

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

GAYS MARCH ON PENTAGON

Bill Clinton came to power in a time of crisis among the nations of the world. The nation of Bosnia was under genocidal siege. The nation of Somalia was occupied by U.S. forces. The nation of Iraq was being bombed. The nation of Russia was being strangled by hyperinflation. But Bill Clinton could not focus on the plight of these nations during his first and most important days in office. The only nation he cared about was Queer Nation.

And the first enemy he chose to confront was the U.S. military. By forcing the issue of gays in the military as the first item on his presidential agenda, Clinton showed a disquieting lack of the one quality, political savvy, that he was supposed to possess above all others, and the one quality that we, his constituents, were supposed to be able to count on. But this was not just an anomaly of ineptitude. Clinton raised the issue of gays for the same reason that he stocked the administration with his wife's politically correct appointees. At the same moment that he was selling himself as a common-sense centrist during the recent election; he was selling his soul to the special interest groups that have deformed his party over the last twenty-five years. As the furor over gays in the military erupted, homosexual activists made it clear that they knew that the crux of the issue was not morality but payoff. In rallies and public statements they pointed out that gays and lesbians had supported Clinton at a higher rate even than blacks and now their time had come.

Clinton's astonishingly banal statement that he intended to be the first president to "lead" on a "civil rights" issue shows not only how much a prisoner this alleged pragmatist is of the myths of the Sixties, but how perversely those myths have been deformed over the last quarter century. That decade which the President has courted with embarrassing unctuousness since announcing his candidacy might have begun with the notion of "making America better," but it ended with a commitment to "bring America down" (in the words of that eloquent theorist

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



Abbie Hoffman). And this is the aspect of the Sixties identity that is at work today promoting gays in the military. From Act Up to Queer Nation, from the pro-Castro head of the Armed Services Committee, Berkeley Congressman Ronald V. Dellums, to ranking member Patricia Schroeder, the crowd that is pressing the confrontation with military tradition is a crowd that has been defiantly opposed to the military mission over the past quarter century. Does Ron Dellums or Pat Schroeder lie awake at night worrying what the impact of this or any policy will be on the effectiveness of America's military shield? Of course not. Both regularly proposed cutting America's military by half during the height of the Cold War with the Soviet Union; they both proposed that America's role in the Cold War was generated by paranoia and nativism rather than by the threat posed by an imperial aggressor. When the Red Army was invading Afghanistan Ron

Dellums was denouncing the Carter White House as a place of "evil" and as the principal menace to world peace. The only enemy Pat Schroeder ever saw on America's horizon were Navy fliers guilty of sexual harassment.

It is endlessly suggested by spokesmen for gays in the military, from the president on down, that the issue is simply a matter of "fairness" and "equity." It is no different, they insist, from Harry Truman's decision in 1948 to end racial segregation in the military. That analogy is, of course, deeply insulting to black soldiers in the same way that the trendy parasitism of other self identified victim groups who compare their travails to slavery is insulting to the black experience. Black soldiers could not escape their pigmentation. Gay soldiers are homosexuals only when they are having sex. And all the fatuous sophistry about the inescapable stigma of "biological orientation," much of it inserted into the debate on gays in the military by Clinton himself, cannot overcome this fact.

Only an administration that conceived of its relationship to public opinion as being the same as the relationship between Sally and Phil and Geraldo and their audiences could expect the American people to believe that the issue of gays in the military was simply about fairness. (If fairness in dealing with homosexuals in public were an issue, gay Congressmen Barney Frank, whose lover ran a prostitution business out of Frank's home and Gerry Studds, who confessed to statutory rape with a Congressional male page, would have been subjected to the same inquisition as Bob Packwood faces for lesser, heterosexual offenses). Clinton himself kept trying to drive the point home by repeating in a kind of mantra meant to soothe the passions he had aroused, it is not what you are that matters, but what you do.

This is was indeed an appropriate philosophy for all the civic institutions of America but the military. (Institutions like the university, for instance, where who you are is regularly trumped by what group you're from). Unlike these other institutions, the military exists not as an engine of social

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THE VIRUS
THAT ATE THE
NIH
FOUCAULT'S
FOLLIES
PANHANDLER
PUSH-UPS
PC NOVEL

FEMINIST VIGILANTES FOILED FRAT ATTACK

By BILL CERVENY

The Alpha Tau Omega's poet in residence thought the Occidental College fraternity's monthly newsletter was a harmless joke. In announcing the fraternity's homecoming party late in September of last year, he told the ATO members to "start telling your buddies and slutties to make sure they go." He ended the invitation with some smutty doggerel about a man named "Buffalo Pete" and his "thousand pounds of hanging meat." The rhyme told of Pete's affections for a woman named Sally Brown and how, during a brief posterior interlude, Sally emitted a flatus that sent Pete home with "a thousand pounds of shredded meat." Although the poem was mailed to each

member's private P.O. box, a copy of the letter was stolen and reprinted in the campus newspaper and that is when the meat, so to speak, hit the fan.

Members of ATO suddenly found themselves the target of campus-wide criticism at the small, Southern California college. Unprepared for the onslaught, they hoped that an admission that they were guilty of poor taste and that their sin was perhaps mitigated by the fact that the newsletter was intended for members only would remove some of the pressure. But campus feminists pumped up the volume of their attack on the fraternity. The newsletter rapidly became a symbol of the sexism feminists alleged infected the college. They made it clear that they would settle for only one verdict regarding ATO: off with their heads!

Upon returning from their Thanksgiv-

ing vacation, nine brothers of Alpha Tau Omega sorted through their mail to find plain white envelopes addressed to "An ATO Member." Inside of each envelope was a note written in clipped magazine letters, crookedly arranged to read: OUR BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS! At the bottom sat a cruel signature in the form of a bloody tampon taped to each page. These missives characterized the radical feminist's campaign against the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. They charged that the newsletter showed there was a "rapist mentality" evident in the fraternity. In acts of anonymous solidarity, covert feminist organizations began to sprout up on the Occidental campus to carry the fight. A group calling themselves Random Pissed Off Women (RPOW), blanketed me

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**K.L. BILLINGSLEY wrote PC
KIDNAPPERS** in the last issue.

DAVID BERLINSKI is a novelist.

TOM BETHELL is a journalist.

MARK HOROWITZ is a screenwriter

STEVEN PLAUT is an economics professor at Hebrew
University

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COMING

**GROWING UP
ABSURD AT WELLESLEY**

**BLACK PANTHER MURDER
INCORPORATED**

**THE CASE AGAINST ENGLISH
DEPARTMENTS**

HARASSING COLORADO

LETTERS

Dear *HETERODOXY*:

Your magazine is the most misogynistic, cock-centered piece of bullshit I've ever had the ill-luck to read. Why don't you all just go watch snuff films and jack off? It'd save paper, the least you could do.

**WOMYN'S RIGHTS NOW! WE WILL DESTROY YOUR
HATE AND YOUR PATRIARCHY!**

Paula Henning

I find *Heterodoxy* witty, scholarly, often humorous and always frightening. Please consider me a lifelong subscriber.

Joseph G. Smith

I'm not writing as many have done, specifically to tell you what a mean-spirited, bigoted, and thoroughly vicious publication *Heterodoxy* is. It is all of that, of course; but there's no point in writing to say so, because like naughty little boys, you are egged on by such commentary, taking it as somehow testimony to your success, as if merely being nasty and annoying constituted a politics. No, I'm writing to tell you that the articles you run are ignorant, poorly reasoned, and badly written, and that your sins in this regard are infinitely worse than the leftish persons it pleases you to tease. I would eat glass before sending you a dime.

Arnold Krupat Professor of Literature Sarah
Lawrence College

Dear Mr. Collier,

This is just a brief note of great appreciation for your article "The Culture, Stupid." [*Heterodoxy*, January 1992]. My only glimmer of disagreement is my suspicion that *this* Cold War may not come out the way the other Cold War came out. After all *this* Cold War is an internal thing. You can ingest only so much poison and then you die.

Albert Gilman Professor of
Mathematics University of
North Carolina

What a breath of fresh air your publication is. What a stroke of genius on your part to send a complimentary copy to a workerbee at the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It's a pity they make little or no effort to advance learning. Send a sample to Chelsea at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. You fellows give substance to Kingsley Amis' remark, "If you can't annoy somebody, there's little point in writing."

Name Withheld

P.S. You ought to include this quote by Oscar Wilde on your masthead: "Everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching."

The "Chlorophyll Manifesto" [*Heterodoxy*, January 1992] has been framed and is hanging on a wall in my office. It delights my friends and baffles my antagonists on the Left. Joyanne Pierce

Thank you for printing my article. May I make a few corrections? First, I am still working on my Ph.D., from NYU. Second, the quote about my being "swept from the arena of discourse into the outer silence" is from author E. Michael Jones. I would also like to add an encouraging aside to my disheartening early experiences at The King's College. A former professor of German Literature from the University of Chicago, Dr. Friedhelm Radant, as the new President of TKC, has done a spectacular job in turning aside Left-lunacy there, making it a haven for conservatives and other dissenters from Left-orthodoxy. Many of the worst ideologues mentioned in my article, have left the college. Dr. Radant has suggested I return to work with him. So mere are still pockets of sanity and hope in the world of evangelical colleges.

David Ayers
Dallas/Texas

Your pages are a strange place to encounter such politically correct phrases as "the dominant culture or the capitalism which fuels it." Does Kenneth Asher really believe that Reaganomics is merely a form of Social Darwinism, or is he just going out of his way to praise Harold Fromm's half-hearted attack on Deconstructionism, reviewed in your January issue? Of course, Deconstructionism is a fraud, but capitalism gives us the right to say so. It pays the salaries of

both the Social Darwinists and the social engineers. In fact, it is the element of social engineering in Social Darwinism that makes it anti- not pro-capitalistic, a point which Messrs. Asher and Fromm will never see from the middle-of-the-road.

Robert M. Kornfeld
Chicago, Illinois

I write to supplement your December *reductio ad absurdum* feature regarding the University of Minnesota. I was consulted for a second opinion by a visiting British professor then at the University of Minnesota-Duluth, who had been charged with sexual harassment. One of the charges filed by the female professor related to his frequent use of the term "bloody" in various contexts. She somehow connected the term to the fact of her menstruation and was outraged and offended. The professor's attorney obtained a dismissal of the charge after enlightening the prosecution on the British usage of the term as set forth in the OED. Such cultural ignorance and lack of sensitivity to the multiple meanings of words in a professor of higher education is truly frightening.

Thomas J. Bieter Attorney at Law Duluth, Minnesota

For the first time in my career as an infantry officer, my commander in chief is a bigger threat than any battlefield enemy. HELP!

No name

As a young radical in Washington, DC in the 60s, I loved your journal then, *Ramparts*, by far the best of all magazines. Now, after having found my head, I love your *Heterodoxy*. Your material is vibrant and alive in a field of journalistic corpses, such as *The Nation* and *The New York Review of Books*. I subscribe as well to those zombies of post-modernism, but they don't turn me on, for sure. May the muse be with you always.

Ronald Kephart
Corvallis, Montana

I was skeptical but now I'm convinced. After reading the letter from that complete idiot, James C. Oldham, Professor of Law, Georgetown University and the insipid bleatings from a Louann F. Irvin of John E. Galvin Charitable Trust (she has the open mind of a Periwinkle) I am convinced that PC, Left-wing gibble-garbage has overtaken the educational system as well as the once-solid trusts established with conservative dollars. Enclosed, please find my check and keep 'em coming!

John Frederick Arnold
San Diego

Until the end of African colonialism, Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, provided most of the food needed in excess of their own, to both Somalia and Ethiopia. The Republic of South Africa provided the rail transport for these foodstuffs. Rhodesia was minority ruled at the time, and everything was produced in abundance and shipped promptly to where it was needed. Zimbabwe today is majority ruled, and cannot even feed itself. The rail service formerly provided by the minority South African trains have stopped due to the deteriorated condition of the rail beds in Zimbabwe, and the tracks themselves in Ethiopia and Somalia have been stolen for the value of the metal.

Of course, all the former life saving food and transport was provided by European white males, the devil incarnates of the academic curriculum, but like, what the hell, man, nobody starved, you know.

EJ. Toner

ANONYMOUS TELEPHONE MESSAGE

2/7/93'

I'm leaving no name or address for such a racist anti-feminist piece of shit paper as this, that I have ever read. You incense me, you enflame me. I can't believe people in the United States actually dignify themselves or de-dignify themselves by writing this kind of shit and sending it to colleges. And you need to get a little bit of a grasp on what Hillary and Bill are trying to do, they are trying to acknowledge the fact that there's more than just you upper middle class white men in this fucking country. Thank you very fucking much.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

THE BEARDED LADY: California Poly-technic professor of Philosophy and Women's Studies **Mary Crane** submitted the following letter to the American Philosophical Association Newsletter "I am a white lesbian, forty-eight years old and I have a beard. Sort of a double goatee affair that grows on either side of my chin. I have it for about 16 years...But hardly anyone else seems to like my beard. Most women will, if forced to discuss it, affirm (in the spirit of the times) my right to it, while affirming their equal right not to have a beard. Then, they go on to make enough unsubtle remarks to let me know that they think I would look much nicer without a beard. I have suffered several serious and painful rejections because of the beard. Still, as far as I can see, I do not have much choice about exposing this beard. To shave is to refuse to do something about the institution of sexism... I want all the bearded ladies in the world to come out, celebrate ourselves and one another. If you have a beard and you are female and you do not let it grow, I want to challenge you to think about why you keep it shaved...If it's fear of the loss of a job, let's get an ACLU lawyer to defend us. After all, we do have a right! But again, it is more than right...It is a need to celebrate the beauty that is naturally ours in our beards."

NOSTALGIE DE LA QUAYLE: At a Republican soiree in Palos Verdes, California, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher (R-Long Beach) served up the following lament. "In the last Administration people were afraid that the President would die and Quayle would be president. Now people are worried that Hillary will die and the President will be President."

MOVE OVER, MAYA ANGELOU: The following poem was required reading for "Gender In Writing," a Stanford University Freshman English section taught by Linda Garber

The Enemies of She Who call Her
Various Names

a whore, a whore, / a fishwife a cunt a harlot a harlot a pussy/a doxie a tail a fishwife a whore a hole a slit / a cunt a bit a slut a slit a hole a whore a hole/a vixen/a piece of all/ a dame-filly-mare/dove-cow-pig-chick-cat-kitten-bird/dog-dish / a dumb blonde/ you black bitch-you white bitch-you brown-bitch-you stupid bitch-you stinking bitch you little bitch-you old bitch-a cheap bitch-a high class bitch-a 2 bit whore-a 2 dollar whore-a ten dollar whore-a million dollar mistress a hole a slut a cunt a slit a cut a slash a hole a slit a piece of shit, a piece of shit, a piece of shit.

SENSITIVITY UBER ALLES: Administrators at Georgetown University are planning to expand the definition of sexual harassment to include actions directed at groups. The new policy was inspired in part by an incident with the Georgetown Rugby team. The team had sung an old standard based on the Knock Knock Who's There? routine, the answer being Tijuana. "Tijuana who? Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang?" The team was not punished, according to Dean of Students Renee DeVigne because its song, though offensive was not directed at a specific individual. English Professor Leona



CLINTON'S PRAYER

Dear God, please let me get laid half as
many times in the White House as Jack did."

Fisher, one of the supporters of the new policy acknowledged that "[Sexual harassment issues] do come up against free speech," but said "I would rather that the sexual harassment be punished than the free speech be let go."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Thomas Jones, former black terrorist who in 1969 seized Cornell's Willard Straight Hall with a gang of shotgun-toting thugs has been appointed the president of the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association and the College Retirement Equities Fund, the largest private pension fund in the world. Although his salary was not announced, Jones' postpaid its previous occupation \$787,000 a year. Jones, who of course spent no time in jail for his crime, delivered what has been called "the most memorable and the most terrifying oratory of the crisis." According to professors who left after Cornell capitulated to the terrorists, Jones' "oratory" went something like this: "Allan Bloom is a racist, and will be shot like a dog in the streets. Clinton Rossiter is a racist and will be shot like a dog in the streets..." Shortly after these attacks, Clinton Rossiter committed suicide. Recently Cornell announced that Thomas Jones has been made a Cornell trustee.

COLORADO TEA PARTY: The gay and lesbian mafia in Colorado is trying to shake down Boulder based Celestial Seasons, a maker of Yuppie teas. The company, it seems, not only refused to support the boycott of Colorado but also refused to be shaken down for a \$100,000 contribution to the boycotters' coffers. As a result gay and lesbian groups have threatened to boycott Celestial Seasons. And as a result of all this, we ought to drink more Red Zinger.

NAKED GUY UPDATE: University of California officials expelled Andrew Martinez, Berkeley's, "Naked Guy" [See *Heterodoxy*, December 1992] for refusing to wear clothes to class.

HOMOSEXUAL ED: The following flier appeared in all faculty boxes at Duke University last month:

HOMOSEXUAL COURSES
(Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual)
at DUKE Interested
Faculty is Invited to Participate
in A BRAIN-
STORMING SESSION
to
DESIGN NEW COURSES
RE-DESIGN OLD COURSES
INTEGRATE EXISTING COURSES
WITH SIGNIFICANT HOMOSEXUAL
CONTENT

Almost Every Department and Program Can
Offer Some Course that Presents Relevant
Material from a Homosexual Perspective

Homosexuality in the Classical World,
Homosexuality in Literature Homosexual
Drama, Historical Perspectives on
Homosexuality Homosexuality and
Religion, the Biological Bases of
Homosexuality Political and Economic
Aspects of Homosexuality,
Homosexualities, etc., e t c .

How about homosexual musicians, homosexuals & the military, gay rights movements, international perceptions of homosexuality, homosexual choreography, etc., etc.?

GET CREATIVE!

Questions?: John Younger, Classical Studies, 228 Allen, 684-2082

GLORY HOLES DOWN ON THE FARM: David Sacks, editor of the *Stanford Review* reports in the January 25 issue: "The Stanford Administration demands that its students be 'welcoming and accepting' of homosexual behavior. In bathrooms throughout campus, but particularly in the libraries and history corner, holes have been drilled be-

tween the walls of toilet stalls to facilitate anonymous bathroom sex. One restroom in the South Stacks of Green Library is a 'horror story' according to a library employee, who described the bathroom's unusual stench and the homosexual graffiti covering the walls. Messages, such as 'horny young male' and 'inexperienced male seeks same' as well as others too obscene to be printed in these pages, proliferate, listing times when like-minded desperadoes can connect. A student told me of his experience in the South Stacks. Unaware of its reputation, he entered for legitimate purposes. While he used a urinal, another student leered at him disturbingly and then walked towards him menacingly—while masturbating. Shocked and offended he fled before this obviously unbalanced homosexual could physically accost him. Unfortunately, such stories abound: a friend of mine was solicited in Meyer Hall the night before an exam, and, to his gastroenteric dismay, had to flee the toilet mid-use. Of course Stanford, held in the sway of moral relativism and the thrall of gay lobbying and pressure tactics, is powerless to prevent this public imposition." Pentagon officials take note.

HOUSTON BAKER'S MAMA: It seems that MLA Chief Houston Baker's mama was upset by Roger Kimball's report in the *Wall Street Journal* about Baker's presidential address to the MLA this past December. (The one where he couldn't tell the difference between metonymy and synecdoche: see *Heterodoxy*, January 1992). "Have you seen what Robber Kill-all wrote?" Baker reported his punster mama as having said over the phone the next morning. "Who does he think he is?" At mama's request, Baker wrote an op-ed piece setting the record straight. Kimball had reported that "Baker's main point was that teachers of literature should subordinate literary concerns to the task of fostering radical political activism." But Baker said he merely "insisted that college professors sometimes spend too much energy giving lectures or writing books and articles..." Right, Houston.

BE THERE NOW: During the inaugural parade, members of ACT-UP held signs that stressed the need for more AIDS funding and research and an ACT-UP sign autographed by Bill Clinton at an Arkansas rally on which he wrote: "I'll be there for you."

SOMETHING FISHY: Duke professor, Stanley Fish is currently in a battle with the administration in an effort to ban the faculty newsletter. The letter, written by his colleagues, reprinted a *London Daily Mirror* headline: "The Conspiracy to Rule All Our Minds." The article proclaimed the evils of Political Correctness in America, running a photo of Alan Gribben identified by the word "victim" and a photo of Fish with the word "oppressor" stamped across his face. Alan Gribben's story was told in the May issue of *Heterodoxy* and is available in *Surviving the PC University* (see ad p. 13)

DOES HIV CAUSE AIDS:

AIDS is definitely a lifestyle disease." This statement would be inflammatory coming from most gays. But the speaker is Michael Callen, whose bona fides include fighting off AIDS for a decade and now suffering (for the seventh time) from Kaposi's sarcoma, which he describes as "the bruise that never heals." Callen takes some 50 different pills a day and until a few months ago expected to depart this life "sooner rather than later." But recent developments have encouraged him. "The wind has shifted, quite a major shift," says Callen. "I didn't think I'd live to see it."

What has buoyed Callen's spirits, and those of some of his gay friends, is the growing controversy about the cause of AIDS. As he notes, this fall there was an announcement at the Amsterdam AIDS conference that a number of cases of AIDS without HIV have occurred. These developments, along with dissent from within the scientific community, challenge the official view that HIV causes AIDS, first proposed in 1984 but now disputed by a growing number of scientists. The primary dissenter is molecular biologist Peter Duesberg of the University of California at Berkeley who has become the object of curiosity and contempt because of work attacking the orthodoxies surrounding the disease, most particularly because of his conviction that it is not the HIV virus which causes AIDS, but rather a constant assault on the immunosuppressive system in the form of prodigious drug abuse, promiscuous homosexual activity, and other dangerous behavior.

Dr. Robert Gallo, for example, who until a recent controversy concerning his own career was regarded as the Dean of AIDS researchers, told a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times* that he cannot discuss Duesberg "without shrieking." A pillar of the AIDS establishment, Gallo has had his own problems, having recently been judged guilty of plagiarizing the work of French colleagues in claiming to have discovered the HIV virus. These problems notwithstanding, Gallo's reaction to Duesberg's ideas is extreme. "There is just no evidence to support Peter anymore," he says. "There never was to begin with. His argument, to my mind, was fallacious from the beginning."

Gallo believes that Duesberg's ideas are "very seductive" to HIV-infected people like Michael Callen because "nobody wants to believe that they have a virus that they might die from, and nobody wants to take the responsibility for having given the virus to other people who may have died." A number of people, Gallo says, think Duesberg is "hindering substantially AIDS research and endangering the lives of people by making people think that if they are HIV-infected they can go out and have sex and do what they want."

Even Michael Fumento, a writer who caught flak for his own controversial book *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* (which gay activists have gotten banned from some book stores), says that he has only three things to say about Duesberg: "he's wrong, he's wrong and he's wrong."

Yet among others, Duesberg's work has struck a sympathetic chord. There is a murmuring in the scientific congregation about "anomalies" such as the dozens of cases of full blown AIDS in which the victims show no evidence of HIV, and of the much larger number of cases in which HIV-infected individuals have defied the odds by not developing any of the diseases that go by the name of AIDS. This growing group of dissenters feel that it is at least worth considering Duesberg's ideas. They are also calling for a review of the rush to judgment which allowed the HIV hypothesis to triumph and to tyrannize over other possible explanations about AIDS.

It was on April 23, 1984, that then-Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler announced that "the probable cause of AIDS has been found." The culprit was a retrovirus called the human immunodeficiency virus or HIV. The discoverer of HIV, basking in scientific glory behind his dark glasses, was retrovirologist Dr. Robert Gallo.

"Today," the jubilant Heckler said, "we add another miracle to the long honor roll of American medicine and science. Today's discovery represents the triumph of science over a dreaded disease." The secretary went on to claim that an AIDS vaccine would be available by 1986.

Across America and the world AIDS victims and support groups took heart. The prestige press obediently made the adjustment in vocabulary and within several months the adjective "probable" had disappeared when talking about the cause of AIDS. AIDS conferences became "HIV confer-

by K.L. BILLINGSLEY

ences" and AIDS victims were now referred to as "HIV positive." Politicians began making large sums available to scientific sleuths tracking HIV.

By the end of the decade the United States was spending some \$3 billion a year on AIDS. This was more than we spent on any other disease even though AIDS was far from the most lethal threat that Americans faced. AIDS ranked fifteenth as a cause of death in 1990, down from fourteenth in 1989. The death rate from heart disease was some twenty times higher than that of AIDS. Cancer—for which there was also no cure—claimed more than ten times as many victims.



PETER DUESBERG

Yet AIDS maintained its claim on the bulk of research dollars in large part because of the critical mass that had been mobilized by the HIV hypothesis: money spent would inevitably yield results because we knew what caused AIDS.

In spite of the lavish funding and Heckler's confident prophecy, an AIDS vaccine was not available by 1986. The media did not question the passing of the deadline or even provide a report card on all the monies that had been spent, monies which failed to save a single life (an observation Dr. Gallo concedes to be a "legitimate criticism"). As the decade ended with more demands by gay hardliners for even more money for research, some scientists began to ask themselves an obvious, if tabooed, question. What if Dr. Gallo had been wrong about HIV being the cause of AIDS?

"Imagine the jolt to the psyches of ordinary people," says Dr. Richard Ratner, editor of *Physician*, "as their leaders told them: oops, sorry about that. AIDS isn't caused by the virus after all but by people systematically poisoning themselves with recreational drugs in pursuit of sexual pleasure. What would happen to the reservoir of goodwill painstakingly built up for the victims of AIDS?"

Michigan State immunologist Robert Root-Bernstein argues that "Premature closure of inquiry lays us open to the risk of making a colossal blunder." The term "colossal" also applies to the financial side of the debate. Billions of dollars in research money, their lucrative commercial by-products, and the prestige mat goes with the package, were also up for grabs. If the HIV theory was wrong, argued *The AIDS Catch*, a 1990 British documentary, "We are living through one of the biggest scientific confidence tricks in history," a kind of Pittdown Man on steroids, with the HIV hypothesis gobbling dollars by the billion while delivering nothing of medical value. Nor is the growing debate quarantined within the world of science. African-American journalist and PBS stalwart Tony Brown argues that HIV may be "the greatest hoax ever, and that includes the S & L debate."

There are many now beginning to ask questions, but the primary force behind doubts about HIV has been UC biologist Peter Duesberg. Part of his criticism was based on his perception of how heavily invested—literally as well as figuratively—the scientific community was in this particular hypothesis. In January 1988, for instance, Duesberg charged that William Haseltine and Max Essex, two of the top five AIDS researchers in country, had "millions in stocks" in a company that sells kits that test for HIV. "How could they be objective?" he asked.

When the subject of his chief antagonist, Dr. Robert Gallo, comes up, Duesberg quips that HIV is "the first virus to be co-discovered a year after its discovery." On April 23, 1984, the same day as Heckler's press conference, a U.S. patent was filed on an HIV test kit that Gallo had developed, with a potential market of \$100 million a year. While Gallo would later be criticized for the equivalent of plagiarism by his peers, he nonetheless continues to get \$100,000 a year as his share of the HIV rights.

The furor over Gallo involved a scientific as well as an ethical problem. Michigan State's Robert Root-Bernstein said that in terms of peer review, the work of Gallo and others "failed utterly and miserably. It's hard to believe what kind of non-science they got away with." Dr. Michael Lange of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, said, "As far as I am concerned, from that point on AIDS research turned into seedy criminal politics, and it remained that way." In spite of these shaky foundations, the HIV hypothesis duly became the received wisdom. But out on the fifth floor of Stanley Hall at UC Berkeley, one scientist was taking notes.

A native of Munster, Germany, the 55-year-old Duesberg studied chemistry and biology at the universities of Wurzburg, Munich, Frankfurt and the Max Planck Institute. He came to the United States in 1964 and in 1973 became a Professor of Molecular and Cell Biology at Berkeley, where he discovered retroviral oncogenes. In 1985 Duesberg was one of only 23 scientists in the nation to receive a \$350,000 Outstanding Investigator Grant, which urged him to "venture into new territory," and "ask creative questions." In 1986 he was elected to the prestigious National Academy of Sciences.

After study, Duesberg began to argue that retroviruses "have never caused human disease" and in fact often promoted cell growth. Further, he contended, HIV kills only a relatively insignificant number of cells, about one in 10,000. ("It's like saying you are going to conquer China by shooting three soldiers a day," he says. "It would take forever.") Duesberg believed that the HIV hypothesis violated Koch's Postulates, which, among other things, stipulate that the microbe must be found in all cases of the disease. For example, in every case of polio a polio virus is present. But as he deepened his involvement in 1988, he found that there were an increasing number of AIDS cases without HIV. In a transition that elicited little if any interest on the part of the prestige press, the Centers For Disease Control (CDC) changed its view that HIV was the cause of "all" AIDS cases to "a majority" of cases. Duesberg regarded this shift not just as semantic fine tuning but as a fatal admission of error.

This intellectual jockeying for position was not taking place in a vacuum. Like other scientists, Duesberg noted that many predictions made for the spread of AIDS had not come to pass. There had not been, as was widely predicted almost from the onset of the disease, a "breakout" of AIDS into America's heterosexual population. It seemed that even those who were pushing this line knew it was bogus. The late Terry Beirn of the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) admitted that they had to do it to raise money by frightening the populace. The disease remained largely confined to the same high-risk groups: male homosexuals and intravenous drug users, and was concentrated in urban areas such as San Francisco and New York. No infectious agent, Duesberg argued, could possibly be that selective. He saw that politics was driving science in the case of AIDS, not the other way around: "AIDS more than any disease has been political from the very beginning. It was linked to gay liberation. Gays were not to be blamed for anything. A viral cause is God-given, but a man-made cause is not politically correct."

If AIDS was not infectious, then no amount of "safe sex" training or distribution of clean needles would help. Duesberg suggested that the highly profitable nitrates or "poppers" homosexuals use, in huge quantities, to relax anal muscles and dilate arteries might be a contributing factor to AIDS. Poppers are often combined with "designer" drugs such as Ecstasy, along with alcohol and conventional narcotics such as cocaine and heroin. In other words, "immunosuppressive" behavior such as promiscuous homosexual activity and prodigious drug abuse was a key factor in AIDS.

The social implications of Duesberg's ideas were as significant as the scientific ones. If he is right, wrote Dr. Richard Ratner, "suddenly the moralists would be ascendant again. AIDS would once again be the fault of those who repeatedly insult and abuse their bodies. Money would dry up for AIDS; research and go back to researchers in other diseases."

Duesberg also had serious doubts about the merits of AZT, also known as Retrovir, Acyclovir and Zidovudine, a

THE DUESBERG CRITIQUE

highly toxic and expensive drug developed in 1964 as a cancer chemotherapy treatment, which the FDA rushed to approve as a treatment for HIV. "AZT is AIDS by prescription," Duesberg said, and attributed the death of Kimberly Bergalis, among others, to the powerful drug, which terminates DNA synthesis and can cause bone-marrow depletion. His assertions were bold, but he was not alone in making them. Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, Michael Callen's physician, calls AZT "incompatible with life" and Dr. Harvey Bialy refers to it as "iatrogenic

genocide."

Duesberg was also fascinated with ever-changing definitions of what constitutes AIDS, which now includes some 30 previously existing diseases, plus the presence of HIV. (Cervical dysplasia, thought to be a precursor to cervical cancer, was added on January 1 of this year, making AIDS more "inclusive".) The latency period for the disease — the time when someone can be HIV-positive but not have AIDS—has also grown like Pinocchio's nose from a matter of months to

five years, and now to over ten years and possibly beyond. This contradicted everything Duesberg knew about retroviruses. ("There are no slow retroviruses," he says, "only slow retrovirologists.") For Duesberg, these changes and contradictions meant that the AIDS establishment was simply moving the goalposts whenever their theory failed to score as predicted.—space—

In 1987 Duesberg spent nine months preparing a paper for *Cancer Research*, in which he set forth his case that HIV

We asked the following questions which occurred to us on first hearing the Duesberg thesis of Dr. Charles Thomas, a biochemist and molecular physicist who publishes the newsletter *RETHINKING AIDS* for a Duesberg-related group.

January 12, 1993

HET: If HIV does not cause AIDS, what does? CAT: I think that Duesberg and Root-Bernstein have it right. Anything or process that destroys the individual's ability to mount an immune response to new infective agents will leave him open to any adventitious disease such as those listed by the CDC as "AIDS indicator diseases." This could be the use of street drugs such as cocaine, heroin, amyl nitrite (poppers), amphetamines, which are known to be immunosuppressive. It could be malnutrition and lack of essential vitamins. Being the recipient of whole blood or blood products, such as required by hemophiliacs, inhibits the immune system. Finally, there is much evidence that repeated and multiple infections are immunosuppressive. The immune system just gets worn out and can't respond.

HET: What about AZT?

CAT: DNA synthesis and cell division are essential to mount an immune response. AZT kills replicating cells. AZT in a sense can be a cause of AIDS diseases. The patient loses hair, and the proliferating intestinal epithelia is destroyed.

HET: But AZT kills the HIV... CAT: AZT kills any bit of DNA that tries to replicate. It is a crazy way to attempt to kill the HIV virus because so few lymphocytes are carrying a copy of HIV (1/10,000) and the viral copy is only about 1/100,000 of the size of the host cell DNA. Besides, where is the evidence that the incorporated virus is doing any harm at all? Yet Burroughs-Wellcome's figures indicate that 200,000 people world-wide receive AZT every day at the cost of \$2,300 per year.

HET: How do you explain the death of Kimberly Bergalis, who was a virgin and did not do drugs? CAT: Kimberly Bergalis, according to the general press, was a young lady who was found to have antibody to HIV; she had become infected at some time in the past. Whether she displayed other AIDS symptoms, I do not know, but she was put on AZT. She responded just as described above; the AZT killed her.

HET: How do you explain Ryan White? CAT: According to accounts in the press, Ryan White was an 18-year-old hemophiliac who died in April of 1990 of unstoppable internal bleeding which may have been exacerbated by the AZT he was taking. Not an unusual way for hemophiliacs to die. To prove that HIV was the cause of his death would require the comparison of similar hemophiliacs both with and without antibody to HIV. Notwithstanding, his death proved to be the impetus for the passing of the Ryan White Comprehensive Research Act in 1990 which is giving more than \$550 million to Hospitals and Clinics around the country.

HET: Well what about Magic Johnson and Arthur Ashe; they are said to be on AZT? CAT: I don't know whether they actually are or not. They are smart enough to know it is useless, toxic and to avoid taking it. My own bet is that Johnson is not taking AZT; he would never be able to play the basketball he does. However, if they are taking it, it would not surprise me if they were more robust to its ill effects than Kimberly or Ryan. [Ed. Note: These questions were asked on January 12, 1993 a month before Arthur Ashe died of AIDS complications.]

HET: How did Kimberly Bergalis become infected with HIV?

CAT: I don't know, and probably neither does anyone else. Thanks to the publicity that this case received, everyone thinks that she was infected by her dentist David Acer, who was HIV+. This led to testing 1,100 of his other past patients, 4 or 5 of whom proved to have antibody to HIV+. Divide 4.5 by 1100, and you get 0.4%. Subsequent testing of many thousands of patients of other dentists showed that 0.4% of them were positive. The frequency of HIV+ has been repeatedly measured in the general population since 1985 at 0.4%. There is no reason to think she was infected by her dentist.

HET: How do you explain babies with AIDS?

CAT: According to the CDC diskettes as of the end of 1991, there have been a total of 1,328 babies (age < 1) recorded as having AIDS since the beginning of 1981. This is a very small number covering a period of 11 years. It turns out that 1,260 (95%) of these came from "mothers at risk." This category is mainly drug abusing mothers. Babies born to drug abusing mothers who do not have HIV also die from the same diseases, but they are not considered AIDS victims.

HET: How do you explain the transfusion and hemophiliac cases who are dying from AIDS? CAT: If you focus on the transfusion recipients, those having antibody to HIV are actually living about as long as those without HIV antibody. More work should be done on this point (because recipients of multiple transfusions become immunosuppressed and also are more likely to acquire HIV), but the available evidence indicates that exposure to HIV does not hastened their deaths. There are about 11,000 HIV+ hemophiliacs in the US that have been infected for 10 years. Of these only 1,713 (15.6%) have developed AIDS. The bulk of the remainder will die natural deaths before they come down with AIDS diseases. Bob Maver has covered this in the second issue of *RETHINKING AIDS*.

HET: We have been told that there is a rampant explosion of heterosexual AIDS among teenagers; how can this be controlled? CAT: Well, actually, an analysis of the CDC data to 6/30/92 shows that there were only 872 cases of teenage (13-19) AIDS over the past 11 years. The majority of these are homosexual, IV drug abuser and hemophilia cases. The number of cases of heterosexual teenage AIDS not involving these other risk factors is only 16 over a 11 year period. Hardly an explosion, and hardly numbers warranting a "safe-

sex" campaign involving tens of millions of teenagers.

HET: What about Africa?

CAT: I don't know anything about AIDS in Africa, and can only wonder if others do. Remember that people are dying all the time in Africa of CDC-approved AIDS diseases (dysentery, for example) as a result of malnourishment, infections, etc. Now about 10% of the population (plus/minus 10%) is estimated to have antibody to HIV. That could be true or it could be a high estimate due to sloppy testing. Anyhow, if you score HIV+, and die of a CDC-approved disease, you die of AIDS. That's why the numbers are so high in Africa. One interesting point: while about 3% of the HIV-positive people come down with AIDS each year in the US, in Africa only a tiny percentage do so. This is because the percentage of HIV+ (10%) is so much larger than in the US (0.4%).

Africa is interesting in another way: the percentage of males and females who are HIV-positive is the same. AIDS diseases affect both sexes at the same rate. In the US, 80% of the AIDS cases are in 20-44 year-olds, 90% of whom are males. It looks like AIDS diseases are being caused in a different way in Africa than in the US (and Western Europe).

HET: Don't chimpanzees get AIDS when infected with HIV?

CAT: No they don't and that's a problem. About 80 chimps have been tested. The HIV infects these animals, multiplies, elicits the formation of antibody, and then disappears, just like in humans. Even after many years not one chimp has come down with AIDS diseases. This means we have an animal model for HIV, and it does not seem to cause AIDS. In this respect they are just like the 1,000,000 Americans who have been infected with HIV and who are not coming down with AIDS either.

HET: Everyone agrees that there is plenty of HIV virus in semen and that's how it spreads. CAT: Well, actually there's not. The best work done at the Womens and Brigham Hospital in Boston shows that by the most sensitive PCR and culture procedures, no virus can be detected in 90% of the semen samples taken from men with AIDS. This is not surprising. In the HIV-immune individual, HIV is present only in a tiny minority of white blood cells, and these cells are screened out of the seminal plasma, just as they are from breast milk and saliva.

HET: So safe sex is ridiculous? CAT: There is no safe sex. Including gunshot wounds, marital discord, litigation and economic cost, sex is one of the more dangerous activities. But that is not what you meant. It is well-established that sex — particularly receptive anal sex — can transmit a number of venereal diseases which may contribute to the "infectional overload" mentioned above and immune depression, but it is an extremely inefficient way to transmit HIV. Sex is no more dangerous today than 20 years ago — or 1,000 years ago.

did not cause AIDS. Duesberg failed to find a single study that proved the case, and said so. The burden of proof that it did, he argued, was on those who backed the theory. In short order he became a pariah and heretic.

It wasn't a question of simply disagreeing with Duesberg and defeating his ideas through superior intellectual firepower. Rather, his opponents did everything in their power to keep his views from being heard in the first place. Formerly friendly colleagues barred Duesberg from conferences and scientific journals refused to publish his work. Supposedly open-minded, objective scientists told him flatly that they would not even read his papers. "Duesberg's off the wall," they would say, or "He's from Berkeley." He was called a "flat-earther" and a charlatan.

Duesberg has borne the brunt of boilerplate PC hate-speech, having been called homophobic, a conservative, racist, right-wing and even a "drugphobe." This last prompted a response from New York gay writer Charles Ortleb: "Is drug use a liberation movement? Does one have to be a drugophile to be politically correct? Is the gay movement a drug liberation movement, and therefore, any attacks on drugs are homophobic? Huh? Hello?"

Two reporters from the *San Francisco Chronicle* interviewed Duesberg but their article never appeared. A *Chronicle* staffer who requested anonymity said that the editors believe that to cover Duesberg "in any way other than that which is politically correct would be to invite the burning down of the building."

Duesberg was invited on "Good Morning America," flown to New York and booked into a hotel before producers abruptly canceled his appearance on the grounds that something unexpected had come up. Taking Duesberg's place was the NIH's Dr. Anthony Fauci. PBS's *McNeil/Lehrer News Hour*, like NIH a recipient of public funds, taped interviews with Duesberg and canceled them shortly before show time.

In the summer of 1991 a CNN crew spent a whole day in Duesberg's lab preparing a half-hour special. Ted Turner's network subsequently canceled that show and substituted for Duesberg Anthony Fauci, who is evidently on 24-hour call as a stand-in. In October of 1992 the intrepid Larry King scheduled Duesberg for an appearance. But on the morning of the show, Duesberg got a call telling him that "something urgent had come up," and that they would do the show in two weeks. Duesberg bet his lab colleagues that they would see the omnipresent Fauci on the King show, which is exactly what happened.

Beyond the professional and media bans there was also a heavy financial penalty. In October of 1990, the NIH cut off Duesberg's \$350,000 grant, explaining that he had "promoted these issues" which had been "of value for discussion and reflection." In other words, he had done what he was supposed to do: venture into new territory and "ask creative questions." But the NIH charged that he had become "side-tracked."

Duesberg appealed but the odds were against him. The NIH committee that reviewed his appeal included Dr. Flossie Wong Stall, Robert Gallo's mistress and the mother of one of his children. Another member was Dr. Dani Bolognesi, who holds a patent on HIV antibody tests. The panel rejected Duesberg's appeal. Duesberg called the loss "the highest price an experimental scientist can pay for his convictions."

UC Berkeley, supposedly a bastion of iconoclasm, declined to participate in the appeal as the official recipient of the grant. Left-wing congressman Ron Dellums and conservative William Dannenmeyer investigated the grant's termination, but nothing came of it and Duesberg is now hurting for support. Allegedly brave and idealistic Berkeley students shun his classes on the grounds that they won't be able to get jobs if tainted by the professor's views. And the school no longer lets him teach graduate students. "I'm considered too dangerous," Duesberg says.

Gallo says that Duesberg's notion that he is being punished for not following the HIV line is "bizarre" and says there is "not a shred of evidence" that Duesberg has been harmed by an organized body. Gallo claims no inside knowledge of Duesberg's grant and says, "My guess is that he may not have been as productive as he was in earlier years and it is a very competitive grant... It is possible that Peter's involvement in peripheral things to his cancer research has led some to believe that he was not as productive as before."

Others disagree. MIT's Sheldon Penman says, "It is difficult for anyone to put forward unpopular ideas in the current climate. And Duesberg's ideas about oncogenes and HIV are exceedingly unpopular — they question firmly held beliefs that are in fact not easily substantiated." UC Berkeley molecular biologist Harry Rubin adds, "Peter Duesberg's questioning of these central dogmas is like trying to stop a tidal wave with a traffic light. Unfortunately, there is a price to be paid for the kinds of questions and criticisms he is making. And that price is money, funding, grants. That's the sad truth."

It is not that NIH is opposed to supporting minority scientific viewpoints. But they have to be viewpoints that are politically correct. Consider the case of Joseph Cummins, a



MICHAEL CALLEN

white Texas biologist, who came up with the idea that interferon in bovine nasal secretions — cow snot, in lay terms — could be efficacious in treating AIDS. In 1989 Cummins went to Africa and met researcher Davy Koech, who tried the treatment, called Kemron, on AIDS victims there. The two claimed that patients who used Kemron regained lost immune cells and became outwardly healthy. The Kenyan government hailed the work and so did Afrocentrists in this country, New York's black newspaper the *Amsterdam News* going so far as to accuse the "racist white press" of "cabalistically ignoring this amazing discovery," although tests indicated that Kemron had no effectiveness whatsoever.

Galvanized by this example of black science, Nation of Islam doctors began using the drug in their clinics and pushed the NIH for a program to test their claims. Last October, at the same time its people were blasting Duesberg, the agency caved in on Kemron. Stephen Thomas, Director of the University of Maryland's Minority Health Research Laboratory protested. "There are standards of scientific rigor that we should not lower in the name of being politically correct," he said, adding that "millions of dollars will go into this that might go somewhere else more promising." But this issue was beyond science, as *Newsweek* implied just after the first of the year, when one of its writers, Geoffrey Cowley, suggested that the NIH decision was the correct course since the black community suffered a "profound alienation from the medical establishment" and where AIDS was concerned, Cowley wrote, "science has to accommodate to the world."

Not being a member of an aggrieved minority, Duesberg was not rewarded with this sort of understanding. Yet he was hardly a voice crying in the wilderness. After he wrote *AIDS: The HIV Myth*, British author Jad Adams too discovered that "anyone questioning the link between HIV and AIDS is met with an unreasoning fury." This "hysteria" suggested to Adams that "it is not a matter of scientific fact that is being defended here but a belief system."

Adams calls his critics "HIV fundamentalists." Luc Montagnier, he notes, also believes that there are co-factors involved in AIDS. At an "official" AIDS conference in Amsterdam last July (as opposed to the "alternative" one that preceded it), Dr. Jeffrey Laurence of Cornell reported five patients with AIDS symptoms but no HIV. Luc Montagnier had found two and others eleven. Soon there were 30 such cases. The CDC was criticized for not recognizing these developments earlier. "I didn't think it was worth alerting the nation," the CDC's James Curran lamely explained.

Molecular biologist Charles Thomas, head of the San Diego-based Helicon Foundation and a former professor of biochemistry at Harvard and biophysics at Johns Hopkins, helped organize in 1991 "The Group for the Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV/AIDS Hypothesis," which publishes the newsletter *Rethinking AIDS* and now embraces nearly 150 scientists, researchers and scholars from around the world, including British epidemiologist Gordon Stewart, virologist Harry Rubin of UC Berkeley, and Steven Jonal of the State University of New York. The group submitted the following letter to major scientific journals such as *Nature*, *The New*

England Journal of Medicine, *The Lancet*, *Science* and others: "It is widely believed by the general public that a retrovirus called HIV causes the group of diseases called AIDS. Many biomedical scientists now question this hypothesis. We propose that a thorough reappraisal of the existing evidence be conducted by a suitable independent group. We further propose that critical epidemiological studies be devised and undertaken."

Those four sentences hardly propose anything radical, and a list of signatories was submitted each time. Yet, to date, all the major journals have refused to print this letter. John Maddox, editor of *Nature* did apologize for not giving Duesberg's theories more credence but then was forced to print a partial retraction after party-liners complained. Attacking Duesberg in *Nature* was Robin Weiss, who holds the English patent on HIV test kits.

On the other hand, Duesberg has found unlikely defenders. Last May 14 Duesberg attended an "alternative" AIDS conference in Amsterdam, called "AIDS: A Different View." *The Times*, *Lancet*, *Nature*, and *Der Spiegel*, along with German, Swiss television, Canadian radio and a number of independent journalists and filmmakers covered the conference, which included participants from every country in Europe. AIDS-victim Michael Callen told the audience he had never accepted the "AIDS-virus" theory and has never believed that any single agent could account for a disease of such complexity and diversity. "Science is not a popularity contest," says Callen, who opposes AZT (which he calls "Draino") and says that he is mystified that his activist friends "are smart enough to question everything the government says, except the central lie of AIDS."

Callen has acquired enormous erudition about AIDS but has found that television journalists don't want to hear it "They are not interested in science," he says. "They want me to do the dancing PWA [People With AIDS] bear act. They want me to get all teary." Callen describes himself as "beaten and battered in the heresy fray. I thought the discourse was science and logic. What we have here is religion, not science. There are popes and papal bulls. It's like farting in church if you question it."

But despite several wire-service dispatches, nothing about the "alternative" Amsterdam conference appeared in the American press. Indeed, the conference touched off another round of hostile letters from the HIV theorists, some of whom attacked *The Times* for running Neville Hodgkinson's article. "To deny HIV as the primary etiologic agent was self-deluding in 1984," wrote Robert Gallo, "By 1992 it is an appeal to the dark ages."

Gallo had become more strident, perhaps because of comments such as this from Tony Brown of PBS: "We are also wise enough to know that neither Gallo nor anyone else in the world can produce a single reference in the scientific literature to prove that AIDS is caused by the HIV virus." At a 1991 AIDS conference in Florence, Dr. Bijan Safai presented six cases of AIDS with no HIV. Gallo promptly bolted to his feet and blasted Safai for suggesting that AIDS could exist without the virus he discovered. Gallo proceeded to dominate the question and answer session to the extent that only one other person had a chance to speak.

But lately Dr. Gallo has been more quiet, probably because he is doing some explaining of his own. A 1992 National Institute of Health investigation of Gallo concluded that discrepancies in Gallo's 1984 paper, the very foundation of the HIV hypothesis, stemmed from "misrepresentations or falsifications." The 200-page NIH report said that "even though Dr. Gallo's actions do not meet the formal definition of scientific misconduct, they warrant significant censure." In the first week of January, 1993, the Department of Health and Human Service's Office of Research Integrity (ORI) found Gallo guilty of "misconduct"

If Duesberg is wrong," argues Dr. Richard Ratner, "let him be proved wrong. But if current AIDS theory and policy is wrong, let's not do what we did with the Shah of Iran:

suppressing dissent and propping him up until all was lost. To err is human, but to perpetuate error through self-delusion is to break faith with those who trust us with their lives."

Duesberg is growing more optimistic that the tide is turning his way. The NIH has just informed the professor that his grant proposal was improperly reviewed and is setting up a new procedure. One NIH man even congratulated Duesberg for standing up to a slander operation. In Britain, *The Times* editorialized:

"So hysterical has been the reaction to Professor Duesberg as to drive him and any who follow his line of reasoning into virtual ostracism, recalling the fate of Galileo before the Inquisition. Undoubtedly AIDS has proved a disease most vulnerable to political correctness... AIDS research, like all scientific discovery, should start not with dogma but skepticism. Researchers must strive to accord the same respect to those who question the hypothesis as the those who uphold it. They should welcome skeptics with arms and offer them equal riches, test every thesis in the fire of argument and honestly accept the outcome."

AIDS REPORTERS SNOOZE

by TOM BETHELL

When it comes to subjects like nuclear power, global warming and biotechnology, reporters are eager to publicize the work of scientific dissenters. Why, then, has the press paid so little attention to Peter Duesberg? There are plenty AIDS reporters out there looking for stories. The lack of media interest has led many who have vaguely heard about Duesberg to conclude that there can't be much to what he says. Government science may be corrupt, but surely journalists know a good story when they see one.

"In some ways he is his own worst enemy," said Adam Meyerson, editor of *Policy Review*. In 1990 Meyerson took the plunge and published a long article by Duesberg and his graduate assistant, Bryan Ellison, "Is the AIDS Virus a Science Fiction?" A 1988 forum in Washington DC in which he was confronted by his critics at NIH was "a disaster," said Meyerson. Duesberg sometimes ridiculed his opponents and used witticism rather than argument in responding to them.

Nonetheless, in his next issue, Meyerson intends to publish another article about the controversy, by University of Michigan physiologist Robert Root-Bernstein (whose book on the subject will soon be published by the Free Press). Other editors who have taken an interest in Duesberg are Bob Guccione, Jr., the publisher of the rock magazine *SPIN*, in which columns about Duesberg by Celia Farber have appeared, and Chuck Ortleb, the editor of *New York Native*, a gay paper. Ortleb put Duesberg on the cover on the October 5, 1992 issue of his paper under the headline "An International Hero" and wrote an editorial decrying "HIV apartheid" and calling Duesberg the "Nelson Mandela of AIDS" who had "singlehandedly opened up the question of what AIDS is and what causes it." Recently, Duesberg's ideas have also received favorable attention from the *Sentinel*, a gay publication in San Francisco.

Meyerson, Guccione and Ortleb are an ill-assorted trio, and undermine the suspicion some may have that Duesberg's ideas somehow appeal only to conservatives. On the whole, they do not. If Duesberg is right, needle-exchange programs are worse than useless and government funded science gets a terrible black eye — arguably conservative messages. At the same time, if he is right, sodomy is not necessarily a health hazard and is not the underlying cause of AIDS. In addition, there is no reason to apprehend HIV-positive immigrants at U.S. borders.

One reporter covering AIDS who has pursued an independent path is John Crewdson. As a result of his dogged investigations, the federal Office of Research Integrity found in December that NIH virologist Robert Gallo, earlier described as discoverer of co-discoverer of the human immunodeficiency virus, was guilty of "scientific misconduct."

Crewdson told me that his editors at the *Oakland Tribune* had withstood "enormous pressure from the medical establishment to stop" his investigation of NIH. Crewdson said that he was "agnostic" on Duesberg but hoped to look into his claims later this year. "I just have a lot of questions that I want to answer," he said. For instance, in reporting AIDS cases to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, clinicians must fill out a form stating whether the patient tested HIV positive or negative. It's one of 25 or so variables "coded" by the CDC. "But that variable, and that one alone, is not part of the public access data base," Crewdson said. James Curran, associate director of CDC, told Crewdson that the data was withheld because it might undermine confidentiality. "Come on, you know I know better," Crewdson said he told Curran. "Whatever the reason is, it's not that."

By definition, all AIDS patients are supposed to be HIV positive. If the CDC has no such indication with respect to a good number of its AIDS cases, then Duesberg's case is greatly strengthened, Crewdson said. I asked Crewdson what he thought about AIDS coverage in general. "In general it's awful," he said. Reporters on the story always tend to exaggerate the magnitude of the "epidemic," and have "not tumbled to the fact" that the government AIDS establishment prefers a big problem to a small one. "Bad news is what's wanted here," he said. In addition, the most basic journalistic standard—truth—is in abeyance for those who cover AIDS. "They tend to have been trained as scientists or doctors, not as police reporters," Crewdson said. "They just write down what people with PhD's in white coats tell them."

Faced with a Duesberg — a well qualified dissenter — the reporter calls his familiar sources. Duesberg's crazy, they say. "Well, the fact is the person the reporter is talking to really doesn't know," Crewdson told me. "Probably he doesn't know the literature as well as Duesberg, because he doesn't have time to think about these things. But everything about his existence is predicated on the notion that HIV causes AIDS; all his grants are for HIV research, and he isn't really interested in unearthing an alternative hypothesis that will make his life more complicated."

In the last five years, only one news story about Duesberg has appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, even though he is a local figure. Short and dismissive, it appeared in May, 1988. "Critics Blast UC Biologist's AIDS Views," was the headline, with the streamer, "Scientist Blames Disease on Lifestyle." (Inasmuch as "lifestyle" implied gay sexual practice, this was also highly misleading.) The story was written by the paper's long-time science editor, David Perlman, whose modus operandi tends to bear out Crewdson's analysis.

Perlman told me that what he tries to avoid more than anything

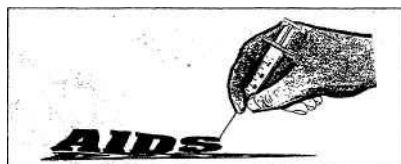
is "practicing medicine without a license in the newspaper." How is he to decide who is telling the truth? "I am not a virologist, not an AIDS physician, not an AIDS specialist," he said. "I report what I believe to be a consensus." Duesberg may be a "great scientist," but he is opposed by a "huge range of expertise."

I asked Perlman what he would say if asked to make the strongest case that HIV causes AIDS. "I'd probably worm out of answering the question," he replied. "I'd probably say, well, talk to some of the people who deal with HIV on a day to day basis."

In 1988 a young female writer from the *Chronicle* came to Berkeley and talked to Duesberg, but the story never appeared. Another time, in 1989, Perlman himself interviewed Duesberg at some length. Before writing a story, he said he would check with others, Duesberg recalled. Soon enough Duesberg received a phone call from Jay Levy, a retrovirologist at UCSF. He is "number three in the list of HIV co-discoverers," Duesberg said, "and his virus doesn't speak with a French accent." Levy invited him over to San Francisco for pastries and coffee. "So we talked, we discussed the issue," Duesberg recalled. What was this all about, he asked Levy, an old skiing companion. Had Perlman called him? Levy confirmed that he had. Levy seemed to be looking for a display of compromise, a "reconcilable academic controversy." Perhaps Duesberg would say that HIV was "involved, but more work needs to be done," or something comforting like that. But Duesberg wouldn't play along. AIDS wasn't even an infectious disease, he said. HIV played no role at all. No story appeared in the *Chronicle*.

The chief AIDS researcher at NIH these days is Anthony Fauci, who heads the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. In the *AAAS Observer* Fauci warned in 1989 that "journalists who make too many mistakes, or who are sloppy, are going to find that their access to scientists may diminish." He specifically linked this warning to Duesberg. Science writers get the point. So do television producers, who are easily cowed by warnings that Duesberg's views threaten condom and needle-exchange programs. Right now ABC-TV is working on a Duesberg story; he worries that Fauci will once again scotch it with blood-on-your-hands warnings and veiled threats to the network.

In 1989 Fauci said that "the evidence that HIV causes AIDS is so overwhelming that it almost doesn't deserve discussion any more." In October 1992, however, he told the gay playwright Larry Kramer, who has been growing restive about the failure of government science,



that reassuring data about HIV would soon be made available. I tried to reach Kramer at the Treatment Action Group, an ACT-UP spinoff in New York, but I was told that Kramer "has gone out to the Hamptons to write and doesn't want to be disturbed." Kramer "meets with Fauci pretty regularly," his front man added. "They have become friends. Just by virtue of the fact that Larry has been screaming at him for so long."

Very smart of Fauci, that. Gay armies have been given their marching orders by lesser figures than Larry Kramer. Can anyone doubt that fear of Gay Rage has dominated press coverage of AIDS? And dominated the science itself? John Crewdson, who used to work for the *New York Times*, told me how amazing it was that his old paper was now permitting Jeffrey Schmalz, who has AIDS, to cover this story for the paper. Crewdson recalled the old Abe Rosenthal quote: "I don't care if my reporters fuck elephants, but if they do they can't cover the circus."

"They went to some lengths in those days [ten years ago] to make sure that reporters didn't have personal conflicts of interest," he recalled. Some of Schmalz's pieces had been "really bad," Crewdson said, citing a piece published before the Republican convention that reported on six white women, "as though they were a risk group."

I phoned Jeffrey Schmalz at the *Times*. His article "Covering AIDS and Living It: A Reporter's Testimony," had just appeared in the "Week in Review." In it he described how, two years ago, he had collapsed on the *New York Times* newsroom floor, writhed in a seizure and "entered the world of AIDS." Earlier, articles about his status as a homosexual with AIDS had been published in the *Advocate*, a homosexual newspaper in Los Angeles, and in the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town."

I told him I was doing an article on the coverage of AIDS for *Heterodoxy*. "Is it pro-gay or anti-gay?" he immediately wanted to know. I asked him what he thought of the theories of Peter Duesberg. "Are you familiar with him?"

"No, not at all. What are his theories?"

"He says HIV doesn't cause AIDS."

Schmalz said his doctors think it does.

I said that Duesberg claims there is a high level of drug use in the homosexual community and that drugs are what is really ruining the immune system.

Schmalz said there may be some truth to that, "but on the other hand I know plenty of gay men who never did drugs and have AIDS."

"Would you put yourself in that category?"

"No comment."

What about the use of amyl nitrite, or "poppers," used as a muscle relaxant and sexual stimulant in the homosexual bathhouses.

"I know many people who both used it and have AIDS and many people who never used it and have AIDS," Schmalz said. "And I'm not going to comment on whether I ever used it or not." (Duesberg says that poppers are mutagenic and may well be the cause of Kaposi's sarcoma, an AIDS-indicator disease that has been almost exclusively

confined to homosexuals.)

Schmalz, who in the "Week in Review" piece called himself "a disciple who professes to carry the message of AIDS," nonetheless draws a discreet veil around those aspects of his personal behavior that may shed light on the etiology of AIDS. This is a monotonously recurring feature of AIDS coverage. By all means let's have gay men reporting on the disease. They no doubt have specialized knowledge of gay practices, and could therefore shed new light on the heavy concentration of AIDS within the gay ranks. But in this crucial respect they prefer discretion to disclosure.

As for Duesberg, it should be said in Schmalz's defense that there has been no mention of the professor in the *Times*' own news columns since January, 1988, and Schmalz himself does not cover medical aspects of AIDS. One *Times* reporter who does is Lawrence Altman, MD. In a piece last year he referred to "critics" who say that AIDS is caused by something other than HIV, a view that was "challenged," he said, by a study of gay men in Vancouver. (An abstract of this study was presented at the AIDS conference in Amsterdam in July.) Lawrence Altman is just one of a number of journalists who have obliquely replied to Duesberg without mentioning him. I called him at the *Times* and asked him what he thought of Duesberg's ideas. "I can't do that," he said, "that's against our rules here. We can't get into that type of thing."

Gina Kolata, another *Times* reporter who covers AIDS, has been with the paper for five years. In a 1991 review of Robert Gallo's book, *Virus Hunting*, she lamented that Crewdson had "pursued" Gallo and "deluged" him with requests that "would make [him] look nefarious." Her review ended with the following sentiment: "I fervently hope, for his sake and for the sake of AIDS research, that he will finally be left alone to do his work."

How about Duesberg? "I feel most comfortable talking about things that I have personally covered," Kolata told me, "and I have not written any articles on Peter Duesberg."

"What is the best evidence that HIV causes AIDS?" I asked her.

"I don't think I'm the right person to ask this of," she said. "I'm not a scientist. I haven't worked on Peter Duesberg's stuff. The person you should speak to is whoever wrote about him for our paper. You can find out by looking in your library index."

Recently, Gina Kolata wrote a piece for the *New York Times* ("Tests Show Infection by AIDS Virus Affects Greater Share of Cells") reporting that "now, with greatly improved technology, investigators are finding that 10, 20 even 30 percent of white blood cells may harbor the virus." May, she said. The greatly improved technology, polymerase chain reaction, was invented by a biochemist in San Diego named Kary Mullis (not mentioned in Kolata's article). He told me that the technique, capable of finding a viral needle in a haystack, "has been available since the mid 1980s." Mullis flatly states that HIV does not cause AIDS.

Malcolm Gladwell has covered AIDS for the *Washington Post* for the last 2 1/2 years. Like the *Chronicle*, the *Post* has not mentioned Duesberg since the spring of 1988. "I think what he says is nonsense," Gladwell told me. "I've never taken him that seriously. He forgets that the knowledge of how HIV works is fluid." Slowly but surely, he said, science is unraveling the mysteries. For example, for years Duesberg has said that "there isn't enough virus to do all that damage" to the immune system. Problem solved, apparently. "We didn't know where the virus was," Gladwell explained. "It's in parts of the body that we hadn't thought of looking before. It's that kind of thing Duesberg is very bad at." (His use of "we" is interesting.)

In AIDS patients, it is difficult to find actively replicating HIV anywhere. The great majority of T-cells are not infected by HIV. They do show signs of antibody, but constraining antibody as a predictor of disease is like constraining a military cemetery as a predictor of military attack. Knowing this, virologists have written many articles speculating that the virus is "hiding" in "deep reservoirs" within body cavities. While Gladwell assumed that Duesberg is unfamiliar with the Phantom Reservoir literature, Duesberg has in fact read it, and says that no such reservoirs have been discovered. He predicts that they will not be.

There's a whole class of people, physicians and medical workers, who have been accidentally infected with HIV by needle-sticks," Gladwell told me. "And what happens is they get sick and die."

According to the latest CDC report, however, there have been only seven cases of AIDS contracted through needle-stick in the course of a 12-year "epidemic." The victims' identities and medical histories have not been disclosed. Considering that millions of health-care workers and thousands of lab technicians have worked with HIV, why so few cases? There are 15,000 cases of needle-stick hepatitis B infection every year. And how come the chimpanzees infected with HIV since the mid 1980s have not yet come down with AIDS? The virus did "take," or replicate within them.

I asked Gladwell what he would consider the best evidence in favor of HIV causing AIDS.

"I would guess it would be something like the correlation between increase in viral load—the amount of virus in the system—and decrease in the T-cell count," he said.

"Where did he read that?" Duesberg said, when informed of this "correlation." He says it doesn't exist.

Whatever the fate of Duesberg and his thesis, it is impossible not to conclude that the journalists covering this story are tamely eating out of NIH's hand, and out of the hand of scientists funded by NIH. Twenty years ago, at the time of Watergate and the Pentagon Papers, journalists boldly asserted and acted on the principle that the press should not "accept government handouts," but should try to establish the truth independently. With respect to the Pentagon and the intelligence agencies, this continues to be newsroom practice. But with respect to government science and government medicine, it has not yet been put into effect.

by DAVID BERLINSKI

Aron Asherfeld is a close-to-down-and-out private eye, with three ex-wives and the alimony payments to prove it. In the recently published *A Clean Sweep* (St. Martin's Press), Asherfeld explored an underworld of Northern California political and moral corruption. In *The Academic Asherfeld*, which will be serialized in the coming months by *Heterodoxy*, Asherfeld confronts a different kind of corruption when he is called upon to investigate a murder which leads him into the mysteries of political correctness in a Bay Area university.

BODY PARTS

It was a bright, cloudless day, the kind we get in northern California between winter rains. I drove down the Peninsula from the city with the window open. Here and there, the sharp smell of winter sage drifted into the car. I had a tape by Marvin Gaye on the stereo. Marvin was singing about grapevines. He was pretty upset about something. I could tell.

I got off 280 at Sand Hill Road and drove east alongside the university's lush golf course, the rain-washed grass sparkling in the sunlight. Someone at the sixteenth green was going through that elaborate twitch that golfers go through before they putt a ball. He kept hunching his shoulders and reorganizing his feet on the lawn and taking mincing little swings with his club. He looked like an imbecile. No game is as dumb as golf. Polo maybe.

I parked illegally in front of a boarded-up fire station and walked onto the main campus. A few students were sitting on the Student Union's concrete deck, sharing their food with the bright-eyed glossy gackles that swooped down from the trees and strutted brazenly across the table tops. The air was absolutely still.

I followed the footpath over to the campus fountain. The fountain itself was turned off, but its blue-bottomed reflecting pool was filled and the air above the water shimmered with iridescent sparkles. A few young mothers were letting their leashed toddlers toddle to the edge of the water. A cocker spaniel stood with its paws on the fountain's concrete retaining wall; it was dying to go over the top and scared to jump. It kept its paws on the wall and cocked its head around, looking for help, but when I bent over to give it a boost, it decided it had better things to do than go swimming and headed purposefully up the steps that led back to the bookstore. I followed the dog. I figured he knew what he was doing.

At the top of the steps, two girls were manning a table. One of the girls was short and blonde and chubby and had upturned, piggy nostrils. The other had a tiny face half-hidden by her lustrous brunette hair. The girls had mounted a dozen or so photographs of women in various poses on a large white cardboard panel that they kept propped up on their table. The photographs had evidently been ripped from fashion magazines. Some of the women in the pictures were pretty; others could have stopped a beating human heart. On top of the photographs, someone had scrawled in red magic marker: *These Pictures Oppress Wymyn*.

Miss Piggy was presiding over a petition. It called for photographs that oppressed women to be banned. It encouraged women to make their voice heard. There were exclamation points after every sentence. Every other word was in italics. It seemed that provocative pictures of knock-out women were a terrific problem.

I stepped back to look at the photographs.

"They look all right to me," I said.

Tiny Face shrugged her tiny shoulders. "It's that they oppress women," she said, looking past me toward the reflecting pool.

The largest photograph on the panel showed a woman with a swan's neck having her hair pulled from the back by an exotic looking man with olive skin.

Miss Piggy leaned over to tap the photograph with the tip of her finger. "Look at that," she said decisively. "I mean that says it's all right to be violent against women."

I looked at the picture again.

"You're probably right," I said.

The two girls didn't seem especially eager to have my endorsement. Neither of them looked much as if they had ever had their hair pulled back by exotic men with olive skin. Or anyone at all.

I went back to walking slowly through the radiant sunny campus; from time to time, a bicyclist would sweep past me, silent as the sun.

When I came to the bell tower, I stopped to look at the machinery. It was supposed to be a pretty big deal on campus. The bottom of the tower had a series of glass panels that let you see the gears in action. The whole thing seemed to be warming up for an absolutely sensational set of chimes. One gear was moving slowly, dragging another gear after it. It was all very complicated

and impressive. I waited for something to happen. The gears kept shifting and ratcheting, but no chimes chimed. After a while, the gears stopped moving too. The bell tower was probably making a statement; everybody else was.

The Dean's office was in the university's inner quadrangle; the place is the size of Tiananmen Square and about as much fun to look at. There's a church with colored frescoes on one side of the thing; the other sides have departmental offices and classrooms. The offices are faced in stucco with doors of old blackened wood. The roofs are made of curved Spanish tiles. Everything is supposed to look very authentic; and everything looks about as authentic as a Taco Bell stand. The quadrangle itself is paved with small red and black sandstone tiles. An army of illegal immigrants must have gone blind putting the tiles into the ground. I could just see the University's Coordinator of Construction surveying the work from a golf cart. *Yo, Juan, you missed a spot here.*

A brass sign mounted on the door to the Dean's office said Dean of Faculty, but the Dean's name was inscribed on one of those lucite name tags that are designed to slip into a frame. Being a Dean didn't seem to be a lifetime job. I ran my fingers over the gold-plated letters of the sign and pushed open the heavy black "*The son-of-a-bitch-is dead*," the Dean said.



door and let myself into the empty waiting room. A sign on the secretary's desk said: *Gone Fishing*. It showed a little boy sitting by a stream with a straw hat over his eyes.

I could hear the Dean himself on the telephone in his own office. He was grunting affirmatively.

Suddenly he said loudly: "I knew those farts had their heads stuck up their ass." Then he resumed grunting. "*I am* being sensitive," he said with some exasperation.

I sat in the secretary's comfortable orange chair and rested my feet on her desk. After a while, the Dean barged out of his office; he looked at me as if he had surprised a burglar.

"Asherfeld," I said, standing up.

He was a rumpled man of medium height. He had a round head with coarse black thinning hair, a snubbed nose, and small bright blue eyes that seemed to glitter when he moved his head.

"You called me."

"Right," said the Dean. "Hold on a sec, I'm up to my ass in alligators."

He rummaged around his secretary's desk for a minute or two more, pawing through various papers, making a mess.

"Hell," he finally said, "I don't know where it is."

"Me either," I said.

"Hell," he said again, "if you don't know where it is and I don't know where it is, it must be lost."

There was no arguing with that.

The Dean straightened up and smiled. I shook his hand.

"Come on in," he said.

I followed the Dean into his office and sat opposite him at his desk. There were papers everywhere, even on the floor, and books lying scattered on every surface. The room was sunny but the place looked vaguely dirty, as if the Dean didn't wash his hands all that much.

"It's like a zoo out there," he said.

I nodded sympathetically. It was his office that looked like a zoo. Out there, it looked like a morgue.

"Trying to get out a Mission Statement for this Gay and Lesbian Studies Program, I'm telling you, it's a bear."

"Gay and Lesbian Studies?"

The Dean had commenced pawing through the papers on his own desk. "Gays in history, gays in literature," he said distractedly.

I could see that he had sweated through his shirt.

I chimed in: "Gays in science."

"Yeah, gays in science."

"Like Einstein."

The Dean looked up from the mess he was making. "Einstein was gay?" he said. "I didn't know that." He seemed pleased.

"Absolutely." "Just goes to show you." "Just goes to show you," I said.

I was hoping the Dean would remember why he had called me.

"Listen," he said abruptly, "you ever hear of this Richard Montague?" He had stopped moving papers on his desk and sat with his hands folded together. I said: "Nope."

"No reason you should," said the Dean. He looked at me with his head tilted slightly, as if he were listening for distant chimes. Then he said: "Take a look at this." He pushed a manila file folder toward me with his pudgy index finger.

"There was a resume inside the folder for Richard "Skipper" Montague. The thing ran to more than fifteen pages. Skipper had evidently been worried that someone somewhere might miss one of his accomplishments. A professional glossy of Montague was paper-clipped to the last page of the resume. It showed a youngish looking man straddling a chair in a theatrical pose. He had thick curly hair, very bright merry eyes, and heavy sensual lips. He looked smart, arrogant, vital and alive.

I closed the folder and rested it on my knee. "What about him?" I asked.

"Son of a bitch is dead," the Dean said explosively. "One day he's healthy as a horse, next day boom! they're wheeling him out of his house on a gurney."

I opened the folder again and looked at Montague's round merry face. "It happens," I finally said. "Asherfeld," said the Dean, "the man was thirty eight years old. HIV negative. We're not living in Bangladesh."

I raised my eyebrows and shrugged my shoulders. "What can I say? The good die young. You didn't call me down here to tell me that."

The Dean chewed reflectively on his lower lip. "No," he said thoughtfully. "You got that right."

"What did the medical examiner say?" "The medical examiner said that apparently Montague died of natural causes. He won't go any further than that and he won't sign off the case."

"Any reason to think otherwise?" The Dean leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his desk. He crossed his legs and began kneading his calf through the leg of his pants.

"A couple of months ago, there was this graduate student made certain threats against Montague." "What kind of threats?"

"Actually, he threatened to cut his heart out and eat it."

"Pretty sensitive about criticism, was he?" The Dean tilted his head and rolled his eyes upward. "He was one of these Rastafarians. You know, dreadlocks and all? These guys can get pretty touchy. Seems Montague was just sitting on his thesis."

"Probably asked that it be written in English," I said. "Yeah, well, no one took the whole thing seriously before," said the Dean.

"And Dreadlocks? I'll bet he's having a tough time finding another friend on the faculty."

"Oh, he's around," said the Dean vaguely. "That's one problem."

"There's more?"

The Dean pressed himself back into his reclining chair and said tentatively, "Montague had a pretty substantial grant from the National Science Foundation."

"And you're worried about the money," I said. "Not worried," said the Dean, "concerned. The President is very, very sensitive about any hint of fiscal impropriety."

The President of the University had recently billed taxpayers for his wedding and the fruitwood toilet seats he had added to his mansion.

"Regular Scrooge," I said. "Anyone'd realize that reading the newspapers."

The Dean didn't say anything. He just looked at me with his glittering eyes.

I said: "So you want to know why Montague died and whether he took the money with him. What else?"

The Dean looked as if he might be embarrassed and

so I helped him along. "You're giving away troubles today. What's next?"

A small wave of color had spread over the Dean's face.

"Troubles is right I might as well lay it all out for you."

"Might as well," I said.

"There's a rumor going around campus that Montague's body was mutilated."

"Mutilated how?"

The Dean's face had commenced to glow. "It was his penis," he said. "It's supposed to be missing. That's supposed to be why the medical examiner won't sign off on the case."

I shuddered involuntarily.

The Dean pulled at his earlobe. He was glad to have gotten that off his chest. "I don't know how the story got out. Now you got rumors flying around everywhere."

"Hard to believe," I said. "You'd think the university be able to take a little, case of ritual mutilation in stride."

"Gays think it was a deliberate provocation, women's groups think someone took it as a symbol of the patriarchy, conservatives got some other bug up their ass, it just goes on and on, and the hell of a thing is no one knows it's true or not. Montague's body was cremated after the autopsy."

"All this and multiculturalism too? Any parent be thrilled to have a kid here."

"Thank God I don't have to deal with that," said the Dean. Then he said: "The University's a pretty special place. It has its own rules."

"You're right," I said. "But I'm not part of it. I don't have to like it."

"Fair enough," said the Dean.

"I'll make a few inquiries," I said.

"Terrific. Give me something lay the rumors to rest. You'll keep me posted?"

I said that I would.

"Great, great," said the Dean. He was eager to get rid of me.

"I'll send you a bill. Don't worry. It won't cost as much as all those fruitwood toilet seats."

The Dean nodded agreeably. I got up and walked toward the door. He coughed as I was opening it. He must have remembered something.

"Asherfeld," he said.

I looked up.

"You got it wrong. I mean about only the good dying young."

I waited by the door.

"It's the other way around," he finally said. "Only the young die good."

CALLS FOR THE DEAD

After I left the Dean, I walked over to the philosophy department. The building was diagonally opposite the Dean's office at the other end of the quadrangle. I was going to go all the way around the damn thing, but the long-striding young woman ahead of me suddenly cut across the quadrangle and I followed her, lumbering manfully in her wake.

I don't know what I expected to find. The department office was at the end of a corridor behind another one of those heavy black doors. I could hear someone clacking away at an electric typewriter inside. The professors' offices were all closed; no one was in the lecture room. I figured the philosophers were at home, resting up from all that brain work.

I stood in the entrance to the lecture room for a moment, my hands still in my pockets, smelling the large musty smell of the place. Schoolrooms are all alike and like the ocean all of them make you sad.

There was a large cork bulletin board mounted on the wall at the end of the corridor. Someone had fixed a list of courses to the cork with a red push-pin. I stopped to read the list. I wanted to see what I was missing. I could have attended a seminar in feminist thinking. The neatly typed blurb said that the course would present a "gendered account of Derrida's hermeneutic discourse." I was in favor of that; I thought it was a terrific idea. The collection of small snapshots mounted on the board alongside the course list showed the members of the philosophy faculty looking out at the world. The men appeared to be suffering from allergies. A lot of them had tremendous moustaches. The women looked tense; they looked as if it wouldn't be a good idea to look back at them too much. One square was white and empty.

The clacking of the electric typewriter stopped, flooding the empty gloomy hall with silence that for a moment was heavy as oil. The door to the philosophy department office opened tentatively with a delicate ka-chunk. A stout young woman poked her head out of the doorway; she saw me looking at the faculty

photographs and flowed calmly into the hall.

She was dressed in a multi-colored shift. She had a very pretty face with lovely clear skin and chipmunked cheeks and calm blue eyes.

"Can I help you," she asked pleasantly.

I tapped at the place where Montague's photograph should have been.

"Pretty shocking," I said.

The young woman folded her arms around her bosom and hugged herself.

"It's just awful," she said. She looked at me closely. "Were you like a friend or something?" she finally asked.

"Or something," I said. She nodded and smiled her mysterious fat-woman's smile.

From the inside of her office a cranky voice called out: "Violet, I need you."

Violet rolled up her pretty blue eyes and shouted: "I'm coming, Donald."

"There's brownies in the office if you want," she said.

I smiled. "Not for me."

"Listen," she said, "there's a memorial meeting on Wednesday. If you're like involved, you might want to come."

"Violet!" shouted the cranky voice again.

"Call the office if you want to know where it is."

I said I just might do that.

Violet flowed back toward her office in that calm, water-moving way she had.



"So tell me, Sailor, you still looking for that someone special to light your fire?"

I had lunch at a Palo Alto restaurant called The Good Earth. It was a place that celebrated fruits and nuts. The hamburgers were made of soya instead of meat. Every dish was covered with lentils or sprouts. The food was horrible. The waitresses were rooted to the ground like bison.

Afterwards, I used the telephone on the counter of the restaurant to check my machine. One of my wives had called to complain about her new husband. "Honest to God, Asher, I think he's Gay," she hissed. "He's one of these Gays who's Gay and just doesn't know he's Gay. I mean when we're in a restaurant I see him tracking these men. I mean he keeps staring at their behinds. I mean it is so obvious."

Downtown Palo Alto wasn't exactly thronged with people when I finally left the restaurant. There were a few teenagers loitering about a diet Mexican restaurant; and a few elderly parties were shuffling up the street in that out-of-place way that elderly parties have of shuffling up streets in California. The store selling elaborate mountain climbing equipment was empty. So was the store selling sewing machines. It wasn't a bad street and Palo Alto wasn't a bad town. It was just quiet and empty and vacant. Over in East Palo Alto, though, the drug dealers were busy killing one another.

I walked down University Avenue with the winter sunshine splashing on the back of my neck until I came to one of those little urban parks that people who plan cities think are so sensational—a couple of uncomfortable benches, a man-made waterfall flowing down a metal screen, a few dwarfed trees with wire baskets at their base. I sat on one of the benches and looked through Montague's folder again. I wanted a sense of the man. It wasn't easy. He had been a whiz at something but it wasn't something I knew anything about. He seemed to have had the knack of being in the right place at the right time. He had never been married and he had lived in the Oakland hills, not on the Peninsula.

I got up after a while. I thought I might as well drive out to Oakland and have a look at Montague's place. It seemed better than going home. Some days anything does.

I took the Bayshore Freeway to the Dumbarton Bridge and scooted over to Oakland just before the rush hour traffic hit. I didn't need the radio. The health food I had eaten made a gassy music all on its own.

For the most part, Oakland sprawls over the valley floor on the east side of the bay, but off to the northeast, the city ascends a series of rugged green hills that are folded like elephant skin over narrow canyons. There are great views there and fantastic properties which are a kind of secret among the rich.

Montague lived on the top of one of the hills; he must have known the secret.

I took Ashby up past the old Montclair Hotel, with its crumbling porch and tottering gazebos, the white front of the building scorched by fire. Past the turn-off for the children's park

at Grizzly Peak, I turned by the 7-11 at Paco Verde and drove upward on a narrow blacktop through green winter meadows and California oaks all bunched in copses. After a few miles, the blacktop gave way to gravel. I could see all of San Francisco behind me when I took the last curve, and the ocean, blue in the blue distance.

Paco Verde deadended at a chain-link fence. The dirt road beyond looped around a final copse of dwarfed California oaks and then ran up the side of the hill. I got out of my car and eased my back and smelled the deep mushroomy smell of the earth. A lizard scuttled out from underneath a rock as I straddled the chain-link fence and then scuttled right underneath again. The light hurt my eyes. The air was absolutely still.

Montague's house was on the very top of the hill; it couldn't have been more than a few hundred yards from the fence, but it was completely hidden by the turn in the road. I was out of breath by the time I reached it. It wasn't a big house—no bigger than an aircraft carrier, say. It had views of all of San Francisco, the north bay, the Peninsula, points south. It was all on one level and very modern, with a large granite deck in front and a lot of glass and exposed steel beams.

There was nobody around and no one made a sound except for the insects rustling about in the grass.

I stood in front of the house and thought of how terrific Montague must have felt every time he walked up here. When I got back to the 7-Eleven I called Skyview Realty on MacArthur Boulevard and asked to speak to the agent on call. "This is Terry," someone said in a big hurry.

I described Montague's property and asked Terry whether she had a listing yet. "We sure do, Sailor," she said. "Is this for yourself?"

"No," I said. "I'm working for Mr. Hong Fong Wong. That's Hong Fong Wong as in Wong Shipping."

"I see, I see," said Terry. She was tremendously impressed. "What price range were you considering, Sailor?"

"Never an issue where Mr. Fong is concerned," I said.

Terry agreed to show me the property; she said she'd meet me right away; she said hang on, Sailor, she'd be there in a jiff. I hung up and went into the 7-Eleven and asked Mr.

Pimples behind the counter to make me a Slushee. I took the stuff outside and leaned against the wooden rail in front of the store and sipped at the cool, evil-tasting liquid. It was like sipping benzene. The afternoon was growing long.

Terry was there within five minutes. She roared up in a silver Mercedes 450S1. She must have traveled faster than the speed of light. There was a vanity plate on the car. It said: GR8D8. Terry rolled down her window.

"Hi there, Sailor," she said. She had a trick of speaking English as if it were a tonal language. "Come on aboard."

I got in the car and took a closer look at her as I fussed with the seat belt. She seemed to have a hard young curvy body, but the skin on her face had been stretched tight, with only her large ears left to hang mournfully from her skull like bell ropes. Her hands were coarse and ragged and old. They looked like claws on the steering wheel. You see women like that a lot in real estate offices and behind airline ticket counters.

"So you're with Fong Shipping," she said, "that is so exciting."

I said it was pretty exciting.

Terry gunned the car just as we were approaching the first blind curve on the gravel portion of the road. She must have thought it was pretty exciting too.

"And you were just driving along and you just happened to see the property," she said. "That is so remarkable, it is such a coincidence."

I said it was pretty remarkable and a real coincidence. "You are just going to love this house," she said. "Did you know that it's a move in? It is completely furnished."

Terry gunned the car some more up the steep hill toward Montague's house. She drove as if she expected that owning a Mercedes gave her rights to both parts of the road. I guess it did. We didn't meet any other cars. She kept her nose in the air as she talked; she wasn't taking any chances on letting me see anything drop.

She said she'd had it with negative thinking. She said she realized she really was a can-do person. She said she guessed she was one of those women who loved too much. She said she was in search of her inner child. She said she was learning to deal with co-dependency. She said she was still looking for someone to light her fire.

She was pretty hard to discourage.

She gunned the Mercedes up to the chain link fence and stopped in a cloud of dust. As she yanked on the emergency brake she said: "I have been dying to show this property to someone special for I don't know how long."

Terry rolled down the windows and breathed the dusty air dramatically. Then she swivelled her head toward me.

"So tell me Sailor, you still looking for that special someone to light your fire?"

I said: "I'm a widower."

Terry blinked her blue-shadowed eyes at me rapidly.

"I am so sorry," she said. She didn't seem sorry at all.

"Not to worry," I said as I opened the door. "The jury believed my story, Thank God."

Terry eyed me from her seat.

"Tell you what, Sailor," she said. "There's a lock box at the front of the house. Why don't I give you the key, wait for you here?" She had stopped singing her speech. There are worse things in life than not having your fire lit.

I took the key from her clawed hand and tried not to look into her eyes.

The front door of Montague's house gave out directly into the living room, which must have been thirty feet by thirty feet. The steeply pitched cathedral ceiling had bubbled skylights cut on each side; the floor was highly polished bleached oak, cut in an elaborate herringbone pattern. The place was furnished with stuff that was a whole step up from expensive. There was a red oriental on part of the floor—the worn looking kind that costs ten times more than anything that looks good — and a sectional sofa covered in pale blue silk, and a couple of geometric chrome and leather chairs, and a white cherrywood desk with silver inlays.

It was the sort of room that needed Wynton Marsalis on

the stereo; it was the sort of room that needed lines of cocaine on the glass and chrome table; it was the sort of room that needed a half dressed blonde named Kimberly sitting on the pale blue sofa.

I didn't think it was the sort of room that might turn a man's mind toward higher things.

The telephone answering machine on the expensive white desk was blinking. Calls must have come in after Montague's death. There was no reason anyone should have noticed.

I pressed the message button. The machine whirled and clicked obediently.

The first message was from the pool maintenance company. Someone wanted to talk about microorganisms in the pool water. "What you got here, you got algae coming up the sides your pool in one, maybe two months," said someone for whom algae was like the masque of the red death.

Then there was a message about a conference in Sarejevo that Montague was supposed to attend. The speaker was obviously calling from abroad. He couldn't speak English and didn't realize that he was talking to a machine. "Hallo," he said. "Here is Havel. I haff massage for you," he rumbled, rumbling on until the machine cut him off after sixty seconds.

The last message began without a salutation. Some-

one with a thin tenor voice said: "Richie, listen up. You there? You there Richie? Do yourself a favor pick up your phone Richie."

I left the machine blinking and walked through the rest of the house. It was obvious that a cleaning service had been through at least once. Montague's personal effect were gone from the bedroom—no clothes, no linens, no books. The place already had a large empty feeling. There was nothing left to see and I didn't much want to see it.

Terry was sitting tensely in her Mercedes when I got back to the chain-link fence. Her elbow was resting on the window ledge, her hand shading her eyes. She started the car before I reached the passenger side door. She wasn't taking any chances. I slid onto the warm leather seat.

"How'd you like it, Sailor?" she asked, turning the Mercedes into a graceful backward arc, away from the fence.

"The Feng Shui is all wrong," I said. "There's bad luck written all over the place."

Terry gave me one of those queer awed looks that superstitious women get; she said: "You have no idea," and compressed her lips. She didn't say anything more.

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change (whether for better, or, as in the case of the university these days, for worse). It exists as an effective fighting machine to protect this country from its enemies.

If the issue was simply one of civil rights, why stop at gays? Why deny other minority groups that have been traditionally excluded from the military? The disabled for example. Surely it doesn't take more than two hands to operate a computer or fire a missile. Is an American in a wheelchair, less of an American for that? Should he/she be denied the right to serve my country? Why is the President content with half measures? If the military exists not to protect America but to liberate American society from racism, sexism, homophobia, ableism and other politically incorrect blemishes, let's not equivocate. Let's have a plan to integrate the entire rainbow into the military mission.

Theoretically, the military could find a place for almost any able-bodied or differently abled citizen — if it did not have insider to consider the cost, or the effect of such a policy on the military mission. But the military mission is precisely the factor that is it in these concerns. This is, after all, an institution that exists to make war, not love.

It is for this reason that the principal rationale for the present policy on gays, which is backed by the entire U.S. chain of command, is the threat to *military effectiveness* of integrating overt homosexuals into the armed forces. This threat is not reflective of a phobia, homo or otherwise. It comes from a recognition of the nature of the sexual bond — one of most powerful and uncontrollable factors in human affairs. The military command believes that the introduction of the sexual factor into its fighting units would have an incalculable and potentially disastrous impact on military effectiveness. Unit cohesion the ability of individual soldiers to weld themselves into a unified force prepared to die for each other and kill an enemy would obviously be called into question if sexual forces were allowed to operate between the individuals within the unit — forces which allowed servicemen to see themselves as lovers and competitors rather than soldiers whose only job was achieving their objectives.

Sexual attraction is a threat not only to combat cohesion *effectiveness* but to ordinary military discipline and order. This is why segregation still prevails in the military between women and men among enlisted personnel in the areas of housing and hygiene, but also across a whole spectrum of military assignments and pursuits. Even with this segregation, the inclusion of women in the military has had a demonstrably negative impact on military effectiveness. To cite just one fact, rate at which women were unemployable (that is, failed to fulfill their military assignments) in the Persian Gulf War was four times that of males. The principal reason was pregnancy. Thanks to the previous pressures of feminists like Ms. Schroeder, there were no dishonorable discharges for these pregnancies as military code mandates.

It would be possible, of course, to end the existing segregation: to put women and men in the same quarters, for example, and then try to regulate the interactions between them in a manner that is conducive to military order. But no one in his/her right mind would propose this as a feasible possibility. Instead, everyone ranging from the President to feminist organizations is as happy with gender segregation (hypocritical though this is at the abstract level at which these critical issues are publicly discussed) as they would be dismayed at the suggestion of comparably segregating all-homosexual military units. Yet they blithely propose solution that would not work between men and women for men of radically different sexual orientation. We are supposed to believe that open homosexuals — for whom, after all, sexual behavior is the key to identity — could be easily integrated into units in which heterosexuality is not only the dominant orientation but also an elemental part of the fighting élan.

In the background of such an assumption can be heard the totalitarian clicking of the word processors turning out the manuals for an effort in sensitivity training that will make the Normandy Beach landings look easy by comparison.

Homosexual men have distinguished themselves as honorable, even heroic soldiers in the service of this country. Yet they have done so only after agreeing to submerge their homosexual identity in the identity as service-men. Only a generation like the present one, infected by the malicious clichés of the sixties would consider this some sort psychological mutilation. Only a generation like the present should claim that the central issue in bringing gays into the military is civil rights and not behavior. We are witnessing a power play here. There is a reason that the President and his gay advisers have chosen to make their stand on this ground. As Dennis Altman, gay historian of the gay liberation movement in *The Homosexualization of America*, "The greatest single victory of the gay movement over the past decade has been to shift the debate from behavior to identity, thus forcing opponents into a position where they can be seen as attacking the civil rights of homosexual citizens rather than attacking

specific and (as they see it) antisocial behavior."

In the present debate the Pentagon brass have been portrayed as Neanderthals trapped in bigotries of the past. In fact, the Generals are probably the only ones thinking realistically in this case. They know that the rules against open homosexuality have not only protected morale but also, by closing a dangerously volatile issue, protected those homosexuals who have chosen to serve in this volunteer army. They know that the military has been one of the few institutions in America relatively untouched by AIDS, and that such a status is absolutely critical to the military mission (Under the new dispensation it would be hard to imagine that men would give their wounded comrades mouth to mouth resuscitation, let alone try to haul their bleeding bodies to safety). They know too that simply lifting the ban on homosexuals is only the first step in a process that would soon make the military into a political battleground involving agitation for quotas of homosexual officers, demands for benefits for domestic partners, and remaking of military hospitals to be able to handle the panoply of diseases that result from practices like "rimming" and "fisting" which have made gay medicine into a petrie dish where exotic cultures grow.

To ascribe acknowledge to the Pentagon brass is not to grant them clairvoyance. After all, the generals of the gay movement have already made clear that this is exactly the sort of blitzkrieg they intend to wage. Inclusion of gays in the military is the beginning. The members of the homosexual power structure have already said that they will oppose any exclusion of gays from combat units or ships or any situation where their identity-behavior may be thought to impact military effectiveness in a negative way. That's unacceptable," Tanya Domi, director of the civil rights project of the National Gay And Lesbian Task Force told the *New York Times*. "We stand absolutely opposed to any segregation of gay men and lesbians in the military." So the prospect now is that wherever gays are present, military objectives and activities will come under the jurisdiction of the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission and the courts, and the scrutiny of the whole battery legal experts and lawyers marshaled by the National Lawyer's Guild Military Law Task Force, the ACLU Gay and Lesbian Rights Project and other left-wing organizations which have historically demonstrated their unrelenting hostility to the U. S. military and its purpose in the first place.

The gay activists have also made it clear that they intend to implement the entire agenda of affirmative action mischief in the military. Here is a letter to superintendent of West Point from a Clinton volunteer (and Act-Up member). "Lifting the ban is not enough... We intend to sue in Federal court as soon as the ban is lifted to insure compensatory representation in the service academies. In particular we intend to get a ruling mandating a set number of places for homosexuals in the Air Force Academy, the Naval Academy and West Point." There is more. In the current reformulation of what constitutes civil rights, for example, AIDS carried and sufferers are postulated as a protected minority, whose rights must be observed. Thus, Ernesto Hinojos, Director of Education for the Gay Men's Health Crisis, has already announced "Being positive for the human immunodeficiency virus, which causes AIDS, does not mean someone is unfit to serve."

Obviously the intent here is not making the military fair and equitable but remaking the military altogether. Queer activist Frank Browning, author of a new book titled *The Culture of Desire*, concedes that this is the case: "I agree with Colin Powell admitting gays into the military will have a negative impact on military effectiveness. The difference between us is that I think that this is a good thing."

Little wonder that, reflecting on the furor over gay in the military and extreme positions by gay activists like those cited above, the respected *Washington Post*

columnist William Raspberry has observed that it is neither a dislike of homosexuals or a desire to exclude them from institutions like the military that is driving the opposition to the Clinton policy. It is more a reaction against the radical and even apocalyptic character of what its proponents believe is a liberation agenda. "I'm guessing that if lifting the ban meant only that homosexual service personnel would no longer have to lie, no one would care very much," Raspberry writes, "But the fear is that something else would change, in unhealthy directions. There seems to be some larger fear that lurks just beyond our ability to define it—a sense that we may be about to release some deadly cultural genie."

Exactly right. Over the last two decades, Americans have become familiar with this "cultural genie." This one is a far cry from the pleasant blue fellow in Aladdin. It may be hard to define its shape, but we know it by its works. In the early seventies it established public sexual gymnasia as "liberated zones" of the gay revolution. When a series of epidemics (some, like hepatitis B, quite deadly) swept through these zones, public health authorities who allowed themselves to be convinced that there was a civil rights issue at stake turned a

blind eye to the physiological mayhem in deference to the demands of the same activists who are proposing to deconstruct our current military traditions. The sexual behavior which were the breeding grounds of the epidemic, were declared off bounds to public health officials who might have closed them, by the same civil rights vigilantes who have now descended on the military. When AIDS began to cut a deadly swathe through the gay community, these activists rewrote the book on public health, blocking testing, reporting, contact-tracing and other tested epidemiological procedures in the name of privacy and other civil rights. Instead of proven methods for righting an epidemic, we have AIDS "education" that fails to stress the dangers of anal intercourse (the source — if the government's HIV hypothesis is correct—of transmission in more than 95% of the sexually spread cases) and we have condoms. The recent tragic death of Arthur Ashe, who contracted AIDS through a tainted transfusion a reminder of yet another triumph of gay disinformation. During the early days of the epidemic, when screening tests were ineffective, blood bank officials attempted to discourage potential gay blood donors and groups like the San Francisco Coordinating Committee of Gay and Lesbian Services issued policy papers asserting that donor screening was "reminiscent of miscegenation blood laws that divided black blood from white."

What have been the human and public costs of political correctness in the battle against AIDS? Has anybody attempted an accounting? The unleashed cultural genie has accomplished other works. High on the list was transforming the public arena regarding sexuality, making the bizarre and repellent pan of the muzak of our lives. America would acknowledge extreme forms of homosexuality in the public arena. It would be forced to sit in on seminars in "fisting" at universities. It would be forced to act the unwilling voyeur and admire, for example, the "water sport" of one man urinating into another's mouth as high art. It would be forced to accept these behaviors as normative and teach their authenticity in elementary and secondary schools, where children who were not yet sure how to brush their teeth would learn how the polymorphous perverse use a dental dam.

It would be short-sighted to understand the critical mass now mobilized behind admitting gays in the military simply as a product of the Clinton presidency, although this administration is well aware of the debt it owes gay groups who fueled its campaign with \$3.4 million in contributions. The current debate is rather the final step in a twenty year-old agenda. It was in 1972 that over 200 gay organizations put together their 12-point "Gay Rights Platform." One point was "Federal encouragement and support for pro-homosexual sex education courses in public schools; prepared and taught by gay men and women, presenting homosexuality as a valid, healthy preference and life-style." Another was "Repeal all laws governing age of consent." But right up there near the top, in number two position, was "Permit homosexuals to serve in the Armed Forces." The genie brings with him a package deal.

The homosexual power structure sees the issue of gays in the military as the tip of an iceberg whose lower depths it is quite willing to describe. "This isn't about just the military," said David Mixner, Clinton's adviser on gay issues, after the President was forced into a temporary compromise. "This is about homophobia in America. It's the beginning of a two-year, a three-year fight in 11 states [where various initiatives affecting gay rights are on the ballot]. . . and in school-board rooms around the country." The agenda is not about civil liberties; it is about transformation. As lawyer-activist and Clinton volunteer Bob Wightman told *Newsweek*. "When Bill Clinton lifts the ban, he is going to push national acceptance of homosexuality. It's not just going; to push people out of the closet in the military—it's going to push people out of the closet all over the country. It's going to be OK to be homosexual."

OK? That's not the word for it.

THE EDITORS

FRAT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Feminists contemplate male outrage

university with fliers and banners with a clenched fist serving as a crest, urging Occidental students to "make your voices heard." RPOW flew banners accusing ATO members of promoting rape in their poems and "female genital mutilation" in their fraternity songs. (A Bloomian misreading of the verse in question.) This type of behavior, they held, "IS NOT freedom of speech", but rather sexual harassment and as such must be banned. Another feminist group that has still remained unidentified left an indelible message on the campus as they spray-painted in large red letters the words "ATO" - circled and slashed through—and "FIGHT RAPE" on walls and stairways all over the campus.

From the time that the newsletter's contents were first reprinted in the campus newspaper, *The Occidental*, it was three weeks until university administrators yielded to the feminists' pressure and began an investigation of Alpha Tau Omega. The issue was handed to a group called The Advocates Against Sexual Harassment, a panel of 24 members, both students and faculty, who have graduated from sensitivity training sessions. It is the role of The Advocates to aid victims of sexual harassment, assist in the resolution of their problems, and to make them aware of their options in confronting and dealing with their antagonists.

The Advocates was established in 1991 after the rape of an Occidental student, but had yet to handle a major case until the ATO incident. Spearheaded by a left-leaning English Professor named John Swift, the Advocates saw a chance to actively seek out and deal with sex offenders. It was a subtle alteration in mission, and it caused controversy in the group. One student member of The Advocates comments: "It was my understanding that the Advocates were founded as a support group for people who have been sexually harassed. Instead they are actively going out and seeking instances of sexual harassment...It alarms me and it sets a dangerous precedent." This student also felt that while it was objectionable, the poem, particularly because of its private circulation, was protected speech.

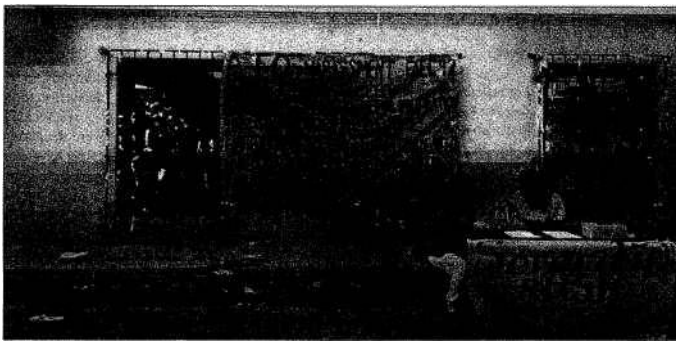
But such qualms were not shared by everyone. One female faculty member serving on The Advocates cited the ATO newsletter as yet one more example of why the university should get rid of fraternities. When a student asked her, "What do you want to get rid of next, sports teams?" the professor responded "In good time."

Sixteen of the 24 members of the Advocates Against Sexual Harassment decided that it was their duty to bring charges against ATO. Because of heavy dissent within the group, they could not file a complaint under the banner of The Advocates committee. Instead, they formed their own committee, excluding the eight dissenters who regarded their action as a witch hunt. Daily memos were sent to one another as this cabal plotted its assault on Alpha Tau Omega.

Ultimately, Professor Swift and his 15 allies filed a joint complaint against ATO. Although they signed as individuals, in an effort to gain credibility, all of the underwriters identified themselves as Advocate members. To gain credibility for their charges, Swift's crusaders compiled a list of other ATO infractions against good taste. Among these complaints, they dredged up another newsletter in which there was a reference to kicking a girl in the "kitty." This lit the gasoline that had already been poured on troubled waters. The members of the Feminist Consciousness Coalition marched across campus and held a candle-light vigil in front of the ATO house. There they huddled together crying, reading letters to the members of Alpha Tau Omega that told of how deeply they had been hurt.

With the charges now filed against the fraternity, the university began to bow under the pressure of the 16 Advocates and the campus radicals. A hearing date was set. It was there that the fate of ATO would be decided. From the fraternity's point of view, this was the worst possible scenario. Occidental's private hearing committee was sure to find them guilty. ATO faced suspension.

Fraternities are the last group that might be expected to stand on the front lines of the PC battles. Until recently, the rap on them has been that they were primitives who came to college for fun and were filled with beery childishness. They were Animal House, spring vacation at Fort Lauderdale, hazing their pledges, and cheating on exams. They were, in a word, *irrelevant*. While other students were trying to change the world, fraternity boys

*and plot revenge*

were drunk and disorderly.

But then, in the 80s, the universities were conquered by a political correctness offensive, and fraternities found themselves one of the few remaining conservative campus institutions. It was a conservatism of social outlook rather than politics, but that made them all the more inviting a target. Their institutionalized bad taste was a pure expression of the sin in the heart of all white males.

Fraternities are no longer viewed as just a bunch of campus yahoos, but a potential fifth column whose odd position on the edges of the American campus put them beyond the reach of the righteous. Thus the commissars of political correctness, having conquered the admissions policies, curriculum and faculty hiring process, turned its attention to this last stubborn redoubt of opposition. The persecution of Alpha Tau Omega at Occidental was not an isolated incident, therefore, but rather emblematic of the purges that are taking place on college campuses.

At Cal State Northridge, for instance, the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity is no longer recognized by the university. It was banished as the result of a flier that advertised a Mexican Fiesta Party with the following dedication: "This party is in honor of Lupe, Cheech and Chong and Richie Valens." Though the flier was approved for distribution by the student activities department, a number of Chicano students were offended by the reference to Lupe. Lupe is the subject of a UCLA fraternity song that was written about a "fat Mexican whore," and which earned the offending frat a suspension.

At Georgia State University, the Sigma Nu fraternity has come under fire from black student activists as well as the school administration. At a late night fraternity party, one Sigma Nu member scratched the word "Niger" into the lid of a trash can. Even though he was drunk—and the word was spelled like the country, not the racial slur—the campus exploded. Black student activists staged protests. They closed down the school by taking over the student center as well as the President's office. They presented a list of demands including amnesty for all participants of the sit-in, the immediate formation of an African American Studies Department, a new computer for a minority professor, and the revocation of Sigma Nu's charter. Even though the black students ripped telephones out of the walls of the president's office and stole office equipment, most of their demands were immediately met. The fate of Sigma Nu is still undetermined, but its days at Georgia State seem numbered.

At George Mason's annual "Derby Day," the Sigma Chi fraternity staged a mock beauty pageant, in which sorority members dressed up Sigma Chi brothers as women in trying to raise money for charity. One fraternity brother took the stage dressed in black face, a black curly wig and a pillow stuffed in the back of his skirt. A number of people complained that the Sigma Chi contest perpetuated racial and sexual stereotypes. Although the event was pre-approved by the school activities department, Sigma Chi was placed on probation for 2 years and is currently embroiled in a protracted legal action.

At Texas A & M, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity held a "Jungle Party." Keeping with the theme, the initiated SAE members dressed themselves in safari gear. Their pledges painted their entire upper bodies black and wore grass skirts, Afros and fake bone jewelry. As the evening progressed, the brothers chased the pledges through the party with spears. The following day, the band hired for the evening wrote a letter to the student newspaper claiming that the party was offensive and that the SAE members were racially insensitive. The fraternity was fined \$1,000 by the interfraternity council, placed on social probation by the school, and forced to sponsor a multicultural sensitivity seminar. Another part of their penance was being forced to

listen to the Nation of Islam's Kwata X, brought to campus by a black state legislator to lecture on racism.

For the most part, the assault against fraternities has been spearheaded not by administrations, inured to displays of bad taste, but by radical campus groups for whom bad taste is a political crime. For the most part these groups have been able to outgun the fraternities in the conflicts over speech and behavior that arise. At Occidental, however, there was a different outcome.

The college's proceedings against ATO had the feel of a political move to Alex Lebrija, President of the fraternity. Lebrija was embarrassed by the offensive newsletter, but he was also disturbed by the fact that charges against his organization were based on mail theft and by the way campus feminists were manipulating the administrators. But he felt helpless and decided to call Occidental President John Slaughter and arrange for a meeting at which he would plead for mercy. It seemed to be the only chance for ATO's survival on campus, the only way to end the harassment and hate mail. An hour after making the appointment, however, Lebrija received a phone call from John Howard, legal counsel for The Individual Rights Project, which protects the constitutional rights of students victimized by political correctness. Howard told Lebrija that the ATO newsletter was protected under the First Amendment and by California state law, and offered his services —*pro bono*.

Howard explained the reasons he had formed The Individual Rights Project. "The First Amendment starts with an assumption: whatever you say or express is protected. These people in the universities want to start from the other end and say that there are a number of things that you are not free to say and everything else is free speech." Howard refused to read the offending poem. Since not even the critics were claiming libel, whatever it said, however objectionable, was protected speech. Howard told Lebrija that the matter did not rest there. He was willing to move against the individual faculty members and administrators that were involved in the harassment of the fraternity. "They cannot, with impunity, attack other people on campus in the name of their ideology...These people live in a world where their actions have no consequences. We need to make them have consequences." Lebrija decided to take a chance and let Howard defend ATO.

When Lebrija walked into his scheduled meeting with Slaughter, he was armed with two letters from his new attorney. The first letter, Howard told him, was to be given to Slaughter at the beginning of the meeting. This informed the Occidental President about California State Senator Bill Leonard's recent bill that made speech which is protected under the Constitution off campus protected on campus as well. The law secures students' First Amendment rights, shielding them from any administrative action as a result of having offended against campus speech codes.

Howard spelled out the implications. A private newsletter "*irrespective of the insensitivity or bad taste of those materials*" is protected free speech. "If this were not the case, *Playboy* and *Penthouse* would long ago have been sued for sexual harassment." Howard informed Slaughter that he was in clear violation of California law and informed him that if he did not abandon the idea of disciplining ATO the college would face a lawsuit.

After Lebrija's initial meeting with President Slaughter, it was not necessary to use Howard's second letter, which stated that if the college failed to stop all proceedings against Alpha Tau Omega, a lawsuit would be filed against Occidental, the administrators, John Swift and all faculty members involved in the assault, as well as all of the trustees of the college *as individuals*.

After numerous consultations with his lawyers and the Alpha Tau Omega National headquarters, Slaughter realized that Occidental was on shaky legal ground. The college had no choice but to stop its drive against ATO. The school indefinitely postponed any hearings against the fraternity. "President Slaughter seemed almost relieved," Alex Lebrija said later on. "He didn't approve of what we had done, but he didn't seem to think it was a capital offense either. It was almost as if his heart wasn't in persecuting us and he was looking for a legal reason not to do it."

When asked his opinion of the new California statute,

Professor John Swift expressed frustration that a lawsuit stood in the way of determining the right "to be free of sexual harassment." Campus feminist Rebecca Montgomery was also upset. "Everyone is taking up the free speech issue...I think that people are forgetting the larger issue and getting caught up with details..." The larger issue is sexism and people are getting caught up with "Well, is this free speech or isn't this free speech?" But the day had been carried by Howard, who, in the matter of ATO at Occidental and other cases he has taken against university administrations acceding to pressure from radical groups, has established a precedent that may have consequences for the future. "If universities have no particular interest in protecting the Constitutional rights of its students," he says, "I think the courts certainly will have an interest in protecting them from the universities."



JOHN HOWARD

For their part, the Occidental feminists were not about to give up. Shortly after the college's decision not to prosecute Alpha Tau Omega was made known, an anonymous group placed fliers around the campus which were headlined "Try to Be More Accommodating." Undereath the headline was the face of a woman besieged by four penises, which bore the letters "ATO," "The Administration" and the names of two columnists for the school newspaper (one conservative, the other black and liberal) who had spoken out against the anonymous attacks.

Editor's note: John Howard and the Individual Rights Project contacted by calling 800-538-3152

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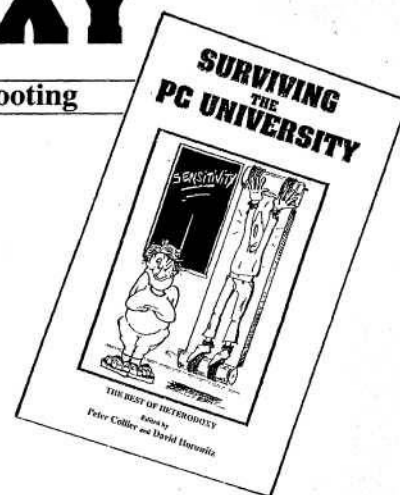
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REVIEW

FOUCAULT EST MORT(E) THE PASSION OF MICHEL FOUCAULT by JAMES MILLER

Reviewed by MARK HOROWITZ
SIMON & SCHUSTER
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Michel Foucault is the Nosferatu of American academia. You can't kill him. Even today, nearly a decade after his death in Paris, Foucault's star continues to rise in the United States. The invocation of his name works like an incantation, conjuring up political correctness; and scholars who wish to advance in the social sciences continue to lace their work with the master's neologisms and pad their footnotes with references to his works. Yet few outside the academy have ever heard of Foucault, and fewer still can say what this obscure French philosopher ever did that made him such a revered figure to American intellectuals.

James Miller's *The Passion of Michel Foucault* is the latest excursion into the dark labyrinth of the Foucault's mind. Currently a professor of "Liberal Studies" at the New School for Social Research, Miller speaks from personal experience when he says that "historians studying psychiatry and medicine, crime and punishment, sexuality and family, can scarcely proceed without reference to him, even if only to correct or dismiss his findings."

Professor Miller does not dismiss Foucault; in fact, he goes to great pains to establish himself as a committed fellow traveler, with only a few minor reservations here and there. Still, with friends like Miller, Foucault will never lack for enemies. By unflinchingly portraying the private life of the man, particularly his penchant for serial sado-masochistic sex with total strangers, and by mapping the dizzying shifts and swerves of Foucault's political philosophy, including a surprising lurch to the right towards the end of his life, Miller has provided loads of new ammunition for the anti-Foucault underground. His book brings to mind those bombs that terrorists smuggle aboard airliners inside the luggage of some poor innocent who hasn't the faintest idea what his fatal suitcase contains. Miller's sympathy for his subject is evident from the first page, but this book, if it is widely read, will surely detonate inside Foucault's inflated reputation with devastating effect.

The Foucault world view, like so much French and German philosophy of recent years, is not easily described. (Indeed, no small part of Foucault's appeal is that his prose is conveniently impenetrable and his jargon amounts to a secret code that only the initiated can comprehend.) In the history of the West, according to Foucault, power and domination were at the heart of all "civilized" activity. "From schools and the professions to the army and the prison," in Miller's words, "the central institutions of our society strove with sinister efficiency to supervise the individual... and to alter his conduct by inculcating numbing codes of discipline. The inevitable result was 'docile bodies' and obedient souls ... The figures haunting [Foucault's] pages enact an allegory of endless domination, from the hangman torturing the murderer to the doctor locking up the deviant."

Miller acknowledges that Foucault frequently played fast and loose with his sources, and "endowed his work with a dazzling and deceptive air of scholarly authority," but Miller believes that the *oeuvre* must be read not as history, but as autobiography. "Here, as elsewhere in the work," Miller says of *Madness and Civilization*, "a connection that seems forced historically ... makes sense as an esoteric, essentially autobiographical allegory." And the key to Foucault's inner life, according to Miller, is "his unrelenting, deeply ambiguous and profoundly problematic preoccupation with death, which he explored not only in the esoteric form of his writing, but also, and I believe critically, in the esoteric form of sado-masochistic eroticism." Miller suggests that Foucault's work is essentially incoherent without an appreciation of his most personal obsessions.

Foucault's bizarre life, the life that created his *oeuvre*, began in Poitiers, France, on October 15, 1926. His father was a surgeon who beat him. At the age of fourteen, Foucault remembered, his father sent him to "the most regimented Catholic school he could find." In retrospect it appears likely that French bourgeois culture, with its rigorous social conventions and cool dictatorial *pudeur*, was the real model for all of Foucault's subsequent prisons, madhouses and other repressive institutions. That an unhappy Catholic lad should grow up to mistake his own uniquely French environment for the universal human condition is regrettable, but understandable. That a generation of American scholars should go along with this without question is unforgivable.

In 1946 Foucault won entrance to the elite *Ecole Normale* in Paris, the pinnacle of the French educational system. The *Normaliens*, however, were anything but normal. After young Paul-Michel had tried more than once to kill himself, the school doctor blamed his suicidal tendencies on guilt over his homosexuality. Thirty years later the mature philosopher wrote an essay on suicide and made the unsavory and unsubstantiated assertion that "instead of marrying the opposite sex, [homosexuals] marry death." As always, Foucault used a wild generalization to conceal a personal confession. Thus guilt and self-hatred, subtly transformed, were transmuted into mainstays of the Foucauldian universe. Guilt became a form of social control, and the self became a prison that one must escape from to be truly free.

At the *Ecole Normale* Foucault discovered the perfect antidote for a miserable childhood: German philosophy. Nietzsche and Heidegger were then, as now, much in vogue among youthful nihilists. "The impact of Martin Heidegger on two generations of French philosophers," writes Miller, "is one of the most important — and peculiar — episodes in modern intellectual history." During the 1930s Heidegger used his own brand of abstract and impenetrable jargon to justify his enthusiastic support of Adolf Hitler. After the war, no doubt feeling a tad guilty about that well-used Nazi card, Heidegger dropped the calls for "action," "transcendence" and "choosing a hero," and switched instead to "passivity" and "irrationalism" as his new philosophical watchwords.

Retrenchment makes sense in a defeated country where Nietzschean calls-to-arms resulted in horrifying crimes against humanity, but it might be the less obvious choice for those on the victorious side. But Foucault didn't think the legacy of World War II was a renewed belief in the ability of good to triumph over evil; he and a host of other young French intellectuals who hadn't participated in the epic struggle were content to conclude that evil alone was the true expression of man's nature. "The writers that please [me] the most," he once said, "are Sade and Nietzsche — those who, in effect, speak of the evil in man."

Nietzsche drew him to dreams of Dionysian release which made the humdrum demands of a bourgeois academic career more bearable. From Nietzsche he absorbed a taste for transgression. "Man needs what is most evil in him for what is best in him," Nietzsche said, commanding his readers to "Live dangerously!" Young Foucault, an eager pupil, indulged early in alcohol, drugs, and sado-masochistic sex, the start of his lifelong search for what he called "limit-experiences."

Given such ideas, it is obvious why Foucault was absorbed by the subject of madness and psychiatry. Among his early intellectual heroes (besides Heidegger the Nazi), Nietzsche, Antonin Artaud and Louis Althusser all went mad, white most of the others committed suicide. No surprise, then, that his first book was called *Madness and Civilization*. Its thesis was appealingly simple: somewhere between 1650 and 1789 a great transformation occurred in the treatment of mental illness. For the first time in Europe madhouses were built to isolate the insane, breaking the allegedly traditional view that lunatics were holy fools who should be treated with respect and leading Foucault to theorize that madness "only exists in society" and has no biological reality. His account was heavily footnoted and appeared to be scrupulously researched. But since the book's publication in 1961, numerous scholars have double-checked Foucault's sources and found serious flaws in his research: a scenario that was to be repeated after most of his books appeared.

Miller dutifully provides the references for those who wish to look up the debunkers, but he passes rather quickly over their findings. He also avoids discussing the real-world

consequences of Foucault's early ideas. The thesis that madness doesn't exist and treatment is a sham was used in the 1960's to justify the "freeing" of the mentally ill from institutions, a policy that has since proven to be cruel and harmful to those affected. Our city's sidewalks, clogged with the untreated and homeless mentally ill, are part of Foucault's enduring legacy. It is small comfort to those unhappy victims of our passivity that a dead Frenchman once "proved" that their illness was only a socially-constructed fiction.

Foucault enjoyed railing against "moralizing humanism," the fashionable *bete noir* among politically correct thinkers. In Foucault's prisons and madhouses, the best intentions of the most liberal reformers inevitably caused the worst result. Humanizing a prison, for example, by replacing torture with the more subtle psychological techniques of surveillance and "rehabilitation" just made the coercion that much more effective and nefarious. In another blow against "moralizing humanism," if memory serves, Foucault once invoked cultural relativism (we call it "multiculturalism" now) to defend the practice of clitoridectomy, the ritual disfigurement of a young girl's genitalia, still common in several Third World countries.

Foucault's political beliefs were, for the most part, utterly conventional by French standards. As a young man he joined the *Parti Communiste Francais*, but he found it too puritanical and doctrinaire for his rebellious nature, and quit after a few short years. Nevertheless, his sympathies remained with the political left. He viewed the student demonstrations of May '68 as a turning point, a splendid release of Dionysian energy. After 1968 Foucault joined forces with the *Gauche Proletarienne*, a Maoist splinter group. "It is possible," he hypothesized at the time, "that the rough outline of future society is supplied by the recent experiences with drugs, sex, communes, other forms of consciousness and other forms of individuality." He paid lip service to the notion that revolutionaries must be willing to risk their lives, and he chatted casually on television about the cleansing blood bath that would surely follow the inevitable revolution, but when the *Gauche Proletarienne* began flirting with real, not rhetorical violence, Foucault sensibly abandoned the movement.

Even a hardcore leftist like Noam Chomsky was horrified by the Foucault of that time. "He struck me as completely amoral," Chomsky said after debating him in 1971. "I'd never met anyone who was so totally amoral."

It was not just the his simple-minded take on revolutionary violence that disturbed hardliners like Chomsky about Foucault, however, but also his cavalier attitude towards the truth, extreme even for them. Despite his early break with Communism, Foucault continued to employ the devious historical methods of his former mentor, Louis Althusser, France's foremost Communist theoretician. Althusser's contempt for facts has been thoroughly explored by the Marxist historian E.P. Thompson in his devastating polemic, *The Poverty of Theory*; and it is surprising that Miller never mentions Thompson's name in this context. Instead Miller justifies Foucault's "surreal sort of historiography" (Miller's words) by simply relabeling it: Foucault's books are artistic works, not scholarly ones, he says, and they should be judged accordingly. Miller describes *Discipline and Punish*, in which Foucault does for prisons what he did for asylums, as "fiendishly clever philosophical fun."

Unfortunately, *Discipline and Punish*, like *Madness and Civilization* before it, was received as a breakthrough work of serious scholarship, not as a disguised novel. Foucault asserted that after 1789 modern prisons reduced physical torture and restraint, and replaced them with a system of surveillance and internalized morality even more destructive of the human soul. The prison then serves as a useful prism through which to view repressive bourgeois society as a whole. Western democracy is no better than the Gulag Archipelago in Foucault's mad history; in some ways, because of its efficiency, it is worse. "There is no need for arms, physical violence, material constraints," he writes, "just a gaze, an inspecting gaze, a gaze which each individual under its weight will end by internalizing to the point that he is his own supervisor... A superb formula: power exercised continuously and for what turns out to be a minimal cost."

In Foucault's upside-down world madness is sanity, murder is revolutionary, and perversion is health. Here is the keystone of Foucault's philosophy. As the historian Lawrence Stone wrote in a memorable attack, "We find a denial of the Enlightenment as an advance in human

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understanding and sensibility... and a causal linkage of it to the sexual fantasies of domination, violation, and torture. ... Control, domination, and punishment [are] the only mediating qualities possible in personal and social relationships."

The 1975 publication of *Discipline and Punish* in English marks the true birth of Foucault's American cult following (which persists to this day, even though his popularity has long since waned in his home country). His method appealed to a new generation of academic leftists who needed, in Miller's words, "a critique of modern culture and society that avoided both the crude materialism of orthodox Marxism and the conservative empiricism of most mainstream social science." They may have gotten more than they bargained for. Foucault was invited here to lecture and began spending a large part of his time in California, especially in Berkeley. He became an outspoken proponent of sex as a subversive act, and San Francisco's burgeoning subculture of gay sex clubs offered him pleasures he had previously only been able to write about. Night after night during Berkeley visits he crossed the bay to explore the S/M clubs with a single-minded intensity that his academic hosts never forgot. Sex became his central organizing principle. He praised sado-masochistic practices for "inventing new possibilities of pleasure" through the "eroticization of power."

When Foucault flirted with the extreme left in France, he was turned off by their growing infatuation with terrorism and violence, but in the theatrical sex-play of the S/M scene of New York and San Francisco he thought he had finally found a way to indulge his Nietzschean fantasies of power and domination without anyone getting seriously hurt.

California offered other new "limit-experiences." Foucault tried LSD for the first time in Death Valley and became a belated believer in its mind-expanding possibilities. In 1978 he was emboldened enough to give tacit approval to sex with children: "It is quite difficult to lay down barriers," he said. "It could be that the child, with his own sexuality, may have desired that adult." He called for the abolition of all laws restricting sexual conduct, including rape. Miller finds Foucault's proposals "highly questionable," but he still finds in them proof that "his courage is beyond dispute." One can only imagine what Foucault would have said about sexual harassment.

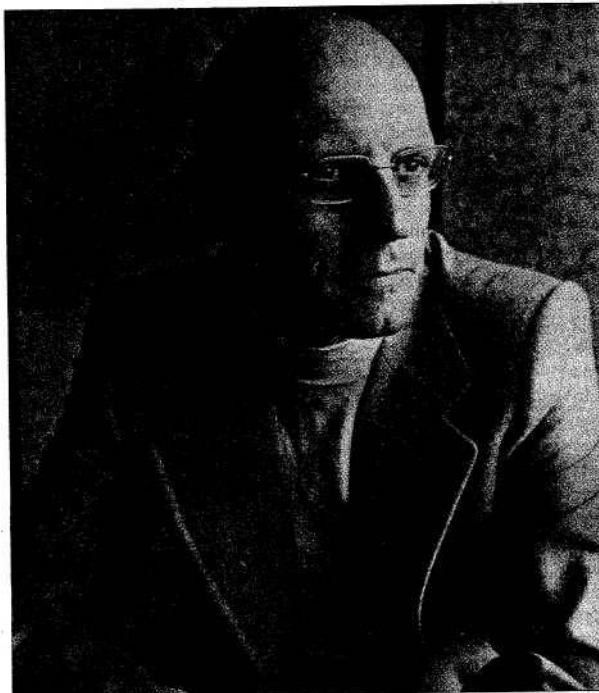
Ironically it was America's seductive embrace that undermined Foucault's basic conviction that bourgeois democratic societies were as unfree as openly authoritarian regimes. In California's liberated sex and drug subcultures he found unexpected proof that all manner of personal freedoms were actually possible under what was supposed to be the dictatorial "gaze" of a repressive culture. In lectures delivered at the Collège de France in 1979 he surprised his listeners by defending many aspects of nineteenth century liberal ideology. It was a stunning reversal. Much to the horror of many of his early French supporters, Foucault started sounding like a California libertarian.

Foucault endorsed the "New Philosophers," a movement of former French radicals experiencing second thoughts about Marxism and the radical agenda. He joined protests on behalf of the victims of Communism: Soviet dissidents and Vietnamese boat people. The lectures of the late 1970s and early 1980's make amazing reading. In the past Foucault always attacked the occasional sacred cow of the French left — he savaged Derrida early on, declared Lacan's prose to be indecipherable, and staunchly supported the state of Israel against its Arab opponents—but

nothing prepares us for this late-inning conversion. Exposure to life in tolerant America had radically effected his views on democracy and the possibilities for freedom. How strange to actually hear Michel Foucault, a God of the American left, urging his French students to read Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich Hayek, gurus of the neoconservative movement. It is not surprising that this last leg of Foucault's intellectual itinerary has been all but ignored by his followers in the American academy.

Still Foucault couldn't stop dreaming of violent

MICHEL FOUCAULT



transformation. He supported the Iranian Revolution, but when Khomeini began executing homosexuals and adulterers he lost interest. The sexual revolution remained the safest arena for radical activity. Unfortunately, he couldn't know that a sexual Thermidor was just around the corner, though his rhetoric at the time strangely anticipated it: "Sex is worth dying for," he wrote in *The History of Sexuality* (1976), blissfully unaware, as always, of the implications of what he was saying.

Given Foucault's lifelong obsession with transgression, limit-experiences, and death, Miller's study is justly haunted by the specter of AIDS, which ultimately killed Foucault in 1984. All his life Foucault dreamed of his own death. He attempted suicide more than once, and in 1963 he even wrote longingly of death from "diseases of love." Miller is understandably reluctant to tread too heavily on the connection between Foucault's death and his philosophy, lest he be accused of blaming the victim. This is especially touchy in Foucault's case, since rumors have circulated in print that once Foucault knew he was infected he treated himself to one last trip to San Francisco to enjoy the few bath houses and clubs that were still open, knowing full well that he was endangering the lives of the anonymous men he encountered there.

Miller says he does not believe that Foucault behaved irresponsibly during the final year of his life; either Foucault did not know he was infected with the virus, or he was not fully aware of the risks of unprotected sex. And after all, in 1983 much less was known about the disease, and standards that would apply now are not relevant to those early plague years. But his evidence disputes his claim. Miller interviewed many of those closest to Foucault during his final years, and according to them, "by the fall of 1983, if not earlier, he had begun to worry that he might have AIDS." In fact, Foucault was in a privileged

position regarding early information about AIDS. According to one of Miller's detailed endnotes, Foucault was "surrounded between 1981 and 1984 by doctors and academic friends who were in a position to know the latest news about the mysterious new disease afflicting gay men." Foucault developed a persistent scratchy cough in mid-1983, and that, apparently, is how he was first diagnosed. Foucault had organized a study group that same year at Tarnier hospital, where much of France's early AIDS research took place. He coughed so much at the meetings that the head of the clinic insisted he be examined.

In another note, Miller cites the 1983 book *Gays/Justice* by Charles D. Mohn: "In the summer of 1983, two years after the first cases of AIDS came to light in New York City and well after condom dispensers began appearing in leather bars there, Michel Foucault gave a seminar at NYU's Humanities Institute. Every night of the seminar, he would go, I am told by the philosopher who served as his guide, to the gay baths which he enjoyed enormously."

Foucault was "enthralled" by the club and bath house scene in San Francisco and New York, and had frequented both since discovering them in 1975. In the fall of 1983, Miller reports, he returned to San Francisco. "Keeping a check on himself—particularly when he was in San Francisco—was not his style." In another endnote Miller supplies evidence that contradicts the notion that AIDS awareness was not strong in San Francisco in 1983. Indeed, "safe sex" practices were being widely promoted within the gay community, and gay baths like the Hothouse had closed their doors voluntarily. Foucault was well aware of the change. Still, he lamented the Hothouse's closing, according to another footnote, and sadly told a friend in the fall of 1983 that some nights the remaining baths "were nearly deserted."

Miller quotes extensively from a roman a clef by Herve Guibert, a close friend of Foucault's who was with him at his death. In the novel, "the philosopher" returns from a fall visit to San Francisco "eager to report on his latest escapades in the baths." His friend asks if they were deserted because of AIDS, "Don't be silly," the philosopher replies. "It's just the opposite: the baths have never been so popular, and now they're amazing."

Foucault knew the danger and was excited by it: the terrible situation was the fulfillment of too many of his own personal death fantasies. It offered the opportunity for a final "suicide-orgy," to use his own term. That he may have endangered others along with himself seems never to have been an issue for him. The most chilling information comes from Daniel Defert, Foucault's longtime lover and the founder of A.I.D.E.S., the first French AIDS organization. Defert told Miller that Foucault understood the risk. "He took AIDS very seriously. When he went to San Francisco for the last time, he took it as a *limit-experience*."

"He took it as a limit-experience": nothing better describes the nihilism at the heart of Foucault's philosophy. No doubt Miller's book will not be the last "philosophical life" written on this subject. As Foucault himself wrote, "The key to the personal poetic attitude of a philosopher is not to be sought in his ideas ... but rather in his philosophy-as-life, in his philosophical life, his ethos."

Like most contemporary philosophers, Foucault doesn't admit having any ethical system; his premises don't allow it. But ethics are funny: you have them whether you want to or not. To say there can be no ethics is an ethic in itself, and the sleep of reason doesn't preclude monsters. Foucault's ethics sing out from every page of this biography, and they do not make a pretty picture. Be selfish! Be cruel! Be greedy for pleasure and let the consequences be damned! Like it or not, it is impossible to take any of his philosophical ideas to heart without being saddled with the corrupt ethical baggage as well; and that's exactly where American academics find themselves a decade after their great man's untimely death — still holding the bag.

THE ECONOMICS OF PANHANDLING

by STEVEN PLAUT

In direct contrast with the popular view that panhandling is a symptom of the failures of capitalism, it is in fact a clear illustration of the vitality of capitalism, where enterprise, innovation and initiative are rewarded. This would be the view of the discipline of Economics, which would argue that panhandling — like absolutely everything in life — should be viewed as a market. In this market there are producers and consumers of services. The producers are the panhandlers themselves, "panhandling entrepreneurs" who supply "homelessness services." The consumers of these services are of course those willing to pay for them, those who contribute their "spare change" to the panhandling entrepreneurs.

Now at first glance the reader might find it upsetting that panhandling should be represented here as entrepreneurial activity, rather than a nuisance or form of charity. But anyone watching behavior on the streets of San Francisco or New York would have to acknowledge that a sizeable portion of the American public is interested in consuming "homelessness services" from our panhandling industry, and so demand creates supply.

Panhandling is clearly a contestable market in the Baumol sense with low barriers to entry! Indeed homeless rights advocates constantly confirm this when they argue that anyone could become homeless. The size of the market must therefore be demand determined, not supply determined.

As in all forms of consumption it is impossible to really know "why" the service itself is being demanded. It may be that American consumers simply enjoy the charitable posturing involved in purchasing panhandling services. In some cases they may enjoy seeing streets filled with panhandlers and are willing to subsidize their activities. For example, in Berkeley, where I taught as a Visiting Professor of Business Administration, the city council did everything in its powers to fill city streets with panhandlers in

order to prove to the world the failure and the heartlessness of Reagan-Bush economic policies. In other cases, the panhandling industry provides supporters with a cheap outlet for recreational compassion.

That the American public derives consumer utility from purchasing panhandling services should be obvious. Why else would they insist on forcing so many people out of comfortable institutions in order to work the streets selling panhandling services? Apparently many American consumers like to see misfortune firsthand, to wring their hands over it, smell it, and feel they are exhibiting "caring." They are willing to pay for this recreation. For a while they hoped that impoverished immigrants to America from the underdeveloped countries would supply them with these services, but the immigrants have apparently preferred to get jobs and so it has been necessary to develop a domestic homeless "work force."

Contrary to the opinion of some, Americans are really quite savvy people. They clearly understand that when a panhandler asks you for money in order to buy food, the money will not be spent on food. After all if buyers of panhandling services cared the least whether or not the panhandlers were eating they would buy them pastrami sandwiches or fajita pitas, rather than handing them spare change. Or perhaps they would express their compassion by donating money to one of the countless soup kitchens operating in the country. The problem is that there is no functioning secondary market to speak of for converting salads or sandwiches into drugs and booze (in the latter case one might say there is illiquidity in the liquidity exchange), and so most panhandlers deal only on a cash basis.

Americans are also wise enough to realize that a panhandler with a sign asking you for *either* a handout or a job generally does not want you to offer him a job. Hence consumers of panhandling do not give the panhandler the classified ad section of the local newspaper, nor inform him that there

is a help-wanted sign near his panhandling station.

Now while it is always dangerous to tamper with successful growth industries, nevertheless I would like to make a proposal for improving the operations of the panhandling market. This important industry should be reorganized by launching a national Pushups-for Panhandlers campaign, or PFP for short. Its operations would be quite simple.

Any panhandler asking for spare change would be instructed to drop down on all fours and do pushups, to be compensated at the reasonable rate of, say, three cents per pushup. No pushups, no change. Those over 60 or pregnant could do them from the knees. Such a national campaign would do wonders for America.

First it would work for the benefit of the panhandling entrepreneurs themselves. Many of these might actually choose to spend their business revenues on nutrition rather than drugs and drink in order to improve their future revenue-generating capabilities. Indeed they would have financial incentives to avoid these unwholesome addictions altogether in order to preserve their pushup capacity. Panhandlers would have the satisfaction of engaging in physical production and contributing to the GNP. Our cities would be so much more pleasant, as a panhandler doing pushups is no more annoying for passersby than a street musician. A fit panhandler could earn more than the minimum wage. It could be the biggest national physical fitness campaign since President Kennedy. Pushup panhandling might even prove more profitable than prostitution, and besides it presents no public health danger when performed without a condom.

Most importantly, pushup panhandling would remove the stigma of getting something for nothing from producers in this valuable industry. Citizens concerned with homelessness should put on their red, white and blue PFP buttons and answer every request for spare change with an invitation to finance pushups.

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