

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



CAMELOT CORRECTNESS

It is hard to imagine two people less like each other than law scholar Richard M. Cummings and Robert F. Kennedy Jr., son and namesake of RFK. Cummings is an honors graduate of Princeton, who received his Doctorate in Jurisprudence from Columbia Law School, where he ranked fourth in his class and, as editor of the *Columbia Law Review*, won the coveted James Kent and Harlan Stone scholarships. Cummings also holds a Master's degree in International Law and a Ph.D. in Social and Political Science from Jesus College, Cambridge.

"Little Bobby," as he was known, was the bad boy of the Kennedy clan, leader of the fatherless band that roamed Hyannis Port during the 70's and early 80's and took the Kennedy name on a dark journey of the underside of Camelot that involved adventure, existentialism and chemicals. The drugs that killed his brother David spared Bobby, and indeed, after admitting heroin addiction in 1984, he seemed to have turned his life around, getting married and having children, finishing law school at his father's alma mater the University of Virginia, and making a name for himself as an Environmental Law activist.

The scholarly Cummings and the activist Kennedy lived in two different worlds in terms of background and experience, but over the past few years have shared at least a nodding acquaintance at Pace Law School in New York, where they were both faculty members. And now an emerging scandal of Political Correctness and legal ethics at Pace has linked the two men indissolubly in what could well become a professional death grip of academic corruption and intrigue.



ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.

The triggering issue for the controversy that has shaken Pace Law School is the tenure of Richard Cummings. Given his distinguished record, tenure would seem to be a foregone conclusion. Cummings has written several articles on International and Constitutional Law, politics, legal pedagogy, and the legal aspects of inner-city school disputes. In addition to editing the collected works of Max Lerner pertaining to the U.S.

Supreme Court and the Constitution, he is the author of two books, one titled *Proposition 14* and the other a biography of the late left-wing activist Allard K. Lowenstein titled *The Pied Piper: Allard K. Lowenstein and the Liberal Dream*.

By almost any standard of judgment, Richard Cummings would be a stellar member of any law school faculty, let alone a relatively obscure campus like Pace University in White Plains, New York, where some of Cummings' colleagues have no publications, and one person teaching Constitutional Law has yet to pass the New York Bar exam after four tries. But the standards of Politically Correct academia are such that after a campaign of unparalleled viciousness, which even the Chair of Pace's Tenure and Promotion Committee felt impelled to protest, Richard Cummings was denied tenure in November, 1992. The story is a textbook case of how a coterie of left-liberal faculty, working with a politically ambitious dean, can destroy a professor's career out of spite, envy, and ideological zealotry.

What makes this particular instance of P.C. persecution stand out from the now depressingly familiar pattern is a parallel scandal involving Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. which Pace University has tried desperately to cover up for the last three years, but which is slowly coming to light. The cover-up may well be linked, in the bizarre logic that makes the personal political in today's academia, with the school's denial of tenure to Richard Cummings.

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ROACH MOTEL

WHITE AND
ASHAMED OF IT

OUTERCOURSE

THE REVENGE OF THE AIDS ESTABLISHMENT SHOOTING THE MESSENGER

by MICHAEL FUMENTO

In February, the *New York Times* reported on the findings of a report of the National Research Council, part of the National Academy of Sciences: "The AIDS epidemic will have little impact on the lives of most Americans or the way society functions, the National Research Council says. In a study made public today, the Council said AIDS was concentrated among homosexuals, drug users, the poor and the undereducated..."

The *Times* treated this information as if it were somehow new, but if you had read *Commentary* magazine back in November of 1987, you already knew it. That's when my article, "AIDS: Are Heterosexuals at Risk?" appeared. In it, I explained that despite what virtually everyone was saying at the time—from the head of Health and Human Services to the Surgeon General to all the AIDS

activists to virtually every newspaper, magazine, and television station in the country—there had been no heterosexual breakout of the disease.

AIDS, I explained, was a disease essentially of homosexual men and of intravenous drug abusers and their partners. To the extent heterosexuals were getting the disease they almost always were black or Hispanic, and almost always victimized by bad needles. Since AIDS was not a generalized disease, I argued, it was wrong to spread the hysteria of heterosexual breakout and waste resources trying to prevent infections that would never occur.

It wasn't necessary to wait for the National Resource Council report to know that it has proven the case. According to the most recent Federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) data, AIDS cases overall increased only 3.5 percent in 1992 from the year before, while cases increased only five percent from 1990

to 1991. Cases attributed to heterosexuals increased 17 percent, compared to 21 percent from 1990-1991. The increase in female cases declined from 17 to 9 percent. Cases diagnosed among teenagers were exactly the same as the year before, while those among persons aged 20-24 actually declined slightly.

Just before releasing the 1992 figures the CDC announced that for the second time it was revising downward its estimate of future AIDS cases. You probably didn't hear about that, either. Major newspapers like the *Los Angeles Times*, sensitive to homosexual activists invested in AIDS hysteria, completely ignored the downward revision. But it happened all the same.

Generalized infection data, such as that of military recruits and blood donors, continue to show low infection rates. Only some specific studies, such as those done at sexually transmitted disease clinics in inner-cities, have shown infection increases. That, too, is as I predicted.

To get some perspective on this heterosexual breakout predicted with the regularity of a metronome over the past several years, consider these facts. More white women were killed in automobile accidents by Janu-

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You Pigs! Take my name off of your mailing list. I do not wish this type of bullshit that you print in my mist (sic). And in reference to "Black Murder Inc." and the slander against the Black Panther Party, I having been an info specialist for the Party and having far greater knowledge of all of its chapters around the country wish there was a "squad" to stop your oink.

Power to the people, Dee
DeVill

I just returned from Spring Break to find a copy of your magazine in my mailbox. Imagine my horror as I opened its pages and peered within. Is this the same publication that named U.C.'s Mary Ellen Ashley one of the worst administrators in the nation? Are you the same people who dare take on the fanatical left and attempt to neutralize the acidic garbage conjured under the guise of political correctness?

It was about a year ago that one of my writers first introduced me to *Heterodoxy*. In fact, it was the issue in which you named Ashley one of the nation's worst college administrators that was brought to my attention. Since then, the situation on the University of Cincinnati's campus has not improved. Just this last quarter, Ashley stood in front of a packed auditorium to introduce Jane Elliot. Elliot, as most PC-watchers are aware, is a self-proclaimed "discrimination expert" and routinely buries her audiences with the equivalent of a cultural manure slide. During her three hour speech, Elliot "enlightened" the audience with her views as she explained how the Gulf War was another example of mass genocide by the U.S. government and that the world will never truly be equal until "empowerment" is given to all groups oppressed by our Eurocentric culture. Why would I attend such a verbiage of garbage? It was required for all editors by our editor-in-chief at the time, Mary George, as part of her sensitivity training to help lend our paper more ethnicity. And people wonder why the media tends to be liberally biased.

I have since become an addict of your magazine, looking in every bookstore and magazine rack for copies of *Heterodoxy*. It's great to see a publication take a chance in today's society and print the truth. In addition, I thought you would like to know that I will make sure that all of our editors at *The News Record* will get a chance to read *Heterodoxy* and please always feel free to send our publication any other information or publications of related relevance.

Michael Klein
Opinion Page Editor
The News Record
University of Cincinnati

I thoroughly enjoy your efforts in support of societal fairness and in opposition to P.C. These hypocrites came out of the "closet" in the 60s and 70s and demanded to be heard under their 1st amendment rights. Now, in the 90's, they are attempting to abrogate those same rights for anyone who challenges or disagrees with their extreme views!

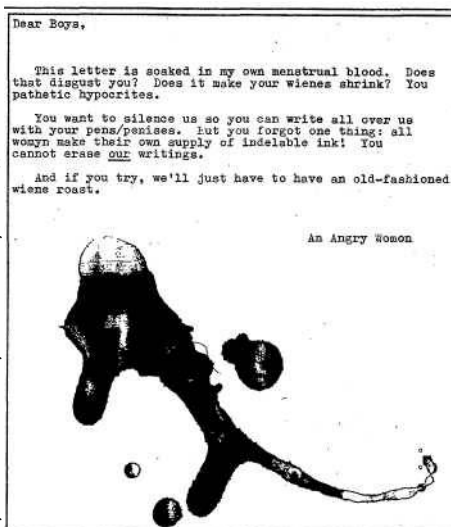
Devereaux Leahy
Ventura, CA

I'm astonished at the venomous overreaction of the PC people I know who get a look at *Heterodoxy*. For a bunch of people who gleefully attach extreme labels on those who disagree with them, I find the PC folk incredibly thin skinned. I fear the real threat to our constitution won't come from some tub thumping Rev. Billy Bob Whoosey-Whatsis of the religious right, but from those vacuous soldiers of Political Correctness.

Daniel S. Burke

I have recently received a disgusting publishing entitled *Heterodoxy*. I did not subscribe to this publication nor do I care to ever see it again in my mailbox. It is papers like this, and people like you, that keep our country in total turmoil. Your attitudes, as seen through your paper, are the reasons our country has the problems it does. Hence, if you're not part of the solution, you are part of the problem. I found the language to be particularly vile, which, as an adult

LETTER OF THE MONTH



I can deal with, but, obviously your circulation manager and the rest of you society drop-outs did not consider for one moment, the hands this paper might fall into once it arrived at my home i.e. *MY CHILDREN*. Okay, I have no children, but, you didn't know that!

Advise me who the person is responsible for initiating this subscription to enter my home. I want to hear from you soon. Marvin L. Mann Loveland, Ohio

To the misinformed, misguided, mindless Bigots who publish this crap please remove my name from your mailing list. As an Afro-American physician and former member of the Black Panther Party, I find the blatantly racist, sexist, homophobic leanings of your rag to be most amusing, almost funny except for the fact that I consider you and your ilk to be dangerous. Please perform an act with you genitals and rectum that is probably physically impossible, but for an asshole of your nature quite plausible

C. Hinson
M.D.
Scottsdale, AZ

However I got a sample copy of your March issue I am grateful. As a clergyman in the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America I find myself gagging almost daily now on inclusivity, multiculturalism, political correctness, affirmative action/quota systems, etc. Once I considered myself orthodox with an ever so slight tilt to the left, I am now in the heterodox camp, a deviant who was once mainstream. Keep up the good fight. It is worth it even if, in the end like Zorba the result is "a splendiferous crash."

Rev. Ronald H. Weineit
Rincon, Georgia

With the stench of putrefied Fish still emanating from Duke and the same old Shalala now ready to bludgeon the country into submission to the PC/quota agenda, I am delighted to sign up for a subscription. As a professor at the University of Maryland, I fought the likes of what you were some twenty-five years ago—and lost. Now Professor Emeritus, I have fewer teeth but still lots of bite.

J. Silveiman
Silver Spring, MD

Whoever you are, You insult my intelligence, and you insult my sensitivity by sending me an unsolicited copy of *Heterodoxy*. Remove my name from your mailing list *forever*! I do not want garbage in my mailbox and your revolting paper is indeed garbage,

I am so angry that you may publish such a piece and mail it as a "non-profit organization." May you never prosper.

Vivian House
(Mrs. Harold House)
Graniteville, South Carolina

I am a non-tenure-track white male who, upon receiving his doctorate in 1987, ran headlong into reverse discrimination ("affirmative action"). I've lost count of the number of women — most of them without doctorates — who have leaptfrogged over me into tenurable teaching appointments during the past six years. My sense of real justice — as opposed to "social justice" — prompted me to raise the issue in print, in a letter to the *Chronicle of Higher Education* dated May 24, 1989, in response to an article openly advocating re-education and thought control ("moral education") for white males who have the temerity to question runaway preferential programs for blacks. That led to my first confrontation with Political Correctness: I learned that it is not Politically Correct for a white male job-seeker in today's market to do anything except admit the villainous nature of the entire breed, and play the role of sacrificial animal. I still have the angry, hate-filled letter from a black literature professor-with tenure no doubt — accusing me of being a racist. My willingness to fight back against this horse manure may yet get me excommunicated altogether after this year. I cannot help but laugh at the morons in your letters column who chant the PC mantra of *racism, sexism, homophobia*, and worse. (Didn't some idiot even threaten to call the police??!)

Steven Yates, Ph.D.
Temporary Assistant Professor
Department of Philosophy
Auburn University

To: Mr. R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor in Chief
The American Spectator

Dear Mr. Tyrrell,
Are you familiar with *Heterodoxy*; are you a subscriber? If not, you must secure a copy of the January issue to read "The Culture, Stupid!" by one of the editors, Peter Collier. I'd send you my dog-eared copy, or at least a clipping of the particular article, except I can't bear to part with one line written by any of the contributors. If you do know *Heterodoxy*, your opinion will be of interest to me. Have I fallen in love too quickly? Carol Cayse Lauderdale, FL.

Please remove my name from your mailing list, I do not wish to receive any further copies of your publication "Heterodoxy." Thank you,

Mary Kay Ash Mary Kay
Cosmetics, Inc. Dallas,
Texas

Dear Sirs, or Ma'am, or whatever the hell you are: Somehow I appeared on your mailing list a few months ago. I skimmed through the first copy, assuming (falsely) from the "progressive-sounding" headlines that you might be a sister publication to one of the organizations I support. WRONG! Instead I found reactionary bullshit of the worst sort, hiding behind liberal-sounding catch phrases. A few of my friends also mentioned receiving your rag, so we decided that someone with a brain and a conscience must have put a bunch of your enemies on your mailing list to drive up your circulation costs — hopefully to run you out of business. While that sort of guerrilla tactic appeals to me on some levels, I find I can't bear the thought of your racist, sexist, homophobic diatribe soiling my mailbox any longer. Please take me off your mailing list immediately. I don't care to waste any further stamps or energy on your behalf.

Sincerely,
Kim A. George
P.S. - You didn't even spell my name correctly, schmucks!

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HETERODOXY is published by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture. The Center is a California 501 (c) 3. Editorial: (916) 265-9306. Fax: (916) 265-3119. Subscription: 12 issues \$25. Send checks to Center for the Study of Popular Culture, 12400 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, California 91604. Visa and MasterCard accepted. Inquiries: 800-752-6562

Heterodoxy is distributed to newsstands and bookstores by Bernhard B. DeBoer, 113 East Centre Street, Nutley, NJ 07110

EDITORIAL STATEMENTS ETC

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

STRANGER THAN FICTION: Judith Schumann Weizner, our demon satirist, has struck again. Several readers called to ask about her article in last month's issue, "Homeless Man to get Law Doctorate." Their question, asked sheepishly in most cases, was whether or not the tale of the litigious homeless man was true. It wasn't; but it sounded like it could be. Among the callers were prospectors from CBS' television magazine *Street Stories* and HBO. *Life* magazine spent an entire day trying to track down the alleged homeless man, Lucien Sacrevache, who allegedly got a law degree after his alleged living quarters, a box, burned down. All of this tells us something about the temper of the times and also about the mind of the media.

TEAR DOWN THAT WALL, MR. BARTLETT: Adam Meyerson of *Policy Review* has been in a struggle with Justin Kaplan, editor of the new 16th edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, which is unfortunately the premier reference work on quotable statements. Meyerson points out that while FDR and JFK each get 28 quotations in the new *Bartlett's* and the awful Jimmy Carter gets six, Ronald Reagan gets only three. And these three ("Where's the rest of me?") are intended to ridicule rather than represent Reagan's public utterances. "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" is missing. So is Reagan's famous description of "the march of freedom and democracy which will leave Marxism-Leninism on the ash heap of history as it has left other tyrannies which stifle the freedom and muzzle the self expression of the people." Kaplan doesn't even give Reagan credit for "the Evil Empire," misattributing it to George Lucas, maker of *Star Wars*. Kaplan, a leftwing academic, makes no secret of his agenda, having told the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "I'm not going to disguise the fact that I despise Ronald Reagan." It wasn't as though the egregious Kaplan lacked space. After his niggardly allotment of three quotations to Reagan, he gave two to rapist-writer Eldridge Cleaver and one to the departed fool Abbie Hoffman. Steal this book!

CALL 911: The student newspaper of the University of Wisconsin recently interviewed Susan Riseling, chief of the campus police. Riseling commented on her colleagues' actions at the University's Milwaukee campus, where police arrested some men for engaging in sex acts in the bathroom. "That was a total stereotypical response," Riseling said. "If that would happen here, we would look for other solutions. Our response would depend on the situation and with a sense of privacy and respect." These comments were so absurd that even politically correct Madison reacted with alarm. Three days later, Riseling wrote a letter to the paper that clarified her position....sort of. "The goal is to ensure restrooms are used for the purpose intended, not for sexual activity," she wrote. "To achieve this we must do far more than arrest those engaged in the activity....In addressing this example [we would] work cooperatively with the Ten Percent Society, the Dean of Students' Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Issues Committee, and other members of the community...." Now that is police brutality!

INSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S BELTWAY: What does Bill say to Hillary after having sex? "Be home in an hour."

NEWS FROM QUEER NATION: This is from *The Culture of Desire* a new book by gay activist Frank Browning: "The first time you suck dick, it is really like Holy Communion. Mystical. Know what I mean? Bruce Boone [the man being quoted] holds a Ph.D. from Berkeley. He is a specialist in contemporary French literature....Holy Communion is literally to eat the flesh of God, and so to be one with God. To eat God is to be liberated from the alienated division of the self, to lose the self. In Boone's quest, to eat cock was in some profound measure to find the unity that divided the dictates of his spirit from the drives of his flesh, and so to eat cock became Holy Communion."

FOOD FIGHTS: Columbia University's *Coalition to Free the Haitian Refugees* recently held a hunger strike on the campus quad. A few days into the protest, members of Columbia's College Republicans decided to have a picnic

adjacent to the protesters with their "Abolish Guantanamo" signs. Though the Republican youth were run off, they returned two days later with a grill and held a barbecue amid chants of "Racists Eat While Haitian's Die!" from the hunger strikers. Campus administrators and security eventually made the Republicans pack their food and grills and picnic elsewhere.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



AMERICA'S FUN COUPLE: This from *New York* magazine's story on the ever obnoxious newlyweds, Catherine MacKinnon and Jeffrey Masson. "Across America, MacKinnon lectures in an incantatory style. Law students flock around her like acolytes. She's an ascetic, so bent on her mission to rid the world of pornography that she sometimes forgets to eat." She will sit for sixteen hours and not eat or drink unless I say *Kitty, you've got to drink!* Masson says. "She just sits and thinks deep thoughts. She is the greatest mind at work in the world today," he says. "Hearing her lecture often makes me cry. I am immensely privileged to be living with her. It is like living with God!"

WHY FIDEL SENT INTELLECTUALS TO CUT SUGAR CANE: From the Mid-Atlantic Popular Culture Conference in Philadelphia, PA., a call for papers on *Marky Mark, Another James Dean, or Just a Rebel Without His Clothes?* "The purpose of this panel is to interrogate how the commodification of Marky Mark's body becomes the locus/ vehicle by which Calvin Klein underwear is sold. At the same time, Marky Mark's body functions as the site of multiple gazes. Ostensibly, the bodily prop for Calvin Klein underwear, Marky Mark has set in motion a complex economy of gazes. As Lynn Goldsmith's new book of photographs of Marky Mark goes into circulation, so too will he function ever more prominently as an icon of sexuality. Finally, this call for papers hopes to interrogate how male sexuality is at once constructed and commodified in order to preserve traditional notions of masculinity."

THE RED AND THE BLACK: The University of Massachusetts at Amherst recently invited Angela Davis to be the keynote speaker at a school sponsored women's conference. The feminist parley offered a number of workshops on the "capitalist mode of production" and its "patriarchy", as well as on the "structures of oppression". Though Davis was invited to campus by the school's Housing Services, the administration asked that the student government help them to finance Davis' visit. To its credit, the student senate finance committee denied the administration's request for

money. Perhaps de-Stalinization has finally begun at U Mass.

THE MOTHER OF ALL SEX HARASSMENT VICTIMS: "'Anita's whole life revolved around racial or sexual discrimination,' a law professor and former visiting faculty member at OU recalled. "Everything was sexism or sexual harassment, she was obsessed with it," said the professor, who got to know Hill well during his stint at the school in the late 1980's. "I called them her 'atrocious stories.' Every time she walked through a crowd someone was trying to grab her breasts. When she really got going, every guy she ever worked with sexually harassed her. The sheer numerosity of it struck me. Six or eight people, she'd name a bunch of male lawyers who were superiors or co-workers. She would ramble on in obsessive soliloquies. I would think, someday she is going to get sued for false light defamation. Every failure in her life was due to discrimination. She would say she left Washington because she was sexually harassed. And she would say she was racially discriminated against at Oral Roberts.' All the while, Hill never mentioned Clarence Thomas in connection with harassment, according to this professor." From David Brock's new book, *The Real Anita Hill*

AN ARGUMENT FOR QUARANTINE? A new novel by author James Robert Baker called *Tim And Pete* is about a gang of drug crazed "AIDS kamikazes," who go off on a killing spree of right-wingers before they die. The motto of the kamikazes: "If I get AIDS, I'm going to take someone with me."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER: The Institute of Gay and Lesbian Education, headquartered in West Hollywood, California, is conducting a "scientific" field trip on May 18 to Anacapa, a string of small islands 15 miles off the coast of Southern California. The Institute's flier spells it out: "In the early 1970s, ornithologists George Hunt and Molly Warner discovered that some of the Western Gulls breeding on Anacapa and adjacent islands form stable female-female nesting pairs. These gulls have become one of the best studied examples of lesbian relationships in nature." Sounds like a nice outing, but it does put that old conundrum—what came first the gull or the egg?—in a different light.

THE NATION GETS IT BACKWARDS: Reviewing *This I Cannot Forget*, a memoir by the widow of Nikolai Bukharin, the Bolshevik leader executed by Stalin, Abraham Brumberg writes: "None of Stalin's iniquities seem more steeped in medieval devilry than the hounding of Communism's best and brightest." Actually, none seem more poetically just.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two issues ago, in an article about AIDS investigator Peter Duesberg, we misidentified prize-winning science writer John Crewdson of the *Chicago Tribune*. So last issue, when we printed a letter from John Crewdson, we thought the time was right for an elegant correction. It went like this: "As a result of a comedy of errors, the author of the following letter, Ed Crewdson, was misidentified in the last issue as a reporter for the *Oakland Tribune*..." Obviously that was only Act II of the comedy.

WHITE MEN CAN'T JOKE: Keith Dambrot, coach of the Central Michigan basketball team was fired by the university for racial slurs. After losing a game, Dambrot said to his players "I wish we had more niggers on this team." Dambrot is suing the university for violating his free speech rights. He says that he and his team had an understanding about the term "nigger" and in their usage it meant toughness and tenacity. Dambrot, who is white, is supported in his suit by 9 of his players who are black.

ALIEN NATION:

BY K. L. BILLINGSLEY

In 1986 Los Angeles police officer David Sossaman injured his back in a high-speed chase, which ended his police career. Still eager to work, however, Sossaman found a job on a special Gang and Immigration Project within the Department of Justice. In 1988 that position led to a job as a welfare fraud investigator in San Diego County. Before long the ex-cop was wondering what his biggest problem was—the gangs, criminals and drug smugglers, or the politically correct obscurantism he found in government.

Fellow investigators took him aside and told him about wide-ranging scandals and massive cross-border fraud involving Mexican citizens ripping off the U.S. Treasury. Sossaman found the stories hard to believe. When he asked what was being done about it, he was told, basically, nothing. In fact orders had come from the top directing supervisors not to look into things, and even to cover them up.

Taken aback, the former policeman decided to test these assertions. Fellow investigators told him to go to the welfare office in Chula Vista and report back on what he saw. Sossaman made his rounds and returned to tell them that the only thing he had observed that seemed unusual were the large number of cars in the parking lot, 75 to 100 of them, with Mexican license plates. These, he learned, belonged to some of the thousands of Mexican nationals applying for welfare in the United States.

Mexicans come up and falsely claim that they are homeless, which eliminates the normal waiting period and background check. The credo of the welfare department is, "when in doubt, give it out." Virtually all who applied were accepted and had big checks sent to mailboxes in the border city of San Ysidro. Only during their yearly "reapplication" did these welfare recipients have to meet the department worker face to face. Otherwise they'd just stop by their box and pick up the checks. Those with *cojones* of adequate dimensions had, count 'em, ten cases going at once.

The scam could not have worked without official collaboration by the agency, whose policy was to accept any photo identification, true or false, as adequate proof of residency. Initially, rumors of what had been discovered were indignantly denied. But then on April 1, 1992, a San Diego grand jury, prompted by Sossaman's work, released a report that substantiated it all: "Supervisors have verbally directed workers to accept knowingly false alien registration cards as identification." One benefits analyst was caught making photocopies of blank birth certificates, valuable currency in the illegal community. The grand jury later confirmed that the system "appeared to reward moral turpitude" of the welfare staff.

Such revelations unsettled Sossaman's superiors. First they attempted to buy him off with promises of raises. Then one department supervisor named Eddie Gonzalez accused him of racism. Gonzalez's syllogism was a pristine example of PC logic. Sossaman opposed welfare fraud; many Hispanics were perpetuating welfare fraud; opposing Hispanics was racist; therefore Sossaman was a racist. Gonzalez even tried to bait the investigator into a fight, stationing his buddies in the wings as "witnesses." Sossaman found the offer tempting but didn't fall for the trap.

Then came the subtle threats, including one terse note on county letterhead warning that Sossaman might "dry up and blow away and no one will know the reason why." And finally Sossaman started getting bomb threats and calls to his unlisted number telling him to shut his

mouth and reminding him that had a family. "Get on out here," he calmly told the callers, racking a round into the 9mm Berreta he carries everywhere, "and we'll Matt Dillon it right on the front porch." They never showed up. After Sossaman went to the press, the welfare department made it impossible for him to perform his job and he left. He told anybody who would listen that the true rate of welfare fraud was not, as the department claimed, one percent but more like 40 to 60 percent, up to half a billion dollars in San Diego County alone, much of it flowing to illegals. He ran into a version of Stalin's

The briefest observation of events anywhere from California to the Gulf coast of Texas will confirm the dirty little secret of our national life: the United States has lost control of its borders. In some areas, describing our borders as a "war zone" is not an understatement. The Border Patrol is hopelessly undermanned and other agencies, as David Sossaman discovered, are part of the problem rather than part of the solution. A federal employee speaking on condition of anonymity says that at some border points both customs and immigration officials have been instructed not to pursue those who burst through.



CROSSING THE BORDER

theorem: the plight of the individual immigrant is a tragedy, the fraud of tens of thousands is a statistic.

One thing David Sossaman saw as a result of his experience was that the problem he had encountered stretched far beyond the boundaries of San Diego County. He saw that while all national borders are porous, it is only in the United States that this elementary violation of national sovereignty — illegal immigration — is supported by an infrastructure of corruption and ideology.

Mexico, for example, certainly understands the importance of sound borders in the concept of nationhood, even if it has winked while some Mexican American pressure groups attack the attempts to control immigration as racist. Whatever it may feel about its wealthy Uncle to the north, the Mexican government maintains a tight vigil on its southern frontier and just this January deported thousands of illegal immigrants from impoverished Guatemala. No PC activists complained about that.

Early this year a bill was introduced in Puerto Rico that would have made English an official language along with Spanish. Thousands of protesters took to the streets and educator Jose Ferrer Canales warned that the bill threatened "Puerto Rican nationality." Again, not a peep from the P.C. crowd. Why is it, then, that when Americans raise questions about whether massive illegal immigration and schemes of bilingualism threaten American nationality they are accused of racism?

Estimates of the number of illegal aliens in the United States range from 4-12 million. In 1991, the last year for which figures are available, the number of apprehensions of illegals was 1,997,875 and it is estimated that up to three illegals escape for each one apprehended. It is a cat and mouse game that has economic consequences. The lobby that supports illegal immigration assures us that illegal aliens confer great benefits on the national economy. Their case was bolstered by the emotions surrounding Zoe Baird's dilemma. But it is pure disinformation nonetheless. George Borja, a legal immigrant from Cuba who teaches economics at the University of California at San Diego and is author of *Friends or Strangers: The Impact of Immigrants on the U.S. Economy*, says that he is probably being conservative when he estimates that the cost of servicing illegals, over and above their input into the economy, ranges up to \$3 billion annually.

To call the question of illegal aliens a national tragedy is not to engage in hyperbole. Civic structures are rupturing under the load, school curricula are being changed, prisons and hospitals are becoming inadvertent Ellis Islands, and an ecosystem of crime has sprung up around these immigrants. Why is it, then, that the only candidate that made an issue of this problem was Pat Buchanan? And when he did, why did he find himself criticized as a "nativist."

The short answer is that there is a powerful lobby for illegal immigration, a network of organizations that includes the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF), the Latino Issues Forum, The National Council of La Raza, the Coalition for Immigrant and Refugee Rights and Services, etc. This special interest believes that the U.S. is a guilty nation that owes something akin to reparations to the people on its borders and that the internal problems of foreign countries can be solved if we accept millions of their citizens in this country. And this is an *acknowledged* agenda. A hidden one assumes that preventing a stop to illegal immigration will hasten the ethnic and racial reconstitution of America.

Walls and fences "don't solve anything," says Claudia Martinez of MALDEF: "People will come over whatever they have to do." Chicano Studies professor Mike Ornelas claims that building walls is "a huge waste of time and money."

Roberto Martinez of the American Friends Service Committee says that the United States "shouldn't try at all" to stop illegal immigration because "nothing can stop the people coming." Not only will walls and fences not work, he says, but they "send a negative message to Mexico." Martinez finds "repulsive" the contention that "the so-called quality of life is being threatened by Latinos who want to hang on to their culture and language and all that stuff."

THE ILLEGAL LOBBY

In the view of the illegal lobby, not only is there no immigration problem, but the United States has a moral obligation to provide the illegal population with benefits for which even native citizens and legal residents are not qualified. Relying on the sanctions that accusations of racism and ethnocentricity generate, this lobby has been able to steer public policy on immigration toward a cataclysm.

Official statistics confirm that over the past 11 years, San Diego County, for instance, has spent about two-thirds of its budget for emergency medical services designated for the poor (some \$43 million) on undocumented immigrants and foreign citizens. California MediCal benefits analyst Rob Miller said that of the 500 cases he handled per month, 80 percent were illegal aliens, with 50 percent of those receiving AFDC money. His instructions were to give aid to those persons merely "present" in the state. The benefits are retroactive for three months, which means that illegal aliens can claim past eligibility and get a hefty down payment on their version of the American Dream. Miller reports that the illegals come in and seem to know all the answers, as though professionally coached, which in fact they probably were, since the illegal lobby provides "advocates" and "counselors."

Some of the abuses would be laughable if their consequences were not tragic. In Texas, cities not only have an obligation to educate the children of illegals, but, according to a recent court decision, also the children of Mexican nationals driven over the border every morning. And one of the things investigator David Sossaman discovered during his disheartening employment with the San Diego welfare department was wealthy Mexican businessmen coming up from Tijuana for heart bypass surgery and other expensive operations, running up bills in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"When we are cutting off health care to legal county residents," says San Diego County supervisor Brian Bilbray, "but providing money for health care to foreign nationals it is absurd and immoral." Few other officials are so outspoken. For the most part, official discussions of the problem take place in closed session. "Some people don't want the figures made public," said Bilbray. "No one wants to touch the subject, because it is not politically correct."

Another benefit the U.S. is obliged to provide is bilingual education. Americans moving to France, Mexico or Costa Rica would be laughed back across the border if they insisted that their children be educated in English at state expense or demanded ballots in the English language. Legal immigrants to America from Egypt, Haiti and Sweden do not expect instruction in Arabic, Creole and Swedish—not yet, anyhow. But the illegal lobby demands this service for its Latino client group, in spite of the fact that in 1986 over 73% of Californians voted in favor of proposition 63, which made English the state's official language.

The academic arguments over the effectiveness of bilingualism have raged for years. But at this point, the teaching of bilingualism has become such an article of faith for the illegal lobby that the question of its efficacy has become almost irrelevant. The bilingual establishment protects its turf no matter what the cost. In San Francisco this has meant warehousing poor and "disempowered" black and Asian students in bilingual courses to make sure there are enough bodies to justify the program's enormous budget. In a story on the issue in the October 1992 *Atlantic*, Los Angeles Timesman Jack Miles, a confessed liberal, showed that it involves a zero sum game certain to create racial and ethnic antagonisms. Miles observed that the Los Angeles Unified School District dismissed several monolingual so-

cial workers in favor of others who were bilingual and that most of the dismissed social workers were black. He showed too that black welfare mothers are increasingly being turned away from subsidized day-care centers because they have fewer children than most illegals and thus do not qualify on the neediest-first principle. Like other government employees the day-care people don't ask who is legal and who isn't.

Pressed with the statistical and human evidence of the tragedy of illegal immigration, lobbyists like Claudia Martinez of the powerful Mexican American Legal and Educational Defense Fund returns to the tired argument that the economic input of illegals far outweighs the benefits they acquire. The facts not only dispute this claim but prove that it is a sham.

According to a California State Auditor General's study released last August, there are 11,000-13,000 illegal immigrant children in San Diego schools alone, and it costs \$49.2 million a year to educate them. The cost of illegals just at San Diego State University and nearby San Marcos State was \$635,000 before California started charging them the same out-of-state rates that it charges students from Arizona and Oregon, a decision Chicano activists called unjust.

Overall costs in education alone, the study found, offset the roughly \$60 million that illegals contribute to the local economy. But in addition to education, there are nearly 4,000 AFDC cases that cost the county another \$11.7 million. And there are 16,000 felony and misdemeanor cases involving illegals each year which cost \$105.7 million. The overall net annual cost to San Diego taxpayers for illegals, over and above the revenue they

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

LINDA CHAVEZ: SOY POLITICAMENTE INCORRECTO Y ORGULLOSO DE ESSO!

The students and faculty at Hostos Community College in New York, a bilingual school, boast about their strong commitment to "diversity." When former U.S. Civil Rights Commissioner Linda Chavez was invited to speak there in December 1991, several hundred demonstrators armed with eggs and rotten tomatoes showed why this term must be quarantined inside quotation marks. They yelled insults at the speaker, threw some of their garbage, and prevented the speech. Nor were the members of this crowd part of a lunatic fringe. According to professor Riccardo Boehm, a member of Hostos President Isaura Santiago's staff "figured prominently as cheerleader in the mob that made it impossible for Linda to speak."

On her way out, a group rushed Chavez and a man tried to punch her in the face. A faculty member diverted the blow which landed on Chavez's shoulder, leaving a bruise. President Santiago claimed to have conducted an investigation later on, which of course proved that nothing had happened. In spite of written eye-witness accounts by faculty members, President Santiago charged that Chavez had made the whole thing up. "All I know," says Shave, "is that if there was an investigation Santiago certainly never spoke to me."

This was not the only such anti-Chavez demonstration. Officials at Arizona State, SUNY at Stonybrook, Northern Colorado and Rutgers—all just as committed to diversity and multiculturalism as Hostos—also canceled her speaking engagements. What had Linda Chavez done to invite such treatment? She has opinions that are less than worshipful of the PC dogmas preached by militant Hispanic activists who consider her a turncoat from their cause.

Currently a fellow at the Manhattan Institute, Chavez is author of *Out of the Barrio: Toward a New Politics of Hispanic Assimilation*. But she does not think of herself as

"Hispanic."

"Nobody really identifies themselves as either Hispanic or Latino," she says. These identifications, she notes, promote a bogus sense of inclusiveness. They are quickly dropped when it comes time to play the hardball of affirmative action. Larger groups such as Mexican-Americans in California "exclude people who are from Spain," and even middle class people from certain parts of South America. Why? "Primarily because they don't want the competition," says Chavez.

On the other hand, Chavez points out that, when it suits their purposes, organizations like the National Council of La Raza and others are perfectly happy to lump everybody together. This enables them to claim representation of some 20 million people. And when it comes to lobbying Congress or trying to get benefits, "they are very happy to include anyone who has any Spanish heritage."

The agenda of organizations like MALDEF and the National Council of La Raza, Chavez believes, is to "erase the distinction between aliens and citizens, legal and illegal, and to pretend that the border doesn't exist."

Chavez describes the idea of *La Raza* as "really a Mexican concept, not an American one. This idea that there was this new mestizo race created by the Spanish father and Indian mother giving birth to a totally new race of human beings. It has almost mystical qualities among Mexicans."

"All of these things are at root racist," she adds. "When you begin defining people in terms of what sort of benefits they are going to get or what advantages they are going to have, in terms of their membership in a particular racial or ethnic group, I think you are on the way to a South African model."

In "Just Say Latino," a recent piece in *The New Republic*, Chavez noted that school districts in New Mexico are educating children from Mexico who take chartered buses over the border. While she opposes this practice, she sees an irony. "These kids really want to learn English and see this as their opportunity. Here we are in places like California spending all this money to teach Mexican children in Spanish and you have this group of kids who get up at 5 AM to go from Mexico to the U.S. to learn English."

The civil rights movement, Chavez says, was about opening up America and making people part of the main-

stream society, "not having people set off in their sort of little apartheid enclaves." With the rest of the world eager to learn English, bilingual education comes along and "segregates kids in classrooms." Chavez cites a number of studies on school desegregation which show that Hispanic children, in terms of the classroom, "are actually more segregated today than they were 20 or 25 years ago." Immigrant students, who are usually receptive to Chavez once the PC enforcers are not present, admit to her that English has been the key to their success.

Chavez believes most Americans are unfamiliar with the whole subject of immigration and are "constantly being shocked by these enormous loopholes by which people come into the country and the things they are entitled to once they are here." If more people knew more about all the entitlements and programs, she adds "there would be an enormous backlash but there hasn't been one because most people are unaware." It is clear that she believes certain advocacy groups have a stake in creating confusion and ignorance about this subject rather than creating clarity.

"Democracy is not simply about elections," says Chavez. "It is more fundamentally about the rule of law." She sees illegal immigration as sending exactly the wrong message: "When you have a population that is in the country illegally it's a breakdown in the rule of law. Once you have a group of people who have successfully broken that law, then I think it's easier for them to break other laws. It's dangerous to have people who decide that there are certain laws we are not going to obey. It's a very slippery slope. It's the legacy of the Sixties."

How will the Clinton Administration perform on immigration issues? "I think they are going to be terrible," says Chavez. "It's ironic because Bill Clinton wrote me a flattering letter after I wrote a piece about bilingual education in the *Wall Street Journal*. But he was governor of Arkansas at time and all I remembered him for was the boring nominating speech he gave in 1988 so I threw the letter away. Now he has appointed Secretary of Education Riley who says he very much endorses both multicultural education and bilingual education. These will be major thrusts of the Education Department. I think they will be absolutely terrible."

generate, is \$145.9 million.

A November 6, 1992, study directed by Manuel Moreno-Evans for the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors totaled the net costs for recent legal, amnestied persons and "undocumented" persons to be \$947 million. The three groups generated revenues, taxes and fees of \$139 million, resulting in a net deficit of a whopping \$808 million dollars.

When this study was released, as in the case also of the San Diego study, members of the illegal lobby claimed that the data were "methodologically flawed" and contaminated by "racist assumptions." But according to Alan Nelson, former Commissioner of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, Hispanic activists had in fact been pushing for a study of this type for a long time and MALDEF itself had made a number of supportive suggestions while the work was in progress.

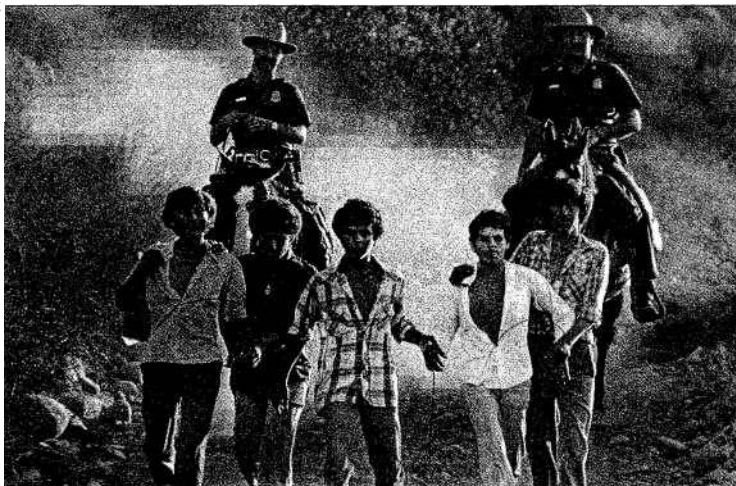
In a document sent to Governor Pete Wilson, a judge in Los Angeles County who requested anonymity relates what he calls a typical incident which shows what is behind the catastrophic increase in costs associated with illegal immigration. In the case this judge described, a Mexican woman ran a red light and slammed into cars, injuring six people. She had no license or insurance and there was therefore no possibility of restitution for the victims. The woman had come to the United States illegally and gained "resident alien" status when one of her children was born here. She now has five children, no job and no husband. Every month she gets AFDC of \$535 (it would be \$1,010 if her other children had been born here), \$122 in food stamps, and a \$350 housing subsidy. Add free medical services, education for five children, a lawyer and interpreter paid for by the court, and now supervision by a probation officer, and it is clear that this woman never bothered with a green card because she got a gold card just for sneaking over the border.

Multiply such cases by the thousands and \$808 million illegal aliens cost Los Angeles County becomes an entirely realistic, probably even an understated figure. According to County Supervisor Mike Antonovich, 63 percent of births in Los Angeles hospitals are to illegals. In a recent paper of the Claremont Institute, former INS Commissioner Alan Nelson and his colleague Lance Izumi point out that only 19 percent of illegals file tax returns and more than half do not have taxes withheld, like the Peruvians who worked for Zoe Baird. The authors show that California prisons house 15,000 illegal immigrant felons at an annual cost of \$300 million a year. The total cost to California of illegal immigration is, in Nelson and Izumi's phrase, "a breathtaking 3 billion." Ironically, this is almost exactly the same sum as the state's catastrophic budget shortfall last year.

In response, MALDEF's Claudia Martinez says haughtily that illegals are not even eligible for AFDC and other programs. The idea that immigrants are using up welfare, she says, is therefore "a total myth." This would be true if illegal aliens were not encouraged to break these laws so by their U.S. advisers through techniques that are appallingly easy. *Los Angeles Times* writer Jack Miles points out that the state requires no proof of legal residency for a California driver's license. Miles wonders why, instead of bothering to conduct "sweeps" of employers, Immigration officials don't simply visit the Department of Motor Vehicles. Both HUD and comparable California state agencies do not screen public housing applicants to determine their residency status. The INS operates a computer system that lists all legal residents in the United States, but many state agencies that supply benefits do not use it.

Past generations of immigrants were urged to blend in. The illegal lobby and its multiculturalist supporters now urge them to stand apart. Leftist Mexican commentator Jorge Castaneda sees new immigrants being subjected to "ideological bombardment" which "incites rejection, indignation and class hatred." He warns that "any spark can light the fire." It already has.

By the state attorney general's estimate, one third of the rioters in Los Angeles were illegal immigrants. Jack Miles notes that more than half of those arrested were Latino and many if not most of these were either Central Americans or very recent immigrants from Mexico. Forty percent already had criminal records.



GOING HOME

Is any concern about crime committed by illegals legitimate? "Absolutely not," snaps MALDEF's Claudia Martinez. "That just doesn't happen. There is a lot of hype about it. They don't commit crimes in any inordinate numbers." During the riots, Martinez says, "the police went after an inordinate amount of undocumented people, people who looked immigrant. Most of those were for curfew violations. They weren't looters. They were people who were going to the corner store to buy milk. Our feeling is that they used that opportunity in order to do some INS investigation, not anything necessarily related to the riots. They abused their power."

Adds Roberto Martinez of the ACLU, "Most of us are upset and angry at the way these people were arrested. The INS and the police took a bad situation to just target Latinos and undocumented people." Chicano Studies teacher Mike Omelas sees the crime question as "a lot of hysteria. I don't think these people have a whole lot of facts to support them. It's absurd to suggest that illegals are responsible for any measurable amount of crime."

If these responses have the sound of a party line, it is also that they are part of a larger, politically correct ideology about Hispanic immigrants that in effect holds them blameless, whatever they might do, because of what was done to them by the U.S. government. Radical Chicano groups such as the Union del Barrio, Brown Berets d'Aztlan, and Comité Civico Popular Mixto—all of which have a constituency in Chicano Studies departments—want to establish a state called Aztlan in the southwestern United States which is currently in their view "the occupied territories." These groups found support for this position for this concept during a demonstration at the border when then Nicaraguan commandante Daniel Ortega cabled his solidarity. *Voz Fronteriza*, Voice of the Border, is a publication funded by the University of California at San Diego. The office sports worshipful posters of Cuba's dictator, Fidel Castro, and the latest issue features two articles promoting aid to Cuba, whose regime shoots those would-be immigrants attempting to leave. The

publication's logo is a sombrero-wearing skeleton and headlines include "Amerikkkan Indictment" and "United States of Amerikkka Gets It." The writers are obsessed with "la raza" and only racially pure Latino sisters and brothers qualify for membership. There are similar papers at UCLA and other major universities.

The winter 1992 newsletter of the Colorado based *Movimiento de Liberacion Nacional Mexicano* exhibits a kind of demophobia. "We are a national organization of Mexicans and Mexicanos," says the publication, "who struggle for the socialist reunification of Mexico and the destruction of the U.S. federal system." An editorial says that "what we should rebuild" in the wake of the LA riots "is the various sectors of the militant nationalist

secessionist Mexican movement." How militant? "We do believe that only a prolonged people's war will ever lead to the socialist reunification of our divided homeland."

That kind of rhetoric certainly excites the largely white Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP), the American affiliate of Peru's Sendero Luminoso. The RCP's Los Angeles bookstores peddle posters of Sendero's genocidal chief, Abimael Guzman. The RCP, like the *Movimiento de Liberacion Nacional*, is not a large group, but the influence of such political gangs is always far out of proportion to their numbers and it would be folly to ignore them. According to *LA Times* writer Jack Miles, the Revolutionary Communists did "join in" on

the first night of the LA riot. That is, they burned, looted, obstructed the police and fire departments, and possibly murdered innocent people. That's the dialectic in play. Before construction of a new state, Aztlan or whatever, demolition must come first. What the RCP and radical Aztlanians seem to want is a new *dia de los muertos*, their own from of ethnic cleansing.

Partisans of Aztlan claim that farm workers now toil on land stolen from their ancestors, a claim that many liberals, including Jack Miles, find legitimate or simply take for granted. A college textbook presents the following question: President James K. Polk deliberately provoked war with Mexico in order to acquire a) New Mexico, b) California, c) Texas, d) all of the above. The correct answer is "d" and there is no room for wondering if Polk actually deliberately provoked war. Since American imperialism supposedly stole this land of the Southwest, so the PC argument goes, the illegals are exercising a kind of right of return and only re-entering their own country. Guilty, imperialistic Amerikaners, as the real squatters, are therefore obliged to pay them benefits in compensation.

Does the illegal, lobby with its radical fringe and academic wing speak for all "Hispanics?" Actually, this supposedly pan-Latino term, which is supposed to convey a universal blood-and-land identity, is not even supported by those it is supposed to identify. The recent ground breaking Latino National Political Survey, directed by University of Texas professor of government Rodolfo O. De la Garza and released late last fall, found that most Latinos think of themselves as neither "Hispanic" nor "Latino." Instead they prefer to be identified by their national origin, such as "Mexican" or "Cuban," usually with the addition of "American."

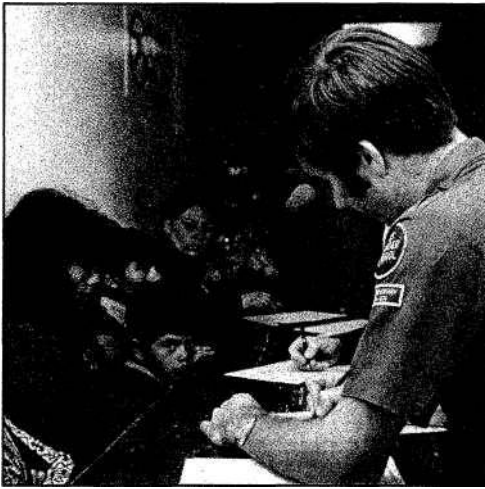
The survey, the largest and most comprehensive of its kind ever conducted, found no distinct Latino community sharing cultural, political and economic interests. In other words there is no "Hispanic community" and no possibility of an "Hispanic view" of an issue, including immigration. Not surprisingly, de la Garza's most significant finding was that 80 percent of Puerto Ricans, 75 percent of Mexican Americans and 66 percent of Cuban

percent of Mexican Americans and 66 percent of Cuban Americans believe there are, yes, too many immigrants in the United States.

Less than one-fourth of these people, the survey found, are bilingual and less than one-third consider themselves liberal. The majority described themselves as moderate to conservative. It is no wonder, therefore, that a full 90 percent of those polled did not belong to MALDEF, the National Council of La Raza, or any of the other leftist ethnic organizations which claim to speak them. And there in lies an irony. Garza's study was funded by the Ford Foundation, which has functioned as a kind of PC investment banker, backing a variety of "vanguard" causes but none more faithfully than the Hispanic advocacy movement, which pushes for Chicano Studies departments, bilingual education, and Spanish language ballots. It is safe to say that Ford expected that de la Garza's polling would produce far different results when it decided to back the effort.

This study, which was a stunning repudiation of the illegal lobby by the very people it claims to speak for, was largely ignored in the media. Instead, the "cause" of illegal aliens continues to gain momentum, although it is largely anathema to the Hispanic community.

There is even a national movement to let illegal aliens vote. (Actually non-citizens have been permitted to vote in school elections in New York since 1968 and Chicago since 1989.) In 1990, Takoma Park, Maryland, passed a referendum giving non-citizens the vote in local elections, with no distinction between legal and illegal immigrants. MALDEF wants to try this in Los Angeles, although blacks by and large find the notion insulting and the liberal *Sacramento Bee* calls it "offensive and absurd." Daniel Stein of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) seems to be expressing common sense when he says, "If you divorce citizenship



CAPTURED FAMILY

and voting, citizenship stops having any meaning at all," but rather than confronting this argument the illegal lobby simply calls it racist.

The United States is still a nation of immigrants, accepting more of them than any other nation, roughly half the world's total. American immigration policies remain remarkably open. It was the conservative Ronald Reagan, after all, who in 1986 approved amnesty for 3 million immigrants living illegally in the U.S. What other nation has shown similar generosity to people who had flouted its laws? By contrast, Japan allows virtually no immigration and Swit-

zerland makes prospective citizens find a community willing to accept them. Australia recently cut its immigration rate in half.

It was the longstanding collaboration between the left-wing dogma on race and ethnicity and the policies of the welfare state that transformed immigration from a legal to an illegal process. Thus the hard work of past immigrants to gain entry to the civic structures of America has degenerated into a grievance procedure and assertion for "entitlements" to be paid for, both now and later, by "Anglos," the equivalent of malevolent white males in PC demonology.

The corrupt bureaucrats encountered by David Sossaman and others who want the nation's immigration laws to be obeyed are key allies of the illegal lobby, even though privately they may loathe the immigrants as people. "The more money that went out, fraudulent or not," says Sossaman of his days in the San Diego County Welfare Department, "the bigger their budget, the more administrators they had, and higher salaries and perks." The process of bureaucratic feather-

bedding dovetails perfectly with the agenda of PC activists, always eager for more accredited victims for whom they can claim to speak. The lobby for illegal aliens manufactures misery and creates racism. In this it is no different from other aspects of the pathology that goes by the name of political correctness. But the challenge it poses is made far more significant by the nasty orthodoxies that currently dominate the American campus. As former INS Commissioner Alan Nelson says, "We are a nation where law is king and to openly allow and even encourage a class of people to exist above the law is to subvert one of our dearest constitutional principles."

A BILINGUAL HORROR STORY

BY SARAH HOROWITZ

Diana Walsh had observed other classrooms as an education writer for the *San Francisco Examiner*, but this kindergarten class was different. "It was a mixed group of kids, six of them were black," she later wrote. "The teacher started speaking Spanish right off the bat, and I thought there's no way these kids are going to understand what she's saying. These kids looked totally lost and it was their first day of school."

Her interest was piqued. After observing other bilingual classes in the San Francisco schools, she noticed something odd: in practice, bilingual education was not really bi-lingual, i.e., designed to teach students a second language. "The vast majority are designed strictly to teach Spanish speaking kids English" Walsh says. "The English speaking kids don't learn how to speak Spanish. They could spend 6 years in bilingual classes and they will not speak Spanish. The school district knows that and if you push them they will concede that."

Walsh began to investigate the number of English-speaking children in these classes. School administrators initially underestimated the number but when Walsh did her own math she found it was in the thousands. Although blacks made up only 18% of the students, they were twice as likely as whites to be in bilingual classes. In addition, she found that 80% of those blacks in bilingual classes tested below grade level.

Even more amazingly, Walsh discovered that 325 children were placed in bilingual classes that taught a third language (i.e., Spanish speaking children were put in Chinese immersion classes). Ligaya Avenida, head of the bilingual department, explained that they used to have a policy of only assigning English-speaking children who were at or above the district average in test scores to such classes, "But it became increasingly difficult to maintain enough of those children in bilingual." In other

words, they needed more bodies to keep the bilingual courses going.

Walsh also discovered that in spite of the fact that San Francisco schools require parental consent for placement in bilingual classes, parents were sometimes not told at all. Duncan Hodel, principal of William DeAvila Elementary, which has a large Chinese immersion program, defended this omission in Walsh's story: "If I went and asked everybody, I'd get too many no's." More often, Walsh says, parents are informed, but told the only space available is in a bilingual class. Those children whose parents are most easily intimidated—blacks and others at the lower end of the socioeconomic scale—were least likely to resist this recruitment process.

Less than a week after Walsh's first story appeared in the *Examiner* on May 19, 1991, then-Superintendent of Schools Ramon Cortines was charged with mismanaging the bilingual program by the NAACP, the Chinese for Affirmative Action, and the Latino Issues Forum, groups not known for their minority-bashing or conservative politics. Cortines responded by saying that he would prohibit assigning students to bilingual classes who were two or more years behind grade level. Lulann McGriff, president of the NAACP, was unimpressed: "We propose that any student functioning below grade level should not be placed in a bilingual class, and at no time should a student be so placed without parental consent."

Cortines' policy, controversial though it was, has yet to be implemented. Ligaya Avenida, who still heads the San Francisco Schools' Bilingual Department, despite the furor caused by Diana Walsh's article, concedes that students behind in grade level are still assigned to these classes, but says they are doing well. Asked what her bottom line is, Avenida says they would draw the line at placing Special Education kids in these classes. She concedes there were problems with the program but points with pride to the fact that instead of simply assigning black students to these classes, the District has now hired a black bilingual consultant to help gear more of these classes to them.

As a result of Walsh's articles the district is better about getting parental permission. Even principal Duncan Hodel now observes this requirement, although he laments the fact that the Chinese immersion classes at his school are now attended mainly by Chinese students. But Walsh feels that

little has changed fundamentally. "They're better about getting parental permission, but they'll tell the parents that there are only bilingual classes available in that grade."

Stung by charges that they were warehousing students in bilingual programs to promote the fiction of bilingual integration and to keep the numbers of these programs up, some school district officials struck back. For instance, Mrs. Avenida says Walsh's articles lent themselves to misinterpretation and have promoted the racist notion that black children cannot learn a second language. But Lulann McGriff of the NAACP, whose own daughter speaks French, says that this is ridiculous. "They weren't really teaching a second language—that was the problem. It was a dumping ground. They weren't learning anything. Most of the people they hired to teach the classes didn't speak English very well themselves."

Reflecting on the aftermath of her stories Diana Walsh says, "I didn't know there'd be any controversy. I thought people would see it was a gross wrong. Instead it was seen as an attack on bilingual education."

The powerful bilingual lobby makes it difficult to correct even glaring episodes of bureaucratic feather-bedding like this one, as Thomas Sowell points out in his latest book, *Inside American Education*. The lobby is so powerful that even under Ronald Reagan, who was critical of bilingual education, only 25% of federal funds went to English as a Second Language or other equivalent programs, as opposed to bilingual classes. And while the problem in San Francisco is almost Kafkaesque in the absurd situation it created for children with no advocates, the problem is hardly unique to this city. A recent national study found that only 16% of the students in bilingual classes were Spanish-speakers who theoretically needed such a program to ease their entry into the education system. The rest were there for some other reason. As Sowell points out, "more than ideological zealotry is involved here."

It is the reason taught by Deep Throat: follow the money. There are hundreds of dollars per child enrolled in bilingual classes and thousands of dollars annually in bonuses for Spanish-speaking teachers. Bureaucratic egos are swelled; cultural nationalism is appeased. Only the kids suffer.

THE. ACADEMIC ASHERFELD

BY DAVID BERLINSKI

The story so far...

San Francisco private eye Aaron Asherfeld has been hired by the Dean at a major Bay Area university to investigate the death of philosophy professor Richard Montague, who enjoyed a living considerably more lavish than his academic position warranted. In the last installment, Asherfeld attempted to track down UB Goode, the black graduate student who was reported to have threatened Montague. But he found that Goode had not been seen in weeks at Ujamma House. Using office space in the philosophy department, Asherfeld encountered Mike Dottenberry, a member of the National Organization of Men Against Sexism and attended a memorial meeting for Montague at the Gay and Lesbian Association where he ran into the ferocious lesbian activist Rimbaud...

ROACH MOTEL

That afternoon the only message on my machine was from a Federal civil servant named Hubert Dreyfus. I had worked with him before. He was honest and energetic; he wasn't stupid, but he wasn't gifted either.

It was a little before five, but I thought Dreyfus might still be at work. I got him right away.

"The Wise Guy," he said, "how you doin'?"

I told him I was doing fine.

Dreyfus chuckled his fast nervous chuckle and said: "Listen, reason I called is Division's moved me into Contract Compliance. Me, Manny, the team. We're going through the university books, things make about as much sense as Chinese, the Dean tells me you're looking at things for them over mere, I thought maybe we'd get together, compare notes."

"Sounds good to me," I said.

"So you wanna get a bite to eat? My kid's busy Kung Fu'ing up a storm, won't be home until nine."

I said: "I'll meet you over at Tommy's Joint on Van Ness. You can walk there."

"This some place you pay thirty dollars get midget carrots and a pile of polenta on your plate?"

"Trust me," I said.

Tommy's Joint has a steam table and a bar and a lot of tables with red and white checkered tablecloths. Years ago, the place managed to get a franchise from some Federal bureau to serve buffalo meat. There are pictures on the wall of sad-eyed buffalo staring at the camera. They know something's wrong; they can't figure out what. The next thing they know—Bang! some tourist is saying *I think I'll try the buffalo stew.*

Dreyfus was standing in front of the steam table when I got there. He had a toothpick in his mouth; he was playing with a rubber band, stretching the rubber aimlessly.

"Hey," he said.

We ordered pastrami sandwiches and dark Austrian beer and sat down at the back of the restaurant.

I said: "Still miss New York?"

"Hard to say," Dreyfus said. "Weekend before last my kid he sleeps over some other kid's house, I figure maybe it's time I start looking, you know what I mean, its been six months since the divorce? I go down to this bar guy at the division tells me about I see this not-too-bad looking little number, maybe a little over the hill but not compost heap either, I say hello, and first thing she wants to know is what club I work out in. I say I no club and she says in this ice-cube voice what do you do to stay in shape? I say Hey, I shower regular use deodorant and she looks at me like she's spotting a cockroach and says I'm not interested in men who don't care enough about themselves to stay in shape. I get so discouraged I go right home drink two beers go to sleep."

He resumed eating his sandwich.

"So what are you doing over the cuckoo farm?"
"Not much," I said. "The Dean wants to know why one of his professors died suddenly."

"This this Montague?"

I nodded.

"You know why?"

"No idea. Neither does anyone else. It wasn't from hunger."

Dreyfus nodded vigorously.

"I heard your boy was living just a little bit better than the Sultan of Brunei. Not surprised, though."

"Why's that Dreyfus?"

"Come on back to my office. Manny'll be there. He'll lay it out for you."

Dreyfus finished the rest of his beer, sighed, and pushed himself back from the table theatrically.

We walked from Van Ness toward the Federal Building. The air had grown cold. The transvestite hookers were already standing on the street corners, stamping their large feet and shrieking to one another in their uneven falsettos. The winos and junkies were nodding off on the marble building stoops. A few Vietnamese children were playing on the sidewalk. It's not exactly like walking down the *Champs Elysees*.

Manny Edelweiss was waiting for us in Dreyfus' office on the 10th floor of the Federal building. He was sitting at Dreyfus' desk sipping coffee from a polyurethane cup. He looked friendly and cheerful and fat.

pepper, selling it discount to hospitals. Saltimboccas didn't have anything on the guys running the university. Wouldn't you say that's true Manny, comes to cutting corners these guys are right up there with the five families?"

Manny nodded his rounded fat head; he was remembering the great days in New Jersey.

"Your boy Montague, too," said Dreyfus. "I'm telling you, you want they should hold up his Nobel Prize until we do an audit"

I arranged my hands into a pyramid, the fingertips just touching, and tapped at my upper lip with my index fingers.

Manny became professorial. He stiffened his spine and began to arrange the papers and books on the tabletop. "You wanna come over take a look?"

I shook my head. I don't want to disturb my Wa, Manny. Just tell me about it"

Manny relaxed himself in his chair. He held up a file folder with a red border. "See, what we got here is a record of Uncle's money going to Montague, fiscal year past and the year past that Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Man's got the golden touch, got money coming out of the Federal wazoo."

"Wouldn't surprise us the man was able to get Federal sewage reclamation money," said Dreyfus.

Manny chortled and nodded.

"University's supposed to take money again in over-head, administer the grants, so Montague takes in seven hundred and fifty thousand, we're talking more than a million five in Uncle's money."

I nodded.

"But it's like Roach Motel," Dreyfus said, moving abruptly away from the desk and over to the window. "Money goes in, it don't come out"

He stood by the window, his back toward the room.

"Show him what's happening, Manny," said Dreyfus, without turning from the window.

Manny tapped the second set of books on the table with the eraser of his yellow pencil.

"We follow the money, it goes straight from general accounting to the bursar's office over at the university to some outfit called Commercial Scientific Research."

"So?"

"So," said Dreyfus decisively, "so we're talking violation of contract compliance. Pass thru of Federal funds is no major no. Hell, that's why Uncle pays the

university overhead. We go to audit Commercial Scientific, nothing. Nada, zip. Place doesn't exist No phone, no fax. All we got is a post office box. We get their last tax return from the IRS, they're listing seven hundred and fifty thousand as capital investment. Capital investment! Go figure. We look up the original charter of corporation, Montague's listed as CEO and president. What I tell you? Roach motel."

"Who did the paperwork?" I asked.

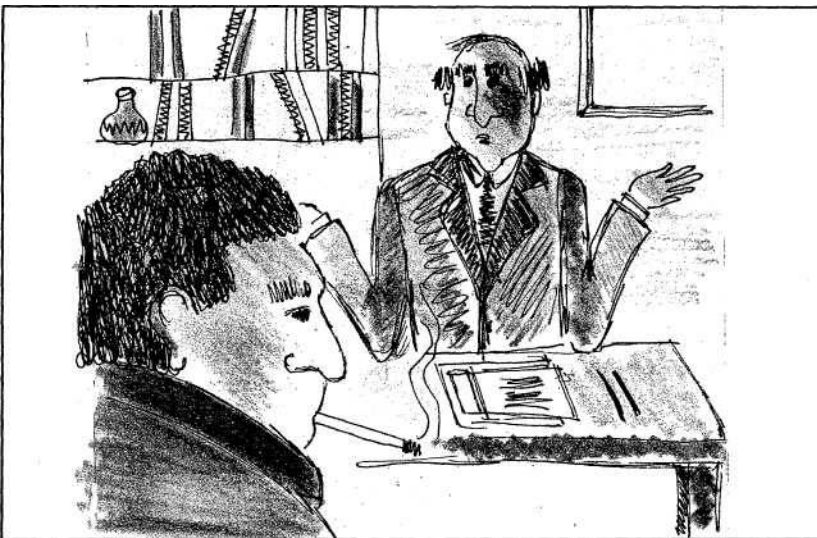
"Some slope we talk to him already, me and Manny. He doesn't remember anything, hardly speaks a word of English. Go to contract compliance over the university, two days later we get a fax from the Department of Labor saying this is an affirmative action matter and what you know you should forget"

"Affirmative action?" I said. "It doesn't make sense, Dreyfus. Montague was a white male. Probably thought Europe was the center of a more important culture than Nambibia. Wrong race, wrong sex, wrong class. His kind of guy is lucky not to be hung up by his heels at an affirmative action office."

"Go figure," said Dreyfus. "Anyway our hands are tied. Thought maybe you could ask a few questions. We do something for you, you do something for us."

Dreyfus turned from the window to face the room again. He was still playing with a rubber band. He pulled the rubber between his thumb and forefinger and let fly an imaginary projectile.

"What's the something you're going to do for me?"



"AFFIRMATIVE ACTION? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. MONTAGUE WAS A WHITE MALE."

"We talk to the DA's office, see what's holding up the autopsy report on your boy."

I thought for a moment of what I had to lose and what I had to gain.

Then I said: "Deal."

I woke the next morning after dreaming about one of my wives. She had become a beggar and was standing in the shelter of an ATM station on the corner of Green and Columbus. I tried to slink past her. She recognized me at once. "You," she sneered bitterly, "I should have known." As she spoke her features merged mysteriously with the tragic face of an elderly Bosnian woman clutching a ruined doll.

I awoke again at nine and called the Dean without getting out of bed. I told him I needed to speak with the university's contract compliance officer. He said: "Sure, sure thing, Asherfeld. Get right to it. Only thing is, right now I'm up to my ass in alligators. Can this wait?"

"Absolutely," I said. "Any day I get paid without working is a good day for me. I'll take in a few Kung Fu movies, check back with you tomorrow or maybe the day after that."

The Dean required a moment for meditation.

"All right, Asherfeld," he said when the meditation had come and gone. "Here's what you do, you call up Pat Pudwinkle over in legal, tell her I said to call, tell her it's about contract compliance."

I got up and took a hot shower and then a cold shower; I took a Sinu-Tab for my sinus, and an aspirin for my headache, and a Turns for my tummy. I had coffee and ate a donut and watched the local news on my little television. A delegation of blacks had been to see the Mayor. Their spokesman was the Reverend Leotis from Oakland. He was demanding reparations for whatever it was that had gotten him angry.

"Japanese, they get money from the government Jews, they still getting money from them Germans. How come we the onliest people we get a working over, we don't get nothing?" The Mayor stood smiling with his hands folded across his narrow chest.

I turned off the television and called the university; the operator put me through to Legal Affairs. Pat Pudwinkle answered the telephone herself. I must have gotten her the moment she entered her own office.

"This is Pudwinkle," she said in that soft well-modulated voice aggressive women adopt.

I told her that I was working for the Dean; I told her I was hoping she could see me for a few minutes.

"What's this in reference to, Mr.,"—there was a pause,— "what did you say your name was?"

"Asherfeld. And it's in reference to contract compliance."

"Mr. Asherfeld, could you put this in writing? I'm afraid my schedule is just impossible."

"Sure," I said. "Only thing is, I'm likely to send the letter to *The San Francisco Chronicle*."

"I beg your pardon?"

"No need to. You can talk to me today, say around eleven o'clock, or talk to the newspapers tomorrow."

"I see," said Pudwinkle. "Are you going to tell me what this is about?"

"Sure. I'd like to know why the university allowed one of its professors to set up a dummy corporation, take Federal money as a pass along."

"Which professor are you talking about, Mr. Asherfeld?" She got my name right in a big hurry.

"Richard Montague."

Pat Pudwinkle said nothing for a long moment.

Then she said: "Eleven o'clock will be fine."

It was raining when I left the house, one of those sneaky rainstorms that come at you sideways even though the sky is showing patches of blue. By the time I reached the university the rain had stopped, but the sky held on to its irregular clouds and the air was damp and cold.

Pat Pudwinkle's office was in the administration building in the center of campus, right behind the quadrangle.

Pudwinkle herself was at the door when I came in. She was a tall woman, dressed severely in a black and grey suit; her blonde-grey hair was piled on her head in the sort of chignon that looked unlikely to make it through the day.

"I'm Aaron Asherfeld."

Pudwinkle shook hands with me; her palms were warm and damp. She sat down primly at her desk: "I think we should wait for Henry McHenry."

I raised my eyebrows; there was a knock as they were lowering. A short black man came into the room. Pat Pudwinkle stood up and walked around the desk, said "Henry," and turned up her cheek ostentatiously to be kissed.

"Mr. Asherfeld," she said in a thin voice, "this is Henry McHenry."

Henry McHenry shuffled off his raincoat, the better to reveal the glory of his outfit. He was wearing an expensive double breasted grey suit with a white on red shirt and a silk tie. His burgundy shoes were fabulously polished. He wore enough gold jewelry on his wrists and fingers to outfit a middle-eastern bazaar.

He nodded to me and said: "How you doin' Asherman."

I said I was doing fine. I didn't bother to correct my name.

Pat Pudwinkle retreated to her armchair behind the desk; and Henry McHenry sat at the very edge of the leather sofa. He stretched his neck so that he could straighten his tie and fussed with his sparkling white cuffs so that they were evenly exposed.

"Understand you got a problem, Asherman," he said abruptly.

"Mr. Asherfeld feels there might perhaps be some com-



"YOU WERE SO HAPPY TO GIVE AWAY THE GOVERNMENT'S MONEY TO A PERSON OF COLOR YOU DIDN'T BOTHER CHECKING."

pliance irregularity in one of our university contracts," said Pudwinkle delicately.

"What contract that be?"

"NSF award to Richard Montague," I said. "This fiscal year, the one before that."

McHenry placed his hands on his wide-apart knees.

"No irregularity there," he said defiantly. "Contract's just the way it's supposed to be."

"Federal regulations prohibit pass along to private corporations. Montague's money went to some outfit called Commercial Scientific Inquiry. Sounds pretty irregular to me. I'm guessing mat that's the way it's going to sound to the newspapers, too."

McHenry scowled. Pat Pudwinkle pulled back in her chair.

"Asherman, I don't know who you are, what your game is. You full of that goddam Eurocentric logic crap. You think you can just come in here, bulldoze your way around the university."

"That's pretty much what I think."

"Do I look stupid to you?" McHenry asked explosively.

"Yes," I said.

McHenry rocketed out of his seat.

"You wouldn't say that to a white man."

"Sure I would, Henry. Only thing is, you happen to be black."

"You're a racist, Asherman, pure and simple. This is bullshit, Pudwinkle. I don't have to stand for it. You got some white cracker come in here give me this racist jive."

McHenry started toward the coat rack where his raincoat was hanging. Then he said: "An another thing, my name is McHenry."

"That's terrific. Mine's Asherfeld. You get my name right, I'll work on yours."

"Now Henry," said Pudwinkle tentatively,

"Forget it," I said loudly. "Forget what?"

"Forget the dog and pony show, McHenry. I'm not on the faculty. I don't want a job. I don't have a kid applying to the university and I don't care if you think I'm Simon Legree's stepson once removed."

"Now what's that supposed to mean."

"It means I can do you a lot of harm and there's nothing you can do to me. It's got nothing to do with racism. It's just the way things are."

McHenry stood where he was; he was still fuming, but he wasn't about to leave anymore.

"What kind of harm you talking about, Asherman? Montague contract was strictly on the up and up."

"Couldn't be, Henry," I said. "The university didn't administer the money and the money is lost"

Pat Pudwinkle said: "What you may not realize, Mr. Asherfeld, is that under Title 7 the university does have certain discretionary resources when it comes to affirmative action grants."

"You mean you get a black or a woman on the arm, the university doesn't have to do contract compliance?"

"That is not how I would characterize our affirmative action program, Mr. Asherfeld, but essentially, yes, we do have a certain latitude in administering Project Uplift funds."

"That a problem for you, Asherman," asked McHenry, "or you going to tell me something's wrong with people of color getting their share research funds?"

"Women, too," said Pat Pudwinkle softly. "Let's not forget that women are empowered by these programs as well."

"Right," said McHenry unenthusiastically.

I turned in my chair to face McHenry.

"Hey, as far as I'm concerned, people of color women they can have all the money. Only one problem, though."

"You full of problems. You know that Asherman. You one smart white-ass that's full of problems. What is it this time?"

"Richard Montague wasn't a woman."

"No shit"

"He wasn't black either."

"Sheeyit" said McHenry

broadly. "I interviewed the dude myself. He's black as me." "There must be some mistake, Mr.

Asherfeld," said Pat Pudwinkle. "I have Professor Montague's grant file right here. I mean you can see for yourself, this application is flagged as an affirmative action grant. Professor Montague listed himself as an Afro-American."

She pushed the research file toward me. I could see that Montague had ticked off "Afro-American" on the list of acceptable affirmative action minorities.

"Did you ever meet Richard Montague?" I asked the question of Pat Pudwinkle.

"Mr. Asherfeld, there are over two thousand faculty members at this university. I can't know them all."

I nodded.

"That's why he listed himself as an Afro-American."

"I'm telling you Asherman, I met the man. He was in my office, plain as day."

"Right, someone was in your office, Henry. It just wasn't Montague. You were so happy to give away the government's money to a person of color you didn't bother checking. See what I mean about causing you trouble?"

I stood up. Pat Pudwinkle got up from her chair; she stood there indecisively. From far away I could hear the campus bells chime the hour.

CAMELOT CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

In 1989, Kennedy, Jr., whose family associations and celebrity won him the regard at Pace that Cummings' intellectual accomplishments failed to elicit, was teaching as an adjunct professor of law at the Environmental Litigation Clinic (ELC) attached to Pace University Law School. Ordinarily, such clinics function as pedagogical workshops where law students can concentrate in some specialized areas of legal practice and procedure under the supervision of a professor with expertise in that field. Most such clinics are comparable to seminar classes in the humanities, or lab sessions in the sciences. The ELC, however, was different. In their outside work, its legal staff—including Kennedy—were exclusively involved in litigation with the New York City Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) in several cases pertaining to the pollution of the Hudson River.

During the Fall semester of 1989, a disgruntled employee of the DEP sent to Kennedy a number of confidential documents produced by its own staff and by the legal representatives of New York City. According to a former faculty member of Pace Law School, "One of the documents, prominently identified as the confidential work product of the New York City Corporation Counsel's office and directed to DEP, appears to be covered by an attorney client privilege." Not only did Kennedy retain these stolen documents, but he made their existence known to several persons working and studying at the Environmental Law Clinic. The unauthorized retention of an adversary's legal papers constitutes a serious breach of ethics, for it allows one party in a dispute to gain an unfair advantage over the opposition through knowledge of its attorney's plans, counsels, or deliberations.

A student at Pace Law School, Jane Builder, who was working for Kennedy on a related environmental project, was sufficiently troubled by the ethical questions surrounding the receipt and retention of these documents to consult Professor Gerald Stem, the teacher of her Professional Responsibility class. Stem is an expert on issues of this sort. In fact, since leaving Pace he has become Director of the Commission of Judicial Conduct for New York State. What Builder told him about young Kennedy was so upsetting to Stem that he wrote a four-page, single-spaced letter to Steven Goldberg, the Dean of Pace Law School, expressing his deep concern over the breach of legal ethics involved and his fears for the reputation of Pace. Among other things, Stem told Goldberg:

I advised Professor Kennedy seven weeks ago that I was deeply troubled by his acceptance of the DEP documents and that the law school was vulnerable to criticism.... Professor Kennedy replied that the legal analysis by the New York City Corporation Counsel's office was an extremely important document which he needed for his continuing advocacy against DEP, although it was not related to any of the pending lawsuits. His rationale for accepting and maintaining the documents was that as an "activist" lawyer, he needed the assistance of an idealistic, disgruntled employee of DEP, and that the City of New York was the primary cause of pollution in this region.

Stem was not impressed by the argument. He told Dean Goldberg that he could not countenance "accepting pilfered documents, disregarding the attorney-client privilege, reviewing documents taken from an adversary in pending litigation (even if such documents are unrelated to the litigation) and, by accepting such documents, possibly encouraging a government employee to continue to act in such a manner."

Bobby Kennedy was apparently frightened by the seriousness with which both Builder and Stem had treated the matter of the stolen DEP documents. After various unsatisfactory attempts to explain or justify keeping the DEP papers, he informed Stem that he intended to retain the services of a law firm to advise him on the issues involved. After this, despite Stem's memo to Goldberg, which never got a reply, the entire question of the DEP documents fell into abeyance, a subject not of official action but of intermittent and sometimes passionate discussion and controversy among

the Pace Law faculty. According to some members of the department, when the issue of the stolen documents was raised by Professor Bennett Gershman (who was planning to run as a candidate in a local election) at a faculty meeting, Kennedy threatened to destroy his political career.

Like so many other disputes in academia, the controversy over the DEP papers might have died a natural death in the course of time. But as it happened, Kennedy's application for reappointment to his ELC position, and Richard Cummings' bid for tenure occurred almost simultaneously in late 1992.

The political atmosphere at Pace helped determine the outcome. Over the last few years it has become something of

Kennedy's ethical conduct in the matter of the stolen New York Department of Environmental Protection papers. Sobie was apparently concerned that these charges had been floating around for so long without the air being cleared, and he took this opportunity to ask for a full review of the matter

I trust that the subcommittee will carefully look into the matter and report fully to the Committee. I also trust that all the material relevant to the issue, including administration files and memoranda, as well as relevant reports or correspondence from outside counsel... will be made available to the full Committee so that we can adequately deliberate and determine the application for reappointment.

This memo caused consternation among the Law School administration and the faculty connected with Kennedy's Environmental Law Clinic. It threatened to bring to light a subject that they had hoped was forgotten; it also triggered their protective instincts for Kennedy, whom the legal left regards as one of its own. The reaction was so furious that Sobie was compelled to ask for the return of all distributed copies of his memo. (Sobie began a second memo on the matter by saying "Several of my colleagues, including the Dean, have expressed a concern that the above memorandum concerning a candidate for reappointment might possibly reach someone outside the Law School....") It seemed clear that the entire school—but especially the ELC faculty—was terrified lest this unresolved ethical question come under public scrutiny.

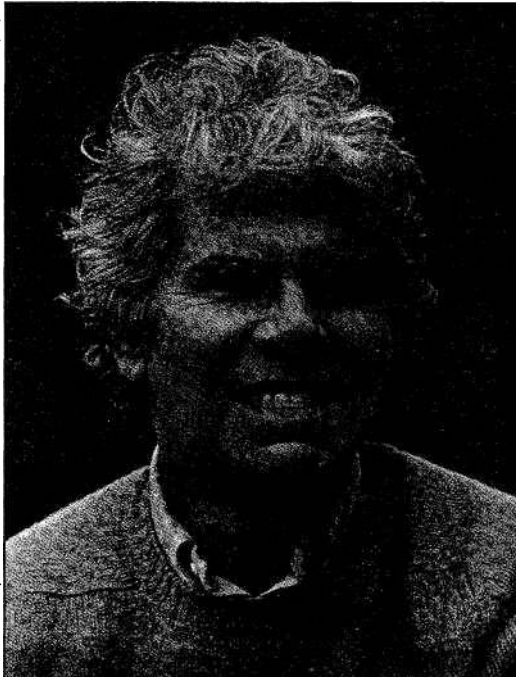
At this point, something unexpected happened. On October 20, Dean Goldberg sent an unprecedented memo to the Promotion and Tenure Committee on the subject of "The Promotion and Tenure Process," in which he generalized about the meaning of tenure and the reason why a candidate should or should not receive it. By sending this memo at precisely this time, Goldberg, who has acquired a reputation for intimidating and bullying at Pace, had blatantly intruded into a process that was supposed to be carried out impartially, and without his influence. The memo was a deliberate attempt to sabotage Richard Cummings' chances for a positive vote. The Dean went out of his way to denigrate Cummings and his qualifications:

...My current assessment of Professor Cummings' record while at Pace—fair to poor teaching, one case note-like law article and one edit of another's work, and failure to be an active participant in the Law School community—falls short of the "outstanding performance in teaching, scholarship.... [and] substantial service" required by our tenure standards.

Goldberg then went on to defend his intrusion into the tenure process with an extraordinary species of argument, even for a lawyer.

[There is a possibility] of a wrong result on a short term issue that is unfortunate, but establishing a tradition of decanal leadership and interpreting our promotion and tenure standards in a way that helps us to improve our quality are too important sacrifice for a short term issue. I hope, therefore, that you will not view this discussion of the promotion and tenure process and standards to be an unwarranted intrusion into the general dialogue, nor an inappropriate attempt to influence the result in Professor Cummings' tenure application.

The Dean's defense of his actions is that, even if his interference led to a "wrong result" in the present case, it would prove useful in the long run—that is, getting rid of Cummings might be unjust, but it would benefit Pace ultimately. He therefore asks the Committee to accept his meddling in the tenure decision as an appropriate and warranted innovation that will henceforth become an established tradition.



RICHARD CUMMINGS

a clubhouse for left-liberal activists and persons associated with the Democratic Party of New York State. One of the full-time faculty is Richard Ottinger, the former congressman and failed senatorial candidate. Another, Michael Mushlin, is a prominent member of the ACLU and a worker for the Legal Aid Society of New York City. Professor Donald Doernberg is also an ACLU member and a Legal Aid Society activist. Dean Steven Goldberg, for that matter, boasts of his close friendship with Hillary Clinton.

Many of the faculty specialize in the trendy areas of victimology and advocacy that define the legal left today: prisoners' rights, affirmative action litigation, gender-bias cases, and above all environmentalism. In such an atmosphere, dissent from a left-liberal viewpoint is viewed with contempt and hostility. There are moderate and conservative faculty at the school, but their voices tend not to be heard over the din.

When Richard Cummings got his job at Pace in 1987, it was a matter of his distinguished intellectual record overcoming, for the moment, tremendous opposition from the school's left-liberal establishment. From the very beginning he faced hostility and opposition from a considerable number of his colleagues. His conservative views on Constitutional Law were an anathema. He was especially resented for his biography of Allard K. Lowenstein, which was not sufficiently hagiographical to suit the tastes of those nostalgic for the brand of 60s activism Lowenstein exemplified. Nevertheless, Cummings was respected by and popular with the student body at Pace, and he did have excellent credentials and some friends on the faculty.

On October 13, 1992, soon after Kennedy entered his application for reappointment, Professor Merrill Sobie of the law faculty sent a memo to all the members of the Promotion and Tenure Committee raising once again the issue of

Goldberg's memo was seen by some faculty members for what it was: a blatant attempt to destroy Cummings' chances. In exchange for their support in removing Richard Cummings from the Pace Law School faculty, Cummings replying to it on October 22, Professor James Fishman of the University has done everything in its power to prevent the evidence in this case from coming to light in any way whatsoever. The school's attorneys moved to have all the records in the case sealed (Goldberg, when asked about this, said it was to protect innocent persons from false and malicious allegations), but the court has denied that motion. The school also legally stalled and procrastinated until some major witnesses (Merrill Sobie among them) had left the country, and were unavailable to testify. A very stem *ukase* has apparently gone out from the administration in White Plains against any public discussion of the Cummings case and the Environmental Law Clinic scandal, and most faculty members are too frightened to talk. Only a small number of law school faculty would speak for the record, and even then only under conditions of anonymity.

If faculty governance has any meaning, it is the Faculty's right to an independent, disinterested consideration of its peers for reappointment, promotion, or tenure. The Dean's prejudgment of a pending candidate usurps the Faculty's role and contaminates the deliberate process.

Fishman's memo concludes, "apprehension over the result of a vote is no excuse for undermining the integrity of the process or attempting to predetermine an outcome."

When the report of the subcommittee did come out on October 26, it was lavish in its praise of Cummings' scholarship, teaching, and service. After mentioning and describing his writings, both published and in progress, the subcommittee said, "We feel that Professor Cummings's writings have far exceeded our tenure requirements, both in quantity and quality.... He is in fact, a prodigious writer and recognized scholar who should be made welcome on our faculty." There was, however, one ominous sign in this otherwise glowing report. One subcommittee member, Professor Gary Munneke, who had been associated with the Environmental Litigation Clinic some years earlier, elected to file a separate and apparently negative evaluation of the candidate. The majority subcommittee report ended with a severe rebuke of Dean Goldberg's unprecedented memo of October 20.

In another extraordinary development in this case, the chair of the Tenure Subcommittee composed an "Appendix" to the report on Richard Cummings's tenure bid, in which she disclosed several untoward and prejudicial occurrences that had clouded the entire deliberative process. She began her four-page, single-spaced appendix by saying: "Quite frankly, I never encountered nor heard of such goings-on in my 24 years experience in four different law schools" and then went on to point out that "a few faculty members have undertaken a campaign to actively solicit members of the faculty to vote against granting tenure to Richard Cummings." There is nothing intrinsically wrong with that, noted the chair, but the intensity and vehemence of the campaign were totally out of proportion and unwarranted. Further, she said, blatant lies were told about Cummings's alleged lack of work on faculty committees, and there were whispered accusations of fraud on his resume. All of these charges were baseless, said the chair, who was also disturbed by the mysterious disappearance of very favorable student evaluations of Professor Cummings's best courses from school files, along with two important letters of recommendation that Cummings had received.

The chair also raised the possibility that this unprecedented campaign of vilification might well be politically motivated, and if it were so,

this would give rise to legal problems regarding interference with academic freedom, and even deprivation of civil rights. The courts have ruled that where deprivation of civil rights is an issue, the secrecy of a tenure process may be broken and participants may be compelled to testify under oath regarding the proceedings, their participation in it, and their motivation.

The vote on Richard Cummings's application for tenure at Pace Law School took place in November, 1992. His application was voted down, 17 to 4, with four abstentions. The whispering campaign and the outright vilification had worked — but how, and why? Those are questions that Richard Cummings is currently asking through his lawyers. He is suing both Pace University and Steven Goldberg over this matter.

It is the contention of Cummings, and his attorneys, that several improper factors entered into the adverse tenure decision that he received. Dean Goldberg's prejudicial memo, and all of the instances of hostility and bias against him for his political and constitutional views are mentioned in his suit, along with other matters. But the real issue is the Environmental Litigation Clinic and the stolen DEP papers. Dean Goldberg's memo of October 20, came *exactly seven days* after Professor Merrill Sobie raised once again the ethical issue of those documents, and Richard Cummings contends that the deposition and discovery of all relevant documents and witnesses in this case will reveal some kind of understanding and undertaking between Dean Goldberg and members of the Environmental Litigation Clinic faculty to suppress the entire question of

Professor Kennedy's retention of the DEP documents in exchange for their support in removing Richard Cummings from the Pace Law School faculty. Cummings insists that there was a *quid pro quo* at work here because otherwise there is no reason why his tenure bid should have been defeated so heavily after the very favorable majority report of the subcommittee on Tenure.

These contentions have yet to be proven, but Pace University has done everything in its power to prevent the evidence in this case from coming to light in any way whatsoever. The school's attorneys moved to have all the records in the case sealed (Goldberg, when asked about this, said it was to protect innocent persons from false and malicious allegations), but the court has denied that motion. The school also legally stalled and procrastinated until some major witnesses (Merrill Sobie among them) had left the country, and were unavailable to testify. A very stem *ukase* has apparently gone out from the administration in White Plains against any public discussion of the Cummings case and the Environmental Law Clinic scandal, and most faculty members are too frightened to talk. Only a small number of law school faculty would speak for the record, and even then only under conditions of anonymity.

Professor Robert Kennedy, when interviewed for this piece, had several important and interesting things to say. Kennedy contends that his behavior in the matter of the DEP documents was ethically correct, at the same time that he asserts that any airing of this issue is an "attempt to destroy" him and part of hostility against his family. After the unsolicited documents came to him at the ELC, Kennedy says that he consulted a prestigious law firm for advice on this entire matter. Kennedy explained that he did this not because he had any worry about any ethical problem, but simply because there might be a "public perception problem," and both he and the Environmental Litigation Clinic had many enemies who might use the issue to attack him. The law firm told him that his "receipt and possession of the DEP documents did not give rise to any ethical violations."

According to Kennedy, he has no interest whatsoever in Richard Cummings' tenure application. (This, in spite of the fact that it is an open secret that the most intense hostility towards Richard Cummings at Pace is located among the left-liberal activist faculty, a number of whom are connected with the Environmental Litigation Clinic). He did say that he did sense hostility among many of the faculty towards Cummings, but only since the onset of litigation between Cummings and Pace over the tenure denial. He bristles at the suggestion that there might be a connection between the November tenure vote and the question of the DEP papers. He seems sensitive to the unspoken irony of the case: he, who has no feeling one way or another about Cummings, is now somehow associated with him and thus might be exposed to a serious ethical controversy which otherwise might

have remained smothered.

Kennedy did prepare an extensive memo on the question of the DEP documents and his handling of them, which he distributed to the Promotion and Tenure Committee on November 2, 1992. It was in reply to Merrill Sobie's memo of October 13, and carefully outlined the history of the controversy and Kennedy's role in it. In the memo Kennedy insists that he acted at all times in good faith, and that he scrupulously followed the advice of his lawyers and other authorities that he consulted.

Perhaps so. But what remains to be explored in the trial that Richard Cummings and his attorneys are demanding is the connection between Merrill Sobie's memo of October 13, Dean Goldberg's memo of October 20, and the almost immediate collapse of Cummings' hopes for tenure at Pace. Is there a link between the Environmental Law Clinic's desperate desire to protect its most famous faculty member from scandal, and Dean Goldberg's resolve to "get" Richard Cummings?

Since the tenure vote and the inception of Richard Cummings's lawsuit, there has been an interesting development. Steven Goldberg announced, at a faculty meeting in March of this year, his resignation as Dean of Pace University Law School, effective in 1994. Some faculty members have said that the resignation was long overdue—the school is in financial disarray, and this controversy over Richard Cummings has traumatized and polarized the faculty. A dean is supposed to avoid these catfights, not start them. One faculty member suggested that Goldberg is hoping for an appointment to the Federal bench, courtesy of his good friend Hillary Clinton.

As for Richard Cummings, his future is decidedly poorer in possibilities. If his lawsuit against Pace is unsuccessful, he is for all practical purposes finished in academia. He is too old to be hired as junior faculty, his political and social views putting him at a distinct disadvantage in the current atmosphere of the university, and the fallout from this controversy will follow him like Nemesis, scaring off those timorous hiring committees who only take on safe noncontroversial types.

As for Bobby Kennedy, Jr., he is used to living on the edge. It was an approach to life he perfected during his wild days at Harvard and afterward when he lived a double existence as the most promising of the young Kennedys at the same time he was scoring drugs in the ghetto. He will wait and see what happens as the scandal at Pace ripens and, if things don't go his way, blame it all on the "Kennedy curse."

JOSEPH
Joseph Salemi is a
Professor at NYU.

HAVE YOU BEEN HARASSED BY THE THOUGHT POLICE ON YOUR CAMPUS LATELY?

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FREE LEGAL ASSISTANCE AND ADVICE

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MESSENGER CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

ary 15 of last year, and more white women died of breast cancer by January 7, than were diagnosed with AIDS on the basis of presumed heterosexual contact during the entire course of the year. One fact which is not in dispute is that it is more difficult for a man to get infected by a woman than vice versa, so it will be no surprise that the risk for heterosexual men is lower yet.

In saying that I first disputed the likelihood of a heterosexual AIDS epidemic, I'm not simply tooting my own horn as some sort of soothsayer or genius. Quite the opposite. All I did in 1987 was to look at the data, talk to the experts, and reported my findings fairly and objectively. No, the real story isn't that I did what I did, but the degree to which I and my statistics were forced to go it alone these past six years, and the six years of bad AIDS policy that resulted because of the staying power of the myth of heterosexual AIDS.

After the *Commentary* piece appeared I expanded the thesis into a book. One paragraph in a letter I recently received sums up what happened to it:

Reality hit home when I tried to purchase *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* last November. Not only was I unable to locate a single book store in Houston carrying the book, but your publisher removed *Myth* from print. I then began researching the subject matter and soon realized that there is widespread collusion and conspiracy to discredit you and your book. The news media is playing a major part in what I now feel is deliberate and intended deceit, distortion, and misrepresentation on the entire subject of AIDS. Sound like right-wing paranoia? If so, it would be very curious that the charges were documented in the liberal *Washington Monthly* in its March issue.

My trouble began long before there was a book, when publisher after publisher rejected the manuscript, not because there was a basic disagreement with the facts, but because, as one editor put it, "I'm not convinced that [the] argument or the cause of curing AIDS for those who have it or are prey to it is best served by publishing this in book form." Or, as another stated, "I'm afraid I feel the book community is terribly overloaded on this subject, and also on Michael Fumento's point of view on this subject." At the time, there were over two hundred AIDS books in print, not one of which had anything approaching "Michael Fumento's point of view."

After Joe Queenan published an article in *Forbes* on the troubles I was having, the homosexual activist group ACT-UP picketed the magazine, demanding that publisher Malcolm Forbes "retract" the article. Forbes did so, calling my views "asinine."

Members of the media gleefully reported this and absolutely nobody came to Queenan's defense. Shortly thereafter, Queenan quit. Forbes then died and a book came out soon thereafter by *Wall Street Journal* reporter Christopher Winans suggesting that Forbes caved in because he was a closet homosexual who wished to remain that way.

ACT-UP doesn't fool around. Even as my book was in galleys, activists began writing to stores and demanding that they not carry it. To a great extent, they succeeded in their smear campaign. Walden Books, the largest chain in the country, would not carry *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* until I described this policy during an appearance on C-Span's "Bookends." Leslie Kaufman, in last month's *Washington Monthly* article, wrote that, "Mike Ferrari, Walden's buyer, is reputed to have told representatives selling the book that he didn't want it for political reasons."

Shortly after my book was finally published, a group of 30 physicians in the states of Washington and Oregon realized they couldn't find a single store in either state that carried the book. They reported this to a Seattle, Washington TV station, KING, which in a televised report noted that it contacted 80 different stores, also without finding the book. Indeed, only one store had ever carried the book; it sold out quickly and the store didn't reorder until after KING contacted them. One university book store in Seattle claimed to have over 350,000 titles, including every single AIDS title in print. Except one.

At the same time that my book was being suppressed, I was fired from my job as an editorial writer at the Rocky Mountain News. The stated reason was that I had "made too

many phone calls."

The man responsible for this indefensible charge, managing editor Michael Finney, had just weeks earlier responded to pressure from a feminist group by announcing an affirmative action plan, scheduling sensitivity sessions for white males, and publicly expressing his sorrow at being a white male. It wasn't too difficult to figure out what led to my firing.

Many reviewers were also inclined to smear the book. While the book received excellent reviews in medical journals such as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the *New England Journal of Medicine*, I was stunned to find that the prestigious *Science* had assigned it to a linguistics professor, Paula Treichler, whose only previous writing on AIDS had been for the Marxist magazine *October*, which she had railed against the assertion that the anus is more susceptible to penetration by the AIDS virus than the

interest in preventing the spread of AIDS. Consider what happened after *Newsday* dared allow me to review two AIDS books. Michelangelo Signorile at the now defunct *Outweek* magazine blasted the paper and its book review editor with language that would make a child pornographer blush.

Signorile declared what he thought of me ("baboon, racist, homophobic") and demanded in all upper-case letters: "WHY THE FUCK WOULD NEWSDAY HAVE SUCH A HATE-FILLED, UNTALENTED, LYING LOSER REVIEW IMPORTANT BOOKS?" Interestingly, on the page opposite this raving were personal ads for male prostitutes. Thus a magazine berating me for allegedly endangering the public concerning AIDS is actually making a profit off activity that clearly does spread the virus.

It has been said that homosexuals just want a quick cure to AIDS so they can go right back to the bathhouses. The statement can by no means be applied to all homosexuals, but it certainly applies to the homosexual AIDS activists. Their AIDS agenda is two-fold: to destigmatize homosexual practices, and to pump up research funds for AIDS by saying that it is a health problem for *everyone* which will become apocalyptic. But there is actually little room on their agenda for seeking to control new infections.

Indeed, AIDS activists have jumped with joy upon hearing that various celebrities from Rock Hudson to Magic Johnson to Arthur Ashe to Randy Shilts were diagnosed with HIV or AIDS. This means more notoriety, more sympathy, more fear.

But it isn't just groups like ACT-UP and Queer Nation that have fought off attempts to actually curtail the spread of the disease. AIDS has never been fought as a disease in this country because various groups hijacked it and directed it to fly to goals they had established long before the disease arrived on the scene.

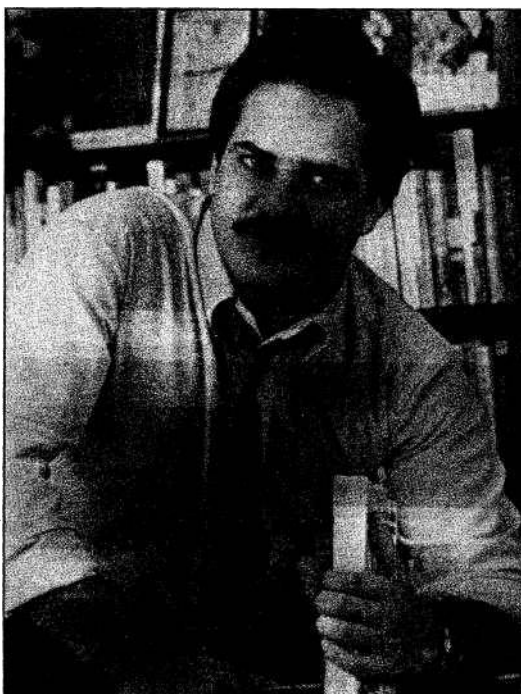
Those groups are essentially the same ones I identified in 1987, groups which carried their various agendas into the epidemic and found the disease a convenient vehicle to further them. Homosexual activists said that AIDS demanded that the nation repeal sodomy laws and teach the validity of homosexual lifestyles. Christian right groups said that AIDS demanded a sexual counterrevolution and a restoration of traditional moral values. Population control groups said that AIDS demanded the widespread distribution of condoms.

The media said that AIDS demanded lurid and terrifying stories of the exploding plague that would just happen to increase sales and ratings.

One group that existed early on but which I failed to notice until they targeted me was national health insurance lobby, which said that AIDS threatened to wipe out the entire U.S. health care system and demanded that a socialized system be put in place. Donna Minkowitz, in her review of my book in *The Village Voice* (where she called it "bilge" built on "a foundation of lies") nonetheless in the opening statement of her review revealed that the real problem with *Myth* — that it busted her pet agenda of socialized medicine: "Health care is a right, not a privilege. Now that the AIDS, abortion rights, and labor movements have a good shot at making this slogan a reality, in comes... Michael Fumento to quell to rebellion...". Actually, *Myth* made no references whatsoever to national health care. But by establishing that the epidemic would never "breakout" and destroy the health care system, it destroyed the argument that relied on such an apocalyptic scenario.

Finally, a new interest group in the AIDS lobby sprang up — the bureaucrats. These were the staffers at the Department of Health and Human Services, the educators at schools and city health clinics, the pontificating professors who saw AIDS as a better way of advancement than writing obligatory books that nobody would ever want to read. My last article on AIDS in the *New Republic* prompted about 10 angry letters. The very titles of those signatories made it clear that at least eight, and possibly all ten, made their living off AIDS.

There have always been truly dedicated warriors in the AIDS struggle. I met some of them when I worked at the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. They are local health officials and epidemiologists, outreach workers who tried to get at-risk and infected individuals to avoid sex or at least to practice safe sex, and to break their drug habits, and misguided or not, worked to distribute clean needles in the hope



MICHAEL FUMENTO

vagina, not on any scientific grounds but because it makes AIDS appear to be a "gay disease" which "protects not only the sexual practices of heterosexuality but also its ideological superiority." I was equally stunned to find that *Nature* had assigned the book to a homosexual AIDS activist, one who blatantly lied about its contents.

The bottom line was that a book which received tremendous national and international publicity, was reviewed in virtually every major publication, and was the subject of such shows as "Donahue," "Crossfire," "Today," and "CBS This Morning," sold less than 12,000 copies. And that's where the figure has stopped, because Basic Books, which usually stocks books for years, abruptly yanked it from print. Asked why the book didn't sell well, Clinton Morris, the Basic representative who sold to Walden books in New York, says, "Look, it was going against everything we know about AIDS, against anything anybody who was reputable was telling us. Why buy a book like that?" Forget the issue of self-interest for a moment. This was said of a book that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* had praised as "thoroughly researched, poignantly written, and a must read for anyone in learning the dynamics of the HIV epidemic or health care planning." This of a book that carried an endorsement by the former chief epidemiologist for the federal Centers for Disease Control.

The problem with *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* was not that it went against the grain medically or scientifically. Quite the opposite, by stressing the medical and the scientific, it made the political agenda blatantly obvious. This is the bottom line of that agenda: many AIDS activists, including gay radicals, have shown little more than a rhetorical

that this would at least dampen the growth of infection among addicts. But with few exceptions, these were not the "AIDS advocates" you see on the talk shows, the ones you hear about getting the awards and staging celebrity benefits, the ones quoted in *People* magazine and *USA Today*. These are the opportunists. Far from being their enemy, AIDS is their shtick.

This conflict of interest helps explain why the AIDS establishment fought so desperately to suppress a book that to this day remains the most detailed, accurate, and, yes, the most honest account of how and why people get AIDS and what they can do to avoid it. Yet the suppression of *Myth* and its author is only a microcosm of the war which the AIDS establishment has fought against other comparable efforts to reduce the number of new infections.

Consider contact tracing, urged by many public health officials, in which persons found to be infected with HIV are urged to identify their sexual partners so those partners can be notified, told the risks they face, and asked if they wish to be tested. Since it is relatively difficult to spread, AIDS is an ideal disease for such a program. Pilot studies in San Francisco, Colorado, and elsewhere have shown that contact tracing is highly cost-effective in identifying persons at high risk of getting HIV or who actually have it, and that it is effective in getting infected persons to curtail their unsafe sexual activities. Yet AIDS activists have fought against such tracing as a "violation of civil rights." (Is there not some sort of right, civil or otherwise, not to be infected?)

Homosexual activists undermined the highly successful Colorado program by forcing the state to open up anonymous testing centers. (This even though participation is by definition voluntary and no one can be forced to give the names of sexual partners.)

Contact tracing is suspect to the AIDS lobby because it undercuts the entire "everyone-is-at-risk" campaign. After all, the only diseases which put truly everyone at risk are those spread by air and touch such as the flu and there is no point in contact tracing with those diseases. AIDS activists have also hurt the campaign to curtail AIDS by drawing off money from sexually transmitted disease (STD) control programs. The evidence is overwhelming that some STDs, including syphilis and chancroid, tremendously facilitate the spread of HIV by causing small openings in the male or female genitals and thereby allowing the entry of a virus which cannot penetrate intact skin.

The infection level for these two particular diseases is quite low among white, middle-class heterosexuals but much higher among inner-city blacks and Hispanics. Prior to 1987, levels of these disease were dropping in the inner-cities. But then they began to skyrocket. The cause? In my book I quoted Dr. King Holmes, a Seattle health official and chairman of an advisory board to the CDC:

"When sexually transmitted disease clinics have fixed budgets, and 20 to 30 percent of those budgets suddenly has to go for AIDS control something has to suffer. Funds for controlling those diseases have been deflected into AIDS efforts, and the other diseases have been getting worse." And those who are tempted to worry about racism ought to think of it this way all that money used to convince the kids at all white Pleasant Valley High that they were at terrible risk of contracting AIDS was devastating the programs to control STDs that were keeping the kids at all-black Booker T. Washington middle school alive.

Now consider the shibboleth which states, in so many words, "Until there's a cure, education is our best weapon against AIDS." The problem isn't the expression, which is basically true. The problem is that the ones using it have fought so desperately against such proper education. As I wrote in 1987, "Every dollar spent, every commercial made, every health warning released, that does not specify promiscuous anal intercourse and needle-sharing as the overwhelming risk factors in the transmission of AIDS is a lie, a waste of funds and energy, and a cruel diversion." That is as true today as it was five years ago. Yet to this day the reality of the dangers of anal sex are masked in every way by pretending that AIDS is an "equal opportunity disease, by simply saying non-specifically that "sex" spreads AIDS, or by pretending to be specific while actually fogging the issue. I have in mind statements like this one: "Sex — vaginal, anal, and oral — can spread the AIDS virus." What is the purpose of putting vaginal before anal? It's not even alphabetical. Yet that's the order adopted in Surgeon General Everett Koop's famous 1987 report mailed to households throughout the nation and that's the order which the media and the self-styled AIDS educators use today. The purpose of the curious word order is clear—not to offend homosexual activists who want to assault the "ideological superiority" of heterosexual intercourse.

Just as specific sex acts are not targeted for fear of offending radical gays, so rarely are high risk groups given straight talk. Rather, most AIDS messages are designed to convince us that "anybody can get it." If breast cancer messages stated that "anybody can get it," a statement which strictly interpreted is true since men can get the disease, health officials would be outraged. Why, they would ask, when it is so difficult to get women to pay attention and have themselves checked out for cancer, are we targeting men as well? Yet, that is exactly the approach our country continues to take with AIDS. *A non-drug abusing heterosexual man in this country has a much better chance of getting breast cancer than getting AIDS.* But he is constantly told he is at risk of AIDS, told that if a star basketball player could get AIDS from a woman—or at least say he did—we're all at risk.

Indeed, to the extent AIDS warnings have been directed at specific groups, those groups are often those least at risk. Last year, then Health and Human Resources Secre-

tary Louis Sullivan announced a new series of advertisements aimed at persons who believed themselves to be at low risk of getting AIDS, specifically heterosexuals and residents of rural areas. That heterosexuals and rural residents happen to be correct in that belief was considered utterly unimportant.

Nobody in the media asked Sullivan about it and he certainly wasn't going to broach the issue himself. Much AIDS education funding also is diverted into educational courses and other programs that have little other purpose than seeking to legitimize homosexuality. Such was the case with former New York School Commissioner Joseph Hernandez's Rainbow Coalition curriculum, which under the cover of teaching teens the deadly facts of life and love in the age of AIDS encouraged the reading of such books as *Heather Has Two Mommies* and *Daddy's New Roommate*. Such has also been the case with something called the Art Against AIDS Project, which put up posters on public transportation platforms in Chicago and other cities showing a man kissing a man, a woman kissing a woman and a man kissing a woman, with the vague message: "Kissing Doesn't Kill; Greed and Indifference Do." *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko asked what these posters had to do with preventing the spread of AIDS, saying they appeared to be little more than an endorsement of homosexual relationships. Annie Philbin, a member of Art Against AIDS, quickly fired back: "This guy clearly doesn't know the first thing beyond being a white privileged male heterosexual in this country," adding, "He is exactly, exactly the problem why AIDS is devastating this country. He's just so uninformed it's pathetic."

So you see, it's not anal sex and needle-sharing that spread AIDS, it's newspaper columnists.

But I must confess that I was not entirely unamused. For you see, Mike Royko was one of those columnists I pleaded with to write about the smear campaign against my book and by so doing hopefully save some lives. I never heard from him.

Michael Fumento is the author of *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* (which will be republished in September by Regnery-Gateway) and *Science Under Siege: Balancing Technology and the Environment*.

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REVIEWS

POLITICAL RE-EDUCATION AT THE WHITNEY

1993 WHITNEY MUSEUM
BI-ENNIAL

Reviewed by *MICHAEL BRANDOW*

After each two-year hiatus, the Whitney Museum emerges with a Biennial of self-proclaimed avant guardism in such a way as to make itself even less palatable than before. Excitement might be expected as we move forward into the age of rarified radicalism, minority magnification, and linguistic game-playing, but even members of the press have come to dread a Biennial opening more than, perhaps, a bad rendition of Handel's "Messiah."

After an infamous decade of East Village pop art and exploration into such 'cutting-edge' media as performance and video, the museum's directors suddenly find themselves facing the same problems confronted by the entire downtown art scene — which they have taken such pains to mirror. Art is, quite simply, not selling these days. And so the Whitney has decided to give up on art altogether, transforming whatever is left from the tragedy of the Eighties into a purely 'political' event.

But even radical politics, after all, must be made palatable to the public. More so for those bored Upper East Side dadaists who fill most of the Whitney's private membership roster, constitute the Whitney's true "public," and demand to be entertained. Wherein lies the possibility that the Biennial has finally gone too far, so vague are the politically-inspired messages currently on display that the museum's "Public Education Department" has been obliged to organize an entire curriculum just to explain, even to its own faithful, what each work is supposed to mean.

I was obliged to attend this four-week course titled "An Insider's Look at the Biennial," a private event which did manage to attract those people whose main goal in life is to lengthen the list of clubs to which they've gained admission. For a mere \$90, these eager "insiders" were instructed by a visiting lecturer from Berkeley on how to use the vast impromptu library installed at the center of the exhibition, which would allow them better to appreciate the subtle nuances of ghetto gang language and to respect more fully the individual "cultures" of those would-be minorities that the Whitney claims to have given a voice in its latest Biennial.

This new form of entertainment goes beyond the vagueries of conceptual art. What, for example, could be meant by a large block of semi-sweet chocolate deformed around the corners by what are clearly teeth marks? Or the slab of melting lard, chewed and then spit back, which hangs from a marble pedestal beside the chocolate? Not far beyond is a realistic reconstruction of a makeup display case with tubes of lipstick in packages made of chocolate. These three creations — the chocolate, the lard, and the chocolate-encased lipstick — form one installation. But without a powerfully deductive mind, the uninitiated observer would be blind to the relationship between, say, bulimia and the gifts that men offer women: between chocolate, lard (a primary ingredient of chocolate) and the difficulty gals have keeping a trim figure. The guest lecturer admitted that even he had spent long hours in the Biennial library trying to better "understand" this and, for that matter, most of the other works he had been asked to explain. He had gone so far as to have a conversation with the young, white, 'minority' feminist chocolate-lard artist (just now finishing her undergraduate studies and happy to have her first exhibition be the Whitney Biennial). "I wanted to do something with my mouth," was the answer she transmitted via the lecturer when asked what she was up to.

Not even the "insiders" seeking behind the scenes enlightenment could be expected to react to such works objectively. Emotional responses were in fact expected of them. The first evening's instruction had begun with the warning that discomforting issues of race, gender and sexual preference would be explored, if only in this arcane manner. Could this exhibition indeed be such a subtle reflection of the present day that few people could be expected to understand its shocking revelations? Could they have failed to get the message after seeing the storefront display on the Museum's Madison Avenue entry — an ungrammatical "WHAT YOU

LOOKIN AT" was scrawled across the enlarged photograph of some mean-lookin' homeboys, an interesting icon for a city already on the brink of racial hate war. But the lecturer insisted on driving home this admonition to the group of wealthy East-Siders with Bloomingdale's bags: what they were about to see would be "very provocative and very exciting" and "as much about the world in recent years as it is about recent art." Given such vapors, one begins to understand how the Rodney King video came to be included as a Biennial "installation."

Black security guards escorted the all-white group of "insiders" into a room lined with painted skin color samples. The purpose of Byron Kim's "monochrome" paintings was to instruct museum-goers in the subtle nuances of the racial spectrum. At least one hundred neatly painted, semi-glossed squares were attached to a gallery wall, each presumably marked on the backside With the

what the Whitney advocates is not the identity of inclusion but the identity of separatism—war, not peace.

The five star general of this methodical dismantlement of taste and other civilized values, Whitney curator Elizabeth Sussman, had her praises sung by a reviewer for *The New York Times*, which was as dumbfounded as everyone else by the exhibit but determined nonetheless to say something about the Biennial. Ms. Sussman was thus given credit, if not for any innate faculty of judgment, then for the "courage" required just to go through with the thing in the first place. "In some ways it is actually better than usual," wrote Roberta Smith, "simply because it sticks its neck out. For one thing, this is the first Biennial to be selected by one person and less by committee." The critic should herself be praised for the rhetorical skill by which she manages to avoid what might otherwise be an effortless lambast. But how it is that following a well-marked path of political correctness amounts to anything like courage is just beyond the present reviewer's sympathies.

The museum's curators are clearly not in full control of their exhibition. Nor would they want to seem to be. Ms. Sussman belongs to a group of influential individuals who feel that power, when exercised by those in power, is evil. They hope to share identities with people who, for whatever reasons, feel themselves to have been marginalized and seek, in their bitter self-hatred, to destroy the very things they envy most. "You will see very little abstract, formalist work in this show," the guest lecturer repeated at numerous points throughout the Whitney's course of study. How it is that "abstract" and "formalist" can be used interchangeably is another question. What is important here is that the Whitney has not only chosen artists of inferior or absent talent (whatever their "anti-formalist" tendencies), but boasted that the selections were intentionally poor and made for the proper political reasons.

For example: two of the many gay males featured in the show feel "confused" and "excluded" from society's "mainstream." They also don't quite feel comfortable with the sobriquet of "painter." For some reason untold, they thus feel compelled to subvert both "the idea of the artist as creator" and the work of art as it has "traditionally" been understood. Low self-esteem and the likelihood of an early death reduces them to dabbling in photography, painting, or whatever strikes their fancy. Donald Moffett, a leading member of the AIDS activist group called "Grand Fury," contributes to the Biennial a bowling ball with inscriptions about gay S&M sex.

The guest lecturer, a young man with expensive trousers and of uncertain sexual preference, explained in minute detail the elaborate sexual customs to be found in gay backroom "culture"—adding with an intonation that he, of course, had only heard about such things. A certain lesbian "photographer," is praised by the guest lecturer for the crude, careless nature of her work. Another lesbian photographer has made portraits of dying drag queens against lightly faux'd finishes. Despite the utter lack of talent here, we are asked to sympathize with these would-be social outcasts who, as the Biennial clearly demonstrates and the guest lecturer explains, are unable or unwilling to specialize in a single medium and much less likely to achieve any degree of technical perfection.

Like the curators themselves, the artists represented in the Biennial have been so caught up in the social aspects of art production that they fail to see the faintest possibility of art for its own sake; instead, they have become obsessed with the so-called "role" of the artist in society, a role from which they feel themselves excluded. In other words, the only thing which attracts the vast majority of these people to art at all is the possibility for power which the art world can confer. Being represented as "anti-artists" by the Whitney provides exactly what they seek: privilege without merit, surface without substance.

The Whitney's role in all this? By providing a community service that would best be handled in a psychiatrist's office, the museum hopes to be as objective as possible. Its curators would seem as impartial as the camcorder which preserved for posterity the Rodney King beating and which made its owner a star overnight.



This exhibition is sponsored by a generous grant from Emily Fisher Landau.

Additional funding is provided by the National Committee of the Whitney Museum and The Greenwall Foundation. Performance on 42nd is funded by Philip Morris Companies Inc. Audio and video equipment provided by Sony USA Inc.

model's name and ethnic identity. A special effort had been made, we were told by the lecturer, not to arrange the color samples alphabetically by name of model. Otherwise, monotonous "clusters" of skin tones would have resulted since members of a given racial or ethnic group tend to have the same or similar names. The completed work, a balanced expanse of soft-to-dark hues, was pleasant, if only in a decorative sense, and might have left the observer with a feeling of bliss were it not for the bitter aftertaste left when knowledge of intent has been added to innocence of perception.

The whole reason for the 1993 Biennial is, after all, to enlighten the aristocracy. When one of the elegant pupils was asked by the guest lecturer why she was not wearing one of the buttons distributed at the entrance ("WHITE" was the cross she had been asked to bear), she, with her delicate blond highlights, expensive make-up and all-black attire, responded cleverly in a way that pleased the rest of the students in this course: "Because I can't imagine wanting to be white." This answer was a reference to one of the works of art stationed at the Whitney's entrance, a large dispenser of buttons with vague messages and a sign reading "I Can't Imagine Wanting To Be White."

Not a single non-Caucasian was to be found among the "insiders" looking for enlightenment about the Biennial. But of course the guest lecturer reminded them many times throughout the four-week course that the Whitney had no illusions about the show; those minorities for whom the artists spoke were, indeed, being excluded from the very event intended to further their cause. Proof of the Whitney's paternalism—which, in the fuzzy logic of post modernism was only a reflection of society's paternalism, after all—was the fact that one Hispanic artist (the same one who created the "I Can't Imagine Wanting To Be White" buttons) had been allowed to construct a carnival tent and place inside it this message: "There's only one place to spit in a rich man's house: in the rich man's face." Also excluded from the rich man's house are, presumably, those smartly-dressed white gays, lesbians, and sundry feminists who have cynically aligned their causes with that of the nation's poor black and Hispanic populations — and who seem, unlike the latter, to have no problem getting into a Whitney exhibition.

In what amounts to nothing less than rainbow opportunism, the Whitney postures as a kind of earth mother to the myriad oppressed minorities. Thus the underlying theme which unites the entire 1993 Biennial: identity. But

REVIEWS

HETERODOXY

OUTER COURSE: THE
BEDAZZLING JOURNEY

Reviewed by JENDIREITER

Harper Collins, 477pp.

"I wanted to throw my life as far as it would go," writes the post-Christian radical feminist professor Mary Daly in her autobiography *Outer Course: The Be-Dazzling Voyage*. Too bad she didn't throw it farther.

The most striking aspect of this exhaustive exploration of Daly's version of her life and philosophy is its pretentiousness. When inviting readers into her life, a writer needs to shed some of her pompousness if she hopes to establish a connection. But Daly's style and ideology in *Outer Course* display an unrelieved sense of self-importance. By generalizing her own interior world into a philosophy/mythology she tries to make a claim for its universality, yet her way of doing this paradoxically devalues even her valid insights by making them seem like matters of merely private interest to Daly herself. Moreover, her radical rejection of nearly all of world civilization as "patriarchal" forces her back upon her own resources and into a symbol system that cannot help but seem impoverished by comparison.

Daly divides *Outer Course* into four "Spiral Galaxies," corresponding to four stages she perceives in her life. These are her experiences as a child and as a student; her growing awareness of her mission to fight patriarchy; her campaign to eliminate or reverse all the symbols of patriarchal culture and create a new liberating mythos for women (see her books *Beyond the Father* and *Gyn/Ecology*); and her maturity, or "Cronehood," in which she looks back on her life's meanings. The galaxy metaphor is supposed to express unbounded freedom, power, and communion with the cosmos, states which she proposes will be accessible to all women once they free themselves from the influence of "undead vampires," "dicks," and "butchers"—i.e., men.

"Outer Course," for Daly, is a spiritual voyage beyond the limits most people recognize as part of the human condition but which she believes are actually only repression structures devised by the evil male sex. Not surprisingly, she considers the doctrine of original sin to be only a "myth of feminine evil... providing the setting for women's victimization." Yet like the misogynistic theologians she deplores, Daly projects the failings of humanity entirely onto the opposite sex, treating men as an entirely different class of beings who are not endowed with the same moral and spiritual capacities and rights as her own sex possesses.

Like Eve in orthodox theology, men in Daly's post-theology bring sin into the world. Male lust is "ontologically evil, having as its end the braking/breaking of female being." (More about Daly's bizarre literary style in a moment!) Her Utopian vision, in which she sees herself as joining the "cow who jumped over the moon" and is "greeted by Sisters of all kinds," has an uncanny resemblance to the medieval monks' notion that only males uncontaminated by contact

with women would be saved. Heaven is a sealed cosmos unpolluted by men and immune to the troubling thought that without fathers there can be no sisters.

Daly's life story offers some clues about the source of her radical rage. Her best friend and soul mate was her mother, who grew up as an exploited poor relation and communicated to Daly her frustration with the burdensome role of housewife. The author too suffered from the sexism of the 1940's and 1950's. When she tried to study subjects like philosophy and science, the male leaders of the church claimed these were too lofty for the female mind. Nonetheless, things were not so bad that she was unable to fight her way to a good education in America and abroad (she cites the University of Fribourg as her intellectual home), earning three doctorates and becoming a professor of theology at Boston College. Even so, she believes that her male colleagues, especially the priestly leadership of the Catholic universities, balked at recognizing her achievements and tried to make her career difficult.

Reflecting on her education, she writes: "This insistence on having it *all*—intuition and reasoning that is rooted in intuition—was of deep importance to me. I loved both modes of learning, which I recognized as essential to each other. Sickened by the downgrading and caricaturing of intuition and the relegation of this pathetically reduced 'talent' to women—which of course implied the safeguarding of 'reason' as the prerogative of males, I was struggling to Name this game which had been played by academics for centuries."

Unfortunately, the intellectual rigor she admires is nowhere present in *Outer Course*, a book in which moments of insight such as this one are trapped in a framework of naivete about the causes of and the proper responses to human wickedness. By scapegoating the Christian tradition and men, Daly loses her right to condemn the scapegoating of women as unjust on general moral grounds and implicitly espouses an almost Nietzschean scheme in which the domination of one class by another is only abhorrent when the ruling class is inferior. Power must be wrested from men because women are better, she says, not because Unequal power arrangements are inherently evil. Daly represents the feminist will to power, whose "gynergy" (her word for energy), once freed from "patriarchal necrophilia," will embrace the cosmos. To paraphrase Blake, gynergy is eternal delight.

Having turned the complex dilemmas of human life into a galactic morality play, Daly allegorizes herself and naturally aggrandizes her every feeling into an insight about the war against malevolence. Christmas trees horrified her as a child because they were dead; now she sees this as her realization that the Christian cross was a death symbol that suppressed the eco-feminist symbol of the Tree of Life. Thanksgiving also made her uncomfortable, yet she quickly surmises that it was not her boring relatives but her intuition that "what the pilgrims were really celebrating and thanking

god about was the massacre of Native Americans."

Her style in *Outer Course* is the most obvious and distracting sign of that self-aggrandizement. Everything she finds important she Capitalizes, while everything she rejects is stripped of authority, put in lower case, and decapitated like the god she imagines herself castrating ("cutting away the Supreme Phallus"). Therefore she writes "Christian," "god," "Jesuit," but "Witch," "Sin," "Diversity," "Radical Feminist." She gives to herself, her friends, and even her cat titles that are meant to exalt them to places in her feminist pantheon, but these titles proliferate to such an extent that by page 200 one almost expects her to say "Today I had a Bowl Movement"

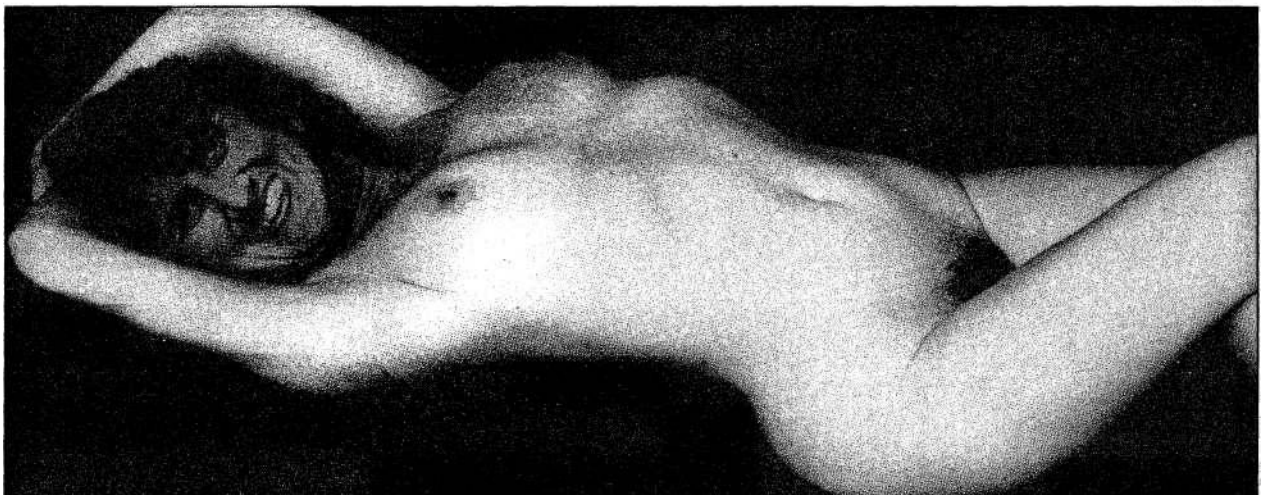
For example, she frequently refers to herself as a "Crone," a "Spinner," a "Wonderlusting Philosopher," and a "Pirate Righteously Plundering and Smuggling back to women gems which have been stolen from us by the patriarchal thieves." Every animal she and her Cronies (feminist friends) encounter is a "Divining Familiar."

Moreover, Daly wholeheartedly adopts the deconstructionist technique of punning in words to "discover" their hidden meanings. Sometimes this is amusing ("academentia") and other times vulgar ("dick-tionary"). However, her practice of inventing a private vocabulary as she goes along makes her gynutopia less and less accessible to any but its founding members.

When she gets carried away by her own rhetoric, which is often, she loses her grasp of those logical abilities she fought so hard to train. Her definition of virtue, in keeping with the classical philosophical tradition she admires, is "a good, operative habit which is acquired by repeated acts." Yet then she adds, "For a woman on this patriarchally controlled planet, to be is to Sin, and to Sin is to be ... Radical Feminist Piratic Pyrogenetic Virtues, transcending patriarchal 'good' and 'evil,' reverse the inherent reversals of phallic morality." What does this mean—Thou shalt kill, perhaps? Or Thou shalt dishonor thy father and mother? (Daly praises her parents, especially her mother, at length.) Or Do unto others as they shouldn't do unto you? (This is one Daly could accept, at least where men are concerned.)

Despite these rantings, however, Daly amazingly appears not as venomous or dangerous but rather touching even as she frustrates the reader. She somewhat resembles Ralph Waldo Emerson in her childlike love of nature, her self-deification, and her sublime indifference to her own ridiculousness. And even though she has unwittingly succumbed to the jargon-loving insularity she deplores in sterile "academentia," *Outer Course* conveys the sense that Daly's intellectual career arose from a desire for that wisdom that comes from an encounter with the heart of reality. "If a clover blossom could say 'I am,'" Daly wonders, "why couldn't I?" What a shame that her "I am" has to involve shouting a resounding "But you are nothing" to half of the human race.

MS. APRIL



"AS THEIR PIN-UP GIRL, AS THEIR CENTERFOLD, I'M NOT SURE I CAN JUDGE [THEIR IMPACT]." -
CATHARINE STIMPSON ON HETERODOXY IN THE CHRONICLE OF HIGHER EDUCATION, MARCH 17, 1993

FINAL ANALYSIS

PRESIDENT OF SMACT-UP PROTESTS DISCRIMINATION

BY TURK RICHARDS

It's time discrimination against 'people of pain' came to an end!" In the opening words of his recent press conference, Will B'Hert, President of SMACT-UP, (Sado-Masochists Action Committee) whipped himself into a frenzy over what he regards as the continued, rampant S&Mophobia permeating the fabric of American society.

"Our lifestyle should be recognized as part of the beautiful rainbow of American culture," B'Hert said. "People of pain are as normal as anyone else." He spoke flanked by other members of the organization who chanted, "We're the news! We're bruised!"

The SMACT-UP leader cited a recent study by sex researchers Masters and Bonds which he claimed indicates that one in ten Americans are either practicing sadomasochists or have engaged in at least one sadomasochistic experience in their lifetime.

"Millions of us live, work and study amongst you," B'Hert asserted, "but we are denied many of the basic civil rights guaranteed to all Americans under the Constitution. What we do in our basements is our business."

Discrimination against people of pain is no figment of the S&M community's collective imagination. There are statutes on the books of every state except Massachusetts prohibiting sadomasochistic families from adopting children. These laws remain despite a number of studies conducted by eastern Ivy League universities which indicate that youngsters reared in S&M households are no more likely to embrace the lifestyle than other children. Prohibiting adoptions "smacks of S&Mophobia," according to B'Hert. "Like any other dedicated parents, we can provide our children with love and stability, and above all, with sorely needed discipline."

B'Hert and his group were particularly incensed by the refusal this spring of Boston's St. Patrick's Day Committee to allow members of S.M.I.T.E (Sado-Masochistic Irish Torment Enhancers) to march in this year's parade. For them, this was another case of exclusion based on prejudice. SMITE and SMACT-UP have hit parade organizers with a federal lawsuit aimed at reversing the decision, an action which one long-time South Boston resident says threatens to



WILL B'HERT

tear apart the local community. "Let 'em do what they wanna in their own basements, but not on our streets," said one city resident, "enough is enough!"

B'Hert, author of the bestsellers *Getting to No* and *What Did I Do To Get So Black And Blue?*, which was optioned recently by Madonna's production company, called such thinking, "An example of a phobic mentality based on prejudice, a mentality which has never read De Sade or von Masoch, has socially constructed an image of what we are, and uses that image to condemn its sadomasochistic sons and daughters to a life of denial and to being in the closet for the wrong reasons."

S&Mophobic attitudes like those in South Boston must be "attacked head on," according to the SMACT-UP President B'Hert outlined an eight point plan for achieving this goal:

1. Introduction of new pain-sensitive textbooks such as *Heather's Daddy Beats Her Mommy* into the first grade curriculum at elementary schools throughout the nation.
2. Opening of fully funded S&M Centers on college campuses to provide counseling and technical know-how. "If people can learn the right way to put on a condom they ought to know how to properly use handcuffs."
3. Adding Sadomasochistic Studies to the core course requirements at all State Universities and engaging in an

active recruitment effort for S&M instructors as role models for students of pain.

4. Gaining a commitment from President Clinton to appoint openly Sadomasochistic men or women to key posts his administration, so that the cabinet "not only looks like, but FEELS like America."

5. Ending the practice of banning Sadomasochists from the military. "S&M soldiers have been physically attacked by their straight peers, which is all right, but it is also true that once liberated from the constraints of S&Mophobia they could effectively employ aspects of their culture in combat situations."

6. Boycotting any state that refuses to pass laws banning discrimination against people of pain.

7. Repeated invasion of churches, particularly Catholic churches, until the hierarchy allows sadomasochists into the priesthood. "It's a prejudice from the Dark Ages. Who better to provide examples of how sinners can scourge away past offenses?"

8. Recognizing April 1, the Marquis de Sade's birthday, as "National S&M Pride Day."

Many sociologists and S&M activists predict that even if these efforts are successful, however, long-held values will be difficult to change. But B'Hert is hopeful that others can adopt the high level of tolerance exercised by SMACT-UP: "As people of pain, we embrace diversity without regard to race, class or gender. Our credo, 'If you can do it to us, we can do it to you,' is about as ecumenical as it gets."

B'Hert's determination at this press conference recalled his dramatic appearance at the Democratic National Convention last July as part of a campaign "to put people of pain in the national eye and lead them into bondage." On that occasion, his impassioned words brought Hillary Clinton to her feet in the Presidential box to start a foot-stomping ovation:

"We at SMACT-UP are chained together in our fight for justice and bound to the goal of acceptance by the dominating culture. Next time you see the symbol of our oppression, the black and blue triangle, on a bumper sticker or a pin sticking into our chest, remember, please, do not punish us for our lifestyle, we'd rather do that ourselves!"

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