatchet job on Dr. Jerome Ozeil. The piece, titled "Doctor's Orders," featured three former Ozeil lovers levelling charges of rape, battery, sexual abuse and mind control against the beleaguered psychologist, and they made the gutter journalism of *A Current Affair* and *Hard Copy* look tame by comparison. The segment featured the obligatory shots of an unsuccessful attempt to interview Ozeil (a time-honored journalistic ploy used to highlight the hidden agenda of the interviewee and the "ethics" of the interviewer). Whether or not Ozeil is a

ers; Then, on September 10, 1993, Lyle Menendez testified about child molestation. Two naked pictures of a six year old Erik and Lyle—purportedly shot by their father—were affixed to the courtroom bulletin board. OK, they weren't exactly porn photos (how many families snap the very same kind of picture of their kids?), but they were NAKED. There was talk of sadistic porno films, toothbrushes (toothbrushes?!) and Vaseline. A tearful Lyle admitted to performing forced oral copulation on his father. As this line of testimony went on, you could feel a palpable sigh of relief in the media room. Praise the Lord! The show was on the road!

That night Channel 11, which had been featuring "expanded coverage" of the trial since its inception, showed the nude photos—with a black bar across the tiny penises of the Menendez children—on their 10:00 p.m. news. The black bar, which got its start in the 50s in *Confidential* magazine, has the curious capacity of making innocent pictures look "dirty." No doubt about it—the media were going to have a field day with this stuff.

"Lyle—His Horror Stories!" was the slug line for the Channel 9 news that night. "We must warn you, what you are about to see is graphic and may be disturbing!" warned the announcer before anchorman Jerry Dunphy went into his spiel. Meanwhile, Court TV—which reran the segment all week-end—dragged in a slew of low-rent law professors, all of whom offered their "expert commentary." This began the onslaught of the experts. Other stations hauled in their own experts too, although the expertise itself was usually something less than revolutionary. "The young man's tears looked remarkably real," Stanley Goldman, Channel 9's attorney, said expertly in one moment of pathos.



LESLIE ABRAMSON, DEFENSE ATTORNEY

disreputable character isn't the point. The point is that the show—with the ever noble Diane Sawyer at the helm—attempted to mask what was a simple piece of character assassination as valid investigative reportage.

From the beginning there was a race to get the first movie that had the desperation of the race to the South Pole. The first movie deal was made in December 1989, when Karen Lamm, former wife of deceased Beach Boy Dennis Wilson, said she received a psychic "revelation" that the brothers had committed the murders. The first person she phoned was her agent. "I wasn't thinking of making a movie," Lamm insists. "It just happened that (Mike) Greenfield was a friend, and his was the first number I dialed."

Friendship notwithstanding, Greenfield packaged Lamm, veteran producer Zev Braun and Tri-Star Films. Their mini-series—already in production before the trial was finished—will air on CBS during May sweeps. The TV movie stars Beverly D'Angelo as Kitty Menendez and that ever-media-hungry liberal shill, Edward James Olmos, as Jose Menendez.

A second TV movie of the week, based on the forthcoming book *Bloodbrothers*, written by reporters Ron Soble and John Johnson, will air on Fox TV. Last week, coauthor Johnson showed up as producer and anchor in a segment of *Hard Copy* which essentially served as promotion for his film.

Free-lancer Robert Rand, who had an option with NBC for a movie of the week, got aced out of his deal when execs killed the project. But among the Menendez journalists-cum-movie-producers, Rand—whom peers described as a one-man "Menendez cottage industry"—fared quite well by selling off Menendez tidbits to everybody within reach of his telephone, including *Playboy*, *Paris Match* and *Inside Edition*.

THANK GOD FOR CHILD ABUSE!

Much to the dismay of all these entrepreneurs in the media, the Menendez trial actually threatened to fizzle out during the dreary parade of coaches and schoolteach-

WILL THE REAL VICTIM PLEASE STAND UP?

We all know that defendants are scripted to some degree, but in the Menendez case there was the uncomfortable feeling that we were seeing not simply a rough draft in progress, but an artfully crafted melodrama, complete down to the most infinitesimal detail. This seemed a bit baffling—that is, unless you were aware of an unseen member of the Menendez defense team, a man named Paul Mones.

An attorney, Mones is the author of the bestselling book *When A Child Kills: Abused Children Who Kill Their Parents*. The book, which puts forth the theory that abused children are akin to victims of battered women's syndrome, provided the cornerstone of the Menendez defense. (It seems worth mentioning the forgotten fact that the brothers, 18 and 21 at the time they killed their parents, were legally adults.)

According to its proponents—most of them from the feminist legal community—victims of battered women's/battered children syndrome have been so badly damaged that they can no longer distinguish reality from fantasy. Thus their constant perception of "imminent danger" becomes the cornerstone to their plea of self-defense. Victims of the "syndrome" (the use of the term *syndrome* is one of the many attempts by its adherents to elevate this to the status of a biological disease) are said to suffer from PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder), the same illness that affects Vietnam vets and concentration camp victims. Often they suffer from multiple-personality disorder, another highly-fashionable diagnosis these days.

Mones' book—in which he often sounds more like an amateur therapist than an attorney—is kind of a combination true-crime, self help psychobabble book. The hopelessly muddled work epitomizes the worst of both genres. Replete with gory details of assorted murders, the 359 page tome is rife with opinion masked as fact, psychological doublespeak and a massive amount of cheesy sermonizing by the author. Mones accuses opponents of

his point of view of living in "feudal times," of being "unenlightened" and of employing "sanitized" language. "Abuse is too nice a word," he scoffs. "The proper word is *torture*." Thus Mones imbues his abused children with the status of Holocaust victims, a theme he reinforces whenever possible. The Holocaust-as-metaphor-for [fill in your favorite cause] has always been a popular tactic with liberals. Like writers of self-help books, Mones makes such flagrant use of hyperbole and psychological gobbledygook that his work would be laughable if not for the fact that it's apparently being taken seriously. Some sample howlers:

Battering parents look just like anyone else. There could be one on your block.

Devastating effects of child abuse are symptoms such as low self-esteem, poor self-image, and lack of self-confidence.

A mother who tells her child "I hate you. I wish you had never been born," is as guilty of soul pummeling and murder as the mother who beats her children.

It is likely that the (battered child syndrome) will be found to be a more frequent cause of death than such well-recognized and thoroughly studied diseases as leukemia, cystic fibrosis, and muscular dystrophy.

Yes, these kids have taken their parents' lives, often in a ruthless, seemingly premeditated fashion. But, my mind says, was theirs the only finger on the trigger? Are the parents not responsible—for their own demise?

Of course, Mones never bothers to mention the survivors of the parental "holocaust" — the 99.99999% of children of abusive parents who *don't* kill their parents, but whose natural survival and coping mechanisms allow them to lead normal lives later on.

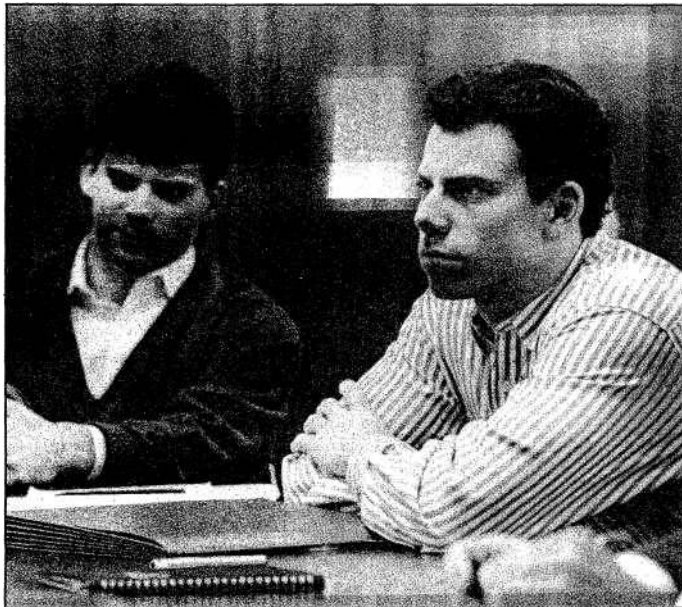
In Mones' version of reality, the act of murder itself is actually a "healthy" reaction to living in a "toxic" environment. In fact, he says the murder of a parent often has a "strangely positive and therapeutic effect on the child" and that it serves as a "catalyst to return safety, balance and rationality to the family process" (presuming there are any family members left after the murders). Often after the killings, Mones notes cheerily, these kids can go back to leading "healthy, normal" lives. Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

Adhering to Mones' advice, the Menendez defense team successfully managed to put the dead parents on trial. With the constantly demagoguing Abramson at the helm, the attorneys pulled no punches in portraying Jose Menendez as a tyrannical, sadistic deviant who used his sons as sex slaves, torturing them with pins, needles and "Rambo knives." They even managed to drop the suggestion that the father was involved in satanism. The role assigned to the mother (buoyed up by the "expert" testimony of a meticulously scripted Dr. Ann Tyler) was that of a whacked out, pill-popping co-conspirator. What the defense hoped for—and obviously what it achieved, given the hung juries—was that by painting the parents in as horrific a fashion as possible, the juries would ignore the letter of the law and in effect say, "They were such horrible people, they deserved to die." This time-honored legal tactic is known as "jury nullification." Elaborating on the Mones view of human motivation, Erik and Lyle were merely seeking health when they raised their shotguns.

It is not mere tendentiousness to note the extent to which Mones' psychobabble provided a foundation for the defense. At one point, Erik Menendez actually likened himself to a concentration camp victim, reinforcing the child-as-Holocaust-victim theme. No one pointed out the ludicrousness of the metaphor for one whose concentration camp was a \$5 million Beverly Hills mansion, complete with tennis courts, coaches, maids and an unlimited supply of cash and credit cards. This

concentration camp had no locks on its gates, no armed guards. Though Mones derides the oft-asked question about children who kill their parents—"Why didn't they just leave home?"—as a "knee jerk" reaction, that question is still the most significant, and significantly unanswered, one of the entire trial.

In the spiraling absurdity of "therapy as defense," another of Mones' theories that came into play in the background of the trial is that the slaughter of an abusive parent is not only a search for health on the part of the murderer, but also an act that finally allows the child to experience his long-covered-up love for the parent. Sound odd? At one point during his testimony, Erik Menendez



described looking at the bloody bodies of his parents on the floor of their den after he'd shotgunned them to death: "I never loved them so much as I did at that moment," Menendez said.

Lyle Menendez (who only days after he'd blown his parents to smithereens gave a moving, thirty-minute eulogy testifying to what a great man his father was) not only experienced love but retroactive affirmation as well. He actually stood in court, "I think my father would have been proud of me [for murdering him]." When the stupefied prosecutor asked the elder Menendez brother if he really meant that, Lyle answered unblinkingly that he believed his father would have admired the fact that he had finally stood up to him, not to mention that he'd done it in such a convincing fashion.

But the most dumbfounding testimony during the brothers' two weeks on the witness stand came from Erik, who had confessed the murders to therapist Oziel and later to his friend Craig Cifnarelli. When asked why he'd confessed, Erik, who admitted he was wracked with guilt after the murders, said, "I needed someone to tell me that I was really a good person." If guilt is indeed a healthy mechanism—a response to our God-given knowledge of right and wrong, good and evil—this statement is, perhaps, the most repugnant of all. The young man who'd just blown away his parents needed his ego massaged. He wanted to be told, "You're OK" even though he's not OK.

Self-help authors like Mones, M. Scott Peck and John Bradshaw have all profited handsomely from the "victims" they purport to assist; thus it's to their benefit to continually expand the boundaries of what constitutes abuse and victimization. In doing so, these "experts" trivialize the experiences of people who have suffered starvation, torture and multiple rape; people who have had to stand by and watch the wholesale slaughter of their families; people, in short, who know the meaning of the word holocaust from first hand experience. But according to the self-help/abuse gurus, there are no degrees of suffering. Virtually anyone can wear the crown of thorns. Suffering is the key to the kingdom,

which is perhaps why so many people fabricate stories of abuse on American daytime television and in American courts.

But in a world where morality is dictated by therapists rather than God, where evil is discounted as myth, where *feeling good* is the end all and be all, then murdering an "abusive parent" (or cutting off a husband's offending penis) is not only permissible—it's *healthy*. Not only does Mones' philosophy absolve one of guilt, it applauds the murderer for his deed. "I firmly believe that victims of child abuse are entitled to do anything necessary to free themselves from their tyranny," he says.

As author Wendy Kaminer states: "It is a perverse form of justice that devalues truth and makes individual guilt and innocence irrelevant." The Paul Moneses of this world evade moral imperatives and God-given truths by the neat trick of dividing people into victims and victimizers, lionizing the former, demonizing the latter. If anything, the fact that two juries were "hung" in a case in which both defendants had admitted to the murders, underlines the fact that this "no accountability" mindset promoted by Mones and his brethren is already firmly entrenched in our collective consciousness.

FEEDING FRENZIES AND PSEUDO-EVENTS

Throughout the Menendez trial, the prosecution was openly derisive of the defense posture. Chief prosecutor Pamela Bozanich, who referred to the trial as "a cheap version of divorce court," compared Lyle Menendez's tearful recollections of child abuse to a "performance by Laurence Olivier which rapidly degenerated into Sylvester Stallone." The prosecution's strategy was to ignore the abuse claims, instead focusing on the murders themselves, as well as the elaborate cover-up constructed by the brothers.

Bozanich characterized the case as "an ordinary domestic murder with a bit of extra glitz." The motives, according to her, were simple: hatred and greed.

Media attorney Gary Bostwick agrees that despite all the hoopla, the Menendez case was not particularly unique (there are approximately 300 patricides committed per year.) "Exactly the same thing probably happened out in Pico Rivera last week in some Hispanic-American house," says Bostwick, "but nobody cares. This was spectacle. It's Beverly Hills. These people are part of a stratum of society that the public is very interested in watching struggle and fall." Bostwick adds, "I find it odd that there were this many people interested in what appears to me to be what Daniel Boorstin would call a pseudo-event."

The feeding frenzy that surrounded the Menendez case (never mind Heidi Fleiss, Michael Jackson, and Lorena Bobbitt) is, sadly, exemplary of our ever-growing tabloid mentality, and of the fact that sensationalism and news have essentially become indistinguishable. "It's not about justice anymore, it's about ratings," said Bozanich. But pseudo-event or no, with Menendez Part II just around the corner, we're faced with a forthcoming glut of spin-offs—more authors and therapists working the talk show circuit, more stupid jokes from the late night gag writers, more terrible TV movies, more vulgarity injected into our legal system and ultimately into our national consciousness.

And when it's all said and done, when the movies have done a quick fade into the 99 cent video racks and all the quickie Menendez books show up in the \$2 bargain bin at Crown—what then? Well, hey, this is L.A.—we can rest assured that *better* and even more hideous crimes will soon be committed. Yes, folks, in the City of Angels the one thing you can count on is that there will always be...more.

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REVIEWS

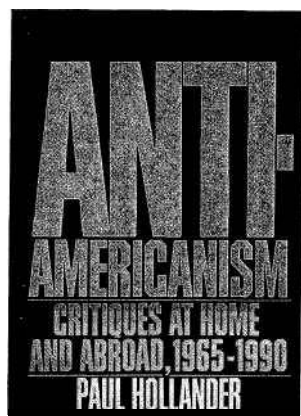
Anti-Americanisms Here and There

*Anti-Americanism: Critiques at Home
and Abroad, 1965-1990*

By Paul Hollander,

Reviewed by Dario Fernandez-Morera

Oxford University Press, 515 pp., \$35.00



This book came out better than a year ago. But it was ignored so studiously by most of the reviewing media that many potential readers may not have heard about it. It is an important book and deserves a hearing, even if it is a belated one.

One of Hollander's theses is that anti-Americanism is often an irrational stance, like anti-Semitism, or one which serves hidden and unsavory motives, again like anti-Semitism. An eye-opener is the chapter "Higher Education: Reservoir of the Adversarial Culture." We know that so-called higher education these days is no longer particularly conducive to higher thinking. (But how can it be, since the very notions of "higher" and "lower," being hopelessly hierarchical, are obviously politically incorrect? Such a thing as a "higher" education is therefore by definition a reactionary idea that could hardly find a niche in an multicultural *Weltanschauung*).

But in this familiar scenario Hollander has uncovered unsuspected lows. They are all probably traceable, as he points out, to a general breakdown of the rational assumptions which Isaiah Berlin identified as the common ground once shared by both the right and the left of Western intelligentsia. In today's American universities such a common ground no longer exists; it has been replaced by a battleground.

One should point out that the breakdown noticed by Hollander (and Berlin) has facilitated two now fashionable academic approaches. One consists of a generalized attack on reason itself, as hopelessly *historical*. The other is a sort of "conversation," in the course of which the sophisticated academic participants are supposed to display an urbane pride in their lack of convictions, which is usually complete except for a passionate and ostentatious skepticism regarding the epistemological and ethical possibilities of human reason. This selective skepticism serves as the shaky ground for the professors' political, social and economic orthodoxy.

Both approaches have in common the rejection of the parameters of rational discourse. The rejection appears more obvious in the first approach, which is *de rigueur* among the more vociferously leftist

academicians who routinely label reason a mere hegemonic tool invented by Western white males. Intellectually speaking, this approach is not worth bothering about. Its arguments can be easily refuted. Far more dangerous is the second, because it is more insidious and usually displayed by more intelligent academics. Absolutely convinced of its own intellectual sophistication, this establishment discards classical epistemological and ethical realism in favor of a subjectivist, thin-blooded form of nihilism particularly agreeable to the professorial temperament.

Hollander's sobering pages on academic anti-Americanism remind me of a conversation I had in 1989 with a famous English professor from the University of Chicago. This pedagogue was gushing about the glories of Soviet culture, among which he singled out the fostering of the greatest dancers the world had ever seen. Our culture is not conducive to such things, the professor complained—echoing Marx and his often repeated claim that capitalism is antithetical to art. I reminded him that the greatest dancer the world had ever seen happened to be not a Russian, but a guy born in Omaha: Fred Astaire. And that this was not just my humble opinion, but the far more authoritative judgment of Mikhail Barishnikov and other Russian dancers.

Such obliviousness to the multiple achievements of American civilization is all too common among anti-Americanists. It is the cultural equivalent of the political blindness which, as Hollander notices, originates in their visceral hatred of their country.

Hollander's penetrating chapter "Anti-Americanism, Decadence, and Communism's Collapse" exposes other problems in the anti-Americanist stance. One of them is the malevolently false relativism of the "multiculturalists." Anti-American multiculturalists incessantly condemn historical facts like slavery and the American Indian wars as indefensible horrors perpetrated by the white, male and imperialist United States upon innocent and oppressed groups. Yet wrapping themselves in the term "multiculturalism," these anti-Americans also simultaneously demand uncritical acceptance of all foreign "cultures," which means accepting both historical episodes and everyday practices far more undesirable than any of those ritualistically associated with the United States and the hated West. Like academic skepticism, the multiculturalists' presumed openness to all cultures turns out to be in fact very selective.

To be consistent, they can hardly condemn European and American "imperialism" and not the unsavory aspects of Third World culture as well. Both are "products of their time." We should therefore study "imperialism" with the same nonjudgmental understanding with which we study the cultures of the Aztecs, the Ottoman Turks, the Ethiopians, the Maharajahs, the Saudis, the Pygmies or the Apaches. I would use this "multiculturalist" argument alone or in combination with another deliciously relativistic proposition likewise suggested to me by the wonderfully nonjudgmental multiculturalist view of the world: that in any case, at the time of their conquest, the conquered were no less and often more interested in hegemony than their conquerors; they just were not as good at it. Put otherwise:

Aztecs, Apaches, Sioux, Incas, Maharajahs, Sultans, African chiefs, Arab slave traders and everyone else, for that matter defeated by the Europeans and their American descendants were as enthusiastically engaged as their conquerors in the historical pastime of lording it over others. What we have is a brotherly commonality of hegemonic efforts; as in so many other fields of human endeavor, the Europeans and Americans just happened to be far better at this endeavor than anybody else.

(I like to use related arguments in the presence of the new "communitarians," who usually choose to overlook the significance of the first seven letters of this now fashionable euphemism: I tell them that there is nothing like the communitarianism displayed by present-day Hindus and Moslems, Serbian, Balkan Moslems, and Croats, Israelis and Arabs, Basque nationalists and so on; they teach the rest of us the lovely consequences of *Gemeinschaft*—community—and the evils of a selfish Western individualism that erroneously places the individual above the interests of his particular collective.) Also used selectively by anti-Americanists is the notion of "decline." Hollander records the lavish praise showered by anti-Americans on Paul Kennedy's book connecting the presumed decline of the United States to that of earlier civilizations and for the same reason: imperialism and overstretch.

Hollander reminds us that the notion of decline is frequently used not only as a weapon against the existing order of the United States but also as a tool for personal advancement. The immense media attention lavished on Kennedy's book in particular suggests that the decline thesis found favor both among those critical of what they see as American imperialism and those who wishfully contemplate the demise of a social order they so heartily dislike.

There are additional grounds for skepticism about some highly publicized attributions of decline, since such claims in the recent past often had other, ulterior motives. Readers will not find it difficult to recall several elections in which rival contenders pointed to symptoms of decline (falling behind the Soviet Union militarily, behind Japan economically, being destroyed by domestic social problems, and so on) only to brandish their own remedies. Attributions of decline have provided excellent points of departure for both ambitious politicians and disaffected intellectuals who wish to promote and justify their own policies and promises. Not surprisingly, the "decline" studied in Robert G. Mead's excellent *Moral Splendor* has received far less attention than Kennedy's questionable treatment of the subject. Could the reason be that Mead's argued cause for American "decline" is not American imperialism but rather the growth of the welfare state? That the concept of "decline" is used only selectively is apparent also in the silence greeting the work of an author not even mentioned by Hollander: Charles Adams' *For Good and Evil: The Impact of Taxes on the Course of Civilizations*. Could the reason for the media neglect of Adams' book be that his connecting link between the presumed decline of the United States and that of earlier civilizations is the common presence of increasingly high taxes upon the more productive members of the population; and that a crazy tax system as a cause of American "decline" does not quite fit the socioeconomic agenda of the anti-Americanists?

A sociologist by training, Hollander demonstrates, in his chapter "The World View of College Students," the presence among college students of the familiar correlation between, on the one hand, the feeling of being "alienated" from society, and on the other hand, an advocacy for radical political change. But Hollander also uncovers surprising discrepancies. Students surveyed often claimed to be satisfied, well-adjusted and on the road to "self-realization." Yet many of these fast-trackers also simultaneously perceived the United States through well-known anti-American clichés depicting their country as dominated by the rich, neglectful of the poor and not conducive to "self-realization." Similarly consistent in their inconsistency were their opinions on

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the American military and American military expenditures. Over 61% of students agreed that the United States' military expenditures were "excessive," yet a majority of students also agreed (56.5%) that the United States military is "the major obstacle to the further extension of Soviet power and influence."

"It may be wondered," Hollander muses, "how American military expenditures could be viewed as excessive if they achieve their purpose, that is, to deter Soviet expansion." Other students polled (48%) went along with the statement, "American culture and society, dedicated to competitiveness and material gain, nurture indifference to one's fellow human beings." Yet the large student agreement with this anti-American cliché took place in the midst of an even wider student disagreement (68%) with the anti-American statement, "American society, more than most others, has failed to live up to its own ideals" and (by 57%) with the similarly anti-American statement that "The United States bears responsibility for much of the suffering and deprivation in the Third World."

Sympathy with capitalism, Hollander observes of the students' seeming inconsistencies, "need not be felt to be part of the conservative outlook." Indeed. There is a whole area on the right of the political spectrum which is also antithetical to capitalism and the United States. In the 1930s and 40s this right wing attitude found expression in National Socialism and Fascism. Today it echoes again in the European New Right. In this respect as well as others the World Left is often indistinguishable from the World Right.

Hollander is sometimes too kind a critic. Drawing on Emile Durkheim, he suggests that the cultural relativism and moral uncertainty associated with the United States explains and perhaps even justifies some forms of anti-Americanism. He agrees with Leszek Kolakowsky that the dissolution of social taboos and long-standing traditions may be the consequence of what the United States is all about. American-generated "modernity" would therefore inevitably bring about the dissolution of America itself.

This is in fact a variation upon an old idea, fallen into disrepute since the collapse of the socialist regimes, which socialists once regularly used to attack capitalism: by dissolving the beliefs on which it is built, socialists claimed, barriers-breaking capitalism sows the seeds of its own destruction and its eventual replacement by socialism.

The idea is not more sound when shifted from the study of capitalism to the study of the United States. Neither cultural relativism nor moral uncertainty need be associated with American civilization. No reader of the Founding Fathers, of the philosophers who influenced them or of the early history of this country can say that the United States was built upon moral relativism and irrationality. Thomas ("Your reason is the only oracle") Jefferson? Patrick Henry? Ben Franklin? Adam Smith? John Locke? Thomas Paine? Relativizing, irrational and morally uncertain men? These giants would laugh if we told them that the breakdown of collective taboos, and their replacement the individual citizen's use of his reason in the pursuit of his own happiness, cause America's problems. They would answer that it is in fact the acceptance of philosophical premises inimical to those upon which American civilization was built that accounts for all the lamented uncertainty and relativism.

With this book, Hollander confirms his standing as one of the foremost *connoisseurs* of the Western and especially of the American left. It is a worthy successor to such earlier classics of his as *Soviet-American Society*, *The Many Faces of Socialism*, *Political Pilgrims* and *The Survival of the Adversarial Culture*. After reading it, one can only look forward to Hollander's next effort: *Decline and Discontent—Communism and the West Today*. Here is a subject whose time has come!

DARIO FERNANDEZ-MORERA teaches at Northwestern University.

KHALID MOHAMMAD continued from page 11

filled with the swill of the swine, affecting their minds. They're the blood suckers of the black nation and the black community. Professor Griff was right, when he spoke here. Then he spoke at... and when he spoke in the general vicinity of Jersey and New York, and when he spoke at Columbia Jew-niversity over in Jew York City. He was right. The comments that Professor Griff made, and if you scare the Professor Griff, I'm Professor Griff's professor, (laughs) you know [inaudible] trouble. He was 100 percent right. Brother Steve Coakley, 100 percent right. Brothers and sisters, everyone that they have attacked, Dr. Jeffries, why I just mentioned Dr. Tony Martin. All of them have told us the truth. Dr. Yusef Ben Yokenem. Now they're attacking Dr. Malefia Santi. They're attacking Afro-centricity. They're saying that our position now, the research that we're doing, they just summarily dismiss it, but none of them want to debate.

...You no good lyin' bastard. You sit around here and lie. But you won't come in and face me, because you know I got [inaudible]. I didn't even bring all my stuff out here. Brother, when a couple of brothers just bring everything I had there. I had so much stuff, I thought there was gonna be a bunch of white folks here. I just came with all my...came with my Jew [inaudible]. And a couldn't get a cracker to come in here and do nothin'. You outside pootin' in the wind somewhere. I brought so much stuff, I had to take a couple... I had all my stuff, and got some more in the trunk of the car. I thought it would be Jews everywhere, ready to do battle tonight. They're just cowards. Got to bring in the other one. We got to bring in the other one. Thank you, sir. Don't put it up here. I gotta work from this table. What about the unholy alliance, Dr. John Henry Clark called it the unholy alliance between Israel and South Africa. He calls it scratches on a time bomb. The unholy alliance between Israel and South Africa. Let's look at it. Oh yeah, I'm...I mean that ain't no do...this ain't no socks and stuff. (laughs) I came ready. I thought you had some brave Jews here. These Jews are punks. Scared to come out. Why am I talking like this? Because again, my leader tried to reason with you. My leader tried to dialogue with you. My leader came to you in the spirit of dialogue so that we could sit down and discuss these points. But you disrespected him. And then lied on him. And so now you have to face us, and we will eat your behind alive. The unholy alliance between Israel and South Africa. South Africa is a key and could be considered with America, number one trading partner of South Africa. The DeBeers mines, Oppenheimer, our people, our brothers and sisters in South Africa, hundreds of them lose their lives. Sometimes thousands in those mines. Miles underground, mining diamonds for white Jews. That's why you call yourself Mr. Reuben-stein, Mr. Gold-stein, Mr. Silver-stein. Because you been stealing rubies and gold and silver all over the earth. That's why we can't even wear a ring or a bracelet or a necklace without calling it Jew-elry. We say it real quick and call it jewelry, but it's not jewelry, it's Jew-elry, 'cause you're the rogue that's stealing all over the face of the planet earth. You don't have a home nowhere. No good bastard. Bring me your best. I still call you out. You say my leader's lyin'? Bring me your best. I'm just a student of his. And you don't have a cracker that can handle me. Not one, not 10, not 20 of your crackers. Bring 'em. Some daredevils to do that? Some Evil Knievels? (laughs) I don't believe you can. It was Israel that helped South Africa gain nuclear power, huh? It's Israel that has ongoing technological...is helping with the ongoing technological advancement of South Africa. Israel. Do you know brothers and sisters

that there in Jew York City, at the Jew-nited Nations...

It was the Jews, those so-called Jews, that financed Spike Lee and gave him 30 million dollars to produce the movie "Malcolm X." Jesus was betrayed by Judas. Judas was given 30 pieces of silver. Spike Lee was given 30 million dollars. No white Jew in his right mind would give a black man 30 million dollars to produce a movie that's gonna present Islam in a positive light and convert the masses of black people to Islam. No white Jew in their right mind would give 30 million dollars to Spook Lee, to produce a movie that will spotlight a freedom fighter and a revolutionary in his proper and positive historical light...

The Jews like money, and they have always been after money. They want nothing else but money...It was the Jews, brothers and sisters, the so-called Jews, not only who crucified Jesus in a kangaroo court, but it was the Jewish prosecutor Maddox who prosecuted the Honorable Marcus Mosiah Garvey in a kangaroo court. Jews in the judicial system that worked against Mr. Garvey, and ultimately worked toward Mr. Garvey being deported from America. The so called Jews. The hook-nosed, bagel-eatin', lox-eatin', impostor, perpetratin' a fraud, Johnny-come-lately, just crawled out of the caves and heels of Europe, wannabe Jew, not the true Jew. For you are the true Jew. You are the true Hebrew. You are the true ones who are in line with Bible prophecy and scripture, so teaches the most Honorable Elijah Muhammad and the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan. You are the people of the Bible that fulfilled the Bible prophecies.

man, one vote. One person, one vote. A multiracial government in South Africa. We don't owe the white man nothin' in South Africa. He's killed millions of our women, our children, our babies, our elders. We don't owe him nothing in South Africa. If we want to be merciful at all, when we gain enough power from God Almighty to take our freedom and independence from him, we give him 24 hours to get out of town, by sundown. That's all. If he won't get out of town by sundown, we kill everything white that ain't right [inaudible] in South Africa. We kill the women, we kill the children, we kill the babies. We kill the blind, we kill the crippled, [inaudible] we kill 'em all. We kill the faggot, we kill the lesbian, we kill them all. You say why kill the babies in South Africa? Because they gonna grow up one day to oppress our babies, so we kill the babies. Why kill the women? They, they... because they lay on their back, they are the military or the army's manufacturing center. They lay on their back and reinforcements roll out from between their legs. So we kill the women too. You'll kill the elders too? Kill the old ones too. Goddamit, if they in a wheelchair, push 'em off a cliff in Cape Town. Push 'em off a cliff in Cape Town, or Johannesburg, or [inaudible], or Port Shepstone or Durbin, how the hell you think they got old, they old oppressing black people. I said kill the blind, kill the crippled, kill the crazy. Goddamit, and when you get through killing 'em all, go to the God damn graveyard and dig up the grave and kill 'em, God damn, again. 'Cause they didn't die hard enough. They didn't die hard enough. And if you've killed 'em all and you don't have the strength to dig 'em up, then take your gun and shoot in the god damn grave. Kill 'em again. Kill 'em again, 'Cause they didn't die hard enough. I cannot focus on an economic system in South Africa until we get our politics right. Until we determine what the revolutionary approach is gonna be.

What a fool you are Mandela. Somebody bum-rush your house. Black boots stomp your door down. And come in, rape everybody in the house, men and the women. Take everything. Only way out of the door they got the gun on you. You able to take their gun and put their gun on them. Does that make you a reverse robber and a reverse rapist?

FINAL ANALYSIS

Fonda/Turner To Unveil "People of COLORIZATION"

by TURK RICHARDS

Actress and former political activist Jane Fonda and her media mogul husband Ted Turner have announced the development of a revolutionary new technology aimed at addressing the lack of positive roles for minorities in American film.

"People of COLORIZATION is Hollywood's first attempt to meet the need for positive African-American and Hispanic role models in film," Fonda said at an Atlanta press conference last month. Looking fit from a recent regimen of yoga which allowed her to backtrack from the advocacy of violent exercise which she espoused a decade ago, Fonda stood flanked by her husband, whose Turner Communications Corporation first began experimenting with electronic COLORIZATION seven years ago. The couple was also joined by civil rights leader Jesse Jackson, who hailed Turner's decision to adapt the process to the transformation of "racist movies" as a gesture that would "end the cycle of pain and further the cause of equality in this nation."

To Jackson and many other black leaders and artists, Hollywood has long been seen as a bastion of bigotry run by bottom liners who neglect totally the needs of minorities, unless these needs happen to have a box office dimension. As Jackson said during the remarks which followed Fonda's at the press conference about People of COLORIZATION, "the motion picture industry's portrayal of blacks from the 1930s onward has been the leading cause of perpetuation of social problems in the inner city." Speaking with tent meeting fervor, Jackson said, "We are tired of seeing African Americans portrayed in contemporary films as drug pushers or ass-kissers like Danny Glover in *Lethal Weapon*. We are also tired of seeing old classic films on TV and seeing African Americans portrayed as idiots and doormats. Traditional Hollywood producers have continued to refuse to meet the needs of diversity. But now, with People of COLORIZATION, minorities will finally gain equal access to America's treasury of great movie classics."

People of COLORIZATION uses a multimillion dollar computerized process which enables technicians to change whites into blacks and blacks into whites when

celluloid images are transferred to the home video format. Critics like *At the Movies*' Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel, who immediately branded Turner as a greedy Philistine for his earlier "colorizing" of great classic films like *The Maltese Falcon* ten years ago, immediately hailed the Fonda/Turner COLORIZATION as a triumph of technology over social injustice.

Ebert and Siskel are so excited about the innovation that they will dedicate the first five minutes of each *At the Movies* show to reviewing new releases in "People of COLORIZATION."

In unveiling the new technology pioneered by her husband's researchers, Fonda announced the three films that Turner Communications will release as the first examples of the new technology later this spring.

In *Casablanca*, the COLORIZATION process has made Rick, Ilsa and Captain Renault into Africans, making life and death decisions of morality, romance and the fate of the world. Sam, Rick's servile piano player, is now white, and when he plays the famous theme song of the film, the rhythms are uncertain. "The reversal works," Ebert says. "Blacks are as capable of self-control and sacrifice as whites. Audiences of all races will be pleased."

In *Driving Miss Daisy*, a cantankerous old black dowager is driven around a small Southern town by a white chauffeur who playfully reproaches her for her bad grammar and lack of education. "This is a double whammy that should be satisfying to feminists as well as African Americans," says Gene Siskel. "It shows that you can be black and a woman and give orders to a white male."

In the COLORIZATION version of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, a white suitor experiences ridicule as an uptight square when he visits the hang-loose family of his black girlfriend. This is, Ebert says, "an object lesson for all of us who have been imposing our white values on people of color for all these years. This is social commentary at its best!"

Whether or not the COLORIZATION process succeeds, Jesse Jackson and others have been agitating behind the scenes for a special Oscar

for Jane Fonda. Rumors are, in fact, that the motion picture academy has already ordered an ebony version of the statuette for the actress, which would be presented by Michael Jackson, whose dermatological experiments have marked him as a sort of living example of what will be possible through the COLORIZATION process.

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JANE FONDA & TED TURNER

"Films have always captured the full range of human experience," Ebert said, "but only for Eurocentrics. Except for great Spike Lee classics like *X* and *Do the Right Thing*, the needs of blacks have been ignored."

Siskel added that with the unveiling of COLORIZATION, he finally understands "what motivated a former radical and fighter for social justice like Jane Fonda to marry a capitalist like Ted Turner. And it's nothing less than the liberation of minorities in film."

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